

THE

MUSEUM

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

VOL. XXVI.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1835.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY ADAM WALDIE FOR E. LITTELL.

NEW YORK:

G. & C. & H. CARVILL.

1835.

Cornell. 2616
Princeton U.
4.3.78
16900

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THE ORIGINAL "LAWRIE TODD".

MUSEUM

OF

Foreign Literature, Science, and Art.

From Fraser's Magazine.

GRANT THORBURN,

THE ORIGINAL "LAWRIE TODD."

Our well-informed readers do not require to be told, that upwards of thirteen thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine regular subscribers to any monthly work is an acquisition not to be attained without great assiduity, and, we may add, some talent. We shall not, however, descant on our own laudable endeavours; although the portrait which faces this article of the celebrated Mr. Thorburn, the original "Lawrie Todd," bears witness that they are of no ordinary kind.

As soon as our number with the autobiography of this eminent gentleman reached America, the whole republic was set astir, as if the election of the president was contested. Mr. Thorburn was obliged to forego the weighing of seeds, the feeding of birds, and the culling of flowers: in short, to do nothing all day but to state to the ladies and gentlemen who resorted to his store, the reasons which had hitherto prevented him from visiting London, with his precious manuscript of the instances of special providence which he himself had experienced. Indeed, the crowd became so great to hear him, that he was obliged to ascend into one of his galleries; and there, mounting on a barrel-head, by which he became visible to the crowd below, to hold forth on the subject.

All, however, that he could urge was of no avail; the ladies and gentlemen, assembled on the occasion, highly applauded, no doubt, his eloquent speech; but they could not listen to his argument. "London," they said, "was the mart of the mind; and though it was becoming his innate modesty to profess his contentation at the great *eclat* he had attained, still they thought that the candle of so rare a genius should not be hidden under such a bushel as New York." Accordingly, his blushes and diffidence were overcome, and he was constrained to come over the sea; and here he is, his likeness illuminating the pages of REGINA, and his person irradiating the streets and social parties of London—the press is big with his important work, and the day of the deliverance of which is at hand—as may be seen by the following advertisement, published verbatim in all the London daily papers:

"TO THE PUBLIC.

"As Mr. John Galt in his *Lawrie Todd*, and sundrie other Periodicals, Magazines, Newspapers, &c. in Europe and America, have published so many *Scraps* and *Fragments* of my Life, I think its a duty I owe the Public and myself to send forth a true Copie.—I think the events of my Life are more strange in realitie, than many which I have read in fiction, and as I owe the giver of all good a large debt of gratitude, I think its my dutie to make sure that the world shall know it,—will be published in a few days by Mr. James Fraser, No. 215, Regent Street, which is the only true history of my Life ever printed in Britain.

(Signed) "Grant Thorburn, Seedsman, New York.

"Now at No. 14, Tavistock Row, Covent Garden,
16 Novr. 1833."

It is not, however, so much by this announcement that the curiosity of our numerous particular readers, nor that of the public in general, ought to be excited, as by the nature of the book itself. For of late it has not been quite so much the fashion as it ought to have been, for literary men to acknowledge their experiences of a special providence; although it cannot be supposed that the teachers of the earth are less sensible of its aid than the rest of the human race. We therefore solicit attention to this great feature of the forthcoming volume; convinced that it will not only afford amusement in the perusal, but edification in that somewhat obsolete manner which our ancestors, with all their often-referred-to wisdom, deemed not unbecoming to feel and to confess. To be serious, Mr. Thorburn's book, written entirely by himself, will be no ordinary treat to those who discern the hand of Sustaining Succour in the various vicissitudes of private life, as well as in the more obstreperous transactions of the world, and humbly recognise that Impartial Power which beholds alike, unmoved from its purposes,

"A hero perish and a sparrow fall."

From the New Monthly Magazine

REVOLUTIONS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The title of this paper may lead the reader to imagine that it is political—it is not—at least not exclusively. Its object is to bring before the eye a brief review of the wonderful change which has taken place in governments, institutions, manners, arts, sciences, and manufactures, since the year 1800. The result of such a review, in itself by no means uninteresting, will be, in our opinion, a conviction that never was so much done, in the same space of time since the world began, especially as those revolutions more particularly relate to, and affect Britain and British society.

Before we bring this enquiry to bear directly upon our own circumstances, and the position of

our own country in the scale of European nations, it may be necessary to take a cursory view of other states, and the alterations which their characters and constitutions have undergone during the last thirty-four years.

In France, at the commencement of the century, there existed a consular government,—Buonaparte being first consul—a government raised upon the ruins of a sad and memorable revolution; in 1802, Buonaparte became consul for life; in 1804, Emperor; in 1808, he deprived the pope, who crowned him, of his territories; in 1809, he divorced his wife; in 1810, he married Marie Louise. Between the commencement of his career and its close, he created three kingdoms, Bavaria, Saxony, and Wirtemberg. He made his brother Joseph, king of Spain; his brother Louis, king of Holland; his brother Jerome, king of Westphalia; his brother-in-law Murat, king of Naples; and his son-in-law Eugene, viceroy of Italy.—Facts, astounding in themselves, not more strongly illustrative of the revolutions of the present century as connected with France and its emperor, than as exhibiting the *generality* of revolutions as to the other nations in which those family promotions were made.

Keeping our eye then upon France, we see in 1814 the exiled and denounced Bourbons restored to their throne—Russian cossacks bivouac in the Champs Elysées, and English soldiers mount guard at the Tuileries—Buonaparte is banished to Elba—his family are dethroned and degraded—from Elba he escapes, returns to Paris, is again in the ascendant; reigns for his Hundred Days, and then, by a series of victories, crowned and consummated by that of Waterloo, is beaten down never to rise again: unable to escape, he makes a merit of surrendering to England, and for the sake of peace in Europe, is sent to St. Helena, where he dies. On his departure, the Bourbons again succeed: Louis XVIII. dies at a good old age in his palace; and is succeeded by Charles X. The son of the Duc de Berri, murdered before his infant's birth, is heir presumptive to the throne—a new revolution breaks out—Charles X. abdicates—his ministers are tried and imprisoned for life—the throne is occupied by his nephew, as Citizen King of the French—the son of Buonaparte dies—the widow of the Duc de Berri is imprisoned—marries a second husband—has another child,—and France, altogether in the strictest alliance with England, her oldest and most inveterate enemy, is only kept from a revolution, by the unflinching severity of the "liberal" king, who was forced upon the throne by the last one. All these events have occurred during this century.

In Portugal, after the measures of the French had driven the prince regent and his family to the Brazils, the English rescued that country from French tyranny. In 1821, the king (as he had then become by the death of his father) returned to his throne; in 1820, his eldest son, Don Pedro, having formally dissolved the union between Brazil and Portugal, caused himself to be proclaimed Emperor of Brazil; Don John VI. died in 1826, when Don Pedro claimed the crown of Portugal for his daughter, Donna Maria; Don Miguel, second son of Don John, claimed the throne as the law of the land and the decree of Lamego warranted. In the meantime, a revolution occurred in Brazil, and the emperor took to flight—his son, a *child*, is now the emperor. The struggle between the brothers is too familiar to need a word of remark; the claim of Don Pedro for his daughter is at present successful, and Donna Maria, a *child*, occupies the Portuguese throne.

Spain, on the renewal of the war in 1803, was compelled by France to take active measures against England; in 1804, she declared war against us; in 1805, Nelson, with his heart's blood, bought us the glorious victory of Trafalgar, in which the Spanish fleet, combined with that of France, was destroyed; in 1808, Buonaparte threw off the mask as to Spanish affairs; Charles IV. abdicated, and Ferdinand VII. was proclaimed. At this period, Charles IV. having been induced to declare his abdication, a compulsory act, was also induced to throw himself for safety upon Buonaparte's kindness. Then it was that Buonaparte invited Ferdinand to come and meet him on his road to Madrid—the king was deceived and went—he arrived at Vittoria, where he was surrounded by French troops, and where he received a letter from Buonaparte, addressed him, *not as King*, but as Prince of Austrias, assuring him that he, Buonaparte, not only as *his* friend, but as the general protector and benefactor of Europe, was visiting Spain merely with a view to make such reforms as might be most agreeable to the popular feeling, and best tend to the pacification of the country.

Upon the receipt of this friendly communication Ferdinand continued his journey to Bayonne, where he dined with his illustrious friend and patron; and, after dinner, heard from his imperial host that he thought it good to fill the throne of Spain by placing one of his own brothers on it. Ferdinand found himself in fact a prisoner, and was shortly after compelled to renounce his crown at the desire of his father, expressed in the presence of Buonaparte himself, to whom that father had the day before sold his kingdom and his birth-right for a stipulated sum.

This compulsory step caused the patriotic revolution in Spain. Joseph Buonaparte arrived at Madrid to assume the regal power; but the inherent force of the nation was irresistible, and he was driven from his precarious dignity. Then came the Peninsular war, with all its glories, and its expenditure of blood and treasure. In 1814, Ferdinand returned to his country. He married four times; and by his last wife had one daughter, which daughter he proclaimed heir to the throne, to the exclusion of his brother, Don Carlos. This declaration he subsequently annulled, but, eventually, finally confirmed. Don Carlos, at his brother's death, asserted his claim to the sovereignty, with, as it is said, the support and concurrence of a great majority of the people. Foreign interference has hitherto thwarted the views of Don Carlos, whose consort, harassed by misfortunes, privations, and anxieties, has fallen a victim to persecution, and died in the parsonage-house of a village near Gosport. The success of the widow

of Don Ferdinand has enabled her to proclaim her daughter as Queen of Spain, she herself assuming the title and character of Regent. By this revolution, for such it is, the Spanish throne is occupied *by a child.*

Belgium and Holland have been separated; Antwerp has been besieged by the French; the Prince of Saxe Coburg, widower of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, has been made king of the Belgians, and married a daughter of the occupier of the French throne. The affairs of Greece, which have been so long unsettled, are as unsettled still, with this difference, that England has furnished her with a king, in the person of Prince Otho of Bavaria, whose revenue is derived from this country, but whose period of domination is fortunately not to be calculated upon with any degree of certainty.

In Russia, after the murder of Paul, Alexander succeeded, and did not die without some suspicion of foul play. He was succeeded by his brother, Nicholas the First, whose elder brother, Constantine, with a most remarkable diffidence, or indifference to imperial sway, declined the throne in his favour.

It must be evident that, if the extent or pretensions of this paper would admit of our taking a review of the public affairs of all the nations in the world during the period to which it refers, it would exhibit a series of mutations calculated equally to justify our opinion of the eventfulness of the last thirty-four years with those we have hastily touched. Our chief object is, however, to look to results as relating to England herself.

In England the circumstances connected with the succession have been complicated and extraordinary. In 1820, George the Third died, having survived his fifth son, the Duke of Kent, six days. The Princess Charlotte died, with her infant, in 1817; Queen Charlotte in 1818; the Duchess of York in 1820; in 1821, Queen Caroline; in 1827, the lamented Duke of York; in 1828, the Queen of Wirtemberg, princess royal of England; and in 1830, his late most excellent majesty. The present king has no surviving issue; and the crown hereafter devolves upon the daughter of his late majesty's fifth son—*a child.*

In 1814, the electorate of Hanover was erected into a kingdom, the crown of which belongs to the King of England, but is separated from it whenever a queen governs this empire; consequently, upon the accession of the Princess Victoria to the British throne, the Duke of Cumberland, as next heir to the crown, becomes King of Hanover—the Salic law in that kingdom excluding females.

There are peculiarities of circumstance in this mortality of the royal family (which it would neither be right, nor indeed have we space to enter into them, even if it were) which render the course and order of these events very remarkable. Not less so have been the casualties by which the ministers of the crown and many eminent men have been removed from their stations during the period to which these observations refer. After the death of Pitt, avowedly accelerated, if not actually caused, by his devotion to his country, how soon died his great opponent, Fox? Lord Granville is dead: Percival was murdered; Lord Liverpool stricken by a calamity which left his body living after the mind was dead; Windham and Huskisson, both victims of accidents: Canning prematurely lost; and Lord Londonderry fallen by his own hand; Nelson, and Moore, and Abercrombie in battle; with a host of heroes equally deserving the tears and praises of their countrymen.*

Remember that such men as Thurlow, Erskine, Gifford, Law, Kenyon, Grattan, Curran, have lived and died within this century. In literature, and wit, and poetry, can we forget Sheridan, Murphy, Cumberland, Cowper, Byron, and SCOTT! in Science, Banks and Davy; in art, West and Lawrence; or the stage, Siddons and Kemble. All these are gone,—faded from the scenes which they exalted and adorned. We mention but the very leaders, but, taking every branch of art and science into calculation, the aggregate amount of loss within the last thirty-four years will, hereafter, when time and reflection shall have overcome jealousy and envy, be found vastly to exceed that which this country ever sustained during any other period of equal duration.†

But now let us look at things less questionable. In the present century, the bright career of the Duke of Wellington may be said to have been run; for although his services before and up to the capture of Seringapatam, in 1799, had raised his character and spread his fame, it was in this century that his celebrated battle of Assaye was fought. From his arrival in Europe, until the year 1815, he gained that series of victories which have immortalised him. But that is not all that we have to illustrate our point; besides the glorious days of Oporto, Vimiera, Talavera, Buzaco, Salamanca, Badajos, Vittoria, Nive, Toulouse, St. Jean de Luz, the Pyrenees, and WATERLOO, we are prepared to show that more general actions were fought, and more lives lost by the fortune of war from 1800 to 1815 than ever were fought in a period of ten times the same extent;—amongst them, Marengo, Alexandria, Austerlitz, Corunna, Aspen and Essling, Wagram, Borossa, Albuera, Borodino, Lutzen, Toplitz,

* In the melancholy record of suicides may be inserted the names of Romilly, Whitbread, and Calcraft.

† Where there is not space to give the entire list of those eminent in each line, it might appear invidious to name any except the acknowledged "heads" of professions; but in the two instances of art and the drama, we think no thirty-four years in the annals of the nation possessed and lost so many, and such distinguished men in the former, as Opie, Owen, Copley, Romney, Jackson, Harlowe, Northcote, Hamilton, Cosway, Wheatley, Smirke, Stothard, Hoppner, and others, no doubt, which at the moment do not occur; or in the latter, such a combination of talent as was to be found in the genius and powers of Elliston, Munden, Johnstone, Cooke, Emery, Suett, Palmer, Lewis, Holman, Quick, Knight, King, Moody, Wroughton, Kean, Mrs. Mattocks, Miss Pope, Mrs. Billington, Madame Storace, Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. Bland, Mrs. Davenport (alive, but retired), and Bannister, similarly situated. This, we say, is but an imperfect catalogue, but it is sufficiently extensive to illustrate our principle.

Leipzic, Orthes, Ligny, besides others, amounting *to nearly two hundred general actions*. It has been only because Nelson at Trafalgar established the sovereignty of England on the seas that we have not to record equal triumphs of our navy to those which have graced our army.

But, then, let us see what has taken place in civil life. England has been united with Ireland; the test and corporation acts have been repealed; thirty millions of taxes have been removed; the Roman Catholics have been emancipated; slavery has been abolished; parliament has been reformed; the poor-laws have been changed; the constitution of the church of Ireland has been altered; several bishops have been reduced; the East India Company's privileges have been abrogated; the bank has resumed cash payments; bank notes are now a legal tender; the game laws have been repealed, since which time poaching has increased in a ten-fold degree; beer houses have been permitted in order to better the morals of the lower classes, which have produced drunkenness and all its evils to an unparalleled extent; for humanity's sake, forgery has been made punishable with transportation and not death, since which forgery has increased very much in the same ratio as drunkenness and poaching. It would, however, greatly exceed our limits, as we have already said, to enter into minute details of the wonderful alterations which have been worked during the century; we shall, therefore, select a few of those which strike the senses most forcibly, and which, from circumstances and localities, are most familiar, reserving to ourselves for some other opportunity a more elaborate working-out of our proposition.

During this century, England has acquired the Cape, Ceylon, Curaçoa, Demarara, St. Eustatius, Mauritius, Bourbon, Madeira, Malta, Martinique, Senegal, and Surinam—several of which have been ceded, But what are these?—what are her conquests in Egypt?—what her successful warfare at Nepaul or in the Burmese country?—what her wonderful extension of territory in India?—what her capture of Algiers?—what her sovereignty of the Ionian Islands?—what the recollections of the share she has borne in the glories of the world, under Providence, compared with the strides she has made in art, science, and mechanism since 1800?

In 1800, would any man have believed—and in 1800 men fancied they traveled at a most extraordinary pace—would any man have believed that he could leave London in a stage-coach in the morning, and eat his supper by eleven o'clock at night in Manchester? or if his credulity could have been stretched so as to admit of such a possibility, would he have suffered himself to be told with impunity that if he chose, instead of supping at Manchester, he might proceed to Liverpool in one hour and three-quarters—a distance of upwards of thirty-miles—that he might steam himself over to Dublin in time for breakfast the next morning, all of which he may now do supposing the conveyances ready? but, as it is, and without any hurry or trouble, a man breakfasts at the Bull and Mouth in London on the Monday, and breakfasts in Dublin on the Wednesday, according to the ordinary and established rules of stage coach, rail-road, and steam-boat travelling.

Well then, say we, this introduction of steam, or rather its adaptation to vessels and locomotive carriages, has been—and it is in its infancy yet—one of the greatest strides ever made in so short a space of time. Next comes gas. Let any body read Mr. Davies Giddy's, now Mr. Davies Gilbert's, formal denunciation in the house of commons of the bare idea of obtaining light and profit from gas, and the case will be made as strong as we can wish it. Not only is the use of gas as a light universal, but if any body will take the trouble, or rather give themselves the pleasure, of visiting the gallery of national sciences, in the Lowther arcade, they will find cookery performed by gas in the most perfect and satisfactory manner.

Within the present century, vaccination has superseded, nay, annihilated, that tremendous affliction the small-pox—an event to which the wonderful decrease in the mortality of all classes, proportionably to the general increase of the population, may, in a great degree, be attributed, despite the evidence to the contrary afforded in the maudlin report of the drunken parliamentary committee of the present year. Again, reducing, as we must, our sphere of observation, for want of room, let us look at our own metropolis within the present century; hovels and alleys have disappeared, and palaces and terraces risen in their places. Look at those splendid bridges, Waterloo and London—the vast iron bridge across the Thames in the city, and the extremely useful one at Vauxhall—see those stupendous works, the West India Docks, East India Docks, London Docks, St. Catherine Docks, Surry Canal Docks, all erected within this century—the magnificent Custom-house, the healthy and spacious Bedlam, the London University, the King's College. Within this century Ranelagh has vanished from the earth, the Pantheon has become a bazaar, every theatre in London, except the opera house, which had just risen from a conflagration, has been either burned or pulled down—Covent Garden, Drury-lane, the English Opera House, the Surry Theatre once, and Astley's twice, have been burned and rebuilt—the Haymarket pulled down, the Royalty pulled down, both rebuilt, and the latter, under the title of the Brunswick, destroyed in the twinkling of an eye.

Carlton House, with all its splendour and gaieties, and all the associations of wit and mirth, has, with the noble and joyous company which made its walls ring with festivity, vanished. The Prince! Fox, Sheridan, Fitzpatrick, Hanger, Erskine, the Duke of Norfolk, and fifty others, are in their graves, the scene of their revels exists no more, splendid terraces and magnificent squares occupy its site. The wretched streets between Pall-Mall and Oxford street have given place to grand and commodious drives and promenades.

The interior of St. James's Park, which was a swampy meadow for the dull diversion of smoke-dried cows, has become a beautiful garden; and Buckingham House, built in the full uniform of bad taste—"red with white facings"—has given place to a palace much censured originally, and

latterly much disfigured; but which still *is* a palace worthy of the country. In the Regent's Park, groves, canals, villas, parades, dioramas, (what did we know of dioramas in 1800?) crescents, and terraces, ranges of splendid buildings, occupy a space previously monopolised by grazing cattle; while a navigable canal, which circumvents London, and forms a military ditch round her assailable parts, in case of rebellion, brings all the commodities of the world floating to the very doors of warehouses in the most *inland* part of the metropolis.

In order to tranquillise the country, we have fifteen judges instead of "the twelve"—we have also "a vice-chancellor" to moderate the rigours of the law; and we have, what is more to the point, a Sir Somebody Macadam, who, by breaking the stones over which we used to travel, has more successfully conduced to *tranquillise the town* than any thing else in the world, except perhaps the New Metropolitan Police, which has utterly and entirely exterminated the ancient race of watchmen, except, we believe, in the case of one deluded veteran, who, under the special auspices of the Protestant Bishop of London, and the Popish Duke of Norfolk, still continues to howl at the moon in St. James's square. In consequence of this macadamisation, the Londoners no longer measure distances by being on or off the stones, and are whisked in wet weather over noiseless masses of mud-pudding, in hearses painted of lively colours, called omnibuses,—vehicles of French origin,—in which they are packed by dozens; or whirled through the thorough-fares in hack cabriolets, carriages of which no human being in 1800 had any defined or undefined notion.

Of greater things, look at the Breakwater at Plymouth, at the Tunnel under the Thames,—even unfinished as it is, and unprofitable as it ever will be, it is a triumph of science and perseverance—look at those bridges, hanging, as it were, in air, spanning arms of the sea, which, in 1800, no man would have thought possible by such means. That pretty toy, the chain pier at Brighton, is a toy that no man would have imagined in 1800. Who, in 1800, would have expected to find water without digging for it? Who would have engraved upon stone? Who would have thought of calculating sums by machinery? Who would have thought of stuffing cushions with iron for softness? Who would have worn a caoutchouc cloak or Indian rubber shoes to keep them from the wet, or who would have fancied it possible to make gin up the chimney while he was making bread in the oven?

Look, too, at society. The young men drink nothing—in 1800 they drank deeply; in 1800, a man who smoked would have been voted a beast; now the vulgar under-bred shop-boys smoke about the streets, because they have heard that their betters do it elsewhere. Smoking was introduced during those campaigns to which we have already alluded, and then there were millions of reasons for its use; now nobody but the lowest and vulgarest continue the practice;—and what makes this custom as absurd as it is filthy, is the justification which these simpletons offer, by quoting it as a foreign custom: in no foreign city is this nastiness permitted in the streets—it may be in Paris, but that under the citizen-king is exactly the place for it.

Look at our balls: in 1800, modest women danced modestly, and let the conversation which passed between two partners, standing as far distant from each other as people ordinarily do in a drawing-room, be what it might, it could do no harm in the way of example. Within this century it has become the fashion for a delicate girl, who would, as Fielding's "Huncamunca" says, "shudder at the gross idea" of man's advance, to permit herself, and be permitted by her mother—ay, or her husband—to flourish about a room to a wriggling German air, with a strange man's arm round her waist, and her delicate hand upon his brawny shoulder. This thing is called a waltz; there is another of the same character, called a gallopade, where the same operations are performed, and in which, instead of turning the woman about till she gets giddy, the fellow makes no more ado, but claps her up in his paws, and hurries her right on end from one corner of the room to the other.

A dance, to be sure, existed in the time of the "Spectator," which must have been something of the same sort, for the old gentleman says (No. 67, vol. i.) "I suppose this diversion was first invented to keep up a good understanding between young men and young women, but I am sure, had you been here, you would have seen great matter for speculation." This appears aptly to describe those irritating indecencies—the modern waltz and gallopade.

Another extraordinary change has taken place in London society; we mean the universal introduction of clubs and hotels. In 1800 it was remarkable that London had scarcely any hotels, while all other cities were full of them; now almost every second house in the streets below Grosvenor-square is an hotel. Clubs were rare, and used by no means as clubs are now; White's, as old as Hogarth's time—Brooke's and Boodle's—the Cocoa Tree, Graham's, and another, were all. The Union, which existed within this century, was a regular gambling club, and was held first at what is now the Ordnance Office, Pall Mall, and subsequently in the house now occupied by the Bishop of Winchester, in St. James's square; but all these were clubs of recreation and amusement, of conversation or dissipation. Now see the difference. Crockford's, with the best cook and coffee-room, rears a splendid front, and well may, for its members are of the first class, and the aspersions cast upon it of the falsest character. The Travellers' is a magnificent house; they play high in the evenings, but no game of chance that we know of. The Junior and Senior United Service Clubs—invaluable institutions—where our gallant defenders are enabled, upon their shamefully small half-pay, to enjoy the comforts and luxuries they have so gallantly earned, at an easy rate. The Union, a resort of wealthy citizens, who just fetch Charing-cross to inhale the fresh air as it draws from the Park through the funnel by Berkeley House, out of Spring Gardens, into their bay window; and the

Athenæum, where the mixture of whigs, radicals, savans, foreigners, dandies, authors, soldiers, sailors, lawyers, artists, doctors, and members of both houses of parliament, together with an exceedingly good average supply of bishops, renders the melange very agreeable, despite of some two or three bores who "continually do dine," and who, not satisfied with getting a six-shilling dinner for three and sixpence, "continually do complain."

Then there is the Wyndham Club, held at Lord Blessington's house, in St. James's square, and called after Lord Nugent, who founded it; the two University Clubs; the Clarence, mischievously called the Clearance, because it was established upon getting rid of some disagreeable members; and the Oriental Club, which, as its name implies, consists of the curry and rice gentlemen from India, with their calico shirts and limber legs, and which the young women who sweep the crossing at Tenterdon street (where, *par parenthese*, there has been within this century founded a Royal Academy of Music) invariably called the Horizontal Club. All these places, and there are one or two others, especially one called the Garrick, near Covent-garden, and another in Broad street, called "the City,"—have been established upon a principle of economy, and on a scale of comfort and elegance which would have sounded like Hebrew to the unaccustomed ears of the world of 1800. The Carlton Club we have not noticed, because its splendid house in Pall Mall remains unfinished, owing to, what certainly was not known in 1800, a strike amongst the unionists. However, the Carlton is altogether a superior body, and ranks with, and perhaps above, the original White's, Brooke's and Boodle's.

We must restrain ourselves—mercy to our readers compel us to stop, at least for the present, satisfied that, as far as we have gone, we have made out our case, and promising to continue what we flatter ourselves is not an altogether uninteresting subject, upon some future occasion.

From the Westminster Review.

Voyage dans le District des Diamans et sur le Littoral du Bresil, suivi de Notes sur quelques Plantes caracteristiques, et d'un Precis de l'Histoire des Revolutions de l'Empire Bresilien depuis le commencement du Regne de Jean VI. jusqu'à l'Abdication de D. Pedro. Par Auguste De Saint-Hilaire, Chevalier de la Légion-d'Honneur, membre de l'Académie royale des Sciences de l'Institut de France, &c. &c. 2 vols. Paris, 1833.

Of the numerous provinces which constitute the vast empire of Brazil, none have excited more attention than that of the Mines, in which the celebrated Diamond District is situated. Thither Mawe, Luccock, and other modern travellers, animated by the spirit of trade, directed their footsteps. Towards the same point Captain Ashe, in his buccaneering expedition to Brazil, also proceeded; and inferior adventurers, condescending to smuggle where they would formerly have robbed, haunt the wild recesses of the Diamond Mountains, contending by skill and daring with the slothful satellites of the government. Respecting this part of the empire, M. De Saint-Hilaire's information is valuable. Previously, however, to the publication of his travels, numerous curious particulars concerning the Diamond Mines, the mode of working them, the regulations of the Brazilian government on the subject, the treatment of the slaves, &c., had been collected by the indefatigable Southey; but the memoirs on which he based his account having been somewhat antiquated, a description of the whole district by an eye-witness will be read with considerable interest. The present work is the result of the researches and observations of three years; or rather a portion of that result, for two volumes had been previously published, and two others are hereafter to appear.

As access to the Diamond District is exceedingly difficult, not only to strangers but likewise to the natives themselves, the notions which have been generally formed respecting it are particularly vague and imperfect. Its situation, moreover, in the lofty unfrequented part of the Province of the Mines, divided from the rest of the empire by a circle of rocks, frowning, bleak, and desolate, has contributed to generate and maintain unfounded surmises and mysterious ideas concerning its productions and resources, which have from the first been monopolised by the government. The impediments to a free ingress into this "Valley of Diamonds" consist not so much of the obstacles erected around it by nature, as in certain regulations constructed by the governors for their own benefit. By these, all persons not duly authorised,—formerly by the crown of Portugal, now of Brazil,—are forbidden to approach the sacred district. Bands of soldiers, armed as against a public enemy, vigilantly guard every avenue; the slaves are watched during their labours by numerous overseers; every precaution is taken, every invention resorted to, in order to secure to the crown the possession of that wealth which, in in general, appears to be the only object for which monarchs undertake the management of public affairs. But against these regulations, the same thirst of wealth that occasioned their enactment, arms a number of desperate men, who voluntarily risk life and all other prospects of fortune, for the chance of enriching themselves by defeating the ingenuity of despotism. These men, vulgarly denominated smugglers, repairing by circuitous tracks to the rugged precipitous chain of crags which encompass the Diamond District, contrive during the prevalence of heavy fogs upon the mountains, or in the darkness of the night, to descend unseen into the valley, where they sometimes lie concealed for many days in the huts of the slaves by whose thefts they are supplied.

The discovery of the Diamond Mines of Brazil, which has proved so detrimental to the prosperity of India, took place early in the eighteenth century. In 1730 the diamonds were declared royal property, though all persons were permitted, under certain regulations, to engage in their extractions. On every negro thus employed, a capitation tax, varying from 1*l.* 6*s.* 0½*d.* to 13*l.* 0*s.* 5*d.*, was imposed. Such a mode of levying taxes, as

M. De Saint-Hilaire observes, was palpably unjust; for in so uncertain an undertaking the proceeds are by no means necessarily proportioned to the number of hands employed. In a few years an entire change in the system was effected, not from any conviction of its injustice, but because it was found that owing to the extraordinary increase in the number of diamonds brought into the market, their value had diminished three fourths. Measures were therefore taken to limit the extent of the supply. In 1735, the Diamond Mines were farmed at 35,854*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* per annum; but the speculators were bound to employ no more than six hundred slaves; and this system was continued until 1772.*

It was, however, discovered that the working of the Diamond Mines by private individuals, whose interests were diametrically opposed to those of the government, as in despotisms they always must be, was accompanied by frauds and abuses of various kinds; and in consequence, another change was accomplished. The government now determined to take into its own hands the superintendence of the mines; new regulations were drawn up, which, as Southey has observed, bore on the face of them the impress of the character of Pombal, then minister. By these new ordinances the Diamond District was still more effectually cut off from the rest of the world. Situated in a country governed by absolute power, it was now subjected to a despotism still more absolute; all social ties were snapped asunder, or greatly enfeebled,—in short, every thing was sacrificed to the design of securing the exclusive property of the diamonds to the crown. In several instances, however, the extreme severity of

* The manner in which the precious stones of Brazil were formerly distributed through Europe, is thus described by Lord Tyrawley, in a memoir addressed to the British government, in behalf of certain Portuguese merchants, whose property had been, by some irregularity, confiscated.

"They put this affair under two heads;—first, as a point of law; secondly, as a point of trade: As to the first, as I believe nobody here has read the act of parliament concerning the importation of diamonds, I cannot tell how it is possible to form any true judgment upon this seizure. The chief persons concerned in those diamonds declare, they have no apprehension of a loss, insisting that it has always been customary to send them in that manner, and that they could not be seized in the mail. They further say, that it is publicly known that the diamond trade is, and has ever been, carried on throughout Europe by the post, being sent in that manner from one place to another, and backwards and forwards as there was a demand for them; and notwithstanding an act of parliament by which a duty has been laid on them in England, the same method of exporting and importing them has been continued in an open and public manner at the General Post House in London, and no seizure has ever been made before. Those that receive them at the post office in London, paid the common postage of the packet, by weight, besides one per cent upon a favourable valuation without showing them; and when delivered at the post house to be sent abroad, there is one guinea paid for each packet, for registering the same, and postage when it is due. Now as our common law in England is as much founded upon customs and precedents as upon statutes and acts of parliament, and in some cases customs prevail; for I make no doubt there are some laws which have never been repealed, that are entirely abrogated by a constant practice against them: therefore it seems to them, that if this method of importing diamonds can be proved (as they affirm it may) to have been always openly practised, and authorised at the post office, those that were in the mail at Falmouth, however regularly the custom house officers may have made their seizure according to the letter of the laws, cannot be condemned, but only are liable to the duty upon them; since as well those who sent them from Lisbon in that manner, as those to whom they were consigned in London, acted by precedents, upon the public faith of the Post House, and according to a custom practised time out of mind."

"As to the point of trade, they say that even the laying any duty upon the importation of rough diamonds is destructive to it, since the greater quantity of rough diamonds are imported, the greater the benefit is to the nation; and that the duty upon them with the penalty of confiscation, if not taken off very soon, will turn that rich channel out of ours into our neighbour's country, and give them the advantage which we now have in that trade over all the rest of Europe."

"As diamonds are worn and have a real value in all Europe, as well as in most other parts of the world, and must be cut and polished before they are fit to be worn, of consequence that country where the most diamond cutters are settled, and where the fair or market is kept for that commodity from whence the rest of Europe must be supplied, must have a considerable gain."

"When diamonds were only found in the East Indies, the settlement which our country had at Fort George had almost brought the whole diamond trade into the hands of the English; so that London, within these thirty years, is become the best market for them in Europe; and upon that account the best diamond cutters have come over and settled there: it has also been for a long time the place where diamonds, but especially brilliants, are cut in the greatest perfection."

"The discovery of the diamonds in the mines of the Brazils, has put a stop for the present to that trade from the East Indies, though not to the London market, on account of the advantage which England has over its neighbours in the trade with Lisbon with the packets, men of war, and merchant ships, which are constantly going backwards and forwards between the two countries; so that the much greater part of the diamonds which come from the Brazils have hitherto gone to London, from whence they were distributed to the rest of Europe. But should the seizure at Falmouth prove a loss, or should the duty remain on diamonds in England, it is very natural to suppose, that merchants would trade to those places where they can do it to the most safety and advantage. I am told they cut and polish diamonds very well at Amsterdam; great quantities, but especially small ones, are cut at Antwerp. In Paris they cut brilliants very well: there are also diamond cutters in Venice and in Hamburgh; and in none of these places do the diamonds pay any duty, or run any risk of confiscation. And particularly Amsterdam stands the fairest to rob us of that trade, if any hardships are laid upon it in England, as being better situated by far than London, to circulate them through the rest of Europe."

"The price of cutting and polishing diamonds, I find they allow to be at 20*s.* a carat, one with another; which our calculators here make amount to the sum of 75,000*l.* a-year. Was this the only profit, I should think it not to be despised; but there is besides, the freight, commissions, brokerages, and the gains that are made upon what is sold in London, both rough and cut, for foreign parts; all this is real profit to England, and is considerably increasing every day since the finding out the new mines in the Brazils."—*Southey's History of Brazil*, iii. *Notes.*

the regulations caused them to fall, like the laws of Draco, into desuetude; those for example, intended to limit the amount of the population and the number of the merchants; which condemned to confiscation or the galleys a negro detected with mining implements in his possession, or prohibited the sinking of the foundations of a house unless four officers of government were present.

When M. De Saint-Hilaire visited the mines in 1817, the administration had undergone successive modifications. The principal officer, at this period, was denominated the intendant of the diamonds, whose jurisdiction extended over the whole province. His power was nearly absolute. He regulated at his pleasure every thing connected with the working of the diamond mines, removed or suspended the employés, refused or granted permission to enter the district,—without which even the governors of the province themselves had not the power to pass its boundaries,—took whatever measures he judged proper for the prevention of smuggling, and directed the movements of the military force. But the authority of the intendant was not confined to what more immediately concerned the mines: the police in the interior of the district was under his control; and being at once an administrator and a judge, it was necessary that he should have studied jurisprudence. In civil transactions, where the value of the property in litigation did not exceed one hundred thousand reis (25*l.* sterling), he judged without audience or appeal. Lawyers were banished from the district, the government fearing, not so much perhaps their ability to make the worse appear the better reason, as that they might obstruct the movements of despotism by their knowledge of law and the force of eloquence. The authority of the intendant in criminal affairs was extremely bounded. The treasury in which the diamonds were deposited, had three keys, one of which was placed in the hands of the intendant, the second in those of the first treasurer, and the third was held by the principal clerk.

The places where diamonds are found, and where a body of slaves, with the requisite officers and overseer, are established, are called "services." According to the regulations, each of these troops should have a separate chaplain; but the administration being exceedingly poor, and therefore compelled to be economical, has commenced its reforms by diminishing the number of priests; one chaplain being compelled to superintend two troops of negroes, when they happen to work at the same "service." Mr. Mawe ("Travels in the Interior of Brazil,") appears to have been misinformed respecting the degree of attention bestowed by the government on the health of these slaves. He asserts that each body of negroes possessed a surgeon. This M. De Saint-Hilaire somewhat roughly contradicts, observing that when the government suppressed the farming of the diamonds, it purchased from the farmers the slaves whom they had employed. A hospital was then established, to which a physician and surgeon were attached; but the slaves not being at present the property of government, there no longer exists any necessity for a hospital or physicians. All the negroes who labour in the different services belong to private individuals, who hire them, at so much per week, to the administration of the mines. They once amounted to three thousand; but the increasing poverty of the government has caused this number to be diminished to one thousand; and their pay has also been reduced to less than half of what it formerly was. Each negro is clothed, and furnished with medical attendance during sickness, at the expense of his owner; but he is maintained and supplied with tools by the administration.

The condition of these slaves, whose labours furnish the costly gems which sparkle on the bosom or amid the tresses of beauty, forms a striking contrast with that of the classes whom they enrich or adorn by their toil. A wretched species of food, scantily doled out, enables them to sustain for a few years the weight of their misery. Domestic animals, dogs, cats, hogs, are generally better fed, and more tenderly treated. A quantity of coarse maize flour, a certain proportion of kidney beans, and a little salt, constitute the whole of their food; to which, by way of luxury, a small quantity of roll tobacco is added. When the kidney beans fail, their place is supplied by some kind of animal food. As very little time is allowed the negroes during the day, they are compelled to dress their food on the preceding evening, sometimes with no other fuel than a little dried grass. Being forced to remain, almost the whole year, with their feet all day in the water, living on food little strengthening or nutritious, and generally cold or badly cooked, they are subject to enfeebling disorders, arising from the debilitated state of the alimentary canal. Frequently, moreover, they incur the risk of being crushed by falling rocks, or avalanches of earth, which suddenly detach themselves from the face of the precipices. This labour is painful, and without intermission. Constantly under the eye of the overseer, to snatch a moment's repose is beyond their power. Nevertheless, such is the wretchedness of their condition in the domestic or particular service of their owners, such the natural appetite of man for gain, such the force of the most remote expectation of liberty, that these unfortunate beings, hard as is their labour, and badly as they are fed, exhibit a decided preference for this species of employment. The money, observes M. De Saint-Hilaire, which they procure by secreting diamonds, and the hope of emancipation should they be fortunate enough to find a gem of a certain size, are doubtless the principal causes of this preference; but they have also other motives. Being collected together in large numbers, they contrive, in spite of their wretchedness, to excite each other to merriment, singing in chorus the songs of their native land; and whereas in the houses of their masters they are subject to a thousand caprices, here they obey one fixed rule, and so long as they conform to it, need fear no chastisement.

In ancient Egypt, as is learned from the sepulchral paintings of Eilithyias, even the reapers in the fields were kept in order by the fear of the whip; and the relation of Agatharchides discloses the character of the cruel regulations to which

the labourers in the emerald mines, in the eastern desert, were subjected. The practices of despotism are the same in all ages and countries. In the diamond mines of Brazil, the whip is the principal incentive to industry; each of the overseers being generally armed with a large stick, terminated by a strip of leather, with which he is permitted to chastise upon the spot any negro whom he considers negligent. It may easily be imagined how frequently such a being, constantly irritated by the irksomeness of his employment, must be tempted to strike. No "fixed rule" was ever observed by men so armed; if the negro does not transgress the bounds of his duty, the overseer may be intoxicated by wine, by passion, by the mere irritation of temper incident to all persons who lead inactive lives. When the fault is of a serious nature, a more severe punishment is inflicted; the criminal on these occasions being tied to a ladder, and scourged by two of his companions with a whip of five thongs. The overseers are not permitted to lavish this terrible species of torture without the concurrence of their superior officers; but the extent of their humanity may be judged of by the circumstance, that although the ordinances of the mines limit the number of blows to fifty, these amateur floggers frequently indulge themselves with an exhibition more sanguinary than the law has provided for their entertainment. After this, it is not surprising that the lives of the slaves should be short and uncertain.

From this wretched mode of life a fortunate accident sometimes frees the slave. When he happens to find a diamond weighing an octavo, or 17½ carats, his value is ascertained by the administration, the price is paid to his owner, he is dressed, and set at liberty. His comrades, rejoicing at his good fortune, place a crown upon his head, make a feast, and bear him in triumph on their shoulders. He is entitled to preserve his situation in the mines, and receive weekly the sum formerly paid to his owner. If the diamond weighs only three fourths of an octavo, the slave still obtains his freedom, though he is obliged to labour for the government some time longer. Such occurrences, however, are not frequent. In 1816, out of one thousand negroes, three only obtained their liberty; and in the following year not a single instance had occurred up to the month of October, the period of M. De Saint-Hilaire's visit. For the discovery of diamonds of inferior weight and value, the slaves receive trifling rewards, as a knife, a hat, a waistcoat, &c.

When the negro finds a diamond, he shows it to the overseer, holding it between his forefinger and thumb, and spreading his other fingers; after which he deposits it in the wooden bowl suspended from the roof of the shed beneath which the operation of washing is carried on. At nightfall, the overseers in a body bear the bowl to the special administrator, who takes an account of the diamonds found, causes their number and weight to be ascertained, and puts them in a purse, which he is supposed always to wear about his person. Monthly, or at shorter intervals should the junta require it, the diamonds are deposited in the treasury, each administrator forwarding those found in his service, by one or two overseers accompanied by a number of slaves. The treasurers verify the number of the gems delivered to them, weigh them again, and enter in a book an exact account of their weight, the name of the service where they were found, and the dates of their reception. These preliminaries completed, they lodge them in the treasury. Every year they send to Rio de Janeiro the diamonds found during the preceding twelve months, in the following manner. They have twelve sieves, each pierced with holes of a different size; the first, large, the rest diminishing gradually; and through these the gems are successively passed. The largest diamonds remain in the first sieve, those a size less in the second; and so on, until the smallest fall even through the last. Thus they are divided into twelve lots, each of which is made up into a separate packet, enclosed in bags; and these are again placed in a chest, on which the intendant, the fiscal, and the first treasurer put their seals. This done, the chest departs, accompanied by an officer appointed by the intendant, with two horse-soldiers, and four infantry under his command. On arriving at Villa Rica, it is conveyed to the general, who, without opening it, affixes his seal; it is then forwarded under the protection of the same escort to the capital.

The military force at the disposition of the intendant and administration consists of two companies of infantry, and a datachment of the regiment of the province amounting to fifty men, including the officers. The detachment of cavalry is commanded by a captain. Twenty men are cantoned on the frontiers of the district, to prevent smuggling, visit travellers who are leaving the province, or arrest those who attempt to enter without the permission of the intendant. The remainder of the detachment is generally quartered at Tijuco, where it is employed in the service of the police, or in escorting the chests of diamonds to the capital.

It has been seen, says M. De Saint-Hilaire, that the system of administration introduced into the Diamond District, has no other object than to secure to the king the exclusive possession of the gems. For this purpose every thing has been combined with the most marvellous sagacity; the most minute details have been entered into; every probability of thievery foreseen, and measures taken for defeating the most skilful and able robbers. Not satisfied, however, with combating the ingenuity of thievery by the most minute precautions, it has been judged necessary to oppose temptation by the fear of severe punishment. A free man convicted of smuggling is transported for ten years to Angola on the west coast of Africa, and condemned to have his property confiscated for the use of the crown. According to the ordinances, every slave detected in theft, is also to be confiscated; but this iniquitous regulation has fallen into desuetude. The delinquent, having first been scourged, is put in irons for a longer or shorter period, according to the value of the diamonds stolen; during this period no payment is made for his labour; and if his owner is not, as formerly, entirely deprived of his property, he is nevertheless punished for a fault which he did

not commit, and possessed no means of preventing. These condemned slaves form a separate band, treated more severely than the others, and employed in ruder toils.

It is in vain, however, that the rigour of the laws has been increased, and measures of prevention resorted to. Cupidity and skill set all terrors at defiance, and triumph over every obstacle. Formerly, when the diamonds were more abundant, and less difficult to extract, there existed a sort of smugglers, who, acting in concert, dispersed themselves over the places where the jewels were most plentifully found, and sought for them themselves. Some of the party, stationed as sentinels on the heights, gave notice to the labourers of the approach of the troops; upon which the whole band made their escape, climbing the most difficult and precipitous mountains. This was the practice that caused them to be denominated *grimpeiros*, or "climbers," from which, by corruption, the word *garimpeiros*, the appellation by which they are still known, has been formed. Since the diamonds have grown more rare, and require considerable labour to extract them from the earth, this extraordinary race of smugglers has disappeared, though a few fugitive negroes, miserable and desperate, still go in quest of chance jewels along the banks of the remote solitary streams. But though the *garimpeiros* have become extinct, smugglers will no doubt always remain, since they will always be supplied by the thievery of the slaves.

In this kind of slight of hand, the negroes exhibit a degree of subtlety which the most experienced knaves might behold with envy. The new comers, raw novices, on their arrival, are quickly instructed in the mysteries of the profession by the old, whom they very quickly rival in ability. One of the predecessors of M. Da Camara, intendant of the mines, complaining that the abstraction of diamonds had become extremely frequent, and accusing the administrators of being wanting in vigilance, was assured by the latter that the most active surveillance could not prevent the delinquencies of the slaves. Desirous, however, of ascertaining by experience the ability of the negroes, the intendant commanded the most adroit among them to appear before him, placed a small jewel amidst a heap of sand and flints in one of the channels where they usually washed for diamonds, and promised the slave his liberty if he could steal it without being detected in the theft. The negro then began washing the sand in the ordinary manner, while the intendant steadfastly fixed his eyes upon his movements. In a few minutes the magistrate demanded of the black, where the stone was. "If reliance may be placed on the word of a white man," replied the negro, "I am free;" and taking the diamond from his mouth, he showed it to the intendant.

But though the slaves may exhibit extraordinary tact and cunning in secreting the diamonds, it would be exceedingly difficult, without the connivance of their superiors, to carry on the practice to any great extent, or to dispose of them when obtained. Each overseer has the privilege of employing a number of his own negroes in the services, and it is easy to foresee in how many ways the master and slave may league together to defraud the government. Accordingly, as M. De Saint-Hilaire observes, while the slaves, during the operation of washing, filch the gems, the overseers engage with enthusiasm in smuggling, being commonly supplied by their own negroes. It is in fact quite evident, as he remarks, that the negroes would never have engaged in the practice of thievery, but for the temptations constantly held out to them by their superiors or other smugglers. Adventurous men, taking advantage of the night, repair to the different services by circuitous and almost inaccessible paths. They have their agents in the various troops of negroes, who, for a reward, bring to them such of their companions as have any thing to sell. The diamonds are weighed, and the negroes receive at the rate of 12*s.* 6*d*, per *vinten* for stones of all sizes. Frequently the smuggler, engaged in numerous transactions, is unable to effect his retreat before morning; in which case he conceals himself in the huts of the slaves, where he remains all day, and makes his escape the following night. Having cleared the outposts, the smuggler proceeds to Tijuco or to Villa do Principe, where he disposes of his purchases to the shopkeepers. In many cases, merchants travel thither from Rio de Janeiro, with stuffs, mercery, and other articles, in order to have a plausible pretext for sojourning there for a time; but their real object is the buying of diamonds. At Tijuco, the profit of the smuggler on the smaller diamonds does not exceed twenty-five per cent; but at Villa do Principe, in reaching which he has incurred greater risks, his profits amount to forty per cent. As the negroes sell by weight all the diamonds they steal, without any reference to their size, it is on the larger ones that the smuggler gains most; but it frequently happens that the novices in this species of traffic are deceived in their dealings with the slaves, who substitute small pieces of crystal, to which they have given the requisite appearance and colour by breaking and rubbing them among grains of lead. But the experienced smuggler is not thus to be deceived. He distinguishes in an instant the false stones from the true, by rubbing one against another, putting them in his mouth and striking them against his teeth, to discover whether they will yield that silvery sound which diamonds thus assayed emit.

The temporary villages which spring up rapidly in the vicinity of the mines, and fall to decay with equal rapidity when the works are abandoned, present, while they last, a not unpleasing appearance, perched on the sunny slopes of the hills, or on the romantic precipitous banks of the diamond streams. One of these curious establishments is thus described by M. De Saint-Hilaire.

"The houses of the troop of Corrego Novo, in number twenty-two, form a small hamlet rising on a gentle slope above the stream. They are constructed with earth, and thatched with straw, and stand round a square open space. None of them possess a second story; and their roofs, very different from those which are elsewhere seen in Brazil, are considerably higher than the walls that support them. The huts of the negroes, inferior in size to those of the overseers, have no windows, and are each inhabited by several slaves. Those of the overseers, on

the other hand, are furnished with casements, are white-washed, and in many instances surrounded with gardens, in which I observed peach-trees in blossom. Two overseers dwell in the same house, which contains two apartments and a kitchen. The administrator occupies an entire mansion, and with him I remained during my stay at Corrego Novo."—I. 29.

In most cases, the working of gold or diamond mines,—and the remark may perhaps be applied to many other sorts of mining,—must be regarded as a species of gambling; at all events its results on the moral constitution are to a certain extent the same. Sudden exaltation from poverty to riches, succeeded by expensive habits, dissipation, voluptuousness, and an utter distaste for the more ordinary processes of industry, marks the career of both the gambler and the miner. Even in the midst of poverty he dreams of incalculable wealth, refuses to direct his attention to any useful employment, and constantly deluded by insane hallucinations, drags on a life of wretchedness, with El Dorado ever glittering before his imagination. The provinces traversed by M. De Saint-Hilaire furnish numerous examples of this kind of madness. Formerly, great fortunes were sometimes acquired by a lucky accident, with marvellous rapidity, when near the Rio do Carmo, gold, as Luccock observes, was frequently found by plucking up the grass, and shaking the roots. Those days, however, are now over; yet numbers of adventurers, stimulated by these hackneyed traditions, continue to haunt the neighbourhood of the old mines, digging and burrowing in the earth without ceasing, though their gains scarcely suffice in many cases to preserve them from starving. One of the haunts of a band of these miserable dreamers is thus described.

"The village of Chapada, where I halted, is situated on a flattish semi-globular hill, surrounded by other rocky eminences of similar formation. All around, the soil is dry and hungry, and rocks and white sand every where peep forth among the scanty herbage. About thirty wretched huts, scattered around confusedly, constitute the village. Their roofs, like those of Rio Pardo, have an exceedingly steep slope, which is rendered necessary by the nature of the grass with which they are covered; for being soft and fine, it would admit the rain water, if laid upon a more inclined surface. The brooks that flow near Chapada formerly yielded considerable quantities of diamonds; but the majority no longer furnishing any, the intendant permits the search after gold, upon the produce of which the inhabitants of the village now subsist. These men, who are all mulattoes, value at four *vintens* [about 9½*d.*] the gold they can collect in a day; but, should they even conceal a portion of their gain, their poverty proves too plainly that it cannot be great. No trace of cultivation appears in the neighbourhood; though the heat of these elevated regions not being very intense, there can be no doubt that rye would succeed extremely well in certain positions. But the truth is, the search after gold is more agreeable than agriculture, to the lazy habits of the natives in the auriferous districts."—I. 31.

In Europe, it may be generally remarked, horned cattle are less beautiful in form, and their flesh of an inferior quality, on proceeding towards the south. Except perhaps in the rich pasturages of Lombardy, and the Duchy of Parma, cows also yield less milk. In Egypt, where little attention is paid to the breeding of cattle, the cows are nevertheless fine, and their milk abundant; but this result is attributable to the humidity of the air, and the abundance and succulent nature of the grasses. The air of the mountainous regions of Brazil being generally dry and piercing, and the herbage scanty, the same rule which prevails in Europe holds good; the cows, though they present a fine appearance, having small udders, and yielding a very trifling supply of milk. At Tijuco, the capital of the Diamond District, a superior degree of industry, and cleanliness its natural accompaniment, prevails. Though encircled by ridges of naked rocks, and mountains perforated and broken up in search of gold, and covered with extensive mounds of gray and barren rubbish, the vicinity of the town exhibits a smiling prospect of rich variegated verdure. Gardens are extremely numerous, each house possessing its own. Here grow the orange tree, the banana, the peach, the fig, the quince tree, and the pine. The common vegetables of Europe are likewise cultivated, such as the cabbage, the lettuce, chicory, the potato, with various herbs and flowers, among which the violet is the favourite.

"The gardens of Tijuco, though arranged without any regard to symmetry, appeared to be cultivated with more care than any I had elsewhere seen. However this may be, from the intermixture of houses and gardens differently grouped, and scattered on an inclined plane, arise the most agreeable points of view. From many of the houses we discover not only those situated lower down on the slope of the hill, but the bottom also of the valley, and the heights which rise in front of the city; and it would be difficult to describe the striking effect produced in the landscape by the contrast between the glossy freshness of the verdure of the gardens, the colour of the roofs, and the gray austere tints of the valley and encircling mountains."—I. 42.

Many remarkable phenomena are observable in the economy of trees and vegetables transplanted from Europe to these warmer regions. It has been found by experiment, that the dry season is most favourable to European plants, provided they are supplied with moisture by artificial irrigation; while those indigenous to the country appear to derive no benefit from this process. This difference, which at first sight seems so whimsical, is susceptible of an easy explanation. During the drought, the vegetables of Europe experience a temperature analogous to that of their native country; they do not run to seed so rapidly as during the heats, and irrigation supplies that moisture which they require. On the contrary, if the native plants do not grow at the same period, though watered by artificial means, it is because heat rather than moisture is wanted to promote their vegetation. It has been remarked, that in all probability the beautiful evergreen trees which constitute so pleasing a feature in the winter landscapes of Egypt, would become deciduous if transplanted into the colder climates of Europe. This conjecture is converted into certainty by what M. De Saint-Hilaire relates of the metamorphoses effected in the fruit trees of Europe when removed to Brazil. For a short period the peach tree, at Tijuco, is perfectly leafless; but the apple, the pear, and the quince trees,

which renew their leaves at the same season as the peach, are never without foliage. This apparent anomaly is explained by M. De Saint-Hilaire. The difference, he observes, which at first appears extremely singular, is the result of the dissimilarity that exists between the buds of the peach, and those of the quince and apple tree. In the peach tree, in fact, the buds containing the blossoms, distinct from those containing the leaves, appear first; in the quince and apple trees, on the contrary, the same buds contain both leaves and blossoms. The old foliage falls, and immediately the new buds appear, reclothing the trees before they are entirely bare. In the European fruit trees recently transported into Egypt, a similar process will probably take place; but sufficient time for observing the phenomena has not hitherto elapsed. Though in all respects evergreens, the sycamore, the rhamnus lotus, the palm tree, &c. by no means retain constantly the same clothing; but new leaves always putting forth before the old ones fall, their branches are never left entirely naked.

Near the capital of the Diamond District, M. De Saint-Hilaire was shown by the intendant the only American antiquities which he beheld during his travels. These were certain rude figures of birds, single or in whimsical groups, traced upon the smooth face of a rock by the way side. On quitting Tijuco, by the road leading over the Serra da Lapa, he traversed a desolate region, fertile in savage bold scenery, resembling in many respects the more barren portions of the Valaisan Alps. No trace of cultivation is any where visible. Gray precipices present themselves to the eye on all sides, communicating a wild and sombre aspect to the landscape. Springs burst forth in a thousand places, and the traveller is frequently startled as he moves along, by the noise of water rushing over the rocks. The appearance of the vegetation often changes as you advance, according to the nature and elevation of the soil; large forests, however, are no where seen; but the hollows are clothed with low shrubs, interspersed in many places with stunted trees. Where the soil changes from sandy to red and clayish, the appearance of large ferns indicates the former existence of extensive forests, which are always succeeded by this plant. On approaching Villa do Principe, the nature of the ground and the features of the landscape become suddenly different; and the transition from bleak arid mountains, to hills and deep valleys covered with the traces of magnificent forests, is peculiarly delightful.

The rich woodland scenes, formerly scattered more abundantly than at present over the surface of Brazil, have been more or less ably described by several writers. M. De Saint-Hilaire, though not apt to be warmed into enthusiasm by the presence or recollection of beautiful landscapes, endeavours also to convey an idea of the emotions excited by the passage through these primeval woods.

"Immediately after quitting Ocubas, I entered among virgin forests, whose vegetation was exceedingly vigorous. The road was extremely narrow, and innumerable trees of different foliage formed overhead a canopy impervious to the rays of the sun. Various species of liana, creeping from branch to branch, composed a sort of network on either side, and the roots of the *cipo d'imbé* descended like so many plumb-lines upon my head. In the silence of the forest, the *ferrador*, which I had not heard for several months, startled the echoes with its piercing notes, imitating with singular exactness the sounds produced by a smith using alternately the file and the hammer. As often as I traversed these primitive woods, after having been traveling for some time over the open country, I invariably experienced a feeling of profound admiration. It is there that nature unfolds all her grandeur; it is there that she seems to wanton in the variety of her productions; and, I cannot help observing with regret, splendid forests of this kind have been a thousand times destroyed without the slightest necessity."—I. 106.

Dr. Walsh, in his amusing "Notices," has drawn a lively picture of the manners of the capital, to which his experience was chiefly confined. The French traveller, whose habits and pursuits were wholly dissimilar, though he also at various intervals enjoyed ample opportunities of studying the peculiarities of the inhabitants of Rio Janeiro, appears to prefer the ruder simplicity of the provinces. From the concurrent testimony of all travellers it must be concluded that in every part of Brazil,—but above all in the interior,—ignorance the most complete, of whatever it especially concerns man to know, prevails. In morals and politics, it is not to be expected that any great proficiency should have been made. To this the united spirit of their religion and government is adverse. But in geography, in the common events of history,—even of the history of their own times,—they are so exceedingly ignorant, that, according to Dr. Walsh, several persons of respectability with whom he conversed, supposed Napoleon to have been a rebellious Portuguese general, and the Mississippi a river of Great Britain. In the catholic countries of Europe innumerable examples of gross superstition might readily be pointed out,—perhaps it might not even be necessary to have recourse to foreign experience in quest of such examples; but in Brazil, this moral darkness is infinitely more widely spread. A cross which M. Saint-Hilaire observed on the road-side, had been erected, as he learned from an inscription on its base, at the request or command of a number of unhappy souls, temporarily escaped from purgatory, who on that spot fluttered in the form of doves round the horse of a traveller, and expressed their desires in human voice. Hermits, saints, patients possessed by the devil, miracles, are things not uncommon in that part of the world. Wherever ignorance abounds, there imposture will always flourish. In fact it is a kind of hobgoblin, which like the Old Man of the Sea in the Arabian Nights, rides on the shoulders of ignorance, grinning triumphantly the while at the imbecility which enables it to keep its seat.

Travellers sometimes appear to wonder at the credulous simplicity on which in Mohammedan countries the influence of santons, dervishes, anchorites, &c. is founded. But perhaps the Moslems of the East exhibit not, in their superstitious reverence for those individuals, a greater absence of good sense, and of capacity to discriminate

between conduct advantageous to society and such as, if not absolutely injurious, is at least not beneficial, than is observed in the good people of Brazil. In the gloomy wild recesses of the Serra da Piedade, where it would be natural to look for the wolf or the eagle, are found a number of those fantastic solitaries, as they term themselves, who delight to live in idle seclusion at the expense of the more industrious of their countrymen.

"On the summit of the Serra da Piedade, has been erected a chapel of considerable size, close to which, on both sides, are other buildings for the accommodation of the hermits of the mountain, and the pilgrims whom devotion brings to the spot. All these edifices are of stone, and are not [in 1818] of above forty years' standing. Opposite to the chapel are rocks in the midst of which have been set up crosses, to mark the stations where certain ceremonies are performed during the Holy Week..... The hermits who inhabit this irregular kind of monastery are mere laymen, whose costume consists of a large hat and cassock, or black morning gown. At the period of my visit, there were only three of them; two very sprightly little mulattoes, and an old white man, at whose appearance I found it difficult to restrain my laughter, so quaint and fantastic did he seem with his rubicund face surmounted by an antique voluminous wig half eaten by the rats. The establishment of La Piedade possesses a *fazenda* and other lands, situated at the foot of the mountain; and it might be imagined that, like the ancient anchorites, these recluses devoted themselves to agriculture and the proper management of their possessions; but this is by no means the case; they find it more convenient to subsist on the charity of the public, and their *fazenda* merely serves them as an asylum, when, on returning from their begging circuit, they do not feel disposed to toil up the mountain. Their labour, it must be confessed, would not have sufficed to provide for their maintenance and the expenses of the chapel; but those two young, healthy, and vigorous mulattoes should at least have endeavoured to make the most of their lands, and applied to the humanity of the faithful when their own resources failed."—I. 138.

Deceived, like most other persons, by a respect for past ages, of whose vices and follies less is necessarily known than of our own, M. De Saint-Hilaire attributes to the ancient anchorites more estimable qualities perhaps than belonged to them. The number of these privileged vagabonds is not, he observes, very great in Brazil; but their habits and character are not such as to render this matter of regret.

On the same mountain the traveller observed another example of the extraordinary effects of superstition among so rude and uncivilised a population. Similar tragi-comedies, indeed, have been enacted in Europe, and at no very remote period; but they are not there of frequent occurrence, and may perhaps be regarded, when they appear, rather as the result of strange sudden epidemics, than of a permanent disorder in the constitution of men's minds. The *speciosa miracula* operated by animal magnetism in France are susceptible of easy explanation; having been in fact nothing more than a voluptuous jugglery, set on foot and carried on for very intelligible purposes. In Brazil, the case of Sister Germaine may be traced to a different source. It affords a striking illustration of the arts by which the priesthood in ignorant and enslaved nations maintain their influence over the minds of the vulgar.

"On the Serra da Piedade, I saw a woman of whom I had heard much in the *comarcas* of Sabará and Villa Rica. Sister Germaine, the woman in question, was attacked, in about 1808, by a hysterical affection, accompanied by violent convulsions. She was at first exorcised; remedies mal-adapted to her complaint were made use of, and her condition degenerated from bad to worse. At length, at the period of my visit, she had been for a long time reduced to so extreme a state of weakness, that she was no longer able to rise from her bed, and subsisted upon a regimen which would scarcely have supported the life of a new-born infant. Animal food, rich soups and gravies, her stomach was no longer in a condition to receive. Sweetmeats, cheese, a little bread or flour, constituted the whole of her food; frequently she was unable to retain what she had taken; and it was almost always necessary to use considerable persuasion to decide her to eat at all."

"It was on all hands admitted, that the manners of Germaine had always been pure, her conduct irreproachable. During the progress of her disorder, her devotion had daily assumed a more enthusiastic character. Fridays and Saturdays she fasted entirely; at first, indeed, her mother opposed this practice; but when Germaine declared that, during those two days, it was utterly impossible for her to take any nourishment, she was allowed to have her own way, and accordingly submitted, on those occasions, to total abstinence. In order to indulge her devotion for the Virgin, she caused herself to be transported to the Serra da Piedade, where there is a chapel erected under the auspices of Our Lady of Pity, and she obtained from her spiritual director permission to remain in this asylum. In this retreat, meditating one day on the mystery of the passion, she fell into a kind of ecstasy; her arms grew stiff and were extended in the form of a cross; her feet were disposed in the same attitude, and in this position she remained during forty-eight hours. This was four years ago; and ever afterwards the phenomenon was weekly repeated. She relapsed into her ecstatic attitude on Thursday or Friday night, and continued in a sort of trance until Saturday evening, or Sunday, without receiving the slightest nourishment, without speech or movement."

"The rumour of this phenomenon quickly spread through the neighbourhood; thousands of persons of all ranks crowded to behold it; it was declared to be a miracle; Sister Germaine was regarded as a saint, and two surgeons of the province communicated an additional impulse to the veneration of the people by declaring, in a written document, that her situation was supernatural. This declaration remained in manuscript; but was widely circulated, and numerous copies of it were taken. Dr. Gomide, an able physician educated at Edinburgh, thought it necessary to refute the declaration of the two surgeons; and in 1814 published at Rio de Janeiro (but without his name) a small pamphlet, replete with science and logic, in which he proves, by a multitude of authorities, that the ecstasies of Germaine were merely the effects of catalepsy. In this pamphlet, endeavouring to explain the periodical recurrence of Sister Germaine's ecstasies, Dr. Gomide relates the following fact, which deserves to be repeated. 'A farmer in the environs of Caeté had a number of mules which he every Saturday employed in transporting provisions to the city. These animals, feeding at liberty in the meadows, according to custom, came invariably morning and evening to the house, in search of the rations of maize which were distributed to them at those times. On Saturday, however, the only day in the week on which they were called upon to labour, not only did they abstain from presenting themselves in the morning at the accustomed hour, but made their escape moreover, and concealed themselves in the country.'

"The public was now divided in opinion; but crowds of people still continued to ascend the Serra, to admire

the prodigy operated there. Nevertheless, Father Cypriano da Santissima Trinidade, the late bishop of Marianna, a prudent enlightened man, sensible of the inconveniences which might arise from the numerous assemblies collected by Sister Germaine upon the mountain, and desirous of discrediting the pretended miracle, from which there resulted at least as much scandal as edification, prohibited the celebration of mass at La Piedade, under pretence that permission had never been obtained from the king. Many persons offered Germaine an asylum in their houses; but she gave the preference to her confessor, a grave middle-aged man, who resided in the vicinity of the mountain. The devotees were greatly afflicted at the prohibition of the bishop of Marianna; but they did not sleep; they solicited from the king himself permission to celebrate mass in the chapel of the Serra, and it was granted them. Germaine was now transported a second time to the summit of the mountain; her confessor occasionally ascended thither for the celebration of mass; and the concourse of pilgrims and curious persons was weekly renewed.

"A short time previous to my visit, a new prodigy began to manifest itself. Every Tuesday she experienced an ecstasy of several hours; her arms quitted their natural position, and assumed the figure of a cross behind her back. In the course of my conversation with her confessor, he told me that, for some time, he was unable to explain this phenomenon, until he at length recollected that on this day it was customary to propose to the meditation of the faithful the sufferings of Christ bound. The disinterestedness and charity of this priest had been described to me in glowing colours. I had a long conversation with him, and found him a person not altogether destitute of education. He spoke of his penitent without enthusiasm; professed to desire that enlightened men should study her condition; and almost the only reproach he uttered against Dr. Gomide was, that he had written his book without having seen the holy woman. If what this priest related to me of the ascendancy he possessed over Germaine be not exaggerated, the partisans of animal magnetism would probably derive from it strong arguments in support of their system. He in fact assured me that in the midst of the most fearful convulsions, it was always sufficient for him to touch the patient to restore her to perfect tranquillity. During her periodical ecstacies, when her limbs were so stiff that it would have been easier to break than bend them, her confessor, according to his own account, had only to touch her arm, in order to give it whatever position he thought proper. However this may be, it is certain that having commanded her to receive the sacrament, during one of these ecstatic trances, she rose with a convulsive movement from the bed on which she had been carried to the church, and kneeling down, with her arms crossed, received the consecrated wafer; since which time she has always communicated during her ecstasies. At the same time, her confessor spoke with extreme simplicity of his empire over the pretended saint; attributed it wholly to her docility and veneration for the sacerdotal character; and added, that any other priest would have been able to produce the same effects. With all that confidence which the magnetisers require in their adepts, he observed, that so complete is the obedience of the poor girl, that, should I command her to abstain from food during a whole week, she would not hesitate to comply. He was also persuaded, that she would have suffered no inconvenience from the experiment; but added, 'I fear I should be tempting God by making it.'

"I requested permission to see Germaine, and was conducted into the small chamber where she constantly reclined. Her countenance was visible, though partly overshadowed by a large handkerchief which projected over her forehead; she appeared to be about thirty-four years of age, and in fact this was the age attributed to her. Her physiognomy was mild and agreeable, but indicative of extreme emaciation and debility. I enquired respecting her health, and she replied in an exceedingly feeble voice that it was much better than she deserved. I felt her pulse, and was surprised to find it very rapid.'

"On the following Friday I again visited Germaine. She was in bed, stretched upon her back, with her head enveloped in a handkerchief, and her arms extended in the form of a cross; one of them was prevented by the wall from occupying its proper position, the other projected beyond the bed-side, and was supported by a stool. Her hand felt extremely cold, the thumb and forefinger were extended, but the other fingers were bent, the knees drawn up, and the feet placed over each other. In this position she was perfectly immoveable; and her pulse being scarcely perceptible, she might have been taken for a corpse, if the rise and fall of the bosom in the act of respiration, had not indicated the presence of life. I several times attempted to bend her arms, but without success; the rigidity of the muscles increased in proportion to my efforts, which could not have been more violent without inconvenience to the patient. Certainly, I more than once closed her hands; but on releasing the fingers they resumed their former position. Germaine's sister, who generally attended her and was then present, informed me that she was not always so calm during her ecstasies, as on that occasion; that her arms and feet indeed constantly remained immoveable, but that she frequently uttered sighs and groans, struck her head against the pillow with rapidity, the convulsive movements being most violent about three o'clock, the moment at which Jesus Christ expired."—I. 142.

It was M. de Saint-Hilaire's intention, on ascending the Serra, to try the effect of animal magnetism upon Germaine during her ecstacies; but for this purpose it would have been necessary to have been left alone with her, and this the pious crowds, attracted thither by the fame of her extraordinary trances, would not permit. Nevertheless, having some little taste for juggling, he endeavoured, notwithstanding the presence of several witnesses, to do all he could. His account of what took place is perfectly serious. It is in fact evident he was not wholly without faith in magnetism. Pretending to observe her pulse, he placed his left hand over hers, and bringing his mind into the particular frame required by the magnetisers,—and described by Sterne, when he felt the grisette's pulse in the glove shop,—he practised the usual mummery without effect. However, to preserve the credit of magnetism, he judiciously observes that his attention was perpetually diverted from the matter in hand by the presence and conversation of the company. Subsequently, as is learned from Spix and Martius, the authorities found it necessary to remove the saint from her mountain residence; shortly after which, death came to the relief of poor Sister Germaine, and put a period to her sufferings.

From the circumstances attending this transaction some insight may be obtained into the character of the Brazilians, whose ignorance, credulity, and superstition exceed belief. But their domestic economy, farming, and the treatment of their slaves, complete the picture. One estimable quality, however, they very generally possess; they are hospitable to travellers, and season their cordial reception of the wayfaring stranger with a politeness so unaffected, that, though at variance

with so many practices prevailing among them, it is impossible not to derive from it an inference favourable to their natural character. When contrasted, moreover, with the generality of their countrymen recently arrived from Europe, they appear to some advantage. The latter, from the sketches which M. de Saint-Hilaire has given of them, seem to be distinguished no less by coarseness of manners and want of respect for travellers, than by a degree of ignorance scarcely credible. As a specimen of their rudeness, the author relates, that, on presenting to a respectable merchant a letter of introduction from a mercantile house at Rio Janeiro, he found him stretched out at his ease upon the counter. Without showing him the slightest civility, or making the most ordinary proffers of service, he maintained his position on the counter, while he caused the letter to be read to him. For this inhospitable conduct, M. de Saint-Hilaire endeavours to account in the following manner.—

"The Portuguese merchants, established in those parts of Brazil through which I have travelled, are generally persons of a very inferior class, who commenced business without capital, and in many cases know neither how to read nor write. While the Brazilians heedlessly dissipate what they possess, these Europeans attend to the minutest sources of profit, and condemn themselves to every kind of privation in order to acquire wealth. Their first step is to purchase a negress, who becomes at once their cook, mistress, washerwoman, housemaid, and bearer of wood and water,—tasks which in general the Brazilians impose on their male slaves. In this way they arrive at opulence, but still preserve in the midst of their prosperous circumstances, all the original grossness and vulgarity of their manners, to which the most insupportable pride and contempt for the natives of the country to whom they owe their riches, is commonly superadded." —I. 259.

To the botanist, the merchant, and the agriculturist, the work of M. de Saint-Hilaire possesses more than ordinary interest. His remarks on the cultivation of the cotton plant, the soil which best suits this branch of rural economy, and the numerous impediments which oppose themselves in Brazil to the improvement of its produce, are worthy the attention of our countrymen in the East; who, in this particular, have shown much less perseverance and wisdom than Mohammed Ali. On the culture of the sugar cane perhaps, and several other points of tropical husbandry, the traveller might learn from the English; but all his remarks on these and similar subjects are the fruit of patient enquiry, and even when destitute of novelty, deserve to be examined and regarded with respect.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

TRANSLATION FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

RUFINUS.

In Reason's breast-plate arm'd I stand,
And fight with Cupid, hand to hand;
Nor shall the Immortal overthrow,
Whilst one to one, his mortal foe.
But vain is all my proud defiance
When Bacchus joins him in alliance,
Then yield I to the fearful odds—
How can *one man* withstand *two gods*?

From the British Critic.

The Darker Superstitions of Scotland, illustrated from History and Practice. By John Graham Dalyell, F. A. S. E. Whittaker: London. 1834.

Mr. Dalyell is extremely well qualified for the work which he has just given to the public, inasmuch as he is not only a distinguished antiquary —the editor of many rare books—but is also, as we gather from his own remarks, a descendant of that renowned general of the same name, who was wont to terrify the covenanters and hold communion with the devil. The dreaded warrior, however, if Scotish legends are to be trusted, did not always quit the society of his supernatural ally without experiencing the hazards which arise from unequal coalitions. Having on one occasion excited the wrath or suspicion of this prince of demons, he found it necessary to seek safety in flight; when, notwithstanding the alertness of his motion, his body lost for ever the power of casting a shadow, even in the most brilliant sunshine. The evil spirit, who failed in his attempt to grasp the corporeal frame of old "Tom of Binns," seized that unsubstantial semblance of him which resulted from the interception of the solar rays; and hence it was maintained by the more rigid presbyterians, that though General Dalyell, by favour of Satan, was impenetrable to musket balls, he was doomed to be for ever unattended by that dark and mimic outline which in a clear day marks the progress of every other human being.

Notwithstanding these preliminary qualifications on the part of the author, this history of the "Darker Superstitions of Scotland" is not a faultless performance. In the first place the composition is extremely obscure, owing to an excessive and ill-timed effort at fine writing. Some sentences, for the reason now stated, are utterly unintelligible. There is an accumulation of long, learned words, which entirely conceal the meaning, and hence, even after a second reading, we have been obliged to pass on, satisfied with a mere conjecture as to the point under discussion. But in spite of this objection, for which we cannot devise any apology, the volume contains much matter that is both amusing and instructive. If the human race may be said to have had an intellectual infancy and childhood, assuredly the belief in witchcraft, spectral illusions, and amulets, belongs to the least improved condition of their social existence. That era, however, in the history of our nature is not to be overlooked. On the contrary, there cannot be any doubt that an authentic view of the manners and customs of mankind may rank with the more valuable parts of literature, because it is obviously of more consequence for us to be made acquainted with the sentiments, habits, opinions and occupations of our ancestors, than to peruse the most minute record of their savage wars and rude diplomacy.

It is not to be imagined that the superstitions of Scotland differ in any important particular from those of other nations at the same stage of improvement. They are, however, better known than the similar reliques of England and the

Green Isle, from the circumstances we are now about to mention. In the first place, the belief in diabolical agency retained its power over a large portion of Caledonia till a comparatively recent date; little more than a century having passed since witches were legally condemned to death in the extreme north, after a patient examination of the most circumstantial evidence. In the next place, as the clergy took cognisance of all crimes said to have been committed at the instigation or by the aid of the Evil One, their parochial registers have preserved a detail of cases which we should elsewhere look for in vain. The "Statistical Account of Scotland" too, which comprehends an outline of the superstitious notions still lurking in many parishes north of the Forth, affords an abundant supply of materials to the historian of popular credulity. It is from such sources, as well as from the records of the justiciary court, that Mr. Dalyell has drawn the immense mass of facts with which his pages are crowded: and he tells us that much curious matter still remains in the same repositories, especially in those belonging to the kirk.

The first chapter respects the "Evil Eye," and the consequent invocations and maledictions. It is justly remarked, that among the numberless superstitions enthralling mankind, no one has been more extensively diffused throughout all countries, and in every age, than belief in the injuries which may be inflicted by a malignant glance. In the classical authors of Greece and Rome we find frequent allusions to this power of the eye; and it is mentioned in the Records of Orkney, the Ultima Thule of civilisation, that the devil taught Janet Irving, if she bore ill-will to any body, "to look on them with open eyes, and to pray evil for them in his name, and that she should get her heart's desire." James I. too, in describing what he is pleased to call the "Devil's Rudiments," mentions the various kinds of charms "which daft wives use for healing fore-spoken goods, and for preserving them from evil eyes;" and among these he enumerates the roun-tree or mountain ash, and an assortment of sundry herbs. Every nation upon earth acknowledges this malign influence, under expressions synonymous with that now specified, such as *overlooking*, *eye-biting*, or *fascination*. A certain woman tried at Youghall, in Ireland, for bewitching Mary Langdon, denied the fact, though she admitted at the same time that she might have *overlooked* her. Between these, she said, there was a great difference, for, unless by touching her, she could not have done her any harm; wherein Glanvil, the author of "Sadducismus Triumphatus," remarks, "how overlooking and bewitching are distinguished by this hellish fraternity, I know not."

Most of the opinions entertained by the moderns in regard to fascination may be traced to the highest antiquity. Aristotle speaks of a Thessalian female who attracted a poisonous serpent within a magical circle drawn round her, when it instantly became lifeless. The faculties of the Psylli, or charmers, enjoy great repute even in our own times. Plutarch engages in a question "concerning those who are said to fascinate," and concludes by allowing the existence of such a power. "It is known," says he, "that friends and servants have fascinating eyes; and even fathers, to whose protracted gaze mothers will not expose their children." The ancients seem to have contemplated it as among the vices of the heart, originating for the most part in envy. It is affirmed that even at this day, in the Levant, passengers are invited by the lowest of the people to partake of their fare, lest they be "observed by a hungry man who envies the morsel." Formerly infants were considered very sensible of the "irradiations of the eyes." They were reluctantly submitted to the gaze of strangers; and in Spain an invocation of the Deity was employed to avert the consequences. At present, we are told, in the Spanish colonies, a similar prayer follows the commendation of a child, or of a young animal; and there also a widow is apt to ascribe the loss of her husband to the evil eye of one of her own sex. It is stated by Caldcleugh, that many years have not elapsed since a young woman was burnt alive for having set evil eyes on a sick person, and a female relative found it necessary to fly, under terror of the same accusation. In Egypt, the livid hue, the yellow skin, and the emaciated frame of a sickly child, is by the mother usually ascribed to an evil eye. In the northern parts of Africa, too, the natives dread an expression of admiration when directed to any of their family, or even to any valuable article, whether animate or inanimate. At Tripoli, the death of an infant was attributed to the steadfast gaze of a stranger, who was struck with its beauty as it lay in the cradle. No Christian in those parts is permitted to embrace, or even to look upon a babe. The same apprehensions as to the evil eye are held by the Jews, Greeks, and Turks, who possess the several islands of the Archipelago. When the goodness or beauty of any object is commended, it is incumbent to add, "God preserve it;" and the Greeks are further accustomed to blow a little saliva upon it, by way of an antidote. Mr. Dalyell states, as a proof of this superstitious feeling being not yet quite extinct in Scotland, that only a few years ago, a domestic in his family having died of small-pox, then believed to be extirpated from the place, his mother, on arriving from a distant part of the country, expressed her conviction that he had fallen a victim to an evil eye.

It must have occurred to every reader of such books as the "Darker Superstitions of Scotland," that a person suspected of this fascinating influence was very likely to be betrayed into the belief of really possessing it. The fears of others, and the occasional coincidences between a spiteful look and an unlucky accident, would naturally tend to confirm the impression on the mind of a weak woman, that her eye was armed with more than human powers. The alarmed imagination of the credulous peasant, whose health or life seemed to depend upon a vindictive glance, would, in many cases, realise the very evils which were apprehended; and hence the wrinkled hag who had not wit to procure herself a livelihood, might be induced to conclude that she had become the mistress of a most tremendous supernatural agency,

and had thereby the fate of her fellow-creatures placed in her hands. There cannot be any doubt that the reputed witch has generally derived all her might from the weakness of those around her; and that her first aspirations after the unhallowed faculties which are supposed to distinguish her class, was suggested by the terror or suspicion with which she saw herself regarded. But says the author—

"Is there truly any rational foundation for that confidence which has been universally expressed in the subsistence of fascination? Does the presence of an object unseen produce an irresistible impression? Or does it reside in the imagination only? This enquiry might lead to interesting disquisitions. Perhaps, if fascination exists, its principle must be sought in some natural cause operating in such a manner on the person as to occasion disturbance of the mind. Doubtless certain sensations originate from the presence of objects which never meet the eye. Our senses are not sufficiently refined to detect of themselves the elements, finding an invisible channel of transmission, though they may be discovered and arrested by foreign auxiliaries. Does not infection spread through the medium of a vehicle absolutely invisible, and after a mode unknown and imperceptible by the most delicate sense? The sight, the hearing, and the feeling may be rendered more acute; they may become obtuse; all the faculties may be lulled into languor, and the sleep of death extinguish them for ever, while the agent escapes the keenest search of human scrutiny. . . . At certain seasons penetrating emanations from the animal and vegetable world occupy the atmosphere, surely for the conservative or destructive designs of nature. The reciprocal influence of living beings on each other, though far asunder, is decided, though the medium of communication be unknown: domesticated animals of prey, and those employed in field sports, illustrate to mankind in society, what is advancing constantly in the natural state. Thus quadrupeds, birds, even insects, seem to be paralysed for the moment by some hidden external impression, never to be discovered but by the demonstration of its effect; for the means of detection are not enjoyed by men. Whether it be in stimulating effluvia, whether in a narcotic vapour, or in some other quality indescribable, nothing is established better than the transmission of impressions through invisible means. Sympathy and antipathy, so familiar by name, yet so little understood, are alike inexplicable. If the attraction and repulsion of inanimate matter yet elude explanation, it may be safe to conclude that the combination of physics and ethics has been insufficiently appreciated in hypotheses on the cause of sympathetic affections."

The philosophy of this passage is rather obscure, and throws very little light on the dark subject of fascination. Among the lower animals, the effect produced on their nervous system may, generally speaking, be ascribed to terror. The eye of a powerful enemy deprives them of voluntary motion, and they appear unable to remove from the object which of all others their natural instinct would lead them to avoid. There is nothing, we presume, analogous between the principle of infection in a corrupted atmosphere and the influence which darts from a potent eye; they agree in nothing except the difficulty of being explained.

Maledictions and invocations too, may be justly described as producing their effects through the medium of a startled fancy. It is true there are many cases on record where the curse was not heard by the party most interested; but in these it would not be easy to trace any connection between the "devilish prayer" and its supposed consequences. The incantations of Joan of Arc, for example, threw the English soldiers into such a state of superstitious alarm, that, although on their own side of the channel, many of them deserted from the army, or refused to join. No one, however, will maintain that her imprecations would have deprived the stout peasant of his natural courage, had his imagination not been preoccupied with visions of her ghostly power. It was, indeed, a principle in the Roman law, that "magical muttering might destroy mankind." "Eadem lege et venifici capite damnatur qui artibus odiosis tam venenis quam susurris magicis homines occiderunt." In Scotland the death of cattle and sheep was ascribed to those who were known to have "prayed evil" against the owners, and it must be confessed that some of their execrations were bitter in the extreme; Isobel Grierson, for instance, whose reputation was impeached, "spak mony devillisch and horribill words," saying to the neighbour by whom she was offended, "the faggots of hell light on thee, and hell's caldrane may thou seethe in; and with these and other the like devillish speches she passed away."

Among the superstitions mentioned by Mr. Dalyell, is the notion which prevailed all over Europe, that the corpse of a murdered person would bleed upon being touched by the hand of the individual who had taken away the life. This test proved on many occasions a fatal snare for the innocent. For example, four men having been drowned during fair weather, a woman suspected of changing herself into a porpoise, that she might overset their boat, was desired to touch their bodies some days after the accident. One of them, we are assured, bled at the collar-bone, and another in the hand and fingers, "gushing out blood thereat, to the great admiratione of the beholders, and revelation of the judgment of the Almychtie." King James, in his "Demonologie," proceeds on the assumption that the guilty were sometimes convicted by miraculous evidence. "In a secret murder, if the dead carkasse bee at any time thereafter handled by the murtherer, it will gush out blood; as if the blood were crying to the heaven for revenge of the murtherer, God having appointed that secret supernatural trial of that secret unnatural crime."

In the year 1688, Sir James Stansfield, having been found dead in a stream, was buried precipitately. After being two days in the grave, his body was raised, and partially dissected; and the neck in particular was laid open, in order to ascertain the cause of death. After being well cleansed, blood burst from the side which was supported by his son Philip, as they were returning the body to the coffin for a second inhumation, and the hand of the young man was stained. This occurrence, so likely to arise from straining the incisions while moving the corpse, excited suspicion against the heir, and he was in due course of law arraigned as a parricide. In the course of the procedure which followed, great stress was

laid on the fact now mentioned; it was even argued that this peculiar incident denoted the disclosure of an occult crime under the direction of Divine Providence.

The royal author maintained, that if the "carkasse be at *any time thereafter* handled by the murtherer, it will gush out blood." An instance tending to confirm this opinion is said to have occurred in the reign of Charles I. when the minister of a parish testified that the body of a woman, suspected to have been murdered, was taken out of the grave thirty days after her death, and laid on the grass. The prosecution in this case was at the instance of a son of the deceased against his own father, grandfather, uncle and aunt; and these four defendants, being required, touched each of them the dead body, whereupon, says the narrative, the brow of the defunct, which was before of a livid and carrion colour, began to have a dew or sweat arise on it, which increased by degrees till the sweat ran down in drops on the face; the brow turned to a lively and fresh colour, and the deceased opened one of her eyes, and shut it again three several times; she likewise thrust out the ring or marriage finger three several times, and pulled it in again, and the finger dropped blood on the grass. Three of the four accused were convicted of the murder.

On some occasions the mere presence of the guilty person, even without his coming in contact with the deceased, was thought sufficient as a test; nor was it necessary that life should have been taken away by actual violence to constitute the crime. Janet Randall, it is related, was sent for by a man who imagined she had bewitched him, but he expired before her arrival. He had, however, "laid his death on her:" and "how soon as she came in, the corpse having lain a good space, and not having bled any, immediately bled much blood, as a sure token that she was the author of his death."

It is not improbable that the origin of this superstition may be sought in the misapplication of a passage of Scripture—"The voice of thy brother's blood calleth unto me from the ground;" and so vehement were the prejudices of our progenitors, that little further evidence of guilt was demanded. What, indeed, could equal the interposition of the divine decree in pointing out the offender? Yet the truth of this test was disputed among the continental lawyers, as it must have been rejected by all intelligent men; for those who credit marvels merely because habituated to the narrative of them, or because others credit them, are not to be esteemed intelligent men. Lawyers recommended that the body of the deceased should be presented before the suspected murderer in chains, to discover whether he should manifest any agitation, or whether the blood flowed from it before him. Scribonius advances his own testimony in corroboration of the success of this test. A nobleman of Arles, whom he names, having been mortally wounded, blood burst from the wound, and from the nostrils, after decease, immediately on approach of the offender. Hippolytus of Marseilles declared his incredulity until a murder was committed by a person unknown, during his magistracy of a town in Italy. He directed the body to be brought to him, and summoned the attendance of all suspected persons. The wounds began to bleed on the approach of the real murderer, who soon after confessed the fact. Matthæus, however, considers the test so fallacious, as to be an insufficient reason for putting one suspected to torture for eliciting the truth. Carpzovius also, another lawyer of repute, relates that it was established from proof transmitted to his court, that a corpse had bled before an innocent person, though not a drop of blood escaped before the guilty. Nevertheless he had considered the bleeding of a wound or of the nostrils enough to warrant the application of torture. By the custom of Germany, as explained in a learned treatise, the suspected person put two fingers on the face of the deceased, then on the wound, and afterwards on the navel, in presence of a priest, who adjured him to appeal to heaven.

There is a long chapter on "occult infection and cure of maladies," as well as "on miscellaneous remedies and antidotes to disease;" but the industry of the learned author has not collected any thing either new or striking on these interesting heads. The traditions of all rude countries abound with instances of miraculous cures, accomplished by the use of very inadequate means, or without any visible means whatever. The efficacy of water, especially if running towards the south, of salt, and of saliva, holds a distinguished place in all such fabulous narratives. A fountain beside the chapel of Crayquerrelane, on a hill at Lochgrevion, was frequented for various distempers; and "sundrie and divers multitudes of men and women from all countries," we are informed, "doe conveen and gadder togidder to this chapell in the spring tyme, one day before St. Patrick-mass-day; and drinking every one of them of this spring and fresh water, alleadges that it shall recover them to their healthes againe, and uses the same yearlie. Once a tyme in the yeare certaine of them doeth come for pilgrimages, and certaine others in respect of their sicknesses bygone, of the which they have recovered their health; and certaine of them for their sickness present; and so they are persuaded to be restored to their healthe by the help and assistance of that holie saint and drinking of the waters that is to be had there, on the high craig and rough place."

We learn that the veneration anciently entertained for fountains still continues to be cherished in some parts of Scotland. St. Fillan's well, in the county of Perth, is visited on the first of May and on the first of August, when valetudinarians encircle it thrice, and drink the water or bathe in it. Votive offerings of rags or linen cloth are left at the well, and a stone is cast on the saint's cairn. In general such places were resorted to on the first day, or first sabbath in the month of May, in reference, no doubt, to that primitive festival when honours were paid to the sun as the principle of fecundity and the giver of good things. The pilgrims, as is usual in such cases, were principally women. Grizel Richardson, when taxed with superstitious practices, confessed that "through her great sickness and infirmities she sent Margaret Tailyor to Christ's well, to fetch her a pynt of the watter thereof." And

the latter acknowledged that "she went there on the first Sunday of Maij instant, and fetched to her a pynt of watter forth of the said well, and offered upon a trie one piece of the said woman's heid-muche (head-cap) that sent her, and that she gave two-pence to the poor folk in her name."

We have just alluded to the rites performed in veneration of the solar deity at the opening of the summer months, the remembrance of which is still kept alive by the use of sundry terms, such as Bel-tein, or Bel-tane. It is presumed that the Scotish Moloch, not less than the Canaanitish, delighted in the effusion of human blood; and hence that certain innocent ceremonies, still practised in the north, may indicate to the comprehension of the learned the great probability of human immolations in the darker ages of our history. But whether this conclusion be sound or not in regard to that most horrible of superstitions, it is indisputable that analogies to a propitiatory offering for the safety of flocks and herds may be discovered in later eras, observed too at a period of the year precisely corresponding to the festival in question. On the first of May, it is recorded, the Highland herdsman prepared an oaten cake, with nine square knobs on the surface. Each of these, dedicated either to a conservative or to a destructive being, was broken off and thrown over the shoulder, accompanied with an invocation for security to his charge, during the season. Rudbeck likewise found the relics of sacrificial rites in the particular form of some varieties of bread, baked at a certain period of the year in Sweden. Another ceremony, which is hardly yet discontinued, is more worthy of our notice. At Bel-tine, the yearly feast of Baal or Bel, the Caledonian youth were wont to cast a trench in some sequestered spot among the hills. A fire was then kindled, and a cake being made and cut in pieces, one of these fragments was blackened, and the whole put into a bonnet. In the next place, each of the striplings present drew forth a portion; and he to whose lot the blackened piece chanced to fall, was held as devoted to Bel-tine, or Baal's-fire, as a sacrifice. To discharge the obligation thus laid upon him, the victim was obliged to leap three times through the fire which had been used in the preparation of the mystical cake; but the life was spared; the youth was only sacrificed symbolically, at least in later ages.

It is not improbable that a similar reference was made to some part of an ancient ritual, in the observance now to be mentioned. After an infant newly baptized was carried home from church, the midwife, or another, waved it through the flame, repeating thrice, "Let the fire consume thee now, if ever!" The author adds, that even in the present age, a child, put on a cloth spread over a basket containing provisions, is conveyed thrice around the crook of the chimney, thus, as he remarks, "preserving the proximity of fire." In short, the recognition of the pagan divinity, Baal, may still be discovered in Scotland through innumerable etymological sources. In historical records, down to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, multiplied prohibitions are found against *Baal-fires*, which the people were so much disposed to kindle. Mr. Dalyell asserts that the festival of this divinity was commemorated in his country "until the latest date;" and he adds, "should it have been ever truly interrupted, the citizens of the metropolis seem willing to promote its revival in recollection, by ascending a neighbouring hill, Arthur's Seat, in troops, on the first of May, to witness the glorious spectacle of sunrise from the sea." In Ireland, a country less advanced, and thence more tenacious of ancient customs, it was remarked, late in the preceding century, that when "fire is at this day kindled in the milking yard, the men, women, and children pass or leap through it." The ecclesiastical councils, indeed, found it incumbent upon them to enact various canons against leaping over fires kindled at new moon.

There cannot be any reasonable doubt that a variety of propitiatory offerings were made by the ancient Scots, some of them with the view of recovering lost health, and others with the intention of securing the goods which had fallen to their lot. A person who had lost many of his cattle, as he imagined, by witchcraft, burnt a living calf, to break the spell and save the remainder. Another, whose sheep had perished in great numbers, was advised to "take a beast at Allhallow eve, and sprinkle three drops of the blood of it by the fire." It seems to have been universally believed, that a disease could be transferred from one human being to another, and even from mankind to the lower animals. A woman accordingly, who was suspected of having relieved herself at the expense of a neighbour, urged, in her own defence, that "if William Bigland lived, she would die, therefore, God forbid."

Besides propitiatory sacrifices, there were also propitiatory charms, which, though extremely superstitious, were in general less cruel. The former proceeded on the ground that life was required for life; that exemption from suffering and death must be purchased by the endurance, either actually or by symbol, of the evils which the supplicant wished to remove from himself, his family, or his flocks; and that in most cases a substitute would be accepted in place of the victim whom the Spirit of Evil had marked out for loss or destruction. The latter notion seems to have implied the belief that the mischievous devices of the invisible enemies of man might, by the use of certain expedients, be counteracted, or rendered innocuous. The charms were sometimes extremely simple, and even approaching to the ridiculous. In the indictment of Elizabeth Bathcat, it was stated that she had a horse-shoe in a secret part of her door, kept by her thereupon as a "devillisch means and instruction from the devil," to make her goods and all her other affairs to prosper and succeed well, especially within her house. John Feane was convicted of using, by way of witchcraft, moles' feet, given to him by Satan, kept in his purse; "for this cause, that so long as he had them upon him, he should never want silver." Sir James Melvil affirms of the Earle of Bothwell, that he required the aid of Richard Graham, to cause the king's majesty, his master, to like well of him; "and to this effect he gave the said Erle some drug or herb, willing him at some convenient

time to tuiche his maister's faice therewith." But the device did not succeed. Poor Ritchie Graham appears to have been a very unfortunate necromancer, for he was strangled and burnt, on its being proved that he had been consulted by Barbara Napier as to her son's health, and "whether the king should return from Denmark."

It should seem that all the powers of the air, as well as the bad spirits which became the familiars of man, were moved by the bold enterprise of the Scotish monarch, when he crossed the sea to bring home his Danish bride, in the year 1590. His subjects, generally, did not dislike the match, but the sorcerers of both kingdoms, probably in revenge of his learned labours on the principles of their art, employed themselves on either shore of the northern ocean, to raise tempests against him. Accordingly, while all the rest of the fleet had a favouring gale, the course of the royal couple is said to have been interrupted by violent storms. The ship conveying the queen sprung a leak, and several other vessels were actually lost on different parts of the coast. The conjurations practised for this purpose are described as follows: Agnes Sampson, Janet Campbell, John Feane, Geilie Duncane, and Meg Dyn, baptesit a cat in a webster's house, in this manner. First twa of them held a finger on one side of the chimney cruick, and anather held an uther finger in the uther side, the twa nebbs of their fingers meeting together. Then they put the cat through the links of the cruick, and passit it thrice under the chimney. Thereafter, at Beigie Tod's house, they knit to the four feet of the cat four joints of men; quhilk being done, the said Janet fetchit it to Leith; and about midnight she and the twa Luikehops, and twa wifes callit Stobeis, came to the peir-head, and saying these words: "see there be no deceit among us," they cast the cat into the sea sa far as they myght, quhilk swam oute, and came againe; and they that were in the panis, cast in another cat into the sea at xi hours, after quhilk, by their sorcerie and enchantments the boat perished between Leith and Kinghorne.

It appears from a far better authority than the one now referred to—the trial of Agnes Sampson—that such an accident happened at the period in question, and was ascribed to the malice of Satan. He had promised to John Feane "to raise a mist and cast the Kinge's Majestie in England; and for performing thereof he took a thing like a foot-ball, which appeared to the said John like a wisp, and cast the same into the sea, quhilk causit a vapour and a reek to rise."

Mr. Dalyell proposes the question, "whence did the previous generations inhabiting Scotland derive their precepts for the practice of sorcery?" He is satisfied that the fertility of their resources, their diversified, empirical prescriptions, their sacrificial relics, their varied divinations, and their confidence in the existence of imaginary beings, did not spring from their own simple invention. It is admitted that, in the multiplied judicial proceedings which occupy the Scotish records, there appears occasionally a transient investigation of the source whence the delinquent obtained necromantic powers. Satan's presence, instruction, and deportment are frequently alleged; nor are they ever called in question, as no one doubted them. Whatever guise he assumed in such dealings with mankind, and whatever was their purpose, they were credited not only by the unhappy victims of self-delusion, but also by their merciless persecutors; by those whose eyes the love of justice and of mercy should have opened. At all events, it is manifest that he assumed a variety of forms, and adopted a great diversity of methods in communicating his bad lessons. For example, the tuition of one who practised successfully during fifty years, was derived from a "familiar spirit attending him, to give him instruction" in all his cures. Another obtained his skill from Satan "in the likeness of a corbie," or raven. Agnes Sampson acquired her skill and her prayer from her father; Janet Stewart, from her father and an "Italian stranger;" Marion Fisher, "an ordinary charmer," was taught in her youth by a reaper; and another was instructed by a "going man." But others are said to have undergone a kind of regular instruction in the necromantic art. Thus, the indictment of one, brought to the bar, specifies that "Catherine Campbell, the witch wife, dwelling in the Canongate, causit another witch wha dwelt in St. Ninian's Row, to inaugurate you in the said craft, with the girth (hoop) of a great bikar, turning the same oft over your head and neck, and oft times round about your head." John Burghe was alleged to have obtained his knowledge "from a widow woman, named Neane Nikelrith, of three score years of age, wha was sister's daughter to Nek Neveing, that notorious infamous witch in Monegie, quha for her sorcerie and witchcraft was burnt fourscore of years since, or thereby."

The maxim of the ancient sceptics, that "fear first made gods," may be applied with perfect confidence to all classes of sorcerers, wizards, and witches. As the practice of their supposed art was gainful, a motive was created for perpetuating the delusion. Gifts poured in upon the old women who were believed to hold traffic with the worst portion of the invisible world, as well with the view of purchasing their favour, as of disarming their resentment. They were regarded, too, with a feeling of awe approaching to veneration; and every one was careful not to mention their names, but with the semblance of the most profound respect. These advantages, coupled with the love of power, natural to the human heart, counterbalanced the hazard of a legal prosecution, and of a violent death at the hands of public justice.

It must, however, be acknowledged that it would require nerve in any one to encounter the imputation of witchcraft; for, of all the dark parts of Scotish superstitions, the mode of detection, or the mode of punishment adopted by the judges, was the most terrific. One of the commonest methods for ascertaining whether an old woman was in compact with Satan, was to thrust a bodkin or needle three or four inches into the muscular part of her body. If she felt pain, the case was pronounced doubtful; if she appeared insensible, she was condemned to be strangled and burnt. The ordeal by water was, if possible, still more iniquitous and cruel. The thumb of

the right hand was bound to the great toe of the left foot, and the thumb of the left hand to the great toe of the right foot, and retained by a cord; the victim was then cast "crosse wayes" into "a river or lake;" if she sink, she is counted innocent; if she float, and sink not, she is taken for a witch. It was inferred that Satan, being light, or having a small specific gravity, sustains them in the fluid. The *witch-pool*, and the *witch-lake*, are accordingly still pointed out in various parts of North Britain.

"Though privation of sleep be described as 'the choicest means they use in Scotland for the discovery of witches,' it was not restricted to them only; for after other expedients for detecting a conspiracy had failed to obtain confession, the commander of the forces was enjoined to employ the most trusty officers and soldiers to 'watch Mr. William Spence, by turns, and not to suffer him to sleep by night or by day, and for that end, to use all effectual means for keeping him still awake.' Another was withholden from sleep 'to the great perturbation of his brayne.' By means of torture, picking, watching, and keeping several women from sleep, James Gillespie, minister of Rind, and some coadjutors, were charged with having obtained false confessions, whereon the innocent had suffered death. Several also, under a guard of drunken fellows at Pittenweem, were kept days and nights awake, which cruel usage made some of them to be so wise as to acknowledge every question that was asked of them, whereby they found the minister and baillies well pleased, and themselves better treated. One was kept five days and nights awake by continual pricking, to the great effusion of her blood; and this kind of torture is alleged to have been protracted even to nine nights."—"Humanity and justice were outraged in the combinations of torture inflicted on the miserable objects of suspicion. Aleson Balfour, in Orkney, confessed certain allegations of witchcraft, but only 'be vehement tortour of the *caschielawes*, quharin she was kepit by the space of forty-eight hours:' nor did it come of her own sufferings only, for her aged husband, her eldest son, and daughter, were all in her presence 'put in tortour' at the same instant time, the fader being in the *lang irnes* of fiftie stone weight; the son driven into the *boots* with fifty-seven strokes; and the daughter, being seven years old, put in the *pinnywinks*, to the effect that being so tormented beside her, might move her to make any confession for their relief. When condemned and led to execution upon the *heading-hill* of Kirkwall, in 1594, this unhappy person declared herself 'as innocent, and would die as innocent of any point of witchcraft as a bairne unborn.' Yet this was not enough to the tormentors, for, on the parson of Orphir asking whether she would abide by her first confession, she returned the following impressive explanation: 'that she was then tortourit divers and several times in the *caschielawes*, and sundry thymes taken out of them dead, and out of all remembrance either of good or evill; as lykewayis her good-man being in the *stokis*, her son tortourit in the *buitis*, and her daughter put in the *pinnywinkies*, quhairwith she and they wer so vexed and tormentit, that pairtly to eschew a greater punishment and torment, and upon promise of her life and guid deidis by the said parson, she falsely against her soul and conscience made that confession, and no other wayis; for the quhilk she asked the Lord mercy and forgiveness,' and then patiently submitted to her fate. Can a scene of greater atrocity be pictured! The torture of those most dear to the spouse and the mother before her; a clergyman violating all sanctity and morality, endeavouring, under treacherous pledges, to elicit the confession of impossibilities."

The only alleviating consideration which can present itself to the reader of these "Darker Superstitions" is, that the persons employed in the several processes of conviction and punishment were sincere. They believed in the crime, dreaded the numerous evils which resulted from it, and, of course, saw their duty in checking its increase throughout the land. In this eagerness of detection the clergy acted a principal part, and even, on some occasions, allowed their zeal to outstrip both humanity and prudence. In 1607, a commission to seize and try certain persons was refused by the privy council, "considering," to use their own words, "the many inconveniences and the exceeding great slander which had arisen by the bypast trial of witches, by ministers who carried professed sorcerers with them to the parish kirks, and made them judges of the honesty or guiltiness of men and women, undefamed before, and who were brought in question of their honesty, life, and geir (goods), and made to be convicted and punished to the death." Through the credulity of the minister of Glasgow, it is added, divers innocent women suffered, from one venturing to affirm that all the proselytes of Satan had a certain mark in the eye whereby she could discover whether they were witches or not. Imbecility of judgment, and love of dominion, promoted persecution. The kirk-session, "tyrannical in arrogance," as Mr. Dalyell expresses it, employed spies to ferret out the history, life, and manners of each individual. Some of their number, who got the name of *searchers*, made an inroad into private dwellings on Sunday; or, without warning, broke open any door, under cloud of night, during the week. They imposed fines, and inflicted exile; the prisons were filled with delinquents, and the places of public repentance were crowded to such a degree that they could receive no more penitents. On one occasion, the kirk-session of Holyroodhouse threatened to drown a woman, suspected as the parent of an illegitimate child, if she ever again appeared within the bounds of their jurisdiction.

In such proceedings we detect ignorance, intemperate zeal, narrow-mindedness, and the most intolerable despotism; but in the darker superstitions of Ireland we may perceive something more —even fraud combined with credulity. About ten years ago various miraculous cures were said to have been effected in that country, through the intercession of Prince Hohenloe, and were vouched by the highest ecclesiastical authority in the land. The most remarkable of these is reported to have taken place in the convent of Ranelagh, in the immediate vicinity of Dublin, and on the person of Miss Mary Stuart, a member of that establishment. Dr. Murray, the Roman Catholic primate of Ireland, recognised the miracle; and in a pastoral address, published immediately afterwards, remarks, that the "voice of these facts, issuing from the bosom of his sanctuary, and publishing the glory of God with the loudness of thunder, may strike upon the ears and hearts of many to whom the voice of our ministry could not reach." Then he proceeds to the facts in the following terms:

"Mary Stuart, of the convent of St. Joseph, Ranelagh, has, through the extraordinary interposition of that Om-

nipotent Being who killeth and maketh alive, been restored instantaneously to health, from a state of grievous and hopeless infirmity, for the relief of which all the resources of human skill had been expended in vain. The account of this wonderful case reached us officially on the 2d instant, in a letter from Mrs. Mary Catherine Meade, prioress of St. Joseph's convent, under date of the preceding evening. This communication stated in substance that one of the religious sisters of that community had been afflicted with sickness for four years and about seven months; that during that period she had frequent attacks of paralysis, each of which seemed to threaten her with immediate dissolution; that the most powerful remedies had been applied without producing any other than partial and temporary relief; that for several months past she had been confined to bed, wholly deprived of the power of assisting herself, or of moving out of the position in which she was laid; that when moved by her attendants, how gently soever, she not only suffered much pain, but was also liable to considerable danger and to the temporary loss of speech; and that for the last five weeks she had entirely lost the power of articulation; that up to the morning of the first instant she continued in this deplorable state, without any symptom of amendment, and apparently beyond the reach of human aid—that on a certain hour that morning, as had been settled by previous arrangement, she united her devotions (as did also her numerous friends) with the holy sacrifice of the mass, which was to be offered by Alexander, Prince Hohenlee, in the hope of obtaining immediately from God that relief which no human means could afford—that with this view she received, though with much difficulty, the divine communion at the mass which was celebrated at the same hour in her chamber for her recovery—that mass being ended and no cure yet effected, she was in the act of resigning herself with perfect submission to the will of God, when instantly she felt a power of movement and a capability of speech—that she exclaimed with an animated voice, 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts!' raised herself without assistance to offer on bended knees the tribute of her gratitude to heaven; called for her attire, left that bed to which she had been for so many months as it were fastened, walked to the convent chapel with a firm step, and there, in presence of the community and congregation, joined her religious sisters in the solemn thanksgiving which was offered up to God for this wonderful and manifest interposition of his goodness."

These facts were laid by the archbishop before the Roman catholic priesthood and laity of Dublin, and pronounced by him as constituting a miracle of the most positive and regular description. To establish his testimony he subjoins certificates from several medical gentlemen, with affidavits from five religieuses of the convent, and two clergymen who officiated on the occasion. As might be expected, a deep and solemn impression was produced on the multitude; and every exertion was made to extend and confirm it. Dr. Murray's letter was widely circulated: it was hawked about at the cheapest rate, and in such shapes as to catch the vulgar attention. At last, the convent itself was thrown open, that all who chose might hear from Mary Stuart's own lips, the detail of her complicated sufferings, succeeded by the account of her miraculous restoration to health, and concluded by the ardent attestations of her religious sisters.

Now, we are willing to take the facts as they are recorded, without subjecting them to that minute examination which the use that was made of them would amply justify; and yet, coupling them with the obvious import of the medical certificates issued on the occasion, we would assert not only that there was no miracle in Miss Stuart's partial recovery, but that every man of common sense must have been aware, that the change produced upon her nervous condition by the exciting ceremony in which she had been engaged, was strictly within the bounds of nature. She had, it is true, been long an ailing person, and subject to "various nervous affections of an anomalous kind;" but she was, we maintain, on that very account the more likely to be roused to a temporary vigour of body by a stirring action on her mind. It is generally known that, of the numbers who came to St. Fillan's well—a celebrated fountain mentioned by our author—some returned every year either completely cured or very much relieved. The effect of the water, the vigils, and the excitement, however, in this case, as in Miss Stuart's, was exclusively confined to those whose nerves were diseased, and who, like her, were "subject to stagnations." Other holy streams and consecrated buildings were regularly frequented at the proper festivals by individuals who suffered under such affections; and the success, it is well known, was so great, and the confidence of the ignorant people so strong, that the presbyterian ministers found it necessary to take down the old walls, to lock doors, and to cover up the crystal current from the approach of the superstitious.

But, in point of fact, the cure of Miss Stuart was not complete. She had, indeed, recovered in some measure the use of her limbs; and the symptoms of the principal disease with which she was afflicted were to a certain extent mitigated, after the moving scene of the first of August. Still, so far from walking with a firm step, as the archbishop was taught to say, she moved like a person whose legs were weak and feet sore. She passed from one side of the room to the other with an evident effort and an unsteady pace—like a patient, in short, who was enjoying a brief respite from a chronic rheumatism. Three medical men were desired to visit her on the fourth of August, three days after the supposed miracle, to examine into the state of her health, and they report that she assured them "she was without complaint." She added that she had not walked in the grounds of the convent owing to a *degree of weakness* in her limbs, of which, however, she appeared to have the free use. They found her pulse at 120, a clear proof that the prayers of Prince Hohenloe had been blessed with but a very partial success: and of four issues which had been long established, three might be considered as healed, being without dressings, though the one "in the left arm was open and freely discharging, having made no progress in healing." One of the physicians was afterwards required to give a categorical answer to two questions put to him by a clergyman on this interesting matter. He replies—

"I felt it necessary to see Mr. Mills and Mr. M'Namara before I could answer your letter of the 20th. Considering that the friends of Mrs. Stuart might not think it expedient to publish our certificates relative to the state

of her health, we resolved not to give any opinion on the subject, and not in any way commit ourselves individually. These certificates having been published, I have in consequence of your letter waited upon Dr. Mills and Mr. M'Namara; and as they leave me to the exercise of my own discretion, I can have no hesitation in answering your questions. To the first I reply, that there was not, in my opinion, any thing miraculous in the change which took place in Mrs. Stuart's health. To the second, that her case can, to my entire satisfaction, be accounted for on natural principles."

It is worthy of being noticed, as affording the means of judging how much depended on the workings of Miss Stuart's own mind, that Prince Hohenloe had performed at Bamberg all the requisite ceremonies for the restoration of her health; but as she had not received information of his doings, she derived no advantage from them. This fact seems to prove that the co-operation of the patient is absolutely indispensable. The miracle, however, was held altogether beyond question by the Roman catholics of Dublin, who, with their archbishop, were determined to see in this very ordinary event the finger of Divine Providence marking out the superiority of their communion.

"These tangible manifestations," say they, "of the favour of Heaven to a particular individual and a particular church, are not, be it remembered, of bygone times, or of distant countries; they are contemporaneous with ourselves, and exhibiting themselves to our eyes, they are subject to our personal investigation. Verily, these things appear to us with such force and frequency, that to account for their occurrence on natural principles will puzzle the ingenuity of scepticism."

Surely these pious persons must have forgotten the numerous miracles performed at the tomb of the Abbe Paris, the greatness and popularity of which demanded at length the interposition of the civil authorities. In that case, indeed, the process by which the nervous disorders were removed, or changed, was more obvious, and indicated more distinctly the operation of a natural cause. The cure at Ranelagh was effected in secret, not, perhaps, without a certain preparation both in the patient and the witnesses; and it is only those who, like Dr. Cheyne, were acquainted with the anomalous symptoms of her complaint, who could trace the workings of the physical energies to which she owed the restitution of a little health and strength. Those cured in apostolic times were made "whole every whit;" the lame leaped, danced and ran.

The miracle accomplished at Maryborough, under the auspices of the Right Rev. Dr. Doyle and Mr. O'Connor, titular rector of the said parish, is at once more striking and more suspicious. On the 6th of March, 1823, that zealous prelate wrote to the "Most serene and very reverend prince," informing him that Maria Lalor, the daughter of a respectable and pious catholic, had lost the use of her tongue; adding, "her organs of sense continue perfect, and she strictly adheres to that piety of life which she has preserved from her most tender age." In reply he received from Hohenloe a communication addressed as follows:

"To Miss Lalor, and all those who will spiritually unite in prayer.

"On the 10th of June, at nine o'clock, I will, agreeably to your request, offer my prayers for your recovery. Unite with them at the same time, after having confessed and received the holy communion, your own, together with that evangelical fervour, that full and entire confidence, which we owe to our Redeemer Jesus Christ. Excite in the recesses of your heart the divine virtues of due contrition—of an unbounded confidence that you will be heard—and an immoveable resolution of leading an exemplary life for the purpose of preserving yourself in a state of grace. Accept the assurance of my consideration."

Mr. O'Connor, having received the proper instructions, resolved to proceed accordingly, and in due time made known the result to his ordinary.

"At twelve minutes before eight o'clock, on the morning of the 10th, my two coadjutors, with myself, began mass at the hour appointed. I offered the holy sacrifice in the name of the church. I besought the Lord to overlook my own unworthiness, and regard only Jesus Christ, the great High Priest and Victim, who offers himself in the mass to the Eternal Father, for the living and the dead. I implored the Mother of God, of all the angels and saints, and particularly of St. John Nepomuscene. I administered the sacrament to the young lady at the usual time, when instantly she heard as it were a voice distinctly saying to her—'MARY, YOU ARE WELL;' when she exclaimed, 'O LORD, AM I? and overwhelmed with devotion, fell prostrate on her face."

Dr. Doyle forthwith announced this cure to the world in the shape of a pastoral letter, accompanied with a statement of facts, as if drawn from medical certificates. It was asserted that the surgeon, Dr. Smith, as a similar case had never occurred in the course of his practice, had consulted eight of the most eminent physicians in Dublin; and the result was, that no hopes could be entertained of her recovery. It was further asserted, that this decision was imparted by Dr. Smith to the father of the young woman. But it soon appeared that these facts, so confidently proclaimed, were altogether unknown to the surgeon; and accordingly he soon afterwards published *a flat and unequivocal denial of the whole representation, in as far as it concerned himself, solemnly declaring it to be a fabrication entirely at variance with truth.* In short, this miracle, so warmly extolled in the pastoral address as a prodigy different in kind, but not in magnitude, from the raising of the dead, turned out, we are told, to be a most contemptible juggle—a juggle of which Dr. Doyle became so heartily ashamed, that so far from defending it against the deadly thrusts of the "Rational Christian," he left it to "engage the attention of physicians and those without occupation, while he himself mixed with the crowd—the simple and the poor."*

"The Darker Superstitions of Scotland" naturally reminded us of those which still prevail in the sister island, countenanced, as we find, not only by old women, but also by archbishops, bishops, and rural deans. We are far, however, from insinuating that the fraud at Ranelagh and Maryborough was so entire as not to have in it a mixture of innocent dupery. We have seen a

* See the "Voice of Facts from the convent of St. Joseph, Ranelagh," published by Blackwood, Edinburgh, 1824.

private communication from the prioress of St. Joseph, which bears many unambiguous marks of sincerity and cordial belief; and although the miracle performed on Miss Stuart was extremely incomplete, leaving her with weak limbs, her pulse at 120, and an issue in her arm in full discharge without any appearance of healing, there is no doubt that the head of the convent perceived in the partial improvement which had taken place, a direct interposition of the hand of Providence.

But, returning to the work more immediately before us, we may remark that a large class of superstitions fall under the head of spectral illusions—those morbid impressions which arise from a disordered state of the blood or secretory vessels. Such phenomena were no less familiar to the ancients than they are to modern physicians, though the cause had not been so clearly ascertained. Hippocrates speaks of those who thought themselves infested by demons; and he assigns reasons why—this being more incident to females—many of them in his time devoted offerings, even their richest apparel, to Diana for relief. Plato too observes that it was common, for women especially, and those who were imbecile, to be terrified by spectres; and when awake, recollecting the visions of their dreams, to vow statues and sacrifices, and to fill the streets and houses with altars and temples, in order to be free from such frightful visitations. But the spectres which occasion the greatest alarm, and which so long puzzled the ingenuity of physiologists, are those which present themselves to the waking eye, and at times when there is no consciousness of disease. For example, there was a quarrel between Janet Cook and John Richardson, "and immediatelie the said John did take sicknes so that he died, and all the two last days before he died he said that Janet Cook was there in his sight, howbeit the folkis in the house could not see her." Again; "James Douglas's horse fell under him. On recovering himself, though not much the worse, he seeth lively, to his appearance, Janet Coke sitting by him. He recommended himself to God, and went on his journey: that night he took a high and sudden fit of sickness, which continued till his death; and about eleven hours at night the great fit always came upon him; and the same James being very tractable, said, before his death, that the said Janet was often standing at the bed-foot—'the Lord forgive my friends if they do not cause to burn Jennet Coke, for she is the cause of my death.'"

In the same way Susanna Baylie, a penitent and confessing witch, confronting another, exclaimed, "thou fiery Lucifer, confess thy fault, for thou art worthy of death; because, upon a night about sixteen years since, you, having a pique at me, came into my house at midnight, the doors and the windows being shut, while I was asleep in bed with my husband and child; and you put your hands on my throat, and thought to have worried me." A learned, wealthy, and respectable citizen of Cologne, acquainted Nider that, during a dangerous malady, he "conceived, in viewing himself on all sides, that he was two men." In Okye, a woman repeatedly beheld another resembling herself, walking solitary, at no great distance, and in changes of apparel like her own. This she believed, as it proved in fact to be, a presage of her dissolution. A young woman of Lewis constantly beheld the back of her own image upon going into the open air. Aubrey speaks of a daughter of the Earl of Holland meeting her apparition in Kensington Garden; and of another who saw herself for a quarter of an hour at a time; but she was not the only spectator of the phantom. Fordun, one of the Scotish historians, relates that Ralph, Abbot of Kinloss, accompanied several other dignitaries to a chapter of the Cistertian order, held in 1214. At the appointed place of convocation, the cook, unable to serve up the usual meal of fish, with greater zeal than prudence substituted a quantity of flesh, from which, collecting the boiling fat as it rose, he resolved to call it butter, and without further ceremony mixed it with the abbot's porridge. All, after having eaten heartily and unsuspiciously, retired to rest. "But (adds the chronicler) the Abbot of Kenloss, ruminating on I know not what psalms and prayers, beheld the blackest Ethiopian, with a horrible visage, enter by a shut window, and survey, with evident satisfaction, the bed of every guest, though chiefly interested in the cook, whom he seemed desirous of embracing." The abbot, however, on his approach, fortified himself with the sign of the cross, and awaited the issue in silence. Viewing him sternly, but daring to come no nearer, the visiter vanished like smoke through the shut window.

All our readers will recollect the visit paid to Lady Beresford, a few years ago, by the ghost of Lord Tyrone. Her ladyship is said to have been a woman of very bad principles, and accordingly, to clear up her doubts with regard to a future existence, she had entered into a compact with the said baron, binding the one who should die first to appear as soon as possible to the other. Lady Beresford, it is added, expressed great doubts as to the reality of the apparition, even after the punctual lord had actually fulfilled his promise; in consequence of which scepticism he found it necessary, next visit, to mark her wrist, and to turn up the curtains of the bed in a most supernatural manner, that he might give her the most satisfactory proofs of his having really returned to the upper regions. She related the story next day to her husband, and shortly after a letter arrived announcing the death of Lord Tyrone. This anecdote requires no observations, and the mind of the public at the time soon satisfied itself as to the real state of the fact. Lord Tyrone was known to be dying, and Lady Beresford, half asleep, half awake, and probably a little uneasy in her imagination about the promised visit, would very naturally dream of spectres; and the mark on her wrist, if not occasioned by an over-tight bracelet, might have been produced by her coming in contact with some part of the bed during the agitation consequent upon the supposed interview with her departed friend.

A useful book might be written on the connection between certain morbid conditions of the body and the apparition of those numerous phantoms which are known to harass plethoric persons. Dr. Ferriar, who has treated this subject with

great research and ingenuity, has by no means exhausted it; and a still larger collection of cases, well authenticated and properly explained, could not fail to be of the utmost service both to the medical student and to the valetudinarian. It is related of a celebrated literary character, that as he was sitting in his study, a room with which the passage which led to the kitchen communicated, he was interrupted in his studies by a little old woman, who had on her arm a basket of provisions. He requested the good old dame to step into the kitchen, to which, he supposed, she had mistaken her way; and in order that he might not be further disturbed by her, he opened the door and showed her which direction she was to take. After he had returned to his desk he fancied himself again assailed by the little old woman. He expostulated with her, and once more pointed out the way to the kitchen; but after he had a second time returned to his labours, he again found the old woman at his elbow. He instantly conceived his real situation, rung his bell, and sent for a surgeon; and it was not until he had been copiously bled that he was set free from the visits of the stranger. The surgeon informed him that his blood was in such a state, that, had he not been bled, he would have undoubtedly sustained an attack of apoplexy, which in all probability would have carried him off.

The case of M. Nicolai, a bookseller in Berlin, is still more striking; for he was annoyed by phantoms during several months in succession, all which time he was in a state of perfect sanity, and quite aware that this strange phenomenon originated in the distempered condition of his nervous system. But by persevering in the use of medicine and phlebotomy, he compelled the spectres to take a final leave of him; and we have no doubt that in many similar cases the mental eye will be most successfully purged by cooling draughts, copious bleeding, and gentle cathartics. Leaving, however, these grotesque creations of the "mind diseased," we proceed to mention a few particulars connected with a physical apparition, which, in the year 1812, occasioned no small perturbation in the northern counties of England, as being in some degree coincident with the greatest preparations ever made by Buonaparte for a military enterprise. On Sunday evening, the 26th of June, and between seven and eight o'clock, Anthony Jackson, farmer, aged forty-five, and Martin Turner, the son of William Turner, farmer, aged fifteen years, while engaged in inspecting their cattle, grazing in Havaral Park, near Pepley, part of the estate of Sir John Ingleby, Bart., were suddenly surprised by a most extraordinary appearance in the Park. Turner, whose attention was first drawn to this spectacle, said, "Look, Anthony, what a quantity of beasts!" "Beasts!" cried Anthony, "Lord bless us! they are not beasts, they are men!" By this time the body was in motion, and the spectators discovered that it was an army of soldiers, dressed in a white military uniform, and that in the centre stood a personage of a commanding aspect, clothed in scarlet. After performing a number of evolutions, the body began to march in perfect order to the summit of a hill, passing the spectators at a distance of about a hundred yards. No sooner had the first body, which seemed to consist of several hundreds, and extended four deep over an enclosure of thirty acres, attained the hill, than another assemblage of men, far more numerous than the former, dressed in dark coloured clothes, arose and marched, without any apparent hostility, after the military spectres: at the top of the hill both of the parties formed what the spectators called an L, and passing down the opposite side, disappeared. At this moment a volume of smoke, apparently like that vomited by a park of artillery, spread over the plain, and was so impervious as for nearly two minutes to hide the cattle from the view of Turner and Jackson, who hurried home with all possible expedition; and the effect upon their minds, says the narrator, even at this distance of time, is so strong that they cannot mention the circumstance without visible emotion. It ought to be remarked, in passing, that the accounts of this wonderful sight given by the two spectators, agreed precisely in the main points, differing only as to the length of time during which the military array continued in view, and as to a part of the armour glistening in the sun. The younger person thought the phenomenon did not last longer than five minutes; the elder imagined that it could not be less than a quarter of an hour. Jackson declares that during the whole time it occupied their attention, "they were making to each other such remarks as arose out of the spectacle."

As similar appearances are said to have been witnessed at various times in different parts of the country, and as armies of mist and fog are frequently seen by the solitary inhabitants of North America, Greenland, and the highlands of Scotland, it may be proper to observe, once for all, that they have been satisfactorily explained on the common principles of optics, combined with certain conditions as to the angle of the solar rays and atmospherical refraction. The Spectre of the Brocken, the Fata Morgana in the Straits of Reggio, and the thousand visual deceptions recorded by travellers in Africa, are all to be referred to the physical circumstances now mentioned. A phenomena analogous to that now described is to be found in Adair's Travels in North America. After contemplating the general grandeur and sublimity of the fall at Niagara, he and his companions were drawn to admire the variety of shapes which the superincumbent vapour assumed beneath the impulse of the wind. "Sometimes," says he, "it was driven with violence against the rocky mountain to the north, and being broken by its projecting rugosities, it ascended, but with great rapidity, like an army climbing to the storm of some citadel on the summit. We thought, as it shone in the setting sun, that we could perceive the glittering of armour, and in the prismatic colours we fancied to ourselves the military uniform of our countrymen." It has, accordingly, been imagined that the army seen by Jackson and Turner consisted of an exhalation, or rather, a sudden escape of vapour from the ground, carried gently along near the surface by a current of wind, and reflecting from its various portions, more or less condensed, the several colours of the rainbow; which would at

once exhibit the general white uniform of the military phantoms, the glittering of arms, and the specks of scarlet, which were converted by the excited fancy of the farmers into a commander on horseback. But we are rather disposed to explain such appearances on the principle suggested by Kircher, namely, that they are the reflections of real objects, the image of which is first received in an opaque cloud, and thence conveyed to the earth through the medium of a moist atmosphere. It is probable, therefore, that on the day in question a body of troops, consisting of foot and artillery, was exercised or reviewed in some part of England; and that a succession of aqueous strata was so arranged, at a certain elevation from the earth, as to receive and communicate the reflected picture. The faculty of determining the number and distance of a fleet at sea, by watching particular indications in the sky, can be acquired in the tropical regions of the Pacific and Indian oceans. In short, the figure of the ships is perceived in the atmosphere; and their distance from the place of observation is estimated by the altitude of the reflection. To the same principle may be referred the phenomenon, so well known to sea-faring men as the "ship's ghost;" and which consists in the reflection of the vessel from a dark cloud opposed to one full of light.

Such spectral illusions were the cause of much terror and suffering in the dark ages of Scotland. Evidence was received from a woman that while in bed with her child, Janet Cock and "many otheris came in and lay above her, and that they all drew at her chyld; and she having said, the *Spirit of Grace be in this house*, they went all out of the glasse with a noise." Further, when a mother in Dundee lay "in chyld birth with her young chyld besyd her, in the nyght-tyme, the door being locked, Janet Miller with other notorious witches, who are since burnt, blew up the doore and came in upon her, essayed to take the young child from her, but not having the power, went to the door in a confusione." Agnes Finnie was exposed to a serious charge, that there having been a quarrel between her daughter and John Cockburn, "quhairin grit flyting and outrageous wordis, na doubt, was utterit by ayther of them to utheris so that they partit unfriendis:—the said John Cockburn going that nycht to his bed to take the nycht's rest, little rest gat he. But having gottin his first sleip, and awaiking furth thereof, being struckin in greet fier and amaisement, he saw and evidently perseaved—all the durris and windowis of his house being fast closed—you Agnes Finnie, with your dochter, bothe sitting on his bed syd fearcelie rugging at his briest, and being in excessive fear with that their violent rugging and vexing of him in manner foresaid, he cryed out all that tyme, *God be in this house!* I ken ye well eneughe! *God be in this house!* Further it was alledged of Margaret Hutcheson that, upon the first day of Januuary last, about twelve o'clock at night, ye came unto John Clerk his house, and sat down there at the fyre syd, and kombid your hair, to the great affrightment of his wyff, the dores and windows being all locked and closed: and that you did by the space of seevne or eight nights."

Mr. Dalyell, at the close of his work, alludes to a superstition of modern origin—the use of tongues. The inhabitants of these kingdoms have witnessed the revival of all the extravagance of antiquity, little creditable to an era of sense and civilisation. Wild enthusiasts start up amidst assemblages collected for divine worship, incoherently screaming an uncouth jargon, with frantic gesticulation, under the blasphemous pretext and preposterous belief of a holy inspiration, that they "speak with other tongues." "Let no one wonder," says he, "if confirmed lunacy—the demoniac possession of old—shall follow its developement of modern *demonstration of the tongues*, under an arrogant pretension to divine inspiration."

To the reader who wishes to enlarge his stock of knowledge on this antiquated subject—the superstitions of our ancestors—we beg leave to recommend a perusal of Aubrey's *Miscellanies*, Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, Kirk's *Secret Commonwealth*, King James's *Demonologie*, Scribonius *de Sagarum Natura*, Glanvil's *Saddducismus Triumphatus*, Tiers' *Traité des Superstitions*, Boissardus *de Divinatione et Magicis præstigiis*, Perkins' *Discourse of Witchcraft*, Schottus *Magia Universalis*, Grillandus *de Sorteligiis*, Catta's *Infallible, True, and Assured Witch*, and Springer's *Malleus Maleficarum*.

From the Juvenile Forget Me Not.

THE NAUTILUS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Like an ocean breeze afloat
In a little pearly boat—
Pearl within, and round about,
And a silken streamer out,
Over the sea, over the sea,
Merrily, merrily, saileth he!

Not for battle, not for pelf,
But to pleasure his own self,
Sails he on for many a league,
Nor knoweth hunger nor fatigue:
Past many a rock, past many a shore,
Nor shifts a sail, nor lifts an oar:
Oh! the joy of sailing thus—
Like a brave old Nautilus!

Thou didst laugh at sun and breeze
On the new created seas:
Thou wast with the dragon broods
In the old sea-solitudes,
Sailing in the new-made light
With the curled-up Ammonite!
Thou survived the awful shock
That turned the ocean bed to rock,
And changed its myriad living swarms
To the marble's veined forms—

Thou wast there!—thy little boat,
Airy voyager, kept afloat
O'er the waters wild and dismal,
O'er the yawning gulfs abysmal;
Amid wreck and overturning—
Rock-imbedding—heaving, burning!
'Mid the tumult and the stir,
Thou, most ancient mariner,
In that pearly boat of thine,
Sat'st upon the troubled brine!

From the Monthly Magazine.

YANKEE NOTIONS.

Yankee-land, or the New England portion of the United States, does not make a great figure in the map of the American Republic; yet the traveller who leaves it out of his route can tell you but little of what the Americans are. The history of the Yankees is the history of the republic; the character of the Yankees has influenced, and continues to influence, that of every part of the nation; and their name, from a provincial designation, has become among foreigners the popular appellation of the whole people. Such is the predominance of character and civilisation; the other states are becoming like the Yankees, while the Yankees are keeping like themselves. It is in New England, therefore, that you find the most original, operative, and distinctly-marked American character. Here should the traveller begin and end; whoever leaves the Yankees out of his "United States as they are," will find he has left Hamlet out of Hamlet's tragedy; and the person who, upon a short intimacy with the pork-merchants of Cincinnati and the kitchen-wenches of New York, pretends to write a book on the "Domestic Manners of the Americans," will show the same degree of modesty with him who touches at Liverpool and the Hebrides, and then spawns his quarto, entitled "John Bull at Home."

It is in New England that you find Jonathan at home. In the other states there is a mixture, greater or less, of foreign population; but in New England the population is homogeneous and native—the emigrant does not settle there—the country is too full of people, while the more fertile soil of the west holds out superior attractions to the stranger. It is no lubber land; there is no getting half-a-dollar a day for sleeping in Massachusetts or Vermont; the rocky soil and rough climate of this region require thrift and industry in the occupant. In the west he may scratch the ground, throw in the seed, and leave the rest to nature; but here his toil must never be remitted; and, as valour comes of sherris, so doth prosperity come of industry. The southern planter, who visits the east and finds the whole land a garden, wonders why the fat fields and the warm sky of his own region do not produce the same picture; and, in his endeavours at an explanation, ascribes it to the tariff, whereas the difference in the two regions arises from the regular and natural operation of things—it is solely the effect of industry.

What is Cape Cod but a heap of sand? yet it maintains thirty thousand people, and there is not a beggar among them. All the tariffs that could be devised never would ruin New England, were they framed *ex proprio motu* of Georgia or South Carolina. While the Yankees are themselves, they will hold their own, let politics twist about as they will. They are like cats; throw them up as you please, they will come down upon their feet. Shut their industry out from one career, and it will force itself into another. Dry up twenty sources of their prosperity, and they will open twenty more. They have a perseverance that will never languish while any thing remains to be tried; they have a resolution that will try any thing, if need be, and when a Yankee says "I'll try," the thing is done.

Boston is but the fourth city in the Union as to population, yet in many points it may be considered the chief: a metropolis there never will be in the United States—I mean for practical purposes—as London is to Great Britain, or Paris to France,—for Washington will never be a great city. There may be an overgrown population at New York, and there may be a Federal Government for ever within the ten miles square, but neither of these, nor any other spot, will ever be able to assume to itself the whole powers of a metropolis. No city will exercise a moral dictation over the rest, or over the country: no city will give the tone in politics, or set the fashions in literature, for the whole Union.

New York and Philadelphia owe their great population to the numbers whom they receive from the other portions of the Union, and the other side of the Atlantic. Boston has grown by internal augmentation only, or accretion from its immediate neighbourhood; in consequence, it exhibits nothing of that shifting and heterogeneous character which marks the great cities of the south. In those cities you find masses of people who know little of each other, diverse in origin, dissimilar in habits, discordant in tastes, difficult to calculate upon or to combine for any common end: but the Bostonians are as one man—they know each other, understand each other; whatever affects one portion of their community affects the whole; they have a perfect unity of feeling and stability of character. This has ever been their peculiarity, and to this it is owing that the revolution first exploded in their city. Had Boston been as New York, Fanueil Hall would never have been the cradle of American liberty. Whatever the Bostonians do, they do commonly with great unanimity and effect. To do a thing "in Boston style," is proverbial throughout the country, as signifying a thing done with superior promptness and execution. With sixty odd thousand inhabitants, Boston will raise more money in a given time, for any public purpose, than either New York or Philadelphia, with more than two hundred thousand each.* It is the chief city, too, for literature and the fine arts; for your Yankee, with all his thriftiness, is a huge buyer of books, and will bid higher for pictures than any body else on the western side of the Atlantic. As New England is to America what Tuscany is to Italy, so may we continue the parallel, and compare Boston to Florence, which cities resemble each other in more points than one. Boston, like Florence, is distinguished for letters and the polite arts, for polish and civility of manners, for the talent of its citizens, for their early love of liberty, and for the external appearance of the city, the beauty of its situation, the splendour of its edifices, the cleanliness of the streets, and the general appearance of industry, wealth, and comfort; while, for the orderly character of the population, their sobriety of habits, and the correct tone of moral feeling that prevails among all

* With regard to this matter, and the buying of books, there may be a difference of opinion.—*Ed. Museum.*

classes, it may challenge a comparison with any city, large or small, upon the earth. Some well-intentioned but ignorant people, in their zeal to encourage the consumption of cold water, have been in the habit of telling one another that much intemperance has prevailed there; this is a totally wrong impression. I have seen more persons intoxicated at Rome in ten days, than I have seen in Boston for ten years.

It is remarkable that the descendants of the rigid, and, as we are apt to call them, bigoted puritans, should have become the most tolerant in religion of all the American people. There is a liberty of conscience, it is true, throughout the Union, but religious prejudice is mighty in many parts. In Boston, the severe and strait-laced Calvinism of former times has disappeared. The unitarians now form the largest sect in the city, and, as is well known, number in their ranks some of the ablest men in the western world. With this sect there is no intolerance; the opposing sects have learnt forbearance from their example, and the *odium theologicum* has lost its bitterness here. The Yankee is cool, cautious, and calculating; he wants a reason for every thing; an old prejudice is no obstacle in his way to improvement; his opinions must rest upon solid, tangible ground. His religion must be a religion of the understanding. He is not credulous, he is not enthusiastic. There are no catholics in New England, save a few foreigners, and there never will be any. The New Englander is eminently a religious man, but his religion never will be a religion of ceremonies. The episcopalians are much less numerous here than in other parts. Methodists are rare, and the other enthusiastic sects still more so.

Boston, however, is by no means the whole of Yankee-land. Paris, we know, is all France, and London may carry all England whithersoever she listeth. Not so in America. Brother Jonathan, with all his guesses, is another guess sort of a person; the Yankees of the country cannot be led by those of the capital, except perhaps in the fashion of a go-to-meeting coat, or the hue of a riband. There is a watchful jealousy among them which is for ever on the look out, lest the capital should get an undue ascendancy; no matter what the point in question may be, it would create an alarm among the lowest yeomen of Berkshire and Worcester counties, were it to be noised abroad that Boston had one feather's weight more influence than was allowed her by chapter and section of the constitution. Urban influence can thus get no ascendancy; the city has not, like a great heart, all the life-blood of the community at command; the country is all heart. All the great cities were occupied by the enemy during the revolutionary war, yet was not the land conquered, —I should rather say the *people* were not conquered. "Men," says Sir William Jones, "and not cities, constitute a state."

There does not exist that difference between town and country manners in New England which you find in most other countries. Education, books, newspapers, and the facilities of communication between all parts, bring the different classes upon a level. The rustic dresses the same as the cit—when he undertakes to be dressed; discusses the same topics of news, and shows the same degree of information on common matters; and as to his speech and behaviour, he must be a rare animal among his neighbours who displays boorish manners, or talks bad English. "The land of steady habits" has sometimes been used as a nickname for the country; but nothing is more applicable. Habits are so stable, and the whole moral frame of society is so well organised among these people, that, were all restraints of law removed, things would go on as usual: they are a law to themselves.

In European countries, he that is born a peasant will be a peasant all his life; his chance of forming an exception to the rule is exceedingly small. But, on beholding the most rustical clown of all Yankee-land, it would not be safe to affirm that he would not be numbered, at some future day, among the most eminent men of the country. There is no burying a man of genius here; the humblest birth shuts out no one either from the hopes or the facilities of rising to that station for which his native talent has qualified him. Rare, indeed, is it to find an individual who cannot read and write; every one has therefore that modicum of knowledge placed within his reach which will enable him to obtain more, should his wishes aspire. Clowns, properly speaking, there are none among the Yankees: a Yankee is emphatically a civil man, though his civility may not produce all the bows and grimaces and unmeaning compliments which accompany or constitute that quality among the French; rudeness of manners could be charged against these people only by those who know nothing about them. "Countries," says Goldsmith, "wear very different appearances to persons in different circumstances. A traveller who is whirled through Europe in a post-chaise, and a pilgrim who walks the grand tour on foot, will form very different conclusions." Now, sundry people have been whirled from Boston to New York in a mail-coach, and said I know not what about manners. I have travelled over the New England States on foot—over highways and by-ways; supped at the most splendid hotels and the most paltry inns; entered every farmer's door that offered as a resting-place; and crossed any man's garden, or corn-field, or orchard, that lay in my way, without receiving an uncivil word on my whole route. On one occasion I lost myself in the woods among the Green Mountains of Vermont, where I imagined there was no living creature to be encountered for miles, except black bears, catamounts, and similar country gentlemen; but on a sudden I emerged from the wood into an open spot where stood a log hut. A little flaxen-haired urchin espied me coming, and began to scramble with all speed—to hide himself, as I supposed: but no—it was to gain the summit of an immense log of wood, which lay by the little pathway, where he greeted me, as I passed, with as profound a bow as I ever received.

A Yankee is cautious,—more so than a Scotsman. He will make no bulls, but take especial care not to be caught tripping in his speech. It is amusing often to see the dexterity with which he will avoid giving a direct answer to a ques-

tion, where he suspects it may not be altogether safe to speak positively; and as to answering an abrupt query, without knowing why it is put, catch him there if you can. Guessing, after all, is not so unprofitable a practice: it is no small undertaking, at times, to extract evidence from a witness in court.

"Did you ever see the man drunk?" asked a counsel of a fellow on the stand.

"Why, I've seen him jolly."

"But did you ever see him drunk?"

"I 've seen him pretty well to live."

"But did you ever see him drunk?"

"I 've seen him when I thought he had full enough."

"But was he drunk, or was he not?"

"Why, he might have been drunk; and then, again, he might not. I can't say he wasn't, and I can't say he was."

"Pray," asked another, "did you see the defendant throw the stone?"

"Why, I saw him have a stone, and I suppose he might have thrown it."

"How large a stone was it?"

"Why, I should call it a largish stone."

"But say how big it was."

"It appeared to me to be a stone of some bigness."

"But describe the bigness of it."

"As near as I can recollect, it was a considerable of a stone."

"But can't you compare it, and say it was as big as this thing or that thing?"

"Why, if I should say now, I should say it was as big—as big—as a piece of chalk."

The highest praise which a Frenchman imagines he can bestow upon an individual, is to call him *un homme d'esprit*. An Englishman describes his best friend as a "good-natured, sensible fellow;" a special Yankee's commendation from his neighbours is, that he is a "smart enterprising man." Nothing for a Yankee like enterprise; and good qualities to him are worth little without it. I think it is in Cicero's newly discovered "Republic," *nec vero satis est habere virtutem nisi utare*. This is a true Yankee maxim, —give your good qualities action. To him it is inconceivable that a man should be good for any thing who does not make his presence felt among those around him. A stirring spirit, stirring deeds, a stirring life,—these form the common theme of praise; and if a man is said to be good, it will be necessary to answer the question, "Good for what?" "Qu'est ce qu'il a fait?—What has he done?" was Napoleon's query when any man was said to possess talent; and your Yankee is pretty much of the same way of thinking, being accustomed to require constant evidence of a man's usefulness, ere he allows him the praise of doing his duty among men. And well that it is so: he has seen the soil which gives him subsistence conquered, by his own unremitted exertions, from the wilderness; he has seen those political institutions which are his happiness and his boast built up by his own hands; and he is sensible that prudent and industrious habits can alone preserve to him and his posterity the blessings they have gained.

When America shall produce a writer of truly original genius, it is five to one that man will be a Yankee. Franklin was a man whose genius, more than that of any other of his countrymen, marked the age in which he lived; and there is not a trait of his character but is true to New England. The most eminent public man of the present day is Webster; and, in spite of party animosities and sectional prejudice, there is not one whose influence is so powerful, or whose superiority is so universally admitted. The mind of this eminent man is of the true New England stamp: his eloquence is not showy, dazzling, nor elaborate; he does not seek to surprise you by ingenious paradoxes, nor fill your ears with a furious sound of mighty words. You never think of exclaiming between his periods, "How fine!" but you find him persuasive, convincing, and effectual in argument, such as no other man to whom you ever listened. Sincerity, and earnest, full conviction of the truth, distinguish the manners of this orator; and plain sound sense is the characteristic of his matter;—without plain sound sense, indeed, can there be any true eloquence? He does not waste his strength in attempts to utter merely striking things; he is not a brilliant speaker, as the epithet is commonly understood. Your brilliant orators are amusing, but they are not powerful; they are seldom effective to any good purpose. John Randolph was as brilliant a crackskull as ever sparkled; he shone among the American orators a star of the first magnitude, though by no means a fixed star. No speaker in congress could draw an audience like him: his sayings were in every man's mouth, his reputation filled every corner of the Union. But Randolph was brilliant, and nothing more; he lacked sound sense, and thus lacked the most efficient weapon of his warfare. People listened to him, but never heeded him; for though he had talent, he had no wisdom. With all his fame, he was without influence; for while the multitude crowded to hear his brilliant speeches, no man valued his opinion a corn-stalk. He was no statesman; though whatever party could count him among its numbers for the moment, commonly thrust him into the van as a forlorn hope; yet, to every interest he espoused, he did as much mischief as good. Never was a more useless man of genius. After a long and restless life, devoted solely to political affairs, what has he done? Nothing. He is gathered to his fathers; and nought is left to perpetuate his memory but the reputation of a brilliant talker. Words, not deeds, have signalised his career. No great public act is marked with the name of him whose voice was loudest and longest in the councils of the nation during the most critical period of its existence. Such is a brilliant man!

"Si tu brillais sans être utile,
A ton dernier jour on dirait,—
Ce n'est qu'une étoile qui file,
Qui file, file, et disparaît."

Randolph could never have been a New Englandman; the production of such a being in this country would have been an anomaly in the operations of nature; and had the thing occurred, he

would not have found himself in a congenial element; he could not have gained eminence here; the Yankees would have put his brilliant qualities to a trial too rigid and severe before they greeted him with the title of "New England's favourite son." The eccentric sallies of the man of Roanoke would not have passed for wisdom at Boston; and most assuredly no forty thousand inhabitants of Massachussets would have returned him to congress year after year, without more evidence of his usefulness than he was accustomed to bear home at the end of the session. A Yankee would choose his representative as he chooses his minister or his every-day coat—taking care that he wears well and does good service.

"Holloa! you man taking a nap!" cried a fellow from the gallery to a representative whom he spied treating himself to a doze during a narcotic discourse; "wake up there! the state don't pay you three dollars a day for sleeping." Neither is the Yankee disposed to pay his representatives for talking. The congress gentlemen, it is notorious, are terrible long talkers, but among these the New England members are the least offenders.

In spite of this predominant inclination toward the useful, the Yankee is no despiser of those arts which adorn and embellish life. The liberal sciences have nowhere in the country received such encouragement as in New England. The cities, the towns, the villages, the country seats, the private dwellings display more elegance and taste than those of any other part of the Union. If the New Englander is prudent, he is also charitable: he has not, like the European, the daily spectacle of poverty and suffering before his eyes, to render him callous to human misery; nothing is more prompt and effectual than the succour which is here afforded to the needy or unfortunate. Some travellers have pronounced the Americans a sordid people, wholly occupied with the thoughts of gain, because no two men can be heard talking in the streets without using the word "dollar"—as if people in the streets were accustomed to talk of any thing except what brought them there. The Americans mind their business while they are about it, and do not mix that with their studies or amusements. Is "pound" or "shilling" the most uncommon sound that strikes your ear in the great thoroughfares of London? Is the mention of a "sou" never heard upon the quays and boulevards of Paris? Go where you will, the common business of life will occupy most men's thoughts and language. In the eternal city itself, your ear is struck with the perpetual iteration of the word "baioc," and the Romans, I fancy, never were charged with a predominant passion for heaping up pauls and scudi. But some people, when they get abroad, appear never to have had their eyes or ears open before; they espy marvels which have been common sights to them in their own land ever since they were born. Doctor Johnson had these persons in his mind when he spoke of an individual, not remarkable for his shrewdness, who proposed to travel into Asia for the purpose of ascertaining what curious inventions might exist there unknown to Europe—"He will bring home a wheelbarrow, and think he has made a wonderful discovery."

Some one has remarked that the distinguishing characteristic of the American is his "want of loyalty." This of course was uttered as a reproach, and as the word is not American, it was a pretty safe device to make use of it. What is the loyalty of an American? Is it a respect for the chief magistrate?—He is sure to get all he deserves. Is it an attachment to the institutions of the country?—Nobody ever denied the American this. Is it a love for his native soil?—Nor can he be proved deficient in this affection, till you find him, like the European, leaving his country for ever. If it be meant that the American does not possess that feeling which would "stand by the crown, though it hung upon a bush," the charge may be true enough; for unless the crown hangs upon a head-piece, Jonathan will *guess* very shrewdly that it is not worth standing by. To drop the metaphor, he will not fight in support of an old institution that has become useless. This, in fact, is the very head and front of his offending in the eye of many of his "unfriends," and they were accustomed to lay to his charge some years ago that he had a sad and disloyal trick of throwing aside whatever he found did not suit him. We hear less about this at the present day, now that some other people have begun to follow his example.

The Yankees are distinguished, above all other men, for a certain capacity which, in the language of the country, is termed *contrivance;* this is that sort of ingenuity, invention, or skill, which enables an individual to turn his hand to any occupation, or to devise a scheme for any sudden emergency. Thus, if a Yankee is crossing the Alleganies on horseback, and is overtaken by a snow-storm, he will jump into the woods with his hatchet, and in three hours' time will be riding over the snow upon a sledge of his own construction. The records of the patent office at Washington exhibit a striking testimony of the superiority of these people in ingenuity; by far the greater number of inventions are from New England. A Yankee farmer is a sort of Jack at all trades; he not only delves the soil and goes to market, but he is carpenter, shoemaker, weaver, cooper, soap-boiler, and more trades than these. He turns wooden bowls, makes buckets, sets up shooks, weaves baskets, manufactures brooms, and invents washing-machines. In this last mentioned matter the New England ingenuity is inexhaustible, and one would imagine that the "second virtue" of cleanliness had been elevated to the first rank in this land, such a wilderness of patent gimcracks have sprung up in the attempt to usurp the honours of old Dumb Betty. It is a Yankee's main study to be "improving" every thing; his very language breathes this spirit, for he who occupies a tenement is said to "improve" it. To leave a thing no better than he found it, seems to him no fair usage of the globe we inhabit.

In traveling over the kingdom of Naples, and contemplating the wonders of that favoured land, its fertile soil, its genial climate, its admirable capacities for commerce, and the contrast exhibited to all these advantages by the sloth and ignorance of its population, its beggars, and brigands,—I

have been struck with the whimsical imagination of the scene that might ensue, were a plain Yankee taken from his plough-tail and placed on the throne of the Two Sicilies. His majesty would begin a regular overhaul of the whole body politic the morning after his coronation. "What's this I see?" says the king. "Where are your overseers of the highways—your school commitees—your select-men? What idle fellows are these in the streets? What are these bells ringing every day? What means this crowd of ships lying behind the mole with nothing to do? or this *marina*, the water's edge of my great city, where I see no piles of merchandise, no trucks nor dray-carts driving about with goods, nor half the business doing in a month that is done on Boston Long Wharf in two hours? Come, bustle, occupy; set the lazzaroni to work upon the roads; send the children to school; make a rail-road here and a turnpike there; bridge this river and canal that; hang the Calabrian robbers; give the monks a rouse; go into the churches, and strip me those trumpery shrines; sell the gold and silver and jewels with which they are heaped, and the interest of the money will support all the poor of the kingdom, for I'll have no beggars nor idlers while my title is Jonathan the First. People shall mind their business, for I will abolish these *festas*, which come every other day, and are good for nothing but to promote idleness. Henceforth there shall be no festas, but fast, thanksgiving, and independence. Set me up a newspaper in every town; take me a census of the population; fine every district that don't send a representative to the general court. I'll have every thing thrashed and set a bucking, even to the vernacular speech, for *dolce far niente* shall be routed from the Italian."

Now Jonathan the First might not understand quite so much of the antiquities of Pompeii, or the beauties of the Callipygian Venus, as Ferdinand the Second; yet, if the Neapolitan would not make a profitable *swap* by the exchange, mine is no true "Yankee notion." Q. Q.

From the Court Journal.

COURTLY DIALOGUE.

A jester, named Decour, who had been placed about the person of Henri IV. by D'Aubigné, grandfather to Madame de Maintenon, was so afflicted by his patron's unjust dismissal from his post of *Gentilhomme de la Chambre*, that he persisted in quitting the king's service. Some time afterwards, Henry encountered this man on the road to Nerac, and inquired whence he was coming. —"*Yes!*" replied Decour.—"Where are you going then?" cried the king.—"*Yes!*" reiterated Decour.—"Into whose service have you entered?" still persisted Henry.—"*Yes!*" answered the jester.—"Have you made a vow, then, to say nothing but yes?"—"*Yes!*" echoed the faithful friend of D'Aubigné, with a sigh.—"But will you not answer me if I command you to explain the motive of your whim?"—"*Yes!*"—"Speak out then, knave!" cried the king, "or it will be the worse for you. Why have you been saying 'yes' to me this half hour past?"—"Because, Sire, the Sieur d'Aubigné and I have found, to our cost, that you discard from your service those faithful adherents who make any other answer to your demands."—Henry was startled by the fidelity of the buffoon; and soon afterwards recalled D'Aubigné to court.

From Fraser's Magazine.

LOVE'S LEGACY.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Canto First.

Fairest and dearest to my heart,
My being's aim and counterpart;
Sun of my soul, whose gladdening ray
Alone hath gilded sorrow's lay;
My hope, all other hopes above:
In one endearing word, MY LOVE!
How shall I tell thee what must be,
Or how address these lines to thee?
But all must out, though grief should drain
The moisture from my burning brain,
And wring the life-drops from the heart,—
The time draws nigh that we must part!
For man hath said that it shall be;
And Heaven hath winked at the decree.
And thus two hearts, whose union grew
When life was young and love was new,
Are doomed by hard decree to sever,
And—rueful thought!—perhaps for ever!
Yes, we must part—and He alone,
Whose zephyrs cool the burning zone,
Whose mighty arm can smite or save,
Can hush the wind and quell the wave,
Prevent the pagan pickaroon
Or deadly whirl of the simoon,
Whose fatherly and watchful eye
Pervades alike the earth and sky,
The present, past, and time to be,
Through mazes of eternity,—
Alone can tell, through peril and pain,
If we two e'er shall meet again.
Not meet again! What tongue can tell
The pangs of hearts that love so well,
At such a chill, unwelcome breath,
Like vapour from the shades of death!
I see it heave thy virgin breast
With throes that may not be suppress;
I see the eye that wont to shine
With softened beam when raised to mine,
Filled with the briny tears of pain,
Which on these lines descend like rain;
I see the roses fly thy cheek
And quivering lip that cannot speak;
And all those painful tokens true,
Which well my spirit's eye can view,
Will thee endear some other day
In isles and kingdoms far away.
Then list this little song of grief,
My only refuge for relief
From feelings which my soul benumb,
And fears that scarce a man become.
'Tis the sole gift that I can give
To her for whom I wish to live,
That I can send or she approve,
This simple LEGACY OF LOVE.
O list the fond and fervent lay!
For I have much that I would say
Of scenes we both remember well,
And former tales of love to tell,
To soothe thy mind misfortunes under,
When seas and continents us sunder:
I yearn upon the theme to be,
But must not sing as sung to thee.
First, then, I'll tell thee of a maid
That once my youthful heart betrayed—
A gleesome elfin, coy and wild;
Neither a woman nor a child,
But dancing on the verge between,
With air and motion cherubin;

Too gay to mark the mystic bound,
Almost too light to tread the ground;
Weak childhood's toys and trifles o'er,
And maidhood's glories all before:
How could such being, pure, refined,
But tread upon the yielding wind?
An eaglet o'er her skura riven—
A cygnet on the skirts of heaven—
A streamer in the ether blue—
A rainbow on the morning dew—
A thing to place on fairy throne,
And lover's mind to dwell upon.
How love ensnared me in its net,
Amazed me then, astounds me yet.
Ensnared by thing of lightsome smile,
Devoid of artifice or wile,
Appears to me so strange even now,
That by the star of love I vow,
Without all fiction or grimace,
There was some witchcraft in the case.
Yes, witchcraft! Wicked warlockrye,
Or what you choose to name it by,
Certes there was: for, ere I wist,
My wit was fled and broke my rest—
Nor joy nor happiness had I,
Save in that elfin's company;
I knew not what I wanted there,
Of play, of frolic, or of fare;
What wished to hear, or what to see—
But there for certain I would be:
Which makes me since suspect and shun
Women for witches every one.
This my position then: I ween
Women all witches—powerful, keen.
That old ones are there 's no debate—
It has been proven by church and state,
A thousand times in conclave high;
King James knew that as well as I,
And sent them off in flames sublime,
By tens and dozens at a time;
The Scripture well the charge allows,
And wo to him that disavows!
This granted, I have nought to do
But prove the young ones witches too.
I'll do it. Whosoever reads
The course and sum of their misdeeds,
Right downward from the primal time
That beauty registered with crime,
Will find that maiden power alone
Can change the church, subvert the throne—
Bring down the conqueror to his knee,
And baffle pomp and pedigree;
Nay, she can nature's self defy—
Make cowards fight and heroes fly;
Draw back the miser from the mine;
And bigot from his holy shrine,
To sins deplored, denounced, and feared;
And lead the prelate by the beard;
Make armies rally or disperse,
And so unhinge the universe;
That man might ween o'er his domain
Nature had dropt the regal rein,
And given up the supreme command
To woman's weak and rring hand.
Alas! what question can there be
That all is downright witcherye?
The patriarchs. I shall mention none,
Save Adam, David, Solomon—
Jacob and Judah's woful thrall—
And mighty Samson, worst of all:
What grief to think such men as they
To woman's eye shall fall a prey,
And that each consequence should be
So fraught with human misery.
Bewitched!—nay, for their onward curse,
They were bedevilled—that was worse!
Such deathless glories to resign,
And ruin bring on all their line.
Mark Antony's and Henry's name
But add unto the list of shame.
And every great man to this day
Has been ensnared as well as they.
Now, dearest maid, art thou content
To yield unto my argument,
That every young and beauteous dame
Hath witchcraft in her earthly frame.
I vouch not that the art 's their own—
Sometimes they have it all unknown,
Lurking in lip or dimple sly,
Or in the amel of the eye.
Then strange it is, and boundless too,
What such bereaving eye can do:
For here was I entranced by one
That wist not what its ray had done,
Or that a glamour undefined,
A spark of an unearthly kind,
Glowed in that mirror of the soul;
But pointing to what distant goal,
Or lighted in what ardent clime,
What sphere of sin or bliss sublime,
Or if a portion of the fall,
Man knows not yet, nor ever shall.
O! I remember still with shame
How oft I conn'd that elfin's name;
Trying it with all sorts of rhymes
A thousand and a thousand times—
With name, with noun, with verb oblique,
In English, Latin, and in Greek:
For, save its cadence to my ear,
No other sound on earth was dear;
And still I tried it as a charm
All grief and dolour to disarm:
For, with her form so slightly slim,
Her slender waist and taper limb,
Her eye and smile of sprightliness,
Nought came to me but genuine bliss.
What fools we are! How weak and vain,
When all is told forthright and plain.
Such my first love! I was oppressed
With something that gave me no rest;
A thrilling, grilling, fervid strife;
A malady I loved as life;
That kept my spirits in a buzz,
And yet I knew not what it was.
I could with ecstacy have gone
And kissed the flower she trod upon;
But not for worlds, in play or freak,
Would I have kissed her dimpled cheek,
Or trained my sordid arms around
The form in which my heart was bound.
Of her as sweetheart, mistress, wife,
I durst not think, even for my life;
I weened all such contamination
Audacious, shameful reprobation.
Well may you ask, as oft did I,
When none but my sage self was nigh,
What with the maiden was your will?
I knew not then, I know not still.
I loved some songs she wont to sing,
The cadence of the tuneful string,
The ground she trod, the air she drew,
The very sound her footsteps threw;
But not to her one word prepense
Unmarked with cold indifference;
While she, of glee and spirits full,
Would slap my cheek and call me dull;
But yet from her I could not stay,
From break of morn till closing day.

You may remember I was blamed
For quarrels without injury named;
For wayward frowardness and feud,
That led to battles and to blood.
Alas! 'twas all my kinsmen knew—
My injuries were not small nor few.
But then they could not well be said;
O'er them was drawn a sacred shade,
From thought and sight their spring to screen—
They rose all from my elfin queen:
For every youth, in fashion bland,
That touched her with unhallowed hand,
Or squeezed her palm even in the dance,
Or wrung a smile by meaning glance,
Aroused within me such an ire,
That nought but blood could quench the fire.
Ah, youthful love! thy votarist,
Though oft he turns thee to a jest,
Thy freaks and follies adventine,
Yet would he worship at thy shrine,
And eulogise thee morn and even,
As the earliest, dearest gift of heaven.
Thou blushing thing of pain and bliss,
Child of a happier sphere than this,
Wert thou a nursling of the sky,
Fostered in paradise on high,
To thrill the radiant breasts above—
No! angels know not youthful love.
Theirs is a flame without compend—
An holy ardour without end.
But ours a joy supreme, intense—
A short and splendid recompense,
For a regard, unbroke, unmoved,
Which man, immortal, might have proved.
Art thou not then, O virtuous love!
The dearest gift of heaven above.
I know thy native home on earth,
The place that owns thy mystic birth;
In grove beneath the golden morn
Was thy seraphic being born—
Where Euphrates and Tygris' strands
Join, 'mid the sweet Arabian lands—
When that great river, rolling blue,
Mirrored the earliest flowers that grew,
When scarce had shrub begun to blow,
Or blossoms decked the world below,—
Then was the shade of tiny tree
The bed of thy nativity.
While the first pair of human frame
Lay weeping their immortal blame,
By deep remorse and sorrow tossed
For all their gifts and glory lost;
While her fair bosom's gentle swell
With hallowed heavings rose and fell.
Thus, Love, thy seraph form was blest
With earthly home of holy rest;
And woman's breast was found to be
The tabernacle meet for thee.
Even then, when grief was at the full,
And no redress their pains to lull,
Thy cherub form from heaven descended,
In all the rays of beauty blended,
And their repentant breasts above
Thou wov'st the holy ties of love;
While, by a mystic art unnamed,
Of thy fair self the bonds were framed;
And never did heavenly art entwine
So sweet, so blest an anodyne.
The two awoke from visioned sleep,
From heavy slumbers long and deep,
And looked abroad on earth and skies
With holy rapture and surprise.
Nature seemed decked in glories new;
The sunbeam kissed the morning dew,
With such a fond and short embrace
As eye before could never trace;
The fields were robed in deeper green;
The blue of heaven was more serene;
Even the twin roses had begun
Their homage to the rising sun,
With bosoms breathing odours meek,
They made obeisance cheek to cheek;—
All seemed renewed—but nought to know
That Love had sought the world below.
But soon the pair thy presence owned!
They found their hearts to nature bound,
By tie not proved or understood,
A bond of kindred and of blood;
And in delight without alloy,
Their hearts rejoiced in nature's joy;
In a new world they seemed to move—
A world of pathos and of love;
The river flowed more sweetly bright;
The flowers seemed glowing with delight;
The birds sang sweeter in the grove,
To hail the natal morn of Love.
But of all ecstasies refined,
The greatest still remained behind.
The lovely pair lay all amazed;
Upon each other ne'er had gazed,
Since first abroad their eyes they threw
On nature's glories robed anew:
Then, O! what heart unmoved can be
At thought of the supreme degree
Of new delight, refined, subdued,
When eye met eye, with love imbued;
What growing beauties still appeared,
As they exchanged looks endeared;
What majesty the fair one saw
In features formed the world to awe,
In mien of dignity innate,
And form to love and venerate:
While he with raptures scarce terrene
First turned his view on nature's queen;
On that dear form, whose softened charms
Besought protection in his arms;
Whose every look, and smile, and sigh
Bespoke a chastened courtesy.
He saw her eye a brighter blue;
Her cheek grown rosier in its hue.

From the London Metropolitan.

OUR OWN OBSERVATION OF THE CONFLAGRATION OF THE TWO HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

At about seven o'clock in the evening of the 16th ult. the exciting and ominous cry of "There is a fire!" uttered repeatedly by those hurrying past to the splendid scene, roused us from the quiet of our domestic circle. As we reside in the northern division of the metropolis, we had many streets and much space to traverse before we could approach the burning piles. The rapid walk, the eager run, and, above all, the varied expression of countenance of those who were hastening to the same object as ourselves, would give no faint idea, to those who have been spared such terrible emotions, of a city suddenly beleaguered, or of an approaching army. We saw the look of terror, of wild enjoyment, of wonder, and of admiration, of the different spectators; for, indeed, every face seemed to display the workings of a different passion. Among these varied countenances, we saw many with the sharp hyena look of plunder, and these all bounded by us at full speed. It was evident that their prey was to be found among ruins, and their joy was amidst devastation. As yet no one knew, but

every one had a conjecture, where the place of burning was. "Where is it?" "It is there!" and "there!" and "there!" were the predominating sounds that struck the ear. So suddenly did that brisk red flame burst from the dark and jagged line of the horizon made by the house-tops, that it seemed rather the instantaneous eruption of a volcano, than the usual progress of an urban conflagration.

When we had arrived at Regent-street, where it makes a straight line from the County Fire Office to the park, the view was at once romantic, sublime, and terrific. This splendid street of mercantile palaces, beautifully white on one side, in the bright moonbeams, and on the other grandly yet clearly dark, formed such a fore-ground to the picture, as the happiest talents of the painter never could either have realised or imagined. At the end of this imposing vista, and in the middle distance, stood the statue of the Duke of York proudly upon its proud column, looking calmly upon the voluminous flames. Above the dark foliage of the trees in the park arose the many and monster-tongued flames, which seemed to be moving and twisting, seeking fresh objects to involve in the ravening jaws of destruction. The column stood, looking down Regent street, immediately in the centre, and seemed to divide the conflagration into two parts.

We soon descended the steps in Waterloo Place, and found ourselves, with the on-rushing crowd, in the park. The view here was hardly less grandly beautiful than in Regent street. The clear and placid moon was sailing quietly through the fleecy clouds in her deep blue sky; but the clouds, as they became vertical to the fire, received a brilliant roseate tint, and simulated in the night the glories of a summer dawn. The scenery in St. James's Park, with its elegant piece of water, and its graceful clusters of trees, seemed to belong more to the serenity of the sky above, than to the clamour, riot, and devastation, that was proceeding so terrifically in its neighbourhood.

We left the park at Storey's Gate, and entering George street, we found one side of it brilliantly illuminated by the vivid flames, every thing appearing about it as distinct as in day, yet in a strange coloured light. The flames were glowing apparently amongst the patch of trees at the end of the street, and reminded us, for a moment, of the fiery bush which veiled the Immortal from the gaze of Moses. But the fire was there in appearance only, its intensity always making it appear more near than it really was. We now turned towards the house of commons, and reached as far as the space before St. Margaret's church. How awfully sublime was there the spectacle! That gorgeous building, Westminster Abbey, with its beautifully elaborate chapel, worthy of a great nation, and almost worthy the God to whom it is dedicated, now appeared to be built of columns, pinnacles, and buttresses, of fixed fire. It looked out in a light brighter than that of day, yet most intensely red. Not a curve, an ornament, or a medallion, of that massive structure, but was forced out into a strong relief, and seemed to be stamped in living flame.

At this time, they were throwing out of the windows of the building, opposite where we stood, masses of papers. Many burst and were scattered abroad. Respectable people, as well as blackguards, picked them up, and in their muddy and trodden state, they seemed to be of little value to any one. Many highly respectable persons, unconscious of an offence, picked them up. Being found upon them, they were taken to the police station as prisoners, passed the night there, and when brought before the magistrate next morning, *the papers say*, that all these gentlemen were remanded, and Mr. White refused them the privilege of bail. If this were so, it was a most scandalous transaction. Many of these documents were showered down upon our own person; and nothing prevented us from taking them, at least into our temporary custody, but the idea that they might belong to the Court of Chancery, of which, and of all that belongs to it, we have a phobia truly horrible. These persons were taken into custody before it could possibly be ascertained with what intent they secured the papers that were flung to them.

Not quite liking these proceedings, and the tumult increasing at the place in which we found ourselves, we prepared to decamp, for the engines came down, rattling and thundering over the pavement, regardless of life and limb; then came the dense lines of soldiers, with their heavy tramp, and the jarring of their arms, mingled with the loud shouts of the police, and the louder shouts of the populace; whilst ever and anon was heard the scream of anguish of some poor wretch trod under foot, or crushed by the heavy engines, a sad accompaniment to the authoritative cry of, "Make room for my Lord A." "The Right Hon. Mr. B. this way," &c. Nor were there wanting the jeer, and the laugh of triumph, and the shout of exultation, as the massive burning fragments fell, hurling forth volumes of sparks to the sky.

The state of the public mind, if it be permitted to call a vast majority of the spectators, the public, was any thing but satisfactory to the man of taste, the philanthropist, or the patriot. They saw nothing in all the sublimity before them but a huge bon-fire; they appeared to rejoice in the idea that it would give much annoyance to the higher classes, and they only wished that the fire might extend more and more, in order to heighten their enjoyment. We shall not follow the example of the daily press, and relate the ribald jest, and the exulting jibes that were heard in every quarter around us. It is, however, a consoling reflection to know, that all this came from apparently the most depraved denizens of the most depraved quarter of a vast metropolis.

Having been driven from our former position, we made our way to Palace Yard, and shortly found ourselves directly in the front of, and not far distant from, that venerable and majestic pile, Westminster Hall. The scene here was extremely grand, and, for some time, the crowd not very great. The flames rose from behind the building in one mighty mass, which seemed to occupy the whole square of the range, and to be confined only by the walls. They ascended in terrific grandeur high above the pinnacles of the hall, and floated away to the left, over the river. Here the moon, which was dallying with the rose-tinged clouds directly above the Thames, added much to the singularity of the scene. Sometimes a huge sheet of lurid flame, and fire-charged smoke, would intervene between her and the earth; and then, as if angry at the profanation, she would look through it, her disk changed to a deep blood-red colour; then suddenly there would appear an opening between the volumes, and she would then look smilingly out, in all the purity of her chaste light, and afford a strong contrast of peace above, to the wild riot, confusion, and destruction below. Indeed, the tumult was many-tongued. The crash of the falling timbers, the whirl of the flames, the rushing of the water through a hundred pipes, all were at once blended, and yet distinctly heard, whilst, from time to time, the moaning winds came with a solemn sound over the blazing roofs, and round the heavy buttresses, and among the massive walls, as if they were hymning a dirge to expiring greatness and departing glories. In all these not human

sounds there was something deeply awful, and seemed as distinct from the vulgar clatter and clamour of the mob, as do the solemn notes of the cathedral organ from the squeakings of the itinerant hurdy-gurdy.

The front of Westminster Hall was the grandest feature, where all was painfully grand. It stood up in mourning blackness, as a barrier, beautiful, high, and vast, that kept back the flames from rushing upon the multitude. Through its fine gothic window, in all its maze of tracery, we saw the ignited rafters at the upper end, the window itself appearing in one blaze of light, with every compartment marked out by the densest darkness. The large door below the window was opened, but you saw nothing within, but what appeared to be an unfathomable mistiness of fire. It was as if one looked into a vast furnace, undistinguishable, and filled only with the most consuming heat. Upon the low roofs on the left of the hall, little black things were seen moving busily along, appearing so small and insignificant in that gigantic struggle between the dread angel of fire and the genius of antiquity, that we almost blushed to acknowledge them to be men.

As we were about, urged on by the desperate excitement of the moment, to attempt to make our way into the interior of the hall, that seemed to invite us in to explore its burning mysteries, a great and powerful rush of the blackguardism of London and Westminster, filled in a moment the whole area of Palace Yard. A gentleman, with a lady on each arm, immediately behind us, was seized with a well-founded alarm. The ladies were nearly fainting. In this emergency he appealed to us to take charge of one of the sufferers, and assist him to remove them both from the crowd, and the danger. Heroism was forced to give way to gallantry. We accepted the office, and ultimately succeeded in extricating ourselves and our charge from the *mêlée*. When they were in safety we waited not for their thanks, but immediately returned; but we found the place pre-occupied. We then attempted to gain Westminster bridge, but could not pierce the dense crowd. We tried Parliament street with no better success. Finding ourselves thus defeated in every attempt, we retired, weary and mortified, to supper.

We know that this is but a very imperfect description; but as we wish to preserve the reputation of being honest, we only state what we actually witnessed. In conclusion, we must remark, that we would not have missed this magnificent spectacle on any account, since, for inscrutable purposes, it was ordained to take place; but we never wish to see another like it. The patriotic and spirit-stirring associations connected with the venerable buildings that are no more, can never be destroyed. The monuments have perished that commemorated them; but we trust that spirit that makes us mourn over, and honour them, will never die. We shall soon see structures as noble arise, and England will never want worthy sons to fill them.

My Sketch Book. No. V. By George Cruikshank. Tilt. 1834.

Friend George is as bold, as broad, and as brilliant as ever. A Chapter on Noses, The Worship of Wealth, Matthews at Home, and the Emancipation of the Negroes, are the materials from which he has furnished one of the most humorous and laughable divisions of his work.—*The Court Journal.*

From the Asiatic Journal.

MR. GUTZLAFF'S HISTORY OF CHINA.*

A history of China has been long wanted, and now, that our intercourse with that country is likely to become enlarged, it is a want which will be severely felt. When Mr. Gutzlaff's work was announced, we were disposed to rejoice that an individual so competent, in many respects, had applied himself to the task of supplying this deficiency. Although Mr. Gutzlaff may not have had time and opportunity, amidst his various and absorbing occupations during the few years he has been in China, to make very extensive incursions into the boundless regions of its literature, he has enjoyed peculiar facilities for completing an accurate portraiture of the Chinese people, by means of his journeys in the maritime parts of the empire, the free manner in which he has mixed with all classes of the Chinese, and his surprising proficiency in the dialects of China.

However reluctant we may be to discharge an office at all times invidious, and especially so towards a person for whom we feel respect, obligations of public duty compel us to say that this work has grievously disappointed us. It is a hasty compilation, essentially superficial, put together apparently to meet a sudden demand, and little calculated to confer upon its author any literary reputation. We can discover very few traces of original research; Chinese authorities are, indeed, occasionally referred to, but the bulk of the historical summary is evidently taken at second-hand, and might have been manufactured by an ordinary compiler, with a small expenditure of time and industry, out of the copious materials of the Jesuit missionaries.

After some slender and superficial "geographical remarks," we have a chapter upon "government and laws," in which scarcely any thing is said of the former; and all we are told of the latter is, that "many of the Chinese laws are very excellent, others extremely defective; but they are in general too minute." The "character, usages, industry, language, sciences, and religion" of the Chinese, all points of much interest, constitute the topics of another chapter of sixteen pages, (the prolific subject of religion occupying *two*,) in which we have rarely seen the epitomizing system carried more sternly into execution: we defy any person, previously ignorant of Chinese matters, to form any distinct images or ideas in his mind respecting either of the topics in this chapter. Then comes an account of the Chinese system of chronology, which is comprised in a few lines from Du Halde, giving a brief explanation of the commencement and division of the year,—the chronological system of the Chinese being left totally unnoticed,—to which is added a list of the periods or epochs of Chinese history, with

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* A Sketch of Chinese History, Ancient and Modern; comprising a Retrospect of the Foreign Intercourse and Trade with China. Illustrated by a new and corrected Map of the Empire. By the Rev. Chas. Gutzlaff, now, and for many years past, resident in that country. Two vols. London, 1834. Smith, Elder, & Co.

the names of the sovereigns and the dates of their respective reigns.

Mr. Gutzlaff divides the history of China, conveniently and properly enough, into four eras,—the mythological era, that of ancient history, the middle ages, and the modern history. The first is disposed of without much ceremony. As a genuine history of real occurrences, it deserves no better treatment; but as the source of most of the Chinese maxims of government, politics, religion, science, and even manners and domestic economy, it ought to engage the close attention of the historian of China, who would find, with a little pains and diligence, that the Confucian books are not so barren of resources for this purpose as Mr. Gutzlaff seems to think them. He gives us, however, little beyond a dry narrative of the incidents recorded in the reigns of Fuh-he, Shin-nung, Hwang-te, and his successors down to Shun.

The ancient history, from the Hea dynasty to that of Han, B. C. 2207 to A. D. 263, is of course treated more fully, being, perhaps, as copious a digest as this portion of the Chinese annals requires. But no practical or useful conclusions are drawn; the narrative is diversified only by unsatisfactory references to sacred history, and by an account of Confucius and his works, of Laoutsze, and Mang-tsze, which may stand as a model to those who desire to communicate as little information as possible in a given number of "good set words."

The history of the middle ages, which fills a large portion of the first volume, is a crude summary of incidents rapidly noticed. We have nothing to object to this cursory mode of treating most of the transactions in this period, but some are of more importance than to be hastily and summarily dismissed. The introduction and growth of Buddhism and other religious systems, the inventions, the arts, &c., which distinguish this period of eleven centuries, deserve some attention: Mr. Gutzlaff has spared them none.

The modern history, the materials for which are copious and accessible, has a very parsimonious measure of justice dealt to it: a chapter at the end, entitled "conclusion," of nineteen pages, adds some meagre details respecting the institutions of China.

Then follow—a long chapter of eighty pages on the "propagation of the Gospel in China;" a short chapter on "foreign intercourse with China;" and four chapters, two hundred and forty pages, entitled "emporiums," being an account of the modern intercourse of European nations with China. There is nothing new, either in matter or mode of treatment, in any part of these long disquisitions, which seem extended for no other purpose than to swell out a second volume. The account of the English intercourse contains a prolix narrative of the last embassy to Peking, and all the rigmarole of the trumpery disputes with the Canton authorities under the reign of the sagacious Mr. Baynes. The appendix consists of an extract from the *Calcutta Government Gazette* of 1825, giving long particulars of the presentation of a petition by the private merchants to the chief magistrate of Canton,—for what earthly purpose inserted it is difficult to conceive,—and a set of tables respecting the trade of the British and Americans at Canton, mostly copied from the appendices to the reports of the East-India Committees.

Of the "new and corrected map," in mercy to Mr. Gutzlaff, we say nothing.

It is unnecessary to examine the work more at length, or to point out its lamentable deficiencies; a few of them we have indicated *en passant*. We say, with unfeigned regret, that Mr. Gutzlaff would have acted more judiciously and beneficially, for his own literary reputation and for the service of the public, if he had taken more time in composing his historical sketch of China, and forborne to publish an expensive work which imparts little or no information.

From the Edinburgh Review.

Slight Reminiscences of the Rhine, Switzerland, and a Corner of Italy. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1834.

If Sterne had extended his amusing notice from travellers to books of travels, he would have found variety quite as great, and classification rather more difficult. There is in them as much diversity as in works of imagination; and we cannot take up a poem or new novel with more uncertainty as to the character of its contents, than the last new record of a foreign tour. Between the best and the worst every class of literature there is of course a vast difference; but we are speaking of the varieties, not of excellence, but of style. Exclude the bad—take only the good, and what dissimilarity do we still find! The same compartment of a classified library comprises Humboldt's "Personal Narrative," and "Matthew's Diary of an Invalid"—both good of their kind—yet how unlike! A person who professed a preference for travels, and was equally pleased with these two excellent productions, could scarcely be accused of an exclusive taste. These works, it is true, do not belong to the same class—but, even in the same, what dissimilarity! Look at two journalising tourists in the same country. How compare the light and easy fluency of Matthews, with the terse epigrammatic pedantry of Forsyth! and which again of these can we place in the same category with the diffuse and languid Eustace? As well could we match the attractive inaccuracies of the enthusiastic and eloquent Clarke with the dull fidelity of Coxe; or the sententious wisdom of Johnson's "Tour to the Hebrides," with the froth of Carr's "Caledonian Sketches." In attempting to classify books of travels, we shall find that in all of them one of two styles prevails —the historical, or the personal. They are either descriptions of the visited country, in which the author himself is little prominent, or they are records of his feelings and adventures. Of these two kinds the latter is generally to be preferred. It is to be preferred, not on account of its egotism —for nothing that deserves that obnoxious name is necessarily inherent in a personal narrative—but for the sake of the stricter fidelity and vividness of effect which such a narrative is likely to insure. A model among works of this kind was

the Journal of the lamented Bishop Heber—a free current of unlaboured truth, flowing sparklingly and unostentatiously,—adorned in its course by the candour, the benevolence, the acuteness, the sound judgment, and the poetical fancy of that distinguished writer. To rival in every respect its unstudied merits would demand an equality of talent. To attain excellences similar in *degree* may not be possible; yet may it serve to show what they should be in *kind*. Works of this description do not always sufficiently possess the distinctive qualities of their class. When the journal borrows from the commonplace-book, and is prodigal in quotations—when it evinces an ambition to display rather what the traveller has read than what he has observed—when instead of the brief and apposite reflection naturally suggested by the passing occurrence, it includes elaborate disquisitions—when the *limæ labor* is apparent,—then has it deviated from its true province, and it is no longer good of its kind. A journal should be, what that name implies—a record of daily impressions. It should convey to us the sight that was seen, the tale that was heard, the emotion that was felt, the reflection that was suggested—set down at once in all their freshness—and even (if it so be) in all their inaccuracy. The impression of the moment will have a bloom and vividness which tardy recollections hardly ever can bestow. As for their inaccuracy—even if they are hasty opinions, which the writer afterwards finds cause to change, yet will they still possess one species of accuracy. They will be genuine records of the actual effect produced at the time on the mind of the traveller. The impression may be erroneous; yet that it was produced is a positive fact, which, though less valuable than many others, is not unimportant, and far from being uninteresting.

If we could imagine ourselves sitting in judgment upon a foreign nation, or writing the history of a country or people, we ought to desire a careful and impartial deduction from the well-sifted evidence of numerous pens. We should want, rather the average truth than the best statement of a single case. But if we eschew the painful process of investigation and comparison, and desire only the immediate gratification derived from the reception of new ideas, give us the single narrative fresh from the pen of an intelligent witness, who possesses the art of communicating his impressions, of placing us in his position, and making us see, hear, and feel in fancy, what he saw, heard, and felt in reality. Such narratives, compared with general statements, are what pictures are to plans. In each instance what the former gains in individuality, it also gains in vividness and force. It conveys less knowledge of the whole, but a more lively comprehension of a particular part. It is interesting, for instance, to examine a plan of Rome, or designs and measurements of its architectural remains. But for our pleasure, give us rather a single picture which should make us feel that we are seeing all that was seen from that one spot, by the artist who painted it—that even so looked that deep blue line of distant hills—that even so rose that stately ruin, distinct and clear against an azure sky—that even so emerged that identical fragment of a marble shaft from amidst that graceful cluster of acanthus.

The knowledge of all that may be learned through the generalities of comprehensive description, comes to us not with half the pleasure which we derive from being able to station ourselves in imagination by the side of the traveller, and witness the identical scene and circumstance which is called into being by his pen or pencil. The present year has been fertile in works which, in a greater or less degree, have afforded this gratification. Some are recommended principally by the information they convey; others less by what they tell than by the manner in which they tell it. Such is that agreeable volume, "Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau," by Sir Francis Head; such, too, is the very entertaining work before us, modestly entitled "Slight Reminiscences." We learn from the preface that an incorrect edition of all, except the supplementary chapters, was printed at Paris for private distribution in 1830. The authoress (for it is by a female hand) also thus apologises for its supposed deficiencies.

"If it has any merit, it is that of truth; for I am not conscious of having noted down any thing which I have not looked at with my own eyes; though I may perhaps have seen sunbeams, where others saw shadows,—or the contrary.

"I have had no advantage of encouragement or advice, no literary friend or counsellor, none to interest themselves in my success, or to be mortified by my failure, beyond the precincts of my own fireside. My notes have never been submitted to any other eyes than those too partial to be critical; they are probably full of inaccuracies, and perhaps of repetitions. I have no skill in composition, nor opportunity of referring to any judgment but one which affection renders fallible; if I had, they might be better. As it is, I must trust to the gentle virtue of indulgence, without venturing to count upon the more encouraging sentiment of approbation."

The humility of these apologies will be thought overweening; and the authoress is deprecating a severity of criticism which she is not likely to incur. Rarely have we seen a work, which, without either interesting the feelings, or augmenting our knowledge, renders itself so acceptable as a companion. It is not much easier to describe what constitutes an agreeable book—a book which we treat as *society*, and take up by way of relaxation to while away a vacant hour—than to define that felicitous combination of social qualities which constitute an agreeable companion. One may enumerate good-humour, tact, wit, information, the alternating lights and shadows of the serious and the sportive vein—of trifles and learning—of imagination and reflection; but when one has summoned up all these elements, one finds that it is but a cold inexpressive catalogue, and that the subtle essence, the general effect of all combined, is that which, however felt, can scarcely be described. So is there in this work a charm, of which an enumeration of its component qualities will not afford an adequate idea. Yet the existence of this charm must not be taken upon trust, without some attempt being made to show in what it consists. Vivacity, variety, a felicitous command of descriptive language—a power of painting by a well-chosen

epithet, and of vividly illustrating by a pointed allusion—an ever lively interest in the passing scene—a graceful enthusiasm, not so intense and absorbing as to tax our sympathies too severely—a happy tact in never dwelling too long on any circumstance, though always seeming to describe it fully—much pleasantry introduced, not as if it was meant for wit, but naturally interwoven with the thread of the discourse—and, to shade and relieve these lighter qualities, a frequent vein of grave reflection—these are among the attractive qualities which give this work a high place among agreeable specimens of *light reading*. The style is negligent, and not always grammatical; but it is always sparkling and expressive. It has faults which care and experience could remove, and merits which mere care and experience could never give. One great source of our pleasure in reading it is, we believe, a sense of its sincerity. It seems to be the genuine expression of what the writer saw and thought, and written not under the influence of that chilling interval which the ill-chosen word "reminiscence" implies, but as if at once committed to paper with all the glow of the immediate impression; ere the excited feeling had subsided, or the scene vanished from the mental eye. It has also, if it is not the result of recollection, the advantage of awakening recollections in others. It is, fortunately for its popularity in this locomotive age, addressed rather to the travelled many, than to the untravelled few; and gratifies, by laying before us, not scenes which the reader has never witnessed, but by reproducing, in all their freshness, those which lay dormant in the memory until awakened into life by a graphic description. Who that has ever been at Genoa will fail to recognise the following picture, and to feel assured that the eye of the writer has dwelt on all that she describes?

"A hum and bustle (indications of the vicinity of a great city rather unusual in this lovely country) tell us that we approach Genoa. It is not indeed a bustle of equipages, nor even of stage coaches, but a coming and going of carts laden with merchandise, of muleteers with loose jackets into which the arms seldom enter, and hats thrown on one side of the head over the gay coloured night-cap, trudging slowly after their fine animals, or riding sideways on the least heavily laden of the file; of peasant girls (very fine creatures sometimes), with natural flowers placed carelessly in the hair, and a dash of powder occasionally thrown in with them; and nearer to the town, plying carriages with three windows at each side, full of gay girls fanning themselves violently in their charming white veils, which make even the plain look pretty, and swarthy men less smartly dressed than their brisk companions; boys playing at mora, soldiers looking on, and sandaled friars with nothing symptomatic of contrition about them but the hempen girdle,—jolly full-blown souls, whose very looks carry absolution with them, and testify to the fidelity of some at least of Boccaccio's sketches. At last comes Genoa, bursting at once upon the sight, and most magnificently,—with a gay dazzle about its white palaces and glittering basin, original and splendid: I do not know why it should be compared to Naples; it appears to me to have quite another character; it has not Capri, nor Ischia, nor Procida,—the purple islands of that beautiful bay,—nor the great Vesuvius, nor the classical recollections that hang upon Baia and Puzzuoli, Missena, and Sorrentum, but it has a strong and striking character of its own. A noble amphitheatre proudly decorated, a sweeping bay full of movement, where ships from all parts of the Levant, from the Ionian isles, from the shores of Sicily and Greece, from countries whose very name has witchcraft in them, lie at anchor, sending their busy hum into the streets of the city; boats gliding between the larger vessels, villas rising upon terraces, fortresses upon the hills, and life every where.

"So far, so good; but when we desired to be driven to the Hôtel des Quatre Nations, we were told that we could not get up to it in a carriage. We unpacked ourselves grumblingly, in the middle of a lane, as full of mire and oranges as Lower Thames Street; and after dabbling through one or two passages of most forbidding aspect, reached the hotel. The first peep was highly characteristic. A saloon of handsome dimensions, with gilding and mirrors, hangings of light blue satin damask, and a brick floor encrusted with dirt, looking down upon a sort of terrace projecting sufficiently to shut out the street, and furnished with mutilated statues, and boxes filled with scrubby orange trees. Beyond this terrace a narrow rampart, with idle sailors in the red cap of the Levant, and jackets of all shades, from chocolate to saffron, lounging as sailors always lounge, from Blackwall to the Mola at Naples, with their hands stuck in their sides and their backs against the parapet, looking out for spots in the horizon."

A sketch of the town of Novi is also a good specimen of that union of fidelity and spirit which gives such value to the descriptive portions.

"Novi itself is like every town of the same modest calibre in this part of Italy. Thin long streets, slanting roofs, coffee-houses with wide curtains drawn before the sashless windows (a fashion shared with the barber and some other small crafts), poor shops meagrely furnished with the minor articles of fashionable life, and profusely with fruit, macaroni, flax, Parmasan cheese, aquavitæ, rosolio, and vino d'ogni qualità; and, jammed in between every five or six of high pretensions, the little indispensable one, where pease, flour, and grain of various kinds, heaped on plates, or piled up in wooden bowls, are retailed to the humble purchaser. But here too is a piazza painted all over, houses covered with angels and cherubs, fruit and flowers, pilasters and balconies, mixed up with allegorical subjects rather laboriously executed, and headed by a church splashed and dotted with yellow and green paint, in coarse imitation of the green and yellow *antico*. Every roof is clustered with chimneys of various and graceful forms (chimneys in Italy are a picturesque feature), and in the centre of the place is a marble fountain, round which are gathered women in white veils, cheapening melons, nuts, tomatos, figs, and the red unnatural looking mushroom, which the people here have the courage to eat, though it smells like soap and looks like a mouldy toad. In one corner is a peasant with naked legs, stained deeply with the red juice of the vintage grape, buying long stripes of something looking like an omelet, fried on a tin plate as large as a millstone. In another, an old woman with saucer eyes and a witch's headgear, cowers over a pan of smoking chestnuts, while three or four of his Sardinian majesty's liveried loungers keep an eye on the noisy squabblers who are unloading their donkeys on the pavement, and battling for precedence for their capsicum pods and cabbages."

The following is similar in character; but the scene is in another region; and the concluding passage affords an instance of agreeable transition from description to reflection, and the apt introduction of appropriate thoughts:—

"Passed through Offenberg triumphantly, steeds flying, whips cracking, post-boys with large bunches of artificial roses spread out in their hats. But, alas! for the evanescence of human glory;—snap went a spring when we were a mile from the town, and here we are back again for the day, and the night too, getting all that we can in the way of entertainment out of a market (the markets are a benediction to us to-day), rich in costumes, grotesque and gorgeous as eye can desire—the women ugly, in velvet caps, so arranged as to produce the same effect as the nets worn by the *Trasteverine* at Rome, but the men incomparable. Wide skirted coats of some dark colour (occasionally black velvet), lined with white or scarlet, thrown open so as to display a red, or very bright green waistcoat, with embroidered braces (white or black) worn outside the splendid vest; a large cocked hat, gallantly thrown off from the front of the head, or soberly flapped before, and the toilet finished by a spruce nosegay in the button-hole. The younger beaus sometimes adopt the flat, low-crowned beaver, with a few flowers, or a peacock's feather, or a velvet band and silver buckle. We were amused at seeing the carters driving from the saddle,—three-cornered hats, flowing skirts and all, looking like the worthy burghers of Quidlenburg, or Sir Walter Raleigh in the Critic, degraded to the management of a dray-horse.

"The road as we left Offenberg was brimful of life, and sabbath finery. Every hive pouring out its swarm, all with prayer-books in their hands, and nosegays in their bosoms. Many of the young men were very handsome; bold, but not vulgar; but the females have no longer the finely developed shapes of the Rhenish nymphs. The narrow shoulders, thick waist, and squat proportions of Switzerland already proclaim its vicinity. However, they looked clear and shining; no economy of soap either on linen or faces, and much sobriety of deportment. No straggling curl,—every hair alive with the spirit of premeditated mischief, or glance shot slily in the incarnate thirst of conquest; but all trim and straightforward, with that kind of coarse pre-concerted primness easily (time and season permitting) converted into heavy mirth. Much of Teniers, but nothing of Albano.

"But even without the colouring of poetry, there is something delightful in the repose of a village sabbath. Its chastened gaiety affects and soothes the heart; duties performed and comfort received, prepare the mind for gladness; and the very feeling of liberty and quiet after six days' labour, is in itself positive enjoyment. The stated occurrence too of duly anticipated recreation, counted upon with certainty and enjoyed with confidence in its assured return, has a charm that monotony cannot destroy, and which to a mind unaccustomed to strong excitement, is, perhaps, as powerful as that of novelty itself."

The wild and wonderful scenery of the Handeck is thus treated:—

"At every step as we advanced towards the Handeck the scene blackened, and the road, or rather track, always alarmingly bad, became almost awfully so. At length the roaring of the cataract made itself heard above the surrounding torrents; we alighted from our horses, and a few minutes' walk brought us within view of this sublime exuberance of nature. But the front view is not the finest; it is from the upper ledge, where the eye takes in at once both the headlong Aar, leaping exultingly from its rocky bondage, and burying itself in the vanishing depths below, and the mountain torrent that comes down laughing and sparkling, and throwing about its shower of pulverised diamonds, mixing and contrasting their whiteness with the troubled foam of the great waters, that the scene is developed in all its lonely glory. I have heard it said that the accompaniments are defective, but I cannot think so; surely the stern defile, the awful depth of perpendicular rock, the scathed pine, and the eternal glacier, become it well; like the desolation that frames in Rome, and accords so finely with its ruins and its recollections. No pastoral valley, no peopled glen, or sunny upland, however lovely in its brightness, could combine so *feelingly* with the lonely Handeck, as the stony desert in which nothing but itself has life, or the stern chaos of rocks that crowd about it, like the unshapen elements of a just awakened world."

The descriptions are sometimes rendered at once more vivid and more amusing, by the playfulness with which they are touched; as in this moonlight scene on the Simplon:—

"We did not reach the village of Simplon till two hours after night-fall. Fortunately we were guided by a bright moon—harvest or hunter's, I known not which;—but its melancholy, beautiful light lay upon the cold snow mountains, and transformed all the uprooted trunks and half prostrate trees into forms which St. Anthony would have called temptations, (we have other notions on that subject now,) horns, hoofs, and all, famously got up. I think I recognised Mephistopheles, and saw a score or two of saucer eyes glaring through the branches; but I am sure of a griffin, and an army of long-horned chimeras, with a white woman standing by the side of a torrent, and pointing upwards."

In the following passages the authoress displays, both her command of descriptive language, and her correct sense of the insufficiency of words, to do full justice to the magnificence of nature:—

"It were endless to dwell on the scenery of the Lucerne lake. Its superb gulfs, its bays of gentler beauty, magnificent outlines, and soft details, cannot be brought by words to the mind's eye. The best descriptive painter raises but a vague and unidentified idea, even when he delineates objects similar in their general character to those with which we are habitually familiar. What then can words do for a scene that looks like a fragment of a world, made for something more exalted than man? For notwithstanding all which the most philosophic of princes has said, touching the "paragon of animals," he looks but punily here, contrasted with the colossal bearing of inanimate nature.

"Poor little Gersau! it can no longer boast its unsapped republic; but it has woods and mountains which the higher powers of the canton of Schwytz cannot take from it,—and quiet homes (the word *home* ought to be Swiss, as well as English), and sunny creeks, with boats drawn up into them, and trees, and chalets, falling just in the right places, and making sweet miniatures, each in its own appropriate setting.

"But above all, the sunset!—our young party will, I think, never forget it. The gloom of the mountain background, on which the purple twilight was already gathering,—the radiance of the nearer scene,—rocks catching the red light, which, as it fell upon their kindling masses, seemed to force them out from their clinging drapery of pines,—the lake glittering like liquid fire, and the sky like a temple in which angels might hold their jubilees. As darkness came on, the promontories seemed to detach themselves from the main land, and to advance into the lake, where they stood darkly and firmly, taking the form of islands as the back screen gradually receded from them, and was lost in the shroud of night.

"But again I feel how meagre is the gorgeousness of words, when we would embody the bright casualties of nature in her moments of glory! Poor cobweb,—at least in common hands,—yet I have it in my heart, and in my fancy; but when I try to fix it, it flies off, and will not be whistled back again."

"No words can arrest the shifting aspects, or present a living likeness of the exquisite combinations of nature. We say 'this is beautiful, that is superb,' we exhaust the vocabulary of superlatives, without conveying to others the image with which we are ourselves impressed, even in its faintest tracings. The pencil is more effective than the pen. While the most laborious details and the truest local colouring fail in giving individuality to a description, the scenery of the Mediterranean ports, and the ineffable colouring of Italian skies have been thrown with such bright fidelity upon canvass, that the eye at once acknowledges the living originals of all which the pencil of Claude has imbedded in the memory. The same light dances on the waters, the same delicious coast brightens in the same golden sunbeams. It is not that objects are recalled, they are recognised, just as at Venice, where one finds that to be familiar with Canaletti's views, is almost to have seen the thing itself. In short, painted scenery, if faithful, is like a well executed portrait, and description like a black profile; it may serve to recall a well known face, but can convey no idea of one to which we are strangers."

One of the captivating qualities of this work, is the hearty spirit of enjoyment with which the writer enters into the pleasures of traveling; and especially of that elevated species of pleasure which springs from the contemplation of natural scenery. There is an acute sense of the ridiculous and the disagreeable, but there is also an intense appreciation of the grand and beautiful. If we do not always agree with the authoress on points of taste, we can never accuse her of morbid fastidiousness; nor do we find that she ever seems ashamed of admitting how thoroughly she has been pleased. See, for example, this glowing narrative of a day passed in one of the most enchanting spots that even Italy can produce:—

"Passed the whole day—and such a day!—in the Serbelloni gardens. My brother brought up his sunny mind and charming susceptibility of enjoyment, Mr. M. his store of thought and knowledge, and we our happy hearts and joyous feelings. Our host of Belaggio, too, brought up something rarely overlooked, even in the most sentimental moments: an excellent dinner, which we were kindly allowed to place in a saloon looking on both branches of the lake, and all the necromancy of its shores. Three large windows open upon beds of flowers, and arcades covered with the foliage of plants that are exotics with us; beyond these gay parterres a bank swells upward, hung with the contrasting verdure of the oak, the olive, the tall spare cypress, and the softer green of many summer trees; and higher than all, the feathery outline of the Scotish fir, appears firmly traced on a clear blue sky, while its bark glows and reddens in the evening sun.

"A door opens from this charming saloon on a truly Italian vista. Stone steps rising in perspective, and shaded by broad laurels, through which the sunbeams dart slantingly, chequering at intervals the grassy openings. Large vases, from which cape jessamine and heliotrope diffuse their foreign odours, are placed at regular distances. Aloes grow as weeds do with us, and many of the sharp and broad-leaved things, which we cherish in our hot-houses, shoot out or trail along here with an untutored luxuriance that shows them indigenous. Indeed all rare and beautiful things seem to be so in this soft Arcadia.

"What a spot to sit in, and talk over happy subjects, as we did. Mr. M—— dwelt on our village ramble with delight; it had interested him, as simple scenes of strong character always interest highly intellectual minds. All the fine things about us had sharpened our appetites; we found our carp and beccaficos, our grapes and truffles, figs and coffee, the most delicious that we had ever tasted, and sat talking down the sun until the sweet evening air tempted us out again,—and then we lingered amongst the vineyards, and on the platform before the old castle, till the bats came wheeling round us, and the red lights had faded entirely from the tops of the mountains;—when we descended to our sleeping quarters, some running, others lagging, but all agreeing that we had passed a day not soon to be forgotten.

"While the scenes of this morning are yet impressed in all their living sweetness on my memory, I sit at my window and think what a summer paradise this would be to live in. Better even than Interlacken,—more uninterrupted quiet, and a softer colouring. Nothing ever approached the colouring of the hill countries in Italy. In Switzerland, nature cuts with a harder chisel,—grandly,—magnificently,—but perhaps too distinctly. Here the undefined outline melting into the sky and mingling with it, takes the vague shading which may be called the sentiment of landscape,—the poetic distance, that gives an impulse to the mind, and sends it bounding forward far beyond the narrow sphere of actual vision. How delightful it would be to live like sea gipsies, floating all day long upon the lake,—steering up to Gravedona, and growing poetical amongst the mountains,—cheating the hot hours in the shade of Lechino, where the sun never shines, or under the fig-trees of Cavagnola, or loitering out the cooler ones on some of those balmy terraces "où les citronniers fleurissent." Then, if the gay fit prompt, or the musical one, dropping down to Como, and passing the evening with Tancredi, or the gentle Desdemona; and should this whet the appetite for finer things, driving on to Milan, to meet them again on higher ground, or to shudder with La Pallarina, or sit down before the Hagar of the Brera, and think what hard hearts they had in Canaan. Delightful it would be, with health to enjoy and friends to share it;—with such blessings, O what a gift is life! when we are wise and grateful enough not to abuse it."

We have mentioned with commendation the occurrence of passages interspersed with reflections arising naturally from the circumstances narrated, and giving at once elevation and variety to the general character of the narrative. Take, for example, the following on the love of nature:

"I always find the rhetoric of nature more heart-stirring than that of the schools, and I believe the love of nature is one of the affections which linger longest in the heart. How strongly, as we advance in life, is the vanity of those things which we most prized in youth made manifest; what importance have we given to untried joys and distinctions, and even to the lightest trifles,—a little while, and the most solid amongst them seem like old toys not worth playing with. We find that feelings, opinions, modes, and even hearts change,—every thing but nature: she alone is immutable, and for that reason her spells are often the last broken. We confide in her promises, and know that she will never deceive us; every thing may be false—hope, love, beauty, friendship, fame,—but nature never. If we sow an acorn by the side of a grave, we are sure that an acorn will overshadow it; if we return to the country of our birth, changed and forgotten, we find the same hills and streams, and even the same flowers—if man has not disturbed them—which we loved in childhood. Pæstum has still its roses, though its tombs have long been swallowed up in the general oblivion. These are the reasons why the love of nature has been known to ripen in the heart amidst the ashes of other, and once warmer, feelings. We love, and lean on things that we know will not break

down, or forsake us. Of others—even those which flatter us most—we can too often spell the duration; but we are sure of nature, for she must outlive ourselves."

Such, too, are these brief comments upon natural scenery:—

"Light is the physiognomy of scenery; a landscape is like a regular set of features—both may be good, but neither speak, unless the light of nature or of the mind brighten on them."

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"Montesquieu was right: the monotony of contrasts becomes at the long run as fatiguing as that of symmetry. The power of contrast consists in the shock, or charm, of opposition, and the excitement of surprise; but when its effects are too regularly repeated, they weary like the voice of an echo, which at first astonishes and delights, but soon loses its charm when we become aware of its unfailing return. It seems ungrateful to find fault with nature in this divine country, but the oppositions of colouring (for instance) fatigue like sameness, and in the end become so."

An incident witnessed in an Italian church introduces remarks which, if not original, are at least just and well expressed:—

"I love the Italian churches, with their broad aisles, vast and unfrittered,—no pews, no divisions, no aristocratical screenings; all kneeling together, the high and mighty and the lowly, on the same pavement; all sending up their thanksgiving, or their prayer, to the same great Being in whose eyes all are equal. No dread of vulgar contact, no elbowing of the tattered penitent. I shall never forget the impression made upon me, on my first visit to St. Peter's at Rome, by a young lady who came into the church, folded up in a cachemere, and followed by a servant in gorgeous livery: her appearance was that of a *petite maitresse*, as far as dress was concerned, but her air was devout and collected; she passed on slowly to the illuminated shrine of the saint, and inserted herself amidst a group of masons in their working dresses, kneeling with them on the pavement, and praying earnestly. This was beautiful, and similar acts of humility are performed every hour in the day in every church in Italy.

"Principles are better things than impulses, even when both are good. Religion in this country seems less a principle than a feeling; it does not appear to influence the moral conduct,—but for the period during which its forms are exercised, the abstraction seems deep and real. Whether the visible image of the saint or virgin then implored be not the paramount object of adoration, may be questioned, and probably the zeal awakened through the medium of the imagination can only be sustained by the same means. The interceding saint, protecting madonna, or familiar image, long known, and long revered,—implored in sorrow, and relied upon in repentance, receives the fervent homage of the tender and devout. The enlightened may see in these palpable forms only a memorial, and while kneeling before a terrible crucifix, may lift up their souls to the Divine Nature, triumphing over sin and death, or send out their thoughts from the foot of the decorated altar to Him whose "way is on the sea, and his path on the great waters." But the vulgar,—"the great vulgar and the small,"—do they look beyond the identical picture or statue (always invested with miraculous powers)?—I should doubt it."

She has been alarmed by a false report, and says:—

"All well to-day, 'pas un mot de Caron,' the canon died of an old invincible phthisic, and the raging fever was the invention of our showman. The vulgar in all countries love to frighten the credulous. It is an exercise of power,—an indulgence prohibited in general by their position in society,—and they particularly love to exert it over their minds to whose will they are by condition subservient."

The three principal personages in the *Nouvelle Heloise*, are well characterised as "that philosophical, rhapsodical, unnatural, and most eloquent trio, who discussed virtue as a problem, and found that its solution was a vice;" and Rousseau's eloquent exaggerations are thus amusingly noticed:—

"When that illustrious visionary, Jean Jacques, got hold of an idea, how he hugged and fondled it, and dressed it up in colours snatched from that palette which now lies buried, with all its dewy freshness, in his tomb. No one since has found it; other writers use live tints, and bright ones too,—but his touch was magical. The poor Valaisannes on whom he lavished his delicious colouring, are wretched realities, and may take rank amongst the least dangerous of the fair sex. One comes amongst them, seeking under every little hat for the charming face; and peering at every tinselled jacket for the light shape, which St. Preux, even while the fair form of the impassioned Julia floated before his mind's eye, found so perplexingly lovely, and a squalid half-awake race, disfigured by goitres which they show off as our women do white teeth or ivory fingers, presents itself. I should think the most fire-and-tow *garde-du-corps* in the service of his majesty Charles Dix, might dine in perfect tranquillity of heart, though waited upon by a legion of such damsels as the leaden-eyed she, who is at this moment laying a log of wood upon the fire."

National characteristics appear to have been acutely observed; and we find the following lively and sensible remarks upon the difficulty of estimating them correctly:—

"Joined the table d'hôte party to-day upon principle, wishing to see a little of the manners of Heidelberg, though it must be confessed that its usually mixed society can afford but an imperfect criterion. However, if it does not give us the Corinthian capitals, it at least offers flying sketches of men and manners, and those are all that a stranger can ever hope to seize. In fact, we birds of passage can form no positive judgment on any point susceptible of fluctuation. We look at society through a kaleidoscope; a jog to the right or to the left scatters our materials just as we are preparing to sketch from them, and no twisting or turning can bring back the same pattern again; while stationary people fix their microscopes firmly, fasten their subject before them, and dissect it at their leisure. After all, our grand error is, that, instead of looking through our own eyes and judging by our own impressions, we run to our books of reference, pinning our faith on other men's sleeves, without considering how time and season, sunshine and rain, bile and blue devils, alter matters. It is like judging of a nation by an individual, a thing so often done dictatorially and senselessly too. 'He's knight o' the shire, and represents them all,' is a common presumption, and always goes down."

Here follows a sketch of German students, and a comparison of them with the same class in France.

"An eye of defiance, an exulting step, an intrepid carriage, are the marks and tokens of a German student. This audacious bearing is strengthened and set off by the open collar, short frock, (generally of Lincoln green, and of Robin Hood's own cut), small casquette, the point pressing flatly on the forehead, and hair cropped like Giotto's or Cimabue's apostles, floating or bristling at

each side of the face. These 'chartered libertines,' for such they are during their collegiate life, run a course of unbridled riot, mastering the quieter classes of society by their force and number: to be formidable seems their point of honour, and they sustain it fiercely. Many of these swaggerers are certainly of an age to have long since finished their studies, and others curl their angry mustaches as if they had already smelt powder, and were 'fit for treason, stratagem, or strife.' Indeed, their general appearance is more that of lawless desperadoes, robbers of the cave and forest, than of dwellers in the quiet groves of Academus; and yet these same students, when absent from their universities, appear to be persons of peaceful and respectable habits, earnest in the pursuit of knowledge, and often battling courageously for its attainment in the very teeth of poverty and its concomitant disadvantages.

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"The fearless, lawless air of a German student bespeaks a man who dreams of equality of station and unlimited license, and who will bluster about his rights and expectances boldly and fiercely, at least while the heyday of youth lasts. His mind is like his dress, manly and fanciful, but the black cravated student of the *pays latin* shows in his thoughtful eye, and abstracted yet ardent look, the spirit that never dies, the absorbing hope which clings to the heart through life, and never loses sight of the indemnifying moment. Perhaps the cause of an observation frequently made, that a German youth, on quitting college, soon forgets the day-dream of liberty, the projected efforts of patriotism which have amused his boyhood, and quietly settles into the peaceful subject of some petty prince, while a Frenchman who has once taken a political bias, rarely sobers down into the pliant and contented citizen of a government inimical to his early opinions and feelings, may be traced to the different positions of their respective countries. The one, a member of a vast empire divided into many states, more or less powerful, can never hope to see the different portions of his variously ruled country united under one enlightened and paternal system of government, while from the still and unpartitioned state of France, every Frenchman looks to one central point, from which a constitution, inspired by the love of liberty, and matured by wisdom, —a constitution, affording equal protection and equal advantages to all, may emanate."

Of the Italians, she says,—

"The Italian character has great breadth and raciness, and a fine natural colouring, never sullied by affectation; not but they are tricking too in their way, but their cunning goes straight forward to its aim, and is never wasted on points of display or vanity,—things which rarely enter into an Italian head. Fashion, whose laws are in England a kind of interior police, by which our most domestic concerns are regulated, has little influence here; the Italians, as Madame de Staël has observed with her usual skill in character, 'ne font rien, parce qu'on les regarde, et ne s'abstiennent de rien, parce qu'on les regarde.'

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"Unquestionably the Italians are the noisiest people in Europe,—singing like angels, and talking (as far as voice is concerned) like traffickers in fish or charcoal, the ear knows not whether it seizes the notes of a prima donna, or of a macaroni vender. Last night, a party from Milan, (capital gentry, our hostess said,) who were either convivial or quarrelsome till an unreasonably late hour, put sleep quite out of the question,—such shouting, —such screaming,—a dozen voices raised together, and sustained with incredible power of lungs,—each striving to maintain the upper key, but a sharp female treble always *lady* of the ascendant. And then the hostess, with soft, sweet eyes, and a delicate outline, raving like an infuriated bacchante, and even the little girl of the bodkins throwing in a note. It is extraordinary that a people whose song is all passionate tenderness,—all soul, —all sweetness,—should have frequently the speaking voices of porters and oyster women. Yet they are a kind, good-tempered people,—not rough, I think, in any thing but their voices. I have seen instances of flexible mildness in Italy, that were really edifying."

What is said on the unpoetical temperament of the Swiss, is not new; but it is well expressed:

"The Swiss are an excellent people,—calm, religious, lovers of order, good citizens, worthy of liberty, and strong to maintain it. But they are neither poets nor painters. A country that might

"Create a soul,
Under the ribs of death,"

seems to act like a wet blanket on the fancy. A man naturally imaginative, but who has always lived in the world, may perhaps be more sensible of the soul *stirring* marvels of nature when they suddenly open on him, than one who has grown up in the midst of her familiar and unheeded riches, though he may not prize or love them with such home feelings. But I am surprised that the constant intimacy with scenes and objects of infinite beauty and splendour, does not give an habitual colouring of poetry to the mind. I can comprehend why a man of acute understanding, liberal education, and studious habits, but unaccustomed to society or the intercourse of the world, may fail in the developement of the passions. Man's nature is intricate, and must be studied intensely. He who would lay open the magnificent structure of the human mind, must watch it through the changeful phases of active life, and meditate what he has there marked in the stillness of solitude, with the door barred upon the world and its distractions. But nature is more communicative than man; she spreads open her page, and he who will may read its ample characters, and catch light and inspiration from them. But light comes not here, nor inspiration either. Why it does not is a problem, the solution of which I leave to others."

There is not much allusion to works of art; but there is enough to show an appreciation of their merits, unmixed with the cant of connoisseurship. Michael Angelo and Caravaggio are well distinguished;—

"In the chapel is a Pieta (basso relievo) by Michael Angelo, full of beauty and expression. This powerful master was not often tender, but he could be so; the proof is here. I once knew a clever man who greatly admired Caravaggio, and used to place him on a line with Michael Angelo. Caravaggio, too, was a genius, one full of strong, broad-shouldered ideas; a perturbed and gloomy spirit, throwing his dark soul out upon his canvass with startling effect; but he did not think or feel like Michael Angelo; his genius was not sublime; he painted like a coarse bad man, of monstrous capacity, but not like one who had unsealed the book of judgment, or lifted up the Pantheon and hung it in the air."

The following remarks on the works of two celebrated portrait-painters are equally just;—

"Genoa is rich in living portraits,—portraits that one dares not trust with a secret. I should as soon think of conspiring against the state, before the "reverend signiors" of the assembled senate, as in the presence of those lofty Dorias or Durazzi, or even of their gentle wives, who look and listen till you feel almost confused at having discussed their charms as it were in their hearing. Vandyke was a powerful master; few have possessed in a higher degree the art of giving vitality to

their portraits. Unlike the glossy monotony of Sir Peter Lely, (whose courtly shepherdesses are all as like each other as the fifty daughters of Danaus, in the melodrame,) his personages have the air of life so freshly on them, that when we see the same portraits a second time, it is like meeting old acquaintances, family people with whom one has lived in friendly intercourse. We contract an intimacy with them, as we do with the dramatis personæ of Sir Walter Scott's novels. Who that has ever contemplated Vandyke's portrait of Charles I., but fancies he has seen and known that melancholy visage? or read Rob Roy, without the conviction of having been personally acquainted with Bailie Jarvie?"

We are tempted to extend our quotations to some of the many short anecdotes and lively sketches which meet our eye at every turn; but we should mar their effect, if we were to take them out of their setting. We differ from the authoress on some subjects; but they are either not sufficiently important to demand discussion, or too extensive for the slight notice which our limits will afford. As an instance of the former, we would say that she has not done justice to the beauties of Heidelberg; of the latter, that she over-rates the beneficence of Napoleon's sway in Italy. We complain, too, of occasional sentimental deviations from that good sense which characterises the greater part of the work. To be shocked at finding a spacious comfortable boarding house at Nonnenwerth, and a steam-boat on the Lake of Como, is neither sensible nor original. Any mawkish twaddler can put in a claim to fine feeling by such fastidious agonies as these. Nor is there much of either wisdom or taste in the following passage:—

"What a country for the geologist!—but to me who know nothing of the *ologies*; who am altogether ignorant of the sweet science and mystery of lichens; to whom gypsum is Hebrew, and who can hardly tell limestone from sandstone; to me, in short, who dare not mention the word strata, and have no other name for the starved yellow flower that represents Flora in this bleak region, than mere marigold; it is only a gray desert, long, and drear, and uniform, but solemn and original,—a chaotic and forgotten nature, made and left in anger."

This is too much like that tone of mock humility, in which persons, immeasurably inferior to this writer, try to avert the imputation of some species of knowledge of which they have no chance of being accused, and of which, could the charge be proved, they would have reason to be proud. Neither geology nor botany are such despicable sciences, that to possess a knowledge of the one or the other, need lower the authoress in her own estimation, or in that of any rational person. We must also observe, that the fertility of her fancy, while indulging in simile and illustration, sometimes leads her into those prettinesses which are best expressed by the Italian word "concetti;" and sometimes, to use the words of Sheridan, we have tropes and metaphors almost as plentiful as nouns-substantive. We may farther notice, among minor errors, the unusual employment of certain words—such as "original," and "benediction." The former is more than once oddly applied to natural scenery; and the latter still more strangely. "A little gunpowder," she says, "judiciously applied to a few of the flaming red, red houses, that stare at one every where, and put out the eyes with their effrontery of brick-dust, would be a benediction.' There are benedictions for the ears, too. At an opera at Lucerne, she says, "never was noise as loud, yet so merciless;—a dozen kettle-drums would have been a benediction.' The same serviceable word may be found masquerading in other places, and with the same disregard of its every day meaning. We notice this, because an inclination to disregard the usual import of words is too observable in other instances. Here end our censures—and we conclude with a cordial recommendation of this work as one that will animate the untraveled by its promises, and gratify the traveled by the recollections it awakens.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

WHY DON'T THE MEN PROPOSE?

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY.

Why don't the men propose, mamma?
Why don't the men propose?
Each seems just coming to the point,
And then away he goes!
It is no fault of yours, mamma,
That ev'ry body knows;
You *fete* the finest men in town,
Yet, oh! they won't propose!

I'm sure I've done my best, mamma,
To make a proper match;
For coronets and eldest sons
I'm ever on the watch;
I've hopes when some *distingué* beau
A glance upon me throws;
But though he'll dance, and smile, and flirt,
Alas! he won't propose!

I've tried to win by languishing
And dressing like a blue;
I've bought big books, and talk'd of them
As if I'd read them through!
With hair cropp'd like a man, I've felt
The heads of all the beaux;
But Spurzheim could not touch their *hearts*,
And, oh! they won't propose!

I threw aside the books, and thought
That ignorance was bliss;
I felt convinced that men preferred
A simple sort of Miss;
And so I lisp'd out naught beyond
Plain "yeses" or plain "noes,"
And wore a sweet unmeaning smile;
Yet, oh! they won't propose!

Last night at Lady Ramble's rout,
I heard Sir Harry Gale
Exclaim, "Now I *propose* again;"
I started, turning pale;
I really thought my time was come,
I blush'd like any rose;
But, oh! I found 'twas only at
Ecarté he'd *propose!*

And what is to be done, mamma?
Oh! what is to be done?
I really have no time to lose,
For I am thirty-one:
At balls I am too often left
Where spinsters sit in rows;
Why won't the men propose, mamma?
Why *won't* the men propose?

From the London Examiner.

France; Social, Literary, and Political. By Henry Lytton Bulwer, Esq., M. P. Bentley, 1834.*

Mr. Henry Bulwer has lived much in France, and enjoyed ample opportunities of studying the people. The present book, we are assured, is the result of many years' observation of them; and a very clever, sparkling, amusing, and instructive book it is,—abounding in curious anecdote, keen remark, and valuable information throughout. But it is somewhat rambling and confessedly incomplete. The rambling character, indeed, is the necessary result of the plan adopted by the author of treating his subjects in the order in which they were suggested to himself—a plan which, considering the wayward nature of mental associations, is one, to say the least, of very doubtful propriety; though it has enabled him to infuse a spirit and a power into portions of his work, which would otherwise most probably have been found wanting in such qualities. The book is incomplete, because it was found impossible to comprise the matter within the limits originally proposed; but other volumes are to follow, devoted to subjects (as the church, the army, the law, the chambers, &c. &c.) unavoidably omitted in those before us; in which the main object of the author has been "to bring a people upon the stage, to show what they have been and what they are." A glance at the contents will show in what manner he has attempted to do this.

He begins by a dashing sketch of the exterior of the capital: the Champs Elysées, the Boulevards, the Palais Royal, the Quais, the Tuileries, &c., are made to pass before us, and the historical recollections connected with them are called up. We have then the characteristics of the people—their politeness, gallantry, wit, gaiety, and crime: for, after exhibiting the Parisians in their pleasures, Mr. Bulwer, by a happy and impressive transition, proceeds to deduce precisely similar conclusions from their crimes. These two divisions constitute the first book. The second, entitled "Historical Changes," contains an able resumé of French history, from 1789 till now. The third book, entitled "Predominant Influences," treats of female influence, military influence, and literary influence, and concludes with detailed critical accounts of some of the most celebrated modern historical and dramatic authors of France. There are also an introductory analysis and an appendix, containing much valuable statistical information relating to population, revenue, measurement, exports, imports, births, deaths, &c. The style is rapid, abrupt, declamatory, irregular—occasionally deficient in clearness from too eagerly aiming at point, but seldom unattractive, and never wearisome or dull;—the style, in short, of a clever man of excitable temperament, more used to debate and conversation than to the pen. We are not aware that we can give a more characteristic extract than the following, which forms the opening chapter of the work:—

"It is by the Thames that the stranger should enter London. The broad breast of the great river, black with the huge masses that float upon its crowded waters; the tall fabrics, gaunt and drear, that line its melancholy shores; the thick gloom through which you dimly catch the shadowy outline of these gigantic forms; the marvellous quiet with which you glide by the dark phantoms of her power into the mart of nations; the sadness, the silence, the vastness, the obscurity, of all things around, prepare you for a grave and solemn magnificence. Full upon your soul is shadowed the sombre character of 'the golden city;' deep into your thoughts is breathed the genius of the great and gloomy people, whose gloom and whose greatness are, perchance, alike owing to the restless workings of a stern imagination. Behold St. Katharine's docks, and Walker's soap manufactory, and 'Hardy's Shades!' Lo! there is the strength, the industry, and the pleasure—the pleasure of the enterprising, the money-making, the dark-spirited, people of England! 'Hardy's Shades!'—singular appellation for the spot dedicated to festivity. Such is the entrance into London by the Thames.

"Let us change the scene, reader! You are at Paris!

"To enter Paris with advantage, you should enter it by the Champs Elysées. Visiting, for the first time, the capital of a military nation, you should pass under the arch built to commemorate its reign of victories. Coming to dwell among the most gay and light-hearted people in the universe, you ought at once to rush upon them in the midst of their festivities. Enter Paris, then, by the Champs Elysées! Here are the monuments that speak to you of the great soldiers; and here the *guinguettes* that display to you the great dancers of Europe. You pass by the old gardens of Beaujon; you find the *caserne* (and this tells you a good deal of the nation you are come to visit) intermingled with *cafés* and *salons littéraires;* and you see the chairs under the trees, and the open spaces left for the ball; and if you stop to read an advertisement, it will talk of the *Chevaux mécaniques*, and of the *Bal paré*, and of the *Concert des Champs Elysées;* and the sun shines upon the golden cupola of the stately Invalides, and on the glittering accoutrements of the sauntering soldier; and before you are the Tuileries, with their trees and terraces, which yonder misplaced monument cannot quite conceal; and to your right are the Seine and the chamber of deputies; and to your left the Corinthian architecture of those palaces that form the Rue de Rivoli. The tri-coloured flag floats from the gates of the royal gardens; the military uniform, mixed up with the colouring of every passing group, enriches it with its deep blue and its bright scarlet. The movement about you is universal—equipages of all kinds are passing in all directions; the movement is universal, but differing from that you are accustomed to in England; the movement is the movement of idleness and of pleasure; an indescribable mirth reigns in all you see, and the busy gaiety of Paris bursts upon you with the same effect as the glad brightness of Italy. The people, too, have all the habits of a people of the sun—they are not the people of one stock; collected in every crowd are the features and the feelings of divers races and different regions. In Paris you are not *in the climate of Paris.* France is brought into a focus, and, concentrated in the capital; you find all the varieties that vivify the many provinces of the kingdom. It is this which gives a city of the north the gracious and agreeable aspect of the south, and transports the manners that are legitimate to the olives and the myrtles of Provence, to the elms of the Champs Elysées and the Boulevards. London is the city of the English, as Constantinople is the city of the Turks. Paris is the city of Europe: it unites, more than any city in the world, the wants of a variety of classes, the habits of a variety of people. With the snow, you have the sledge of St. Petersburg; with the summer, the music, the nightly promenade, the ice, the lemonade, and all-but the sea and sky of Naples.

* Republished by Harper and brothers, New York.

"I am now at the corner of the Rue de la Paix. It is a beautiful autumnal evening. What a dazzling confusion of colours and images! white houses, green trees, and glittering lights! The rattling equipage rushes by me; the whispering saunterer lounges before; and the group is seated round the *café*; and the music is far enough away to lose all harshness; and in the background—behold! the piles of buildings, and the lines of lamps, rising one above the other, and broken at intervals by some dark mass of verdure. It is almost impossible to describe the scene, and as impossible to gaze upon it without inhaling some portion of the spirit it breathes, without feeling a character more soft and southern—a ray of light that had not penetrated there before, stealing into the severe and sombre recesses of one's northern imagination. Here it is most especially that the Boulevards justify the old French proverb, which says, 'When *le bon Dieu* is out of humour, he opens one of the windows of heaven, and recovers his spirits by a glimpse of this long line of trees.' There is certainly nothing that I know of like the Boulevards in any other city in the world."

He subsequently hurries us through most of the city in the same manner; nor could he have adopted a better mode of bringing us acquainted with the inhabitants, for—

"If you want to know the people of Paris, you must seek them abroad. They love the sun, and the air, and the sauntering stroll; they love, if it be only for a moment, to glide across the broad street, amidst the turnings and windings of which society changes its colours at every instant, like the shifting forms of a kaleidoscope: the idle loiter there for amusement, the busy steal there for distraction. Besides, it is not only the present I have been showing you. I do not know where you may better study the past. What has not even our own generation looked on from yonder windows? Robespierre, Barras, Bonaparte, the Republic, the Directory, the Empire, have all passed in triumph and defeat before them."

We are in the habit of regarding the French as, *par eminence*, polite. In Mr. H. Bulwer's opinion they are no longer so, and he thus endeavours to account for the change:—

"The manners of the French in the time of Louis 16th had one feature of similarity with ours at present. A monied aristocracy was then rising into power in France, as a monied aristocracy is now rising into power in England. *This is the aristocracy which demands obsequious servility—which is jealous and fearful of being treated with disrespect. This is the aristocracy which measures, with an uncertain eye, the height of an acquaintance. This is the aristocracy which cuts and sneers.* This aristocracy, though the aristocracy of the revolution of July, is now too powerless in France to be more than vulgar in its pretensions. French manners, then, if they are not gracious, are, at all events, not insolent; while ours, unhappily, testify on one hand, the insolence, while they do not, on the other, represent the talent and the grace of that society which presided over the later suppers of the old regime. We have no Monsieur de Fitz-James, who might be rolled in a gutter all his life, as was said by a beautiful woman of his time, 'without ever contracting a spot of dirt!' We have no Monsieur de Narbonne, who stops in the fiercest of a duel to pick up the ruffled rose that had slipped, in a careless moment, from his lips during the graceful conflict! You see no longer in France that noble air, that 'great manner,' as it was called, by which the old nobility strove to keep up the distinction between themselves and their worse-born associates, to the last, and which, of course, those associates most assiduously imitated.

"The manner is gone; the French, so far from a polite people at the present day, want that easiness of behaviour which is the first essential to politeness. Every man you meet is occupied in maintaining his dignity, and talks to you of his position. There is an evident effort and struggle, I will not say, to appear better than you are, but to appear all that you are, and to allow no person to think that you consider him better than you. Persons, no longer ranked by classes, take each, by themselves, an individual place in society. They are so many atoms, not forming a congruous or harmonious whole. They are too apt to strut forward, singly, and to say, with a great deal of action and a great deal of emphasis, 'I am nobody.'"

There are some pleasant anecdotes in the Chapter on Gallantry; and, in that on Vanity, Mr. Bulwer has unsparingly exposed and admirably illustrated the wondrous workings of this master motive, this weakness, madness, yet sometimes virtue, of the French.

"You find this vanity the predominating genius of the camp, the court, the counter—it reigns no less at the Bourse, the Morgue, or the prison. The Frenchman wishes to live with ostentation;* if he cannot do this, he does not care whether he lives or not. Like most passions, this vanity is good and bad, little and great, now sublime, now ridiculous; but upon the whole, perhaps, it appears in France as more good than bad, more great than little, even more sublime than ridiculous. Absurd in the drawing-room, fatal in darker scenes, it has made the French army the most renowned in the world, and the French nation the most united. But it has also made of the French a people eminently volatile: eager for changes that promise much, disgusted with utility that cannot boast show, and impatient of plans that run in a slow and quiet course to their perfection."

We regret that we have no space to dwell upon the Chapters on Influences, peculiarly rich in matter for reflection as they appear to us; but we must take the liberty of expressing a doubt as to the justice of the parallel, drawn by Mr. H. Bulwer, (here adopting the view taken in *England and the English*,) between the relative positions in society of the literary man of England and of France. According to him, literature in France is the surest and quickest road to the highest distinctions; the successful writer is fêted by wealth, caressed by beauty, trusted by the people, and decorated by the king—whilst in England he is scorned, calumniated, or, at best, neglected, by all four; in proof of which somewhat startling proposition, we are told of the election of M. Thiers, M. de la Martine, and M. Arago, to the Chamber of Deputies, as contrasted with Mr. Babbage's rejection by the electors of Finsbury, and of the certainty of our meeting "all the literary men who belong to all the different political opinions, at Madame D——'s, at Madame de M——'s, at Madame de R——'s" (these ladies must have large houses); whilst such, we are assured, is the degraded state of the same class in England, that "a good-natured young English nobleman told one of Mr. B.'s French acquaintances that

* In 1810, a notaire's clerk killed himself, leaving a piece of paper behind him, on which he declared that, having duly calculated and considered, he did not think it possible for him to be so great a man as Napoleon—therefore he put an end to his existence.

dancers and singers were perfectly well received in English society, but no men of letters."

Against this anecdote of a nameless young English nobleman, whom, from his designation of "good-natured," we take to be a fool, we beg leave to place the following anecdote of a young French nobleman, who certainly is not a fool. M. le Vicomte de la Martine, on being asked some question relating to Béranger by a distinguished Englishman, replied, that he had little acquaintance with men of letters, and knew nothing personally of the individual in question. This is fact, and we request Mr. H. Bulwer to explain why M. de la Martine was guilty of this piece of dandyism, if literature be a recommendation in the exclusive coteries of France. The truth is, there still exists in both countries a silly set of exclusives, who vote every thing of a *demonstrative* character,—such as genius, learning, talent, &c.,—a bore. The crowds of lords, and ladies, and honourables, ambitious of appearing in print, prove that the prejudice even in this favoured set is rapidly disappearing in England; but we look in vain for similar symptoms of a corresponding spirit of improvement in France. Certain French houses of fashion receive authors —certain English houses of fashion do the same; Mr. Babbage was lately rejected by the electors of a populous department of London, and M. Charles Dupin was rejected not long ago by a populous department of Paris. As to the number of literary men in the Chambers, it is at present remarkably small, and proves incontestably that literary men are chosen by the people in both countries, not merely as literary men, but in proportion as their studies have been of a character to acquire them political celebrity, or as they themselves are qualified by nature or fortune to attract popular favour in other modes than by their books. The subject, in its full extent, is one which we may hereafter make the subject of an article; we are now merely protesting against what appears to us to be a misstatement (no doubt involuntary) as to facts. For the present we take leave of it in the firm conviction, that, though Mr. H. Bulwer belongs, by birth and circumstances, to that class of society in which (as he tells us) "to be known as a writer is certainly to your prejudice," he will gain, instead of losing, even in their estimation by this book, and find the electors of Coventry more proud than ever to be represented by him.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

TRANSLATION FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

ARCHIUS.*

On a statue of the nymph Echo.

Pan's comrade, she who dwells amongst the rocks,
Echo, the nymph whose song the singer mocks
With his own notes made softer,—mimic gay,
Who keeps the laughing shepherd-boy at play,
The vocal mirror, as it were, of sounds
Who sends their image back with true rebounds,
Here is she—this her statue! To it say
Whate'er you will, your greeting she'll repay.

* The friend of Cicero.

From the London Metropolitan.

JAPHET IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.

Those who may be pleased to honour these pages with a perusal, will not be detained with a long history of my birth, parentage, and education. The very title implies that at this period of my memoirs I was ignorant of the two first; and it will be necessary for the due developement of my narrative, that I allow you to remain in the same state of bliss; for in the perusal of a novel, as well as in the pilgrimage of life, ignorance of the future may truly be considered as the greatest source of happiness. The little that was known at this time, I will, however, narrate as concisely, and as correctly, as I am able. It was on the night——I really forget the date, and must rise from my chair, look for a key, open a closet, and then open an iron safe to hunt over a pile of papers—it will detain you too long—it will be suffieient to say that it was on a night—but whether the night was dark or moonlit, or rainy or foggy, or cloudy or fine, or starlight, I really cannot tell; but it is of no very great consequence. Well, it was on a night about the hour—— there again I'm puzzled, it might have been ten, or eleven, or twelve, or between any of these hours; nay, it might have been past midnight, and far advancing to the morning, for what I know to the contrary. The reader must excuse an infant of——there again I am at a nonplus; but we will assume of some days old—if, when wrapped up in flannel and in a covered basket, and, moreover, fast asleep at the time, he does not exactly observe the state of the weather, and the time by the church clock. I never before was aware of the great importance of dates in telling a story; but it is now too late to recover these facts, which have been swept away into oblivion by the broad wing of Time. I must therefore just tell the little I do know, trusting to the reader's good nature, and to blanks. It is as follows:—that at the hour ——of the night——the state of the weather being also ——I, an infant of a certain age——was suspended by somebody or somebodies——at the knocker of the Foundling Hospital. Having made me fast, the said somebody or somebodies rang a peal upon the bell, which made the old porter start up in so great a hurry, that with the back of his hand he hit his better half a blow on the nose, occasioning a great suffusion of blood from that organ, and a still greater pouring forth of invectives from the organ immediately below it.

All this having been effected by the said peal on the bell, the said somebody or somebodies did incontinently take to their heels, and disappear long before the old porter could pull his legs through his nether garments and obey the rude summons. At last the old man swang open the gate, and the basket swang across his nose; he went in again for a knife and cut me down, for it was cruel to hang a baby of a few days old; carried me into the lodge, lighted a candle, and opened the basket. Thus did I metaphorically first come to light.

When he opened the basket I opened my eyes, and although I did not observe it, the old woman was standing at the table in very light attire, sponging her nose over a basin.

"Verily, a pretty babe with black eyes!" exclaimed the old man, in a tremulous voice.

"Black eyes, indeed," muttered the old woman. "I shall have two to-morrow."

"Beautiful black eyes, indeed!" continued the old man.

"Terrible black eyes, for sartain," continued the old woman, as she sponged away.

"Poor thing, it must be cold," murmured the old porter.

"Warrant I catch my death a-cold," muttered the wife.

"But, dear me, here's a paper!" exclaimed the old man.

"Vinegar and brown paper," echoed the old woman.

"Addressed to the governors of the hospital," continued the porter.

"Apply to the dispenser of the hospital," continued his wife.

"And sealed," said he.

"Get it healed," said she.

"The linen is good; it must be the child of no poor people. Who knows?"—soliloquised the old man.

"My poor nose!" exclaimed the old woman.

"I must take it to the nurses, and the letter I will give to-morrow," said the old porter, winding up his portion of this double soliloquy, and tottering away with the basket and your humble servant across the court-yard.

"There it will do now," said the old wife, wiping her face on a towel, and regaining her bed, in which she was soon joined by her husband, and they finished their nap without any further interruption during that night.

The next morning I was reported and examined, and the letter addressed to the governors was opened and read. It was laconic, but still, as most things laconic are, very much to the point.

"This child was born in wedlock—he is to be named Japhet. When circumstances permit, he will be reclaimed."

But there was a postscript by Abraham Newland, Esq., promising to pay the bearer on demand the sum of fifty pounds. In plainer terms, there was a bank note to that amount enclosed in the letter. As in general, the parties who suspend children in baskets, have long before suspended cash payments, or, at all events, forget to suspend them on the baskets, my arrival created no little noise, to which I added my share, until I obtained a share of the breast of a young woman, who, like Charity, suckled two or three babies at one time.

We have preparatory schools all over the kingdom; for young gentlemen, from three to five years of age, under ladies, and from four to seven, under either, or both sexes, as it may happen; but the most preparatory of all preparatory schools, is certainly the Foundling Hospital, which takes in its pupils, if they are sent, from one to three days old, or even hours, if the parents are in such extreme anxiety about their education. Here it commences with their weaning, when they are instructed in the mystery of devouring pap; next they are taught to walk—and as soon as they can walk—to sit still; to talk—and as soon as they can talk—to hold their tongues; thus are they instructed and passed on from one part of the establishment to another, until they finally are passed out of its gates, to get on in the world, with the advantage of some education, and the still further advantage of having no father or mother to provide for, or relatives to pester them with their necessities. It was so with me: I arrived at the age of fourteen, and notwithstanding the promise contained in the letter, it appeared that circumstances did *not* permit of my being reclaimed. But I had a great advantage over the other inmates of the hospital; the fifty pounds sent with me was not added to the funds of the establishment, but generously employed for my benefit by the governors, who were pleased with my conduct, and thought highly of my abilities. Instead of being bound 'prentice to a cordwainer, or some other mechanic, by the influence of the governors, added to the fifty pounds and interest, as a premium, I was taken by an apothecary, who engaged to bring me up to the profession. And now, that I am out of the Foundling, we must not travel quite so fast.

The practitioner who thus took me by the hand was a Mr. Phineas Cophagus, whose shop was most conveniently situated for business, one side of the shop looking upon Smithfield Market, the other presenting a surface of glass to the principal street leading out of the same market. It was a *corner* house, but not in a *corner*. On each side of the shop were two gin establishments, and next to them were two public-houses and two eating-houses, frequented by graziers, butchers, and drovers. Did the men drink so much as to quarrel in their cups, who was so handy to plaster up the broken heads as Mr. Cophagus? Did a fat grazier eat himself into an apoplexy, how very convenient was the ready lancet of Mr. Cophagus. Did a bull gore a man, Mr. Cophagus appeared with his diachylon and lint. Did an ox frighten a lady, it was in the back parlour of Mr. Cophagus that she was recovered from her syncope. Market days were a sure market to my master; and if an overdriven beast knocked down others, it only helped to set him on his legs. Our windows suffered occasionally; but whether it was broken heads, or broken limbs, or broken windows, they were well paid for. Every one suffered but Mr. Phineas Cophagus, who never suffered a patient to escape him. The shop had the usual allowance of green, yellow, and blue bottles; and in hot weather, from our vicinity, we were visited by no small proportion of blue-bottle flies. We had a white horse in one window, and a brown horse in the other, to announce to the drovers that we supplied horse-medicines. And we had all the patent medicines in the known world, even to the "all sufficient medicine for mankind" of Mr. Enouy; having which, I wondered, on my first arrival, why we troubled ourselves about any others. The shop was large, and at the back part there was a most capacious iron mortar, with a pestle to correspond. The first floor was tenanted by Mr. Cophagus, who was a bachelor, the second floor was let; the others were appropriated to the housekeeper, and to those who formed the establishment. In this well-situated tenement, Mr. Cophagus got on swimmingly. I will therefore, for the present, sink the shop, that my master may rise in the estimation of the reader, when I describe his person and his qualifications.

Mr. Phineas Cophagus might have been about forty-five years of age when I first had the honour of an introduction to him in the receiving room of the Foundling Hospital. He was of the middle height, his face was thin, his nose very much hooked, his eyes small and peering, with a good-humoured twinkle in them, his mouth large, and drawn down at one corner. He was stout in his body, and carried a considerable protuberance before him, which he was in the habit of patting with his left hand very complacently; but although stout in his body, his legs were mere spindles, so that, in his appearance, he reminded you of some bird of the crane genus. Indeed I may say, that his whole figure gave you just such an appearance as an orange might do, had it taken to itself a couple of pieces of tobacco pipes as vehicles of locomotion. He was dressed in a black coat and waistcoat, white cravat and high collar to his shirt, blue cotton-net pantaloons and Hessian boots, both fitting so tight, that it appeared as if he was proud of his spindle shanks. His hat was broad-brimmed and low, and he carried a stout black cane with a gold top in his right hand, almost always raising the gold top to his nose when he spoke, just as we see doctors represented at a consultation in the caricature prints. But if his figure was strange, his language and manners were still more so. He spoke, as some birds fly, in jerks, intermixing his words, for he never completed a whole sentence, with *um—um*—and ending it with "*so on*," leaving his hearers to supply the context from the heads of his discourse. Almost always in motion, he generally changed his position as soon as he had finished speaking, walking to any other part of the room, with his cane to his nose, and his head cocked on one side, with a self-sufficient tiptoe gait. When I was ushered into his presence, he was standing with two of the governors. "This is the lad," said one of them, "his name is *Japhet*."

"Japhet," replied Mr. Cophagus; "um, scriptural—Shem, Ham, um—and so on. Boy reads?"

"Very well, and writes a very good hand. He is a very good boy, Mr. Cophagus."

"Read—write—spell—good, and *so on*. Bring him up—rudiments—spatula—write labels—um—M. D. one of these days—make a man of him—and so on," said this strange personage, walking round and round me with his cane to his nose, and scrutinizing my person with his twinkling eyes. I was dismissed after this examination and approval, and the next day, dressed in a plain suit of clothes, was delivered by the porter at the shop of Mr. Phineas Cophagus, who was not at home when I arrived. A tall, fresh coloured, but hectic looking young man, stood behind the counter, making up prescriptions, and a dirty lad, about thirteen years old, was standing near with his basket to deliver the medicines to the several addresses, as soon as they were ready. The young man behind the counter, whose name was Brookes, was within eighteen months of serving his time, when his friends intended to establish him on his own account, and this was the reason which induced Mr. Cophagus to take me, that I might learn the business, and supply his place when he left. Mr. Brookes was a very quiet, amiable person, kind to me and the other boy who carried out the medicines, and who had been taken by Mr Cophagus for his food and raiment. The porter told Mr. Brookes who I was, and left me. "Do you think that you will like to be an apothecary?" said Mr. Brookes to me, with a benevolent smile.

"Yes; I do not see why I should not," replied I.

"Stop a moment," said the lad who was waiting with the basket, looking archly at me, "you havn't got through your *rudimans* yet."

"Hold your tongue, Timothy," said Mr. Brookes. "That you are not very fond of the rudiments, as Mr. Cophagus calls them, is very clear. Now walk off as fast as you can with these medicines, sir—14, Spring Street; 16, Cleaver Street, as before; and then to John Street, 55, Mrs. Smith's. Do you understand?"

"To be sure I do—can't I read? I reads all the directions, and all your Latin stuff into the bargain—all your summen dusses, horez, diez, cockly hairy. I mean to set up for myself one of these days."

"I'll knock you down one of these days, Mr. Timothy, if you stay so long as you do, looking at the print shops; that you may depend upon."

"I keep up all my learning that way," replied Timothy, walking off with his load, turning his head round and laughing at me, as he quitted the shop. Mr. Brookes smiled, but said nothing.

As Timothy went out, in came Mr. Cophagus. "Heh! Japhet. I see," said he, putting up his cane, "nothing to do—bad—must work—um—and so on. Mr. Brookes—boy learn rudiments—good—and so on." Hereupon Mr. Cophagus took his cane from his nose, pointed to the large iron mortar, and then walked away into the back parlour. Mr. Brookes understood his master, if I did not. He wiped out the mortar, threw in some drugs, and, showing me how to use the pestle, left me to my work. In half an hour I discovered why it was that Timothy had such an objection to what Mr. Cophagus facetiously termed the *rudiments* of the profession. It was dreadful hard work for a boy; the perspiration ran down me in streams, and I could hardly lift my arms. When Mr. Cophagus passed through the shop and looked at me, as I continued to thump away with the heavy iron pestle, "Good,"—said he, "by and by—M. D.—and so on." I thought it was a very rough road to such preferment, and I stopped to take a little breath. "By the by—Japhet—Christian name—and so on—sirname—heh!"

"Mr. Cophagus wishes to know your other name," said Mr. Brookes, interpreting.

I have omitted to acquaint the reader that sirnames as well as Christian names, are always given to the children at the Foundling, and in consequence of the bank note found in my basket, I had been named after the celebrated personage whose signature it bore. "Newland is my other name, sir," replied I.

"Newland—heh!—very good name—every body likes to see that name—and have plenty of them in his pockets too—um—very comfortable—and so on," replied Mr. Cophagus, leaving the shop.

I resumed my thumping occupation, when Timothy returned with his empty basket. He laughed when he saw me at work. "Well, how do you like the rudimans?—and so on—heh!" said he, mimicking Mr. Cophagus.

"Not overmuch," replied I, wiping my face.

"That was my job before you came. I have been more than a year, and never have got out of those rudimans yet, and I suppose I never shall."

Mr. Brookes, perceiving that I was tired, desired me to leave off, an order which I gladly obeyed, and I took my seat in a corner of the shop.

"There," said Timothy, laying down his basket; "no more work for me, *hanty prandium*, is there, Mr. Brookes?"

"No, Tim; but *post prandium*, you'll *post* off again."

Dinner being ready, and Mr. Cophagus having returned, he and Mr. Brookes went into the back parlour, leaving Timothy and me in the shop to announce customers. And I shall take this opportunity of introducing Mr. Timothy more particularly, as he will play a very conspicuous part in this narrative. Timothy was short in stature for his age, but very strongly built. He had an oval face, with a very dark complexion, grey eyes flashing from under their long eyelashes, and eyebrows nearly meeting each other. He was marked with the small pox, not so much as to disfigure him, but still it was very perceptible when near to him. His countenance was always lighted up with merriment; there was such a happy, devil-may-care expression in his face that you liked him the first minute that you were in his company, and I was intimate with him immediately.

"I say, Japhet," said he, "where did you come from?"

"The Foundling," replied I.

"Then you have no friends or relations."

"If I have, I do not know where to find them," replied I, very gravely.

"Pooh! don't be grave upon it. I hav'n't any either. I was brought up by the parish, in the workhouse. I was found at the door of a gentleman's house, who sent me to the overseers—I was about a year old then. They call me a foundling, but I don't care what they call me, so long as they don't call me too late for dinner. Father and mother, whoever they were, when they run away from me, didn't run away with my appetite. I wonder how long master means to play with his knife and fork. As for Mr. Brookes, what he eats wouldn't physic a snipe. What's your other name, Japhet?"

"Newland."

"Newland—now you shall have mine in exchange: Timothy Oldmixon at your service. They christened me after the workhouse pump, which had 'Timothy Oldmixon fecit' on it; and the overseers thought it as good a name to give me as any other; so I was christened after the pump-maker with some of the pump water. As soon as I was big enough, they employed me to pump all the water for the use of the workhouse. I worked at my *pons*, as I called the pump, all day long. Few sons worked their father more, or disliked him so much; and now, Japhet, you see, from habit, I'm pumping you."

"You'll soon pump dry, then, for I've very little to tell you," replied I; "but, tell me, what sort of a person is our master?"

"He's just what you see him, never alters, hardly

ever out of humour, and when he is, he is just as odd as ever. He very often threatens me, but I have never had a blow yet, although Mr. Brookes has complained once or twice."

"But surely Mr. Brookes is not cross?"

"No, he is a very good gentleman; but sometimes I carry on my rigs a little too far, I must say that. For, as Mr. Brookes says, people may die for want of the medicines, because I put down my basket to play. It's very true; but I can't give up 'peg in the ring' on that account. But then I only get a box of the ear from Mr. Brookes, and that goes for nothing. Mr. Cophagus shakes his stick, and says, 'Bad boy—big stick—*um*—wont forget—next time—and so on,'" continued Timothy, laughing; "and it is *so on*, to the end of the chapter."

"By this time Mr. Cophagus and his assistant had finished their dinner, and came into the shop. The former looked at me, put his stick to his nose, "Little boys—always hungry—um—like good dinner—roast beef—Yorkshire pudding—and so on," and he pointed with the stick to the back parlour. Timothy and I understood him very well this time: we went into the parlour, when the housekeeper sat down with us and helped us. She was a terribly cross, little, old woman, but as honest as she was cross, which is all that I shall say in her favour. Timothy was no favourite, because he had such a good appetite; and it appeared that I was not very likely to stand well in her good opinion, for I also ate a great deal, and every extra mouthful I took I sank in her estimation, till I was nearly at the zero, where Timothy had long been for the same offence; but Mr. Cophagus would not allow her to stint him, saying, "Little boys must eat—or won't grow—and so on."

I soon found out that we were not only well fed, but in every other point well treated, and I was very comfortable and happy. Mr. Brookes instructed me in the art of labeling and tying up, and in a very short time I was very expert; and, as Timothy predicted, the rudiments were once more handed over to him. Mr. Cophagus supplied me with good clothes, but never gave me any pocket money, and Timothy and I often lamented that we had not even a halfpenny to spend.

Before I had been many months in the shop, Mr. Brookes was able to leave when any exigence required his immediate attendance. I made up the pills, but he weighed out the quantities in the prescriptions; if, therefore, any one came in for medicines, I desired them to wait the return of Mr. Brookes, who would be in very soon. One day, when Mr. Brookes was out, and I was sitting behind the counter, Timothy sitting on it, and swinging his legs to and fro, both lamenting that we had no pocket money, Timothy said, "Japhet, I've been puzzling my brains how we can get some money, and I've hit it at last; let you and I turn doctors; we won't send all the people away who come when Mr. Brookes is out, but we'll physic them ourselves."

I jumped at the idea, and he had hardly proposed it, when an old woman came in, and addressing Timothy, said, "That she wanted something for her poor grandchild's sore throat."

"I don't mix up the medicines, ma'am," replied Timothy; "you must apply to that gentleman, Mr. Newland, who is behind the counter—he understands what is good for every body's complaints."

"Bless his handsome face—and so young too! Why, be you a doctor, sir?"

"I should hope so," replied I; "what is it you require—a lotion, or an embrocation?"

"I don't understand those hard words, but I want some doctor's stuff."

"Very well, my good woman; I know what is proper," replied I, assuming an important air. "Here, Timothy, wash out this vial very clean."

"Yes, sir," replied Timothy, very respectfully.

I took one of the measures, and putting in a little green, a little blue, and a little white liquid from the medicine bottles generally used by Mr. Brookes, filled it up with water, poured the mixture into the vial, corked, and labeled it, *haustus statim sumendus*, and handed it over the counter to the old woman.

"Is the poor child to take it, or is it to rub outside?" enquired the old woman.

"The directions are on the label;—but you don't read Latin?"

"Deary me, no! Latin! and do you understand Latin? what a nice clever boy!"

"I should not be a good doctor if I did not," replied I. On second thoughts I considered it advisable and safer that the application should be external, so I translated the label to her—"*Haustus*, rub it in—*statim*, on the throat—*sumendus*, with the palm of the hand."

"Deary me! and does it mean all that? How much have I to pay, sir?"

"Embrocation is a very dear medicine, my good woman; it ought to be eighteen pence, but, as you are a poor woman, I shall only charge you nine-pence."

"I'm sure I thank you kindly, sir," replied the old woman, putting down the money, and wishing me a good morning, as she left the shop.

"Bravo!" cried Timothy, rubbing his hands; "it's halves, Japhet, is it not?"

"Yes," replied I; "but first we must be honest, and not cheat Mr. Cophagus; the vial is sold, you know, for one penny, and I suppose the stuff I have taken is not worth a penny more. Now, if we put aside two-pence for Mr. Cophagus, we don't cheat him, or steal his property; the other seven-pence is of course ours—being the *profits of the profession*."

"But how shall we account for receiving the two-pence?" said Timothy.

"Selling two vials instead of one; they are never reckoned, you know."

"That will do capitally," cried Timothy; "and now for halves." But this could not be managed until Timothy had run out and changed the sixpence; we then each had our three-pence halfpenny, and for once in our lives could say that we had money in our pockets.

The success of our first attempt encouraged us to proceed; but afraid that I might do some mischief, I asked of Mr. Brookes the nature and qualities of the various medicines, as he was mixing the prescriptions, that I might avoid taking any of those which were poisonous. Mr. Brookes, pleased with my continual enquiries, gave me all the information I could desire, and thus I gained not only a great deal of information, but also a great deal of credit with Mr. Cophagus, to whom Mr. Brookes had made known my diligence and thirst for knowledge.

"Good—very good," said Mr. Cophagus; "fine boy—learns his business—M. D. one of these days—ride in his coach—um, and so on." Nevertheless, at my second attempt, I made an awkward mistake, which very nearly led to detection. An Irish labourer, more than half tipsy, came in one evening, and asked whether we had such a thing as was called "*A poor man's plaster*. By the powers, it will be a poor man's plaster, when it belongs to me; but they tell me that it's a sure and sartain cure for the thumbago, as they call it, which I've at the small of my back, and which is a hinder to my mounting up the ladder; so as it's Saturday night, and I've just got the money, I'll buy the plaster first, and then try what a little whiskey inside will do; the devil's in it if it won't be driven out of me between the two."

We had not that plaster in the shop, but we had blister plaster, and Timothy handing one to me, I proffered it to him. "And what may you be after asking for this same?" enquired he.

The blister plasters were sold at a shilling each, when

spread on paper, so I asked him eighteen-pence, that we might pocket the extra sixpence.

"By the powers, one would think that you had made a mistake, and handed me the rich man's plaster instead of the poor one. It's less whiskey I'll have to drink, any how; but here's the money, and the top of the morning to ye, seeing as how it's jist coming on night."

Timothy and I laughed as we divided the sixpence. It appeared that after taking his allowance of whiskey, the poor fellow fixed the plaster on his back when he went to bed, and the next morning found himself in a condition not to be envied. It was a week before we saw him again, and, much to the horror of Timothy and myself, he walked into the shop when Mr. Brookes was employed behind the counter. Timothy perceived him before he saw us, and pulling me behind the large mortar, we contrived to make our escape into the back parlour, the door of which we held ajar to hear what would take place.

"Murder and turf!" cried the man, "but that was the devil's own plaster that you gave me here for my back, and it left me as raw as a turnip, taking every bit of my skin off me entirely, forbye my lying in bed for a whole week, and losing my day's work."

"I really do not recollect supplying you with a plaster, my good man," replied Mr. Brookes.

"Then, by the piper that played before Moses, if you don't recollect it, I've an idea that I shall never forget it. Sure enough, it cured me, but wasn't I quite kilt before I was cured?"

"It must have been some other shop," observed Mr. Brookes. "You have made a mistake."

"Devil a bit of a mistake, except in selling me the plaster. Didn't I get it of a lad in this same shop?"

"Nobody sells things out of this shop without my knowledge."

The Irishman was puzzled—he looked round the shop. "Well, then, if this an't the shop, it was own sister to it."

"Timothy," called Mr. Brookes.

"And sure enough there was a Timothy in the other shop, for I heard the boy call the other by name; however, it's no matter, if it took off the skin, it also took away the thumbago, so the morning to you, Mr. Pottykarry."

When the Irishman departed, we made our appearance. "Japhet, did you sell a plaster to an Irishman?"

"Yes—don't you recollect, last Saturday? and I gave you the shilling."

"Very true; but what did he ask for?"

"He asked for a plaster, but he was very tipsy. I showed him a blister, and he took it;" and then I looked at Timothy and laughed.

"You must not play such tricks," said Mr. Brookes. "I see what you have been about—it was a joke to you, but not to him."

Mr. Brookes, who imagined we had sold it to the Irishman out of fun, then gave us a very severe lecture, and threatened to acquaint Mr. Cophagus if ever we played such tricks again. Thus the affair blew over, and it made me very careful; and, as every day I knew more about medicines, I was soon able to mix them, so as to be of service to those who applied, and before eighteen months had expired, I was trusted in mixing up all the prescriptions. At the end of that period Mr. Brookes left us, and I took the whole of his department upon myself, giving great satisfaction to Mr. Cophagus.

And now, that I have announced my promotion, it will perhaps be as well that I give the reader some idea of my personal appearance, upon which I have hitherto been silent. I was thin, between fifteen and sixteen years old, very tall for my age, and of my figure I had no reason to be ashamed; a large beaming eye, and strongly marked aquiline nose, a high forehead, fair in complexion, but with very dark hair. I was always what may be termed a remarkably clean-looking boy, from the peculiarity of my skin and complexion; my teeth were small, but were transparent, and I had a very deep dimple in my chin. Like all embryo apothecaries, I carried in my appearance, if not the look of wisdom, most certainly that of self-sufficiency, which does equally well with the world in general. My forehead was smooth, and very white, and my dark locks were combed back systematically, and with a regularity that said, as plainly as hair could do, "The owner of this does every thing by prescription, measurement, and rule." With my long fingers I folded up the little packets, with an air as thoughtful and imposing as that of a minister who has just presented a protocol as interminable as unintelligible; and the look of solemn sagacity with which I poured out the contents of one vial into the other, would have well become the king's physician, when he watched the "lord's anointed" in *articulo mortis*.

As I followed up my saturnine avocations, I generally had an open book on the counter beside me; not a marble-covered, dirty volume, from the Minerva press, or a half-bound, half-guinea's worth of Colburn's fashionable trash; but a good, honest, heavy-looking, wisdom-implying book, horribly stuffed with epithet of drug; a book in which Latin words were redundant, and here and there were to be observed the crabbed characters of Greek. Altogether, with my book and my look, I cut such a truly medical appearance, that even the most guarded would not have hesitated to allow me the sole conduct of a whitlow, from inflammation to suppuration, and from suppuration to cure, or have refused to have confided to me the entire suppression of a gumboil. Such were my personal qualifications at the time that I was raised to the important office of dispenser of, I may say, life and death.

It will not surprise the reader when I tell him that I was much noticed by those who came to consult, or talk with Mr. Cophagus. "A very fine looking lad that, Mr. Cophagus," an acquaintance would say. "Where did you get him—who is his father?"

"Father!" Mr. Cophagus would reply, when they had gained the back parlour, but I could overhear him, "father, um—can't tell—love concealment—child born—foundling hospital—put out—and so on."

This was constantly occurring, and the constant occurrence made me often reflect upon my condition, which otherwise I might, from the happy and even tenor of my life, have forgotten. When I retired to my bed I would revolve in my mind all that I had gained from the governors of the hospital relative to myself. The paper found in the basket had been given to me. I was born in wedlock—at least, so said that paper. The sum left with me also proved that my parents could not, at my birth, have been paupers. The very peculiar circumstances attending my case, only made me more anxious to know my parentage. I was now old enough to be aware of the value of birth, and I was also just entering the age of romance, and many were the strange and absurd reveries in which I indulged. At one time, I would cherish the idea that I was of noble, if not princely birth, and frame reasons for concealment. At others—but it is useless to repeat the absurdities and castle buildings which were generated in my brain from mystery. My airy fabrics would at last disappear, and leave me in all the misery of doubt and abandoned hope. Mr. Cophagus, when the question was sometimes put to him, would say, "Good boy—very good boy—don't want a father." But he was wrong, I did want a father; and every day the want became more pressing, and I found myself continually repeating the question, "*Who is my father?*"

The departure of Mr. Brookes of course rendered me more able to follow up with Timothy my little profes-

sional attempts to procure pocket money; but independent of these pillagings by the aid of pills, and making drafts upon our master's legitimate profits, by the assistance of draughts from his shop, accident shortly enabled me to raise the ways and means in a more rapid manner. But of this directly. In the mean time I was fast gaining knowledge; every evening I read surgical and medical books, put into my hands by Mr. Cophagus, who explained whenever I applied to him, and I soon obtained a very fair smattering of my profession. He also taught me how to bleed, by making me, in the first instance, puncture very scientifically all the larger veins of a cabbage-leaf, until well satisfied with the delicacy of my hand, and the precision of my eye, be wound up my instructions by permitting me to breathe a vein in his own arm.

"Well," said Timothy, when he first saw me practising, "I have often heard it said, that there's no getting blood out of a turnip; but it seems there is more chance in a cabbage. I tell you what, Japhet, you may try your hand upon me as much as you please, for two-pence a go."

I consented to this arrangement, and by dint of practising on Timothy over and over again, I became quite perfect. I should here observe, that my anxiety relative to my birth increased every day, and in one of the books lent me by Mr. Cophagus, there was a dissertation upon the human frame, sympathies, antipathies, and also on those features and peculiarities most likely to descend from one generation to another. It was there asserted, that the *nose* was the facial feature most likely to be transmitted from father to son. As I before have mentioned, my nose was peculiarly aquiline; and after I had read this book, it was surprising with what eagerness I examined the faces of those whom I met; and if I saw a nose upon a man's face, at all resembling my own, I immediately would wonder and surmise whether that person could be my father. The constant dwelling upon the subject at last created a species of monomania, and a hundred times a day I would mutter to myself, "*Who is my father?*" indeed, the very bells, when they rung a peal, seemed, as in the case of Whittington, to chime the question, and at last I talked so much on the subject to Timothy, who was my *Fidus Achates*, and bosom friend, that I really believe, partial as he was to me, he wished my father at the devil.

Our shop was well appointed with all that glare and glitter with which we decorate the "*house of call*" of disease and death. Being situated in such a thoroughfare, passengers would stop to look in, and ragged-vested, and in other garments still more ragged, little boys would stand to stare at the variety of colours, and the 'pottecary gentleman, your humble servant, who presided over so many labeled-in-gold phalanxes which decorated the sides of the shop. Among those who always stopped and gazed as she passed by, which was generally three or four times a day, was a well-dressed female, about forty years of age, straight as an arrow, with an elasticity of step, and a decision in her manner of walking which was almost masculine, although her form, notwithstanding that it was tall and thin, was extremely feminine and graceful. Sometimes she would fix her eyes upon me, and there was a wildness in her looks, which certainly gave a painful impression, and at the same time so fascinated me, that when I met her gaze, the paper which contained the powder remained unfolded, and the arm which was pouring out the liquid suspended. She was often remarked by Timothy, as well as me; and we further remarked, that her step was not equal throughout the day. In her latter peregrinations, towards the evening, her gait was more vigorous, but unequal, at the same time that her gaze was more steadfast. She usually passed the shop for the last time each day, about five o'clock in the afternoon. One evening, after we had watched her past as we supposed, to return no more till the ensuing morning—for this peeping in, on her part, had become an expected occurrence, and afforded much amusement to Timothy, who designated her as the "mad woman,"—to our great surprise, and to the alarm of Timothy, who sprung over the counter, and took a position by my side, she walked into the shop. Her eye appeared wild, as usual, but I could not make out that it was insanity; I rather ascribed it to religious fanaticism. I recovered my self-possession, and desired Timothy to hand the lady a chair, begging to know in what way I could be useful. Timothy walked round by the end of the counter, pushed a chair near to her, and then made a hasty retreat to his former position. She declined the chair with a motion of her hand, in which there was much dignity, as well as grace, and placing upon the counter her hands, which were small and beautifully white, she bent forward towards me, and said, in a sweet, low voice, which actually startled me by its depth of melody, "I am very ill."

My astonishment increased every moment. Why, I know not, because the exceptions are certainly as many as the general rule, we always form an estimate of the voice before we hear it, from the outward appearance of the speaker; and when I looked up in her face, which was now exposed to the glare of the argand lamp, and witnessed the cadaverous, pale, chalky expression on it, and the crow feet near the eyes, and wrinkles on her forehead, I should have sooner expected to have heard a burst of heavenly symphony from a thunder-cloud, than such music as issued from her parted lips.

"Good heavens, madam!" said I, eagerly and respectfully, "allow me to send for Mr. Cophagus."

"By no means," replied she. "I come to you. I am aware," continued she, in an under tone, "that you dispense medicines, give advice, and receive money yourself."

I felt very much agitated, and the blush of detection mounted up to my forehead. Timothy, who heard what she said, showed his uneasiness in a variety of grotesque ways. He drew up his legs alternately, as if he were dancing on hot plates; he slapped his pockets, grinned, clenched his fists, ground his teeth, and bit his lips till he made the blood come. At last he sidled up to me, "She has been peeping and screwing those eyes of hers into this shop for something. It's all up with both of us, unless you can buy her off."

"I have, madam," said I at last, "ventured to prescribe in some trivial cases, and, as you say, receive money when my master is not here; but I am entrusted with the till."

"I know—I know—you need not fear me. You are too modest. What I would request is, that you would prescribe for me, as I have no great opinion of your master's talents."

"If you wish it, madam," said I, bowing respectfully.

"You have camphor julep ready made up, have you not?"

"Yes, madam," replied I.

"Then do me the favour to send the boy with a bottle to my house directly." I handed down the bottle, she paid for it, and putting it into Timothy's hands, desired him to take it to the direction which she gave him. Timothy put on his hat, cocked his eye at me, and left us alone.

"What is your name?" said she, in the same melodious voice.

"Japhet Newland, madam," replied I.

"Japhet—it is a good, a scriptural name," said the lady, musing in half soliloquy, "Newland—that sounds of mammon."

"This mystery is unraveled," thought I, and I was right in my conjectures. "She is some fanatical metho-

dist;" but I looked at her again, and her dress disclaimed the idea, for in it there was much taste displayed.

"Who gave you that name?" said she, after a pause.

The question was simple enough, but it stirred up a host of annoying recollections; but not wishing to make a confidant of her, I gently replied, as I used to do in the Foundling Hospital on Sunday morning—"My godfathers and godmothers in my baptism, ma'am."

"My dear sir, I am very ill," said she, after a pause, "will you feel my pulse?"

I touched a wrist, and looked at a hand that was worthy of being admired. What a pity, thought I, that she should be old, ugly, and half crazy!

"Do you not think that this pulse of mine exhibits considerable nervous excitement? I reckoned it this morning, it was at a hundred and twenty."

"It certainly beats quick," replied I, "but, perhaps, the camphor julep may prove beneficial."

"I thank you for your advice, Mr. Newland," said she, laying down a guinea, "and if I am not better, I will call again, or send for you. Good night."

She walked out of the shop, leaving me in no small astonishment. What could she mean? I was lost in reverie, when Timothy returned. The guinea remained on the counter.

"I met her going home," said he. "Bless me—a guinea—why, Japhet!" I recounted all that had passed. "Well, then, it has turned out well for us, instead of ill as I expected."

The *us* reminded me that we shared profits on these occasions, and I offered Timothy his half; but Tim, with all his *espièglerie*, was not selfish, and he stoutly refused to take his share. He dubbed me an M. D., and said I had beat Mr. Cophagus already, for he had never taken a physician's fee.

"I cannot understand it, Timothy," said I, after a few minutes' thought.

"I can," replied Timothy. "She has looked in at the window until she has fallen in love with your handsome face; that's it, depend upon it." As I could find no other cause, and Tim's opinion was backed by my own vanity, I imagined that such must be the case. "Yes, 'tis so," continued Timothy, "as the saying is, there's money bid for you."

"I wish that it had not been by so ill-favoured a person, at all events, Tim," replied I; "I cannot return her affection."

"Never mind that, so long as you don't return the money."

The next evening she made her appearance, bought as before a bottle of camphor julep—sent Timothy home with it, and asking my advice, paid me another guinea.

"Really, madam," said I, putting it back towards her, "I am not entitled to it."

"Yes, you are," replied she. "I know you have no friends, and I also know that you deserve them. You must purchase books, you must study, or you never will be a great man." She then sat down, entered into conversation, and I was struck with the fire and vigour of the remarks which were uttered in such a melodious tone.

Her visits, during a month, were constant, and every time did she press upon me a fee. Although not in love with her person, I certainly felt very grateful, and, moreover, was charmed with the superiority of her mind. We were now on the most friendly and confiding terms. One evening, she said to me, "Japhet, we have now been friends some time. Can I trust you?"

"With your life, if it were necessary," replied I.

"I believe it," said she. "Then can you leave the shop and come to me to-morrow evening?"

"Yes, if you will send your maid for me, saying that you are not well."

"I will, at eight o'clock. Farewell, then, till to-morrow."

The next evening I left Timothy in charge, and repaired to her house; it was very respectable in outward appearance, as well as its furniture. I was not, however, shown up into the first floor, but into the room below.

"Miss Judd will come directly, sir," said a tall, meagre, puritanical looking maid, shutting the door upon me. In a few minutes, during which my pulse beat quick, for I could not but expect some disclosure; whether it was to be one of love or murder, I hardly knew which. Miss Aramathea Judd, for such was her Christian name, made her appearance, and sitting down on the sofa, requested me to take a seat by her.

"Mr. Newland," said she, "I wish to—and I think I can—entrust you with a secret most important to me. Why I am obliged to do it, you will perfectly comprehend when you have heard my story. Tell me, are you attached to me?"

This was a home question to a forward lad of sixteen. I took her by the hand, and when I looked down on it, I felt as if I was. I looked up into her face, and felt that I was not. And as I now was close to her, I perceived that she must have some aromatic drug in her mouth, as it smelt strongly—this gave me the supposition that the breath, which drew such melodious tones, was not equally sweet, and I felt a certain increased degree of disgust.

"I am very grateful, Miss Judd," replied I; "I hope I shall prove that I am attached when you confide in me."

"Swear, then, by all that's sacred, you will not reveal what I do confide."

"By all that's sacred I will not," replied I, kissing her hand with more fervour than I expected from myself.

"Do me then the favour to excuse me one minute." She left the room, and in a very short time, there returned, in the same dress, in every other point the same person, but with a young and lively face of not more, apparently, than twenty-two or twenty-three years old. I started as if I had seen an apparition. "Yes," said she, smiling, "you now see Aramathea Judd without disguise; and you are the first who has seen that face for more than two years. Before I proceed further, again I say, may I trust you—swear!"

"I do swear," replied I, and took her hand for the book, which this time I kissed with pleasure, over and over again. Like a young jackass as I was, I still retained her hand, throwing as much persuasion as I possibly could in my eyes. In fact, I did enough to have softened the hearts of three bonnet-makers. I began to feel most dreadfully in love, and thought of marriage, and making my fortune, and I don't know what; but all this was put an end to by one simple short sentence, delivered in a very decided but soft voice, "Japhet, don't be silly."

I was crushed, and all my hopes crushed with me. I dropped her hand, and sat like a fool.

"And now hear me. I am, as you must have already found out, an impostor; that is, I am what is called a religious adventuress—a new term, I grant, and perhaps only applicable to a very few. My aunt was considered, by a certain sect, to be a great prophetess, and had the gift of the unknown tongues, which I hardly need tell you, is all nonsense; nevertheless, there are hundreds who believed in her, and do so now. Brought up with my aunt, I soon found out what fools and dupes may be made of mankind by taking advantage of their credulity. She had her religious inspirations, her trances, and her convulsions, and I was always behind the scenes: she confided in me, and I may say that I was her only confidant. You cannot, therefor, wonder at my practising that deceit to which I have been brought up from almost my infancy. In person I am the exact counterpart of what my aunt was at my age, equally so in figure, although my figure is now disguised to resemble that of a woman of her age." I looked when she said this, and perceived that by carrying the bones of her stays up very

high, she had contrived to give an appearance of flatness to a breast, which seemed to swell with indignation at such treatment. "I often had dressed myself in my aunt's clothes, put on her cap and front, and then the resemblance was very striking. My aunt fell sick and died; but she promised the disciples that she would reappear to them, and they believed her. I did not. She was buried, and by many her return was anxiously expected. It occurred to me about a week afterwards that I might contrive to deceive them. I dressed in my aunt's clothes, I painted and disguised my face as you have seen, and the deception was complete, even to myself, as I surveyed myself in the glass. I boldly set off in the evening to the tabernacle, which I knew they still frequented—came into the midst of them, speaking in the unknown tongue, and they fell down and worshipped me as a prophetess risen from the dead; deceived, indeed, by my appearance, but still more deceived by their own credulity. For two years I have been omnipotent with them; but there is one difficulty which shakes the faith of the new converts, and new converts I must have, Japhet, as the old ones die, or I should not be able to fee my physician. It is this; by habit I can almost throw myself into a stupor or a convulsion, but to do that effectually, to be able to carry on the deception for so long a time, and to undergo the severe fatigue attending such violent exertion, it is necessary that I have recourse to stimulants—do you understand?"

"I do," replied I; "I have more than once thought you under the influence of them towards the evening. I'm afraid that you take more than is good for your health."

"Not more than I require for what I have to undergo to keep up the faith of my disciples; but there are many who waver, some who doubt, and I find that my movements are watched. I cannot trust the woman in this house. I think she is a spy set upon me, but I cannot remove her, as this house, and all which it contains, are not mine, but belong to the disciples in general. There is another woman, not far off, who is my rival; she calls me an impostor, and says that hers is the true unknown tongue, and mine is not. This will be rather difficult for her to prove," continued she, with a mocking smile, "as neither are, or can be, understood. Beset as I am, I require your assistance, for you must be aware that it is rather discreditable to a prophetess, who has risen from the dead, to be seen all day at the gin-shop, yet without stimulants now I could not exist."

"And how can I assist you?"

"By sending me, as medicine, that which I dare no longer procure in any other way, and keeping the secret which I have imparted."

"I will do both with pleasure; but yet," said I, "is it not a pity, a thousand pities, that one so young—and, if you will allow me to add, so lovely, should give herself up to ardent spirits? Why," continued I, taking her small white hand, "why should you carry on the deception; why sacrifice your health, and, I may say, your happiness——" What more I might have said I know not, probably it might have been an offer of marriage, but she cut me short.

"Why does every body sacrifice their health, their happiness, their all, but for ambition and the love of power? It is true, as long as this little beauty lasts, I might be courted as a woman, but never should I be worshipped as—I may say—a god. No, no—there is something too delightful in that adoration, something too pleasant in witnessing a crowd of fools stare, and those three times my age falling down and kissing the hem of my garment. This is, indeed, adoration! the delight arising from it is so great, that all other passions are crushed by it—it absorbs all other feelings, and has closed my heart even against love, Japhet. I could not, I would not debase myself, sink so low in my own estimation, as to allow so paltry a passion to have dominion over me; and, indeed, now that I am so wedded to stimulants, even if I were no longer a prophetess, it never could."

"But is not intoxication one of the most debasing of all habits?"

"I grant you, in itself; but with me and in my situation it is different. I fall to rise again, and higher. I cannot be what I am without I stimulate—I cannot stimulate without stimulants, therefore it is but a means to a great and glorious ambition."

I had more conversation with her before I left, but nothing appeared to move her resolution, and I left her, lamenting, in the first place, that she had abjured love, because, notwithstanding the orris root, which she kept in her mouth to take away the smell of the spirits, I found myself very much taken with such beauty of person, combined with so much vigour of mind; and in the second, that one so young should carry on a system of deceit and self-destruction. When I rose to go away, she put five guineas in my hand, to enable me to purchase what she required. "Add to this one small favour," said I, "Aramathea—allow me a kiss."

"A kiss," replied she, with scorn; "no, Japhet, look upon me, for it is the last time you will behold my youth; look upon me as a sepulchre, fair without, but unsavory and rottenness within. Let me do a greater kindness, let me awaken your dormant energies, and plant that ambition in your soul, which may lead to all that is great and good—a better path, and more worthy of a man than the one which I have partly chosen, and partly destiny has decided for me. Look upon me as your friend; although, perhaps, you truly say, no friend unto myself. Farewell—remember that to-morrow you will send the medicine which I require."

I left her, and returned home: it was late. I went to bed, and having disclosed as much to Timothy as I could safely venture to do, I fell fast asleep, but her figure and her voice haunted me in my dreams. At one time she appeared before me in her painted enameled face, and then the mask fell off, and I felt at her feet to worship her extreme beauty; then her beauty would vanish, and she would appear an image of loathsomeness and deformity, and I felt suffocated with the atmosphere impregnated with the smell of liquor. I would wake and compose myself again, glad to be rid of the horrid dream; but again would she appear, with a hydra's tail, like Sin, in Milton's Paradise Lost, wind herself round me, her beautiful face gradually changing into that of a skeleton. I cried out with terror, and awoke to sleep no more, and effectually cured by my dream of the penchant which I felt towards Miss Aramathea Judd.

The next day I sent Timothy to purchase some highly rectified white brandy, which I coloured with a blue tincture, and added to it a small proportion of the essence of cinnamon, to disguise the smell; a dozen large vials, carefully tied up and sealed, were despatched to her abode. She now seldom called, unless it was early in the morning; I made repeated visits to her house to receive money, but no longer to make love. One day I requested permission to be present at their meeting, and to this she gave immediate consent; indeed we were on the most intimate terms, and when she perceived that I no longer attempted to play the fool, I was permitted to remain for hours with her in conversation. She had, as she told me she intended, re-enameled and painted her face, but knowing what beauty was concealed underneath, I no longer felt any disgust.

Timothy was very much pleased at his share of this arrangement, as he seldom brought her the medicine without pocketing half-a-crown. For two months all went on well, but Timothy had such curiosity to attend one of these meetings, that he himself asked Miss Judd's permission—it was granted; he went there with me,

witnessed the scene of folly, duplicity, and credulity, and without my having any idea of what he intended, he formed a project in his own head by which to expose it; his love of fun overcoming all motives arising from interest and prudence.

We had some difficulty to obtain permission for both of us to go out, but Mr. Cophagus consented, as we had not had a holiday for the whole period we had been in his service. He staid at home, and we went to drink tea with Miss Judd, by appointment, as we asserted. But Timothy was determined to go a second time to the meeting, that he might put his projects into execution. I again applied to Mr. Cophagus, little thinking that I was taking a step which would put an end to all the presentation guineas which I received, in return for my supplying Miss Judd with the means of deceiving her disciples.

"Out again," said Mr. Cophagus, "when—um—why—no, no."

I replied that we had free admissions presented to us for one of the minor theatres, and that we had never been to a theatre in our lives.

"Theatre—music—all for nothing—good—what's the play?"

"Mock Doctor, sir, and another."

"Mock Doctor—cut up profession—um—bad—very funny, and so on. Go." And so we went.

Timothy had not taken his basket of medicine on that day, as I thought, and he put it on his arm; but the rogue had delivered it before, still he carried his basket. The disciples were all collected when we arrived, and on our entering the drawing room, on the first floor, we found Miss Judd in her low pulpit, not a little the worse for liquor, but, nevertheless, all the better able to act her part. I took my place, as I generally did when I went there, behind the pulpit, where I perceived that a store of vials full of my medicine were deposited, in case she should require them, a circumstance which did not escape the mischief-loving Timothy. Miss Judd had just commenced her shrieks—"Ullima! Ullima! protocol parbihi chron ton—Ullima! Ullima!—there is a little light." Two old fools, with spectacles, were taking down the words which escaped from her lips on large books, already filled with her former inspirations, of which they supposed that one day they were to receive the key. Another dose from one of my bottles, which stood beside on the pulpit, and she again commenced her violent gestures and strange jargon—crying out, "There is more light—Ullima! Ullima! Yes, there sure is light—is light;" and then overcome with her violence and frantic gesticulations, she fell down, as they supposed, in a trance, in which she asserted she was permitted to view the mansions of the blessed. I received her into my arms, and laid her on the floor of the room, and now half a dozen old women, who considered that they also had been favoured with the tongues, commenced a simultaneous howl, enough to frighten away the evil spirit. At last they threw themselves down on the floor in apparent convulsions. Timothy ran to them, and pouring down their throats vial after vial, the contents of which they sucked in greedily, soon made them more outrageous, while the other disciples seated on each side of the room, on two long forms, cried out, "A visitation, a visitation! Hosannah to on high—Hosannah to the prophetess!" This blasphemy continued about half an hour, when Aramathea rose, as if recovered from her trance, but the liquor had had its effect; her gait was trembling, and she required my support to gain the pulpit. She had just obtained her position, and, holding on by both hands, was about to address the meeting, when Timothy, who had purchased about two score of sparrows, and had them concealed in his basket, opened the lid and let them all fly; they immediately flew to the lights, which they extinguished, and all was in darkness. To the howling of the drunken old women was now added the cries of alarm. Timothy jumped on the table, and with a piece of phosphorus, which he had in a small vial of water all ready, marked out on his own clothes and person, rib after rib, bone after bone, until he appeared by degrees, to their astonished eyes, to form himself into a fiery skeleton. Then came shrieks of horror and dismay; the uproar was astounding. "Beelzebul Alreddin!—Ullima! Ullima!—Avaunt Ashteroth!—Avaunt Ullima! my Ullima!—Prophetess, where are you?" Up they all rose at last, for fear had hitherto held them to their seats—up they all rose, like two coveys of birds, to escape from the evil one, who, they imagined, had entered into their tabernacle; but Timothy had walked behind the forms, and having procured about two dozen small gimblets, had silently and unperceived, fixed every man and woman by their clothes to the long forms on which they had been seated, so that when they all got up the forms adhered to and connected them all together, and the fall of one or two brought down all the rest, sprawling, kicking, and shrieking, on the floor, in their horror and dismay. It was a pandemonium—and Timothy, on the table, flaming in phosphorus looked like Satan, when he called the fallen angels from the fiery gulf. For myself, aware of what would take place, I drew the now almost insensible form of Aramathea away from the pulpit, and contrived to gain the door and carry her down stairs. Timothy, after adding one or two yells to increase the clamour and dismay, sprang from the table and followed me. Just as we had closed the parlour-door, the police burst in and ascended the stairs, and we took that opportunity to escape, carrying the insensible Aramathea between us. Notwithstanding some opposition, on the part of the crowd collected outside, we contrived to get clear of it, and at last gained the house of Mr. Cophagus.

"Ha!" cried he, opening the door, "what's all this?—young woman—run over—much hurt, and so on?"

"Not very much hurt, sir, I believe," replied I, "but very much frightened," as we carried her into the back parlour, and laid her on the sofa.

Mr. Cophagus proceeded to examine her; he felt her pulse—he opened her eyelids—he smelt her breath. "Ah!" said he, "can't prescribe—bad woman—quite drunk—gin—um—compounds, and so on." He then went to the door, called a watchman, ordered Miss Judd to be taken to the watchhouse, where she was locked up with all her disciples, who had preceded her. We dared not make any objections. The next day I was informed by report of the exposure which had taken place, and never after that heard any more of Miss Aramathea Judd.

I blamed Timothy very much for his unguarded behaviour, but he defended himself, by observing that it was his duty to unmask hypocrisy so nefarious, and that there could be no good derived from money bestowed, as it had been on us, for such a pernicious confederacy. I could not deny the truth of his observations, and when I reflected, I blushed at the sums I had received and squandered away; we continued to live in the greatest harmony, and I found favour more and more in the sight of Mr. Cophagus.

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[As but one number of the Metropolitan containing the Adventures of Japhet had been received when the Museum went to press, the editor reserves the privilege of omitting it hereafter, if it should be found to contain anything improper for perusal. Such is the popularity of Captain Marryatt's tales that most readers will desire to have them, even if they are not as good as Jacob Faithful, or Peter Simple.—*Ed. Museum.*]

From the London Spectator.

LEE'S LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

Did any one ever read all that has been written about Napoleon Bonaparte? Is this task necessary even to his biographer? If not, what portion of it? Can the general reader gain an accurate idea of the early circumstances, education, training, character, and exploits of the hero of Marengo, and the author of the Code, with less pains than the writer of his life must devote to them? The difficulty of answering some of these questions—the visions of print which most of them conjure up—is sufficient to show that an able, complete, and impartial life of Napoleon, embraced in a moderate compass, would deserve, and most probably receive, encouragement. This is the object Mr. Lee proposes to accomplish; as well as to expose the errors or misrepresentations of other writers, more especially of Sir Walter Scott. In the words of his own measured style,

"The general impression, that an impartial and accurate biography of the Emperor Napoleon does not exist, and that Sir Walter Scott, in his *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*, did injustice to his subject, authorises an endeavour to supply that defect and repair that injustice. In the body and appendix of the work, the first volume of which is now submitted to the public, this double object is attempted.

"The fame and amiableness of the author of *Waverley*, since they give importancce to his errors and effect to his detraction, are far from alleviating his faults as an historian. His name is less glorious than that of Napoleon; his memory less sacred than truth."

The first volume only of this undertaking is at present published; and it brings down the life of Napoleon to the commencement of the campaign of Italy. The biography itself, however, occupies fewer pages than one half of the volume, and in point of matter very much less than half. In the text Mr. Lee judiciously tells his own story; and throws his proofs, his disquisitions, and his controversies, into the appendix. The biography will not take high rank as a work of art. The author has not a genius equal to his theme; but, apparently deeming that lofty exploits require a lofty style, he has generally eschewed simplicity, and spoken too much in "King Cambyses' vein." His facts are better than the mode of narrating them; though his leaning to Bonaparte is obvious. In the account of the family and birth of Napoleon, his school-days, his first entrance into the army, and his various services till his appointment to command the artillery at the siege of Toulon, Mr. Lee tells little indeed that is not well known, and that little only concerns matters of detail. The discussion of his alledged distresses in Paris, the disreputable opinions in relation to his marriage, and some points regarding the campaign in Italy, are most important. The new biographical light Mr. Lee has thrown upon the career of Napoleon is, however, from March 1794 to October 1795—*i. e.* from the surrender of Toulon until his appointment to the command of the troops destined to oppose the sections of Paris. In all the other biographies we remember, this eventful period is either unmentioned or slobbered over. The hero passes, hocus-pocus fashion, from a commander of artillery to the confidential officer of the Convention and Directory in an attack affecting their existence; and then to the chief command of the army of Italy. Mr. Lee, by narrating in detail his services in that army under Dumerbion, and the reputation and influence he thence acquired with the officers and the deputies —his dissatisfaction with the ruling powers at Paris about promotion, his squabble with the minister of war, and his subsequent employment in the office of his successor in advising upon the operations of the armies—has put an end to all the *wonders* of his career—to the luck, the chances, and the tales of Barras's patronage. The life of Bonaparte now reads like a connected story, where we can trace each successive step; and where we find that the principal share which fortune had in the business of his advancement, was in casting him upon the troublous times of the Revolution, when military merit of all kinds was wanted. It was his character, his abilities, and acquirements, which first gained him consideration and employment: and they enabled him to take advantage of favourable circumstances, not only by distinguishing himself at the time, but so to act as to make each step lay the foundation of others, which should follow it. His course was to do all he could, to do it as well as he could, and to do it without regarding who might reap the credit. The chapter in which the events we have alluded to are narrated, does not well admit of detached extracts. The result of the whole is important, but no part is very striking. Here, however, is the climax—a narrative of the circumstances which led to Bonaparte's appointment to command the Conventional forces.

"In the course of the night and the next morning, the government delivered arms to the few well-affected citizens of all parties who volunteered their services, and placing them under the command of General Berruyer, attached them to General Menou's regular force. During the same time, the section Lepelletier, in conjunction with seven others, declared itself to be in a state of rebellion, and took instant measures for rousing the whole city to arms. Its leaders despatched emissaries, and sounded the tocsin throughout Paris; and the people, inflamed and deluded, seized their arms, and hastened to the places of rendezvous.

"The Convention, upon this, decreed their session to be permanent, and charged their appropriate committees with the maintenance of public order. The executive committee, composed of the committees of public safety and general security, then proceeded to direct that the section Lepelletier should be instantly disarmed by military force. About eight o'clock in the evening of the 3d, General Menou, who commanded the army of the interior, accompanied by the three representatives of the people who were in attendance as commissaries of the Convention, proceeded, at the head of a strong force, with a detachment of cavalry and two pieces of cannon, to carry this order into execution. The force of the section was drawn up in the court of the convent *des Filles St. Thomas*, at the head of the street Vivienne, where the exchange is now situated. Their parties occupied the windows of the street, and the interior of the convent. Menou entering this street from that of St. Honoré, marched towards them, and got his troops wedged into this long and narrow space, where neither his horse nor his infantry could act to advantage. Afraid to advance, and ashamed to retire, the general and the deputies resorted to words. They summoned the insurgents to

obey the order of the government, to deliver up their arms, and retire to their homes. But they gained as little by parley as by force; for Delalot, the leader of the rebels, not only refused obedience to the summons, but delivered an inflammatory harangue to the troops, in which he boldly declared, that force alone should deprive the citizens of Paris of their arms. Instead of ordering a charge, Menou and his council of deputies were glad to enter into a compromise, by which the insurgents agreed to disperse themselves, if Menou would first withdraw his troops. This capitulation enabled the regular troops to retreat, and the insurgents to maintain their ground, continue their violence, defy the government, and proclaim their triumph.

"Fortunately for the Convention, the taste of Bonaparte for dramatic entertainments had led him that evening to the theatre Feydeau, which is close by the head of the street Vivienne. Informed of the threatened conflict, he left the theatre for the purpose of observing this more important scene. He witnessed the unfortunate check of the government force, and, by a natural movement of concern and curiosity, hastened to the gallery of the Convention to see what would be done to repair it. He found that assembly in the greatest agitation; the commissaries, who had accompanied Menou, in order to shift the blame from their own shoulders, were accusing the absent general of treason. On their representation, Menou's arrest was decreed; and, of consequence, a successor was to be appointed. The danger was great; and the intelligence of every moment proved that it was increasing. Various members proposed different commanders—some Barras, some Bonaparte; the leading Thermidoriens the former, because of his activity in the defeat of Robespierre; the commissaries of the army of Italy and the members of the committee who were in daily intercourse with him, the latter, because of his military talents, and energetic, but moderate character. Attending in the gallery, he heard these suggestions, deliberated whether he should accept a service, which, from Menou's fate, was not inviting, might prove more distasteful than the war of Vendée or the mobs of Toulon, might bathe him deep in civil blood, and blight for ever his hopes of serving his country. But, reflecting, that if the insurgents succeeded in overturning the government, the proposed improvement in the constitution of the country would fail to be effected, and the royalist, or foreign party, would gain the ascendency, and surrender France to the coalition, he resolved, if he could, to defend the Convention.

"Having come to this decision, Bonaparte repaired to the executive committee, told them he had been a witness of the affair in the street Vivienne, and that the deputies were more to blame than Menou was; assuring them it would be impossible for him, should he be appointed to command the troops, to execute their orders on this critical occasion, with his hands tied by a commission of deputies. The members of the committee, struck by his confidence, were convinced by his representation; but it was not in their power, without exciting a debate, for the issue of which there was not time, to procure a decree of the Convention innovating their long established custom so completely, as to send forth a general in chief unattended by a deputation of their own body. In this exigency, they devised an expedient, which, while it conformed to their rule, obviated its inconvenience. They resolved to nominate their colleague Barras as general in chief of the army of the interior, and to appoint Bonaparte second in command; so that while Barras was to have the attendance of the deputies, Bonaparte was to take the direction of the troops."

The text is incomplete without the commentary. The following is part of Mr. Lee's note upon the subject, in which he refers to his own authorities, and discusses the truth of Scott's narrative.

"This account of the manner in which Napoleon came to be placed in command of the forces of the Convention on the 13th Vendémiaire, is derived from his own relation of that event (Montholon, t. iii. ch. 3), from the files of the *Moniteur* of that period (folio for the last six months of the year 1795), and from the procès-verbal of the Convention (t. lxx. p. 232. et t. lxxii. p. 16). The narrative of Sir Walter Scott, in reference to this subject, has evidently been constructed of very different materials. It is as follows (v. iii. p. 74). 'The general management of affairs, and the direction of the conventional forces' (says this inventive historian) 'was then committed to Barras; but the utmost anxiety prevailed among the members of the committee by whom government was administered, to find a general of nerve and decision enough to act under Barras in the actual command of the military force, in a season so delicate, and times so menacing. It was then that a few words from Barras, addressed to his colleagues Carnot and Tallien, decided the fate of Europe for well nigh twenty years. "I have the man," he said, "whom you want; a little Corsican officer, who will not stand upon ceremony." The acquaintance of Barras and Bonaparte had been, as we have already said, formed at the siege of Toulon. On the recommendation of Barras, Bonaparte was sent for.' It is needless to insist on the direct contradiction to which this fabrication is exposed by the declaration of Napoleon, that he had no acquaintance with Barras at Toulon, and that he went, of his own accord, to the committee; because there is one fact which ought to have satisfied Sir Walter that his story, whether formed by his own fancy, or furnished by some unmentionable slanderer, could not be believed by any person of common sense. It is, that Carnot and Tallien, with the knowledge of Barras, were members of the committee, with which, for many weeks, Napoleon had been in official and constant communication. It is impossible, therefore, that to men thus situated, Barras could have ejaculated the sudden discovery here ascribed to him, respecting the birth, stature, or character of Napoleon, or that, had he done so, Carnot and Tallien would have committed the safety of themselves, their families, their friends, and government, when they were under 'the utmost anxiety,' to an obscure officer, thus suddenly and queerly remembered. What renders the remark more incredible, is, that Napoleon, instead of being an obscure 'little Corsican officer,' was personally known to a number of the leading members of the Convention, as the most distinguished officer of his rank in the army."

Had all been written in the style of these extracts, there would have been no occasion for the remark already hazarded, or for much observation upon the appendix. As it is, however, it must be said, that the majority of its notes are too long, especially as some relate to small matters. What is worse than diffuseness, many of them are composed in a bad spirit—a spirit of detraction, and with a disposition to cavil; whilst the greatest violence seems reserved for doubts or details, as the fiercest tirades of the old annotators related to commas. In his zeal for Napoleon, the author sometimes tortures a joke of Scott's into a wilful libel, and appears disposed, in his zeal for his hero, to make little allowance for mistakes or misapprehensions. We state these things plainly, because they can easily be rectified in the future volumes: and these volumes we shall be glad to see—not because we think Mr. Lee will produce a complete life of Napoleon, or supersede the best

of the biographies now existing, but because we have little doubt that his keen and active research, and his ingenious spirit of partisanship, will throw some new light even on a subject apparently so exhausted.

From the London Athenæum.

AFRICAN EXPEDITION.

The expedition from the Cape of Good Hope to explore Central Africa, began its operations in June. On the 7th the wagons started from Cape Town, under the charge of a corporal of the 72d regiment, and on the 26th the heavy stores were shipped for Algoa Bay, on board the brig Test. These are expected to reach Graaf Reynet by the 15th July. The following statement has been received from the Cape. "Dr. Andrew Smith, conductor of the expedition; Capt. Edye, 98th regiment, second conductor; B. Keft conducts the leading department; John Burrow, surveyor and astronomer; George Ford, draughtsman; Charles Bell, draughtsman, and fit for any thing; C. Hartwell, assistant in general capacity; J. Minteen, servant to Dr. Smith; two missionai es sent out by the Missionary Society established at Berlin; three European soldiers, (one of the 72d, and two of the 98th regiment,) five Hottentots, of the Cape Mounted Rifle Corps; about twenty-two Hottentots, to be engaged at Graaf Reynet. Four wagons have been purchased, with ninety-six oxen; one with twenty-four oxen, belonging to Dr. Smith; and it is contemplated to buy one more, with twenty-four oxen. Fourteen of the Hottentots will be required as leaders and drivers of the oxen. Thus, the party will consist of about forty persons. The expense, exclusive of very considerable government aid in fitting out, and exclusive of wages yet to be paid to Hottentot servants, may be estimated at 1,300*l*. On the morning of the 3d of July, this expedition for exploring Central Africa, under the command of Dr. Smith, proceeded on its perilous undertaking. Dr. Smith took up his quarters at the Royal Observatory on the preceding night, and was joined the next morning at breakfast by Sir John and Lady Herschel, Baron Ludwig, Messrs. Edye, Bell, Burrow, and the gentlemen who accompany the party as far as Lattakoo. After packing up the astronomical instruments, they started in excellent spirits, making allowance for those feelings the occasion excited, where solicitude for the safe return of these enterprising men was mixed up with sincere friendship and esteem. Indeed the history of all former expeditions to the interior of Africa proves how much hazard must be incurred, even where the greatest prudence and address are exercised. The present has been planned with much care, and, considering the talents of Dr. Smith, there is a strong hope that it will be crowned with success."

A NEW FIRE-ESCAPE.

The house was on fire: Zeno, circled in flame,
In vain called for aid—sure no case e'er was sadder;
He escaped—Tell me how? Why, Antimachus came,
And lent him the use of his nose for a ladder.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE WATER DRINKER IN THE PYRENEES.

* * * The party for the ascent of the Pic consisted of my friend Captain C——, the two brothers of the ladies, the Italian, and three stout game-keepers or huntsmen, whom our French friend sent as guides, with an apology for his own declining to attend us, "as he had given up all hope of rising in the world." We laughed at the old gentleman's pleasantry, and set forward just as the sun was setting over the valley of the Adour, so memorable by Wellington's passage in the teeth of Soult's army. The object is to gain the highest ridge of the peak by dawn, and see the effect of sunrise on the immense surrounding landscape. We rode by the little hamlet of St. Mary's, and half a dozen others, with hard Basque names, until we reached Grip, or La Grippe, as one of our attendants called it, in compliment to the popular disease of the year. His wit amused himself and his companions, and the jest went round in the native tongue—a mixture of French and Spanish—of which one could catch but a word here and there. We were soon in the rising country, which forms the base of the mountain. It was altogether pasturage; sheep and sheep-folds were every where, and the noise of our approach roused a perpetual chorus of the huge shepherd-dogs which guard them from the wolves. Our road soon dwindled to a bridle-path, winding upwards along the course of the Adour, which was here a succession of falls. Even the bridle-path soon narrowed—we were forced to dismount, and, as all travellers had done before us, leave our horses at a little rude *chalet* or shed, where a fellow clothed in sheepskin was waiting to receive them—this being the spot from which pedestrianism begins. At this height we all seriously felt the cold; and the sharp short gusts of wind which swept through the ravines not only reminded us that we had left the snug, sunny world below, but that the world into which we had climbed, was one where to keep our footing was a delicate matter. A few hundred yards upwards we had a proof of this delicacy. About half way up the side of the mountain is one of those tarns or lakes which are so frequent in the Highlands of Scotland; a ledge of rock leads over the edge of this lake, and so fearfully over the edge, that a false step would inevitably plunge the climber into its waters,—an affair of death, for if the plump from such a height did not drown him at once, the icy chill of the lake would paralyse all exertion. At this ledge we arrived in Indian file, tired enough, with some occasional murmurs at the unexpected steepness of the ascent, and, to confess the unheroic truth, on my part, a very strong sense of the superior wisdom of being quietly in my bed. It was midnight, the moon was already touching the horizon. She loomed broad as a city on fire, in the mist of the valley; but we had no time to think of the picturesque. We must on. I had hitherto led the way; but here the Italian, probably thinking that he had a professional right to do the honours of the picturesque, hurried up to me, and finding that I was still inclined to lead, sprang along a projection of the hill, and then slipping down on the narrow

ledge, made good his advance. One of the gamekeepers, not wishing to be outdone, followed his example. Some confusion followed. At this crisis, down plunged the moon, and a sharp and powerful blast coming down the hill side at the same time, every one was forced to cling to the face of the rock. All was perfectly dark at the instant. The setting of the moon, and the storm above, turned the atmosphere into utter blackness. Suddenly there came a rushing of stones over the ledge, and a wild cry, followed by the fall of the stones into the lake. I, of course, concluded that either the Italian or the huntsman, or both, had paid the forfeit of their haste, and that all was over with them. As giving assistance to either was out of the question, and as our own fate might be the next, if we proceeded, I called a halt, and proposed that we should light torches, and having ascertained the state of our comrades, move on or return, as might be advisable. My proposal was approved of—a phosphorus box and a few bundles of thorns speedily made a blaze; and fagot in hand we proceeded in our search. It was fortunate for the Italian hero that we had adopted this measure. He had ventured about half way along the ledge, till just as he came to a corner scarcely a foot broad, a glimpse of the lake in the fearful depth below, given by the last light of the moon, turned his head. He was unable to stir another step, and the sudden darkness threw him into despair; all our party were hidden from him, and he acknowledged that his first impulse was to fling himself downward at once, and thus escape the hideous suspense of his position. For a while he had even lost all sense of hearing, and our voices, and they were loud enough on the occasion, were entirely lost upon him. The blast luckily screwed him to the rock, and he clung by instinct. Our fagots, however, gave him new life, though in the dizziness of his first emotion, he thought that the sun was rising under his feet, or that he was a witness to the last conflagration. In short, for half an hour after we had extricated him from his awkward position, the man was all but a lunatic; he raved, danced, screamed, tore his hair, and embraced every body. Our next enquiry was for the hunter. This we commenced with a general feeling of hopelessness, for the cry and the fall of stones were fearfully indicative of the unfortunate fellow's fate. Still the search must be made. More brambles were kindled, more shouts given, and one of the gamekeepers fired a fowling-piece which he had brought with him to have a shot at the wolves or eagles, as the case might be. Not a sign nor a sound was returned, and we gave him over for lost. In this state of affairs, to proceed on an excursion of mere curiosity would be heartless, and the proposal to make the best of our way homewards with our bad news was unanimously seconded. Accordingly we put ourselves in march, and had returned down a portion of the precipice, when we heard a new fall of stones, and a feeble cry from above. To come to the event at once, the hunter was seen, lying at his length on a shelf of rock, twenty or thirty feet above our heads, and unable either to ascend or descend. We roused a shepherd from one of the *chalets*, and by the help of some straw ropes made for the occasion, weighed the fellow out of his berth. He was half dead with fright. In his ambition to overpass us on the ledge, he had trodden on a loose stone; he found himself tottering, and by one of those desperate efforts which defy calculation, had actually sprung up against the perpendicular face of the rock, at least to twice his own height; there he clung by holding on to some weeds; the weeds at length gave way, bringing down with them the heap of rubbish, which had sounded to us as his knell in the bottom of the lake. By what means he now contrived to ascend, he had no recollection whatever, but he had finally ensconced himself on the projection where we discovered him, and where, "to the best of his belief, he had fallen *asleep*."

A general dram, to keep out the cold, which was now as keen as I had felt it in Newfoundland, was served round; we faced about again, and moved upward. Giving a lecture on discipline, and dividing our party into pairs, who were to assist each other, I took upon me the command, and triumphantly led the way over the formidable ledge. The wind was still our great obstacle; it came with the suddenness of a Mediterranean gale, and my only wonder now is, that some of us were not whisked away far over the valley, like gossamer. We now came into the region of snow, and found it lying thick in all the spots sheltered from the wind. Snow, in the middle of August, under the sky of the fiery south! I felt frozen to the midriff; and nothing but frequent halts, and that established resource of the mountain adventurer, the brandy flask, could have kept up our strength to reach the summit. We had lost so much time in the search at the ledge, and had found the ascent so much steeper than we expected, that we were now near losing the main object of our expedition—the view of the sunrise from the pinnacle. The darkness, which had been intense, was evidently beginning to give way—dim streaks of light were glancing through the clouds, still hanging heavy on the east, and the rugged top of the Pic was slowly shaping itself above us. But the sight was not to be lost for want of energy. With one accord we made a sudden rush up the precipice, through a small cleft running along its side; the bareness of the rock itself was more favourable to the footing than the shivery and sliding soil lower down, and finally, by mutual help, holding on of hands, and dragging up with our mountain staffs, we one and all stood upon the top. It was not the spire that we had seen from the valley, but a narrow, rugged edge of rock, splintered by many a thunder-storm. The view was immeasurably grand, but unluckily, like the view from Mont Blanc, and all other great elevations, it was too vast for detail, and too high for exactness.

All below us for a while was cloud, with the Pyrenees shooting upwards through it, like ranges of islands in some intermediate ocean. The small villages of the Basque country were little dots at our feet. The whole vast and diversified region round the base of the Pic was reduced to a plain, with a few lines of silver, the small mountain rivers, glistening through its extent.

As the dawn advanced, and the vapours thinned away, the position of Thoulouse was pointed out, and, to save the credit of my perspicuity, I imagined that I saw it, in a confused mass which lay huddled on the extreme verge of the horizon. But the sun rose at last, and all the grandeurs and glories of a southern sunrise were fairly before us. In one point we had miscalculated. His rise, instead of clearing, confused the outlines of all the distant objects. I lost sight of my vision of Thoulouse in a moment. It was buried in a mass of gold. The Adour, and its brother and sister streams, were like spiders' webs, of all colours. But the true pomp of the morning was expanded on the Pyrenee range, and, first and stateliest of the whole, the *Mont Perdu*, which, with its sides glittering in all the hues of rock and verdure, and with its summit lighting under the first rays of the sun, looked like a citadel of silver among the clouds. But though no description can equal the reality of such scenes, it must be confessed, that until balloons shall be made manageable, or man furnished with wings, the pleasantest part of those excursions is in the anticipation. By the time we reach the height, the spirit of curiosity is, in general, entirely walked, climbed, and frozen out of the adventurer. We were all tired to death, and as we sat on the brow of one of the most magnificent precipices of Europe, were thinking much less of its sublimities than of the comforts of our hotel, and the possibility of enjoying a sound sleep, *à l'abri* of all the storms, freezings, and ledges half an inch wide. We now began our descent, for the sun, after painting the skies with all possible prodigality of gem and lustre, had begun to gather the mists of the lower grounds into huge masses of vapour, which slowly ascended, bulging against the sides of the hills. Our old antagonist, the wind, too, gave now and then an ominous roar, sounding among the mountain clefts like thunder. A storm at our present exposed position would probably have hurried us "loose upon the vext winds," and blown us half-way "round the pendant globe." We hastened down with suitable expedition. The descent was sharp, yet was made without accident, and after about twenty hours of continued walking, from the time of our beginning the ascent, I was rejoiced to find myself treading on level ground again, and within the door of the hotel of Bareges.

At Bareges I remained a month. A wound which I had received in a cutting out affair in the Persian Gulf, and for which I had no satisfaction but shooting the black visaged pirate who gave it, made me desirous of trying the virtue of the baths. They are celebrated for healing old wounds. After the baths of England, or, indeed, of any other *civilised* country, the baths of the Pyrenean *aborigines* have not much to boast of; narrow, dim, dismal coffins, where wretches are boiled down into a jelly. The very sight of them requires no common fortitude, and I never lay down in one of those catacombs without feeling it necessary to draw strongly on my philosophy. But, to hear the inhabitants speak of them, the age of Romish miracles is totally eclipsed. Every disease under the moon is curable by a mere succession of tumblers, or dips in the water; and the true wonder is, that any inhabitant of Bareges should die.

They offer a release from all the ills that flesh is heir to, and unless a man is perversely fond of his heirship, the waters of Bareges would relieve him of every thing but poverty, an evil which unequivocally haunts the people of the town, though even that evil they attempt very strenuously to cure by the help of their waters, the experiment being made upon every stranger whom they can fleece. I must, however, acknowledge that I found benefit from those waters, abhorrent to the sight and smell as they are. They are sulphureous, and the fetor is enough to strangle a virgin nostril. But use does much, the odiousness of the taste, which exactly resembles a compound of bilge water and the rinsings of a foul musket, becomes, if not palatable, at least endurable, and the sense of returning health, of all senses the most charming, enables us to go through the daily martyrdom with nothing worse than a few contortions of the "human face divine."

From Bareges, a fine region for the tourist opens along the mountains. My last visit was to Gavarini, the most beautiful cascade, or succession of cascades, in the Pyrenees, or perhaps in the world. Its shape is totally unlike that of the precipitous mountain falls which flourish in the pictures of Salvator. It has neither the elevation, nor the forest, nor the romantic pilings of the rocks; still it is indescribably grand and impressive, without losing its beauty. The image that most strikes me in the hundred resemblances which every traveller finds for it, is that of a marble amphitheatre of the most colossal size, with a vast body of water poured from its highest range down into the arena, the water of course variously broken in all the successive ranges, here rushing in a powerful torrent, there shooting down in a thin silvery sheet, a little farther on winding and circling round the glistening steps, farther on still, resuming its force and pouring down in a magnificent volume of crystal. It has been conjectured by the theorists, of whom whole hosts are found hunting after specimens of geology, during the summer, that it may have been the crater of some mighty volcano. To this the objection is, that no volcanic traces are to be found in the neighbourhood. But the theorist answers, that all this happened some millions of years ago, when the earth was a comet, and the sun was a rushlight. As with a theorist, especially if he have printed his theory, argument is useless, I never attempt to shake the belief, and satisfy myself with the hope that posterity will be wiser than their fathers. At the various towns on the route, I met Spanish refugees, escaping from the feuds of their fine but unhappy country, to starve in France; they were the *factiosos*. Times are now changed, and the *apostolicos* are rambling and hungering through their old quarters. In all my conversations with these unhappy people, some of whom were elegant and graceful, and all interesting, if it were only from their fortitude, I never could discover any satisfactory reason for the feuds which drove

them into banishment. The cry was freedom, constitution, and so forth. But no Spaniard, whom I ever happened to encounter, denied that the state of society under the old government was as happy as he could fairly desire; that plenty, quiet, and amusement, were in the reach of every man; that if the monks were neither soldiers, nor statesmen, they were charitable, and kept their grounds in better order than any of the grandees; in fact, that life, on the whole, placed its enjoyments more within the power of the Spaniard than of the Frenchman, or any other inhabitant of Europe; that they knew little about what they were fighting for, and that they wished all things were as they had been. After a ramble till October, I turned my bridle to Thoulouse, and bade farewell, with more regret than I had expected, to the noble region of the Pyrenees.

From the London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine.

An Account of a peculiar Optical Phenomenon seen after having looked at a moving body, &c.

By R. Addams, Lecturer on Chemistry and Natural Philosophy.

During a recent tour through the Highlands of Scotland, I visited the celebrated Falls of Foyers on the border of Loch Ness, and there noticed the following phenomenon.

Having steadfastly looked for a few seconds at a particular part of the cascade, admiring the confluence and decussation of the currents forming the liquid drapery of waters, and then suddenly directed my eyes to the left, to observe the vertical face of the sombre age-worn rocks immediately contiguous to the water-fall, I saw the rocky surface as if in motion upwards, and with an apparent velocity equal to that of the descending water, which the moment before had prepared my eyes to behold this singular deception.

The cascade is through a depth of about 70 feet, and my position, as I stood when I made the observation, was nearly on a level with the centre of the fall, being the lowest of the two situations where visiters obtain a view of this copious and never-failing infusion of peat* gushing over the giant step and whitening as it flows. My attention was engaged on that part of the fall which corresponded with a horizontal plane passing through my eye and the water. The sun was masked by a cloud at the time.

I am not aware of any existing explanation of this class of optical phenomena, and I may be premature in venturing the following.

I conceive the effect to be owing to an involuntary and *unconscious* muscular movement of the eyeball, and thus occasioning a displacement of the images on the retina.

Supposing the eyes to be intently gazing at any point in a transverse plane passing through a vertically moving body, they will naturally and even irresistibly tend to follow the motion of that body; nor can the muscular apparatus of the eye maintain a stable equilibrium when the sight is fatigued and bewildered with a rapid change of moving forms before the eye.

* The colour is brown from flowing over peat moors.

Now in the case of the descending water, the eyes, being directed to a particular part in a horizontal section of it, cannot be prevented moving downwards through a small space: every new form in the moving scene invites the eyes to observe, and for that reason to follow it; but the voluntary powers are engaged to raise the axes of the eyes again to the section. This depression of the axes below the *intentional point of sight* seems to be repeated three or four times per second, whilst looking at the water-fall. Then, when the eyes are suddenly turned upon the rock, the muscles, having been brought into a kind of periodic contraction, will perform at least one of these movements after the exciting cause ceases to act; and thus the axes of the eyes, by moving downwards, will occasion a motion of the image of the rock over the retina in a direction from above downwards, and consequently the object giving that image will *appear* to move the contrary way, that is, upwards, agreeably to observation.

The deception, so far as I could judge, seemed to continue for a time equal to the interval of a periodic motion of the eye downwards when looking at the water, and, as before stated, one third or one fourth of a second.

The same kind of phenomenon may be produced by moving the eye before fixed bodies, and also when the motions are executed horizontally.

I have since been enabled to observe the appearance, with certain peculiar variations, whilst traveling parallel to one side of a narrow valley or lake, and looking across to the other. It takes place when moving in ships in sight of proximate land.

It is also producible by mechanical means, such as by a rapid unrolling of pieces of calico having some pattern or markings on them; and likewise by moving the head up and down, or laterally: but to particularise all the circumstances would make this communication inconveniently long.

From the Court Journal.

PEN-AND-INK DRAWING.

Of the novel and felicitous effect now ascertained to be producible in this style of art, we took occasion to speak, some weeks since, in noticing the successful efforts of Mr. Minasi, an Italian artist long established in this country. The same hand has since achieved a portrait (copied from a private plate) of the Duke of Devonshire, which, for truth and harmony of expression, firmness of handling, and nicety of finish, is entitled to no small share of praise. Mr. Minasi, we understand, now devotes himself especially to this peculiar mode of art, in which he executes portraits either from the life or otherwise. Those who have only seen the pen-and-ink style in its "undress"—in the loose and sketchy character it has usually exhibited—will be surprised to find, in these specimens, with how much neatness, delicacy, and brilliancy it can be invested.

From the London Literary Gazette.

The Drawing-Room Scrap-Book for 1835, *with Poetical Illustrations.* By L. E. L. London, 1835. Fisher and Co.

This volume for the present year seems to us to contain a more than usual variety of subject; and, consequently, to have afforded greater opportunities for the diversified illustrations of the genius which has brightened its pages from the first till now. L. E. L. has not of late appeared so frequently as heretofore in the field of poesy; and it is delightful to find her again pouring forth all the beauties of her inspiration. Where do we meet with song so original, so animating, so attuned to every genuine feeling of the heart. There is a perpetual freshness in the stream; and whether it leap with sparkling exultation, as if to show how life's difficulties may be overbounded; or bathe the banks, as if it wished to water their fleeting flowers with tears; or flow with placid breath towards the calm haven of rest,—still it must be a high gratification to the lovers of what is imaginative, pure, and delicious in verse, to learn that it is as inexhaustible as it is various and delightful.

Passing over a fine poetical introduction, in which Paris is vividly imaged, we shall quote two of the compositions as affording the best proof of the justice of our eulogy, and of the rich talent and touching pathos of the fair writer.

THE ORPHAN BALLAD SINGERS.

Oh, weary, weary are our feet,
And weary, weary is our way;
Through many a long and crowded street
We've wandered mournfully to-day.
My little sister she is pale;
She is too tender and too young
To bear the autumn's sullen gale,
And all day long the child has sung.

She was our mother's favourite child,
Who loved her for her eyes of blue;
And she is delicate and mild—
She cannot do what I can do.
She never met her father's eyes,
Although they were so like her own;
In some far distant sea he lies,
A father to his child unknown.

The first time that she lisp'd his name,
A little playful thing was she;
How proud we were,—yet that night came
The tale how he had sunk at sea.
My mother never raised her head—
How strange, how white, how cold she grew!
It was a broken heart, they said—
I wish our hearts were broken too.

We have no home—we have no friends;
They said our home no more was ours—
Our cottage where the ash-tree bends,
The garden we had filled with flowers;
The sounding shells our father brought,
That we might hear the sea at home;
Our bees, that in the summer wrought
The winter's golden honeycomb.

We wandered forth mid wind and rain,
No shelter from the open sky;
I only wish to see again
My mother's grave, and rest, and die.
Alas, it is a weary thing
To sing our ballads o'er and o'er—
The songs we used at home to sing—
Alas, we have a home no more!"

CALDRON SNOUT.—WESTMORLAND.

"A place of rugged rocks, adown whose sides
The mountain torrent rushes; on whose crags
The raven builds her nest, and tells her young
Of former funeral feasts."
* * * * * *

Long years have past since last I stood
Alone amid this mountain-scene;
Unlike the future which I dreamed,
How like my future it has been!
A cold gray sky o'erhung with clouds,
With showers in every passing shade;
How like the moral atmosphere
Whose gloom my horoscope has made!

I thought if yet my weary feet
Could rove my native hills again,
A world of feeling would revive—
Sweet feelings wasted, worn in vain.
My early hopes, my early joys,
I dreamed those valleys would restore;
I asked for childhood to return—
For childhood, which returns no more.

Surely the scene itself is changed!
There did not always rest, as now,
That shadow in the valley's depth,
That gloom upon the mountain-brow.
Wild flowers within the chasms dwelt,
Like treasures in some fairy hold,
And morning o'er the mountains shed
Her kindling world of vapoury gold.

Another season of the year
Is now upon the earth and me;
Another spring will light these hills—
No other spring mine own may be;
I must retune my unstrung heart,
I must awake the sleeping tomb,
I must recall the loved and lost,
Ere spring again for me could bloom.

I 've wandered, but it was in vain,
In many a far and foreign clime;
Absence is not forgetfulness,
And distance cannot vanquish time.
One face was ever in my sight,
One voice was ever on my ear;
From all earth's loveliness I turned
To wish—Ah, that the dead were here!

Oh! weary wandering to no home!
Oh! weary wandering alone!
I turned to childhood's once glad scenes,
And found life's last illusion flown.
Ah! those who left their childhood's scenes
For after-years of toil and pain,
Who but bring back the breaking heart,
Should never seek those scenes again.

There are many pieces on Indian scenery, of great power; and several poems and plates from *Pilgrim's Progress*, by C. Barton, and some charming music by Mr. Russell (the admirable bass singer), add much to the popular interest of the volume. The engravings are numerous. This Drawing-Room book is well calculated to adorn every sort of room, and to afford much pleasure to every class of the circles they contain.

From Loudon's Magazine.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Reason versus Instinct.—I have never felt convinced, nor satisfied, with the limitation to which the actions of animals are confined by the term instinct, as applied to them. True, a chicken, for example, if hatched by steam, and brought up by an "artificial mother," as Mowbray styles the flannel succedaneum for a hen, would perform its offices of incubation perfectly, and in due season, although it should never have received instructions from its mother, or by communication with any of its congeners: this is instinct. But when circumstances occur which could never have been contemplated as likely to befal it, by what name shall we designate the cause or motive which actuates its movements? A neighbour of ours, on whose word, I believe, I may safely rely, related the following anecdote to me the other day. His amateur farmyard, I should premise, is beautifully arranged, and always reminds me of that belonging to Joshua Geddes, the glorious quaker in *Red-gauntlet*. My neighbour's pigsties are railed off on two sides of the yard, where food in abundance awaits the happy *far niente* inmates; but, as it was discovered that the fowls partook too largely of that which was intended only for pigs, their wings were clipped, in order to prevent them from flying over; and the operation produced the desired result. One of the fowls, however, discovered a method by which to baffle the contrivers of its disappointment. Several pigs were loose in the yard, whose movements were watched by the bird, and, as one of them wandered near the intervening rail, it flew upon the back of the animal, and thence easily gained the tops, over which it fluttered into the enclosure, and thus obtained the desired but interdicted banquet. Was this the result of forethought, combining of circumstances, or, in short, reason? Could it be instinct?

An instance of the Robin's building its nest in a festoon of a bed, and rearing a brood of young there.—I have a friend who resides a few miles from town, and during the late fine dry weather the windows of some of the upper rooms in his house were seldom closed. A robin took advantage of this circumstance to pry into one of the apartments, one which was seldom used, and, finding no opposition here, she began to build her nest in a festoon of the bed. It happened that, during the time of setting, the gentleman's son came from school on a visit, and the bed was wanted; but this did not in the slightest degree disconcert the robin; she seemed not in the least afraid, kept possession of her nest, and successfully reared her brood. The family, of course, felt interested in the bird's fate, and therefore as little disturbance as possible was given; but one would have imagined that the mere fact of a person bringing a candle into the room, dressing and undressing, would have been sufficient to have effectually driven the creature away.

The fascination of birds by reptiles has often been heard of. A curious instance of it was witnessed by a friend of mine, an officer in the Madras army, (Lieut. Col. Ross, then captain in the 10th Native Infantry,) where the operator was not a snake, as is usual in such cases, but a crocodile, or, as we improperly call it in India, an alligator. My friend, while taking a stroll round the works at Vellore, had his attention attracted by the strange restlessness and apparent distress of a kingfisher bird (Alcèdo smyrnénsis), perched upon one of the pinnacled battlements of the fausse-braye: on his cautiously approaching near enough to ascertain the cause, he observed in the ditch immediately underneath, a crocodile lying perfectly quiet in the water, and intently watching the bird with open jaws: in the mean time the victim's agitation continued to increase; it fluttered down to a projecting point of the works, then rapidly again and again farther and farther down, till at last it actually dropped into the gaping mouth waiting ready to receive it. Although I had this account at second hand only, I have not the slightest doubt of its truth.

Toads have the power of compressing themselves so as to pass through a small aperture.—Staying some time since with an acquaintance, his servant one day brought in, from an out-house in the garden, an old tin canister which had been used for containing gunpowder, in which was composedly seated a very large toad of dimensions thrice the size of the aperture through which he must have entered. From his appearance, we concluded that he had located himself there in his younger days, and was now too large to extricate himself. The canister was placed carefully by, as an interesting exhibition to future visiters; but, on an inspection of the canister in the following morning, the prisoner had made his escape; and, as the mouth of the canister was in the same state as before, we could only account for the toad's absence on the supposition of the animal's being able to squeeze itself through. Has this fact been noticed before? It may, perhaps, help to explain some of the well-known instances of the occurrence of toads in apparently close prisons, either of trees or rocks.

"A toad in a hole," is a proverbial expression, of which literal instances are not, I believe, rare in upland pastures. One was once, in 1832, and, I believe, in July, shown to me, the circumstances of which were these:—There was a circular aperture in the turf, scarcely one inch in diameter, below which the head and eyes of a toad were observable: its body was too much in the dark to be readily seen. This, it now occurs to me, was a very pleasant cool grot for a place of residence at this season. How long had the creature been there? and upon what did it subsist? As the earth and turf would yield to pressure, the toad could scarcely have, in this instance, squeezed itself in and out occasionally. Enough, possibly, of insects to sustain it might attempt to pass over the aperture and fall in. Earwigs, I have been told, are eaten by the toad. From what I learned from the companion who showed this instance to me, it seems to be the practice of the boys to irritate the toad, which they find thus circumstanced, by applying to it the end of a stiff straight straw, and provoking the toad to grasp it in its mouth, when they lift it up, although not, so far as I understood, out of its hole.

LEVEL OF THE BALTIC.

The Commercial Gazette of St. Petersburgh, of May 28, has the following:—It has been remarked that, during the last twenty years, the water in this port has become considerably lowered, and affords a new proof of the correctness of the observations made by the ancient inhabitants of the shores of the Baltic, that the bottom of this sea is continually rising; that the level and body of the water is gradually diminishing, and that the land is increasing on every side. According to the researches of the ancient naturalists, phenomena of this nature most frequently occur in the countries near the north pole. We can quote, as an example, the lakes of Denmark, which have sunk so low, that some of them are almost entirely without water. Sweden and Norway, 2500 years ago, formed one island. The town of Pittea, in forty-five years became distant from the sea two miles, and the water receded from Loulea one mile in twenty-eight years. The ancient port of Lodisa is now four miles from the sea, and that of Westerwich two miles. At the time of the foundation of Torneo, large vessels could come close up to it—now it is in the middle of the peninsula. The islands of Errgsoe and Caroe, Apsoe and Testeroe, have been for many years joined to each other; and Louisoe, Psalmodi, Magdelone, and many more, have become part of the main land.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

From Johnstone's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE EXPERIENCES OF RICHARD TAYLOR, ESQ., OR, LIFE IN LONDON.*

CHAP. III.—MARY ANNE'S HAIR.

Mary Anne was in her thirteenth year when we lost, by rapid, but gentle decay, her friend and instructress, Sister Agathé. Had I never heard of the immortality of the soul of man, I would have received intimation of it from the life and death of that poor nun. She could not be said to die: her soul exhaled from a frame that had already nearly thrown off every earthy and grosser particle. For the last ten days of her life, while her spirit enkindled, and burned brighter and brighter to its close, her only sustenance was a few drops of wine and water, administered by her young, weeping nurse. The devotees who crowded to her couch in the last days of her life, would fain have cried, "A miracle!" but the time was not favourable.

It was painful to me to lay the attenuated, the almost etherealised body, among the huddled festering heaps of a common London grave-yard, swelling with the mounds of past generations; but there were pious rites, decent regrets, solemn ceremonial, and what is of far more price, tears which purified the living, while they fell in oblation to the dead. My friend, Mrs. Plunkett, the orange-woman, had it of kind and country to get up a few reverential tears in honour of the dead, even when the claim was merely one of neighbourhood or slight acquaintance; and she sincerely wept "the blessed saint," though the next hour saw her, necessarily perhaps, wrangling with her customers, or calling her wares. The grief of my god-daughter was a more profound feeling. To a creature of her age, when gifted with her depth of heart, the death-bed of one beloved is a powerful preacher. Among the first intelligible sentences that she spoke to me was, "Oh! how could I so weep for my mother's chidings, and my own little crosses, when for *her* I can now do no more than weep!"

As Agathé's executor, I thought it proper to put aside, for a time, those books of Madam Guyon and other enthusiasts and mystics which she daily read with so much unction, and bequeathed to Mary Anne, as the most precious legacy. Property she had none. Her burial charges were bestowed by Christian charity, in which it is but justice to Mrs. Moir to say, that, with all her perverseness, she was not at this time backward; and yet, strange woman! she had grudged her daughter's love to the living nun, and now her tears to the departed angel.

After the death of Agathé, her pupil became for a season morbidly fond of solitude. The bustle of the family below stairs, the sharp tones of their voices, the creaking of doors and shoes, were painful and irritating to her nerves; and her only happiness was to spend whole days, shut up in the little apartment, where she found so much food for memory, and leisure for musing, and where alone she said she was happy.

I quite agreed with Mrs. Moir that too much of this "moping" would never do. I took Agathé's place as instructer,—that is to say, for fifteen minutes a day or so, we studied geography together, read a little Italian, in which I was able to be her schoolmaster, and kept alive our French, in which Mary Anne far excelled me. I also supplied her with a few suitable books; but I soon discovered, with some alarm, and also I fear amusement, that by the good offices of Mrs. Plunkett and her children, Mary Anne contrived, by aid of her father's secret half-crowns, to supply herself clandestinely with a great many, and was, at the age of fifteen, far deeper in the Mysteries of Udolpho, and the Romance of the Black Forest, than myself. There had been detections, storms, threatenings, and tears in abundance. Coming generations owe to Sir Walter Scott and some of the late novelists, the open sanction of indulgence in the contraband reading which, being made criminal in their grandmothers, was attended by some of the consequences of crime. The industrious habits of Mrs. Moir were opposed to all reading; her ignorance or moral prejudices to all novel reading, without any exception, save for an abridged Pamela. I knew not which way rightly to decide; and as free trade was prohibited, went on winking hard at the smuggling system.

The manœuvres of the girl to conceal the furtive volume were to me wickedly amusing. She sat in a window-seat *à la Turque*, her work in her lap, the subject of study conveniently placed under her legs, ready to be perused, but on the instant concealed, if the mother's step was heard approaching from the kitchen. As she was a very nimble sempstress the small quantity of work done did not lead to detection. This, with mornings, bits of the night, when a supply of candles could be got, and hours, when mamma was at market, supplied a good deal of leisure to a girl devouring tales of sentiment and wonder with the green appetite of fifteen. I repeatedly endeavoured, as a measure of safety, to obtain a relaxation of the maternal rule on this point; but Mrs. Moir appeared to become more determined from opposition. Wherever she had obtained her principles of criticism, to me they appeared singular enough. One day I saw poor Mary Anne detected in the very act of stealthily reading Werter, the fascinations of which had thrown her off her guard. The dangerous volume was taken from her with very unnecessary violence, as she had never dreamed of opposition, or of fighting to retain the harbinger of Goethe's genius; and I found that Mrs. Moir's fears were not of *love* but *suicide*.

"A disobedient little minx, idling her precious time with a book that teaches people to kill themselves!" Save for my god-daughter's tears, I could certainly have laughed; the farther history of the denounced volume had a different effect on me from that which it produced on the mother. Mary Anne denied that it had been procured in the usual way by the Irishwoman, in a manner that convinced me of her truth. Her mother insulted her by broad and rude disbelief of her statement, and my god-daughter became indignant and sullen, till violent threats against her Irish agent,—nothing less, indeed, than utter ruin in soul, body, and estate,—would have drawn the whole truth from the weeping girl, when another actor came on the scene.

This was a lodger Mrs. Moir had obtained some months before, who was passing the open parlour door, and, hearing the dispute, stepped in.

"If there be harm done, I am the guilty person, madam. It was I that lent Miss Mary Anne this book,—not my poor countrywoman at the head of the lane." Mary Anne, covered with blushes, drowned in tears, and, in an agony of youthful shame, hid her face with her hands.

"Certainly, Mr. Lyndsay Boyle, that makes a great difference. My girl getting a book in loan from a gentleman in our own family, and throwing away her pocket-money, wasting her time, and conniving with a low Irishwoman—I beg pardon, sir; improper to smuggle books into my house at any rate—makes all the odds in the world."

"Certainly, madam," said the young fellow, with a look even more sarcastic than his disdainful tone. "May I then be permitted to offer to Miss Mary Anne such volumes as my scanty collection affords that can give her any pleasure?"

"She will be greatly obliged," said the sensible mother. "Indeed I don't want—I won't take any more," said the girl, stealing a hasty look at myself, which procured me

* Continued from December, 1834, page 609. These delightful sketches are by Mrs. Johnstone, author of Clan Albin, the Nights of the Round Table, &c.—*Ed. Mus.*

the honour of a more searching than ceremonious scrutiny, from her new friend. With an attempt at complacence, he said, "I am glad to understand that you, sir, have more liberal ideas of books."

"This is more a question of the propriety of certain loans than of studies," was my somewhat pragmatical reply; for I was indeed uneasy and even alarmed, I knew not very well for what; and pleased when the gentleman, bowing very slightly, walked off, though by no means so much satisfied with the hasty, timid glance Mary Anne, now first daring to look up, sent after him and her mother, who followed him out.

"Tell me all about this, my dear Mary Anne?" I sat down with her on her window-seat. I took her hand. I allowed her in silence to weep on.

"Mr. Lyndsay Boyle heard mamma scolding me one day—and perhaps I deserve to be scolded—and scolding poor Mrs. Plunkett; and he asked Betty about it, and sent me books by her several times, which I have liked to read, and I did not like to be so rude as refuse; and indeed that is all!"

"Positively all?"

"Almost all. *Once* Mr. Lyndsay asked my father to take him to chapel with us—he is from the North of Ireland, and his mother is a presbyterian;—*once* he met me in the rain, and turned, and brought me to the head of the lane under his umbrella; and *once* he bowed to mamma and myself as we were returning from church, and he passed in a little open carriage with another gentleman."

What an accurate memory for *items!* I liked it not; though I was charmed with the candour, and even the minuteness, of the avowal; and the delicacy—for I am afraid it was rather intuitive delicacy than deliberative wisdom, which led my god-daughter to declare, that she would take no more books from Mr. Lyndsay Boyle, because it made her feel strange.

That very evening I beset my sister Anne afresh with an old scheme of having Mary Anne taken as a half-boarder in the excellent school at Bognor, at which my nieces, and several of their juvenile friends, had been educated. I had seen something of the ladies by whom the seminary was conducted. I liked their letters, for they were not very clever, nor well written; and they said nothing at all to the mothers about their "fascinating pupils," or, "the remarkable genius of the very interesting charge committed to them"—a customary phraseology of boarding-school letters, which I plead guilty to hating.

In the mean time, I undertook to supply my god-daughter with books. I had all along done so to some extent; but had never properly calculated on the diseased appetite, be it for chalk or romances, which may consume an ill-managed girl of fifteen. While the Bognor negotiation was pending, came the period when I earned from Mary Anne the name of THE GOOD GENIUS; and she has since told me, that my sudden appearances, and crossings of her secret paths, at this time, in places the most unexpected, seemed to her absolutely supernatural. Conscience is the mother of superstitions.

Levity, fickleness, affectation, the love of dress and amusement, were none of my fears for Mary Anne. Her nature—Heaven knows whence she derived it!—was too deep and passionate to make the common errors of girlhood very dangerous to her. I would rather have seen her curling her hair, and making up dresses all day,—at twenty balls, caparisoned in gauze and flowers, and perspiring in the gallopade, than as I once surprised her "under the shade of melancholy boughs," leaning—frightened at herself and every thing around her—on the arm of that confounded young Irishman, listening to music, which a set of young men had, that summer, got up for the delectation of their fair neighbours, about the Temple Gardens. Her blushes, her trembling, her apparently agonising consciousness of shame and wrong, where another girl would have felt lightly enough, made the matter worse. She drew away her arm pettishly and petulantly, then looked with anxious deprecation on her offended companion; and though she voluntarily took my arm, and begged to go home with me, I believe she struggled with her tears the whole way. Yet to go home was her own earnest proposal.

The deuce was in the girl; she was verily *bewitched*.

Upon another occasion, a few weeks afterwards, I, certainly by perfect accident, came suddenly upon my god-daughter, with one or two young companions, and this same young Irishman, and another lad, stepping into a boat for a pleasure sail, in apparently high but fluttered spirits. Female conscience was not slumbering, though Mary Anne had bid it go sleep. She started—almost screamed; and obeying my eye, like a fascinated bird, slowly came to me.

"Mary Anne, why will you leave us?" cried the girls. "Mr. Lyndsay Boyle is to show us a new beautiful steamer at Blackwall, Mr. Taylor," cried one. I did not interfere. "Indeed, indeed I cannot go—I must not go. Do not fancy me very capricious." I would rather she had gone ten times than seen that alarmed, deprecating look. The youth, the framer of the party, glowed with resentment, divided between my god-daughter and myself. Her tears partly disarmed him; but still, haughtily enough, he said, "Miss Mary Anne must act as she thinks best," and pushed off the little barque, leaving the damsel to a day of sadness, embittered by reflection on her folly, her caprice, but above all, I fear, by the dread of her new admirer's displeasure.

I was not sorry to find that he soon met flirting society, where he was not distracted by girls having qualms of conscience, scruples of delicacy, tears, caprices, unequivocal marks of tenderness, alternating with fits of pettishness, pride, and pouting disdain of attentions more lively than profound. In flirtations with the Miss Bakers, the Miss Chandlers, and others of our neighbours, the young Irishman forgot, or seemed to forget, the little spoiled whimsical girl for whom his good-nature and gallantry had been piqued when he saw her persecuted by *her* vulgar mother for the congenial sin of reading romances. The mother was the cause of a final estrangement, at which I rejoiced; for, so far as Mary Anne was interested, every fresh quarrel and pouting-fit only deepened the feelings that were hourly gaining alarming power over her. It was a long time afterwards before I was made acquainted with the circumstances of the last quarrel.

"How I long to be at Bognor, and far away from this," said my god-daughter to me one evening,—and this was often repeated: but when the journey was finally arranged, in a few weeks afterwards, she wept in secret incessantly; and honest David would have altered the whole arrangement, save for her own good sense and my firmness. A party of her young friends spent the evening previous to her departure with her. Mr. Lyndsay Boyle, on the mother's invitation, made one; and the old lady treated us with a little supper. The Irishman was a handsome, lively young fellow, with the frank, ingratiating manners of his country,—eloquent, full of frolic, and with just that slight touch of *swagger* which sits so gracefully upon the sons of the sister isle, and on them alone. He fairly eclipsed all the *John Bull beaux* of Mrs. Moir's circle; and one might have sworn that he had turned the heads of all the five girls present; save one. Even I might have been deceived, but for the slight tremour of voice with which Mary Anne tried and failed to return the *Farewell*, cordially but somewhat carelessly addressed to her by the gentleman, in expectation of her early journey in the morning.

For the next twelve months, my god-daughter lived, and I believe prospered, at Bognor. At the second holidays, she would still have declined to come home, so anxiously occupied was she, as she stated, with her studies, and so desirous had she become of profiting by this period

of leisure. But mother, and David, and god-father, and all, longed to see Mary Anne; and at the close of the next term, she came back to us for good, and, what all the women called, "vastly improved;" really, a very charming young creature. Nothing at least, could be prettier than her little hands, her pretty feet, her delicate shape, her clear and varying complexion, the ivory ears displayed by the womanly style in which she now arranged the splendid hair that formerly wont to hang curling on her neck. She had read little in this year, and yet *improved herself*. She had worked caps and lappets for her mother, and a green purse for myself; and the letters addressed to "Dear Papa," especially such as contained a request for any thing, were now penned with studied neatness.

I was apprehensive that she might feel disgusted, and become discontented or peevish in her old quarters, after enjoying the *air*, the comparative elegance, and the refinements of her school. My alarm was vain. Sweet flexibility of female nature! Mary Anne, without effort, accommodated herself to her new way of life. Her quiet and gentle demeanour even imposed restraint on her mother's violence; she was allowed to regulate her own hours and occupations, and acknowledged to be *industrious*, though still chargeable with the old fault of "moping."

I knew not whether to regret or rejoice at the total silence she maintained on the subject of Mr. Lyndsay Boyle, who had left the house a very few weeks after herself, and had, as I understood, been going to the devil in very good style ever since.

This young man had received his education at Trinity College, Dublin, and his friends had intended him for the bar; but the family finances failing, he had entered the employment of some of the many new wine and spirit companies, which in London spring up like mushrooms; and had become the confidential clerk. In this capacity, Mr. L. Boyle was probably about as foolish and extravagant as are nine tenths of his contemporaries. His salary was large, with some per centage on the sales of the house, on which last he calculated like an Irishman of twenty-three. Among his first follies, was leaving Mrs. Moir's frugal lodgings in our lane, though for this he pleaded hatred of his landlady. There must have been some natural antipathy between Mrs. Moir and Hibernians, as I never knew one of the nation who could endure her.

But if all silent, some of us had not forgotten Mr. Lyndsay Boyle. There are few persons in London who can altogether escape being hooked into a few benefit tickets. My brother James was one of those good-natured souls who once or twice a-year had a quantity of these commodities thrust upon him by the satellites of the great stars. Had they been taken from players really needing this sort of largess, one would less have minded; but, as it was, I occasionally accepted of one or two, and at this time did so, on account of my god-daughter, who, though bred in the heart of London, had not been three times in her life in any theatre. This, I have reason to believe, is the case with the daughters of many of the small tradesmen and shop-keepers, especially among the numerous dissenters; and though the theatre is a school of morals and manners, I see very little to regret in well-brought up young women missing many of its sights, and some of its lessons.

But we were this night Covent-Garden bound; and in good spirits we glanced over the English ballad opera that was to furnish our night's entertainment; and, both to keep our custom for our friends at home, a fundamental principle of British commerce, and to purchase reasonably, David came out and bought us oranges from Mrs. Plunkett, who blessed *us* both, and swore she had never seen *us* look rosier or *purtier* than that same night; and wished to the blessed saints that Mr Lyndsay Boyle could see us. We went on—one of us laughing, neither of us the merrier.

"And by the way, Mary Anne, I saw that same

'Old true love of thine'

in the Park this same day, gallantly mounted, but a whole league too far off from Blackwall, or wherever he ought to be."

There was no reply; a little shiver followed; but this was rather a cold night.

It was a well-filled, not a crowded house that we entered. We got good places, however; and amused ourselves by examining the company. There is some perverseness in human nature which does occasionally make one feel more cheerful, social, and kindly in a playhouse than in a church. Mary Anne prattled even gaily, certainly freely and carelessly; but this was not long. If he did not see *her*, she saw *him*. It was one of those exhibitions which, even to indifferent parties, do not recommend the arrangements of British theatres. The cause of the involuntary clutch of my companion at my arm, while she pressed herself against my side, as if she would have grown to me for protection from blasting images of horror and impurity, my own eyes following her glance soon explained to me; yet there was almost nothing, the indifferent would have remarked as extraordinary; for what more common than groups of gay young men and gay women in a theatre.

I was in pain for Mary Anne, though not particularly sorry that her own eyes had been her monitors; for how deep seated, how powerful, must be the feelings that, after a lapse of nearly two years, produced this terrible revulsion, this marble hue, and universal shuddering;—and time it was they were extirpated. I do not suppose that Mary Anne, spell-bound, trusted herself with another look in the direction that had tortured her. When I looked again, after the space of a few minutes, Mr. Lyndsay Boyle had left his friends, certainly without having recognised his old acquaintances.

Once or twice I offered to take her home. "No, no—Mamma would wonder;" but we ultimately came away before the afterpiece, both tired and sick, I believe, of the theatre. Several times, on her homeward walk, Mary Anne tried to speak, and failed. We were almost under the lamp at the head of our lane, when she whispered tremulously,—

"My godfather, I wish to tell you something,"—it was the very endearing, simple phrase of her childish days of unlimited confidence,—"something it would do me good to tell, and then I should be well again." She was now dreadfully agitated.

"My love, Mary Anne, you shall tell me what you please. Shall I take you home, or to Nurse Wilks first? —to my own apartment"—

"Oh, no—I cannot to night bear lights and houses. The dark—the stars—this cold free air, which keeps me from choking"——I permitted her to lead me on; and, by choice, or more likely accident, Blackfriars Bridge, at this hour solitary enough, became our confessional. Her head leaning on my shoulder, her lips close to my ear, she several times, as we stood, repeated, as if trying to commence her broken story, the words—"Once—I once imagined—I was a very young—a very foolish girl —almost a child, you remember,—who could fancy children having such dreams—to last so very long:—I imagined"———There was another suffocating pause—a kind of hysterical swelling in her throat—and passionately turning away, she exclaimed aloud—"O, I cannot tell it!" So far as regarded so penetrating an old gentleman as myself, the confidence was indeed quite superfluous. But this was no jesting matter to my poor Mary Anne, nor yet to me at that moment. I allowed her to sob herself to composure; and she took up the tale aloud which she appeared to have been pursuing in her mind

and as if I had heard the first part. "One day that I walked with *him*, thinking every moment that you would meet me, he spoke of my mother—light, scoffing, rude words. Perhaps he forgot she was my mother; but it was cruel. I felt no one could love me *right*, and speak so of my poor mother. I loved his mother:—and every soul in Ireland he ever told me of,—I loved them all! That was our last quarrel, and it is near two years. But I never told him why I was offended; for if he had loved me right, he would have known that. I waited these two years. And to-night!—to-night!" The low, quivering voice of anguish in which these words were thrilled, told me that whatever might be her fate otherwise, there was for Mary Anne slender chance of ever in this world being loved as she could love,—of being, as she childishly phrased it, "loved *right*,"—with the purity, the pride, the tenderness, the delicacy, the annihilation of self, the boundless devotion, which made up her notion, or rather her *feeling*, of the blissful condition she conceived, but could not describe.

In silence I brought her home. She ran up stairs, for a few minutes, probably to bathe her eyes, and then descended to us with that air of composure, that sweet sternness, which women borrow I know not whence.

The spring and the summer passed, and I heard no more of Mr. Lyndsay Boyle, save vague rumours of extravagance. Nor could I complain of my god-daughter. She was attentive to all her duties; helpful to her mother; cheerful and obliging with her few young companions; and, so far as I could see, contented and serene in her own mind. During this interval, she spent a good deal of her time in the family of my brother, where, twice a week, she had an opportunity of sharing in the lessons which my two elder nieces were receiving, with a view to her becoming, during the winter, the governess of their little sisters. Though David was rather dissatisfied, Mrs. Moir, Mary Anne, and myself, highly approved this arrangement. Still, my good friend, Mrs. Moir, would occasionally complain of her daughter "moping" and "drooping." She had no young confidantes; no constant correspondent; and a disinclination to spend money on herself, or, in her mother's phrase, "to make herself smart;" which, in a girl of eighteen, was at least very uncommon. Once, and but once, I ventured afar off to sound the state of her feelings. It was in the month of September of the same year in which we had been at Covent Garden. Instead of eluding, she invited the subject; but not its protracted discussion. I was even surprised by the firmness and serenity—the farthest in the world, however, from indifference—with which she said, "While he is happy I am content."

"With no desire that he should return to his allegiance?"

"None whatever. *Peace*, I have learned, is too dear a good to be periled, even for that which we call happiness."

"Then hail *la douce indifference!*" was my light response.

Mary Anne sighed, and smiled, and resumed her work. She had not reached the point I desired. She could be calmly firm, proudly content, but not coldly or serenely indifferent.

I was about this time in the habit of reading a newspaper, and spending an idle evening hour, once or twice a week, with an old blue-coat school fellow, in a little shop which his wife kept for the sale of small wares and perfumery, near the corner of ——— street.

After waiting in vain for clerical preferment, writing for newspapers and periodicals, lecturing on chemistry, trying a boarding-school in the Isle of Man, a circulating library in Liverpool, and various other occupations, G— had returned to London, and at last consented to let his wife do battle single-handed with the world, for what might maintain them, with their three children and tidy Isle of Man maid, while he seriously applied himself once more to his often laid aside, but never abandoned, translation of Lucretius; and in that absorbing task forgot, for the time, all his disappointments and sufferings. I would have rejoiced in this had he not also appeared to forget his wife's "meaner toils," and to overlook the probability of the children of a very learned man growing up without any education at all, save what comes by accident and casual association.

It was by a gracious humility that, towards six o'clock in an evening, when customers began to grow slack, G——, after a long morning of study, locked up Lucretius, assumed his wife's place, and allowed the poor woman to change, for an hour, the scene of her labours, from the back of her little counter, to the centre of her young family, and her tea dinner. On the evenings I was expected, Lucretius generally visited the crib, named the back-shop, for the benefit of my critical remarks, and the hope, nightly growing fainter, of my praise of the undertaking which might yet woo back fortune. At times I could have pitched the translated poet on the back of the few cinders which G———'s true-hearted, cheerful wife, swept together before going away, to make the compartment *comfortable* for her scholar, and his old friend.

Theirs had been a love-match, I found; though in intellectual qualities and accomplishments there could not be two persons born in the same country more opposite. She was a neat, compact little person, and I believe, a *first-hand* as a milliner, all action, and with no more thought than guided her immediate actions: He, a man of great and various learning, a speculative dreaming genius, and one of those men the worldly *justly* term indolent; though more ideas of a certain kind passed through his mind in an hour than would have occupied the worldling for a month,—I mean in number; in quality and value no comparison could be made. But while G———'s thoughts were "wandering through eternity" or lost in chaos and atoms, his large lumbering person was, at certain hours, to be found in the narrow region of space I have indicated. I am sure he sincerely loved his wife and their children; and, as he was a man of sound moral feeling, he as certainly regretted that chance or education had denied him the power of doing better for them, after his wife's little fortune had been thrown away on the boarding-school speculation,—the original project by which prudence appeared to sanction marriage. I could, however, never bring G——— to disparage the classics nor his education; nor yet to believe that Mrs. G——— merited better to be called a heroic mother and wife, than either Cornelia, or Agrippina the wife of Germanicus. At such times he would raise his great and rather dull eyes upon me, as if questioning my sanity or my seriousness; but when I proceeded, "the most truly heroic mother I ever had the happiness of knowing, is, after all, Peg Plunkett, the orange-woman, whose barrow stands at the head of our lane," he could no longer doubt that I was speaking in the boyish vein, which had formerly led me to mystify my old school-fellows. I never was more serious in my life, however,—but let that pass for the present. Besides the pleasure I took in G———'s, conversation, I felt a strong interest in the prosperity of his wife's traffic, the more, perhaps, that my former connections enabled me to open up a new and lucrative branch, as soon as, to speak it grandly, the general peace gave security to commercial speculation. The reputation of my sagacity in affairs, and the hazard of 20*l.*, embarked on my own responsibility, might have quickened my zeal for the disposal of her small fancy sculptures; those beautiful and delicate vases and figures in alabaster and composition, which I obtained from Florence, where they are so

cheaply made and bought, and which Mrs. G——— at, first, sold to very great advantage in her little shop. It was for her a prodigious stroke! and Rothschild could not have congratulated himself more on a successfully negotiated foreign loan, than I did on the small venture which set my friend's wife fairly afloat in her business; and even introduced her to a better, that is to a richer description of customers, for her other nick-nack wares, before the scupture trade deadened. This speculation did me another service with the family, it raised G——'s opinion of my judgment and capacity for affairs; the worthy translator having sometimes taken it upon him to affect surprise, that *I*, who had played my cards so ill, and with a great game before me had so abruptly thrown it up, should assume the right to lecture *him*; and over Lucretius and more favoured classics, provokingly quote the Scotish poet, Burns, against him,—

> "What makes a fire-side a happy clime
> To bairns and wife;
> That's the true pathos and sublime
> Of human life."

G—— would not allow that Burns was a poet in any sense. A more uncandid man would, in answer to me, have impeached his life; he only disparaged his verse. "Between lights," on a misty afternoon, late in October, with slimy, slippery streets, and the choking fetid air that creeps over and shrivels one's skin, and pierces and chills one's marrow, I had made my way to —— street, and sat with my friend in the cabinet boxed off from the shop, hearing him thunder out his last translated hundred and fifty verses, my eye prudently directed through a loop-hole in the green silk, which screened the four panes commanding the shut glass door, and the counter. Three times I had marked a figure glide past, and a female face momentarily gazing through the damp glass, and as quickly withdrawn. It is one of the miseries of London,—antipathy and distrust of one's fellow-creatures being to me always gnawing misery,—that the idea of a *thief* is never far distant in such circumstances. Whether the perfume of attar, and *eau de Cologne*, or the many surrounding *prettinesses*, elegances, and appliances of female refinement, had inspired gentler and more gallant notions, I cannot tell; but it was not of a thief I thought now.

The door was gently, and yet quickly opened, as if the person were in some haste or perturbation. The female advanced, a slight youthful figure; and there was a drumming summons sounded on the glass-case on the counter. I could see by the lamp-light the quick panting of the closely wrapped-up girl, and even hear her hurried unequal breathings.

"Some waiting-maid for rouge or black pins," said G——, peevishly laying down his MS., for the uncongenial office of supplying his customer. "These things, my wife tells me, are always neglected till the moment ladies are at their toilet." With a few more peevish expressions, by way of indemnifying his classic dignity, for the degradation of his secular office, G—— carefully shut the door upon me, to spare at least one of us the humiliation of coming in contact with black pins, though both knew that bread was scarce to be made by black letter, nor yet by the black art itself. The girl supported herself leaning on the glass case, her features concealed by a faded green gauze veil, which hung lank and wet about her. Could it be?—it was Mary Anne—and why this mystery?

"Your pleasure, ma'am?" said G—— formally to his silent customer. "At this hour Mrs. G—— is generally out of the shop; and I fear you will find me but an indifferent substitute. Will you be seated, ma'am—I shall do my best."

"O quite, quite well, you will do, sir—for I hope you will buy my—*my hair*." Low, rapid, and quivering as the voice was in which these few words were rather breathed than articulated, I could not be deceived in its tones. It was indeed Mary Anne. I apprehended in an instant something very near the truth. Hastily pushing the shop-door close with one hand, as if seeking concealment, with the other, the girl slipped off her bonnet and a close-eared cap, and tossing her head with an air customary to her, let down, as if tempting her chapman with the beauty of her full-displayed wares, the redundant flood of her shining tresses. Then looking up in his face with an anxious imploring agony of expression, she whispered again more earnestly, "I do hope, sir, you will buy *this* hair." She passed her right arm under it, lifting it up again, as if to show all its brightness and length, but without another word.

G—— must have been struck and embarrassed by the appearance and manner of the dealer. After some little hesitation he replied, "We do, ma'am—that is Mrs. G—— does buy hair. Yours is very beautiful, certainly: of that classic tinge, ma'am—that is, I mean, of a colour now very rare—the hue between golden and auburn, which the Roman beauties—ahem!"—This was probably intended for the back-shop,—for Dionysius's ear,—"I mean, ma'am"—— But what cared I for listening to G——'s meanings!

What a contrast did those bright, sunny tresses make with the pale, passion-struck—the almost haggard countenance of the wretched girl, whose starting eyes were straining after the reply that was impending over her like a judge's sentence on a criminal. What was the real matter? What could have happened to have sent Mary Anne abroad on such a night? But the weather was nothing—it was, why on such an errand—for what reason thus concealed—for what secret, for what *guilty* purpose could Mary Anne covet money obtained so strangely? My thoughts were in tumult and insurrection, I could only hastily resolve to watch, that I might aid or save her.

This was a purchase too important to be made by my friend without the knowledge of his wife. It was an affair of importance as a business speculation; for he knew that she had an order for female hair of this very peculiar colour, to adorn the intriguing head of a prodigiously great lady belonging to the north of Europe.

Indeed, I believe I had gossipped about this very affair in the hearing of Mary Anne. Was it the influence of the classics, or his naturally trustful and humane temper that made G—— think as little of thieves as myself, when, scholarly and courteously placing a chair, he begged the agitated girl to be seated, while he went round the corner to summon his wife? At this proposal she caught at once, and appeared to breathe more freely.

"Then you think it probable, sir?"—"I do think it very probable, if you can come to terms." G—— had not learned to disparage what he purchased—he was, indeed, a wretched shopkeeper—"but you must naturally, expect a great deal for your beautiful" —— "O, no, no, not a great deal—any thing; but I want a great deal, too—a very great deal of money, this *very* hour!"

The agitation of her manner must have been remarked even by G——, though not naturally the quickest of men. For my own part, I knew not how to act. Was her mind shaken by this unknown distress? I never had more difficulty in my life than to command myself during the few minutes that G—— was absent; and when Mary Anne abandoned herself to a burst of passion, leaned down her head on her crossed arms, while she sobbed in her agony, with those frightful choked sobs which are to me more excruciating than the most outrageous expression of female grief. Amidst her sobbing a name was unconsciously breathed which gave me the clew to one, perhaps to the leading, cause of her distress, while every circumstance connected with it remained more mysterious than before.

Is it habit, or nature, or mere mobility of temperament, that gives women that remarkable power I have so often noticed, of at once suppressing every violent external symptom of the passions by which they are strongly agitated? The mere mechanical effect of G—— or his wife touching the handle of the door, acted on her senses, and instantly restored at least the outward semblance of composure. She did not speak again; but by a little gesture signified assent to what was said, and bended her head while Mrs. G—— examined, with an approving eye, the offered merchandise.

If I have been too severe on the poets, I wish to give fair play to their uses.

"Would it not be a pity, ma'am," said the scholar. His wife shook her head. "Then Mrs. G—— you must give the young lady a handsome price for this hair—you have an order, you know, from"—— Mrs. G—— was really angry, now. So simple a man! Was it not enough, as she afterwards told me, that he could not earn a penny himself for his family, but he must spoil her trade!

"The utmost farthing she could afford was three guineas;" and with complying gestures, on the part of Mary Anne, and abundant speech from my friend's wife, the bargain was concluded; and the tradeswoman having secured her advantage, the *woman* came into play in her more natural character, which was kind and cheerful. It seemed a great relief to the poor girl that Mrs. G—— proposed doing the office of the *friseur* herself. She brought the girl within her counter, drew her little screens, and dexterously plying her scissors, to which her tongue kept a running accompaniment, added tress by tress to the golden sheaf that hung glittering over her table. What all this while were the feelings of Mary Anne? Her back was turned to me. She sat as still, and apparently as unconscious, as a sculptured figure, till the business was nearly ended.

The cutting off the hair of the novice immediately before she takes the last solemn vows, which separate her for ever from the world, is often represented as a very affecting scene. The resignation of the beautiful and graceful ornament of the youthful vestal, the bride of heaven, is imagined a great sacrifice. The hair is consecrated by the weeping friends, among whom it is divided, and treasured as the last relic of the living-dead. There was no one to mourn over Mary Anne's severed locks—not even myself. I thought of her heart, not her head,—or at least not of its spoils; and a truss of straw, a rush-cap would, at the moment, have been as important to the poor girl herself. To say she cared not for her loss was nothing. I am convinced that she never once thought of it. When the business was nearly ended, she drew from a silk bag a little seal formed of a Cairngorum pebble, on which the national thistle and a Scotish motto were cut; and a few strings of coral beads. I knew both well. One was the highly valued gift of her honest father; the other a present from my sister Anne made long since to my god-daughter. "Pray, ma'am, what might those be worth?" Mrs. G—— stopped her nimble scissors, and with a brief malediction on pawnbrokers, replied, "Somewhere from ten to twelve shillings, perhaps."

"But to sell them out at once?"

"Not much more, I fear;—they are horrid Jews, those pawnbrokers." With a low sigh the trinkets were returned to their keeping-place.

My friend's wife, though a sharp tradeswoman, had known adversity in its best uses. She began, I imagine, to feel some touch of remorse, under the conviction that she was certainly making a very good bargain in her rare purchase. From what I afterwards learned, there was the more prevailing idea, with a woman of her good heart, of a poor girl parting with the natural ornament a young female is supposed to cherish so fondly, and with her little trinkets, in some severe family strait, perhaps to supply the wants of little brothers and sisters, or a father and mother. Taxes, rates,—socks and shoes for children, now October was so far on,—rent-day!—that terrible day!—all these things I could learn had flashed through Mrs. G——'s mind, and many more household ideas, as her scissors cut the last locks; and kindness and prudence parleyed, and came to a compromise.

"Your hair is in such quantity that I think I must mend my offer, my dear"——

"I told you so, Mrs. G——," said G——. "This classic tinge, my love, so much prized by the Roman ladies, after the Roman arms"——

"Nonsense! Mr. G——," "——by as much as any pawnbroker would give for your little things, if you meant to part with them."

"Thank you, ma'am."

"And if you were to call in a few days, when I see how this turns out, perhaps we might afford a little more. I shall have no scruple to ask my price, but these great ladies are so capricious; any way, you must keep your little trinkets; and, at your age, your beautiful hair will soon grow again, thick and long." This was cheerfully and kindly said.

"You are very good," was the whispered reply. Of how many shades of meaning are those few simple words susceptible, when tones become more expressive than speech. Though the face was still averted, the voice told me that now

The tears had *left* their bed.

"I have left some nice pretty curls on the temples here, ma'am," said Mrs. G——, as Mary Anne rose, and as Mrs. G—— kindly tied on her cap. A faint smile gave place to the anxious fixed look which she had fastened on G——, as she turned towards him. He was at the till, slowly counting out the money. The smile vanished far more rapidly than it gathered, as the dole, the gift, the means to some mysterious end, was eagerly grasped.

As she curtsied, her dry lips moved in a mechanical effort to return thanks. I had already taken my hat; but rapid as were my movements, and deaf as I was to the call of G——, and the exclamations of his curious wife, the quicker steps of my god-daughter had left me considerably behind. She made several windings, wanting courage, as I believed, to enter any of the pawnbrokers' shop doors, near which she hovered. At last, as by a desperate effort, she entered one in Fenchurch street; and I presume there was little difficulty in honest David's national thistle, and my sister Anne's strings of coral, finding a destination the original proprietors could little have anticipated for their gifts. It was my object to trace Mary Anne to her destination, not to accompany her; and the rapidity of her movements as she *skimmed* on, and probably the rapt state of her mind, prevented any chance of detection. She stopped at a door in a street which I do not choose to name, but, as the wits say, not above a hundred and fifty miles from the Old Bailey. It was my purpose to arrest her at this point, but before I could advance, the hall door opened to her quick knock, and was shut again; and I read on the door-plate the familiar name of a well-known, or more properly, a notorious sharking Old Bailey attorney. I was more than ever perplexed. What could a creature like Mary Anne want with such a character?—what communion could there be between the spirit of innocence, and the presiding *genius* of the spot? That it was here the three or four pounds she had so strangely obtained were to be left, I could not doubt. There was no entrance within these doors but with a golden key; though peace, character, hope, happiness, *life*, might be bartered or forfeited to find one.

Her stay, lingering as the moments seemed to me,

could not be above five minutes. Other wretches were besieging the door; and as they passed in, Mary Anne glided out, and took the straight way homewards, at a rate of speed which put me to my best pace. At the last crossing, I accosted her, as if accidentally, crying out, "Ho, Mary Anne! whither so fast? Take me with you, or a part of my umbrella, any way." She started like a guilty thing, mumbling, "Yes, indeed, I believe it does rain." From the arm I drew within my own, I could feel that the whole frame trembled and shook as if to dissolution.

"You shiver, Mary Anne, and your hands are scorching. Are you quite well, my poor princess? And why abroad and alone in such a night? Has mamma been scolding very bad?" I tried to laugh, as I confidentially pressed the hand lying on my arm.

"Oh, no! Not my poor mother—'tis I am in fault—only I—if fault it be, which is deep, deadly misery. I would—I must tell you all—that I am the most wretched of all creatures this night." She stopped: she hung her whole weight on my arm, and sobbed without restraint. I passed my arm under her cloak and hurried her forward, to avoid the notice of the gazers on the street. Innocent, and even knightly, as I was, I was too well aware of the danger of rousing the gallantry and chivalrous feeling of John Bull towards a damsel in distress, to court unnecessary observation. I intended to take her to my own apartments before I proceeded farther in cross-examination; and we were now in the lane. Fortune was unfavourable. As we approached Mr. Moir's door, his industrious lady happened to open it. She accosted me with unwonted blandness and courtesy, thanking me for having "escorted her Mary Anne home from Brunswick Square!" More mystery! Mary Anne pressed my arm; and though I could not exactly comprehend why I should be made a party to her concealments, neither could I betray her. So I told, or what came to the self-same thing, I, by a *simper*, asquiesced in the *lie*. I give it the plain name, as I never was casuist or hair-splitter enough to perceive essential difference between the lie spoken and the lie acted. We were now in the neat, snug parlour. Mrs. Moir, instead of *scolding*, or what David called *yatterin*—the Scotish language is rich in descriptive epithets—was unusually attentive to the comforts of a daughter, who, in a bad evening, had returned from spending a day with Mrs. James Taylor and her *genteel* family in Brunswick Square. Her affability extended to me; and she insisted that, as tea was just ready, I should remain. Curiosity and a better feeling were stronger prompters. I did long to fathom the depths of this day's history.

The old lady bustled away for her tea equipage, and Mary Anne then first spoke. "You think strangely, perhaps meanly, perhaps unkindly, of me," cried the agitated girl, again clasping my arm with both her clasped hands. "Once that would have killed me:—nothing hurts me now. My cold, lumpish heart feels at times as if already dead within me. My poor mother thinks I have spent a happy day with the kind friends *you* made my friends—Ah, no! no!"—

"And where, then, dearest Mary Anne?—my own good girl—but I will not hurry you—I"—I never could, in emotion, speak to my god-daughter without drawing her to me; without, in short, caressing her as if she were still the little affectionate child that had grown up under my eye, and almost in my arms. "Ha! Mr. Richard," cried the tray-bearing mamma, with half-affected glee, "still flirting with my Mary Anne! I wish you were twenty years younger for her sake: I am sure you would carry her from all the younger *beaux*. And, bless me, my dear, how you have *mudded* your petticoat! A dozen spots at least! Fie, Mary Anne! you who are so *tidy* a walker—surely you could not have appeared in nice, sweet Mrs. James Taylor's drawing-room this morning with these spots." Mrs. Moir always commended good women and good puddings in precisely the same terms. They were *nice* or *sweet*, and to express the superlative both epithets were used. This is, indeed, a female practice; nor would tracing the analogy between ladies and custards greatly puzzle a metaphysician or philologist. I was glad of this diversion to the petticoat, for the countenance could worse have borne the keen maternal scrutiny. I pleaded guilty to the splashes, but Mrs. Moir was too civil to allow so dire an imputation to rest upon me, as splashing a fair neighbour in very dirty streets. She was, in reality, more occupied with her daughter than her guest; nor could I help regretting, that with so much genuine affection and dutifulness on both sides, there should be so entire a want of confidence and sympathy between them.

"Go put away your bonnet. And, bless me, what are you doing with that old green veil! and change your shoes, my Mary Anne! Papa would say, change your feet! Ha! ha! ha!"

The woman was crazy. I had never seen her in this rantipole humour. "And bless me again, girl, I forgot your *boa*:—now, Mary Anne, love, where is it? Have you made a *nice* bargain? Is it ermine or *fitch*? You know what I recommended. But let us see."

Mary Anne looked to me with anxiety and confusion. Was another lie required? "I thought—I forgot—it is not here, mamma."

"Left in Brunswick Square! Stupid monkey!—well, no matter; it would have been *prudent* had you done so of purpose in such weather with a new boa. And how much got you back of my two bright sovereigns? Now let us see how you can *shop* for yourself. Eighteen almost—hey, Mr. Taylor! and I trusted her this morning to buy a *boa* for herself, as I wished her to be *respectable*, going to spend a day with excellent Mrs. James, who sees so much genteel company of a morning. Now, how much change have you, my Mary Anne?—tell us all about it." The gracious matron smiled, as if generously expecting not a farthing, and as if not grudging her money for a *nice* smart *boa* of, as the shop-bills accurately describe it, "London-made fur."

I saw the poor girl was in torture. With more self-possession, she might have come off perfectly well, merely by using smiles and grimaces; but she faltered, as if bound to declare, "Indeed, mother, I have no money—not a farthing."

"Well, well, child, never expose your poverty; make yourself comfortable, and come back to make tea for your god-father and your papa."

My friend David came down stairs. While he shook my hand, I fancied that his eyes were fixed earnestly on his daughter. My merits as an escort were again recited, and David seemed relieved and satisfied on hearing from whence I had brought Mary Anne, who now left us. We chatted of this and that, waiting her return, for about twenty minutes, when the maid-servant, in answer to the mother's enquiry, reported that Miss Mary Anne had gone out.

"With her bonnet on?" cried the mother. "Out—the lassie!" gasped David; and involuntarily, as by a simultaneous movement, we went to the street door, following Mrs. Moir. It was impossible for Mary Anne to deny that the female from whom she hurriedly parted under a distant door-way, was the obnoxious and redoubtable Mrs. Peg Plunkett. Evidently in great terror, the girl hurriedly approached us, panting, in haste and alarm—"I forgot some cottons that I required ———"

"Hold your tongue, minx!" cried the mother, pushing her daughter into the house, and slamming the door after the whole party. "You will not believe me, David Moir—do you believe your own eyes—*ocular* demonstration before your own eyes, sir—of your precious daughter? *colleaguing* with that wicked, vagabond, dirty, Irish

barrow-woman, Mr. Taylor!" I admired the climax. "Will I be believed now? What want you with that vagabond woman? What wants she with you? To rob your mother's house, is it?" She shook the terrified girl by the shoulder.

"Hush, hush! for any sake, my dear madam, unless you wish to raise the neighbourhood," was my peace-cry. David looked from daughter to wife, and to the daughter back again, wringing his hands; and Mary Anne wept in silent anguish.

I shall not describe all the violence, in action and speech, of my good friend Mrs. Moir; who certainly might have some cause of displeasure, but nothing that could justify the preposterous lengths to which her anger went.

"But, madam, Mrs. Moir," I ventured at last to say, when the first tornado was pretty well spent, "where is the terrible harm, after all, of my god-daughter exchanging a few civil words with Mrs. Plunkett—a thing which I do once or oftener every day of my life, with great comfort and social refreshment to myself?"

"An old neighbour!" muttered David, pitching his voice to the proper tone of conjugal deprecation, and looking compassionately at the weeping girl.

"An old fiddlestick, Mr. Moir!"—How irreverent, and even impudent, these married women do become!—"And as to you, Mr. Taylor, who are thought a rather particular gentleman, you are no rule,—gentlemen may do as they please; but that bold girl, whom I have ordered and commanded, at her peril, not to look to that woman, or speak to that woman, whom you, Mr. Moir, if worth your ears, sir, would have had removed from this neighbourhood, long and long ago, as a nuisance, sir, there where she stands,—to laugh at your wife and ruin your child," &c. &c.

Now my friend Peg's crime was meditating housebreaking, now ruining girls. I could make little sense of this, though I was forced to perceive my god-daughter's error in disobedience.

"My dear Mary Anne, it is clear you must not speak to poor Peg again. Perhaps Mrs. Moir is right in thinking her not quite the best sort of even speaking acquaintance for young women. And you, my good madam, must be reasonable with *our* daughter. Though she is your own property, I doubt if you know half her value." Mrs. Moir, though far enough from a reasonable mother, had about her a good deal of the she-bear's kindness for her offspring. She also began to sob and cry in her own obstreperous fashion.

"I would have Mary Anne value herself, Mr. Taylor—keep her own place, sir—and show a proper pride, Mr. Taylor."

"I am afraid my friend, Mrs. Plunkett, fancies she shows even an improper pride, ma'am. Only last week she was hinting to me of the changed face Mary Anne shows her." This was well thrown in; but Mary Anne's quick and warm honesty spoiled all.

"I have not till yesterday spoken—and scarce looked to her for six months—scarce since I returned from Bognor. If she were not a generous-hearted, a high-minded woman, she would not now have forgiven, or have spoken to me."

"Grant me patience! Do you hear her, Mr. Taylor?—do you hear her, Mr. Moir?—Is the girl mad?—An Irish barrow-woman, an orange-woman *condescend* to speak to my child! Girl, girl, what have you to say to that vagabond? are you mad outright?"

"Gude help us a'," ejaculated David, driven to his mother-tongue, and he ran out of the room.

Mary Anne lay weeping, her head on the table:—she quickly raised herself, and in a voice whose tones I shall never forget, breathed out,—"Mother, I am not mad—not yet mad—O, spare me then to-night, dear mother, if you would not see me so. Strange things are about me. Spare me for this night. I know how you love me:—and you will rue it all your life if you are too hard with me to-night. I should like to go to bed now."

I could see that the mother was affected, and even alarmed. I promptly interposed, and approached Mary Anne. "Certainly, my dear, you shall go to bed—do to-night whatever you will: I answer for Mrs. Moir. Indeed, I mistake if you are not far from well to-night. I stooped over her where she sat, my back turned to the mother, who stood by irresolute. I held the poor girl's burning hands clasped within both mine. She leant down her head, and kissed my hands repeatedly, passionately breathing, "My own good god-father,—*my good genius!*" The tears that fell on my hands were scalding; but the fever of the mind was, I feared, yet higher than that which raged in the blood. I would have given more than I need name to have had a few minutes of confidential communing with the distracted girl. I saw her heart, with all its load of sorrows, was in my hands. She ventured to kiss her mother, but in silence, and left us. The good lady followed in a very few minutes; and immediately returned to say, "The foolish thing was already asleep!"

We now had tea, and when Mrs. Moir left us again to gather intelligence for a second bulletin, David assailed me with a whispered "I beseech ye, Mr. Richard, speak to the wife to be less severe with the bit lassie! They'll break my heart between them! She sees nae peer to Mary Anne, I ken that; and yet the *yammer* for one fault or another is never out of her mouth. Of the thousand ways the women-folks have of spoiling their dochters, Mr. Richard, the worst, to my mind, is this endless *yammerin* and *yatterin*, and *nag-nagging*, for little or nothing. And the worst of all is, these *teuch* (tough) hearted auld folk little think how their bitter words blister and crush a tender young spirit. I mind myself the bursting heart I used to have, even when *man-muckle*, when, if I had sleeped an hour ower long in a morning, or let the young beasts I was herding get a rug o' the green corn, a thrawn auld sorrow o' a bachelor uncle I had would have prophesied the ill end such sinful beginnings would come to, and that less than the gallows, the end just made by one Rob Gunn, hanged at Aberdeen for horse-stealing, would not atone for backslidings like mine. These are cruel, senseless sayings, Mr. Richard! They are worse than foolish that drive young creatures to judge ower hardly o' themselves, and lose self-respect for mere nonsense. There was ne'er ony thing lost by showing kindness to a kindly nature. I wish our minister would preach about that." In honest David's strictures on moral education, so far as I understood them, I fully concurred. Mary Anne was reported still quiet, and asleep. I was, at least, aware that she wished to seem so, to avoid all conversation for the night.

From my own window I saw her chamber was dark by midnight; and I went to bed, ruminating on the events of the evening, and more perplexed than ever. It was idle to torment myself. I was convinced that she wished to give me her confidence, and with it the power of aiding and counseling her; and I subdued my anxiety and curiosity, resolving to visit her chamber next morning,—a liberty which I had always enjoyed, in common with her father, when she was really sick.

I was taking my morning coffee, in the struggling light of a gray damp day-break, when Mrs. Moir's maid servant brought the hasty tidings, that "Master had gone early to the bank; *Missis* was in *hicksterics*, and Miss Mary Anne was run away."

I lost no time. The slight natural antipathy which existed, and all the petty tiffs and resentments of eighteen years, gave way before the extreme distress of my neighbour; violent and undignified in expression, but deep and real in suffering. She accused her husband, she upbraided myself, she railed at the Irish woman, she

execrated her own harshness, and blamed the whole world, save her "Dear, beautiful child—her Mary Anne—who must, she was certain, have thrown herself over Blackfriars Bridge, for fear of being scolded for the loss of her boa—there could be no doubt of it."

The only thing in which the unhappy woman showed reason, was, that I should lose no time in setting out in my search, and in being persuaded to put off her pattens, remain where she was, and keep herself and her clamorous maid within doors; and to leave me, instead of the constable, to deal with Mrs. Plunkett. I left her rather more composed by my assurance, that the catastrophe she dreaded was utterly impossible, and my promise of not returning without tidings of Mary Anne.

This interview occupied a few minutes. My first hope was Mrs. Plunkett, who was already on duty, talking to herself, rubbing gently, and piling her oranges and lollypops. She accosted me in her ordinary way, with the genial, heart-reaching courtesy of an Irish greeting,—

"Morrow! Mr. Taylor, sir,—and a raw one it is to them poor creatures that suffered. I see where you been down the lane. The mistress is among her troubles, this misty morning, it seems:—well, sorrow bit now myself heeds that same, if no harm come to the good, pretty girl. Och, devil a care for the ould one, Mr. Taylor, sir." She laughed good-humouredly.

Though Peg was a generous woman, her generosity was of the national complexion. It was rarely displayed in magnanimity to an enemy, or even to a fallen foe. "She'd be glad to have the little girl at home to-day, even to spaike to the Irish barrow-woman."

All my address could extract little information from so stanch an ally and auxiliary as Mrs. Plunkett, who hated her insolent English neighbour with a hatred of twenty years' standing; and, besides, reckoned herself of the daughter's faction, and opposed to the mother. Any sacrifice would have seemed slight, compared to the dishonour of betraying Mary Anne, or to the *meanness* of treachery. "I'll tell ye nothing, Mr. Taylor; what should I know of the little girl?—I seen where ye come from, sir, down the lane. What should I tell ye of the poor girl."

I could not disabuse the woman of the belief, that to tell of Mary Anne's doings to her mother was wrong and treachery. I had lost my time and my eloquence. I became angry at last, and was so far left to my own folly and ignorance, or forgetfulness of Irish nature, as to threaten a magistrate,—that insolent threat too familiar to London lips. All her Hibernian blood was in a rage. I wish some of our cold, stiff tragedy heroines had seen Peg, as she said,—

"And ye would—would ye?—ye would—to the widow stranger woman, who sought honest bread under the shadow of your roof for twenty years; for the bed-rid mother, and the fatherless little ones?—Och, no, Mr. Taylor, and that ye would not:—and, excuse my passion—but ye should not have said that same, sir." I was, indeed, heartily ashamed of having said it.

"But for a hasty word, ill would it become me to forget what ye done for me and mine:"—I had attended the family with my best skill in typhus, but I fear they had little faith in me—"or showed the will to do any way, which is the same—and what *she* done!"—And the grateful woman kissed the little ebony cross, with which I had presented her on the death of our common friend, Sister Agathé, whom she regarded as a saint, and, for aught I knew, on holidays invoked as one. "And if it be, sir, that it is as you say, for the little girl's own good, that I should tell you all I know, then I will, if you swear on the Book, not to acquaint the mother: by the same token I had a notion that I ought to tell you, and had a drame about that same this last night too." Here a female friend and country-woman was called from a neighbouring cellar.

"Morrow! Mrs. Tuomy. She is a true creature, Mr. Taylor,—I would trust her with a barry of gould that's Mrs. Tuomy. Will ye just give a look to the barry whilst I run up to the place with the doctor, to see the ould lady, poor ould baiste, and sure I'd do more for yourself again."

"With all the veins, Mrs. Plunkett, ma'am, and compliments to the ould lady this same morning." And these civilities past, I followed Peg's stoutest campaigning stride to the garret, where her bedrid ancient mother, so affectionately named "the dear ould baiste," had lain for fifteen years.

"Welcome to the place, sir, and to the seat in it! She'll be glad to see you, dear ould baiste. Moder, dear, this is the doctor!" Peg bawled. But I have no time for this scene, which Peg had tact enough to perceive I was too impatient of. She took, from a small brown, broken tea-pot, or pipkin of some kind,—part of her lollypop apparatus, I believe,—a number of letters or papers; blotted and tear-stained scrawls, but in the well known hand-writing of my poor Mary Anne. There may be persons who would have thought it dishonourable to have read these writings. I had no scruples or admonitions of conscience. I loved the writer well, and my heart gave my eyes free warrant.

"And you were the messenger in this affair?"

"To Newgate prison, sir?—then in troth I was. I don't deny it, Mr. Taylor. Could I refuse the poor cratur, who, the thin white face tould me, was on her knees to me, as for the bare life, to go? In troth, then, I could not."

"I do not blame you; but tell me, and quickly, what passed." I looked to the papers again. They were—blotted, confused, interlined, as they appeared—the history of a criminal case—materials for a brief, in short—full of pathetic pleading, heart inspired eloquence, and, what was more surprising, acute reasoning on facts and minute circumstances of evidence, though the writer was only poor Mary Anne, and this beyond all doubt, her first law-paper.

"Go on, Mrs. Plunkett! I am all impatience."

"Then, first, the poor girl swore me on the book, or, all as one, take my word and honour, as an Irishwoman, never to tell who sent me there; for, somehow, she saw in the papers, that Mr. Lyndsay Boyle, who is a gentleman born, was put up by them dirty scamps, for some thrifle of money 'bezzled."

I held the brief; so I knew the whole history, and I was impatient on other points. Mr. Lyndsay Boyle's habits of thoughtless extravagance had led him into difficulties. He had exhausted the funds, and offended the feelings, of his relations. He had also quarreled with his rascally employers, a flash wine and spirit company. He was in possession of their dishonest secrets of trade, which he had detected, and they were resolved to ruin him, and send him out of the country. It was an unhappy affair, and, very probably, a case of infamous conspiracy. But how came my unfortunate god-daughter to be involved in it?

"No more than the babe to be born to-morrow knew the poor cratur, Mr. Taylor, though the boy was once, in a way, her bachelor; but was she to see him hung?"

"Hung!—not so bad as that neither. It is only transportation—a case under Sir Thomas Plomer's act,—that merciful and equitable law, Mrs. Plunkett, by which the pinched embezzler of 5s. is more liable to punishment, ruin to himself, and all connected with him, in fame, fortune, and happiness, than the embezzler of £50,000, as the latter has a thousand better chances of eluding justice in the first instance, or of baffling it in the end. The sum for which this foolish young fellow is committed seems £4, 10s."

"Just that, sir—Mr. Tim Byrne, a countryman, a

Treda* man, I met in Newgate, tould me all about it; for the young gentleman himself is, they say, mad entirely with the grief and affront—and indeed he looked like it,—the shame of the world on them! to harm so handsome a boy, and to break the heart of the poor girleen for such a thrifle."

Mrs. Plunkett would look neither to statute, nor common law, nor offence to justice. She stuck to "ruining a boy for £4, 10s." I had difficulty in keeping her to her text, on which she discoursed something at large.

"Och, little could I make of him, though I was as cunning as the ould One not to mention the girleen. He looked mighty high, and hardened, and proud at first; and whistled, and tramped about the yard as long as I stood, and made a laughing too. 'And how is your neighbour, old David Moir, and his pretty daughter?' says he. 'All very well, but will be sorry to the heart for you sir,' says I. 'Oh, tell Miss Mary Anne not to concern herself about me;'—and with that the whistle began again; and then he shouted 'damnation!' and round on his heel, and away from me, for we were in the yard. And with that comes my countryman, Tim Byrne, who makes his bit of brade, poor sowl, writing of letters for the prisoners, and the like. 'He is a fine young man, Mrs. Plunkett, ma'am,' says he; 'and if you care for him or his, you must get an attorney, ma'am, and a counsel, and a brief drawn, and no time to lose; and five pounds at the very laste.' And with that I came home to Miss Mary Anne, waiting me here, poor dear! 'Not concern myself?' cried the poor cratur. Had you but seen her, Mr. Taylor. 'Och! how can he imagine his friends could help that!' Troth, had I borne her, I could not be more sorry for the young cratur; and he was a gay frank boy, too. Miss Mary Anne durst not tell the mother or the father; and five pounds were to us the Bank of Ireland—to her and myself, I mean; for if I had it, Mr. Taylor—"

"Well, what did you?"

"Och! one or other of us,—I believe it was herself,—thinks, 'Sure Tim Byrne could tell us something.' So back I goes, just as they were locking up, and Tim going home for the night; and I *traited* him myself on the way back, not to be bringing gin to the place, and poor Miss Mary Anne, who is a genteel cratur, waiting in it—the *sister*, as I called her to Tim:—no occasion for that vagabone knowing every thing. So he tould her the whole story: and all night long she sat up and wrote these scribbles, myself getting candles; and yesterday morning early, I took the clean one—the brief it is—to Mr.——, with two gould sovereigns; and the cruel baiste, putting that in his pocket, would not look to me. 'More money!' says he, 'I can offer no counsel on this long memorial with a paltry two sovereigns; and back I came to the poor girl, who looked like one distracted. The sessions going hot on—no attorney, no counsel, no witness, and no money to procure them. Tim frightened the poor girleen out of her little wits; and indeed, and in troth, I fear he is a bit of a rogue, Tim. 'Could not you get something on them ear-rings, ma'am,' says he; and out came the bits of ear-rings—down in his hand—and away she fled, and I saw her no more."

"And were is Mary Anne now, at this moment?" was my impatient cry.

"And, indeed, and in troth the pace knows, Mr. Richard! Only this morning, the cratur that slaves for the ould woman tould me the pretty bird had flown; and where she is gone was the very thing I meant, sir, to ax yourself: and if I were in your place, sir, I would have the young things married out of hand, and let them comfort one another." I was already half way down the crazy stair. "How could you, woman, delay me in this way?"

"Then, indeed, Mr. Taylor, darling"——

"Go to the ——! I mean go to your barrow, Peg; and if you see Mary Anne returning, bring her here to wait me."

"Then I will, jewel: and why would the ould lady cross her? She took her own way—why cross the poor girl, if it's that young man she fancies?" "Hush, hush!"

Newgate prison was my aim; but influenced by Peg's information, as this was in the heat of the sessions, I went first to the Old Bailey—that wholesale mart of English criminal justice, where life, character, happiness, peace of mind, are, from six to ten times in one hour, going! going! gone! Who that has once seen the general aspect, and watched the proceedings of that yawning mouth of Avernus can ever forget it? Why have we not moral as well as historical painters? Hogarth has left us some striking lessons, and Cruikshanks has done something—the Old Bailey alone, every day of the sessions, might furnish numbers without number. It was about ten o'clock when I entered the court. Before eleven I had seen at least six cases tried, and as many juvenile thieves found guilty, and ready, at a future day, to be sentenced in the lump. I mean, in one day, or rather one hour, to be condemned by the score to the hulks, transportation, whipping, or imprisonment. There is complete division of labour here. I endeavoured to ascertain what cases stood next to come on. No one could tell. Probably no one distinctly knew. It seemed all matter of accident or caprice; and all was crowd, hurry, buzz, bustle, and confusion. I was at a loss whether to remain where I was, or at once go to Newgate, when my resolution was fixed by the mumbled call of a prisoner, whose name, at least to my fancy, resembled "Lyndsay Boyle;" and the young man himself was brought forward, escorted in the usual manner, changed, indeed, from what I had seen him some months before. I could not look upon the poor youth without deep interest and compassion. His case appeared to excite considerable curiosity. The court became crowded and choked up by all kinds of people. I was pushed back, and, from the noise, confusion, and hubbub on every side, it was impossible, from the place were I stood at last jammed in, to hear one word distinctly of the trial proceeding in dumb show. I looked on the unfortunate culprit, and the pantomime of justice performing before me, with a swell of indignant feeling which I shall not describe. The attorney, with whom I knew poor Mary Anne had left her hard-earned money, was visible in the crowd, but distant from the bewildered prisoner, gesticulating violently, as if calling or pretending to call to the officers of the court to get forward his witnesses—searching, or pretending to search, for the counsel who held the brief, and who could not be found. The bench *naturally* grumbled. I was told that very unusual patience and indulgence were shown to the prisoner. It was indeed fourteen minutes by my watch from the time he was placed at the bar till the thrilling shriek of a female voice followed the awful *guilty;* and in the gallery, to which I now first looked, I saw a green gauze veil falling with the sinking head. The shriek of woman's agony is not so rare in that court as to produce any very marked sensation.

"*Remove the woman!*" was but a customary official mandate. I pressed forward to take my god-daughter from the officers, who hastened to conduct or carry her out.

"He is sold—the poor fellow is sold!" were the indignant whispers and exclamations of the respectable persons around me, in whom free notions of the rights of property, and the habit of thieving, have by no means obliterated all sense of natural justice, whatever the

* Drogheda, I believe, is meant.

virtuous may think. Their sympathy with Boyle was lively and intense. Many of the poor wretches had probably passed through the same ordeal, or were liable to it. As I pushed through the crowd, I came upon the attorney, who had been apparently in hot pursuit of the counsel, now first found.

"Bless my soul!" cried the attorney, "but this is really unlucky." Has that man a soul to bless himself with?

"Ha! the case closed," replied the other, wheeling round; and, flirting his bundled briefs, involving the fortunes of probably some other half dozen wretches, he scampered off to some other court.

"And is my evidence to be wholly useless?—not to be heard, sir?" said a decent-looking young tradesman who now found the attorney that had been in search of him. "I have waited here every day this week, and this is Thursday, to give evidence, which, I am morally certain, would have cleared Mr. Lyndsay Boyle."

"We must now see what can be done through the pardon power," said the attorney. "If he has friends, there is no fear of him yet." "But if he have none?" said the witness. The attorney shrugged his shoulders. "I have a dozen cases here to-day—good-b'ye, sir—write to his friends, if you wish him well, to move the pardon power—even that takes cash—make way for the lady—fainted, poor thing!" I claimed the unfortunate girl from the men who almost bore her. At the sound of my voice she revived. She flew to me, clasped me, clung to me, and then lay insensible in my arms, till the coach, into which some of the humane bystanders had lifted her to me, stopped at my brother's door.

"Then," she first murmured, "*you* saw it all."

"I did."

"Just God, who judgest! and was that a trial? I never before saw one. It had ended before I knew it was begun. GUILTY! O, what will become of him? And they say he is half mad already. If the king were to know this, he would pity him; and indeed, indeed, he is not guilty." I could not deprive the poor creature of the hope that was the growth of her despair. "Indeed, I don't believe him guilty, Mary Anne; at least, I am certain the punishment is most unequal—far exceeds the crime."

"You don't! you don't!" she cried, her eyes flashing over me with a wild joy; and she covered my hands with her burning kisses.

"You must be still, my dear Mary Anne; you are grieving me, and destroying yourself; you must be composed, and trust to me."

"To you! O, yes! to *you*, my best, my only, my true friend, MY GOOD GENIUS!"

"I have brought you here for a few hours. The family are out of town to-day: you must go to bed, and be well, and in the evening your mother will take you home; and no one will know our affairs but ourselves." I was pleased with my own arrangement—pleased that my gentle and prudent sister was not at home, who, I had some doubts, would, with all her indulgence, have been rather disposed to condemn the conduct of my god-daughter as a very flagrant breach of female propriety.

I told the necessary lies to the housekeeper, who was well acquainted with my god-daughter; and the patient, "suddenly seized," was regularly put to bed, and her chamber darkened. I returned home. When Mrs. Moir heard where I had left her sick daughter, the *box* occurred to her as the reason of Mary Anne's early flight, which, I allowed her to believe, was, as she imagined, induced by dread of her righteous displeasure for the loss of that piece of gear; the loss of which I was aware Mr. Attorney —— had made pretty certain.

Under what temptation, I am at a loss to say, but involuntarily my steps turned to Newgate. Under this same statute against *embezzlement*, I had known gross injustice and oppression practised. To city merchants, attorneys, and dealers of all kinds, embezzlement, to the smallest extent, appears the blackest and most atrocious of crimes: hanging is too good for it. From Mary Anne's *brief*, or *memorial*, it appeared that arrears of salary or per centage due to the prisoner, very considerably exceeded the sum he was charged with having embezzled. It had been paid by the tradesman who stood ready to be his leading witness, on a Saturday. He had granted a regular receipt for it; but on Tuesday it had not been regularly paid over to his employers, and that night he was arrested. One or two gentlemen in business, with whom I talked the affair over on my way to Newgate, gave me very little hope. Fourteen years' transportation to the penal colonies was really no such great hardship to a young fellow who might make his way there very well. The jury would not recommend him as a fit subject of the pardon power, assuredly; nor would a single gentleman in the city say one word in behalf of a man convicted of the dangerous and growing crime of embezzlement. The extravagance and dishonesty of clerks were getting beyond all bounds. Mr. Lyndsay Boyle attended races, probably gamed; kept a couple of horses, and, at least, one mistress. I need not say, that though the youth had been foolish enough, there was not one word of truth in these statements, as I found, when I afterwards rigidly traced his whole course of life and conversation.

But, in the mean time, I went to visit the prisoner. Our previous acquaintance had neither been very intimate nor cordial. Now he received me with coldness and pride enough, and talked of his own condition in what I may fairly term a style of unbecoming bravado; but by and by he lowered his tone; and on clearly perceiving that I really had a strong impression of his innocence, and questioned the fairness of his trial, I gained him at once. He became as frank as he had been haughty; and placed so much confidence in my sympathy as, on slender solicitation, to tell me his whole story, and to all but weep in my presence, without feeling humiliated by the exposure of his true feelings. The neglect of his friends stung him the deepest. He had written and written home. True, there was little time; but could they not have sent—could they not have flown! He never once alluded to Mary Anne or her family, save to say, very coldly, that he "had been weak enough—*mean* enough—to apply to David Moir for a loan of five pounds to procure legal assistance, and had received no answer." I afterwards learned that it was the furtive perusal of this letter, intercepted by her mother, which had made my god-daughter acquainted with the fate of Boyle. We had conversed for at least two hours, and I was now really, for his own sake, and that of justice, and quite independently of Mary Anne, animated by the desire of aiding the young man to clear up this unhappy transaction. When we were about to part, and while he pressed me to return to see him, the jailers, or their assistants, ushered in a party of gentlemen with an unusual bustle and ceremony, one of them evidently just off a long journey.

"My uncle!" cried the prisoner, springing forward to meet a gentlemen attended by the common sergeant, the chaplain of Newgate, and one of the Alderman, who, if I remember aright, was Mr. Alderman Waithman.

"And I am too late!—Lyndsay, what dreadful disgrace is this!" The gentleman sat down without seeing, at least, without accepting the hand his unfortunate nephew had held out. The young man changed colour repeatedly, and, indeed, appeared so painfully agitated, that I would have gone away to spare my own feelings, had he not silently held me.

Scenting the prey from afar, the attorney in the case followed the gentlemen into the private room we obtained; and Boyle's uncle, who belonged to the legal pro-

fession, heard him "on the merits." He made statements, which, from Mary Anne's memorial, I took it upon myself to contradict and explain. The uncle now held out his hand to his young kinsman, who appeared astonished to learn that he really, after all, had enjoyed the benefit of legal assistance at his trial. The attorney had still to play his part; and as several functionaries were present whom it was not prudent to offend, I had the pleasure of hearing judge, jury, agent, and counsel, exonerated from all blame. Nothing had gone amiss; the trial was full and fair; every one had done his duty, and no one was in fault, save "the poor young woman, the prisoner's wife or sister, who was *so* dreadfully agitated, that she had made a memorial *so* long and confused that no counsel could read it, and was *so* late of lodging the fee, &c.; now there was nothing for it but the pardon power."

I thought Boyle's eyes would have pierced me during part of this discourse. I left him with his friends, by his uncle's direction, writing to his mother, and went to my brother's and saw Mary Anne.

"Are you quite alone?" said the languid girl. "Quite alone!" There was a long pause. "And have you any news?" "Very good news." She started up from her pillow, looking anxiously in my face. "Well, lie down till I tell you." "I am lying." "Turn your eyes from the light, then. I left Mr. Boyle with an uncle from Dublin, the common sergeant, the recorder of London." "His uncle, Mr. Lyndsay?" "How the deuce should I *know* the lad's Irish relations? Alderman Waithman, and a Mr. ———, a particularly rascally attorney." "Oh!" sighed the patient. "And now I have no doubt but that a pardon will be obtained for Boyle,"—she sprung up again—"in a few weeks, perhaps, so we need trouble our wise heads no more about him."

"Oh, no! no!" sobbed my patient. "This is, indeed, all *we* could desire. He will be pardoned; and he is innocent. But do the innocent need pardon? *He* is innocent."

"Hush!—I hear your mother's voice."

"O, that is enough—he is pardoned." There was another pause. "And was that all?" "All! Mr. Boyle had the delicacy not to mention to me the name of any former friend."

"That was right," sighed my patient, becoming very pale, and sinking down on her pillow. "Now he can never know; no one can guess. It would kill me should any one suspect the wild things of these last two days."

Mrs. Moir entered on tiptoe. I used a little finesse. "Sleeping and decidedly better," was my whisper—"fever much lower—ran so high that it was thought best to cut off her hair!"

"My Mary Anne's beautiful hair! her father will be so vexed!" "Well, but don't vex her about it—never mention her loss!"

"Certainly not—and though her father likes that Scotish *snood*, I always thought Mary Anne looked much nicer in a neat tidy cap."

Three days after this my god-daughter walked with me for some miles, quite recovered, she said; but it took a time. In a few weeks, however, she went into my brother's family for the winter, on the condition, that from Saturday to Monday, she was to come home to our lane.

With all the enquiries, and all the influences of back stairs and front that could be exerted, it was full two months before the pardon power released the prisoner acknowledged to be free of all crime. By this time we were become great friends. I had seen him often. Perhaps adversity had been of service in correcting his faults of pride and heedlessness, and something might be attributed to the removal of my original prejudices, for now I not only merely liked, but, on increased intimacy, conceived a highly favourable opinion of Mr. Lyndsay Boyle.

One of his first visits, on his enlargement, was made to me. He was about to return to Ireland with good prospects; and having a great opinion of my skill, save the mark! in *vertu*, he wished my directions in laying out some of the money his liberal uncle had supplied him with in pretty things as presents to take home—cameos, or mosaic ornaments, or trinketry of some kind or other. I took him to my friend, Mrs. G——'s shop, and his own good taste led him to select her fairy sculptures. While he bargained with the lady, G—— talked apart in an under voice to me:—"The great lady has returned from Brighton at last, Richard; and she is charmed with the young girl's hair.—You can't have forgot the girl who sold Mrs. G—— her hair; whom you scampered after like a madman that night in October last. Don't you remember the girl's *hair* that you said, in your own wild way, the old Greeks would have raised into a constellation, and adored by the name of Mariamne."

"Mary Anne, my love," cried glib Mrs. G——, who, though deeply engaged in her Italian merchandise, had, like all clever shop-women, at least three pairs of eyes and ears corresponding; nor were young Boyle's deficient. As we walked along, he said, *apropos des bottes*, "By the way, how are our old friends, the Moirs? Miss Moir is not at home I believe." "My god-daughter resides for this winter in my brother's family." He walked with me to the door of the house, and was *not* invited in. We stood on the steps. "Do you not, pardon me, Mr. Taylor, think Mrs. Moir an exceedingly disagreeable, ill-tempered woman."

"That is an odd, if not a severe remark: most ladies can be disagreeable enough when it so pleases them; exceedingly disagreeable, is a strong phrase."

"Were it not for that woman;—now, David is an honest old Trojan—I like him." It was not my business to spell out Mr. Boyle's meanings; he fished out of me that I was, that same evening, to attend my brother's children and their little governess to the pantomime. He was in the box before us with a cousin I had formerly seen; a lad just entered at Lincoln's Inn. I was first made aware of his presence by my god-daughter, who sat by me, being seized with one of her ague-fits, that universal shivering which was her strongest manifestation of feeling, when soul and body maintained the passionate struggle. Not a feature was discomposed; nor could any one, save myself, have guessed that her emotion arose from any thing save severe external cold. "O, dear, poor Miss Moir is *so* cold!" cried one of my little nieces, wrapping her fat arms round Mary Anne, as she pushed farther into a corner, and drew her shawl the closer. As the performance proceeded, keeping her eyes steadily fixed upon the stage, she talked and even smiled with the laughing children and myself, and showed so wonderfully little of affected surprise, when Mr. Lyndsay Boyle ventured to recognize her, and when she coldly bowed to him, as to baffle even me.

"I thought she had been younger, Lyndsay," was the whisper of the cousin. "She looks quite an old woman, or at least a young matron."—"She is not so very old, though; but that ugly cap,—it covers her glorious hair."

"*Glorious hair!*" returned the youth, laughing at the extravagant phrase; "Do you hear Lyndsay's description, Mr. Taylor?"

"Beautiful hair *she had*," was my response. "And why has not now?" "Because she cut it off in a brain fever, one night in October last," was my whisper—a sally repented as soon as made. The young man started up suddenly, placed his handkerchief to his brow, and left the box. The cousin followed, imagining some sudden illness. I was almost provoked by the cold, demure air, which Mary Anne wore throughout the rest of the night; and was only reconciled to her, when I had, unintentionally, worked up her womanly feelings to a rage of pride, full six months after Boyle had left London,

without any attempt to see more of us. But to that paroxysm I have already alluded; nor did I ever again dare to hint at the possibility of Mary Anne having fallen in love, without due wooing, and all the proper rites of courtship.

Mr. Boyle had been franker in explanation with myself; but I was prudent this time, and thought silence, as to his sentiments, no bad auxiliary to the maidenly pride of my god-daughter, disdainful as she was become. If rash and impetuous in her love, Mary Anne was, at least, abundantly prudent in her marriage. She appeared for some years to show even that natural vocation to the serenity of old maidenism, which some women really have—let men say as they will. Her mother had been dead for three years, and her father long retired from the bank before the united entreaties of her friends, could shake a resolution early formed against the "honoured state." She has now, however, been for above seven years the wife—and, I have reason to believe, the happy one—of a thriving and highly respectable distiller in the county of Antrim, and the mother of I know not how many fine children. Her father, who lives with her, is, I find, extremely useful to her husband; and happier, he writes me, than ever he was in his life before. At this very period, Mary Anne is still spoiling her third boy, Dick Taylor, who, by David's letters, is almost as great a genius and prodigy as his name-father—according to Nurse Wilks—was fifty years ago. Specimens of his poetry have been sent me; and of his painting I possess a "chimera dire," which I am credibly informed is a horse. Mary Anne's last letter to me begins, "I am writing, my dear god-father, with Dick in my lap. Indeed every body says he is the most charming little fellow they ever saw. He insists on making these scratches for a letter to "Grandpapa Taylor."—But the charm of my Mary Anne's epistles is, that though I have not seen her for seven years, each is written as if I had kissed her last night. We shall never grow out of acquaintance. My brother's family visited the Moirs last summer, on their tour to the Giant's Causeway. The most novel intelligence they brought me was this from my sister Anne:—"And gracious, Richard, could you ever believe it,—Mrs. LYNDSAY BOYLE is growing fat!—Her very last words to me, with tears in her eyes, after I was in the carriage, were, 'Will my god-father *never* come!'"—Yes, before I die, I shall see *ould* Ireland and my dear Mary Anne!

From the Liverpool Albion.

NAMIK PASHA.

His excellency Namik Pasha, General of brigade of the imperial Ottoman army, grand envoy of the sultan, who comes to this country on a special mission from the Ottoman court to the court of London, arrived at Dover a few days ago. His excellency having been expected, caused the pier to be crowded long before his arrival, and among the anxious expectants were many very beautiful and elegantly dressed English ladies, *whose hearts were beating*, to use their own words, *with anxiety to see the Grand Turk*. As the steam-boat approached, his excellency was standing on the fore-deck of the vessel, surrounded by five Turkish servants, all wearing the Turkish cap, and in a few moments she entered the mouth of the harbour dashingly, under the British flag, which was hoisted as a mark of national respect on the occasion. Some little accident occurred in consequence of the state of the tide, but it was speedily obviated. His excellency instantly started for London, under a salute of 15 guns. He appears to be about 30 years of age, is about five feet eight inches in height, of slender, gentlemanly, and smart appearance. He wore the Turkish red cap and tassel.

From the Winter's Wreath.

TO THE RIVER DOVE.

BY EDWARD W. COX, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF THE "OPENING OF THE SIXTH SEAL," &c.

Oh! would to heaven I were as thee,
Beautiful river, fair and free!
Say, crystal waves, say, where have ye been,
Whither ye wander, what have ye seen?
—From the first dim smile of the morning ray
To the last soft sigh of the parting day,
Through the solemn hours of the silent night,
Thou goest along in thy rapid flight,
Murmuring, musical, fearless, and free,
Beautiful river, would I were thee!
—In the womb of Earth
Thou hadst thy birth,
In the deep dark gulfs were light comes never,
And some cold black cave
Nursed thine infant wave,
In realms that have shut out the sun-beam for ever.
But upward thence didst thou win thy way,
Seeking in silence the place of day.
Was it a spirit who found thee there,
And pointed thy path to our upper air?
Was it some Seraph that wafted thee
From the fathomless profundity?
Some Naiad sure with her wood-voice clear,
From thy dark cold cradle hath called thee here!
Stainless as the morning beam
Rose to light thy crystal stream,
Emblem meet of purity,
Bright, as brightest diamonds be;
From thy mossy hidden fountain,
From some heavenward rising mountain,
Or from some more modest vale,
Down amidst the daisies pale,
Voiceless all, as ever is
The intensity of bliss,
Upwards welling didst thou come,
From thine unseen, lonely home.

Then, on—on—! Like a bird that long
Hath sung his melancholy song
In a prison cage, when Liberty
Hath bidden him again be free;
He shakes his plumes, and he spreads his wing,
He never is wearied of wandering
Through the bower and the grove, that were once his love
Through the ivied haunts in his sunny vale;
And, all day long, doth he breathe a song
Telling his amorous tale:
Thus, like the bird but late set free,
River, thou goest with song and glee,
Through the copse-walk cool and the forest shade,
Through the green clad vales and the silent glade:
Amidst rough rocks in ruin piled,
Thou wanderest on like an innocent child,
With dance and song, in thy sportive play,
Over the meadows, away, and away!
The first faint blush of the morning beam
Comes glancing down on thy spotless stream,
And noon, in thy glassy fountain glowing,
Shows where the waves of light are flowing;
The parting summer's latest sigh
Breathes over thee as it passeth by,
And the wing of her zephyrs, while fanning thee,
Scarce ruffles thy pure tranquillity!

Where thou comest wandering—lo!
With verdant life the valleys glow;
The bursting bud, the grass-blade green,
The infant flowret's face is seen;

And, o'er the bosom of the Earth,
Nature's varied robes come forth.
So, throughout the smiling lands,
With thy viewless Spirit-hands,
Thou, the fruit, the flower, the tree,
Scatterest benignantly.
Many a modest beauty dwelleth
Where thy leaping current welleth;
As thou murmurest along,
Wide the echoes wild reply
To the music of thy song,
Making pleasant melody:
And so thou flowest fair and free—
River! would I were as thee!

From the Asiatic Journal.

The Last Days of Pompeii. By the author of "Pelham," &c. London, 1824. Three vols. Bentley.

Envy and malignity themselves cannot deny to Mr. Bulwer powers of no ordinary kind. Some persons may object to the gaudy and enameled brightness of his descriptions,—to the unvarying splendour of his diction, which is gathered from the distinct realms of poetry and prose, realms at least that ought to be distinct,—to the want of repose even in his familiar dialogue,—to the rainbow tints of his colouring, too seldom relieved by soberer and more placid touches,—to that peculiar character of his writings which makes his readers in some sort a sharer of his own efforts,—in short, to his determination on all occasions, great or small, to dazzle and surprise. But it is the taste of the age, and as it is always easier to conform to a prevailing taste than to inspire a better, he who writes for profit, and has already secured his reputation, cannot be expected to make the heroic sacrifice of renouncing it. The inconvenience of this mode of writing is, that it encumbers the narrative, which flows languidly through the beds of roses and parterres of sweets that so frequently turn awry its current. Yet it might reasonably be hoped of so popular a writer, that he would have stood more aloof from the literary vice of the day, and disdained to take his stand among the feverish worshippers of the *intense* style of writing—a style framed only to make strong and transitory impressions, and too liable to degenerate into dreamy and confused rhapsody.

A single passage from the work before us will explain our meaning better than pages of didactic criticism. An old man, one of the prohibited sect of Christians, enters a private assembly of those worshippers. The simple circumstance of his caressing two infants, sitting on his knee, is thus told: "It was beautiful to see! that mingling of the extremes of life—the rivers gushing from their early source—the majestic stream gliding to the ocean of eternity. As the light of declining day seems to mingle earth and heaven, making the outline of each scarce visible, and blending the harsh mountain-tops with the sky, —even so did the smile of that benign old age appear to hallow the aspect of those around—to blend together the strong distinctions of varying years, and to diffuse over infancy and manhood the light of that heaven, into which it must so soon vanish and be lost." Never, in the whole history of rhetorical composition, were so many words expended on so simple though interesting a picture. How unlike those scriptural delineations of childhood fondled by age we have so often admired in the Hebrew writers! How overlaid by imagery! How suffocated by similitude!

We think Mr. Bulwer happy in the scene and time of his romance. The fate of Pompeii is one of the most interesting events of Roman history. The younger Pliny's narrative of the eruption, and the intrepid curiosity of his uncle in exploring and watching its desolating progress, which cost that excellent and laborious writer his life, are among the fondest of our classical recollections. The disinterment of the city, after it had slept for ages in its grave, and its disinterment in nearly all the freshness of existence;—the long street of the tombs, scarcely injured by dilapidation, and still the chief entrance of the city; —the street of Fortune, with its raised footpath; its houses gaudily painted without, and the open doors admitting the view of the frescoes within; —many of its triumphal arches still unshaken;— the unfinished building, with the heaps of mortar and the scaffolding in perfect preservation,—present us with features of ancient days no longer to be traced in the crumbling ruins of edifices which have yielded only to time, the great destroyer, or to the barbarian conqueror—forms as it were of the past embalmed in the forms of the present, displaying the rare and interesting spectacle of a town suddenly disappearing in the midst of the bustle and businsss of society. Mr. Bulwer has, moreover, with great judgment, availed himself of his own personal inspection of those wonderful remains, (for his romance was written beneath the glowing skies and amidst the luxuriant scenes of Campania,) and of the admirable descriptions of Sir William Gell, to elucidate some of the obscure points in the domestic life of the old Romans, their houses, their baths, their public shows, about which Festus and Lipsius, and a tribe of purblind commentators, have perplexed themselves and their readers to little purpose.

For instance, though the houses of Pompeii resemble in general the plans of Vitruvius, the differences in detail, of caprice and taste, have thrown considerable obscurity on the subject. We recommend the description to every classical student; for if it does not explain the Roman fashion of domestic architecture,—the style of building at Pompeii approximating more nearly to the Grecian,—he will be enabled to form a correct notion of the principal outline, which is the same in all. The hall (*atrium*), the *tablinum*, the peristyle, communicate uniformly with each other. The walls of every house were richly painted. When first revealed to light, the decorations, the paintings, the mosaics, excited the liveliest admiration. Perhaps the purity of the Pompeian taste might be called into question. The inhabitants were fond of the gaudiest colours and most fantastic designs. They often painted the lower half of their columns a bright red, leaving the rest uncoloured; and where the garden was small its wall was frequently tinted to deceive the

eye as to its extent, imitating trees, birds, temples, &c. in perspective: a meretricious delusion which the elder Pliny himself countenanced as a graceful effort of ingenuity. The *atrium* of the principal house in Pompeii, which Mr. Bulwer assigns as the mansion of Glaucus, his hero, and which on its first discovery was arbitrarily christened by antiquaries "the house of the dramatic poet," was rich in paintings, which in point of expression would have been worthy of Raffaelle. They are preserved in the Neapoliton museum, and are the admiration of connoisseurs. Their subject is the parting of Achilles and Briseis, and the force, the vigour, the beauty of the forms and faces of the principal figures are universally acknowledged. Upon the walls of the bed-rooms, which were mere cabins, of the smallest dimensions, were portrayed the Rape of Europa and the Battle of the Amazons. In short, every apartment breathed embellishment and beauty. One of the rooms is called by antiquaries the chamber of Leda, from the delicate and graceful painting of that exquisite creature, presenting to her husband her new-born infant. An engraving of this beautiful group is to be found in the splendid work of Sir William Gell.

Not a hue, after a slumber of more than sixteen centuries, of this interesting city had perished; its walls as if freshly painted,—its rich mosaics, shining in undimmed splendour—the sacrificial tripod in the gardens,—chests of treasure in its halls ready to be carried away, had the uplifted blow been suspended,—in the theatres the counters of admission,—the fragments of the feast in the *triclinia*,—in the *cubicula* the perfumes and rouge of the female toilette.

It is evident, then, that to a taste like that of Mr. Bulwer, a romance founded on ancient manners and animated by ancient personages, with so many aids of actual inspection, graphic delineation, and antiquarian disquisition, was recommended by peculiar advantages. The tale in some places languishes;—the dialogue occasionally becomes prosy;—it is generally too elaborate, and what is one of the worst faults of written conversations, all, or nearly all, the characters speak the same brilliant language, lighted up by a perpetual play of metaphor, and marked by the same antithesis and contrast: Nydia the blind slave, Glaucus, Ione, however different in their moral lineaments, speak the same elevated diction. Yet it is but justice to add, that the interest is well-sustained. There are parts we could well spare;—many that good taste rejects with loathing:—for example, the ceaseless yell of the woman thirsting for the combat of the gladiators with the lion; and the too minute and too *physical* detail of those horrid shows, which almost remind us of the still more disgusting details of the modern prize-ring. But, having performed the invidious duty of giving these hints, we might indulge the pleasurable one of pointing out the felicitous touches and glowing tints of the descriptions, as well as the bold and animated delineations of character, which transport us back over the gulf of departed ages, and wake us to a second existence in the *City of the Dead*—the striking appellation given to Pompeii by Sir Walter Scott, when he visited it not long before his death.

An author is ever liable to self-deception. The blind girl is deemed by Mr. Bulwer a creation of his own. She is by birth a Greek, having been purloined by a Thessalian slave-merchant in her infancy, by whom she is taught the arts and accomplishments requisite to slaves, and having been sold by one of these traffickers in human flesh, with a concealment of her unhappy privation of sight, to a low and coarse-minded wretch, from whose scourge she is rescued by Glaucus, the hero of the piece, the sensitive creature, in whose veins rioted the glow of Grecian blood, and who inherited all the buoyancy and ardour of the Greek imagination, becomes enamoured of her benevolent patron, with an intensity of passion that drives her to sorrow, crime, and despair. The sufferings of this interesting being are traced with a powerful hand, and create an irresistible sympathy in her behalf. Yet the reader will soon perceive that Nydia is not a *creation*. She is an adumbration of Goethe's Mignon, in his *Wilhelm Meister*, the prototype from whom our great novelist borrowed the fantastical character of Fenella. Let us compare a passage of Goethe with a passage breathing almost the same feeling in the work of Mr. Bulwer, previously remarking that Mignon, in *Wilhelm Meister*, (a work of which, strange to say, we have not seen a translation,) is first introduced as a rope-dancer, and is rescued from the scourge of her brutal master by the hero. She is beautiful, but *dwarfish;* capricious and fitful in her temper, and silently in love with her protector, who feels the strongest affection for her as a child and an object of compassion,—but nothing more. Is not this the relative position of Glaucus and Nydia? We will first translate the passage from Goethe.

"She stood before him, and saw his inquietude. 'Master,' she cried, 'if thou art unhappy what will become of Mignon?' 'Dear child,' said he, 'thou art a part of my solicitudes. I must go.' She looked at his eyes glistening with suppressed tears, and knelt down suddenly before him. He kept her hands in his; she laid her head upon his knees and remained quite still. He played with her hair,—patted her,—and spoke sweetly to her."

The following sentences from the work before us convey enough of resemblance to show that Mignon had her share in the creation of Nydia. "The poor girl delightedly sat down beside Glaucus. She drew from her girdle a ball of the many-coloured threads, or rather slender ribands, used in the weaving of garlands, and which (for it was her professional occupation) she carried constantly with her, and began quickly and gracefully to commence her task. Upon her young cheeks the tears were already dried, a faint but happy smile played round her lips;—childlike, indeed, she was sensible only of the joy of the present hour: she was reconciled to Glaucus: he had forgiven her—she was beside him—*he played caressingly with her silken hair*—his breath fanned her cheek,—Ione, the cruel Ione, was not by—none other demanded, divided, his care. Yes, she was happy and forgetful; it was one of

the few moments in her brief and troubled life that it was sweet to treasure, to recall."

It is not pretended that the portrait of Nydia is a copy of Mignon. But the sources of the sympathy felt for each are the same. Both are tortured with jealousy, doubt, and despair. Mignon is, as it were, shut out from the human family by her diminutive shape;—Nydia by her blindness. The genealogy of striking characters in fiction does not often hang together by threads more palpable than that of faint and dim similitudes.

The Egyptian Arbaces is the grand figure of the group. He stands forth in the boldest relief. His sublimity is the terror excited by a man fearless of all restraint of conscience,—steeped in sensuality,—and erecting a dominion over the minds and imaginations of others, by his knowledge of the secret mysteries of Isis, whose priests are under his control, and made the instruments of his crimes. It is upon this character, which seems imperceptibly to have grown upon the author beyond the scope of its original design, that nearly all the interest of the piece revolves.

A short extract from the delineation, which is grand and masterly, may not be misplaced.

"His fame and his discoveries were known to all the cultivators of magic; they even survived himself; but it was not by his real and worldly name that he was honoured by the sorcerer and the sage. He received from their homage a more mystic appellation, and was long remembered in Magna Græcia, and the Eastern plains, by the name of 'Hermes, the Lord of the Flaming Belt.' His subtle speculations and boasted attributes of wisdom, recorded in various volumes, were among those tokens 'of the curious arts,' which the Christian converts most joyfully yet most fearfully burnt at Ephesus, depriving posterity of the proofs of the cunning of the fiend.

"The conscience of Arbaces was solely of the intellect—it was awed by no moral laws. If man imposed these checks upon the herd, so he believed that man, by superior wisdom, could raise himself above them. 'If (he reasoned) I have the genius to impose laws, have I not the right to command my own creations? Still more, have I not the right to control—to evade—to scorn—the fabrications of yet meaner intellects than my own!' Thus, if he were a villain, he justified his villany by what ought to have made him virtuous, namely—the elevation of his capacities.

"As all men have more or less the passion of power, in Arbaces that passion corresponded exactly to his character. It was not the passion of an external and brute authority. He desired not the purple and the fasces, the insignia of vulgar command. His pride, his contempt for Rome, which made the world, (and whose haughty name he regarded with the same disdain as that which Rome herself lavished upon the barbarian,) would never have permitted him to aspire to sway over others, for that would have rendered him at once the tool or creature of the emperor. He, the Son of the Great Race of Rameses—*he* execute the orders of, and receive his power from, another!—the mere notion filled him with rage. But, in rejecting an ambition that coveted nominal distinctions, he but indulged the more in the ambition to rule the heart. Honouring mental power as the greatest of earthly gifts, he loved to feel that power palpably in himself, by extending it over all whom he encountered. Thus had he ever sought the young—thus had he ever fascinated and controlled them. He loved to find subjects in men's souls—to rule over an invisible and immaterial empire!—Had he been less sensual and less wealthy, he might have sought to become the founder of a new religion. As it was, his energies were checked by his pleasures. Besides, however, the vague love of this moral sway, (vanity so dear to sages!) he was influenced by a singular and dream-like devotion to all that belonged to the mystic land his ancestors had swayed. Although he disbelieved in her deities, he believed in the allegories they represented (or rather he interpreted those allegories anew.) He loved to keep alive the *worship* of Egypt, because he thus maintained the shadow and the recollection of her *power*. He loaded, therefore, the altars of Osiris and of Isis with regal donations, and was ever anxious to dignify their priesthood by new and wealthy converts. The vow taken—the priesthood embraced—he usually chose the comrades of his pleasures from those whom he had made his victims, partly because he thus secured to himself their secresy, partly because he thus yet more confirmed to himself his peculiar power. Hence the motives of his conduct to Apœcides, strengthened as these were, in that instance, by his passion for Ione."

The progress of the calamity that overwhelmed Pompeii is thus sketched (chiefly from Pliny) by Mr. Bulwer. The fault of the picture is the strained exaggerations of that, which rhetorical efforts rather degrade than aggrandise.

"In the pauses of the showers, you heard the rumbling of the earth beneath, and the groaning waves of the tortured sea; or, lower still, and audible to the watch of intensest fear, the grinding and hissing murmur of the escaping gases through the chasms of the distant mountain. Sometimes the cloud appeared to break from its solid mass, and, by the lightning, to assume quaint and vast mimicries of human or of monster shapes, striding across the gloom, hurtling one upon the other, and vanishing swiftly into the turbulent abyss of shade; so that, to the eyes and fancies of the affrighted wanderers, the unsubstantial vapours were as the bodily forms of gigantic foes,—the agents of terror and of death.

"The ashes in many places were already knee-deep; and the boiling showers which came from the steaming breath of the volcano forced their way into the houses, bearing with them a strong and suffocating vapour. In some places, immense fragments of rock, hurled upon the house-roofs, bore down along the streets masses of confused ruin, which yet more and more, with every hour, obstructed the way; and, as the day advanced, the motion of the earth was more sensibly felt—the footing seemed to slide and creep—nor could chariot or litter be kept steady, even on the most level ground.

"Sometimes the huger stones, striking against each other as they fell, broke into countless fragments, emitting sparks of fire which caught whatever was combustible within their reach; and along the plains beyond the city the darkness was now terribly relieved; for several houses, and even vineyards, had been set in flames; and at various intervals the fires rose sullenly and fiercely against the solid gloom. To add to this partial relief of the darkness, the citizens had, here and there, in the more public places, such as the porticoes of temples, and the entrances to the forum, endeavoured to place rows of torches; but these rarely continued long; the showers and the winds extinguished them, and the sudden darkness into which their sudden birth was converted, had something in it doubly terrible and doubly impressing on the impotence of human hopes—the lesson of despair.

"Frequently, by the momentary light of these torches, parties of fugitives encountered each other, some hurrying towards the sea, others flying from the sea back to the land; for the ocean had retreated rapidly from the shore—an utter darkness lay over it, and, upon its groaning and tossing waves, the storm of cinders and rock fell without the protection which the streets and roofs afford-

ed to the land. Wild—haggard—ghastly with supernatural fears, these groups encountered each other, but without the leisure to speak, to consult, to advise; for the showers fell now frequently, though not continuously, extinguishing the lights which showed to each band the death-like faces of the other, and hurrying all to seek refuge beneath the nearest shelter. The whole elements of civilisation were broken up. Ever and anon, by the flickering lights, you saw the thief hastening by the most solemn authorities of the law, laden with, and fearfully chuckling over, the produce of his sudden gains. If, in the darkness, wife was separated from husband, or parent from child, vain was the hope of reunion. Each hurried blindly and confusedly on. Nothing in all the various and complicated machinery of social life was left, save the primal law of self-preservation!"

It seldom happens that in modern novels we do not track the antecedent march of Sir Walter Scott. The witch of Vesuvius is of the Meg Merrilies family, but of a gloomier complexion. Ione, however, is the personage on whom the author has prodigally lavished his most embellished descriptions. She is a Corinna, and was probably sketched under the domineering influence of that type, left us by Madame de Stael, of loveliness and genius.

"Ione knew her genius, but, with that charming versatility that belongs of right to women, she had the faculty, so few of a kindred genius in the less malleable sex can claim,—the faculty to bend and model her graceful intellect to all whom it encountered. The sparkling fountain threw its waters alike upon the strand, the cavern, and the flowers; it refreshed, it smiled, it dazzled every where. That pride, which is the necessary result of superiority, she wore easily—in her breast it concentred itself in independence. She pursued thus her own bright and solitary path. She asked no aged matron to direct and guide her—she walked alone by the torch of her own unflickering purity. She obeyed no tyrannical and absolute custom. She moulded custom to her own will, but this so delicately, and with so feminine a grace, so perfect an exemption from error, that you could not say she *outraged* custom, but *commanded* it. It was possible not to love Ione; perhaps she seemed too high for the love of vulgar natures; but if you did once love her, it was to adoration. The wealth of her graces was inexhaustible—she beautified the commonest action; a word, a look, from her seemed magic. Love her, and you entered into a new world; you passed from this trite and common-place earth; you were in a land in which your eyes saw every thing through an enchanted medium. In her presence you felt as if listening to exquisite music; you were steeped in that sentiment which has so little of earth in it, and which music so well inspires—that intoxication which refines and exalts, which seizes, it is true, the senses, but gives them the character of the soul."

And here, without attempting an analysis of the tale, we close our extracts. Like Lord Byron, Mr. Bulwer skilfully works the bright and felicitous expressions of other writers (such as Jeremy Taylor and Volney) into his own style, where they shine to advantage, like gems fashionably reset. A trivial error occurs occasionally in the latinity, with which the dialogue is sometimes interspersed. "*Chare caput!*" a familiar address,* like the φιλη κεφαλη of the Greeks, if *caput* is a neuter noun, as it formerly was, should have been *charum caput*. "*Per Jove, per Hercule,*" are not correct forms of Roman adjuration. But these are criticisms so minute that we feel disposed to recall them. They are the shoemaker's commentary on the picture of Apelles.

* We are not satisfied that the Romans ever employed the phrase in this manner. *Caput* is used by classical authors in the sense of "person," as where Horace speaks of Virgil as *tam carum caput*.

From the Nautical Magazine.

CONCH DIVERS OF THE BAHAMAS.

In December, 1821, one of his majesty's ships, in going into the harbour of New Providence, struck on a bank, and rubbed off a sheet or two of her copper. The following morning, one of the divers being sent for, and supplied with hammer, nails, and sheets of copper, sunk himself to the keel, and, after two or three breathings at the surface of the water, made good the defects! He was afterwards required by the commanding officer to bend a hawser on to the chain cable near the anchor, as it lay at the bottom in nearly four fathoms water. This he accomplished with much ease, and a seaman-like bend it proved on the anchor being hove up. These divers, who are black men, and generally natives of the outer islands, are nearly six feet in height, with broad shoulders, and so accustomed to diving for conchs from their infancy, in from two to ten fathoms water, that they have habituated themselves to continue under water for as long a time, perhaps, as the pearl divers of India. They often take with them a hammer, and on finding a conch, will break his shell, take out the fish, and prepare it for dressing before they rise; they will also take a bottle of any drinkable liquid, with the cork wired, and sink to the bottom in three or four fathoms, and, with a corkscrew, draw the cork, drink its contents, and rise with the empty bottle! Porter is always the beverage they solicit on these occasions.

From the Oriental Annual.

TRANSLATION OF AN ODE FROM HAFIZ.

BY THE LATE SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

Gay rose, fresh gemm'd with morning dew,
Go waste thy fragrance sweet in air;
Thou gladd'st not me, unless I view
Her cheek, who wont thy bloom to share.

Till wine, the social circle round,
The sons of mirth and joy shall bring,
Though every mead 's with verdure crown'd,
I hail not the returning spring.

When bowers are fann'd by breezes mild,
'Tis sweet beneath their shade to stray;
But sweeter far, when warblers wild
Melodious sing from every spray.

The graceful cypress waves its head,
A thousand roses deck the grove:
But I to Nature's charms am dead,
When absent from the fair I love.

From Fraser's Magazine.

Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence of Mrs. Hannah More. By William Roberts, Esq. 4 vols. small 8vo. London, 1834. Seeley & Burnside.

At this time of day, to set about a regular critique of Mrs. Hannah More's genius and character, as displayed either in her conduct or her works, would be about the most absurd of labours. Not only has the public thoroughly made up its mind on her—and hers; but, as her biographer states, "her history and her character, in great part, belong to and represent an age, the form and pressure of which have of late been rapidly disappearing, to give place to a new order of things, and a very different system of manners; whether better or worse may be variously affirmed, —in some points probably better, in others not so good—but certainly very differently constituted, and disclosing very different tendencies." All this is good reason for writing memoirs of the lady, but bad for writing a critique—we mean a regular critique—on her productions.

It would be highly improper in us to bear down upon the memory of Mrs. Hannah More with the accumulated power which time merely has given us over it; not only would it deprive us of extracting whatever good was to be got out of the volumes now published, but would preclude us from deriving any pleasure from our task, or communicating any to the reader. Moreover, there may be intellects that are individually in a state to receive instruction and amusement from their contents, and may even yet take a warm concern in the works and the remembrance of the authoress, although the general mind, or rather the mind of those who now occupy the same relative station that such persons as herself in her own day held, be considerably in advance of her perfections.

Her biographer seems to think that the "new era" in which we find ourselves is one "of extremes;" and that "there was a happy balance in the qualities of this gifted lady," which kept her from every thing that could be so qualified. He has well enough here, though probably without design, hit off the character of her tendencies and talents.

Hannah More (the youngest but one of the five daughters of Jacob More, who was descended from a respectable family at Harleston, in Norfolk,) was born in the year 1745, in the parish of Stapleton, in the county of Gloucester. We cannot follow her through the period of childhood, concerning which the life-writer has given us certain tales of precocity, all very well in their way, but nothing out of it. Having learned something of Greek and Roman history from her father, something of the Latin and French languages, and the mathematics, we find her in a boarding-school at Bristol, under her eldest sister's care, reading the *Spectator*, and hearing the elder Sheridan lecture on eloquence, and writing verses on Sheridan's said lectures, and other matters of like grave import. Ferguson, the popular astronomer, also, was engaged in lecturing at Bristol; with him she formed an acquaintance, as also with one Peach, a linen-draper, to whom the historian, Hume, had entrusted the correction of his history, and who had detected in it more than two hundred Scoticisms. "But for this man, it appears, two years of the life of the historian might have passed into oblivion which were spent in a merchant's counting-house in Bristol; whence he was dismissed, on account of the promptitude of his pen in the correction of the letters entrusted to him to copy. More than twenty years after the death of Mr. Peach, the subject of these memoirs, being in company with Dr. Percy, then Bishop of Dromore, Mr. Gibbon, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and others, who were conjecturing what might have been the cause of this chasm of two years in the life of Hume, (of which the bishop was then proposing to give a sketch,) she was enabled to clear up the mystery by relating the above anecdote. As the intended life did not appear, she never knew what use the bishop made of her communication."

In 1762, Hannah More appeared as an authoress, in the pastoral drama entitled *The Search after Happiness*, which she proposed for private performance by young ladies, instead of the regular drama, which contains passages improper for their recital. At Weston-super-mare, whither the lady retired for the benefit of her health, she formed and kept up an acquaintance with the celebrated Dr. Langhorne, until his intemperance suspended it. Two specimens of his correspondence are preserved,—they are lively but need not be quoted. At the age of twenty, having access to the best libraries in her neighbourhood, Miss More cultivated the Italian, Latin, and Spanish, imitating or translating Horace and Metastasio. Metastasio's opera of *Regulus* she worked up into *The Inflexible Captive*, a drama. Dean Tucker, Dr. Ford, and Dr. Stonehouse, were among her friends; and the last was her guide in divinity.

At the age of 22, Mr. Turner, a gentleman of fortune, proposed for Hannah More's hand. As she was young and dependent, she quitted her interest in the concern of the school, and was at great expense in preparing and fitting herself out to be the wife of a man of great wealth. The day was fixed more than once for the marriage, and Mr. Turner each time postponed it. Her sisters and friends interfered, and would not permit her to be so treated and trifled with. Sir James Stonehouse was applied to, and interposed. The final separation was amicably agreed upon, and the contracting parties broke off their intercourse by mutual consent. Mr. Turner was desirous of settling an anuuity upon her; she declined; but in a conversation with Dr. Stonehouse, that gentleman succeeded in inducing the doctor to become trustee and agent for a part of the annual sum intended. But it was not until some time after this affair had been thus concluded that the consent of Miss More could be obtained, even by the importunity of her friends. The regard and respect of Mr. Turner for Miss More was continued through his life; and at his death he bequeathed her a thousand pounds.

This event made her resolve on single blessedness; and although solicited again, she still

refused her hand; and, as it happened in the former case, the attachment of the proposer was succeeded by a cordial respect, which was met on her part by a corresponding sentiment, and which ended only with his existence.

Miss More's talents had hitherto been of a dramatic sort, and she was desirous of hearing Garrick speak Shakspeare. Her first letter is upon the subject of Sheridan's *Rivals*, and its first reception, which was unsuccessful. In another letter, Hampton Court throws her into raptures. Pope's house and grotto, however, had to her very little merit, "but that they once belonged to one of the greatest poets upon earth." It was in 1773 or 1774, that Hannah More, in company with two of her sisters, visited London; and her introduction to Mr. and Mrs. Garrick took place in about a week after her arrival. Garrick had seen a letter from Miss More to a person known to them both, so well describing the effect produced upon her mind by his performance of the character of *Lear*, as to inflame his curiosity to see and converse with her. At his house she met Mrs. Montagu. To Dr. Johnson she was introduced at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, who prepared her, as he handed her up stairs, for the possibility of his being in one of his moods of sadness and silence. It was, however, otherwise with the moralist; he met her with good humour in his countenance and a macaw in his hand, accosting her with a verse from a morning hymn which she had written at the desire of Sir James Stonehouse. She was next introduced to Baretti, Edmund Burke, Dr. Percy, and Mrs. Williams (Dr. Johnson's well-known blind poetess).

"I forgot to mention," says one of her sisters, in a letter to the family at home, "that not finding Johnson in his little parlour when we came in, Hannah seated herself in his great chair, hoping to catch a little ray of his genius: when he heard it he laughed heartily, and told her it was a chair on which he never sat. He said it reminded him of Boswell and himself, when they slept a night at the spot (as they imagined) where the weird sisters appeared to Macbeth: the idea so worked upon their enthusiasm, that it quite deprived them of rest. However, they learnt the next morning, to their mortification, that they had been deceived, and were quite in another part of the country."

Hannah More, it seems, eschewed the vanity of writing *good* letters. It was her opinion that "letters among near relations were family newspapers, meant to convey paragraphs of intelligence, and advertisements of projects, and not sentimental essays." This is vivacious; so is the following:—

"We have been reading a treatise on the morality of Shakspeare; it is a happy and easy way of filling a book that the present race of authors have arrived at—that of criticising the works of some eminent poet, with monstrous extracts and short remarks. It is a species of cookery I begin to grow tired of. They cut up their authors into chops, and by adding a little crumbled bread of their own, and tossing it up a little, they present it as a fresh dish: you are to dine upon the poet; the critic supplies the garnish, yet has the credit as well as profit of the whole entertainment."

Induced by the attention paid to her in London, she determined to try what was her real value, by writing a slight poem, and offering it to Cadell. *Sir Eldred of the Bower* was thus produced, to which she added the little poem of the *Bleeding Rock*, which she had written some years previously. She succeeded; and so commenced her connection, continued for forty years, with the house of that respectable publisher.

Her acquaintance with Dr. Johnson was so characterised by mutual tenderness, that it was the subject of many pleasant witticisms with Mrs. Montagu. Allusion to this, and even to the early circumstances of the family, is made in the following humorous letter from one of her sisters:—

"If a wedding should take place before our return, don't be surprised,—between the mother of Sir Eldred and the father of my much-loved Irene; nay, Mrs. Montagu says, if tender words are the precursors of connubial engagements, we may expect great things: for it is nothing but 'child,' 'little fool,' 'love,' and 'dearest.' After much critical discourse he turns round to me, and with one of the most amiable looks, which must be seen to form the least idea of it, he says, 'I have heard that you are engaged in the useful and honourable employment of teaching young ladies.' Upon which, with all the same ease, familiarity, and confidence we should have done, had only our own dear Dr. Stonehouse been present, we entered upon the history of our birth, parentage, and education; showing how we were born with more desires than guineas; and how, as years increased our appetites, the cupboard at home began to grow too small to gratify them; and how, with a bottle of water, a bed, and a blanket, we set out to seek our fortunes; and how we found a great house, with nothing in it; and how it was like to remain so, till, looking into our knowledge-boxes, we happened to find a little *larning*, a good thing when land is gone, or rather none: and so at last, by giving a little of this little *larning* to those who had less, we got a good store of gold in return. But how, alas! we wanted the wit to keep it! 'I love you both!' cried the enamorato; 'I love you all five! I never was at Bristol: I will come on purpose to see you. What! five women live happily together! I will come and see you. I have spent a happy evening—I am glad I came—God for ever bless you! you live lives to shame duchesses.' He took his leave with so much warmth and tenderness, we were quite affected at his manner.

"If Hannah's head stands proof against all the adulation and kindness of the great folks here, why then I will venture to say, nothing of this kind will hurt her hereafter. A literary anecdote:—Mrs. Medalle (Sterne's daughter) sent to all the correspondents of her deceased father, begging the letters which he had written to them; among other wits, she sent to Wilkes, with the same request. He sent for answer, that as there happened to be nothing extraordinary in those he had received, he had burnt or lost them. On which, the faithful editor of her father's works sent back to say, that if Mr. Wilkes would be so good as to write a few letters in imitation of her father's style, it would do just as well, and she would insert them. Two carriages at the door—Mrs. Roscawen, and Sir Joshua; the latter to take us to an auction of pictures; the former paid a short visit, that she might not break in upon our engagements. Dr. Johnson and Hannah last night had a violent quarrel, till at length laughter ran so high on all sides, that argument was confounded in noise: the gallant youth, at one in the morning, set us down at our lodgings."

The effect upon her of Garrick's reading her own *Sir Eldred* is interesting.

"I'll tell you the most ridiculous circumstance in the world. After dinner, Garrick took up the *Monthly*

Review (civil gentlemen, by the by, these Monthly Reviewers), and read 'Sir Eldred' with all his pathos and all his graces. I think I never was so ashamed in my life; but he read it so superlatively, that I cried like a child. Only think, what a scandalous thing to cry at the reading of one's own poetry! I could have beaten myself; for it looked as if I thought it very moving, which, I can truly say, is far from being the case. But the beauty of the jest lies in this: Mrs. Garrick twinkled as well as I, and made as many apologies for crying at her husband's reading, as I did for crying at my own verses. She got out of the scrape by pretending she was touched at the story, and I, by saying the same thing of the reading. It furnished us with a great laugh at the catastrophe, when it would really have been decent to have been a little sorrowful."

London society had warnings in sudden deaths, and similar omens, for the minds of the serious Hannah; and she was evidently beginning to shrink from the contact of the common world, and find another kind of happiness in one more religious. Saurin's *Sermons* seem to have excited her admiration, and, sooth to say, deservedly. We recollect ourselves the time we first read them,—even as we do our first perusal of Schiller's *Robbers;* they are equally impressive —each sublime in their way, and the sublime in both is of the material rather than the spiritual.

Miss More was present at the trial of the Duchess of Kingston, and describes it well; equally well she describes Garrick in the character of *Hamlet*. The leading passion of the princely Dane she takes to be filial love. She saw Garrick in all the characters with which he finally took his leave of the stage. Her letter to him from the country is an elaborate compliment, and is one of the sort that she usually avoided,—it is a good one.

In one of her letters she complains of morning headaches precluding early rising; but then she sat up later than the family she was staying with, reading through Dr. Maclaine's answer to Soame Jenyns. But it seems she was subject to successive illnesses,—evils these which she converted into blessings; for, independently of the prime benefit of cheapening life, and teaching patience, they induced a habit of industry not natural to her, and taught her to make the most of her *well* days. She laughingly added, it had taught her also to contrive employment for her sick ones; that from habit she had learned to suit her occupations to every gradation of the measure of capacity she possessed. "I never," she said, "afford a moment of a healthy day to transcribe, or put stops, or cross t's, or dot my i's; so that I find the lowest stage of my understanding may be turned to some account, and save better days for better things. I have learned from it also to avoid procrastinations, and that idleness which often attends unbroken health."

Allusions are made in Garrick's letters to Miss More's tragedy of *Percy*, then in progress. In November of the year 1777, it was completed, and accepted by Mr. Harris of Covent Garden, to be brought out without delay. Garrick interested himself much about this play, wrote for it the prologue and epilogue, which in performance were received with plaudits, and the play succeeded. All the correspondence about this tragedy is couched in the highest terms of applause; all is flushed with success. Mrs. Boscawen even goes the length of composing a wreath of Roman laurel, ingeniously interwoven, and the stems confined within an elegant ring, which she accompanied with an "elegant *morceau*" of a letter, as a present to the fair muse of tragedy. The gift was acknowledged in some pretty verses. Home, the author of *Douglas*, was also introduced to her on this occasion. Garrick read the play to a party at Lord Spencer's, and four thousand copies of it were sold in the first fortnight. Mr. Mackenzie also writes high flattery on this subject. She profited six hundred pounds by the performance and sale of the copyright, which Garrick laid out for her on good security at five per cent. Criticism on this drama would be worse than wasted at this time of day: it might be characterised as a *technical* tragedy; the dagger and the bowl are both produced on the stage; nothing is wanted but the presence of the Muse herself to complete the effect of the design.

We wish we had room to extract Hannah More's account of the death of Garrick, and her testimony to the correctness of his conduct in his own house; it is worth all the books she has ever written. Here is at any rate the truth of fact; and the fact is one to remove many prejudices which her more serious labours are calculated to foster. But still superior to her letter is that of Mrs. Montagu on the same occasion: no sectarian taint spoils a single sentiment or expression; but all is catholic, and worthy of the fair essayist on Shakspeare.

The death of Garrick having lessened Hannah More's interest with the stage, she did well to turn her mind to other channels of intellectual exertion. She claims, however, too much merit for the act. Five years she took in disconnecting herself from fashionable society, ere she retreated to Cowslip Green. Before she gave up the theatre, she tried her fate again in another venture, *The Fatal Falsehood*, of which four acts had been read by Garrick before his death, and the completion of which, we are told, was hurried in consequence of Mr. Harris's importunity. Being brought out at an unfavourable season, it had not so great a run as the *Percy;* nevertheless, it succeeded.

Hannah More was a believer in the authenticity of Rowley's poems, and could not be for some time convinced either by the authority or the reasonings of Johnson and Percy. This fact shows the state of her taste at the time. Equally conventional were her feelings; *e. g.* thus she writes to one of her sisters, from Hampton, in 1780. "I would wish you a merry Christmas, as well as happy new year, but that I hate the word merry so applied: it is a fitter epithet for a *Bacchanalian* than a *Christian* festival, and seems an apology for idle mirth and injurious excess." She fails here to perceive that the *Bacchanalian* was also religious; or, if not, her mind is not of that catholic capacity to esteem it for what it was. Nay, she could as little love nature in *all* her moods as she could mind in all its forms. "What frost, what snow!" she exclaims. "By the by, if this same snow were of human invention, I should be

apt to say I did not like it. Yet the vast expanse of glistening white on the ground, the fluid brilliants dropping from the trees, and the greenhouse full of beautiful blossoms and oranges, make it altogether like some region of enchantment; *and as the gravel walks are all swept clean*, I parade an hour or two every morning." This is capital! It is soothing, however, to think that a wintry morning might please Miss Hannah More, provided the *gravel walks were all swept clean*. Poor nature!

She seems to have been much better pleased with some Latin verses in her praise, written by Bishop Lowth. She alludes to them in numberless letters,—always making a great show of keeping them back, yet always bringing them forward. "Mrs. Boscawen threw me into no small confusion; she got among the men, not less than twenty, all *beaux esprits*, and gave them all, privately, Bishop Lowth's verses to read." *Finesse!* Who can doubt it? The *Sacred Dramas* and the poem of *Sensibility* seem to have much interested the bishop; and, as specimens of artificial poetry, it must be acknowledged they are creditable compositions.

Mrs. Macauley was one of Hannah More's acquaintances. She, however, had a terrible fall in her good graces. In a letter from Bath, dated Dec. 23, we have these complainings. "I feel myself extremely scandalised at her conduct, and yet I did not esteem her. I knew her to be absurd, vain, and affected, but never could have suspected her of the indecent, and, I am sorry to say, profligate turn which her late actions and letters have betrayed. The men do so rejoice and so exult, that it is really provoking; yet have they no real cause for triumph; for this woman is far from being any criterion by which to judge of the whole sex: she was not feminine either in her writings or manners; she was only a good, clever man. Did I never tell you, my dear madam, an answer her daughter once made me? Desirous, from civility, to take some notice of her, and finding she was reading Shakspeare, I asked her if she was not delighted with many parts of *King John*? 'I never read the *kings*, ma'am,' was the truly characteristic reply." How these poles ever came to coalesce is a mystery!

The verses entitled *Bas Bleu* are the subject of much correspondence. About this time Miss More was elected a member of the French Academy.

Her patronage of the poetical milk-woman, Mrs. Yearsly, is an instructive chapter in the history of patronage. Though poor, the poetess did not like to be so called in a printed preface; besides, she wanted the entire control of the money raised for her benefit. Her pride rebelled against her gratitude: and she circulated slanders against her benefactress, or rather spoke them to her face, accusing her of envy, and of a design to defraud her or her children of the amount of the subscriptions. Miss More's share in this transaction is much to her credit. She thus writes on it: "Had she turned out well, I should have had my *reward*; as it is, I have my *trial*. Perhaps I was too vain of my success; and in counting over the money (almost 500*l.*) might be elated, and think, Is not this great Babylon that I have built? Prosperity is a great trial, and she could not stand it. I was afraid it would turn her *head*; but I did not expect it would harden her *heart*. I continue to take the same care of her pecuniary interests, and am bringing out a second edition of her poems. My conscience tells me I ought not to give up my trust for these poor children on account of their mother's wickedness. You know Mrs. Montagu and I are joint trustees for the money." Two years afterwards this woman brought out, unassisted, another book, which she advertised to be free from Hannah More's "corruptions." She, however, prefixed to it the original preface to the first book, and twenty pages of the scurrility published in a second. To all which she added a deed, which Miss More got drawn by an eminent lawyer, to secure her money in the funds; and which she asserted Miss More made Mrs. Montagu sign without reading. Mrs. Yearsly had, however, gained her point, in having the money settled to her wish.

Hitherto, as we are instructed by Mr. Roberts, we have seen Hannah More in the midst of certain disturbing influences, which weaned her from a religious predisposition, often enough visible in the course of her correspondence. But now, retired to Cowslip Green, there are hopes of the revival of those thoughts which by a fashionable life had been dissipated. Previous to her finally settling there, however, we have a mass of correspondence about Mrs. Piozzi and Boswell, and their respective biographies of Johnson. The passages in Mrs. Piozzi's book, which were unkind to Garrick, filled her with indignation. If Johnson had been envious enough to utter them, our author thought Mrs. Piozzi might have been prudent enough to suppress them. "Johnson," she continues, "with all his genius, had no taste for Garrick's acting, and, with all his virtues, was envious of his riches: this led him very unjustly to say severe things, which Garrick not unfrequently related. But why must these things be recorded? The speaker, perhaps, had forgotten them, or was sorry for them, or did not mean them; but this new-fashioned biography seems to value itself upon perpetrating every thing that is injurious and detracting. I perfectly recollect," adds Hannah More, "the candid answer Garrick once made to my enquiry, why Johnson was so often harsh and unkind in his speeches, both of and to him. 'Why, Nine,' he replied, 'it is very natural; is it not to be expected he should be angry, that I, who have so much less merit than he, should have had so much greater success?'"

Up to December of the year 1786, no account exists of the manner in which Hannah More spent her time at Cowslip Green; probably, says her biographer, she lived in great retirement, pursuing her gardening occupations: but in the said month of December she visited Mrs. Garrick again, whom she found well, and went with her the round of society as usual. Against this fashionable mode of wasting time, however, she now took care to issue her manifesto, in a little work entitled *Thoughts on the Manners of the Great*. We feel, nevertheless, more interested now in her thoughts on her own way of life at

Cowslip Green. The amount of false sentiment in these is prodigious. She separates her religious duties from the active engagements of life; a fatal error, which has led to the abstraction and mysticism of nunneries and monasteries, and their consequent *vices*. In tending of flowers, and even in paying visits, devotion may mingle; and if admiration of the works of God and charity to our neighbours be the concomitants of either act, more religion will belong to it than to all the *leisure* in the world. When we are in society, or among cultivated objects, whether of nature or art, we know our company; but when we are alone, as Sir Thomas Browne somewhere justly remarks, we have most often the devil for our familiar. The Rev. John Newton's letter, in reply to the one on which we have commented, is very valuable; but our space will not permit its insertion. This gentleman's letters have all of them much merit.

With her *Thoughts on the Importance of the Manners of the Great to General Society*, which met with extraordinary success, an era begun in the life of Hannah More. This book was published anonymously; not from fear of man, she said, "but because it might be ascribed to some better person." She confesses that the work was superficial, being fitted for an audience similarly qualified, and confined to prevailing practical evils. Another time she proposed to herself to attack more strongly the *principle*. About the same period appeared her poem on *Slavery*, to which her name was attached.

One of the smartest things that we have observed in these letters, is an observation excited by her witnessing the trial of Hastings.

"I was over-persuaded by Lord and Lady Amherst to go to the trial, and heard Burke's famous oration of three hours and a quarter without intermission. Such a splendid and powerful oration I never heard, but it was abusive and vehement beyond all conception. Poor Hastings sitting by, and looking so meek to hear himself called *villain* and *cut-throat!* &c. The recapitulation of the dreadful cruelties in India was worked up to the highest pitch of eloquence and passion, so that the orator was seized with a spasm which made him incapable of speaking another word; and I did not know whether he might not have died in the exertion of his powers, like Chatham. I think I never felt such indignation as when Burke, with Sheridan standing on one side and Fox on the other, said, 'Vice incapacitates a man from all public duty; it withers the powers of his understanding, and makes his mind paralytic.' I looked at his two neighbours, and saw they were quite free from any symptoms of palsy."

Her remarks on Gibbon are equally acute.

About this time she wrote her poem of *Bonner's Ghost*, to which Walpole paid the honour of having it printed at the Strawberry press, with the stamp and impress, in an engraving, of Strawberry Hill.

At the close of the year 1789, Hannah More was enabled to withdraw from general society, her sisters having made their fortunes, and herself being in a thriving course. Previously to their taking this step, Miss More and her three sisters had built for themselves a house in Great Pulteney Street, Bath; and between this residence of their own, and the retreat at Cowslip Green, they were in future to divide their time. It is mentioned as a singular circumstance, that all the four houses in which they resided were built by themselves; and in not one of them had death disturbed their happy union, till, at the end of fifty years, they lost their eldest sister. They occupied their time principally in instructing the poor children of Cheddar, a village distant ten miles from Cowslip Green, and collected a school of nearly three hundred children. To this school the correspondence about this period relates. The state of both clergy and laity, aristocracy and populace, in this place, had grown to rankness; and, in so employing herself, she was doing more good, certainly, than in tending flowers, paying visits, or indulging *leisure*. She found time, also, to produce her *Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World*. This book had a large sale.

In 1791, the sisters having extended their plan of operation, the number of children under their instruction exceeded twelve hundred. Her visits to London, accordingly, were more contracted; and when there, her time was occupied in vain endeavours to rescue a young heiress, who had been trepanned away from school at the age of fourteen.

At the political crisis of 1792, Hannah More was called upon from all quarters to send forth some little work as an antidote to the revolutionary principles then so fearfully spreading. This she openly declined; but, in secret, caused Mr. Rivington to publish a dialogue of *Village Politics, By Will Chip*, which was extensively circulated.

At the latter end of the second volume we have some extracts from Hannah More's Journal (1794) concerning her spiritual state, from which we find that she had not allowed herself to read any classic or pagan author for many years—by herself—having chosen for private perusal serious and religious books. Clear enough from this diary it is, that she had parted for ever with elegant literature; and that little more was now to be expected from her than longer or shorter tracts on matters religious or political. To undersell similar publications that were disseminated in the cause of infidelity and rebellion, she promoted a subscription, in which she was well supported; and two millions of tracts were sold in one year. They were afterwards collected into three volumes. In the *Cheap Repository* (for such was the title), she received assistance from the pens of others,—one her own sister, and one the poet Mason.

The following reflections on the death of Lord Orford are characteristic of the writer. Thus writes Hannah More to her sister Martha, from London, 1787:

"Poor Lord Orford! I could not help mourning for him, as if I had not expected it. But twenty years' unclouded kindness and pleasant correspondence cannot be given up without emotion. I am not sorry now that I never flinched from any of his ridicule or attacks, or suffered them to pass without rebuke. At our last meeting, I made him promise to buy Law's *Serious Call*. His playful wit, his various knowledge, his polished manners, alas! what avail they now! The most serious thoughts are awakened. Oh, that he had known and

believed the things that belonged to his peace! My heart is much oppressed with the reflection."

It is strange that people of Hannah More's turn of mind should always entertain such very charitable thoughts of their acquaintance in the article of death. Amiable they may be; but because they take not up with a certain form of speech and demeanour, their after-state is always presumed in the most unfavourable manner. There is in this a temper and feeling which religious people should avoid. Take our word for it, it is an infirmity; and was in Hannah More. There was, however, much of profane in the character of Lord Orford: yet, even in extreme cases, the rule is a good one—"Judge not, lest thou be judged."

From a letter addressed to Mr. Wilberforce, we find that in the month of August, 1798, Hannah More was very seriously ill indeed.

"I was attacked," she writes, "with one of my violent spasms in my head, on the Saturday night, so that I could not go with the Dykes the Sunday round; but Patty did. This pain continued almost intolerable during two days and two nights, and left my nerves in a high state of irritation. On Monday, being alone, I fell down from the place where I was sitting, in a fainting fit. I dashed my face against the corner of a stone wall, and lay a very long time without giving any signs of life. My sisters found me in a posture which must soon have suffocated me, with my face frightfully disfigured, and the floor sprinkled with blood. There was a strong contest between life and death, but it pleased my merciful God to raise me up. I was a good while before I had any clear ideas, but felt a sort of stupid serenity, no emotion, but a general feeling that I had not done enough for God; and what would poor Patty do by herself? I am so disfigured, you would scarcely know me; but I am full of gratitude: for though my eyes make me look a perfect Mrs. Mendoza, yet the sight is safe; and had not my face received the bruises, my skull must have been fractured. You will be glad to hear that my mind has been very calm, and that I felt that this visitation was in mercy. I write this two or three lines at a time, and cannot see to read it; but the bruises, though very bad, are nothing—they will in time disappear; but I must try to get my nerves in a better way. I have a dull pain in my head, which is very unpleasant. I must tell you that we have kept possession of the pulpit at Wedmore ever since, and sent one of our own clergy every Sunday, to keep up the attention to our plan. Last Sunday, Drewitt preached an hour; after he had finished, the clerk got up and said, 'the parish are desired to meet next Friday, to consult on the best means of opposing the ladies who are coming to set up a school.'

"Bold Drewitt, nothing dismayed, stood up instantly in the pulpit, and said, 'and on Sunday next the parish are desired to meet the ladies, who intend opening the school at nine o'clock:' but I now doubt if I shall be able. It will be a hard-run contest; and whether John Barrow or Hannah More will be the successful candidate, I have not the least idea."

In the following year appeared her *Strictures on Female Education*—her third ethical publication in prose, says her biographer; who adds (though in a style of composition which is excessively faulty), "and one of the most powerful pieces of her artillery, from whose calibre were shot those bolts which shattered the towers and arsenals of fashionable abuses and follies." A letter from Mr. Charles Burney on this work deserves quotation, but our space forbids it.

In the promotion of infant schools, and in the institution of female friendly societies, Hannah More and her sister Martha spent two valuable years, subduing opposition and overcoming difficulties. Mr. Bere, the curate of Blagdon, the parish in which Cowslip Green was situated, waited on the sisters, to request they would open one of their schools in his parish; and, upon their at first declining, was seconded by the churchwarden and overseers in his application. After their consent, however, the same curate became afraid of some tendency to methodism in their proceedings; and they suffered in their exertions from suspicion of disaffection to church and state, and the imputation of fanaticism. As a defence against this charge, her biographer publishes a letter from her to a young curate; but we are afraid that the curate of Blagdon would have quoted it in evidence. Nevertheless, we hold it to be highly creditable to the authoress. Through all the attacks, however, which she experienced, we are told, she preserved the dignity of silence; and when advised by Lord Chancellor Loughborough to prosecute the author of a scandalous pamphlet against her, she declared her resolution never, upon any provocation, to embark either in controversy or litigation. With regard to this same Lord Chancellor Loughborough we are told, in a note, that she was induced at different periods of her life to apply to his lordship in behalf of two clergymen of great merit, who were unprovided for, and that her request was on each occasion immediately granted. In the latter instance, the presentation was sent directly to herself, that she might have the pleasure of conveying it with her own hands to the friend for whom she had interested herself.

Mrs. More was sinking under an attack of ague at the time of her persecution, and relinquished the school at Blagdon; having given, in a letter to Dr. Beadon, the bishop of Bath and Wells, as her diocesan, a clear exposition of the whole controversy.

In this letter she effectually defends herself from any affection for conventicles. "Had I been irregular," she asks, "should I not have gone sometimes, during my winter residence at Bath, to Lady Huntingdon's chapel, a place of great occasional resort? Should I never have gone to some of Whitfield's or Wesley's tabernacles in London, where I have spent a long spring for near thirty years? Should I not have strayed now and then into some methodist meeting in the country? Yet not one of these things have I ever done."

The sore point seems to have been the conduct of one Young the school-master. To her letter Dr. Beadon returned a gracious answer.

This episcopal sanction, however, backed as it was by that of other prelates, failed to relieve her from the attack of Bere; who went the length of hearing, as a magistrate, affidavits sworn against her and her teachers, on such grave charges as Calvinism, extemporary praying, and enthusiasm. This instigated the farmers at Wedmere, who formally presented her at the arch-

deacon's visitation, for teaching the poor without a license; and employed an attorney of bad character to annoy her. The eventful turn of affairs, however, at Blagdon, was in Mrs. More's favour. She thought right, nevertheless, to quit her residence at Cowslip Green for one which she built at Barley Wood, about a mile distant. Her sisters, too, left Bath, and shared the conveniences of her new mansion. Here they were much visited, for advice and recreation. Her celebrity occasioned her time to be much occupied in receiving and answering letters.

Her life had been for a while active; she now determined to assume the practice of composition. Of her Christianity it must be said, that it was far removed from sectarianism. In her Diary for 1803, she writes:

"*July* 8.—Have been looking at one of the answers to Overton. My very soul is sick of religious controversy. How I hate the little narrowing names of Arminian and Calvinist! Christianity is a broad basis. *Bible* Christianity is what I love; that does not insist on opinions indifferent in themselves—a Christianity practical and pure, which teaches holiness, humility, repentance, and faith in Christ; and which, after summing up all the evangelical graces, declares that the greatest of these is charity."

This passage is deserving of all praise; others, however, are liable to the objection to which so many professedly religious diaries are obvious,—namely, foolish self-condemnation for imaginary transgressions; *e. g.*

"*November* 1*st*.—Another month is begun. I have been negligent, but God has been gracious. He has multiplied his mercies, but I have been cold and dead under them. Even in writing this confession, I do it with an unfeeling, unbroken spirit. The country, though increasing in danger, has been preserved from invasion, and internal peace has been preserved. A public fast and humiliation looks like an acknowledgment of that God we have so much offended."

Why this strong wish to *feign* what she confesses she cannot feel? This is a disease of devoteeism,—an insane desire to wear a pious heart upon the sleeve for daws to peck at. Religious hypochondriasis is desiderated rather than a state of moral health; the only fear of such minds is that of being well; the unconsciousness of sickness is to them that of death. Better, surely, is a robust mind, which goes on its course rejoicing, insensible of infirmity, strong in faith,—hoping, loving with a perfect love that casts out fear.

In 1805, Mrs. More produced *Hints towards forming the Character of a young Princess!* a work written in imitation of Xenophon and Fenelon, for the benefit of the lamented Princess Charlotte of Wales. It was written, we are told, reluctantly, at the request of a dignitary of the church, while the princess was solely under female care. Upon the appointment of Dr. Fisher, bishop of Exeter, (afterwards bishop of Salisbury,) to that important office, she suspended her labour for a time from a sense of delicacy. She at length got over her scruples, by dedicating it anonymously to the good prelate himself, by whom it was kindly received and acknowledged, as from a gentleman.

That part of the correspondence which concerns the princess is of course peculiarly interesting. Mrs. Kennicott writes from Fulham (1805):

"Lady Elgin brought the princess to chapel here yesterday; she is certainly a wonderful little creature. She has taken a great liking to the bishop, and always desires to walk alone with him. Yesterday she desired to repeat a hymn to him, and repeated one of yours. I have heard some things of her lately, which lead me to believe she has a thinking mind uncommon for a child of her age. Just before I left Windsor, I had some conversation on the subject with Princess Elizabeth, and she gave opinions with regard to her education, so like some that you have given, that I could almost have thought she must have conversed with you on the topic.

"Did I tell you of the princess's soliloquy on reading the second chapter of St. Matthew? 'I think,' says she, 'Joseph ought not to have been afraid of returning into Judea, when God had told him by an angel that he might return; but I leave that to be settled by the Bishop of London and Lady Elgin.'"

This work was assailed in the *Edinburgh Review*. For this, however, the authoress was sufficiently consoled by the general estimation in which it was held. The late Princess Charlotte perused it carefully, as attested by the bishop to whose tuition she was intrusted; it was also one of the last books in her hands. It is probable that the production influenced her character, and it could not do so without benefit. The authoress, as her biographer rightly remarks, has in it presented the kingly character to our view substantially majestic. Not parading before us, in the colours and shadows of painted life, the pageant of drawing-rooms and saloons, but rising above all exterior decoration, and princely pomp, the servant of God and the shepherd of the people. She has shown, too, that attachment to the prince and obedience to the laws are parts of Christianity; and that no diadem is firm on the brow of him who depends upon an allegiance not grounded on religion, and sees not that the piety of the people is his best political friend, and the only party which it is his real interest to adopt. Her indignation sharply reproves those shallow men who are for keeping the multitude amused, at whatever cost to virtue and religion. She reminds us, that to fear God and honour the king are commandments resting upon the same authority; and that the best prince can have no permanent place in the affections of one who has no fear of God on his soul.

In the year 1806, Mrs. More was attacked by a dangerous and tedious illness, which appeared to have originated in a cold caught in returning from one of her schools. A pleuritic fever succeeded, of so inveterate a kind as for many months to resist the strongest remedies, but she bore it with remarkable composure and placidity. It was two years ere she could resume her pen, and even then her mind recovered before her body. She engaged herself in executing a scheme which had long occupied her mind, of presenting Christian principles and duties in the dress of narrative, in the colours of character, and with the breathing vivacity of dialogue and discussion. To this work a check was given by the death of Bishop Porteus, in the year 1809, who bequeathed to our authoress a legacy of 100*l*. She consecrated to his memory, in the plantation near her

house at Barley Wood, an urn, with this inscription: "To Beilby Porteus, late lord bishop of London, in memory of long and faithful friendship." The life of the bishop, by Dean Hodgson, has recorded his last visit to Carlton House, and its apostolical purpose; in relation to which it may be added, as an interesting fact, that immediately before the dying prelate set out on his holy errand, Mrs. More received a note from him, requesting her prayers for the divine blessing on the arduous and delicate task he had thought it was his duty to undertake, without further explaining his purpose; and in a few days afterwards she received a second note, and with which their earthly communication closed for ever, informing her of the success with which it had been attended.

This is a touching incident. It is thus told in a letter from Mrs. Kennicott:

"I have much satisfaction in writing to you, my dearest friend, because I think the account I have to give of our beloved bishop is such as will afford you great consolation. After his fine mind had yielded to the infirmities of his weak body, his imperfect wandering ideas still led him to exert his small remaining strength in whatever appeared to him to tend to the glory of God; and the foundation of those two distressing notes to you was a report he had heard of the institution of a club, under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, which was to meet on a Sunday. Under this impression he requested an audience of the prince, to entreat him to fix on some other day. The audience was granted. Can any thing be imagined more affecting? Supported by two servants, and hardly able to move with their assistance, he got to the apartment of the prince, and with agitated earnestness conjured him to fix on some other day for this meeting. The prince received him most graciously, seemed much affected, said it was not a new institution, and that it was founded on charity; but that if the day could be changed to Saturday it should. It was during this business that he wrote those notes to you.

"The last week was a most distressing one at the time, but now to be reflected upon with comfort. Pious zeal and true Christian humility were prevalent amidst all his rambling. On the Friday he was brought to Fulham: on entering the great hall he clasped his hands and said, 'I thank God for permitting me to come once more to this place.' The next morning he said the air refreshed him, and admired the beauty of his lawn. He was carried down to dinner, and soon after was seized with something like a convulsion; was taken to his sofa, had a cordial given to him, fell into a quiet sleep for three hours, and only just opened his eyes to close them for ever on this world. He had frequently prayed, but always with devout submission to God's will, to be spared the pangs of death; and he was spared them.

"In the drawer of the table at which he lately wrote were found various little prayers and ejaculations, written upon scraps of paper, even upon visiting-tickets—any thing which came to his hand as the pious thoughts rose in his mind.

"Our dear Mrs. Porteus does not appear to have suffered in health, and I hope will not. For every thing else we must trust to time, which our merciful Father has ordained shall soften our greatest afflictions.

"The last solemn offices were performed at Sundridge. He ordered that every thing should be done as humbly as was proper for his station. But it was impossible to keep it humble, so many of his numerous relations would attend.

"Tell me about dear Patty. How continually I think of you both in this sad house!

"My dearest friend, you know what a h our beloved bishop had of the effect of inter particularly of your prayers. This awful w me to renew the resolutions I have so often alas! so often broken, of amending my life me, that I may keep these resolutions better my former ones. The time, as you say, have now lived sixty-one years—a tremend look back upon, with so much wrong and so in the dread retrospect. Mrs. Porteus sen love.

"Yours ever most affectiona

"A. K

The work in which Mrs. More had gaged appeared anonymously in Decen in two vols. octavo, under the title of *Search of a Wife*, which in less than month ran through twelve editions.

To this work it is evident, from her c ence, that she had been induced by the Madam de Stael's *Corinne;* a characte she opposes her own Lucilla—a thorou lish person, modestly regulated by an u clarified common-sense. It is little t this work is creditable to Mrs. More's invention; it, in fact, possesses high Upon this book there is an excellent l the Rev. Joseph Berrington, the pope's neral, to which we solicit general atten More attempted to parry the thrust, but general returned to the charge, and ma good.

Mrs. More made 2000*l.* during the ye book: she compares its success with tha ter Scott's *Marmion*. Of Scott's po More did not entertain the highest opi *Lady of the Lake* she nevertheless des

"Full of beauty; the descriptive parts There is more of character and incident tha other poems. Ellen is the only woman wh ever made interesting: she is amiable, frank sant. There is also an amiable maniac, wh comes next to Richardson's 'Clementina;' s wanted, in all Scott's poetry, that without whic can cling about the heart and affections—I r admixture of moral, or rather of religious The former of these it is which makes the Beattie and of Goldsmith; and the union of b ton and Cowper captivates, while it exalts the s reader who has a soul."

In 1811, Mrs. More produced a wor volumes, entitled *Practical Piety;* the which was to exhibit Christianity as a principle, and which she endeavoured attractive by a sparkling style. This followed with one on *Christian Mora* year 1813, which was equally successfu regard to style, was an improvement o decessor. Soon after the publication of t the author's family circle was for the broken, after the sisters had lived toge years, by the death of Mrs. Mary More, t who had been some time in a declining who crowned a long life of uncommon us integrity, and benevolence, by an old age and dignified serenity, and a death ful and resignation.

Mrs. More's next work was her *Ess Character and Writings of St. Paul*, i

a task of which the accomplishment had nearly been that of her life.

"She had retired to her apartment, of which she had locked the door (a thing unusual with her) to exclude interruption, when, in reaching across the fire-place to a book-shelf, the end of her shawl caught fire behind, and, before she was conscious of the accident, had communicated it to some of her other clothes; so that when her cries had alarmed the family, they beheld her at the head of the stairs, almost enveloped in flames. The instant, however, that she perceived aid approaching, she gently retreated, with admirable presence of mind, out of the current of air into her chamber, and had the calmness and recollection to abstain from any quick motion; and to this composure and self-possession was it chiefly owing that the prompt assistance of one of her friends was successful in extinguishing the flames before her person had received any material injury."

* * * * * * * *

"The delay occasioned by this accident to the publication of her Essay on St. Paul was very trifling; the work was produced, and was accompanied by the same public curiosity and avidity which had attended all her later performances. No sooner was its coming forth announced, than the whole first edition was bespoken; and although the extraordinary events which immediately succeeded, and engrossed the public mind, were unfavourable to the circulation of any work not connected with politics, it reached a fourth edition within two years after its first appearance."

It was in the year 1815 that this work appeared. Nothing can be conceived as a greater undertaking for a religious critic, than the character and writings of the great apostle of the Gentiles. A dramatic writer characterises the Divine Founder of Christianity as "the first true gentleman that ever breathed;" and a celebrated deist gave it as his opinion, that, from the evidence of his Epistles, it was clear that Paul was a perfect gentleman. These two *dicta* we like to bring together in this place, both as fixing the character of the gentleman and the saint, and showing the possible elevation of the subject, and how it might be treated. Wisdom and knowledge were the prime attributes of this exalted man. If John the beloved disciple were the Christian Plato, Paul was the Aristotle without his errors, and with more than his eloquence. If Mrs. More's work does not precisely realise the idea which we have just indicated (and it does not, owing to *her* want of philosophy), it is still a worthy effort—a prosperous undertaking, so far as it goes.

At the close of the year 1816, Mrs. More was again employed in political pamphleteering, and ballad-mongering, against the spirit of revolution then abroad, like the schoolmaster now. In one of her letters she gives her opinion of Dr. Chalmers' astronomical sermons, which she praises for containing passages of very splendid eloquence, and for expanding one's conceptions of the infinite benevolence, as well as power, of the Supreme Being. By this divine she was visited in 1817. In the spring of this year the eldest of her surviving sisters, Miss Sarah More, died; and the loss of a vivacious conversationist must have been deeply felt by a studious mind.

A Russian princess, Metscherskey, had commenced translating several of Mrs. More's tracts into her native language. A letter from this princess is given in these volumes as a curiosity, from its broken English.

Some of her tracts had also been translated into the Cingalese and Tamul languages. Sir A. Johnstone sent her a letter, enclosing a translation of the drama of *Moses in the Bulrushes*, written on the palmyra leaf, and enclosed in a case of the wood of the country, richly painted. Her *Essay on St. Paul* was likewise translated into the same tongue. It may be mentioned here, that Mrs. More abetted with enthusiasm Mr. Wilberforce's plans for the abolition of slavery. The Hindu having taught religion and morals by means of dramatic representations, it was thought well to cater to the popular taste by a translation of Mrs. More's sacred dramas, in order to their performance.

In the autumn of 1818 Mrs. More underwent an alarming illness, in which her sister Martha could afford her no relief, as her own state was still more indicative of the closing scene. Such was their condition, that their friends determined to suspend their visits to Barley Wood—a forbearance which was beneficial to invalids in need of leisure and repose.

The authoress had now arrived at her seventy-fifth year, and, just before the publication of her work entitled *Moral Sketches*, she lost her last surviving sister. The book is principally remarkable for her exposure of Parisian society and French principles, as taught in colleges of debauchery and atheism. She was now lonely, but she found society in still continuing her walk of charity—a part of her character on which we have dwelt too little in this paper.

In the year 1819 all her patriotic tracts and ballads were collected into a pamphlet, and were found useful in repressing renewed disturbances. After this her health rapidly declined; she was unable to leave her chamber throughout the whole spring and summer of 1820. On the night of the 12th of August she was seized with an obstinate obstruction in the chest, which, however, she survived for the time. She passed tolerably well through the winter, and her conversation was still sprightly. One of her friends informed her of the rejection of the catholic-bill in the house of peers, by a majority of thirty-nine. "Then," said she, "we have beaten the Romanists with forty stripes save one." The following extract gives a specimen of the energy of this extraordinary woman:

"In the worst of my illness, Cadell wrote to entreat me to preface a new edition of *Moral Sketches* with a short tribute to our late lamented king. My friend wrote him word it was utterly impossible—that I might as well attempt to fly as to write. A week after, supposing me to be better, he again renewed his entreaty. I was not better, but worse. I fancied, however, that what was difficult might not be impossible; so having got every body out of the way, I furnished myself with pen, ink, and paper, which I concealed in my bed, and next morning in a high fever, with my pulse above a hundred, without having formed one thought, bolstered up, I began to scribble. I got on about seven pages, my hand being almost as incompetent as my head. I hid my scrawl and said not a word; while my doctor and my friend wondered at my increased debility. After a strong opiate, I next morning returned to my

task of seven pages more; and delivered my almost illegible papers to my friend, to transcribe and send away. I got well scolded; but I loved the king, and was carried through by a sort of affectionate impulse; so it stands as a preface to the seventh edition. You will be as much surprised as myself that this slight work should have made its way so rapidly in these distracted times, which, the bookseller tells me, have been the most unfavourable to literature that they have ever known. The preface is such a meagre performance as you would expect from the writer, and the strange circumstances of the writing."

In the spring of 1822, Mrs. More was suddenly seized with an inflammation of the chest, which, though severe, was subdued, with great injury to her natural strength. After many months she was restored, and, to use the words of her biographer, "seemed to view her wonderful rescue from the opening grave as an imperative call upon her to improve, with increased vigilance, every passing hour, to the temporal or spiritual benefit of her fellow-creatures." Some of her conversations about this time are given, to show how active her mind was to the last.—*e. g.*

"She remembered that when Johnson was intending to write the life of Akenside, he asked her, as a friend of Sir James Stonehouse, his contemporary at Northampton, if she could supply him with any information concerning him; upon which she made an effort to recollect some sayings she had heard reported of his, when he interrupted her with impatience: 'Incident, child! incident is what a biographer wants—did he break his leg?'

"At another time she mentioned that her friend Mrs. K——, and a little worthy knot of her neighbours, had, with the purest intentions, entered into an engagement, by which they bound themselves to do some good work every day; and that she had advised them to dissolve the contract, because, if they performed it, they might be too triumphant; and if they failed, too desponding: but still to work on in the spirit, though not in the letter, of the obligation.

"She remarked one day, that if we resolved things into their first principles, how few and simple they would be discovered to be! The vehicle of all knowledge was formed of the combinations of twenty-four letters—all calculations were generated from nine figures—and all the infinite variations of sound in music from eight notes. In speaking of Soame Jenyns, she gave an anecdote descriptive of his extraordinary easiness of temper and careless good-humour. A friend, who called upon him one morning, was pressed by him to take a slice of cold meat; but the servant, on being rung for, informed his master that there was not a morsel in his larder. When he had left the room, Mr. Jenyns turned to his friend and said, 'Now we had a large round of beef dressed yesterday; this is, therefore, rather unaccountable. But I expect these things; and that I may not be subject to lose my temper, I set down 300*l.* a-year to losses by lying and cheating, and thus I maintain my composure.' She told us one day of a *bon mot* of Burke's, who, expressing to her his dislike to closed book-cases in an apartment, exclaimed, 'I don't like this *Locke* on the human understanding.'

"She declared her strong objection to the application of consecrated words and phrases to familiar things; such as the 'Great Unknown,' Resurrection-men, the Ascension of a balloon—even the Redemption of the land-tax, the Salvation of the country, the Christening of a ship, &c. She said she often tried to pass a day without once saying, in reference to earthly things, 'I wish.'

"We have thus caught and imprisoned some fugitive vapours of her fine mind, as they rose and played in the corruscations of her returning health and spirits, with the freshness of the morning of her existence, when her elastic thoughts first awoke upon the scene of her future eminence, and the world's realities and excitements."

After another attack of ill health, and before she was able to quit her bed, she had vigour to project, and partly to execute, a plan, to which she had been often urged when in tolerable health—that of extracting from all her later works, each of which contained a chapter on prayer, her thoughts upon that subject. These passages, when brought together, with some additions, composed a little volume; to which she prefixed a few pious and touching sentences, by way of preface, and bequeathed it to her friends, not expecting herself to witness its publication. No sooner was this little book advertised, than the whole edition was bespoken; and another was in preparation before she herself had received a single copy of the first. It reached a third edition within three months of its first appearance.

A longer interval of moderate health and spirits now succeeded than she had for many years enjoyed. Bordering on the age of eighty-two, she was able to declare, that at no part of her life, in her recollection, had she been so little confined to her bed as during the last two years. In these two years, three of her oldest and best friends departed—Sir William W. Pepys, the venerable Bishop of Durham, and Lady Cremorne. Sir W. W. Pepys had maintained an affectionate and constant correspondence with her to the last years of his life, much of which appears in these interesting volumes; and from the good bishop she received more than one kind and friendly note, written with his own hand, not many months before his decease, at the age of ninety-one.

Mrs. More was now desirous of disposing of the reversion of Barley Wood—an event occurred to make it even necessary. Her age and infirmity gave too much license to her servants; she, accordingly, to escape from the inconvenience thus threatening her peace, removed to Clifton.

"From her apartment she was attended by several of the principal gentlemen of the neighbourhood, who had come to her that morning to protect her from the approach of any thing that might discompose her. She descended the stairs with a placid countenance, and walked silently for a few minutes round the lower room, the walls of which were covered with the portraits of all her old and dear friends who had successively gone before her; and as she was helped into the carriage, she cast one pensive parting look upon her bowers, saying, 'I am driven, like Eve, out of Paradise; but not, like Eve, by angels.'"

This was, in effect, the close of Mrs. More's literary, active, and intellectual life. Her memory soon gave signs of decay; on all subjects, except religion, she began to be at fault. It was on the 18th of April, 1828, at the age of eighty-three, that she arrived at Clifton, where she remained for five years and a half, *i. e.* till the 7th of September, 1833, the day of her decease. Of the circumstances attending the final scene (touching as all such are) we must refer our readers to Mr. Roberts' graphic narative. Her death-bed was a

scene of victory—of the spirit over the flesh; a witness of the truth and reality of another world.

From the length to which this article would have extended, we have been obliged to omit many letters that we would have willingly quoted. Out of three hundred letters by Mrs. More herself, sixteen by the celebrated Mrs. Montagu, nineteen by Sir W. W. Pepys, six by Lord Orford, five by Dr. Langhorne, six by Mr. Garrick, twenty-four by Mrs. Boscawen, twenty-four by Bishop Porteus, five by Archbishop Magee, twenty-three by the Rev. J. Newton, three by the Rev. R. Cecil, ten by Mr. Stephen, seven by Mrs. Kennicott, five by Bishop Horne, as well as a variety by the Duchess of Gloucester, Lady Cremorne, Lord Teignmouth, Lord Barham, Bishop Watson, Bishop Barrington, Dean Tucker, Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Siddons, the Rev. T. Gisborne, and many others—out of all these, we say, there is room for selection. But we cannot do better than recommend the reader to peruse them all for himself, and in particular the excellent (though somewhat too laudatory) summary of Mrs. More's character, genius, and writings, in the last chapter of the life, written by Mr. Roberts, the amiable author of the *Portraiture of a Christian Gentleman*. For Mrs. More we have a high regard, as a stanch tory and a good churchwoman, though of the so-called evangelical clique. She was, however, practical in her piety; and this is the sure test of sincerity. Be her name therefore honoured! She was an extraordinary individual, and would have been such, had she not been an authoress. We esteem her personal character far, far above her literary. In the one she was truly great; in the other, respectable and prosperous. To sum up all, she was a practically wise and prudent woman; nevertheless, her prudence was an over-match for her wisdom. To perfection she wanted two grave requisites—greater intuitive knowledge, and a happy husband. The first she derived at second-hand and from shallow streams,—the last she avoided altogether. She thus escaped one great trial; but they who retreat from battle have no claim to the victor's wreath.

From the London Spectator.

MARCHIONESS DE CREQUY.

After the inquisition of the *Foreign Quarterly* into the authenticity of the *Recollections of the Eighteenth Century from* 1710 *to* 1800, one would scarcely have thought it necessary to translate the Memoirs of the Marchioness de Crequy. Yet it has been done by some English lady at Paris, and the result is two volumes octavo. Into the matter, manner, and merits of a work, whose *genuineness* is more than doubtful, it is not necessary to enter. This, however, may be said—that if they be forgeries, they are in one sense able ones; the forger has conceived and sustained the dramatic character of his heroine. The work tells us what an old woman of the old noblesse might have been supposed to tell us, and in her "auld wife" style. It is much ado about nothing.

From the Eclectic Review.

THE BOATMAN'S SONG TO GANGA.

[At Calcutta, Kasiprasad Ghosh, a Bramin, is universally beloved and admired: and we cannot but think that a vast field lies before him. The following little poem will give an idea of his fervid imagination and Oriental style.]

Gold river! gold river! how gallantly now
Our bark on thy bright breast is lifting her prow;
In the pride of her beauty how swiftly she flies;
Like a white winged spirit through topaz-paved skies!

Gold river! gold river! thy bosom is calm,
And o'er thee the breezes are shedding their balm;
And Nature beholds her fair features portrayed
In the glass of thy bosom—serenely displayed.

Gold river! gold river! the sun on thy waves
Is fleeting to rest in thy cool coral caves;
And, thence, with his tiar of light, at the morn,
He will rise, and the skies with his glory adorn.

Gold river! gold river! how bright is the beam
Which brightens and crimsons thy soft flowing stream;
Whose waters beneath make a musical clashing;
Whose ripples like dimples in childhood are flashing.

Gold river! gold river! the moon will soon grace
The hall of the stars with her light-shedding face;
The wandering planets her palace will throng,
And seraphs will waken their music and song.

Gold river! gold river! our brief course is done,
And safe in the city our home we have won;
And now, as the bright sun, who drops from our view,
So Ganga, we bid thee a cheerful adieu!

From the Court Journal.

ORIGIN OF THE GAME AT CHESS.

Eyles Erwin, Esq., during a long residence in the East Indies, asserts that a young Mandarin, named Tinqua, brought him a Chinese MS., containing an account of the origin of chess. In the MS. it is shown that 379 years after the time of Confucius, or 1,965 years ago, Hung Choch, king of Kiangnan, sent an army into the country of Chensi, under the command of a Mandarin, called Hansi, to conquer it. After one successful campaign the soldiers were put into winter quarters, where, finding the weather much colder than their own country, and being deprived of their wives and families, they became impatient of their situation and clamorous to return home. Hansi perceived the bad consequences of complying with their wishes, and the necessity of quieting his men, for the finishing of his operations in the ensuing year appeared urgent. He was a man of genius as well as a good soldier, and having considered for some time on the subject, invented the game of chess, as well to amuse their unemployed hours, as to inflame their military ardour, the game being wholly founded on the principles of war; the stratagem succeeded to his wishes, the soldiers were delighted with the game, and forgot in their daily contests for victory the inconveniences of their post. In the spring the general again took the field, and in a few months added the rich country of Chensi to the kingdom of Kiangnan, by the defeat and capture of its king, Choupuyuen, a famous warrior among the Chinese.

From the United Service Journal.

TRADITIONS OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.—NO. I.

For some time back we have meditated an expedition into the bowels of a huge trunk, which occupies a conspicuous corner in our sanctum. Venerable in its external dressing, it is still more venerable in its contents; for it is filled with musty papers—scraps, journals, letters, and other *disjuncta membra* of brave and good men now gathered to their fathers. We need not tell our readers, however, that it requires more than a common share of resolution to engage in such an enterprise. Of dust, thank God! we have no particular dread—we have had our own share of it through life; but cramp and crabbed hands, inscribed on mouldy and decayed paper, are no trifling obstacles to contend against. Therefore from day to day have we deferred a task, which now we sincerely regret that we had not sooner undertaken. But there is an ancient saying, with which all are acquainted, namely, "Better late than never;" and so last week we screwed our courage to the sticking place, and deciphered the manuscripts.

They are very curious. Some, indeed, are not fit, on various accounts, to meet the public eye; but there are others, for the introduction of which to their notice we suspect our readers will thank us. We therefore propose to give them in classes, beginning with those which we shall designate as Traditions of the American War of Independence, because they are neither woven into one story, nor written by one man. Our Tradition this month is from the pen of the late gallant General Samuel Graham, lieutenant governor of Stirling Castle. It is a portion of a journal which he has left behind; and, interesting as it appears to us to be, we beg to state that the journal in question contains other statements not less curious.

All the world is aware that in the month of October, 1781, after a defence which scarcely sustained his high reputation as a commander, Lord Cornwallis came to the melancholy resolution of surrendering to the arms of France and America the posts of Yorktown and Gloucester. Deceived he doubtless had been by Sir Henry Clinton, and the defences of the place, imperfect at the best, were in ruins. His projected burst from Gloucester, likewise, had been thwarted; though it may admit of a question whether it ought not sooner to have been tried. But however this may be—and at present it is not my business to argue the point—his lordship found himself incapable of further resistance, and on the 17th wrote to General Washington a despatch, of which the following is a copy:

"Sir,—I propose a cessation of hostilities for twenty-four hours, and that two officers may be appointed by each side to meet at Mr. Moore's house, to settle terms for the surrender of the posts at York and Gloucester."

General Washington's reply was very characteristic of the man—gentlemanlike, formal, but quite decided:

"My Lord,—I have the honour of receiving your lordship's letter of this date. An ardent desire to save the effusion of blood will readily incline me to listen to such terms for the surrender of your posts and garrisons at York and Gloucester as are admissible. I wish, previous to the meeting of the commissioners, that your lordship's proposals may be sent to the American lines, for which purpose a suspension of hostilities during two hours from the delivery of this letter shall be granted."

So began a negotiation concerning which all the world is aware that it ended in a treaty by which the posts in question were given up, and the British and German troops, to the number of seven thousand men, together with the crews of one or two armed vessels, which kept guard in the river, became prisoners of war—the former to the Americans, the latter, with the shipping and stores, to the French admiral.

On the 18th of October the terms of capitulation were ratified, and on the 19th the garrison marched to the spot agreed upon. Drums were beat, but the colours remained in their cases—an idle retaliation for a very idle slight which had been put by our people on the American garrison of Charleston; and the regiments having formed in columns at quarter distance, the men laid down their arms. It is a sorry reminiscence this; yet the scene made a deep impression at the moment, for the mortification and unfeigned sorrow of the soldiers will never fade from my memory. Some went so far as to shed tears, while one man, a corporal, who stood near me, embraced his firelock, and then threw it on the ground, exclaiming, "May you never get so good a master again!" Nevertheless, to do them justice, the Americans behaved with great delicacy and forbearance; while the French, by what motive actuated I will not pretend to say, were profuse in their protestations of sympathy. Crapeau is a singular compound of good and bad qualities;—brave, insolent, vain even in his acts of kindness, yet not wanting in generosity and chivalrous feeling. For myself, when I visited their lines, which I did immediately after our parade had been dismissed, I was overwhelmed with the civility of my late enemies. One pointed to a newly-made grave in the parapet of a battery, which our troops, in the course of a recent sortie, had entered. "Un de vos braves gens," said he; and it was so; for there lay a serjeant of the Guards who had fallen in the attack. While others freely tendered their purses, of which, fortunately for myself, and perhaps not less fortunately for them, I was not under the necessity of taking advantage. "Je n'ai rien à vous offrir," said one officer, evidently a person of rank, though his name I had no opportunity to ascertain, "car je n'aurai rien pour cinquante ans de service que la petite croix et le rheumatisme." I made my acknowledgments in the best way I could, and returned to my comrades.

Among other stipulations, it had been agreed by article 5, that "the soldiers should be kept in Virginia, Maryland, or in Pennsylvania, as much by regiments as possible, and that they should be supplied with the same rations of provisions as are allowed to soldiers in the service of America." The article went on to say, "A field-officer from each nation, to wit, British, Anspach, and Hessian, and other officers on parole, in the proportion of one to fifty men, to be allowed to reside near their respective regiments, to visit them frequently, and be witnesses of their treatment." I happened to be numbered among the officers on whom the lot fell to keep with the men; and our British field-officer was Major Gordon—a man whose memory will be cherished as long as a single individual shall survive of all who shared in that captivity. He took the place of a field-officer of the Guards, whose turn of duty it was, but who exhibited such reluctance that this high-minded officer interfered, rightly judging that he whose heart is not with his men will never apply, as he ought to do, his whole faculties to ensure their comfort. But let that pass. My purpose is sufficiently served when I say that Major Gordon

acted as our superintendent, and that we never found cause to express other feelings than those of thankfulness that the case was so.

On the 20th of October the British troops marched out of York in two divisions; one of which, guarded by States soldiers, proceeded towards Maryland, while the other, to which I was attached, went, under an escort of militia, to the westward of Virginia. The journey was as little disagreeable as any compulsory movement, performed under such circumstances, could well be. The militia-men proved particularly kind; for they not only permitted our people to carry away fence-rails for firewood, but protected them, while in the act of doing so, from the threatened vengeance of the proprietors. To be sure there was a motive for this, apart from a generous desire to see their prisoners accommodated: no good understanding existed at this time between the inhabitants of Lower and Upper Virginia, and as our guards chanced to belong to the latter province, they were not very fastidious in their dealings with the proprietors of the former.

In the course of this march we traversed the lower ridge of the Blue Mountains by a pass called Ashby's Gap. While the head of the column was yet a good way off, I rode forward, and alighted at an inn which was kept by a person named Ashby, about half way down the gorge. The hostess met me at the door—"A militiaman I guess," said she. "No, ma'am," was my reply. "Continental, mayhap?" "No, ma'am." "Oh, I see," exclaimed the old lady, "you're one of the sarpents—ould Wallace's men. Well now, I have two sons—one was at the catching of Johnny Burgoyne, the other at the catching of you, and they are both going next year to catch Clinton at New York. But you shall be kindly treated: my mother was from the old country." And the honest woman kept her word. I was very kindly treated; and what is more, the reckoning proved to be unusually moderate even for that cheap country.

I pass over the remainder of our march, during which no adventure befell that deserves, as far as my memory bears me out, minute repetition. Winchester was the place of our destination; an inconsiderable town in those days, and surrounded at a short distance by gigantic forests, amid which were erected some straggling villages of log huts for the accommodation partly of the prisoners taken in the affair of Cowpens, partly of the troops employed to watch them. Thither our men were conducted; and though the lodging was indifferent, and the issue of provisions, particularly of flour, very irregular, of the treatment which they received, both from the guards and the country people, they had no reason to complain. The former put them under little or no restraint; while the latter gave them frequent invitations to their farm houses, from accepting which we did not, for obvious reasons, think it necessary to restrict them.

As the winter drew on, the hardships to which our men became exposed increased greatly. The huts, besides that they were inconveniently few in number, proved, in many instances, pervious to the weather, and the health of their inmates began in consequence to suffer. I applied, under such circumstances, to the commissary, and obtained from him an order that a church in town, capable of containing five hundred persons, should be set apart for their use. But the arrangement was scarcely complete, when I received a message from Brigadier General Morgan, intimating that the church must be immediately given up. I ventured to remonstrate, in a letter written with all possible mildness, and in a strain which could not fail, as I conceived, to melt the heart of the rugged republican. The following is a copy of his answer.

"*Saratoga, 28th November*, 1781.

"Sir—I received your letter of this day's date, and am really surprised at the contents of it. Two or three days before Christmas our army began to hut at Middleton in the Jerseys, and had nothing to keep off the inclemency of the weather till huts were built. You have time enough. This snow won't last long; it will be gone immediately. If your men don't know how to work, they must learn. We did not send for them to come amongst us, neither can we work for them to build them houses. I have been a prisoner as well as they, and was kept in close jail five months and thirteen days—thirty-six officers and their servants in one room, so that when we lay down on our straw we covered the whole floor. Consider this, and your men have nothing to grumble at. Colonel Holmes, though a commissary of prisoners, is under control. You have nothing to do but hut your men as fast as you can, for that must be the case. I have sent to General Washington, informing him of all matters—of what I had done and intended to do; and as he has never yet found fault with my conduct, you'll conclude from this that Colonel Holmes must obey my orders. The sooner your men hut themselves the better, for they must not remain in town much longer. I will try to redress every grievance as well as I can; but this I cannot look upon as a grievance. If we had barracks to afford them, they should have them; but as we have them not, they must cover themselves—at least I would recommend it to them, or they will suffer. I have written this letter in a plain rough style, that you might know what you had to depend upon, at which I hope you will not take umbrage."

The receipt of this letter, while it left little reason to hope that the writer would be induced by further discussion to change his mind, excited in me a good deal of curiosity to meet him; and I was very glad when, a few days afterwards, he visited Winchester. I sent him an invitation to dinner, which he accepted without scruple; and a very pleasant evening we spent together. The landlord of the house in which I lodged being a militia colonel, made one of the party, between whom and the brigadier some interesting conversation passed. It may be necessary to state that Morgan had commanded a battalion of riflemen which performed good service in various quarters, and that he had been actively engaged in the operations which ended in the surrender of General Burgoyne. He alluded to that affair with undisguised triumph, and spoke with more volubility perhaps than good taste of his own exploits on the occasion. "Oh, we whopped them tarnation well, surelie," said he, rubbing his hands; "though to be sure they gave us tough work too. But it was on the 7th of October that the rifles settled the business. Me and my boys attacked a height that day, and druve Ackland and his grenadiers; but were hardly on the top when the British rallied, and came on again with such fury that nothing could stop them. I saw that they were led by an officer on a gray horse—a devilish brave fellow; so, when we took the height a second time, says I to one of my best shots, says I, you get up into that there tree, and single out him on the white horse. Dang it, 'twas no sooner said than done. On came the British again with the gray horseman leading; but his career was short enough this time. I jist tuck my eyes off him for a moment, and when I turned them to the place where he had been—pooh, he was gone!"

I knew at once that he spoke of General Fraser, who rode that day a gray horse, and fell from a rifle ball through the body. But Morgan did not confine his loquacity to communications like this. He told us that the British owed him a lash: that he drove one of the wagons which accompanied General Braddock's army, and being a giddy young man, that he had, on a certain occasion, knocked down a sentinel; for that offence he had been condemned to receive four hundred lashes, of which only three hundred and ninety-nine were inflicted —"I counted them myself," continued he, laughing, "and am sure that I am right; nay I convinced the drum-major of his mistake, but they wouldn't tie me up again; so I am still their creditor to the amount of one lash."

Whether the intercourse which I had thus established with General Morgan operated at all in our favour, I do not know; but within a few days an order arrived directing us to march, not into the woods again, but to a comfortable barrack, surrounded by a high stockade, about ten miles south of the Susquehanna river. Here, in the vicinity of Little York, we passed some time agreeably enough; for though the men were more strictly watched than at Winchester, their quarters were much less inconvenient, and their provisions more abundant, as well as supplied with increased regularity. Besides, we had frequent opportunities of communicating with Philadelphia, and occasionally with New York itself; while the newspapers that from time to time reached us from the former city proved extremely acceptable. But the interest which we took in the perusal of the latter began, by degrees, to wax more intense when we found them mainly devoted to details of atrocities said to be committed by the royalist refugees, each of which was invariably summed up with a demand for vengeance. At last a correspondence appeared, of which I submit a copy:

"*Head-quarters*, 21*st April*, 1782.

"Sir,—The enclosed representation of the inhabitants of Monmouth, with testimonials to the fact, which can be corroborated by other unquestionable evidence, will bring before your excellency the most wanton, cruel, and unprecedented murder that ever disgraced the arms of a civilised people. I shall not, because I consider it altogether unnecessary, trouble your excellency with any animadversions on this transaction. Candour obliges me to be explicit. To save the innocent, I demand the guilty. Captain Lippercut, or the officer who commanded at the execution of Captain Haddy, must be given up; or if that officer was of inferior rank to him, so many of the perpetrators as will, according to the tariff of exchange, be an equivalent. To do this will mark the justice of your excellency's character; in failure of it, I shall hold myself justified in the eyes of God and man for the measures to which I shall resort. I beg your excellency to be persuaded that it cannot be more disagreeable to you to be addressed in this language than it is for me to offer it; but the subject requires frankness and decision. I have to request your speedy determination, as my resolution is suspended but for your answer.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"Geo. Washington.

"To his Excellency Sir Henry Clinton, K.B., &c."

"*New York* 22*d April*, 1782.

"Sir,—Your letter of the 21st instant, with the enclosed testimonials of Captain Haddy's execution, was delivered to me yesterday. Though extremely concerned at the cause, I cannot conceal my surprise and displeasure at the very improper language you have made use of, which you could not but be sensible was totally unnecessary. The mildness of the British government does not admit of acts of cruelty and persecuting violence; and as they are notoriously contrary to the tenor of my own conduct and disposition, having never yet stained my hands with innocent blood, I must claim the justice of having it believed that if any such have been committed by any person under my command, they could not have been warranted by my authority, nor can they ever have the sanction of my approbation. My present feeling, therefore, needed no incitement to urge me to take any proper notice of the barbarous outrage against humanity which you have described, the moment it came to my knowledge; and accordingly, when I heard of Captain Haddy's death, which was only four days before I received your letter, I instantly ordered a strict enquiry to be made into all its circumstances, and shall bring the perpetrators of it to immediate trial. To sacrifice innocence, under the notion of preventing guilt, in place of suppressing would be adopting barbarity and raising it to the greatest height; whereas, if the violators of the laws of war are punished by the generals under whose power they act, the horrors which those laws were formed to prevent would be avoided, and every degree of humanity war is capable of maintained. Could violations of humanity be justified by example, many, from the posts where your power prevails, that exceed, and probably gave rise to this in question, could be produced. In hopes that the mode I mean to pursue will be adopted by you, and prevent all future enormities, I have the honour to be, &c.

"Henry Clinton.

"To his Excellency General Washington."

These letters were read, as may be imagined, with deep interest by all of us. Not that we could assign any adequate cause for the feeling, inasmuch as the language employed on both sides was abundantly general; yet we saw, or fancied that we saw, in the tone of Washington's communication, something which boded no good to some of our comrades. Nevertheless, a fortnight having elapsed without any renewal of the correspondence, our uneasiness had begun to subside, when a fresh file of Philadelphia papers presented us with the following, of which the purport was even more undisguised. The first was evidently in reply to a despatch which General Robertson, the temporary successor of Sir Henry Clinton, had dictated.

"*Head-quarters*, 5*th May*, 1782.

"Sir,—I had the honour to receive your letter of the first instant. Your excellency is acquainted with the determination expressed in my letter to Sir Henry Clinton, of the 21st of April. I have now to inform you, that so far from receding from that resolution, orders are given to designate a British officer for retaliation. The time and place are fixed, but I shall hope the result of your court-martial will prevent the dreadful alternative.

"Geo. Washington."

Before this letter reached its destination, Sir Guy Carleton had superseded General Robertson. He answered it thus:—

"*New York*, 7*th May*, 1782.

"Sir,—I am much concerned to find that private and unauthorised persons have, on both sides, given way to those passions, which ought to have received the strongest and most efficient control, and which have begot acts of retaliation, which, without further preventions, may have an extent equally calamitous and dishonourable to both parties; though, as it should seem, more extensively

pernicious to the natives and settlers of this country. How much soever we differ in other respects, upon this one point we must perfectly concur, being alike interested to preserve the name of Englishman from reproach, and individuals from experiencing such unnecessary evils as can have no effect on general decisions. Every proper measure that may tend to prevent those criminal excesses in individuals, I shall ever be ready to embrace; and as an advance on my part, I have, as the first act of my command, enlarged Mr. Livingston, and have written to his father in New Jersey, desiring his concurrence in such measures as, even under the conditions of war, the common interests of humanity require.

"I have the honour to be, &c.,

"GUY CARLETON."

[ANSWER.]

"*Head-quarters, 9th May*, 1782.

"SIR,—I had the honour this evening to receive your excellency's letter of the 7th, with the several papers enclosed. Ever since the commencement of this unnatural war, my conduct has borne invariable testimony against those inhuman excesses that in too many instances have marked its various progress. With respect to a late transaction, I have already expressed my fixed resolution, —a resolution formed upon the most mature deliberation, and from which I shall not recede.

"G. WASHINGTON."

I repeat, that we read this correspondence, accompanied as it was by a sort of running commentary from a person under the signature of Common Sense, with the deepest interest. Not that any of us entertained the slightest apprehension of danger to himself. We were prisoners on parole, under a capitulation, the fourteenth article of which expressly stipulated that it should suffer no violation on the pretence of reprisal. But there were others of our comrades whom we knew to be less favourably circumstanced; and remembering the stern inflexibility of Washington in the case of poor André, we could not but tremble for the lot of one of these. Our astonishment, therefore, may be imagined, when the following occurrences took place.

I had spent a few days with Major Gordon at Lancaster, and was on a visit to some friends at Little York, when the major unexpectedly arrived among us, evidently labouring under an excess of agitation, of which he declined to state the reason. All that we could get from him was a request, that an order issued by the American commandant would be obeyed, and that all the captains belonging to the remains of Lord Cornwallis's army would assemble next day at his quarters. He added, that it would be advisable to bring with us each man his servant, and such a supply of linen and other necessaries as might suffice for some time. We obeyed, not without wonder. A long ride during a broiling day carried us to Lancaster, and at three in the afternoon we met, to the number of thirteen, at the major's quarters. He was pacing the room backwards and forwards when we entered, and after a brief salutation, proceeded, with much feeling, to explain the circumstances which had caused the meeting. "You have all seen the correspondence that has for some time been carried on between General Washington and the commander-in-chief at New York, and you therefore know, that Washington has determined to revenge upon some innocent man the guilt of a set of lawless banditti. Gentlemen, you will scarcely believe that in the face of the capitulation, and in defiance of the strong remonstrances which I felt it my duty to make, both to the American and French authorities, one of you is doomed to suffer. I have told Washington that he will be answerable for this foul deed to all posterity; but I might as well reason with the air! I wish to God they would take me in your place; for I am an old worn out trunk of a tree, and have neither wife nor mother to weep for me. But even to that they will not consent; so all that I can undertake to do is, to accompany the unfortunate individual, whoever he may be, to the place of his martyrdom, and to give him every consolation and support while life remains, and obey his wishes after it is taken away." The major, albeit not given to the melting mood, could not here restrain his tears; and there was not a soul among us who did not feel a thousand times more for him than for ourselves.

It will readily be imagined that such an announcement as this, bringing with it the contemplation of certain death, in cold blood, to one of our number, had not the effect of greatly elevating our spirits. Still we kept up a good heart, chiefly on the major's account, and spent a tranquil and even a lively evening at his table. For myself, likewise, I can state, that never, at any period of my life, have I slept more soundly than I did that night on a mattress in his chamber, after having vainly striven to cheat my excellent friend into a forgetfulness of the care and anxiety which preyed upon his mind. A like, perhaps a more exuberant, spirit pervaded us on the following morning. We were to assemble at the quarters of the American Brigadier-General Hogan, at nine o'clock, and there draw lots for life or death; and we repaired to the place appointed, as cheerful and loquacious as if we had been going to a ball: yet it was a solemn scene enough. The brigadier, attended by his aide-de-camp and the commissary of prisoners, occupied an apartment in the Black Bear Inn, where we were introduced to them. They were all a good deal agitated, and the voice of the first faltered a little, when he craved permission to read two letters which he had received at different periods from General Washington. I subjoin them.

"*Head-quarters, 4th May*, 1782.

"SIR,—The enemy persisting in that barbarous line of conduct they have pursued during the war, have lately most inhumanly executed Captain Jonathan Haddy of the Jersey State troops, taken prisoner by them at a post on Jones's River, and in consequence I have written to the British commander-in-chief, that, unless the perpetrators of this horrid deed were delivered up, I should be under the necessity of retaliating, as the only means left to put a stop to such inhuman proceedings. You will, therefore, immediately on receipt of this, designate by lot, from the above number, a British captain who is an unconditional prisoner, if such a one is in our possession; if not, a lieutenant under the same circumstances, from amongst the prisoners at either of the posts in Pennsylvania or Maryland. As soon as you have fixed upon the person, you will send him under a safe guard to Philadelphia, where the minister at war will order a proper guard to receive and conduct him to his place of destination. For your information respecting the officers who are prisoners in our possession, I have ordered the commissary of prisoners to furnish you with a list of them, which will be forwarded with this. I need not mention that every possible tenderness, that is consistent with the security of him, should be shown to the person whose unfortunate lot it may be to suffer."

This was the first despatch: the second, which bore date 13th of May, ran as follows:—

"SIR,—It was much my wish, for the purpose of retaliation, to have taken an officer who was an uncon-

ditional prisoner of war, but being informed by the secretary at war, that no one of that description is in our power, I am under the disagreeable necessity to direct, that you immediately proceed to select, in the manner before prescribed, from among all the British captains who are prisoners, either by capitulation or on convention, one who is to be sent in as soon as possible, under the regulations and restrictions contained in my former letter to you."

Having concluded the reading of these letters, the brigadier proceeded to say, that it was very much his wish that we would settle among ourselves on whom this sad fate should be fixed. With one voice we refused to have any share in a business which directly violated the terms of that treaty which placed us within General Washington's power. "But were it otherwise," remarked the major, "these gentlemen form but a small proportion out of the total number of captains who became prisoners at Yorktown; and I am sure that if time be afforded, there is not one of their comrades who will not hasten even from England, for the purpose of placing himself by their side in so trying an emergency, and staking his life with theirs."

The brigadier, however, was deaf to all remonstrances. His orders, he said, were peremptory—he was very sorry, but he could not even consent to so much delay as might be necessary to bring up a captain from Virginia, where, on the march of the depôt into Maryland, he had been left. "When all is over," he continued, "and the lot has declared on whom the blow must fall, then you may rely upon it, that every indulgence shall be shown which you could expect, or my own feelings dictate." But in the meanwhile there remained but one course to pursue. A victim must be chosen from the gentlemen present, and the aide-de-camp was directed to prepare the lots in another apartment.

It would be impossible to describe the sensations which I experienced, and which were, I doubt not, experienced in a like degree by others during the brief pause which ensued on this officer's departure. Few words were interchanged—though all kept up, apparently without any exertion, a good countenance. But the pause was not of long duration; for in about ten minutes the aide-de-camp returned, accompanied by another gentleman, each bearing in his hand a hat—while a drum-boy followed, as well as an officer of dragoons, the commander, as we were already apprised, of the prisoner's escort. In each hat were thirteen pieces of paper. That held by the aide-de-camp contained twelve inscribed with names and one blank: that held by the other gentleman, twelve blanks and one inscribed with a name. The drum-boy put in his hand, and after reading a name aloud, drew a slip of paper from the second hat, which, as long as it was blank, left the individual named, in safety. Ten names were thus drawn; the eleventh—having the fatal mark attached to it—was that of Captain Asgill of the Guards, to whom the brigadier pointed, while he said to the officer of dragoons, "That gentleman is your prisoner."

The excitement of the scene was now over, and we gazed upon poor Asgill with a bitterness and intensity of feeling such as defied control. He was barely nineteen years of age—lively, brave, handsome—an only son, as we all knew, and an especial favourite with his comrades. To see him, as we did at that moment, in the full bloom of youth and beauty, and to know that his days—nay, his hours were numbered—that was a demand upon the fortitude of those who loved him, such as they could not meet. We all lifted up our voices and wept; and while a warm pressure of the hand was exchanged with each in his turn, the object of so much commiseration found it no easy matter himself to restrain his tears. Nor, to do them justice, were the Americans, either within or without the house, indifferent spectators of the drama. The brigadier at once consented to delay the removal of the victim till the following morning, and readily granted a passport for the purpose of enabling an officer to set out on the instant for New York. The crowd too—and a dense multitude was assembled round the house—evinced their sympathy by such exclamations of pity as crowds are wont to offer, while at the same time frequent voices were heard to exclaim, "Well, them Britishers be strange chaps; they all went in laughing and talking—and now, when the thing is settled, they are all in tears, except the young man on whom the lot has fallen." And so in truth it was: there was not a dry eye among us, except that of Asgill himself, as we proceeded from the Black Bear to Major Gordon's quarters.

Arrived there, and Asgill being placed under gentle restraint, the grief of his comrades yielded to the necessity of exertion. Blanks in letters, which had been previously written, were filled up; and while one of our own number set off express with that designed for Sir Guy Carleton, Brigadier Hogan despatched that to General Washington by a special messenger. Not content with these exertions, Major Gordon, having ascertained the address of the Compte de Rochambeau, wrote also to him; and as he committed the despatch to the care of a trustworthy person, there is the best reason to believe that, though never answered, it reached its destination. Still events held their course; the night wore on in spite of the anxiety and grief which would have retarded it; and with the dawn of the following day came the necessity for Asgill's departure. Again the forethought of Major Gordon interposed to protract the final catastrophe to the latest possible moment: he prevailed upon the brigadier to mark the route of the party by short stages, and obtained from him an order, that in all matters not at variance with the safe-keeping of the prisoner, implicit attention should be paid to his wishes. Last of all, he procured from the good-natured commandant the addresses of the most influential persons in Philadelphia; and, hoping almost against hope, that something might be done through their intercession, he strove throughout the journey to keep up both his own spirits and the spirits of the poor youth for whom he thus assiduously laboured.

The escort reached Philadelphia without the occurrence of any adventure, and Gordon having procured a lodging, planted a sentinel at Asgill's door, with strict orders that no one should be allowed to disturb him unless sent for. This done, he himself sallied forth. But all his applications were met with a coldness which he failed to overcome, or a frank declaration that the deliverance of the young victim, except on the terms already announced, was impossible. Utterly dejected, he returned home, and had thrown himself upon his bed, when the sound of footsteps approaching Asgill's chamber roused him; he ran out, and beheld a tall gaunt figure, arrayed in black, with an expression of singular austerity in his countenance, advancing with measured tread towards the door.

"Who are you—what do you want?" were the brief questions.

"Sir," replied the figure with extreme solemnity, "I am chaplain to the Congress of the United States, and I am come to give a word of advice to the young man who is about to suffer for the death of our good countryman, Captain Haddy."

The major was a religious man, in the best sense of that term, and entertained unfeigned respect for the clergy; but his temper was at the moment rendered irritable by his recent repulses, and the manner in which the divine spoke of the approaching murder of his friend threw him entirely off his guard.

"I tell you what," cried he, springing forward, "if you do not immediately remove yourself from this house, I will show you the shortest way into the street, even if it should be from the window."

The divine looked aghast, and retreated as the other drew on, till he gained, without being aware of it, the top of the staircase, when suddenly his back step failed him, and he rolled from the top to the bottom. No further mischief followed, however, except the loss of his hat and wig, both of which fell off in the tumble, for Mass John was not long prostrate: he rose immediately, and apprehending he knew not what further violence, grasped the wig, clapped it wrong end foremost upon his head, and holding his hat in his hand, ran with the speed of a lamplighter down the street. Poor Gordon! many a time has he laughed himself, and caused others to laugh, at the recital of that adventure.

Previous to the march of the escort from Lancaster, I had by some fortunate accident obtained a copy of a handbill, in which the defeat and capture of De Grasse in the West India seas was announced. I had given it to Major Gordon, who now hastened with it to the house of the French ambassador, and laid it before him. My object in so doing was to work upon the fears of that functionary by threatening him with retaliation in the persons of the prisoners; but here again we failed. The ambassador refused to interfere, while other persons, on whom his great energy seemed to have weight, received a sudden order to quit the town; a fatal sign that the resolutions of the government were immovable.

Time passed, and though the execution of poor Asgill was delayed, every preparation continued to be made for its completion. He was removed from Philadelphia to Chatham, a post in the advanced line of the Americans towards New York; and Gordon, with the devotion of a father for his child, attended him. I am afraid that I should become tedious were I to describe all the steps which that excellent man took to procrastinate, and, if possible, to avert the threatened calamity. He had many trusty persons in his pay, by means of whom he kept open a constant correspondence with head-quarters, and he succeeded in giving to the official communications of the several chiefs a tone which enabled him to appeal not only to the court of St. James's, but to to that of the Tuileries. Nor was this all: Captain Haddy's family, worked upon by the pathetic appeals of Gordon, became themselves suppliants in Asgill's favour; and a plan, to which few were privy, but which was so well laid that its success came at least within the bounds of probability, was, in case of the worst, arranged for his escape. Meanwhile, however, Lady Asgill was informed of the danger with which her only son was menaced, and she threw herself, with all the eloquence which a mother's feelings are calculated to call forth, at the feet of the French minister. I wish that I could, with any regard to brevity, transcribe the letter with which he besought the interference of the French monarch, as well as that which the Count de Vergennes addressed in consequence to General Washington: they are both lying beside me; and more admirable specimens of deep emotion, expressed in the most touching, because in the simplest language, I have never perused. But this tradition has already occupied too much space in your Journal. Let it suffice to state then, that the exertions of Asgill's friends prevailed, and that on the 13th of November the prisoner read from General Washington the following manly communication:—

"Sir,—It affords me singular satisfaction to have it in my power to transmit to you the enclosed copy of an act of Congress of the 7th inst. by which you are relieved from the disagreeable circumstances in which you have been so long. Supposing that you would wish to go to New York as soon as possible, I also enclose a passport for that purpose. Your letter of the 18th came regularly to my hands. I beg of you to believe that my not answering it sooner did not proceed from inattention to you, or a want of feeling for your situation; but I daily expected a determination of your case, and I thought it better to await that than to feed you with hopes that might in the end prove fruitless. You will attribute my detention of the enclosed letters, which have been in my possession a fortnight, to the same cause. I cannot take leave of you, sir, without assuring you, that in whatever light my agency in this unpleasant affair may be viewed, I was never influenced throughout the whole of it by sanguinary motives; but by what I conceived to be a sense of duty, which loudly called upon me to use measures, however disagreeable, to prevent a repetition of those enormities which have been the subject of discussion; and that this important end is likely to be answered without the effusion of the blood of an innocent person, is not a greater relief to you, than it is to, sir, &c.

"Geo. Washington."

Immediately on the receipt of this letter Asgill felt that he was free, and he returned shortly afterwards, in excellent health and spirits, by way of New York to England. Not so his and my friend, Gordon. He was an altered man. A constitution, delicate at the best, and weakened for some years by the progress of an internal complaint, could not endure the wear and tear of excitement and exertion to which he had recently been subjected. While we remained as prisoners, and that was till the formal cessation of hostilities, I never saw him smile, except when describing his rencontre with the Yankee chaplain in Philadelphia; and though on our release he was appointed to command at Kingsbridge, not even so complete a change of scene and occupation had any effect. I spent much of my time with him at Morristown, where he fixed his head-quarters, and found that a settled melancholy preyed upon his spirits; yet there was no apparent cause for this: on the contrary, the fame of his exploits being spread far and near, he received both from friends and foes the most striking marks of respect; indeed, to such a height was the feeling carried, that being appointed to act as one of a sort of court of enquiry, to which was committed the task of adjusting disputes between the natives and the refugees, every claimant from the province of the Jerseys, no matter to what party attached, eagerly sought to have his cause decided by Major Gordon.

Being myself a member of this same court, which held its sittings at New York, I was enabled to see a good deal of my friend, till the business submitted to us was at length wore out, and we separated. He settled in Morristown, while I betook myself to Staten Island, where my regiment was quartered. This had not long occurred, when a packet arrived from home, bringing with it a Gazette, in which, to the great joy of all who were acquainted with him, the name of Gordon appeared as a lieutenant colonel by brevet. The same packet brought likewise a letter from Asgill's mother, so touch-

ing in itself, and at the same time so linked with the fate of Gordon, that I must be permitted to transcribe it. It ran thus:

"Sir,—If distress like mine had left any expression but for grief, I should long since have addressed myself to you, for whom my sense of gratitude makes all acknowledgments poor indeed; nor is this the first attempt; but you were too near the dear object of my anguish, to enter into the heart-piercing subject. I constantly prayed to Heaven, that he might not add to his sufferings the knowledge of ours. He had too much to feel on his own account, and I could not have concealed the direful effect of his misfortune on his family, to whom he is as dear as he is worthy to be so. Unfit as I am at this time by joy, almost as insupportable as the agony before, yet, sir, accept this weak effort, from a heart deeply affected by your humanity and exalted conduct, as, Heaven knows, it has been torn by affliction. Believe me, sir, it will only cease to think, in the last moment of life, with the most grateful, affectionate, and respectful sentiments to you. But a fortnight since I was sinking under a wretchedness I could no longer struggle with. Hope,—resignation,—had almost forsaken me. I began to experience the greatest of all misfortunes, that of being no longer able to bear them. Judge, sir, the transition, the day after the blessed change takes place. My son is released,—recovered,—returned,—arrived at my gate,—in my arms. I see him unsubdued in spirits, in health, unreproached by himself, approved of by his country,—in the bosom of his family, and without anxiety, but for the happiness of his friend,—without regret but for having left him behind. Your humane feelings that have dictated your conduct to him, injured and innocent as he was, surely will participate in our relief and joy. Be that pleasure yours, sir, as well as every other blessing that virtue like yours, and Heaven, can bestow. This prayer is offered up for you in the heat of transport, as it was in the bitterness of my anguish. My gratitude has been soothed by the energy it has been offered with; it has ascended to the throne of mercy; and is, I trust, accepted. Unfit as I am, for nothing but susceptibility so awakened as mine could enable me to write,—and exhausted by too long anxiety,—confined at this time to a bed of sickness and languor,—yet I could not suffer another interval to pass without this weak effort. Let it convey to you, sir, the most heartfelt gratitude of my husband and daughters. You have the respect and esteem of all Europe, as an honour to your country, and to human nature, and the most zealous friendship of,

"My dear and worthy Major Gordon,

"Your affectionate and obliged servant,

"J. Asgill."

The preceding letter had not been long forwarded, and I had resided but a few days on Staten Island, when I received an express, desiring my immediate attendance at Morris's house. I did not lose a moment in obeying, and arrived there in time to find the major in the agony of death. His life was fast expiring, yet he retained his senses; and as he squeezed my hand, he exclaimed in a feeble voice, "You are just come in time. Write, I pray you, to the lady from whom I have received this letter, and apologise for my apparent negligence in not replying to it. I have been told, on good authority, that our noble prince has been pleased to express his approbation of my conduct. Should it ever so happen, that you could take so great a liberty, tell him, oh! tell him, what a comfort it was to me at this trying hour, to know, that the mere performance of my duty should have been so honoured by the applause of so exalted a character." I promised that I would attend to his last wishes in both particulars; and I thank God that I have been able to redeem the pledge. Years, indeed, elapsed ere I found an opportunity of delivering to George IV. the message of his dying servant. But I did deliver it, and the lapse of these years had not sufficed either to blot poor Gordon from the recollection of our gracious sovereign, or to render the king indifferent to his fate. As to Gordon himself, he did not long survive our interview. He died a martyr to his own noble feelings, having, in the most literal sense of the term, given his life to redeem that of his friend.

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We have only to add to this, that a rumour has reached us, that a life of the writer of the above is in preparation. We sincerely trust that our information may prove well founded, for we knew enough of the gallant veteran's career to assure our readers, that if it be narrated with tolerable fidelity, it cannot fail both to interest and to instruct.

NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

An ingenious mechanician of Vienna has recently invented a new instrument, to which he has given the name *Phonomime*, (from the Greek *phoniomimos*, signifying to imitate the human voice). In outward appearance, the instrument resembles a cabinet piano-forte; but the key-board is not more extensive than that of the old clavicorde. The tone, which is produced by means of pipes, presents an exact similarity to the human voice, an effect which has never yet been produced so perfectly by any musical instrument.

The *Phonomime* has four registers; bass, baritone, tenor, and soprano, or, as it may properly be demonstrated, falsetto; for the inventor has, by some ingenious contrivance, avoided any approximation to the tone of the flute or the female voice.

Every chord performed on the *Phonomime* produces an effect similar to the harmony of sonorous male voices, and the hearer can scarcely persuade himself that he is not listening to a fine chorus executed by men. This effect may be said to be perfect when a vocal composition is performed on several *Phonomimes* played together.

An experiment of this effect was tried in the house of a distinguished dilletante of Vienna. The instruments and performers were placed in an apartment adjoining the drawing-room in which the company were assembled. The illusion was complete. All present imagined they were listening to a chorus of excellent singers, and bestowed high praise on their fine voices and accurate execution.

Junius's Letters.—It is said a great literary curiosity has recently been discovered: the identical copy of *Junius's Letters* in two volumes, bound in vellum, by Mr. Woodfall, the publisher, at the express wish of the author; which copy is particularly alluded to in the variorum edition of these letters, published by Mr. George Woodfall a few years ago.—*Morning Chronicle.*

From the Monthly Review.

Third and Fourth Meetings of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

This Association is progressing with wonderful celerity to unexampled eminence. If we merely take the increase in the number of members, since the first meeting of the society, we must be convinced of the rapid growth of its power and influence. At York 350 met; 700 at Oxford; 1,400 at Cambridge; and 2200 at Edinburgh this year. But numerical increase, and relative magnitude, are not the only tests to go by, in judging of the gradually enlarging worth and importance of the British Association. Let us for a moment refer to the additional names that swell the lists of the latest meeting; and there we find not merely the most celebrated scientific men in England, Ireland, and Scotland, but many from foreign parts, who it is believed never before set foot upon British ground. A better evidence still is to be found in the materials which the association has already actually contributed to science in a great variety of departments. But before directing the attention of our readers to what has been done in the course of the two last meetings, we have the highest satisfaction in referring to some of the indirect bearings of this great and now established union.

We hail the British Association, not merely as an excellent instrument for promoting the advancement of science. This is, to be sure, one great advantage, and that which is immediately contemplated by such a philosophic union. For in that field, when alone, man is comparatively nerveless, whilst the power derived from concentration is immense; and though vast achievements have been accomplished in private, yet the sparks that touched the genius and kindled the light by which they were first attempted and carried through, originated from mingling with the world, and having intercourse with men of kindred spirits. But besides, this society has become, and doubtless will continue to be, the occasion of bringing together the most influential men from all parts of the world. There were in Edinburgh, at the fourth meeting, philosophers of the very highest rank, from France, Utrecht, Baden, Berlin, Weimar, Rome, Geneva, the Island of Chios, America, &c. &c. The great barrier, which so long had severed man from man, and prevented them even from understanding one another's language, has been broken down, and we believe for ever in the civilised world. The strife now is for knowledge. A distinct matter from any of these, which in the nature of things must result from this and all such wise institutions, is the services which they confer upon the most important truths connected with the destinies of man. For it is nothing less than a libel on the Creator and Ruler of all things, to say that the investigation of truth can lead to error and evil. Infidelity and irreligion are the result of ignorance, as much as of prejudice or presumption. The boldest researches in physical science, for example, are calculated the most to display the power, the wisdom, the harmony, and the beauty of Him who guides the planets in their course, who rules a thousand suns and their systems, and whose name is The Eternal.

Of the contents of the volume, embracing a report of what was done at the third meeting, held at Cambridge last summer, we must chiefly refer our readers to a luminous outline afforded by Professor Forbes this year at Edinburgh, in his programme of the subjects to which the attention of the Association was about to be directed. But before quoting part of the able summary, we cannot but gratify every thinking person by a few of the Rev. W. Whewell's views, in his exposition of the preceding transactions of the society to those entered upon at Cambridge. Let none, said he, suppose that they ascribed to assembled numbers and conjoined labours extravagant powers and privileges in the promotion of science, or that they believed in the omnipotence of a parliament of the scientific world. There was no royal road to knowledge; neither was there any way of making it shorter, because those that press forward were many. All must start from their actual position, and the advance cannot be accelerated by any method of giving each man his mile of the march. Yet, care may be taken that those who come ready to start from the proper point, and in the proper direction, shall not scramble over broken ground, when there is a causeway parallel to their path. A man cannot create, nor even direct the powers of discovery, but he may aid them to direct themselves. Of the connection between art and science, he said that practice had always been the origin and stimulus of theory; that art had been the mother of science; the comely and busy mother of a daughter of a far loftier and serener beauty. But that when we considered how small an advance of speculative science was implied in each successful step of art, we shall be in no danger of forming any extravagant estimate of what man has done or can do.

Professor Forbes this year in his programme said, that the Association was not to be confounded with those numerous institutions which exist simply for the *diffusion* of knowledge; *extension*, or *accumulation* is its object; so that when to the eye of the world the members are apparently torpid during the intervals of their annual meetings, they are labouring to give an impulse to every part of the scientific system, maturing scientific enterprise, and directing the labours requisite for discovery:—

"If we now turn from the professions to the *acts* of the Association, we shall find gratifying proof that these sanguine anticipations were not chimerical; and that this primary machinery, not destined itself to do the work desired, but to construct the *tools* requisite for its performance, was wanting neither in efficiency nor in permanence. The first and most signal proof which we can cite, is the production of those reports on the progress of science, which appeared to the founder of the Association one of the most important objects of such an institution, and one which, beyond all dispute, no existing society could have attempted. The second volume of reports has amply justified the expectations with which it was hailed; and whilst the first was chiefly occupied with reports upon great and leading divisions of science, we have here several happy specimens of a still greater division of labour, by the discussion within

moderate limits of some particular provinces. Thus Mr. Taylor has treated of one particular and most interesting question in geology—the formation of mineral veins—one of the most important, in a theoretical point of view, which could have been stated, and which, from its intimate connection with commercial speculation, might have been expected in a country like ours to have been more specifically treated of than it has been. It strictly belongs to the dynamics of the science, to which, since the time of Hutton, but little attention has been paid until very recently. By the exertions, however, of Mr. Carne, of Dr. Boase, and Mr. Henwood of Cornwall, whose researches are to form one point of discussion in the geological section at the present meeting, that electric agency was concerned in the disposition of metalliferous veins can scarcely be doubted, and the connection between electricity and magnetism, now so fully established—the connection between metalliferous veins and lines of elevation, and between the latter and the isodynamical lines of terrestrial magnetic intensity, as suggested by Professor Necker of Geneva—point out a bond of union between this subject and that of terrestrial magnetism, on which we have a report by Mr. Christie, where the very interesting direct observations of Mr. Fox of Falmouth, on the electro-magnetic action of mineral veins, are particularly noticed. Mr. Christie's theory of the diurnal variation of the needle, which he is desirous should be submitted to the test of a laboratory experiment, is likewise intimately connected with the actual constitution of our globe. The whole subject of terrestrial magnetism is one of the most interesting and progressive of the experimental sciences. The determination of the *direction* of the magnetic energy by means of two spherical co-ordinates, termed the variation and the dip, and the measure of the *intensity* of that force, are the great objects of immediate research, as forming a basis of theory. The existence of four points on the earth's surface, to which the needle tends, has long been known; and the position of two of these (in Northern Asia and America), has recently been elucidated by the persevering efforts of Professor Hanstein and Commander Ross. The precise numerical determination of the elements just alluded to, acquires a deep and peculiar interest from the multiplied variations which they undergo. Not only are these elements subject to abrupt and capricious changes, which Baron Humboldt has termed *magnetic storms*, but gradual and progressive variations are undergone at different hours of the day, at different seasons of the year, and throughout longer periods, which may even perhaps bear a comparison with the sublime cycles of astronomy. Natural history forms a more prominent subject in this volume than in the last, though the reports of Professor Lindley "on the principal questions at present debated in the Philosophy of Botany," and of Dr. Charles Henry, "on the Philosophy of the Nervous System," refer only to particular departments of widely extended subjects, which are again to be resumed in more general reports, undertaken for the present meeting—that by Mr. Bentham, on systematic botany, and by Dr. Clarke, of Cambridge, on physiology in general.

"We cannot but remark with pleasure, that one of the points for enquiry particularly insisted on by Professor Lindley, that of the influence of the chemical nature of soils, and of the excretions of plants, was taken up at an early period of the existence of the Association, by one of its most zealous supporters, Dr. Daubeny; and that, in reference to the review by Dr. Henry, of the labours of European physiologists, we may quote, as a national honour, the discoveries of our distinguished associate, Sir Charles Bell.

"On the general connection and occasional apparent opposition of *Theory* and *Practice*, I would refer to some very pertinent remarks in the address of Mr. Whewell, at the last meeting. The importance of carrying on both simultaneously and independently, and of looking to our increased knowledge of both as the only sure means of ultimately reconciling discrepancies, has been manifested by the desire of the council of the Association to procure two distinct reports on the Theory and Practice of Hydraulics, which have been drawn up with remarkable perspicuity, and within a small compass, by Mr. Challis and Mr. Rennie; both these gentlemen have shown their zeal in the objects of the Association, by promising to continue their valuable labours. Mr. Rennie, on that part of his subject which relates to the motion of fluids in open channels, and Mr. Challis, on some of those exceedingly interesting branches of theory altogether modern, which physically, as well as in their mathematical methods, have the closest analogy to that case of the motion of the fluids treated of in the present volume, namely, the Theory of Sound, and the intimate constitution of liquids. When, in addition to these reports, we shall have received that undertaken by Mr. Whewell upon the mathematical theory of Magnetism, Electricity, and Heat, we shall undoubtedly possess the most complete outline extant, of a department of knowledge entirely of recent date. In the science of Hydraulics, indeed, some progress in theory has accompanied the increase of practical information, at least since the time of Newton, but in the other strictly *practical* report of the present volume, that of Mr. Barlow, on the very interesting subject of the strength of materials, little or nothing has been done of much theoretical importance since the days of Galileo. Circumstances, which it would be easy to point out, prevent our setting out, except in rare cases, from unimpeachable data; but several very interesting conclusions of general application are derivable from well-conducted experiments, and the Association may claim some credit for having brought into general notice the ingenious investigations of Mr. Hodgkinson of Manchester. One report, and that the longest which has ever been printed by the Association remains to be mentioned;—it is by Mr. Peacock, on the present state of Mathematics. When we consider the vast extent of the subject, and the extremely limited number of persons, even in the whole of Europe, capable of undertaking it, we must consider the production of a work of so much labour as the present, which, as yet, is incomplete, but which the author has promised to resume, as the best trophy to which we can refer in proof of the entire efficiency of the Association. Were these annual reports the only fruits of the labours of this society, there would be no reason to complain. But yet more specific results of its impulsive action on science may be quoted.

"The questions suggested by the reporters and others, recommended for investigation, have met with ready attention from several individuals capable of satisfactorily treating them. Professor Airy has himself investigated, from direct observation, the mass of Jupiter, suggested as a desideratum in his report on Astronomy; and, since the last meeting of the Association, has confirmed his first results by new observations, which give almost the same mass by the observed elongations of the satellites, as had been deduced from the perturbations of the small planets by Jupiter. Hourly observations of the thermometer in the south of England have, in two instances, been commenced; and we are assured that the same desirable object is about to be attained by the zeal of the committee in India, where the Association has established a flourishing colony. A series of the best observations, conducted for ascertaining the law which regulates the fall of rain at different heights, has been undertaken at the suggestion of the Physical Section, by Messrs. Philip and Gray, of York, which have been ably discussed by the former gentleman, in last year's report, and have since been continued.

"A regular system of auroral observation, extending from the Shetland Isles to the Land's-end, has been

established under the superintendence of a special committee, and specimens of the results have been published. Observations on the supposed influence of the aurora on the magnetic needle, have likewise been pursued in consequence of this proceeding. The conditions of terrestrial magnetism in Ireland have been experimentally investigated by Professor Lloyd. An important enquiry into the law of Isomorphism has been undertaken by a special committee, which has likewise reported progress; and an elaborate synopsis of the whole Fossil Organic Remains found in Britain is in progress, under the hands of Professor Phillips. Many specific enquiries are besides going forward, under particular individuals, to whom they were confided; whilst it is not to be doubted that numberless persons, many of them perhaps new to the world of science, are at this moment pursuing investigations recommended in general terms in one or other of the publications of the society. To others the Association has not scrupled to commit a portion of the funds at their disposal, for the purpose of pursuing objects which required an outlay that might be deemed unreasonable by individuals. Among the most important of these is the collection of the Numerical Constants of Nature and Art, which are of perpetual recurrence in physical enquiries, and which has been confided to the superintendence of Mr. Babbage. When objects of still more peculiar national importance presented themselves, the Association has fulfilled its pledge, of stimulating government to the aid of science. Five hundred pounds have been advanced by the lords of the treasury towards the reduction of the Greenwich Observations, at the instance of the Association; and more recently the observations recommended by the Committee on Tides have been undertaken by order of the Lords of the Admiralty, at above 500 stations on the coast of Britain. Individuals, as we have said, have been stimulated by the influence of the Association, but so may nations and great bodies of men. Its published proceedings have found their way into every quarter, and are tending to produce corresponding efforts in distant lands. Our reports on science have produced some very interesting counterparts in the literary town of Geneva. America has taken the lead in several departments of experiment recommended by the Association; and the instructions for conducting uniform systems of observation have been reprinted and circulated in the New World. We must likewise consider it as an especial proof of the influence and importance of the Association, that a report on the Progress of American Geology has been undertaken and executed by Professor Rogers of Philadelphia. Similar contributions from some other foreign countries have been promised, which will extend the utility of the Association, by making us acquainted with the more characteristic state of science in the various parts of Europe. Nor can we fail, on the present occasion, to consider as a most auspicious promise of the future success of the Association, that the distinguished Secretary of the Institute of France has not only honoured this meeting by his presence, but has promised to interest that powerful body on behalf of the important objects contemplated by the Association, which its co-operation might effectually secure. The formation of a Statistical Section at Cambridge was the prelude to the establishment of a flourishing society, which acknowledges itself the offspring of this institution, and which promises by a procedure similar to that introduced by the Association, to advance materially the greatly neglected subject of British Statistics."

Professor Sedgwick was chairman of the Cambridge meeting, and Sir Thomas Brisbane of that at Edinburgh. After the long extract just given, which embraces a notice of the most important subjects discussed on the two occasions, we must now confine ourselves to some only of those which can, from their popular nature, be conveniently introduced here.

In the statistical section Mr. Heywood gave an account of 4,102 families of operatives in Manchester. The numbers in each family were on the average five, which is low, because the common one is six and a half. They resided in 3,100 houses, 752 cellars, and 250 rooms. About 600 of these residences were respectable, and about 1,200 ordinarily comfortable: but more than one half were dirty and destitute. There were 8,821 children under the age of twelve, of whom only 252 attended day schools; 4,680 received instruction at Sunday schools, and nearly one half were entirely destitute of education. The number of parents who could read amounted to 3,114: of these families 2,021 belonged to the established church; 1,473 were Roman catholics, 591 were dissenters, and 17 declared that they had no religion. The small number that attended day schools was noticed as a lamentable instance of the little that has yet been effected for the moral improvement of England. It was also stated that the education received at these schools was miserable in amount, and bad in quality. Respecting Sunday schools it was said, that they had produced most beneficial effects both on the children and on the parents. This re-action upon the parents is a most interesting fact. The Rev. E. Stanley, of Cheshire, stated that he knew of no instance in which the children of poor or profligate parents, if regular attendants at our schools, had not transmitted to their homes a portion of the benefit derived. Indeed, we have no right to argue from occasional disappointment, that education is either useless or impolitic. How profligate and barbarous would have been the population of our manufacturing districts, had not the dark scene been enlightened by here and there a ray of intellectual light, and the whole more or less soothed, and in some degree controlled, by the civilising powers of revealed religion.

Mr. Whewel delivered a lecture on several interesting phenomena connected with the tides. He observed, that the state of information with respect to tides, amongst philosophers, was in the same situation as that with respect to the general principles of astronomy among those who were the least learned. The general fact of tides being governed by the law of gravitation and the attraction of the moon and the sun was known to the learned, but of the particulars they were in a great measure ignorant. At the previous meeting he therefore called upon intelligent individuals to institute investigations upon the subject, and at Bristol, a society had been formed with the view of carrying on these enquiries. The rise and fall of the tide averaged at that place from fifty to sixty feet. To facilitate such investigations, a self-registering instrument was constructed to ascertain the rate of the rise and fall of the tides; by this, the relative altitudes at different times of high water were delineated on a sheet of paper, one of which was exhibited to the meeting. By this means the fact was proved, that at one period of the year the evening tides were greater than the morning, and at other periods the morning tides were greater than the evening ones. This

was a thing which could not be observed at London, because the peculiar position of that city was singular, and he believed unique in the tides of the coast. He then showed that the great tidal wave of the Atlantic, in approaching the shores of England, divided into three columns, and that two of them met exactly at the mouth of the Thames, one of these twelve hours after the other, so that each tide was compounded of an evening and a morning tide, and in consequence there was no alteration in the daily tides of that port. With the view of prosecuting the investigation of these phenomena, application had been made to the Admiralty, to direct the Coast Guard Service to make observations on the subject; and the officers of that service had shown great alacrity and zeal in the undertaking. He had received these observations from the 7th to the 23d of June last, but had not yet had time to examine them fully; but from a cursory glance they appeared to be of great value, and they were at present undergoing examination by direction of the Admiralty.

Professor Stevelley, of Belfast, read a paper, attempting to connect some of the most commonly known phenomena in meteorology, with well established physical principles. First, as to the nature and origin of clouds, and the consequences which, by the laws of physics, are immediately consecutive upon their formation. Secondly, how rain is originated, and the immediate consequences of its production. Thirdly, the origin of wind, in the forms of the breeze, the gale, the storm, up to the sweeping tornado. He maintained that clouds were assemblages of spherules of water, in opposition to the common hypothesis that they are vesicles, or as it were, bladders of watery films, containing moist air, having a tendency to buoy them up. One of his arguments was, that no physical law had ever been proved to exist, that would account for the production of vesicular constituents of clouds; but the well-established laws of capillary attraction would account for the production of minute spherules of water, at pretty regular distances, in any portion of space, which has become so overloaded with vapour of water (and this indeed is nothing but steam) as to be incapable of retaining it longer; it is to be remarked that the intermediate parts are then left hygrometrically drier than before. The minute size of the cloudy spherules would alone be sufficient practically to suspend them, as even gold or platina may be so subdivided as to descend with less than any assigned velocity through the resisting air; for the weight of a sphere diminishes as the cube of its radius is diminished; but the resistance it would meet with at any assigned velocity, would only diminish as the square of the same radius. Also, as clouds are known to be highly electrical, each spherule must have its own electrical atmosphere, which, by repelling the dry air all around, (as pith balls repel each other,) in effect increases the size of the drop, without adding any thing to its weight. The effect of the formation of clouds was then traced; one out of many was stated to be an augmentation, often to a great extent, of the electrical tension of the cloudy parts, and this was simply explained on the common electrical principles, particularly the one, that an electrified body, if diminished in bulk, had its electrical tension increased. He then showed how, on the principle of *electrical induction*, oppositely electrified clouds resulted from the near approach of two clouds to one another, but principally from the approach of masses of clouds to hills or mountains, to which they seemed to attach themselves, while their outer parts frequently sent off oppositely electrified scud or cumulus.

This brought him to the *formation of rain*, which was shown to result from clouds charged with opposite electricities coming together, each spherule of one running to a spherule or more of the other: they suddenly coalesce by capillary attraction, form a larger sphere, and, as the case may be, either descend lower in the atmosphere as heavier cloud, or if the spherules formed become as large as drops, they descend as rain, with a velocity proportioned to their size, and the height at which they had been formed. On the production of *wind*, he did not stop to trace the effect of the sun, volcanic fires, or other sources of external heat, in disturbing the atmospheric equilibrium.

The efficacy of the formation of clouds in the production of wind, and also the manner in which a fall of rain gave rise to all its various forms, were points on which he dwelt. The last thing treated of was the formation of *hail*, which he showed must be formed when, after the fall of some rain, a sudden and extensive vacuum being caused, the quantity of caloric abstracted was so large as to cause the rest of the drops to freeze into ice-balls as they formed. This principle he said had been strangely overlooked, although, since the days of Sir John Leslie, every person was familiar with experiments on a small scale illustrative of it. He also said that the interesting mine of Chemnitz, in Hungary, afforded an experimental exhibition of the formation of hail, on a magnificent scale. In that mine, the drainage of water is raised by an engine, in which common air is violently compressed in a large cast-iron vessel. While the air is in a state of high compression, a workman desires the visiter to hold his hat before a cock which he turns; the compressed air, as it rushes out over the surface of the water within, brings out some with it, which is frozen into ice-bolts by the cold generated by the air as it expands; and these shoot through the hat, to the no small annoyance of one party, but to the infinite amusement of the other.

Such were some of the more popular and least technical subjects discussed and elucidated at the fourth meeting of the British Association held at Edinburgh. But we could do no more than merely skim over, or touch upon these; and must leave the scientific reader, after saying that the strongest expressions of approbation and admiration we have in our vocabulary are not too much in describing its greatness and growing importance as well as past achievements. The report of the third meeting has been published by the society: that of the fourth, and of all succeeding meetings, will of course follow; which, if we are to judge from that which has been done, will take their place by the side of the most curious and valuable transactions that have ever been published by any public body.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

TRICKS UPON TRAVELLERS.

A YANKEE TRICK.

It was a time of great bustle and expectation in the little village of L——, situated "somewhere out of the world and up in the woods," in the state of Massachusetts. There was to be a special frolic in the shape of a horse-race—a horse-race, do I say? I mean a scramble of quadrupeds, for since the practice had been known there, very few of the animals that put their hoofs in would have been entitled to the name and honours of a horse at Doncaster. Four-footed animals they were for the most part, though some of them kept the fourth in reserve, and chose to go upon three—Narraganset pacers, Vermont shamblers, Berkshire blunderers, Connecticut caperers, Worcester plough-joggers, Dogtown dumpies,—in short, the tag-rag and bob-tail of the four-footed creation; not that Yankee-land is deficient in prime horse-flesh, witness the Tom Thumb the Great, or the steeds of the mail stages, if you have been in that country; or the progeny of that celebrated mare whom a flash of lightning chased all round a ten-acre lot, without being able to catch her. But horse-racing is no regular trade or common occupation in New England; nobody makes a business of rearing animals for the turf; and when an occurrence of this sort takes place, it is no very studied affair, but a frolicsome scramble among all the beasts of burden in the neighbourhood, or such as chance brings along at the moment.

Once a year it had been customary to run a race of this sort in the village of L——, and the fleetest runner of this motley multitude won a prize of some value, to which every adventurer contributed a sum. On the present occasion the prize was considerably augmented by an offer from an individual who had constituted himself a society for the promotion of horse-racing, and more than common interest was of course excited at the approach of the festival. The old farmers who had horses fit for running, gave them extra quantities of corn and fewer applications of the lash, as if to be fat and fleet were the same thing. Some, however, were more cautious in their preparations, and, among the rest, Job Hawker, a sly, calculating, guessing, questioning, bargaining, swapping, Jack-of-all-trades sort of a chap, long-sided and limber-tongued, with a face as grave as a deacon, but a roguish twinkle of the eye on occasion, that gave you assurance he was no greenhorn. Job's horse had beaten them all hollow the former year, and he was in full confidence of the same good fortune this time. Howbeit, he took all imaginable precautions to secure success, and put his steed only to that quantum of exercise and fodder which he judged conducive to speed.

But while he was flattering himself with the prospect of a certain victory, and as the day of trial approached, he was thrown into consternation by the arrival of a stranger, mounted on a Canadian pony, who came with the avowed intention of putting in for the prize. At the first announcement of this intelligence, Job fell into despair, for it so happened that he knew the individual, having encountered him in the northern part of Vermont, while on a trading excursion in that quarter. Job had witnessed a trial of speed which the pony exhibited there, and knew that his own Bucephalus was no match for him. It was plain that if the Canadian took a share in the race, he must win, and the catastrophe seemed inevitable, for nobody had a right to exclude him. It was a grievous thing for Job to think of having the prize snatched from before his eyes, when it had been augmented to a double value, and just at the moment when he imagined it within his grasp. Job had not all the patience of his namesake of old, as evinced by his conduct in this emergency. He did not sit down and curse the day he was born, giving up the whole concern for a bad bargain, but he sat down upon a log of wood and scratched his head. This sage manœuvre was practised for the purpose of devising by what art, stratagem, cunning device, or quizzical circumvention, he might get rid of this formidable rival. His first thought was to inveigle him into a *swap*, but that would require a great deal of palavering and chaffering, and must prove a long job—too long for what little time remained. He then thought of buying him off from the enterprise, giving him a bird in the hand for two in the bush; but this would cost too much, and Job was resolved to have the whole or none. His third project was to frighten or obstruct the pony by some preconcerted accident, just at the time of setting out; but this did not appear, on consideration, to be a safe proceeding. Various other tricks suggested themselves, but no one seemed to be just the thing. Evening drew on—the next morning was to bring all parties upon the turf—and there was not a moment to be lost. Job had cudgeled his brain for two hours to no purpose; he started up in a great puzzle, and began to wend his way homeward. As he reached the little green in front of the meeting-house, he heard a loud huzzaing; he looked up, and beheld a crowd of people following a fat ox, with a flag upon his horns. At this instant a thought struck him; he did not shout *Eureka*, but it was because he knew no Greek. Early the next morning, on that hint he acted. He clapped his military hat upon his head, (Job was a lieutenant,) and waited upon the Canadian.

"Well, I suppose, squire, you are the gentleman with the pony?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, I guessed as much. Well, I suppose you are a thinkin' o' racin' to-day?"

"Yes, if it is according to rule."

"Sartin! It's all accordin' to rule, if in case you have tried to beat the beater."

"Beat the beater!"

"Yes, beat the beater; you know what that is, I take it."

"No, hang me if I do."

"Well, that's a good 'un; but I guessed as much. You see the case is exactly this: I beat the last races, and you, being a new comer, must give your horse a trial with me before you can enter for the race."

"Oh, if that is all, I am content; bring out your horse, and let us try as quick as you please."

"Your horse!" exclaimed Job, with well-feigned surprise.

"Yes, your horse; you don't mean a foot-race, sure!"

"Why, squire! don't you know?"

"Know what?"

"Know what? why it is my *ox* that is to race, and not a horse!"

"An ox!" cried the Canadian, staring with all the eyes in his head.

"Yes, an ox," returned Job, with imperturbable gravity. "Why I thought you knew all about it."

"About what?"

"About racin' to be sure. Did you never hear of my ox that beats all creation?"

"No!" exclaimed the Canadian, in the greatest astonishment.

"Why, didn't you see him about town yesterday?"

The man was thunderstruck; he had seen the ox, and this strange announcement made him believe what he had always been told, that Yankees were born devils. "I have beaten horses," thought he, "but never tried with an ox." Job kept on a grave face.

"My ox is all saddled and bridled," said Job; "are you ready?"

"I think I won't try this time," replied the man, hurrying away with a most desponding look. He ordered his pony to be got ready, paid his bill, and mounted to set off. The landlord stared.

"Why, you mean to stay and try the race today, don't you?"

"No, no," replied he, shrugging his shoulders and shaking his head. "I'll run my pony against any horse, but there is no knowing what a cursed ox *may* do."

Job bore away the prize that year, and the stranger never came again to disturb him; but his last words are still a common saying in the town of L——; and whenever a horned beast gets antic, he is specially impounded with the remark, "There is no knowing what a cursed ox *may* do."

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A FRENCHMAN'S TRICK.

Monsieur Duphot was a French refugee who had fled to America in the beginning of the revolution, and settled himself in Boston. His judgment of the Yankees was expressed without reserve—"Ils sont bons enfans, mais ils ne savant pas jouer le violon." But Monsieur Duphot had a waggish neighbour, who, if he could not play the fiddle, could play a trick, as the Frenchman found to his annoyance, having been April-fooled and sent on errands after pigeon's milk more times than once by this mischief-loving fellow. He would have paid him in his own coin, but his bad English was sure to carry him into some blunder in the attempt, and the jokes which he plotted commonly exploded on his own hands. However, good luck and his own wit made him amends, now and then. One day, Mr. B——, the joker aforesaid, met him in the market, where the Frenchman was cheapening a quarter of mutton.

"Ah, monsieur," said he, "you and I are on the same errand. You dine on mutton to-day?"

"Yes sair; de muttons is more sheap as de bif, *voyez vous*."

"True, and if you and I buy a bit together, it will be cheaper still. What do you say?"

"Ver well, *allons;* let us see—how moch you vant?"

"Oh, about a quarter."

"*Bien, bien*, and so do I. Den me buy half a mutton *ensemble*, and den me make him two half *chacun* a piece."

"Exactly," replied B——.

So straightway making a purchase of a side of mutton he cut it in two, and taking the hind quarter for himself, offered the Frenchman the other.

"*Attendez l*" said the Frenchman; it is de hind quarter I want."

"Really! now it happens to be the very part I want too!" said the other, pretending surprise.

The Frenchman grinned, and shrugged his shoulders.

"Come," said B——, "let us toss a cent, and he that wins shall put his hand upon one piece, and say, "Who shall have this? while the other turns his back, and answers I or you."

"Ver well."

"Here it goes then; head, I win—tail, you lose."

The former proposition was uttered, as the coin flew into the air. "Aye," said the Frenchman to it, and "No," to the latter, for he had been tricked that way before. Mr. B—— was caught in his own trap, for it was not a head. "However, 'tis an equal chance yet," thought he.

"*Tournez donc*," said the Frenchman; and slily whipping out his penknife he chopped off the tail from the one portion of the mutton, and clapping it upon the other, cried out, as if in his usual blundering way,

"Who shall have dis wid de tail on?"

"I!" replied the other, jumping round in great glee at the supposed *etourderie* of his companion.

"Den you take him, de fore quarter."

Mr. B—— scratched his head, without saying a word, for a moment or two, till the explosion of laughter which accompanied the trick had in some degree subsided. Then, with an exceedingly foolish look, he marched away, carrying his fore quarter of mutton with the tail on, which winds this tale off.

SHAKSPEARE.—Some very patient and industrious idler, who possesses more ingenuity than the world will give him credit for, has amused himself with fabricating a pretended account of the "*Citation and Examination of William Shakspeare*" and others, before Sir Thomas Lucy, on the charge of deer-stealing; supposed to have been taken down at the time by the justice's clerk. The fiction is very transparent: the affectation of quaint phraseology is clumsy; the imitations of Shakspeare's verse are unlike both in turn of thought and expression; the attempts at wit are strained and feeble; and the whole is so dull and tedious as to be unreadable.

From the London Athenæum.

ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT OF THE POPOCATEPETL.

[The following interesting narrative is translated from a letter addressed by Baron Gros, Chief Secretary to the French Legation in Mexico, to a friend at Paris.]

MEXICO, 15th May, 1834.

The valley of Mexico is one of the most picturesque in the world; it is bounded on the S.S.E. by a range of mountains, from which two volcanoes rise up, known by the Indian names of Iztaciuhatl and Popocatepetl. Their peaks, always covered with snow, are at sixteen and eighteen thousand English feet above the level of the sea. The crest of the former, the nearer to Mexico, runs from N.W. to S.E., and is irregularly rent. The latter is a perfect cone. It somewhat resembles Mount Etna, but does not, like that mountain, rise from a plain. The Popocatepetl is on the side of the platform of the Cordilleras Mountains. On one side, the N.W., the forests of firs which surround it terminate at the foot of the valley, and the last trees are mingled with the wheat, Indian corn, and such other European plants as grow at that height; but, towards the S.E. the forests continue farther down. They, however, become gradually thinner, very soon disappear altogether, and are superseded by the sugar-cane, the cochineal tree, and all the rich and varied vegetation of tropical regions. A traveller, by starting from the volcanic sands, a little above the boundary of vegetation, and coming down in a straight line into the valley of Cuautla-Amilpas, would, in a few hours, have gone through all climates, and could gather all the plants which grow between the pole and the equator.

It follows from this, that the snow which is on the S.E. side, must in certain cases be influenced by the breezes of warm air, which constantly rise up from the valley of Cuautia. The snow partly melts in the dry season, and whilst the north of the volcanic cone is perpetually covered with snow and ice down to the firs nearest to the top of the volcano, the lava and porphyry on the south side are bare.

This, therefore, is the side on which to look for a passage when wishing to ascend to the summit of this mountain, the highest in North America. I tried it last year with a different result.

You know how my first attempt proved unsuccessful. M. de Gerolt and myself were overtaken by one of those tropical storms, of which in Europe you can form no idea. It became indispensable to pass the night amongst the wet firs which grow on the brink of the sands; we had but a cloth stretched with cords over a tree half thrown down, to shelter us from the rain, the hail, and the snow, and we considered ourselves fortunate in having thought of wrapping up our clothes, for a change, in the cloth which was destined to be so useful to us. You have probably not forgotten the storm over our heads, and that which rent the trees below us, and those horizontal flashes of lightning which produced so disagreeable an effect upon my travelling companion; and then our six hours' idle walk in the snow, after having been abandoned by our guides, and our blindness for several days, brought on by the reflection of the sun, and our fatigues, our sufferings, our want of courage, the loss of strength, and in fine, the painful necessity of giving up our enterprise, when we had but twelve or thirteen hundred feet to climb before arriving at the summit, the promised land.

This year we have met with nothing of the kind; we have had a run of the most favourable circumstances. We profited by the experience of last year, and the 20th April at thirty-seven minutes after two in the afternoon, I planted on the highest peak of the Mexican Andes a flag, which had never floated on so high a spot before.

We had finished all our preparations in the beginning of April; we had barometers, a miner's compass, for want of a theodolite, which is too heavy to be carried up to such a height, some thermometers, one of those little *œolipiles* by Breuzin for heating water, a good telescope, and a hygroscope. All these instruments had been compared with those here, belonging to General D. Juan de Orlegozo, and to Professor D. Joaquim Velasquez de Leon, in order to enable us on our return to compare the results of the experiments made at the same hour by those gentlemen in Mexico, and by us whilst on our journey. I had had a tent made for shelter; and we were supplied with hatchets, saws, ropes, and iron-shod bamboos: these latter are indispensable in expeditions of this nature; mine was fifteen feet long, and I intended to leave it behind us on the top of the volcano. I took good care not to communicate this project to my companions; it was possible we might fail in our expedition, and I did not wish to sell the lion's skin before I had killed the lion.

On the morning of the 15th we started; we had with us three Mexican servants, and three dragoons—we each had a second horse and a mule of burthen. In two days we reached Zacualpam-Amilpas, where Mr. Egerton, an English painter, who was to be of the party, soon joined us. We had planned to remain at this place until the time should seem most opportune for making the attempt.

Whilst waiting for the so much wished-for opportunity, I spent my time in carefully examining, with the aid of a telescope, the summit of the volcano, and I made drawings, as accurately as possible, of the rocks, the ravines, and the courses of the lava which are on this side. We then searched on the paper for the direction which promised the most success, for we well knew the guides would leave us the instant we reached the perpetual snow.

At length, on the 27th, we commenced our march, and reached Ozumba at three in the afternoon. We sent for the same guides we had made use of last year. They are Indians of the village of Atlautia; which is at the very foot of the Popocatepetl: we took three. We laid in provisions for four days, and the next morning by seven o'clock we had begun, with our mules and horses, to ascend the mountain. At one o'clock we arrived at the Vaqueria, a veritable Swiss *chalet*, which is used as a shelter by the keepers of a numerous herd of cows, and is the last inhabited

spot on the mountain. At three o'clock we arrived at the point where vegetation ceases: this we did by ways which might almost be said to be beaten, for we had occasion but once to make use of our hatchets. As you are acquainted with the Alps, I have nothing to say on those admirable forests of oak, of firs, and of larch, which we passed through. They resemble each other in both hemispheres except that at the foot of these there are large flocks of *guacamaias*, (a large green parrot with a red head,) which are not to be met with at Chamouny or at Sallenches. There are also in the forest lions of a small species, *jaguars*, wolves, deer, and a great number of wild cats, but we did not see a single one of these animals.

As you get higher up in the wood, the fir trees become scarcer, and of less size. Near the sands they may be said to be dwarfs, and all the branches are bent downwards, as if seeking below a less rarefied air. After these firs, for the most part lying down and nearly rotten, you meet but with some tufts of a sort of currant-tree, with black fruit: and then here and there clumps of a yellowish moss, which grows in a half circle in the midst of scattered pumice-stone, lava, and basalts —in short, there is no longer any vegetation, and I did not even see lichen on the rocks. One then begins to feel that one is in a sphere wherein it is not possible to live. Respiration is difficult: a certain melancholy, which is not without its agreeableness, comes over you; but, in truth, I cannot exactly define the sensations I experienced when entering these deserts.

The instant you have left the wood, about one third the height of the volcanic cone, you see only an immense extent of purple sand, which is in some parts so extremely fine, that it is blown by the wind into the most perfect ridges. Blocks of porphyry, scattered here and there, break in upon the monotony of the scene. The top of the undulations in the sand is crowned with numerous little pumice-stones of a yellowish colour, which seem to have been heaped up by the wind. In short, from the summit of some of the volcanic rocks, masses of porphyry and black lava descend, intersecting the ridges of sand, and lose themselves in the forest. The highest part of the volcano is completely covered with snow, and this snow has a so much more brilliant effect that the sky is of a blue almost black. A few footsteps of wolves and jaguars were visible on the sands near the wood.

After having for a short time admired this sad and singular sight, we returned into the forest; the tent was pitched near to the prostrate tree where we last year passed so dreadful a night; fires were lighted, and, whilst our *mozos* were preparing our beds and repast, we endeavoured to get a little higher up, in order to accustom our lungs to breathe an air so little congenial to them.

We had returned by six o'clock. Fahrenheit's thermometer was at 50°. The barometer at 19.120 (English inches); water boiled at 90° of the centigrade thermometer. The humid zone of the hygroscope appeared at 36°, and disappeared at 37° of the interior thermometer, whilst the exterior marked 50°.

Having finished our experiments, we made our preparations for the next day. In the night we suffered from the cold.

On the 29th, at three o'clock in the morning, we started, with a fine moonlight, warmly clad, the face and eyes sheltered with green spectacles, and a gauze of the same colour, which wrapped up the whole of our heads. Of my flag I had made a belt. We were seven: the three guides already mentioned, M. Gerolt, the Prussian consul general, Mr. Egerton, an English artist, Luciano Lopez, his Mexican servant, and myself. We each of us had a little bag containing bread and a flask of sugar and water. The Indians carried our instruments, and some provisions. We walked behind each other, taking care to tread in the same steps as the foremost guide, in order to have firmer ground. Of course each man carried his iron-shod bamboo. We advanced very slowly, and were obliged to rest at about every fifteen paces to take breath. The sugar and water was of immense service, for, being obliged to keep the mouth open to breathe, the throat became parched, and a few drops of sugar and water every five minutes prevented the pain becoming unbearable. We zig-zagged and went sideways: the ascent is so steep, that it would have been dangerous, and next to impossible, to have gone up in a straight line.

By the time the sun appeared above the horizon, we had reached a great height, when we observed a singular phenomenon, but such as has already been seen on the banks of the Rhine. The shadow of the whole of the volcano was completely visible on the atmosphere. It was an immense circle of shade, through which we could see the whole country to the horizon, and which rose afterwards far above it, terminating by a vapour moving from south to north, the circle descending and becoming more and more transparent as the sun rose, and in about two or three minutes it was entirely dispersed.

At nine o'clock we reached the celebrated Pico del Fraile, beyond which we could not get last year. Our names, which we then imprinted with a hammer, remained perfect, only the first letters, towards the west, were become of a clear yellow colour.

This peak is a pile of reddish circular rocks, such as is to be found on one of the crests which runs down from the summit. Its perpendicular height is from eighty to one hundred feet, the diameter is about fifty. It terminates in a point, and is distinctly visible from Mexico.

Our guides had consented to go thus far, but nothing could induce them to go farther. I do not think they were more tired than we were, but certainly they were under the influence of some superstitious fear.

Our way to the Pico was long and fatiguing, but not dangerous. We had not yet met with any snow, and it had not been necessary, as last year, to climb up with our hands. I felt less oppression than I had feared I should, and my pulse beat but 120 per minute. We were full of courage, had plenty of time before us, and the clearest sky.

We had planned to halt at the Pico del Fraile,

and to recruit our strength by a light breakfast. I thought it would be imprudent when at that elevation to eat much, or to drink spirituous liquors, for the nervous system is excited to an inconceivable degree. We, therefore, took no more than a little bread, and a little of the white meat of a fowl, with a glass of weak wine and water; and after one hour's rest at the foot of the Pico, we resumed our journey.

At nine o'clock the thermometer was at four centigrade degrees; the barometer at 16.472; water boiled at eighteen centigrade degrees. I did not make any hygrometrical observation. The sky was of a much darker blue than on the preceding day. Unfortunately, we had no instrument wherewith to measure its density.

At ten o'clock we were on our way without our guides, and, having to carry our instruments, we found them tremendously heavy.

It is necessary to pass in front of the Pico, and to turn round it on the right. After having got beyond the Fraile, there is, on the left, or rather on its prolongation, a crowning, which terminates at a mass of rocks which exfoliate like slate. They rise up to about 150 feet perpendicular. The summit is covered with snow, and long stagonites of ice fill up the crevices. There is no outlet on this side. On the right is a tolerably deep ravine, which, from afar, we had taken for the remains of a crater. It extends in a straight line from the top of the volcano to the nearest fir-trees, and is intersected with basalts of lava and porphyry, and, at particular places, is crossed by perpendicular walls of rock and immense heaps of snow; but it was easy to see that, by making some circuits, the summit of the volcano might be reached that way. We, therefore, went down into this hollow, and, without losing sight of one another, each took different roads; M. de Gerolt the middle; I walked on the left, and Mr. Egerton, with Luciano, between us. I thought mine to be the best path, but I was mistaken; I nearly broke my neck a hundred times; and, if I again undertake the journey, I shall go by the bottom of the ravine.

When we could get upon the snow, we walked with greater facility. It was furrowed by the wind and sun, and was like a fresh-ploughed field; and, as the furrows were parallel to the horizon, they served as steps. On the sands and rocks there was real danger, for the least inattention or false step would have been fatal. At twelve o'clock we had reached the summit of those perpendicular rocks I have before mentioned; but our strength was beginning to fail us, and, after every eight or ten steps, we were compelled to make a long rest to take breath, and to allow the circulation of the blood to quiet itself a little.

Though we were in the midst of snow, we felt no inconvenience from the cold, except when drinking, or when we touched the metal parts of our instruments. But it was necessary to call aloud to be heard at twenty paces; the air was indeed so rarefied at that height, that I tried in vain to whistle, and Mr. Egerton had the greatest difficulty in obtaining a sound from a small horn he had brought with him.

At half past two M. de Gerolt was on the highest point of the volcano. He skipped about with joy, and made me a sign indicating that there was an abyss at his feet. At thirty-seven minutes after two o'clock I had attained the summit, and I was on the highest edge of the crater. Here all my fatigues were over; breathing was no longer difficult; I was body and soul absorbed in the sight I had before me, and I felt a new life. I was in a state of supreme satisfaction, difficult to be described; and I also leaped in my turn, to encourage Mr. Egerton, who still had some awkward passes to get over.

The crater is an immense abyss, nearly round, bulging considerably to the north, and with some sinuosities to the south. It may be a *league* in circumference, and eight hundred or a thousand feet in perpendicular depth. Its edge is not horizontal; it lowers towards the east with sufficient steepness to create a difference of one hundred and fifty feet in the height of the two opposite points. Notwithstanding this, the diameter of the centre is so great, and the height at which it is so immense, that, from whatever part of the plain you look at the volcano, that part of the edge which presents itself to your view always appears to be the highest.

The walls of the abyss are perpendicular. Three large horizontal strata are perfectly visible, perpendicularly striped at almost equal distances by black and grayish lines. The bottom is a funnel formed by the detached parts which have from time to time fallen down, and which now do so daily. On the inside of the edge, down to fifteen or twenty feet, are layers, black, red, and whitish, very thin, supporting blocks of volcanic rock, which, however, fall occasionally into the crater. The bottom and the inclined plane of the funnel are covered with an immense quantity of blocks of pure sulphur. From the middle of this abyss, masses of white vapour ascend with great force, but disperse when about half way up the crater. Some also escape from openings in the slope of the funnel, and others from seven principal fissures, between the layers which form the very edge of the crater; but these do not rise to above fifteen or twenty feet.

The openings in the bottom are round, and surrounded by a circle of pure sulphur. There is no doubt that these vapours, which escape with so much force, must carry with them large quantities of sulphur in a state of sublimation, which are deposited on the stones and around the vent-holes. So much sulphurous acid gas escapes, that it was offensive to us on the summit. The exterior of the edge of the crater is free from snow; but within, on the side whereon the sun does not shine, there is a quantity of stagonites of ice down to the beginning of the third stratum. The highest summit of the volcano is a small platform of about twenty feet diameter, with some of that purple sand which is so abundant at the base of the cone.

You will easily feel how imposing such a sight must be. Such masses of lava, of porphyry, of red and black scoria, those whirlwinds of vapour, those stagonites, the sulphur, the snow; in short, this strange confusion of ice and fire which we

met with at eighteen thousand feet in the air, remarkably excited our imaginations. We should have liked to have gone all round, but we had not time, and I believe we had not sufficient strength.

At three o'clock the thermometer was at —1—4 centigrades. The moist belt of the hygroscope appeared at 34°, and disappeared at 33° of the interior Fahrenheit thermometer, whilst the exterior thermometer was at 40°.

In consequence of the violence of the wind we were unable to light the spirit-of-wine lamp for boiling water; but that which was much more unfortunate was, that in turning over the barometer for the purpose of running the quicksilver into the ball, some globules of air got into the tube: the instrument became comparatively useless.

If you read attentively the description I have given you of the volcano, you will, no doubt, be struck with two things. The first is the singular disposition of the apertures through which the vapours exhale. They are at the bottom, and in a circle; so that those yellowish walls, a thousand feet high, and of a league in circumference, appear as a screen to chimney flues conducting the vapour to the highest level of the ground. The second is the extraordinary coating of the interior of the crater. All those layers of lava, of sand, of stone, which form the mass of the volcano, are of the same nature on the outside as on the inside of the crater;—on the outside, however, all is black, purple, and red; whilst on the inside, a dirty white and yellowish hue prevails. There is therefore either a decomposition of the volcanic substances by the sulphurous gas, or a deposit of sulphur on the edges—perhaps both. We unfortunately could not get any of these whitish substances; and M. de Gerolt, who tried, was near paying dearly for his imprudence. He had descended by an inclined plane in one of the rents of the crater; but the sand was giving way under his feet, and he was sliding down towards the abyss, when he was fortunate enough to save himself with his iron-shod stick. It would, no doubt, have been magnificent to have had such a grave; but my traveling companion's ambition did not seem to extend so far.

If we were well agreed on this point, there was one on which we were not equally so. This was a strong and prolonged *noise*, which we heard at times from the interior of the volcano. We felt no motion, and nothing was thrown up from below. M. de Gerolt admitted that this noise was such as might be made by detached stones from the upper part of the crater falling down on the inclined plane which forms the bottom; now I twice *saw* blocks of a tolerable size detach themselves: I watched them as long as possible, and the noise we heard corresponded precisely with the shocks they met with in falling. I therefore think that the kind of lengthend detonations which occasionally occurred, proceeded from similar causes. M. de Gerolt spoke of subterranean action, and of the expansive force of the vapour. We were perhaps both right, for if, owing to causes easy to conceive, the stones were to obstruct the vent-holes, the vapour would not be long ere it would disengage itself with violence and *noise* from the obstacles opposed to its passage.

You have doubtless read in the histories of the Conquest, that Don Diego Ordaz, one of Cortes' officers, went up to the volcano for sulphur to make powder. There were perhaps at that time some fissures on the side of the mountain where it deposited itself, as is now to be seen in Italy. I do not think it is possible to get at that which is in the crater; and it is probable that in Fernand Cortes' time the volcano was more active than at present. There are millions of quintals of sulphur at the bottom of the funnel; the air is infected by the emanations. I have no doubt, that a person let down would be suffocated by the sulphurous vapour before having reached a depth of two hundred feet. Now, two hundred feet are not a fourth of the distance to the yellow masses which cover the bottom. Even supposing that one could breathe therein, the ropes required to go only to the nearest inclined plane would have to be of a prodigious length; and how are they to be got up to the top of the volcano, when it is so difficult to get there oneself, and that the least weight is almost an intolerable burthen? I am therefore of opinion, that if Diego Ordaz gathered sulphur on the Popocatepetl, it could only have been at a little above the volcanic sands, and not in the crater.

By half-past three we had terminated our experiments, made sketches, and fixed our flag on the highest point of the volcano. At four o'clock we were in the hollow way opposite the Pico del Fraile, where our guides were waiting for us. We made them a sign to return to the tent, and we continued to descend by a different route from that which we had ascended. At five we were on the borders of the wood. We observed several blocks of porphyry which had fallen recently from the summit: probably at the time of the earthquakes on the 13th and 15th of March. They had made a deep furrow from the top of the sands to midway down the mountain; but as the accelerated motion had caused them to rebound in rolling to the place where they were, their further progress was marked by deep holes made at each rebound. At six o'clock we were under the tent, but too tired and too much agitated to be able to sleep. When awake I spoke of the crater: and if I contrived to get to sleep, the oppression came on again, and I suddenly awoke.

The next morning, 30th April, at seven o'clock, the camp was broken up; at nine, we were at the Rancho, and at twelve, at Ozumba.

We collected a large quantity of plants and flowers in the forest: amongst others a shrub, which I think has not yet been described, nearly similar to our red laurel, but the flowers of which are like our lily of the valley, white clusters with a reddish hue.

In the court-yard of the house we lodged at, at Ozumba, I put up a telescope, looking on the summit of the volcano; and for two days this court-yard was filled with persons who came to take a view of our flag floating in the wind. By this means I gave an undeniable proof of what we had done,—a thing indispensable in a country where the people are not disposed, and for

ration I have assigned the widest limits to the kingdom; for there are provinces within this boundary which owe but a doubtful allegiance. The great feature of the country is the Oxus, which bisects the desert, and renders it inhabitable. The river of Samarcand, in its lower course, flows at right angles to it, but expends its water before paying its tribute to the greater stream. Another rivulet below that of Samarcand shares a like fate, after it has watered the province of Kurshee. On the banks of these different streams lies the whole cultivable soil of the kingdom. The entire country is comprised between the parallels of 36° and 45° of north latitude, and the meridians of 61° and 67° east longitude. A very small portion of this extensive tract is peopled. From Eljeek on the Oxus, and on the western frontier, to Juzzak on the east, which is the line of cultivation across the country, the distance is 240 miles. From Balkh to Bokhara it is but 260, almost altogether waste; and the desert commences about fifteen miles beyond the capital.

"Bokhara has a population of 150,000 souls; for there is scarcely a garden or burying ground within the city walls. With the exception of its public buildings, most of its houses are small, and of a single story; yet there are many superior dwellings in this city. We saw some of them neatly painted with stuccoed walls; others had Gothic arches, set off with gilding and lapis lazuli, and the apartments were both elegant and comfortable. The common houses are built of sun-dried bricks on a framework of wood, and are all flat-roofed. A house in an eastern city commands no prospect, for it is surrounded with high walls on every side. The greatest of the public buildings is a mosque, which occupies a square of 300 feet, and has a dome that rises to about a third of that height. It is covered with enameled tiles of an azure blue colour, and has a costly appearance. It is a place of some antiquity, since its cupola, which once was shaken by an earthquake, was repaired by the renowned Timour. Attached to this mosque is a lofty minaret, raised in the 542d year of the Hejira. It is built of bricks, which have been distributed in most ingenious patterns. Criminals are thrown from this tower; and no one but the chief priest may ever ascend it, (and that only on Friday, to summon the people to prayers,) lest he might overlook the women's apartments of the houses in the city. The handsomest building of Bokhara is a college of the King Abdoolla. The sentences of the Koran which are written over a lofty arch, under which is the entrance, exceed the size of two feet, and are delineated on the same beautiful enamel. Most of the domes of the city are thus adorned, and their tops are covered by nests of the "luglug," a kind of crane, and a bird of passage that frequents this country, and is considered lucky by the people.

"Bokhara would not appear to have been a large city in ancient times. Its remoteness from all other parts of the Mahomedan world has given it a celebrity, and besides, it was one of the earliest conquests of the caliphs. It may be readily imagined that the numerous offspring of the first commanders of the faithful would seek for distinction in its distant and luxuriant groves. Its name was widely spread by the number of learned and religious men it produced; and the affix of 'Shureef,' or holy, was soon added to it by its Mahommedan conquerors. It is considered the sure mark of an infidel, to say that the walls of Bokhara are crooked; but strange to add, the architecture is so defective, that I doubt if there be a perpendicular wall in the city. The priests of the present day assert that, in all other parts of the globe, light *descends* upon earth; but, on the other hand, it *ascends* from the holy Bokhara!"

Mr. Burnes has rendered several services to geography, and, with respect to the controverted question of the Oxus, he says:—

"I will not permit the much-disputed subject of the Oxus having terminated, at a former period, in the Caspian instead of the Aral sea, to lead me into a digression on that curious point. I have only to state, after an investigation of the subject, and the traditions related to me, as well as much enquiry among the people themselves, that I doubt the Oxus having ever had any other than its present course. There are physical obstacles to its entering the Caspian, south of Balkhan, and north of that point; its more natural receptacle is the lake of Aral. I conclude that the dry river beds between Astrabad and Khiva are the remains of some of the canals of the kingdom of Kharasm, and I am supported in this belief by the ruins near them, which have been deserted as the prosperity of that empire declined. We shall thus account for such appearances on obvious grounds, without calling in the aid of earthquakes and other commotions of nature."

Mr. Burnes thinks well of the Asiatics, and he gives good reasons for his favourable opinion:—

"A caravan is a complete republic; but I do not believe that most republics are so orderly. Of our eighty camels, every three or four belonged to different individuals; and there were four Cafila-bashees. Still there was no disputing about the arrangement or order of the march; and it is a point of honour, that the one shall at all times wait for the other. If a single camel throws its load, the whole line halts till it is replaced; and one feels pleased at such universal sympathy. These feelings make it agreeable to travel in a caravan, for the detentions are much fewer than would really be imagined. The more I mingled with Asiatics in their own sphere, and judged them by their own standard, I imbibed more favourable impressions regarding them. One does not see in civilised Europe that generous feeling, which induces the natives of Asia, great and small, to share with each other every mouthful that they possess. Among Mahommedans we have no distinction of gentleman and villain—at least, so far as hospitality is concerned. The khan fares as simply as the peasant, and never offers to raise a morsel to his lips till he has shared it with those near him. I myself frequently have been partaker of this bounty from rich and poor, for nothing is enjoyed without society. How different is the feeling that besets the sots of lower society in Britain!"

We approve of every sentiment but the last, which is a remark of manifest injustice. "The khan fares as simply as the peasant: nor raises a morsel to his lips till he has shared it with those near him." Good. Mr. Burnes proceeds: "I myself frequently have been partaker of this bounty from rich and poor, for nothing is enjoyed without society." Gratifying evidence still; but then comes the strange and partial reflection, "How different is the feeling that besets the sots of lower society in Britain?" Why, Mr. Burnes would not have struck wide of the truth had he observed, "How different is the feeling that besets the exclusives of high society in Great Britain!" Do our khans share their meals with those around them? Do lords, in England, invite their fellow men to eat with them merely because another wants that which they abound in? If Mr. Burnes thinks so, let him call on the Khan of Buckingham or the Khan of Northumberland at the dinner-hour. Is it only the sots of the lower society that refuse to let all others partake of their hospitalities? If Mr. Burnes went into a cottage in the country, and said he was a traveller hungry and thirsty, the probability is, that he would be offered some such refreshment as the inhabitants could afford; but if he knocked at the door of a mansion of the great

and made the same request, he would be thrust from the threshold with derision and contempt. In this country,

> "The poor man alone
> When he hears the poor groan,
> Of his morsel a morsel will give."

In our state of society, it were absurd to expect from rich or poor the hospitalities of a thinly inhabited and imperfectly civilised people. We do not revile our khans for not sharing their meals with all near them, as Mr. Burnes reviles our lower classes for not sharing their morsels with all who want them; but we do reproach our magnates, and their imitators, with an unsocial, churlish spirit—with a pride in shutting out their humbler fellow men from a share of enjoyment, which would detract nothing, in quality or abundance, from the thing enjoyed. Why do they delight in excluding the people from a view of their parks and places? Why will they not allow them to share in the pleasures of a fine scene, as the generous khan will allow those about him to share even in the morsel going to his lips? The feeling which Mr. Burnes admires in the lords of the East is the feeling the very opposite to that exclusive spirit which possesses and disgraces the aristocracy of Britain.

From the Court Journal.

MEMOIRS OF THE DUCHESS OF ABRANTES.

The 15th and 16th volumes of this diffuse work have at length appeared, and prove to be decidedly the least interesting of the collection. From the moment of Napoleon's decline, the details of this event cease to be interesting. We feel that "the gods have departed," and have not sufficient faith in the philosophy of Madame Junot to enter into the monodies she indites upon their departure. The present volumes contain very little that is new, and relate old anecdotes without piquancy or grace; abounding in stupid repetitions, Madame d'Abrantes' harmless gabble about new palaces, ancestors, liveries, and waiting women has lost the charm of novelty, and she has unfortunately nothing better to supply its place. The tone of the last volume, moreover, is naturally unnatural, from the necessity of narrating the melancholy end of poor Junot, an awkward dilemma from which the duchess has very adroitly extricated herself. One satisfactory announcement put forth in the books before us, is the assurance that the two following volumes will complete the work; but not, however, the "works" of Madame la Duchesse, who, with the aid of her active *coterie*, is about concocting an account of her sojourn in Italy during the years 1817, 18, and 19.

Meanwhile we extract a few trivial ancedotes from the present portion of her memoirs.

Knave and King.—During the reign of Stanislas Poniatowski, says Madame d'Abrantes (and what has it to do with that of Napoleon?) the celebrated Baron Thugut was despatched on a mission to the court of Warsaw, where Baron Stackelberg at that moment represented the omnipotent czarina. Some days after Thugut's arrival, he was invited to a private interview with the king, at his villa near Warsaw; where, having been respectfully received by the aide-de-camp in waiting, he was introduced into a suite of apartments, in one of which he was informed the king awaited him. After traversing several rooms, the baron was about to proceed into the gardens in search of his royal host, when a short dry cough arrested his steps; and looking up, he perceived an individual covered with orders; to whom, according to established etiquette, he immediately offered the three reverential obeisances due to a crowned head. The dignified reserve with which his advances were received, accorded so little with the reputation of his majesty of Poland (who, like all *parvenu* kings, was a sad gossip), that Thugut stood on his guard till he could investigate the matter; and it turned out that the hero of many orders, was no other than Stackelberg, the Russian plenipo! Indignant at having been betrayed into accosting him with so much deference, Thugut took the earliest opportunity to revenge himself. In the course of the evening, having the honour to be the partner of his majesty at whist, the baron played the knave of diamonds for the king of hearts,—an error instantly rectified by the suggestion of Stanislas. Soon afterwards, Thugut again affected to play the knave of clubs for the king of spades:—and again his majesty remonstrated. "A thousand pardons, sire!"—cried he, "this is the *third* time to day I have been stupid enough to mistake a Jack for a king!"

A Difficult Retreat.—Monsieur de Malsaignes was a determined duellist. Having quarreled with a brother officer, they agreed to fight out the dispute in the very room where it had taken place;—when M. de Malsaignes's adversary managed to run him through the body and nail him against the door. "It is all very well, sir," said the transfixed duellist, with singular sang froid, "but pray how are you to get out?"

Getting rid of a Troublesome Guest.—During the conferences of the emperors at Erfurt, Alexander, on entering Napoleon's tent one morning, found him grave and meditative,—after perusing a letter from Valençay, where Ferdinand VII. was then confined. The despatch contained vexatious accounts of the indecencies committed by the young prince. "Why do you suffer yourself to be annoyed by him?" said Alexander, after reading the letter in his turn, "you have your enemy in your power. *Get rid of him at once.* We shall all be the better for it, beginning with the prince himself."

Orator Puff.—One night, after a court had been held at the Tuileries, a man was found concealed behind one of the window curtains, who was at first supposed to be a conspirator. It was observed, however, that his attempts were confined to puffing out every light within his reach, even that held by the Grand Marshal Duroc himself. The man proved to be mad; and having been in the habit of accompanying his deceased father to extinguish the fires of the palace, had taken it into his head that he should find his father's soul situated in a flame of some sort or other at the Tuileries. He was removed to the lunatic asylum at Charenton.

His Imperial Majesty the Ganache.—Napoleon, during the height of his animosity against the Emperor of Austria, was one day so irritated as to call him, in the presence of Maria Louisa, *un ganache.* The word was new to the ears polite of the young empress; but not finding any bliss in her ignorance, she addressed herself to her lady in waiting—"My dear duchess, pray explain to me the meaning of the word *ganache.* Napoleon declares that my father, the emperor, is a *ganache!*" The Duchesse de Montebello, in great consternation, but with the goodwill of a peace-maker, replied that *ganache* implied "a man of distinguished honour and probity." The les-

son was not lost upon Maria Louisa. Some time afterwards, when presiding as regent at the council, and anxious to address a little compliment to Cambacères, she observed, "I am aware Monsieur l'Archichamelin that the emperor possesses in you a *ganache* devoted to his services." It may readily be conceived, the privy councillors were all amazement to hear his excellency addressed as a jackass by their august sovereign.

Imperial Measure.—The following verses were addressed by Napoleon to Madame St. Huberti, on her admirable performance of the part of Dido. Presented by the Duke of Bassano to Madame d'Abrantes, they are curious as affording a solitary specimen of the poetical powers of Napoleon. They were composed when he attained his eighteenth year.

"Romains, qui vous vantez d'une illustre origine,
Voyez d'où dependit votre empire naissant;
Didon n'eut pas d'attrait assez puissant
Pour arrêtu, la fuite où son amant s'obstiné.
Mais si l'autre Didon, ornament de ces lieux,
Eut été Reine de Carthage,
Il eut, pour la servir, abandonné ses dieux,
Et votre beau pays serait encore sauvage!"

"The authority of these lines," adds the duchess, "may be strictly depended upon."

Breach of Public Confidence.—At the period when private letters were opened without ceremony for the edification of the Emperor Napoleon and his functionaries, a packet was examined at the post-office of Trieste, which proved to be written in Hebrew; a tongue which did not happen to be included among the ancient and modern languages cultivated by the clerks. A Jew was accordingly sent for to decypher the suspected despatch; who, on casting his eyes upon the letter, loudly protested his incapability of becoming interpreter. So great was the poor little old man's embarrassment, that the suspicions of the public functionaries became more than ever excited. The more the Jew excused himself, the more the secretaries insisted. The Jew actually shook with terror; and the officials, profiting by his manifest apprehensions, threatened him with all the terrors of their authority, in case of his persisting in his refusal. The poor wretch saw at length that the case was desperate, seized the letter, coughed, demurred, blew his nose, and began—"Blackguards that you are!" (The commandant fixed a fiery eye upon the Israelite, who proceeded to explain that the word blackguards was fairly written down in pure and legitimate Hebrew!) "Blackguards that you are! Do you suppose that if I were fool enough to conspire against you and your paltry town, I should hazard my plots in a letter? No: whilst the present apt apostrophe is being poured into your ears, know that I am laughing in my sleeve at your having exposed yourselves to the ridicule of seeking a translator for my rubbish! May the lesson prove useful, and deter you in future from prying into the secrets of families, and violating the bond of public confidence." The author of this successful hoax was never discovered.

LESLIE.

Leslie, the royal academician, since his return from America, has been engaged in making drawings or painting pictures, to illustrate the poetry of Crabbe; Wilkie and Allan are likewise preparing designs to embellish the same work, all of which we understand will be engraved by the Findens. Leslie, and some other distinguished artists, are at present on a visit to the venerable Earl of Egremont, at Petworth.

Critical Notices.

Literary Life and Miscellanies of John Galt. Blackwood, Edinburgh.

When Mr. Galt had presented us with his Autobiography, we certainly thought that he had wound up his literary career: and it must be admitted, that few have laboured more industriously in the vineyard, or culled choicer fruits. We considered that the autobiography of an author would, of course, contain his *literary life*, for are they not one and the same thing? but we find that we have been under a mistake, for his literary life now makes its appearance. Still we cannot but feel that, either in one case or the other, we have been defrauded. If the autobiography does not contain Mr. Galt's literary life, we have not received our full measure in that quarter: if it does, the present work is supererogatory. However that may be, here it is, dedicated by permission to his majesty, and we trust that our beneficent sovereign will be rewarded for his condescension, by some very refreshing naps over the production.

We have many reasons for not being severe upon Mr. Galt. He has our every good wish; but still we must do our duty to the public; and if Mr. Galt will, after having written so well, try the temper of the public by such a "tail-piece" as the one before us, he must not be permitted to go quite scot free, even when our warmest sympathy is excited towards him from other considerations. When we traveled through these three volumes, we were reminded of an old housekeeper, who, generally after having made her pie, has a piece of dough to spare, which she makes into a little dwarf puff, and sends to be baked alongside of its gigantic brother. The previous works of John Galt are the pies, and very excellent pies have they proved to be. The literary life is the little bit of dough which was to spare, and Mr. Galt has kneaded it, rolled it, buttered it, and baked it, as a tit-bit for his majesty.

"And isn't it a pretty dish to put before the king?"

London Metropolitan.

Court of Sigismond Augustus. Longman and Co., Paternoster Row, London.

This novel is a translation from Alexander Brownikowski, by one of those Polish gentlemen, who have been forced to expatriate themselves to avoid the hug of the Russian bear. It is purely historical, and founded upon the fact of Sigismond Augustus having married a beautiful widow of one of the Polish noblemen, previous to his ascent to the throne. The turbulent and overbearing nobility, aided by Bona, the mother of Sigismond, demand that she shall be repudiated, and that Sigismond shall take another queen, whose high descent shall better warrant their fealty. Sigismond refuses, and the work winds up with his wife being poisoned by the intrigues of Bona at a festival. We consider this as a good work, if it was only from the acquaintance it enables us to form with the manners and customs of the ancient Poles; it also adheres as much as it possibly can do, to the facts of history. The translation is very fair, and we wish it success.—*Ib.*

The Writings of George Washington, being his Correspondence, Address, Messages, and other Papers, Official and Private, selected and published from the original manuscripts, with a Life of the Author, Notes and Illustrations. By Jared Sparks. Rich. Red Lion Square.

We should justly be deemed dead to every generous, every ennobling feeling, had we failed to have rejoiced over the appearance of this solitary volume, the harbin-

ger of others that are to come, that will give us an ample and a correct insight into the character of the great man to whom one half of the world is so much indebted, and whose memory the other half so cordially hates. We have hitherto refrained from speaking of this public-spirited undertaking, from the slight feeling of the gaucherie of noticing a second volume of a projected work before the first has made its appearance; but, as we have now waited months, and it has not yet reached our library table, we shall hesitate no longer, but give our opinion of what we have got, and trust to time for the remainder. Of the volumes that are promised to the public, we should think that this must be, of mere necessity, the most dull, as it consists principally of official despatches, and pieces of history viewed in the detail, and therefore unsatisfactorily, when compared to a general survey of the whole subject. The private letters are interesting and precious, and show the firmness, the strength of character, and the single-heartedness of the great champion of liberty. Washington is perhaps the only honest conqueror and founder of an empire that ever existed. His love of glory was merged in his love of his country, and his philanthropy greater far than his ambition, and even his talents. The whole of the appendix attached to this volume affords excellent matter for the future historian. His diary is most amusing, and equally instructive. We here see Cincinnatus and his plough exquisitely modernised. Ex. gra.

"February 29th. A very great circle round the moon.

"March 6th. Fitted a two-eyed plough, instead of duck-billed plough, and with much difficulty made my chariot wheel-horses plough.

"7th. Put the pole and horses in the plough this morning, and put in the postilion and hind horses in the afternoon, &c. &c.

"26th. Spent the greatest part of the day in making a new plough of my own invention."

More than Wellington can boast.—*Ib.*

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Biographical Sketches of Eminent Artists, comprising Painters, Sculptors, Engravers, and Architects, from the Earliest Ages to the Present Time, interspersed with Original Anecdotes. To which is added, An Introduction, containing a Brief Account of the various Schools of Art. By John Gould. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

This is really a valuable book. The introduction is well written, and gives to the uninitiated a complete insight into the different manners of getting up a picture, which are called schools. The explanation of the terms of art, by the use of which connoisseurs so much confound the unlearned in pictures, is well given. The names of the various artists are arranged in alphabetical order, and the notices attached to them are either long or short, as they were more or less celebrated. We do not suppose that any artist would be willingly without this book, and we are sure that it ought to find a place in every library that has any pretensions to utility or extent. *Ibid.*

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Life of the Prince Talleyrand. Accompanied with a Portrait. Anon. 2 vols. Edward Churton, Holles Street, (late Bull and Churton.)*

This is a detestable work. We fervently hope, for the honour of human nature, that the writer, or the originator, for we have some doubt if they be one and the same, has been deeply injured by the prince, and is his implacable personal enemy; for that alone would be some miserable palliation for the vileness of the attack. But if it be the offspring of spontaneous malignancy, we can only say, that it is a gloomy specimen of the depreciation of the morals of the nineteenth century. Were all these accusations, that the writer offers for facts, true—shame, modesty, and the respect that every man ought to owe to our common nature, should have withheld him from publishing them; but they carry in themselves a *prima facie* assurance that they are maliciously false, and nothing but the most besotted credulity could listen to them for a moment. The prince was always too wise to be so uselessly and gratuitously wicked. Let not the person, if any such there be, who, caring little for truth, seeks only to administer to the pruriency of a depraved appetite, think that he will find a treat in the villanies recorded in these volumes. He will be disappointed: we never before could have conceived that so much dulness could have been combined with so much malice. To get through this book was a labour of weariness and unchanging disgust. The reading is about as dull and as irksome as perusing the page of a dictionary, printed in a miserably bad type. We trust that the very respectable publisher has embarked no property in this speculation upon the evil propensities of the public.—*Ib.*

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Italy, with Sketches of Spain and Portugal, By the Author of "Vathek." 2 vols. Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street.*

These volumes give a vivid description of the state of the countries enumerated in the title page, nearly fifty years ago. In this spirited work there is food for all classes, and for every variety of mind. The author appears to have traveled with all the glorious pomp and circumstance of wealth, and to have had the doors of palaces, the most recherchés, thrown open to him, not excepting those of royalty itself, by the most flattering introductions from the most influential persons. In fact, these travels, for the work might be appropriately so termed, were only in the highest walks, and kings, queens, and princesses, become as familiar to the reader as household words. There is much of the most polished and the most cutting satire throughout the whole, yet a highly refined, though somewhat sensual feeling, breaks forth at almost every page. He is a nice observer of mankind, as well as a searching one. Though he sees at once the pravity of most of those with whom he comes in contact, it does not prevent him from observing, also, the more delicate shades of character, that will appear in every one, and a little redeem, or at least throw a glitter over, the more startling vices. The book is a history. Every thing, but the almost immutable face of the countries he visited is changed. Customs, institutions, even dynasties, have passed away. The man of reflection, and the politician, knows what now is—let him compare it with what was half a century ago—and to enable him to do so properly, he cannot have a better manual than this talented publication. In these volumes there are many highly wrought scenes, hit off in a masterly manner; indeed, there is nothing elaborated about the work. The author, at times, seems to disdain his occupation of writing, yet his style cuts cleanly and smoothly at one blow, and the most polished and laborious attempts of the literary file cannot equal the effect. He must have enjoyed his travels, and his life, at that period, with a zest that we fear may have given either an insipidity to the rest of his existence, or an irritation for excitement, that those who plod through the weary vale of every-day life would neither comprehend nor desire.—*Ib.*

* Republished by Carey, Lea, and Blanchard. Philadelphia.

* Republished in Waldie's Library, part 2, 1834, and by Key & Biddle.

Egypt and Mahomed Ali; or, Travels in the Valley of the Nile. By James Augustus St. John. 2 Vols. Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longman, Paternoster Row.

A more opportune, a more valuable, or a better written book it has not, for long, been our good fortune to read. Its massive appearance, in two volumes, made us, in the first instance, almost flinch from grappling with apparently so heavy a work, containing more than one thousand two hundred pages, but the reading of a few of them convinced us that our journey would be pleasant, as it would necessarily be long; indeed, long as the number of pages might seem to indicate it, when we had finished it, we found it all too short. Egypt, and the affairs in the East, become every day of more vital importance, to us inhabiting the far European West. And it must be soon a matter of political vitality to us, to know whether it be the best policy to strengthen the hands, and uphold the empire of our ancient ally, the Turk, or to encourage and extend the infant kingdom of Egypt, now recovering from the effects of its long, and venerable second childhood, in order, in some manner, to preserve the balance of power in the Mediterranean and on the Euxine shores, and thus erect an available barrier against the encroachments of northern rapacity. Already may Russia say, in the language of Holy Writ, that Persia is my wash-pot, and Turkey my footstool. Would it not be well, then, to make Egypt her stumbling-block? But this is a matter that we cannot discuss in a short literary notice. This work is published in the form of a diary, and it is evident that we get the author's thoughts and feelings warm from the brain, and in the excitement of the moment. The advantages derived from a perusal of this work are manifold; in the first place, the country, with all its grand features of scenery, and the picturesque and motley inhabitants, are made to pass before the eyes, as if they were represented in a moving panorama. But not only is the surface of the country thus pleasantly laid before the reader, but he is taken into the bowels of that ancient earth, and all its mystic wonders are displayed; its palaces for the dead, its instructive tombs, its mummies, and its interminable caverns. The Egyptians must have been a burrowing nation. There are some new views elucidated as to the purport for which the pyramids were erected,—we think them just. They appear to have originated from the same motive, and for the same ends, as did the erection of the Phallic towers in Ireland. That they were neither intended for granaries, nor mausoleums, nor receptacles of hidden treasures, Mr. St. John very satisfactorily proves. Indeed, we unhesitatingly come to the same conclusion as he does, and we heartily thank him for enlightening us on the subject. The consideration of the present state of the people subjected to the domination of Ali, affords us nothing but melancholy speculations—and should he be compelled to prosecute his military career, we feel assured, that in that quarter, all the elements of society must shortly be dissolved. The taking to himself the property of the entire soil of the country, was a bold, and would have been a very beneficial measure, had he remitted every other tax and impost. We cannot extend our remarks, but earnestly recommend this work to the general perusal; we do not know any class that will not be benefited by it, and we know that all classes will be amused.—*Ib.*

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Two Years at Sea. By Miss Jane Roberts. London. Bentley.*

"We have seldom taken up any work which promises and deserves to be so generally popular as this interesting narrative of a protracted voyage to new settlements and countries rarely visited by Europeans who have the talent to describe the places where they touch. * * Several affecting incidents are related which display feminine heroism in its most pleasing form. Of the quickness of observation, and truth and accuracy of the fair author's report, we ourselves can bear honourable testimony. A spirit of the purest benevolence pervades the whole, and we cannot too strongly express our approbation of the truly feminine fortitude which is so unaffectedly displayed in these interesting pages, or of the kindly disposition which, under the most depressing circumstances, enabled the narrator to derive pleasure and amusement from the strange and varied scenes through which she passed."

* Republished in Waldie's Library, part 2, 1834.

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Tales of a Physician. 2 vols. By W. H. Harrison. Henry Washbourne, Salisbury Square.

Some of these tales may be truly called literary gems, although we affect not the phrase. Gems, we are sure they will produce, but they will be liquid ones—tears must be the accompaniment, if the reader has yet left to him any young feelings to be acted upon. The tales are not of equal interest; yet, to say so, is but a commonplace remark, and the miracle would be if they were so. But what we mean to infer is, that without any of them being indifferent, there is a great range of merit among them, up to actual excellence. One great recommendation of these volumes is, that they may be safely put into the hands of the most strictly and piously educated, for they are not only intensely interesting, but also beautifully moral. They would make admirable presents, from the mother to the daughter, or in any case where it was the object greatly to oblige and amuse, without running the risk of exciting an idea at which a virgin might blush, or displaying a thought which an angel might hesitate to avow.—*Ib.*

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Jennings's Landscape Annual. Jennings, Cheapside.

This beautiful work is edited by T. Roscoe, Esq., and contains a spirited and interesting history of the Fall of Granada. Without the embellishments, this well written episode in history would be worth not only perusal, but a niche in every gentleman's library. The engravings are, naturally, views in Spain; and more wild and romantic, and we may say, here and there more sublime, delineations of nature, we never looked upon. Those which more peculiarly strike us are, Granada from the banks of Xenil, the Vermilion Tower, Gaucin, and the Hall of Judgment; but all the engravings are very fine, and we trust that the spirited publisher will have the success which he deserves.*—*Ib.*

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Statistics of the United States of America, for the Use of Emigrants and Travellers. By Thomas J. Tredway, of the State of Tennessee. Effingham Wilson, London.

This practical book affords a very good hint how to parry the intolerable nuisance of cross-examination, viz.

Traveller. Are you the landlord?

Landlord. I guess I be.

T. Can we obtain lodgings for the night?

L. Why, I guess so.

T. What have you got that 's good to eat?

L. Eh——we 've a little thanksgiving pie, some boiled taters, and samp and milk.

T. When was your thanksgiving pie made?

L. O! I guess, somewhere about two days ago or thereabouts.

T. Well, let 's have it.

* The letter press published in Waldie's Library, No. 1. 1835.

L. Here, Betty; I guess you had ought to get these folks a bait. But stop, I'm going to ax this ere man how he comes with that ere one arm only. I say, mister, if I mought be so bold, how did you lose your arm?

T. Well, I'll tell you right candidly, if you will make me one promise.

L. I guess I will. What is it? Now, Betty, listen.

T. Not to ask me another question to-night.

L. Well, I guess I won't.

T. Then, sir, it was bit off.

L. (*to his wife,*) L—d, I'd give the world to know what bit it off.—*Ib.*

Notabilia.

Engine for the Pacha of Egypt.—A few days ago trial was made, from Blackwall to the Nore and back, of a powerful steam-vessel, called the *Nile*, built for the service of the Pacha of Egypt. This vessel is the largest that has hitherto been constructed in this or probably in any country, being by admeasurement 908 tons, and she is propelled by two of Bolton and Watt's engines, of the nominal power of 110 horses each, brought to work up to a power of full 200 horses together. The trial was successful in every respect. The primary object of this vessel is said to be to tow the ships of the line belonging to the pasha in and out of the harbour of Alexandria, but she is capable of being converted to purposes of war in case of emergency. She will take her departure for Alexandria in the course of a few days from Blackwall.

Monument to the Memory of the late Edmund Kean.—The committee held a meeting on Saturday last, when it was announced that about 400 guineas had been subscribed, and that a further sum of 600 would be necessary to complete the undertaking.

Sardanapalus.—Byron's tragedy of *Sardanapalus* was produced at the Dublin theatre on Saturday last, and met with a favourable reception. Mr. Macready sustained the "Hero," and Calcraft the part of *Salemenes*, extremely well.

House of Commons' Library.—It is feared that the losses at the house of commons' library will turn out to be more extensive than was at first expected. It was thought that all the books on the lower floor, where members used to sit to read and to consult the works, were saved, although it was known that all those on the upper story were destroyed: it is now apprehended that between 4000 and 5000 volumes are lost. It may be remembered that an interchange of parliamentary works recently took place between the chambers of France and those of England. Out of upwards of 1500 of these volumes, very few are preserved. Those sent to the house of lords are safe. The chief girders, &c., for the roofs of the old house of lords and the painted chamber, are now on the walls, and iron girders are being placed in the stone building of the commons.

Coleridge's Will.—The will of the late Mr. Coleridge has just been made public. It directs that Mr. Green, of Lincoln's Inn-fields, the friend and helpmate of his worthiest studies, shall have the option of purchasing his library at such price as he shall himself determine; that the pictures and engravings belonging to him in the house of James and Ann Gillman shall be given to Ann Gillman; that the manuscript volume lettered "Arist," presented to him by the Right. Hon. J. H. Frere, be given to Mr. Gillman; that the Georgica Heptaglotta, presented to him by W. Sotheby, Esq. be given to his daughter, Sarah Coleridge; and that gold mourning-rings be given to Mr. Charles Lamb, Mary Lamb, Basil Montague, Esq., T. Poole, Esq. of Nether Stowey, Mr. Josiah Wade, Mr. L. Wade, and Miss Sarah Hutchinson. In conclusion he deplores his inability to leave a suitable provision for his son, Hartley, which arises from his having paid too little attention to his temporal interests. The will is dated Sept 17, 1829, the codicil July 2, 1833.

Byron and Brougham.—It may not be generally known that the late Lord Chancellor Brougham is the real author of the famous article in the Edinburgh Review, on Byron's juvenile production, "Hours of Idleness," for which Jeffery was so severely taken to task in the satire, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." We have this fact from an authority on which we can place the utmost reliance.—*Edinburgh Observer.*

Meeting of Geologists.—At the same time that a scientific congress is assembling at Poictiers, there is a meeting of geologists at Strasburgh, the object of which is to examine the riches of the Cabinet of Natural History, and to visit the environs. The number of naturalists of which this meeting is composed, amounts to more than fifty; among them are the most distinguished geologists of Paris, and many *savans* from England, Holland, Switzerland, Germany, &c.

Influence of the Moon on the Atmosphere.—An astronomer at Viviers has for some time been occupied in investigations on this subject. He states, among other results, that under lunar influence the barometer rises from the period when the moon is at 135 degrees from the meridian, towards the east, to the period when, having passed the meridian, it has retrograded as far as 90 degrees, towards the west;—that according to these observations, the moon weakens the barometrical pressure, so that the atmosphere would be much heavier, if the moon did not exist. The following are some further observations in relation to this subject. During the last 20 years, the number of wet days at the new moon, was 78; at its first quarter, 88; at full moon, 82; at the last quarter, 65; at the nearest distance to the moon, 96; and at the greatest distance from it, 84.

Sir Walter Scott.—It is pleasant to see the respect shown to genius, and the worldly advantage, too, that results from showing it. The *Annotateur of Boulogne* remarks, that although princes, ambassadors, and other personages of rank, have at different periods resided for months together at the Hotel des Bains, at Boulogne, Scott occupied apartments for one night only, and the maitre d'hotel wishes all the world should know it. The room ever since has been known by the name of "chambre de Walter Scott." It is tenanted at present by Mayerbeer the composer.

Deaths of Eminent Men.—The recent month has been distinguished by the death of several eminent men, among whom we number Baron Von Schuckmann, Dr. Heim, M. Rode, Count Schwerin, Von Grilack, &c. Unfortunately, Baron William Von Humboldt, Minister of State, is dangerously ill.

Egypt.—The operations for barring a portion of the Nile have been commenced, and a levy of men has been made for the purpose of draining the canal of Mahmoudieg. No less than 20,000 men will be required for this operation, and 50,000 for the works at the point of the Delta. The Viceroy of Egypt has been for some time directing attention to agriculture. It is expected that he will be able to produce two million quintals of cotton in five or six years. The greatest difficulty is the want of hands.

Copyright.—A detection has lately been made of the introduction to this country of pirated editions, printed in Paris, and in other parts of the continent, of new English works which have attained great celebrity, and for the copyrights of which large sums have been paid. Frauds of this kind, if not repressed, will seriously injure the property of English publishers, and take from

English authors their fair chance of profiting by their labours. It appears by the 6th Geo. IV. chap. 107, that the importation of any book of which the copyright has been purchased here, and the work published in this country, is illegal; and therefore Mr. Bentley, of New Burlington-street, whose property has been invaded by foreign piracy, has obtained an injunction from his honour, the master of the rolls, against one of the dealers in the spurious editions in question.—*The Sun.*

The Deluge has been brought out at the Cirque Olympique, at Paris, with scenic representations of appalling fidelity. Even the howling of the winds have there a voice, and the rushing waters chill, if they do not drown, the poor wretches who are made to represent the doomed sons of Adam. *The Deluge* was one of the earliest subjects of the English drama, and was represented three hundred years ago (in 1530.)

Mutations of Fortune.—The newspapers have lately been employed in showing, as proofs of the mutations of fortune, how Abraham Cann, the champion wrestler of England, is now delivering tickets at the halfpenny gate at Stonehouse Bridge; while some years ago, King Louis Philip published a syllabus of a course of lectures which he proposed giving to a limited number of subscribers at the above-mentioned Stonehouse Bridge. To these instances may be added, that Martin, the ex-pugilist, having married a rich wife, is now living at Brighton in great prosperity.—*Brighton Gazette.*

Water-spout in the Irish sea.—H. M. Packet *Thetis*, which left Dublin on Monday evening se'ennight, encountered a heavy gale from the N. E., with continued squalls of rain and wind during the night. At two o'clock on Tuesday morning it became more moderate, with occasional showers, the sky full of very dark, dense clouds. At half-past four, a water-spout (an extraordinary phenomenon in these latitudes) was visible, about a mile from the ship; the trumpet was distinctly formed, but appeared to rest as if the clouds had been feebly charged; at the same time rain was falling from about its region. A portion of it passed over the ship, right against the wind. The cloud appeared in sight about half an hour, and was succeeded by thick, foggy weather, with light breeze, S. E.—*Dublin Register.*

Subscriptions in aid of the fund for erecting a monument to the memory of Scott have been received from Calcutta, amounting to 493*l.* 0*s.* 8*d.*, and 134*l.* 18*s.* 2*d.*, has been sent from Bombay for the same purpose.—*Edinburgh Courant.*

A Liberal Ukase.—The Emperor of Russia has published an ukase, stating that on the occasion of the inauguration of the monument to the memory of his brother Alexander, an annual allowance of two million five hundred thousand rubles is in future to be divided among the functionaries dependent on the ministers of justice and of the interior, under the title of supplementary salaries; which sum is to be augmented as soon as the resources of the empire will permit. A similar allowance has also been made for the army.

Recent Discoveries in Asia Minor.—The Rev. Mr. Arundell, who has just returned from Anatolia, after having made several important discoveries illustrative of the New Testament, has prepared a narrative of his interesting travels, which will soon be laid before the public. The enterprising and learned author has brought to light many important facts connected with the journey and ministry of St. Paul, particularly as regards his sojourn at Antioch with Barnabas, during their joint mission. The site of that famous city has hitherto been considered as doubtful; but the researches of Mr. Arundell have decided the point.

Acoustic Chair.—This invention is of the size of a large library chair, with a high back, to which are affixed two barrels for sound, and at the extremity of each is a perforated plate that collects sound into a paraboloid vase from every part of the room, and impresses it more sensibly on the ear by giving it only a small quantity of air. The converse end of the vase serves to reflect the voice, and to render it more distinct. By means of sufficient tubes this chair might be made to convey intelligence from St. James's to the houses of lords and commons, and even from London to the king at Windsor. Marvellous as this may seem, the idea is not a novelty; it is but another confirmation of the saying of Solomon, that there is nothing new under the sun. M. Itard, in his excellent work on the ear, tells us that Aristotle (who was physician to Alexander the Great) invented a trumpet for his master which was capable of conveying orders to his generals at the distance of 100 stadia, equal to rather more than twelve miles. And I may remark, bearing in mind too that both Alcemon and Hippocrates are said to have invented ear-trumpets, that the ancients do not seem to have been so ignorant of acoustics as some in our day have represented them.—*Curtis on Hearing.*

Sir Walter Scott in Jeopardy.—We had several very pleasant days' sporting among the woods of Yarrow, and along the flats on the banks of the Tweed; on one of which occasions an accident had like to have happened, which would have rendered my visit a painful reminiscence for the remainder of my life, instead of a pleasant recollection of happy moments. Sir Walter, G——, myself, and three or four more of the guests, had proceeded to the lower wood, armed with the implements of destruction to the winged tribes; for although I am no sportsman, and more used to managing briefs than barrels, (I mean gun-barrels,) and memorandums than Mantons, I always wore my belt, and cocked my piece, with as desperate a determination as the best sportsman among them. We had been about two hours in the wood, when G——, attracted by something to the left of the path we were pursuing, called us to follow him, and darted through a thick clump of underwood. Our host was next to him; and, unfortunately, G——'s gun got entangled among the brushwood; when, as he was rather carelessly carrying it with the butt foremost, it went off, as we imagined, full in Sir Walter's face. All was consternation on the instant, and we crowded to the spot: the alarm, happily, was the only mischief, as our host was unharmed. The shot, however, had perforated his hat; and, as he lifted it from the ground, and pointed to the orifice, he said with a smile, "Mr. G——, you have nearly done what all the reviewers and critics in the literary world could not effect —put an end to the Waverley novels." The good humoured manner in which he said this, however, did not restore the harmony of the party. What might have been the consequences of this accident quite depressed our spirits, and we soon returned to Abbotsford. Mr. Hogg had left us the day before this: and I do not think any of the guests but those with us were made acquainted with the awkward circumstance. Sir Walter plainly perceived how much G—— blamed himself for his carelessness, and avoided touching on the subject.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

Coleridge's Study.—A lithograph of the Interior of Coleridge's Study, in the house of his friend Mr. Gillman, at Highgate, which is just published, represents the room with every article in it, precisely as its gifted tenant left it for the last time. It is just such a study as a scholar of simple habits and a love of quiet and comfort would covet. It is a good square attic (the attic has been time out of mind the poet's lodging); and that it is an attic, is evident by the slanting beam denoting the slope of the roof before it was raised, and served the two-fold purpose of study and bed-chamber. One side of the room is almost entirely occupied with a goodly range of bookshelves, well stocked with books, including many old

folios, and we dare say not a few of the "Curiosities of Literature" amongst them. On the opposite side of the room, is a French bed on one side of the fire, and a chest of drawers on the other, with a basin and ewer in one corner. On the table, which is opposite the fire, are some books, one of which is open, and flowers in a bottle; there is a plant in a pot on the drawers also—bespeaking the poet's love of flowers. A chair—not a cushioned elbow-chair, as we should have supposed from Coleridge's love of ease, but a parlour chair without arms—is near the table, as if he had just risen from it; and a towel hangs on the airing-horse at the fire. The open window shows a rural prospect; and a sunbeam entering transiently lights up the deserted room. Two or three portraits adorn the walls: and there are two copies of Gilray's well known caricature of the Whist Party, one of them framed, the other stuck on the wall.

John Galt's Hobby-Horse.—Mr. Galt, being incapable of locomotion, has lately invented a machine which gives him exercise somewhat similar to riding. It is of the form of a cross, the transverse beam moving on a pivot like a balance. From each arm hangs a stirrup-iron, and on the top of the upright are two pullies, through which two cords are reeved, fastened to the extremities of the transverse beam. The unfastened ends hang down in front, with bell-pull handles. When using it, the invalid is seated on an elbow-chair, his feet placed in the stirrups, while he grasps the handles, and gives it motion by drawing the cords, raising and depressing the ends of the transverse beam. The inventor calls it a shelty, *alias* a Highland pony, and says, since the dandy horse is stabled in "the tomb of all the Capulets," it should become as immortal as Pegasus!—*Greenock Paper.*

Mr. Telford's Will.—The will and codicils of the late Mr. Telford have just been proved in the Prerogative Court, and the personal estate sworn to be under the value of 35,000*l.* The testator bequeaths about 3000*l.* to divers charitable institutions, and there are legacies to several persons of mechanical genius, altogether amounting to 16,000*l.* Among the rest, there are 500 guineas to Robert Southey, Esq., the poet laureat. Mr. Telford directs, that in the event of his property not realising 16,000*l.* the legatees should abate in proportion; but should it prove more than sufficient, they are to be intitled to the full benefit, in proportion to the amount of property left. The consequence is, that the amount of each legacy will be doubled, and the poet laureat, instead of receiving 500, will become intitled to 1000 guineas.

Frenchmen's Age.—Age to a Frenchman is like age to wine. It mellows him, and turns his intolerable self-love into some respect for others; trial is perhaps still better. A Frenchman never travels when he can help it Thus he is as much overgrown with prejudices, as a ship in harbour with binnacles. France is all the globe to him; and if he happen, unluckily for himself, to be a Parisian, Paris is all France. This puts him out of the file of companionship on all topics of rational conversation. He cannot, or will not, comprehend the constitution, habits, literature, or history, of any country that lies beyond the borders of France. Thus, I have never found any Frenchman (except the few emigrants) who could understand a syllable concerning England. The names of our institutions ran glibly enough on their tongues; but to give the Gaul a just conception on the subject of any of them, was labour in vain. The indescribable air of self-satisfaction with which the untraveled Frenchman discusses the most intricate matters of foreign life, forms the last finish to his disqualifications as a member of general society; and the utter impossibility of convincing him that he has *any thing* to learn, should make every man in his company limit his topics to the coffee-house or the theatre. But our old Frenchman had been taught better things in the hard school which compels all its pupils to learn something.—*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.*—[The Bourbons are an exception; they hold out bravely against the lessons of the school of adversity.]

Population of France.—The average annual births in France for the last ten years have been 967,490, and that of the deaths 781,480; so that the average annual increase of population has been 186,000. The aggregate increase during that period has been 1,700,000; of which number 1;045,000 were males, and 815,000 females; making a majority of males of one in five. The annual average of marriages has been 334,544.

Miss Mitford.—Amongst the distinguished members of the old baronial family of Mitford, so renowned as border chieftains, when war was pastime, and as men of letters in gentler times, we must not omit the fascinating author of "Our Village," Mary Russell Mitford, a scion of the feudal lords of Mitford Castle. Francis Mitford, of Hexham, married Jane Graham, of Old Wall, in Cumberland, of the Grahams of Netherby, and was father of the Rev. George Mitford, born at Hexham, 15th November. 1760, who espoused Mary, only daughter of the Rev. Richard Russell, D. D. a remote but lineal descendant of the noble house of Bedford, and has one surviving child, Mary Russell Mitford. Besides the fame acquired by the most animated delineations of rural life in the English language, Miss Mitford enjoys high reputation as a dramatic writer.—*Burke's Commoners.*

Mutation.—It is a fact worthy of notice, that the estate of Theobalds, which was granted by Charles the Second to General Monk for his services at the restoration, has descended by intermarriages to the representatives of the Cromwells, Mrs. Cromwell Russel, of Cheshunt Park, the great great great grand-daughter of Oliver.

We had imagined that the ghost of the "Man in the Iron Mask" was laid—that this sphynx had been sufficiently unriddled by M. Delort and the late Lord Dover. But there are to be "more last words," it seems, on the subject. The *Mémoire Bordelais* of September 22, announces that an important work is forthcoming, which is to prove the famous prisoner to have been, not Count Matthioli, but Don John of Gonzaga, natural brother of Charles Ferdinand, duke of Mantua. Disguised and covered with a mask of black velvet, he, it is said, accompanied Matthioli, and acted as his secretary. He was carried off along with him, but allowed to return lest the flagrant violation of the rights of nations should become known.

We have characteristic news this week from Russia. The *Constitutionnel* of Thursday contains several ukases of the Emperor Nicholas, imposing new severities on, and abolishing several liberties heretofore enjoyed by, the Poles. The *Code Napoleon*, which had been acted upon, is, for the future, to be disused.

The learned antiquary, the Abbé Facciolati, on opening an Etruscan vase, recently excavated from the ruins of Pompeii, found an orange immersed in vinegar. It appears that the ancient Romans pickled their oranges, as we do cucumbers or onions. The orange above mentioned was in a state of perfect preservation.

The Fine Arts in France.—Various works of art are now in course of execution at the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*, among which is a cast of the Moses of Michael Angelo, which has been brought recently from Rome. The object of the minister of the interior in procuring it was, that it might serve as a model for the various schools of sculpture in different parts of France, and copies on a reduced scale have been cast in bronze in order to be sent to the provincial schools and museums.

The Rev. Mr. Gutzlaff, it appears by the Missionary Chronicle, is about to take another voyage into China up the Yang-tse-keang, through central China to Thibet.

The Doctor's Wit.—Phillips, as *Hela*, in the *Mountain Sylph*, had much ado to keep his long elf-locks out of his mouth while singing, "What is the matter with Phillips?" said a lady. "I think it is a *lock*-ed jaw," replied a pseudo medical wit.

Substitute for Coffee and Snuff.—A curious discovery is spoken of by *Le Voleur*, no other than a plant, which it is only necessary to look at when there is a desire to sneeze! and which when reduced to powder, makes a delicious beverage, somewhat similar to coffee.

Literary Intelligence.

The first half of Westall and Martin's Illustrations of the Bible is completed, by the publication of the Sixth Part: one engraving in which—Delilah and Sampson, by C. Nesbit,—surpasses any thing we have seen on wood, in distinctness and relief, in firmness of line and delicate finish.

A third edition of Professor Lyell's *Principles of Geology*—the most complete and masterly exposition of this (we might add, almost of any) science, at once simple and lucid in its style and arrangement, and liberal and philosophic in its spirit—comprises in four smaller volumes the entire matter of the three thick octavos; with the benefit of the author's revision, and those corrections and additions which his subsequent experience has suggested. A list of these alterations is introduced in the preface, with reference to the other editions: this is the more necessary in a young science like geology, the discoveries in which are daily confirming facts, resolving doubts, or suggesting fresh speculations. A summary of the scope and bearing of the work is also prefixed to the table of contents; and a glossary of terms is appended. Not the least striking and popular feature in this new edition, however, is the low price at which it is published. Here are four compact duodecimo volumes, each of four hundred well filled pages, neatly printed, and interspersed with numerous wood-cuts and copper-plates, some of them coloured, for the price per volume of the Standard Novels. For a scientific work to vie with one of fiction in cheapness, is indeed evidence of the schoolmaster's progress: though geology, just now, is certainly the most popular, because the most novel and interesting of sciences.

Tke month has brought us its usual budget of serial works and periodicals.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia now includes a Preliminary Discourse on the Study of Natural History, by William Swainson.

To the Library of Entertaining Knowledge is added the first volume of an account of the Hindoos, their history, antiquities, habits, and country, arranged with great clearness, and illustrated with elaborate wood engravings of the scenery and architecture of Hindostan, from drawings by William Westall.

The sixth volume of Sir Walter Scott's Prose Works contains his essays on Chivalry, Romance, and the Drama, which appeared in the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica; and is embellished by a most romantic view of Jerusalem, and a striking view of Shakspeare's monument in Stratford Church, by Turner.

The seventh volume of Allan Cunningham's edition of the Works of Robert Burns concludes the Letters; but does not include the singular correspondence with a lady in Edinburgh, known as "Clarinda," and which were printed, but suppressed by legal injunction. Their omission is a loss to the editions of his works, and yet no protection to the feelings of any party, supposing such protection to have been necessary,—as they are circulated, like all suppressed books, in cheap and incorrect publications.

The ninth volume of Valpy's edition of Hume and Smollett's History of England commences Smollett's portion; and is embellished with portraits of the author, and the sovereigns, the account of whose reigns is included in the volume; and an elaborate line engraving of West's well known picture of the Battle of the Boyne as a frontispiece.

Part XLIII. of Cuvier's Animal Kingdom completes the class "Pisces," of which it is the third part.

The Fifty-fourth Part of the Encyclopædia Britannica is wholly occupied with the article "France;" whose history it commences, and brings down to the French Expedition to Egypt. The plates illustrative of "Fortification" include a plan of the last attack on the citadel of Antwerp by the French.

The Eighth Part of Murray's Encyclopædia of Geography completes "Turkey in Asia," and includes "Arabia," "Persia," and "Hindostan."

The Eleventh Part of Loudon's Encyclopædia of Gardening concludes the third division, treating of the science, and commences the fourth, which is devoted to the practical operations of the gardener.

France.—M. de la Martine's account of his recent tour to the Holy Land, &c., is said to be preparing for publication.

An interesting little volume has recently been published by M. Paulin of Paris, entitled, "Le Romancero Français, ou Histoire de quelques Anciens Trouvères, et Choix de leurs Chansons." These "Ancient Songs of Love and War," originally composed by French Trouvères, which have been buried in oblivion for the last 600 years, are now once more brought to light by the fortunate investigations of this young "employé aux manuscrits" of the Royal Library. The biographical notices and glossarial explanations which he has added, exhibit an intimate acquaintance with the French literature of the middle ages. Another young French antiquarian, M. Francisque Michel, who has already distinguished himself by several publications on similar subjects, is now diligently exploring our national archives for MS. works and documents connected with that literature.

M. Ambrose Firmin Didot has recently published a complete French translation of Thucydides with the Greek text opposite, and an appendix of life, notes, &c. &c. The book is very handsomely printed in 4 vols. 8vo. Great pains have been taken to ensure a correct text and a faithful version. It does much honour to M. Didot. We are returned to the times when celebrated printers were distinguished men of letters.

M. Marcel has just published a History of Egypt, from its conquest by the Arabs to that by the French, in an 8vo volume.

The 4th volume of Professor De Candolle's Prodromus Plantarum is now in the press.

The 5th and 6th volumes of the French translation of Colonel Napier's History of the Peninsular War, edited by General Dumas, are about to appear.

Two livraisons, or 4 vols. of a Supplement to the Biographie Universelle of Michaud have recently made their appearance. They consist of a Dictionnaire Mythologique, complete in 3 vols. and the first volume of the actual Supplement of Lives omitted in the Biographie, or persons who have died since its publication.

A metrical translation into German of the Bhagavad Gita, with grammatical and mythological illustrations, is now in the press, by Rud. Peiper.

Augustus Matthiæ, the author of the well-known Greek Grammar, has announced an Encyclopædia of Philology.

Retzsch is proceeding with his illustrations of Shakspeare. Romeo and Juliet may be expected shortly.

Another production of his, under the title of "Fancies," is about to make its appearance in London.

The second and concluding volume of Scholt's edition of the Greek New Testament, so long and anxiously looked for, is announced as in the press.

A second, and much improved edition, of Professor Vater's Index to the Grammatical and Lexicographical Literature of all Nations, is about to appear.

Mr. Van Hammer's History of the Turkish Empire is now completed in 10 vols. 8vo. The history terminates at the peace of Kainardji, in 1774. The 9th and 10th volumes comprise General Indexes, and a variety of catalogues and tables of matters referred to in the course of the work, with the author's reply to the various criticisms which have appeared upon it.

A Conversations-Lexicon for Ladies has just been commenced, which is proposed to be completed in eight volumes, or thirty-two parts, three of which will be published every two months, and each volume will contain the portrait of some celebrated female. The contents, we are assured, will be especially directed towards the religious and intellectual improvement of the sex, as the brightest ornaments and firmest props of society.

A Hungarian translation of the "Conversations-Lexicon," with additions, is now in progress, and contains original contributions from several distinguished Hungarian noblemen: among whom are Count Mailath, Desewffy and Pelcki, and the Baron Wesselenyi, who formerly resided some time in England, and has contributed an article on English horses.

A sort of literary congress is about to be held at Berlin in order to draw up some general regulations, with a view to secure the copyright of authors and booksellers throughout the whole of Germany. A committee of booksellers have already been formed at Leipsig, and protocols have been exchanged between this committee and the Berlin commission.

The first instance in the annals of Turkish literature, of works announced for publication by subscription, appeared in the Turkish State Gazette of October 22d, 1833, and the works thus signalised are three historical, five grammatical, and four poetical. As the historical works are by far the most interesting, we subjoin the titles of them.

I. Lives of the Sultans and Visirs by Osmansade Ahmed Taib, who died in 1723, with a continuance by three others.

II. Lives of the Muftis by Suleiman Seadedden Ben Mohammed, celebrated under the name of Mussakim Efendisade, and written by him in 1744.

III. Lives of the Reis-Effendis, by the Reis Effendi Ahmed Resmi, and with a continuation to 1807 by Suleiman Faik.

The new novel, by Miss Pardoe, author of Traits and Sketches of Portugal, is to be entitled, "The Mardens and the Daventrys."

"Young Hearts," a Tale, which is to appear under the sanction of Miss Jane Porter, will be ready in the ensuing month.

A Translation of the last work of the celebrated Schlegel on the Philosophy of History, is just completed, and will appear forthwith.

Previous to her leaving England, Mrs. Jameson left in the hands of her publishers the corrected copy for a new and enlarged edition of her interesting work, "The Lives of Celebrated Female Sovereigns."

Miss Strickland has in the press a new novel, entitled "The Pilgrims of Walsingham."

"Chances and Changes," by the popular author of "Six Weeks on the Loire," may be expected in the course of the ensuing month.

The Exile of Erin, or the Sorrows of a Bashful Irishwoman, in 2 vols. post 8vo.

Kean, a Poem. By Theodore Norton. With a Portrait engraved by Samuel Reynolds, from a S. Cousins.

History of Edward the Black Prince. B James, Esq., Author of Mary of Burgund vols. 8vo.

Notes on Italy and Rhenish Germany, wi sional Notices of the Climates of Italy and th Springs of Germany. By Edwin Lee, Esq. S., with plates.

The First Volume of the Transactions of mological Society of London.

We have to announce for publication a m work for the Clergy in general, and for Stude vinity, under the title of "Skeletons of the S the most eminent British Divines," by the Hughes, Prebendary of Peterborough. To on the first of December, in Monthly Parts, 130 pages, price 2s. 6d. each. These Skeleto tended as models of scriptural argumentatio young divine, in the arduous task of comp the pulpit; and the work has been undertal request of several members of the church in co of the great expense of the voluminous origin

The Spirit of Chaucer, in 2 vols. By Cha den Clarke, author of Tales from Chaucer, in

De La Macy; a Novel, in 2 vols. By Jos. Lomas, Esq.

Original Fables. By Job Crithannah, (se tion,) with 85 designs, by R. Cruikshank.

A new edition of the Works of Milton, in parts, with Life and copious original and collat by Sir Egerton Brydges, and historical and tive illustrations, by J. M. W. Turner.

H. D. Inglis has published "A Journey th Ireland in the Spring, Summer, and Autumn during which, we understand, he has carefully ed the country, and made himself acquainted condition of all ranks of its inhabitants. Fro thor of his acuteness and observation we are ir expect a very interesting work on a very i subject.

Colonel Murray's Sketches of Scotish Sce publication of which has been so long delayed, ly completed, in a double number, to form o some volume.

Village Reminiscences, by an Old Maid.

A new Work on America, called the Unite and Canada in 1832, 3, and 4, by C. W. A Esq. has been published.

A new edition of Mr. Henry Bulwer's Fran

In the press.—A new edition of the Selecti Wordsworth.—A fifth edition revised and enl Death, with other Poems, by Robert Montgom ing the second volume of the new edition of h —A Series of Catechetical Lessons, with engr Zeitter, by Rachel Howard of Ackworth.— the Right Rev. Reginald Heber, by Thoma author of the "Life of Cowper."—A Practica tion of the Gospel according to St. John, in t Lectures, &c., by the Bishop of Chester.— duction to the Study of Shakspeare, by Rhece

The appearance of a second edition, within a months of the first, of a dramatic poem occu goodly volumes—the title and subject of whi say the least, not very inviting to the great m readers for amusement—is almost a phenomer literature of the present day; when verse, whet or tagged, is at a discount. It is a remarkab couraging proof that really good poetry will su its way to public favour. We allude to the ne of Mr. Henry Taylor's Philip Van Artevelde. the rising popularity of a poet who combines of his qualifications solidity, sound sense, kno human nature, a vigorous understanding, a liv

and deep reflection; who expresses his thoughts in plain and even homely idiomatic diction; and whose style is at once terse and eloquent, nervous and graceful. The success of such a truly English writer, will have some effect in superinducing a healthy tone in the public taste for poetry; which has been not only satiated but surfeited with the morbid and sickly fancies of verse-spinners.

Archery and Archness is not a suggestive title. This little book is a collection of *jeux d'esprit*, sometimes in verse, sometimes in prose: the subjects are occasionally general, as a "Lesson in Reviewing," but more frequently personal; a few are fanciful, or rather were so intended by the author.

Madame Junot's Lives and Portraits of Celebrated Women, is concluded rather than completed, by the publication of the Fourth Part; containing notices of Lady Wortley Montague, and the Queens Christiana of Sweden, Marie Antoinette, and Mary de Medicis. Biographies of such well-known personages can only be made interesting by new facts or profound reflections; neither of which enrich these Memoirs. The portraits are French versions of the originals; those of the large edition, lithographed in the free, smooth, and masterly style of Maurin, one of the best French portrait draughtsmen.

M. Kops, bookseller, of Brussels, has in the press a highly important work in the French language, under the title of "Du Royaume des Pays Bas, sous le rapport de son origine, de son developement, et de sa cure actuelle, suivi de pieces justificatives. Par le Baron de Keversberg."

Mr. Murray has issued a prospectus of his Variorum Edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson, to be printed uniformly with the Life and Works of Byron and Crabbe.

Mr. Valpy is preparing for early publication, a new edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson, in monthly volumes, interspersed with many anecdotes and documents never before published. Johnson's Journey to the Hebrides, and his Tour into Wales, are to be incorporated in this edition.

Houses of Parliament. A History and Description of these Buildings, and of the ancient Palace, with its Appendages, which formerly adorned the City of Westminster, is announced for publication by Messrs. Brayley & Britton. The work is to be illustrated by numerous engravings, showing the style and character of the successive architecture which belonged to the Anglo-Saxon, Anglo-Norman, Plantagenet, and Tudor dynasties.

Fire at the Parliament House.—Several prints of the Great Fire of the Parliament Houses have already appeared—one, indeed, was published the following morning—in lithographic, aquatint, and wood engraving. Whatever other deficiencies they may have, there is no lack of fire and smoke.

The third volume of Mr. Montgomery Martin's History of the British Colonies, comprising the whole of our possessions in North America, with maps, official documents, and accurate statistical tables, is in an advanced state at press, and will speedily appear.

On the 27th ult. the British consul presented to the governor-general all his fellow-countrymen now at Algiers. Among them was Mr. Thomas Campbell, the distinguished poet. It is said that he will remain several months at Algiers to study the literature of the country.

The reported loss of the death-warrant of King Charles I. proves erroneous, that document being safe in the possession of the librarian of the house of lords, in whose custody it had been placed. Owing to the existing state of the building, it will be deposited by him for security in "King Edward's Tower," with the MS. acts of parliament.

Great improvements have recently been made in the *Jardin des Plantes*, in Paris. A new gallery of mineralogy, which has been some time in progress, is now nearly completed. The erection of a new hot-house has also commenced. It is to be constructed of iron, copper, and glass, and heated by steam, by means of pipes running under the building. This hot-house is intended for the reception of the large equatorial plants.

"Anne Grey," edited by the author of Granby, is understood to be the work of the editor's sister, Miss Lister, a young lady of twenty. The works of Mr. Lister are well known and appreciated; "Dacre," by Mrs. Lister, is one of the favourite novels of the last season; and "Anne Grey" is eminently successful in the delineation of feminine character, feminine thoughts and feelings. It is not the least singular sign of these novel times that three excellent novelists should be found in the same family.

Mr. Taylor, the author of "Philip Van Artevelde," is one of the clerks in the colonial office. In the olden time, a poet would have made but a sorry clerk; but it is said that Mr. Taylor is not only one of the most efficient in talent, but one of the most hardworking men on the establishment of the colonial office.

An extensive printing office has been established at Roanne, in which none but females are employed in composing and reading proofs. An experience of six months has satisfactorily proved the advantage of this new plan, owing to the superior regularity and attention to business manifested by the *female workmen*.

Count de Peyronnet, in his recently published Memoirs d'un Prisonnier, mentions that, by a curious coincidence, the police commissary who has the surveillance of the Fort of Ham is named M. Charles Dix.

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New Continental Publications.

(Extracted from the Monthly List of Richter & Co.)

FRENCH.

Cours de Littérature Allemande, part 2, Poesie, 12mo.

De Blainville, Manuel d'Actinologie, parts 1, 2, 8vo. avec Atlas.

De Séprés, Cours de Langue Allemande, 12mo.

Malgaigne, Manuel de Medecine Operatoire, 18mo.

Memoires tirés des papiers d'un Homme d'Etat, Tom. 7, 8. 8vo.

Mezières, Histoire Critique de la Littérature Anglaise, 3 vols. 8vo.

Milne-Edwards, Elemens de Zoologie, &c., part 2, 8vo.

Pichard, Ebauche d'un Essai sur les Notions Radicales, 2 vols. 8vo.

Siége de Paris, par les Normands, en 885 et 886, poëme d'Abbon, 8vo.

GERMAN.

Agardh, Lehrbuch der Botanik, part 2, Biologie, 8vo.

Braniss, System der Metaphysik, 8vo.

Du Ménil, Reagentienlehre fur die Pflanzenanalyse, 12mo,

Hampel, Arithmetisches Handbuch fur Feldmessers, &c. 8vo.

Hase, Kirchengeschichte, Lehrb. fur Academ. Vorlesungen, 8vo.

Hoffman, Das Buch Henoch, Vol. I. 8vo.

Hubener, Hepaticologia Germanica, 8vo.

Illgen, Zeitschrift fur die Historische Theologie, Vol. IV. Part 2, 8vo.

Iduna, Eine Zeitschrift fur die Jugend, 1834.

Kaltschmidt, Grundriss der Sprach-Wissenschaft, 8vo.

Keferstein, Naturgeschichte des Erdkörpers, 2 vols. 8vo.

Klug, Jahrbucher der Insectenkunde, Vol. I., 8vo.

Kunth, Anleitung zur Pharmacopoea Borussica, 8vo.

Lepsius, Palaographie als Mittel fur die Sprachforschung, 8vo.

Marheinecke, Geschichte der teutschen Reformation, Vol. IV., 12mo.

Waldie's Select Circulating Library.

As this advertisement may reach some who are not acquainted with the plan and object of the "Library," a statement and explanation are appended.

The "Library" was commenced more than two years ago, and was the first established on the plan of giving periodically entire reprints of books, and sending them by mail. It met early with very decided success, which has been daily increasing. It has been long placed on the firmest basis, and therefore, on subscribing, no risk is incurred from a non-fulfilment of promises.

As the best evidence of the capability of the work, a list of the books published for 1833 and 1834, is subjoined, which will explain better than any assertion at what reduction of price books may be had.

CONTENTS FOR 1833.

Lafayette and Louis Philippe. By B. Sarrans.
The Gentle Recruit, a tale. By the author of the "Subaltern."
Saratoga. By the same.
A Family Tour in South Holland. By Col. Batty.
Lives and Exploits of Banditti and Robbers. By C. Macfarlane.
The Italian Exile in England. By Count Pecchio.
Memoirs of the Duchess of St. Leu—Hortense.
Journal of a Nobleman at the Congress of Vienna.
Letters from the Earl of Chatham to his Nephew.
Editorial Notices, Poetry, Anecdotes, &c. &c.
Wacousta, or the Prophecy, a tale of Detroit and Michilimackinac. By the author of "Ecarte."
Mrs. Lushington's Journey from India to England.
Rambles of a Naturalist. By Dr. Godman.
Life of Dr. John Leyden. By Sir Walter Scott.
Waltham, a novel; being Vol. III. of the Library of Romance.
Memoirs of Dr. Burney. By Madame D'Arblay, author of Evelina, Cecilia, &c.
The Black Velvet Bag, and Mademoiselle Therese. By Miss Mitford.
Elliott's Letters from the North of Europe.
Memoir of Silvio Pellico.
Madame Dard's Narrative of the Shipwreck of the Medusa.
Life and Adventures of the Chevalier Charles Stuart, and History of the Rebellion in Scotland in 1745, 1746. By Robert Chambers.
Great Britain in 1833. By Baron D'Haussez, Ex-minister of King Charles X.
The Story of Captain X———. By the author of "Traits of Travels."
A Subaltern's Furlough, descriptive of America. By Lieutenant Coke.
Sonnets to Rosalie. By the author of "Village Poor House."
Traditionary Stories and Legendary Illustrations. By Andrew Picken.
Excerpts.
The Infirmities of Genius Illustrated. By R. R. Madden, Esq.
Extracts from Montgomery's Lectures on Poetry.
Fragments of Voyages and Travels. Second and Third Series. By Capt. B. Hall.
The Earthquake of Caraccas, a Tale of Venezuela.

Rise and Fall of Masaniello at Naples.
The Priest and the Mulberry Tree.
Memoirs of Casanova.
Arthur St. John.
My Sister Kate.
Hannah More.
The Way to be Happy.
Editorial Notices, Poetry, &c. &c.
Kruitzner, the German's Tale, from the Canterbury Tales of Sophia and Harriet Lee.
Memoirs of Sir James Campbell, of Ardkinglas, written by himself.
Good Sir Walter, a Tale, by the author of "Family Portraits."
The Deaf and Dumb Page. By the same.
The Broken Heart, a Dramatic Sketch, from the Italian of Nicolini, author of "Foscarini."
Rome in the Nineteenth Century. In a series of Letters, written during a residence in that city. By Miss Waldie; now Mrs. Jane Watts.
Anecdotes of the Court of Louis the Fourteenth. From the Memoirs of the Duke Saint Simon.
The Black Watch, an historical novel. By Andrew Picken, author of the "Domine's Legacy," The Priors of Lawford," &c.
Narrative of a Tour in Mexico, and of an Excursion to Cuba. In a Series of Letters written in the year 1831-2. By Henry Tudor, Esq., Barrister at Law.
Biographical and Critical History of the Literature of the Last Fifty Years. By Allan Cunningham.
The Effect of the Cultivation of Oriental Literature on the general Literature of England.
Helen, a Tale. By Maria Edgeworth.
The Miseries of a New Member of the Yacht Club.
The Sorrows of Han, a Chinese Tragedy.
A Visit to the Great St. Bernard in the Autumn of 1833. From the London Monthly Magazine.
Ascent of Mount Etna. By Sidney L. Johnson, late tutor in Yale College, and teacher in the United States Squadron, in the Mediterranean. From Silliman's Journal.
Journal of a West India Proprietor, kept during a residence in the Island of Jamaica. By the late Matthew Gregory Lewis, Esq. M. P., author of "The Monk," "The Castle Spectre," "Tales of Wonder," &c.
The Isle of Devils, a metrical Tale. By the same.
The Curate's Tale, or Practical Joking. From Nights of the Round Table.
Narrative of the Shipwreck of the Antelope, in 1783.
The Second Best. By the author of "Family Portraits."

CONTENTS FOR 1834.

Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau. By an old man.
The Diary of Luc Antonio Viterbi, kept during the time he was starving himself to death in the prisons of Corsica, in 1821.
The Three Westminster Boys. From "Nights of the Round Table." By Mrs. Johnstone.
Narrative of the Capture of Diamond Rock, effected by Sir Samuel Hood in the Centaur. By Captain Boswell, R. N.
Memoirs of Henry Masers de Latude, who was confined during thirty-five years in the different state prisons of France. Arranged from the original documents of Monsieur Thierry.
The Bridal Day. From the London Metropolitan.
Selections from Sketches of Irish Character, Second Series, by Mrs. S. C. Hall: viz.
Norah Clary's Wise Thought.
Kate Connor.
Jack the Shrimp.

Larry Moore.
We'll see about it.
Annie Leslie.

Freya the Fearless, the Black Buccaneer of Barbadoes. From the London Metropolitan.

High Life, a novel, from "Nights of the Round Table." By Mrs. Johnstone.

Letters from Switzerland and Italy, during a late Tour. By John Carne, Esq., of Queen's College, Cambridge, author of Letters from the East, and Travels in the East.

Magaziniana; or Selections from an Editor's Port Folio: The Last Will and Testament. A Tale from the German of Richter.

The Miners of Bois Monzil. An affecting and authentic Narrative, by an eye witness.
The Story of Mrs. Macfarlane. From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.
The Broken Miniature. Founded on Facts. From the London Metropolitan.
Mrs. Joseph Porter, Over the Way. From the London Monthly Magazine.
Animal Magnetism. From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.
Alemoor, a Tale. From the same.
Ignorance *versus* Knowledge. From the London Metropolitan.
The Italian Sleep-Walker. By Goldsmith.
A Skeleton in Every House. From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.
Fallacies of the Young. From the same.
The Start. From the same.
Biography of Eulenstein. From the same.
Spontaneous Combustion of the Human Body. From the same.
Rural Pleasures. From the London New Monthly Magazine.
A Day at Fonthill Abbey. From the same.

Italy; with Sketches of Spain and Portugal. By the author of Vathek.

The Two Scotch Williams. From "Nights of the Round Table," by Mrs. Johnstone.

The Little Ferryman. From the same.

Salvator Rosa, or the Portrait of Danae. A Comedy in two acts. Translated from the German of Professor Deinhardstein.

I Think of Thee. From the German of Goethe.

The Cruise of the Midge. From Blackwood's Magazine. Chapters 1 to 6.
Chapters 7, 8.

Excerpts from Sharp's Letters.

Henri Quatre; or, The Days of the League. An historical novel.

Excerpts.

The Black Death in the Fourteenth Century. From the German of Professor J. F. C. Hecker, M. D. Translated by B. G. Babington, M. D.

The Spanish Lady, a Tale. By the author of "Family Portraits."

Two Years at Sea; being the Narrative of a Voyage to the Swan River and Van Dieman's Land, during 1829, 30, 31. By Jane Roberts.

Randolphiana.

Why don't the Men Propose. From the London New Monthly Magazine.

French Novels of C. Paul de Koch. From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

The Charmed Sea, a Tale, by Harriet Martineau; being No. 13 of her "Illustrations of Political Economy."

Traditions of the American War of Independence. From the United Service Journal.

Besides this amount of books, there is a weekly cover, called *The Journal of Belles Lettres*, containing four pages as large as the Library, filled with critical notices of new books, list of new publications, foreign and domestic, with other generally interesting literary information, furnished gratuitously.

The following is from a late prospectus.

In the "Library" are reprinted the choicest productions of the British press, in the various departments of TRAVELS, VOYAGES, MEMOIRS, BIOGRAPHY, NOVELS, TALES, &c. &c.

The adaptation of the periodical form to the publication of books entire, first adopted, by the subscriber, in the present work, met, on its announcement, with a spontaneous and very general expression of approbation. The peculiar advantages of the plan were at once recognised, and its practicability soon became evident.

The effects of this mode of publication on literary pursuits may not be inaptly compared to those of canals and railroads in commercial operations—in equalising situation; placing the farmer, the country merchant, or the mechanic, however secluded and isolated their respective locations, on a footing with the inhabitants of a city. A resident in the most retired hamlet can now have a book sooner than the publisher's next door neighbour could in former times; and his convenience and taste for reading can thus both be consulted at an expense too inconsiderable to be seriously mentioned, when put in competition with the gratification.

At the former prices of books in this country, on inferior paper, those given each year would cost about 50 dollars.

Were the comparison of prices extended to the cost of London books, it would be found that we have supplied an amount of printing which cost in London $166 for the small sum of *five dollars*.

When the advantages of circulation by mail are considered, and also that, in clubs of five individuals, each gets the work for $4.00, which difference pays the postage, under 100 miles, it must be admitted, on all hands, that it is the greatest reduction on the usual selling prices of any article ever attempted, much less *executed*. But the subscriber does not found his claims to public patronage alone on the cheapness of his periodical. The works published have been of a highly literary and very attractive character, as is proved by second book editions having followed those of the "Library" with rapidity, and every one of which, even at the advanced price charged in that form, has had a most rapid sale.

The time and attention of the editor are al-

most entirely devoted to making selections for the work, and in seeking, from the mass of books in the public institutions of Philadelphia, as well as from the new books imported from Great Britain, the most interesting and valuable matter; and he has had the pleasure of bringing before the American public several works which otherwise would probably not have been reprinted here. His situation as Librarian to the Philadelphia Library, the largest collection of books in the United States, gives him facilities possessed by few.

By printing the "Library" on a single sheet, the postage is reduced to the lowest rate.

There is growing up in the United States a numerous population, with literary tastes, who are scattered over a large space, and who, distant from the localities whence books and literary information emanate, feel themselves at a great loss for that mental food which education has fitted them to enjoy. Books are cheap in our principal cities, but in the interior they cannot be procured as soon as published, nor without considerable expense. To supply this desideratum is the design of the present undertaking, *the chief object of which emphatically is, to make good reading cheaper, and to put it in a form that will bring it to every man's door.*

Books cannot be sent by mail, while the "Select Circulating Library" may be received at the most distant post office in the Union in from fifteen to twenty-five days after it is published, at a little more expense than newspaper postage; or in other words, before a book could be bound in Philadelphia, our subscribers in the most distant states may be perusing it in their parlours.

The proprietor is in regular receipt of new books printed either in London or Edinburgh, together with the periodical literature of Great Britain. From the former we shall select the *Novels, Memoirs, Tales, Travels, Sketches, Biography, &c.* and publish them with as much rapidity and accuracy as an extensive printing-office will admit. From the latter, such literary intelligence will regularly be culled, as will prove interesting and entertaining to the lover of knowledge, literature, and novelty. Good standard novels, and other works, now out of print, may also occasionally be reproduced in our columns.

The publisher confidently assures the heads of families, that they need have no dread of introducing the "Select Circulating Library" into their domestic circle, as the gentleman who has undertaken the Editorial duties, to literary tastes and habits adds a due sense of the responsibility he assumes in catering for an extended and moral community, and of the consequences, detrimental or otherwise, that will follow the dissemination of noxious or wholesome mental aliment. His situation and engagements afford him peculiar advantages and facilities for the selection of books. These, with the additional channels created by agencies at London, Liverpool, and Edinburgh, warrant the proprietor in guaranteeing a faithful execution of the literary department.

It would be supererogatory to dilate further on the general advantages and conveniences which such a publication presents to people of literary pursuits wherever located, but more particularly to those who reside in retired situations they are so obvious that the first glance cannot fail to flash conviction of its eligibility.

TERMS.

"The Select Circulating Library" is printed weekly on a double medium sheet of fine paper of sixteen pages with three columns on each, and mailed with great care so as to carry with perfect safety to the most distant post office.

It is printed and finished with the same care and accuracy as book work. The whole fifty-two numbers form two volumes well worth preservation, of 416 pages each, equal in quantity to 1200 pages, or three volumes, of Rees's Cyclopædia. Each volume is accompanied with a Title-page and Index.

The price is *Five Dollars* for fifty-two numbers of sixteen pages each,—a price at which it cannot be afforded unless extensively patronised. ☞ *Payment at all times in advance.*

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Remittances may be made to the publisher, at his expense, if paid in money current in Philadelphia.

ADAM WALDIE,

No. 207, Chesnut street, basement story of Mrs. Sword's Philadelphia House.

Philadelphia, December, 1834.

As an exemplification of the public approbation expressed by different editors throughout the country, we subjoin a few notices out of many hundreds.

Waldie's Circulating Library.—The plan of Adam Waldie, for the dissemination of literature, will produce an important revolution in the reading world. Hitherto, men remote from cities and of limited property, were shut out from a participation of the benefits resulting from books. The discoveries of science—the Journals of travellers and the splendid corruscations of wit and genius, were to them sealed volumes, but Waldie, by the establishment of the Library, has shed a new light upon the human mind—he has unsealed the volumes of genius—he has thrown wide open the vestibule of the temple of learning, and *all* who *will* may enter, and the key which he has placed in their hands will enable them to traverse its intricacies.

It was stated by Godwin, that, "labour was the slaughter house of genius and of mind." In Godwin's days, the observation was true in more than one sense. Then, even if a mechanic or labouring man had a desire

to relax a little in his labour and luxuriate upon the intellectual productions of his fellow man; the price of books was such, that it entirely precluded him from the enjoyment of his wishes—books were forbidden fruit which his poverty prevented him from tasting. The world to him was a "peopled desert," he had to plod on, adding by his skill to the comforts and enjoyments of his more favoured fellow creatures, or cultivated fields for other's use, while his own *mind* was a barren waste, without any spots of intellectual verdure. But now, particularly in the United States, the scene has entirely changed. By the perfection of the press, periodicals have within a few years multiplied with a rapidity unlooked for; and unexampled in the annals of the world. The industrious poor can now have works of sterling worth placed on their tables for a few *cents*, that once cost *guineas*. By the system of periodicals, a few dollars will purchase libraries, for which, thirty years ago, a mechanic's savings for years would have been inadequate. 'Tis to such men as Adam Waldie that we are indebted for this great, this wonderful revolution.—*Western Palladium, New Lisbon, Ohio.*

Mr. Adam Waldie, the talented and indefatigable publisher of the "Circulating Library," has issued proposals for the 5th vol. of that cheap and valuable periodical, to commence early in January, with new and improved type. We shall give it an early insertion, in order that the public may see what Mr. Waldie promises; and the utmost reliance may be placed in what he says, as he is remarkable for the faithfulness with which he redeems his pledges. We have so often expressed our approbation of the "Circulating Library," that we deem it unnecessary to say more than to recommend it to public patronage.

The "Port Folio," or Companion of the Library, will also appear soon, and judging from the specimen No. which has been issued and the reputation of the editor, we can without hesitation recommend that also to public notice, as an entertaining and valuable work.

Examiner, Oxford, N. C.

Waldie's Select Library, which has now been published nearly two years, continues to be one of the most interesting as well as the cheapest periodical of the day. For $5 a subscriber here gets what he would ordinarily have to pay $50 for in the shape of books. The Library is of the quarto form, and printed on fine paper, new type, and in the neatest manner. Every individual that can afford $5 for the current literature of the day, cannot expend it more judiciously than by subscribing for this work.—*Working Man's Advocate, Belfast, Maine.*

The following is a just tribute of praise to a valuable work.—Ed. Md. Journal.

Waldie's Library.—We were particularly struck with the truth of some remarks on the subject of literature in South America, while reading the very interesting book, entitled "Three Years in the Pacific, by an Officer in the United States Navy," just issued in a handsome octavo, by Messrs. Carey, Lea & Blanchard. He says, "The general taste for reading, in any country, may be estimated by the number and kind of various periodicals published in it. A valuable publication, like 'Waldie's Library,' a work which is doing so much in the United States to diffuse a taste for reading, and, consequently, for the diffusion of knowledge, (the demand for which speaks well for the good taste of our countrymen,) would not be patronised in any state of South America; simply for the reason that a taste for literature is not general. A volume of 'Waldie,' always delightful on land, is a desideratum at sea, from its compact and portable form. Passengers in merchant ships, who find complete sets on board, may deem themselves fortunate. The libraries of United States' vessels should never be without them." These are just observations, and, we trust, will be acted on by those interested. Each year of "Waldie" contains twenty or thirty entire books, in addition to a great variety of short, entertaining, and instructive articles, at a price about equal to *twenty-five cents*, for what costs in London *five dollars*. The work, we are rejoiced to find, is still most eminently successful. The novel of "Henri Quatre," now publishing in the Library, is one of the best of the historical romances since Waverly.—*Penn. Inquirer.*

From the Shenandoah Advertiser.

Waldie's Select Circulating Library.—The reader is referred to the prospectus of this valuable publication, in another column in this paper. When we say that, in our opinion, it comes up to all that is promised in the prospectus, we think we have accorded to it sufficent praise. It is in fact a "Circulating Library," each number containing as much matter as one volume of Scott's novels; to be published weekly, 52 numbers completing a volume, at five dollars per volume, payable in advance.

From the Washington Republican.

Among the many literary enterprises of the present day, none offer greater facilities, or a cheaper method of conveying expeditiously from one extremity of the country to the other, that truly popular species of literature—novels, journals, &c. &c., than the "Select Circulating Library," the prospectus of which we publish this week, and to which we respectfully refer our readers. It is a new experiment; and we trust its enterprising undertaker will meet with proper encouragement. All amateurs of novels, and that large class of publications with which the press, both in England and this country, abounds, usually classed as the lighter part of general literature, yet truly valuable in its place, will, we have no doubt, patronise the undertaking, and hail its introduction as a valuable accession to their means of entertainment and instruction. To the distant and interior sections of our country, it should be peculiarly acceptable, as many of the most popular publications are nearly out of date and their places occupied by more favoured rivals, ere they reach the frontier inhabitants of our widely extended empire.

After reading the foregoing, the publisher trusts that the eligibility of his plan will be apparent to all. He has incurred a very heavy expense in getting out this periodical, and has put it at a price to which none can possibly raise a reasonable objection. A new and more distinct type has been cast expressly for the Library, on which it will hereafter be published. By diversifying the contents of the Library, so as not to confine the reader entirely either to Novels, Travels, Tales, or Biography, he hopes to meet the approbation of all persons of literary taste.

☞ When you have perused this, please circulate it among your neighbours.

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From Fraser's Magazine.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, ESQ.

Here we have the sketcher sketched; and, as is fit, he is sketched sketching. Here is George Cruikshank, the George Cruikshank, seated upon the head of a barrel, catching inspiration from the scenes presented to him in a pot-house, and consigning the ideas of the moment to immortality on the crown of his hat. We wish that he would send us the results of his easy labours.

Of George Cruikshank the history is short. He stands too often and too well before the eyes of the public, to render it necessary that we should say much about him; and we confess, that of his earlier annals we know little or nothing. This, it must be allowed, is but small reason for a "regular magazine hand" to decline writing a long article about them, according to the usual and much-honoured practice of the well-trained contributors of our worshipful contemporaries. But as we profess to have a conscience, we must not comply with the usage; honestly stating, on the contrary, that the first of Cruikshank's works known to us are his caricatures of George IV. and his friends. Tories as we were and are, and as we trust we still shall be, these comic picturings haunt our imagination. The poor old king in every attitude of ludicrous distress (the "Fat in the Fire" was perfection); Copley (sketched as we have been assured, merely from description, and yet a great likeness); Castlereagh (but even the professed caricaturist could not destroy the gentlemanly grace of that noble face and figure); the "Waterloo-man," with his sword dropping into the scale against the pen; the various parsons, jailers, jockeys, lawyers, and the rest, were first-rate. As Cruikshank himself says of Gilray, "He that did these things was a great man, sir—a very great man, sir!" To Cruikshank, however, they were productive of nothing but the fame of their cleverness and the odium of their politics; as Hone, for whom and his blockhead authors George's talents floated the dire rubbish of the *House that Jack built*, and other witless productions, never paid him for what he had done. In all these stupid productions there were loud puffs of the power of the *press*—George never knew any thing of it when in their hands but as a *screw*.

However, what he did gave him fame and name. We Tory folk were horribly angry at the time, but we soon confessed that the caricaturist was a clever fellow. The trade came to the same conclusion, and work flowed in apace. We rather think he quitted ere long the shabby crew who wished to make him their property, and has settled down, if not into the genuine faith of a Tory, at least into that approach to orthodoxy which consists in the detestation of a Whig. At all events, he does not appear any longer as a political caricaturist; and yet, was there ever a time when there was such an opportunity? Just think of a speech from the woolsack by Lord Brougham, at eleven o'clock at night, or an opening of a budget, or other financial matter, by Lord Althorp, at any hour of the twenty-four. We wish that Cruikshank would wake a little, and show H. B. that, clever as he is, he is not to be allowed a monopoly of depicting the humours or stupidities of Whiggism.

Of course George is, like all other men of undoubted genius, a most ill-used gentleman. As Mathews laments that the general obtuseness of the public will not recognise his talents for tragedy—as Liston mourns over the delusion which applauds him in *Sam Swipes* and *Paul Pry*, and does not permit him to appear as the Damon or Strephon of a sighing opera—so Cruikshank is shocked at the evil fate which consigns him to drawing sketches and caricatures, instead of letting him loose in his natural domain of epic or historical picture. Let him content himself; he can draw what will be held in honoured remembrance when ninety-nine out of every hundred of the great "masters" of our "schools," and a still larger proportion of all the R.A.'s and A. R.A.'s that ever existed, or ever are doomed to exist, will be forgotten. The historical which *he* should cultivate is such as that which appears in his recently published *Sketch-Book*, where, for example, the life of Bonaparte, whether as eagle soaring over the Alps, or eagle chained to a perch, is depicted in all its stages, from artillery lad on watch, through triumph, splendour, and flight, to the little cocked-hatted and round-paunched exile of St. Helena. And so we conclude our thirty ninth article of this series; and he who refuses to subscribe to its truth is a dissenter worse than a pagan.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

MEMOIRS OF M. DE CHATEAUBRIAND.*

NO. IV.

We are now able to fulfil the engagement we entered into with our readers, of presenting them with a fourth article on the subject of these memoirs. We are proud to be able to state, that we have received the passages we have now to communicate direct from Monsieur de Chateaubriand himself. He has done us this honour, and has besides expressed his lively satisfaction on perusing the previous articles we have devoted to his works. We must acknowledge this distinction he has conferred upon us warmly and reverently. When the finest genius, and one of the most illustrious public characters of Europe, thus condescendingly communicates with a foreign periodical, having no impulse or motive thereto but what is furnished by the singular amiability of his disposition, which makes it the continual feast of his life to oblige and gratify all who approach him—when we know that such acts of kindness flow spontaneously from him as water from a spring, and that he possesses—which is proved by the almost adoration with which he is regarded by all parties indiscriminately in France—all those private virtues and winning qualities which soften the splendour of glory, and render it still more lovely than it is dazzling, we feel that we should fail in our duty of rendering honour where honour is due, and still more in doing justice to our own sentiments, if we did not proclaim our sense—

*Continued from Museum, Vol. 25. p. 438.

not so much of the honour done us, though of that we are duly sensible—as of the habitual kindness and cordiality towards all men which characterises Monsieur de Chateaubriand, and which we have no doubt would have led him, independent of any other motive—warmly as we are convinced he sympathises with the great cause we espouse—to favour us as he has done.

As to the idea that Monsieur de Chateaubriand craves our praise, it is absurd. For the last six months he has been absolutely breathing an atmosphere of incense. Almost every writer of distinction in France has felt himself honoured by lavishing the most enthusiastic adulation, we may say, on this freely elected monarch of French literature. Without exaggeration, we may assert that Roman emperors, *grands monarques*, and all the patrons of letters from Mæcenas downwards, have never been regaled with such a full chorus of eulogistic harmony, as has been Monsieur de Chateaubriand, since the first sound of his memoirs issued from the *Abbaye aux Bois*, and was taken up and repeated in a thousand echoes by the whole press of France. In fact, the adulation of which he has been the object looks like the effect of electricity. Brilliant as is his genius, honourable and illustrious as has been his life, they do not account for it; nor can we attribute the spontaneous burst of admiring and affectionate applause and enthusiasm, in which he walks continuously as in a perfumed cloud—like the gods of old when they visited the earth—to any thing but the thrilling emotions, which the genius of the *heart* communicates to all who are permitted to come within its magic circle. After the steam of rich distilled perfumes, therefore, which Monsieur de Chateaubriand has been inhaling for so many months, we feel convinced that any thing we could add would appear vapid and insipid. We can only sincerely admire and applaud, and that in measured terms; but by his own countrymen Monsieur de Chateaubriand has been *glorified*. Nevertheless, when we read such odorous and begemmed passages as the first which we shall lay before our readers, we *do* feel inclined to indulge in an aeronautic flight of praise beyond what is suitable to our northern gravity and phlegm. This passage is preceded by a letter to the gentleman to whom it was communicated, which, as it is in itself very eloquent—for what can its author write that is not so—and shows the value of the favour it confers, we shall previously transcribe. The letter is addressed to M. Ed. Mennechet, and is as follows:—

"I have been much moved, sir, by the letter you did me the honour to write me; nevertheless, I experience some embarrassment in replying to it. Permit me to speak to you with frankness.

"Many persons have already asked for fragments of my *Memoirs*. I do not merit this flattering ardour; but even when I wish to yield to the lively sentiment of gratitude it occasions, I find myself prevented by considerations of some weight. My Memoirs are not destined to appear till after my death; if I make them, therefore, too much known during my life, I abandon my design. I weaken the effect of a diversified and extended work, of which a very false idea must be formed from detached and broken passages. If, for example, I detach one scene of childhood from its successive scenes, it loses the propriety it has in its proper place in the narrative, and retains only its puerility. If I extract a *portrait*, or a *political fragment*, without that which precedes or follows them, the circumstances which justify and introduce them are not perceived. One book of my *Memoirs* may be a voyage; such another rises to poetry; a third narrates a private adventure; a fourth belongs to general history; a fifth is an intimate correspondence, the detail of a congress, an account of an affair of state, a picture of manners, a sketch of a club, of a drawing room, or of a court, &c. &c. &c. All is not then addressed to the same readers, and in this variety one subject makes another pass off.

"You desire particularly to have the passage upon Venice; but, as it is very long, I cannot give the whole of it. You would see then neither the *rencontres* I met with in that city, nor my enquiries about J. J. Rousseau and Lord Byron; the *souvenirs* of my first visit to Venice in 1806, and my last reveries at Lido in 1833, would be no longer mingled with the beauty and melancholy of that wondrous dying city. I do not believe there is in the world an author less infatuated with his works than I am, or who holds them more cheaply; nevertheless, there are some mutilations which cannot be demanded even of the least exacting vanity.

"But now, sir, that I have spoken to you with sincerity, I must prove to you that a Breton can never absolutely refuse a Breton. If I cannot place at your disposition my views *delle fabbriche di Venezia*, I send you a description of the spring in our dear Armorican country; you will be a competent judge of the truth of the picture. I must only tell you, that you have not there all *my* Brittany. There are in the memoirs many other tender recollections of our native heaths—of those heaths where our Duguesclin desired '*that his feats of prowess should be couched in writing, that he might have at least a share of the laurel chaplet of glory, if he could not grasp the whole garland,*'" &c. &c. &c.

We now give the passage alluded to, entitled a "Spring in Brittany."

"The spring in Brittany is milder than in the environs of Paris, and commences three weeks earlier. The five birds which announce it, the swallow, the loriot, the cuckoo, the quail, and the nightingale, arrive with the tepid breezes which harbour in the gulfs of the Armorican peninsula. The earth is then flecked with daisies, hearts-ease, jonquils, butter-cups, hyacinths, ranunculus, and blue-bells, like those abandoned spaces which environ St. John of Lateran, and the Holy Cross of Jerusalem at Rome. The wood glades are variegated with lofty and graceful fern; the fields are stained with flowers, which might be taken for golden butterflies, settling upon green aud azure shrubs. The hedges, along which raspberries and strawberries and the violet abound, are decorated with the eglantine, the white and red hawthorn, the honeysuckle, the convolvulus, the box, the ivy, and scarlet berries, and briers whose brown and crooked branches bear magnificent leaves and fruit. The air is alive with bees and birds; swarms and nests arrest children at every step. The myrtle and the laurel grow in the open air, and the fig ripens as in Provence. Every apple-tree, with its carmine roses, resembles the great bouquet of a village bride.

"The aspect of the country, intersected with ditches, is that of a continual forest, and puts one in mind of England. The low and narrow valleys, where, among hemp-fields and willow-trees, trickle little unnavigable rivers, present the most smiling and solitary perspective. The massive forests terminating the heath plains, inhabited by *sabotiers*, (makers of wooden shoes,) coal-heavers, and glassmakers, having something of the gentleman, the trader, and the savage. The naked lands, the shaven platforms, and the fields red with buck-wheat, which

separate these valleys from each other, make their freshness and delight the greater. Along the coast, light-houses, watch-towers, bell-turrets, Roman works, druidical monuments, and the ruins of chateaux, succeed each other; and the sea bounds the whole prospect.

"Between the land and sea extend sandy plains, an indecisive frontier between the two elements; the field and sea-lark fly there together; the plough and the bark, at a stone-throw distance from each other, furrow the earth and the waters. Sands of different colours, and banks varied by shells and sea-weed, and fringes of silvery foam, mark with white and green the ridges of the wheat-fields. I have seen, in the island of Ceos, an ancient bas-relief which represented sea-nymphs attaching festoons to the bottom of the robe of Ceres.

"In the interior landscapes of the continent, the heavens and the earth behold each other with a motionless aspect; but in maritime prospects, the rolling azure of the waves is enclosed under the fixed azure of the firmament. Hence results a striking contrast. The winter, contemplated from the height of the steep shores, presents a picture of two opposed colours: the snow which whitens the earth blackens the sea.

"To enjoy this rare spectacle, one must see in Brittany the sun, and especially the moon, rise over the forests, and set upon the ocean.

"Established by God, as the sovereign of the abyss, the moon has her clouds, her vapours, her long rays of light, and her shadows, like the sun; but she does not, like it, retire alone; a train of stars accompany her, in proportion as she descends towards the brim of the ocean; she increases her silence, and communicates it to the sea. Soon does she touch the horizon, intersects it, shows only the half of her face, dims, sinks, and disappears, in the soft swellings of a bed of waves. The stars which stand near about their queen, before plunging after her into the bosom of the ocean, hover a moment suspended over the billows and the rocks: eternal beacons of an unknown land. The moon has no sooner set, than an air springing up effaces the image of the constellations, as torches are extinguished after a solemnity."

The above is certainly one of the passages of the memoirs which, as Monsieur de Chateaubriand says himself, rise to poetry. We must now give a few more most interesting fragments. Monsieur de Chateaubriand is speaking in the following one of the friends of his younger days, who have disappeared, one after another, from the earth, "only two or three mummies of past times remaining behind."

"I have seen death close one door upon me after another, which have opened no more. There is no one but myself in the world who preserves in his memory the trace of that society which has for ever disappeared. Twenty times since this epoch I have made the same observation. The impossibility of duration and of length in our human friendships—the profound oblivion which follows us—the invincible silence which takes possession of our tomb, and spreads over our house, remind me continually of the necessity of isolation. Any hand will serve to give us the glass of water we may need in the fever of death. Ah! may it not be one too dear; for how abandon without despair a hand which we have covered with kisses, and would wish to hold eternally on our hearts."

We find the following passage at the conclusion of a detailed account of the ancestors of Monsieur de Chateaubriand.

"Here," he continues, "are many vanities, at an epoch when the past is merely the double infancy of the commencement and the close of life—when a larger view of humanity, and a juster and more elevated sentiment of the dignity of our nature, have urged us beyond the contracted limits of a society of convention—when, thanks be to heaven, education and enlightenment have restored equality, and have caused the individual to resume all his value. But I have been forced to descend to the puerility of these details to describe the character and ruling passion of my father. For the rest, I neither complain of the old nor of the new society. If in the first I was the *Viscount* de Chateaubriand, I am *François* de Chateaubriand in the second; and I have the arrogance or the humility to prefer my Christian name to my title."

We must make a few observations on the passage we have just cited. We confess we can see nothing puerile in recording one's ancestral dignity. The pride of birth is not mere vanity. It is a moral feeling, and one of that elevated and generous order which constitute *the wine of life*. It is a mistake to imagine that this sentiment arises from the worldly advantages with which it is usually accompanied. On the contrary, these form its *alloy*. It is a spiritual affection. It is the same feeling as that which makes us love to contemplate an ancient edifice, or an old ruin. It is one of those fine and subtle affections which shun the touch of gross utilitarian philosophy. This philosophy takes all such for illusions which its zeal is to destroy, and does not perceive that they betray the residence of a hidden fire, compounded with our mortal clay, and are like the spontaneous flame which rises from the burning springs of Dauphiné, which, if quenched for a moment, kindles again of itself, and gives alone interest and radiance to the slaty and rocky soil which generates it. Nobility—or the same thing *deteriorated*—a class of men of another kind above *their fellows*, will ever exist. Wofully, therefore, mistaken is the nation which strives to extinguish the only sentiment which can dignify, and, as it were, spiritualise the qualities of the highest rank in the order of social precedence. Monsieur de Chateaubriand, however, in apologising, or something like it, for making mention of his ancestors, is probably only acquiescing in a fact accomplished, viz. the extinction of the noble order in France. In this sense we can well understand the timidity with which he approaches the subject, and his desire to avoid the scornful glee of those who are too gross and selfish to appreciate any thing but personal advantages, which they vainly imagine to be personal merit. There are other observations which we might make on the above passage, but we think it better to leave them, and proceed with our extracts. Our next shall be a full description of the *Chateau de Combourg*, that severe baronial residence, which filled the infant mind of its describer with visions, and made him familiar with all the beautiful forms of nature, and all the delights of solitary meditation—that source of sensibility which never dries up. It is as follows:—

"Coming from St. Malo, we perceived first a little lake, and the spire of a village church. At the western extremity of this village the towers of the feudal chateau rose among the trees of a forest, brightened by the rays of the setting sun. I have been obliged to stop after these lines. My heart throbbed, so as to agitate my hand, and shake the table on which I write. The re-

collections which rise in my memory overwhelm me with their force and their multitude; but I must not interrupt my narrative. To every suffering its order and its place.

"Having descended the hill, we forded a rivulet, and after advancing half an hour, we quitted the high road; the carriage rolled along a *quincunx*, into an alley of elm-trees, whose branches formed an arch over our heads. I have still present the impression which I felt, the frightened joy I experienced, at the moment I entered under the shade of these trees. Issuing from the obscurity of the wood, we traversed a court planted with walnut trees, reaching to the garden and the house of the overseer; from thence we passed by a folding gate into a grass court, called the *green court*. To the right were a long range of stables, and a chestnut grove; to the left another. At the bottom of the court, which sloped insensibly upwards, stood the chateau, between two clumps of trees. Its severe and sombre *façade* presented a curtain, bearing a covered gallery indented with embrasures. This curtain united two towers, unequal in age, in materials, in height, and thickness, which were terminated by battlements, surmounted by a pointed roof, like a bonnet placed upon a Gothic crown. A few grated windows in the Moorish taste, appeared here and there on the nudity of the walls. A large flight of steps, twenty-nine in number, steep and straight, without railings, replaced the ancient drawbridge over the *fosses*. This reached the gate of the chateau, which was pierced in the middle of the curtain; above this gate were the arms of the lords of Combourg, cut in the stone, and the loop-holes, through which, in former times, the chains of the drawbridge had passed.

"The carriage stopped at the foot of the steps. My father came to meet us. The meeting of the family in the place of his choice so softened his temper, for the moment, that he received us most graciously. We ascended the steps, passed into the vaulted echoing hall, and from this hall into a little interior court. This court was formed by an entrance lodge, and by another lodge parallel to it, which joined together two towers smaller than the first, and, by two other curtains, united the great thick tower to the two little ones. The whole chateau had the figure of a car on four wheels.

"In the little court was a well of immense depth, and opposite to it a turret which contained a spiral granite stair.

"From the interior court, passing into the building which joined the two small towers, we came into a gallery formerly called the guard-room. There was a window at each extremity, and two others in the lateral direction. To widen these four windows it was found necessary to excavate the walls, from eight to ten feet of thickness. Two slanting corridors, like the corridor of the great pyramid, commenced from the two exterior angles of the hall, and led to the two little towers; a stair, winding into one of those towers, established a communication between the guard-room and the upper story. Such was this first lodge.

"That of the *façade* of the great tower on the side of the green court was composed of a sort of *dortoir*, square and sombre rooms, which served for kitchen, hall, and chapel. Above these rooms extended the gallery of *archives*, or of *armour*, or of the *knights*, so called from the painted escutcheons which ornamented its ceiling. The embrasures of the narrow windows of this gallery were so deep, that they formed a kind of cabinets, with walls of granite. Add to all this, in the different parts of the edifice, secret doors and stairs; prisons and dungeons; a labyrinth of corridors, concealed or open; walled subterraneous passages, leading to unknown outlets; and all around, silence, obscurity, and the grim aspect of stone—and you have the Chateau of Combourg before you.

"A plentiful meal taken in the guard-room, where I ate without constraint, terminated the first happy day of my life. True happiness costs little. When it is dear it is not of the right sort.

"Hardly was I awake the next morning when I went to visit the outside views of the chateau, and to celebrate my accession to solitude. The flight of entrance-steps looked to the north and to the west. Seated on it, the green court was in front, and beyond it a kitchen-garden lay between two woods; the one to the right (the *quincunx* by which we had arrived) was called the *little wall*, the other to the left, the *great wall*. This last was a wood of oak, beech, sycamore, elm, and chestnut trees. Madame de Sévigné boasted, in her time, of these ancient shades. Since then a hundred and forty years had been added to their beauty.

"On the other side, towards the south and east, the landscape offered a very different view. From the windows of the great hall were seen the houses of Combourg huddled confusedly together, a basin, the high-road to Rennes which passed by it, a water mill, a meadow in which cows were pasturing, and, separated from the basin by the road, along the meadow, was a little village, depending on a priory founded in 1140 by Ravillon, Lord of Combourg, in which was seen his effigy, armed as a knight, and couched on its back. From the basin the ground rose gradually, and formed an amphitheatre of trees, out of which rose the steeples of the village, and the turrets of gentlemen's villas. From another point of view between the east and north, were seen the heights of Becherel; a terrace, bordered with great clipped box-trees, surrounded the foot of the chateau, passed behind the stables, and, after making many turns, joined the bath garden, which communicated with the *great* wall.

"If after this sketch a painter should take his pencil, would he produce a picture resembling the old chateau. I do not believe he would. Nevertheless, my memory sees the object as if it were before my eyes. Such is, in material things, the impotency of words, and the power of memory. In speaking of Combourg, I sing the first couplets of a complaint, which will charm only myself, and in which nothing will be forgotten or omitted. Ask the Tyrolese goatherd, what charms him in the three or four notes he repeats from morning to evening to his flock. Does he know? No. They are mountain notes, sent from echo to echo, to reverberate from rock to rock, and respond from one bank of a torrent to the other."

We alluded in our last article, on the subject of these memoirs, to a romantic incident which occurred to Monsieur de Chateaubriand on his first sojourn in England, and of his subsequent after-meeting with the party concerned when he was ambassador in London. We do not know whether the following letter, published now, like our other extracts, for the first time, alludes to this circumstance or to another. It shows Monsieur de Chateaubriand in the most amiable and interesting light. It is addressed by the Baron Billing, *Charge d'Affaires* of France at Naples, to Monsieur Jules Janin, who first brought the memoirs to the notice of the public, and is as follows:—

"Sir, you have given us, in the *Revue de Paris*, an admirable article on Monsieur de Chateaubriand; you promise us a second; and it is therefore that I address you at present. It is not in the country of Tasso, and close to the tomb of Virgil, that one can be cold in the worship of genius; besides I will avow that from the day since Providence vouchsafed to bring me into relation with that illustrious man, I have been penetrated with

some indefinable sentiment similar to that which he describes having experienced himself on his interview with Washington. Since that day, I have felt myself vivified by the notice of a great man. This notice has sustained, encouraged and consoled me. It has elevated my soul, enlarged my heart, and developed my talents. Alas! sir, why has not this divine ray brought out a less *mediocre* harmony from the matter it has struck. But the question at present is not as to myself. You must know, then, that at the time of Monsieur de Chateaubriand's embassy to London, he not only honoured me with an interest of which I experienced afterwards the effects, but deigned also to grant me some share of his confidence. Knowing how long I had been habituated to the country in which he represented France, he was accustomed to place in my hands, often without even examination, the letters he received from the interior of England. One day, among those which formed this daily correspondence, there was one, the writing and form of which excited particularly my attention; a certain feminine perfume which exhaled from it made me hesitate a long time to break it open, for I feared some indiscretion on the part of one, whose head, like that of Father Aubry, had not always been bald. Nevertheless, it seemed to me that this paper breathed an odour of innocence and purity. I opened it. It was one of those charming epistles, which Clarissa would have written before her meeting with Lovelace. It was addressed to Monsieur de Chateaubriand, by a young woman whom he had known as a child, whom he had entirely lost sight of since, but who nevertheless (happy privilege of genius!) had preserved the poetic name with which he had christened her in joke. She reminded him of the happy days of her merry infancy, and told him that since then, being grown up, she had contracted a union with a young clergyman which constituted the happiness of her existence. She asked his permission to present to him her husband, but, above all, to thank, in the name of her aged parents, the ambassador of the powerful King of France, for the benefits which the poor author, and *then* unknown, of the *Essay on Revolutions*, had conferred on them. 'You cannot have forgotten,' said she, 'that knowing my parents to be in distress, you compassionated the sufferings you yourself had experienced, and abandoned generously to your humble entertainers, all the profits of a work which you had just published.'

"When I brought this letter to Monsieur de Chateaubriand, and asked him what day I should fix for the young lady to acquit herself of her duty towards him, his features were immediately agitated with that infantine confusion, which you may sometimes have observed in him. He was so confused, that even one of his most sincere admirers was surprised at this new trait of his admirable character.

"I shall never forget, sir, the interview which took place a few days after, when the young Englishwoman, animated by the chaste assurance of virtue, and in the fulfilment of a duty, regarded with a calm and confident look, the timid representative of a great empire, blushing to be caught, as it were, in this manner, in *flagrante delicto*. Then the husband of the young woman, serious as his holy ministry, invoked the divine benediction on the benefactor of his family and his wife. Finally, Monsieur de Chateaubriand, thus powerful, and surrounded by diplomatic pomp, agitated, confused, and stammering a few English words, to stifle the recollection of the good action he had done, when poor, obscure, and solitary, he had generously succoured a family poorer, more obscure, and more isolated than himself.

"I do not know, sir, whether this little incident will not have been omitted in the memoirs which are attracting so much interest at this moment. But if so, it appears to me that it belongs to you to repair this omission. For my part, I shall be most gratified by seeing this anecdote inserted in the next article which we are expecting from your pen, and in drawing it from oblivion, having thus an opportunity of testifying to the illustrious man who is its subject, how much the gratitude which his conduct towards me has inspired, has become even more lively in these days (as the world calls it) of his misfortune, than it was when he was numbered among the powerful of the earth."

We do not know what our readers may think, but this anecdote appears to us to reveal one of the most beautiful traits of character that have ever been brought under our notice. We think not so much of the act of generosity recorded; but that that virgin timidity, that peach-bloom of sensitiveness, which so rarely survives early youth, should embarrass and confuse an ambassador, appears to us as singular as it is delightful.

The next extract we shall give from the *Memoirs* is a parallel between Washington and Bonaparte. This has already been published in the first volume of Travels in America and in Italy, but as it has never been put into an English dress, and forms part of the Memoirs, we think we shall give pleasure to our readers by transcribing it.

"If Washington and Bonaparte are compared, man with man, the genius of the first will seem to take a less lofty flight than that of the second. Washington belongs, not like Bonaparte, to the race of the Alexanders and Cæsars, who surpass the ordinary stature of the human race. He creates no sentiment of astonishment. He is not seen contending on a vast theatre for glory with the greatest captains and most powerful monarchs of the earth. He traverses no seas; he hurries not from Memphis to Vienna, from Cadix to Moscow. His work is the simple one of defending himself, with a handful of citizens, within the narrow circle of domestic hearths, in a land without a past and without celebrity. He gains none of those battles which renew the bloody triumphs of Arbela, and Pharsalia; he puts not his foot upon the necks of kings; he does not say to them, waiting in the vestibule of his palace, 'Qu'ils se font trop attendre et qu' Attila s'ennuie.'

"A certain spirit of silence envelopes the actions of Washington; a slow caution marks them all. One would say that he had ever the sentiment of his great mission within him, and that he feared to compromise it by rashness. His own personal destiny seems not to have entered into the calculation of this hero of a new species. The destinies of his country alone occupied him, and he did not permit himself to risk or gamble with what did not belong to him. But from this profound obscurity what light breaks forth! Seek through the unknown forests where the sword of Washington glittered, and what will you find there? Tombs? No! A world. Washington has left the United States as the trophy of his field of battle.

"Bonaparte possessed no single trait of this grave American. His wars were all waged upon an ancient continent, environed by splendour and stunning with noise. His object was personal glory. His individual destiny filled all his thoughts. He seems to have known that his mission would be short, that the torrent which fell from such a height would quickly expend its force. He hurried forward to enjoy and to abuse his glory, as if aware that it was a fugitive dream of youth. Like the gods of Homer, four steps must suffice him to reach the end of the world. Every shore sees his apparition. His name is inscribed on the records of every nation—but precipitately. In his hurried career he scatters crowns to his family and his soldiers. His monuments, his

laws, his victories, are all the work of haste. Hanging as a portent over the world, with one hand he overthrows kings, and with the other strikes the revolutionary giant to the earth; but in crushing anarchy he stifled liberty, and in the end lost his own on his last field of battle.

"Each of these men has been recompensed according to his works. Washington, after having raised a nation to independence, slept peaceably, as a retired magistrate, under his paternal roof, amid the regrets of his countrymen, and the veneration of all people.

"Bonaparte, having robbed a nation of its independence, was hurled, a dethroned emperor, into exile, and the terrified earth hardly thought him secure enough even under the custody of the ocean. Even whilst, exhausted and chained to a rock, he was struggling with death, Europe dared not lay down her arms in her fear of him. He died; and this event, published at the gate of the palace before which the conqueror had proclaimed so many funerals, hardly arrested the passer by. What, indeed, had citizens to weep for?

"Washington and Bonaparte both arose out of the bosom of a republic; both were born of liberty; the first was faithful to it; the second betrayed it. Their lot will be, according to the different parts they chose, very different with future generations. The name of Washington will spread with liberty from age to age, and make the commencement of a new era for the human race. The name of Bonaparte will be pronounced also by distant generations, but no benediction will be attached to it; it will serve, on the contrary, as an authority to oppressors, great and petty, of all times.

"Washington represented completely the wants, the ideas, the state of enlightenment, and opinions of his epoch. He seconded, instead of thwarting, the advancing movement. He willed that which he ought to have willed—the fulfilment of the mission to which he was called. Hence the coherence and perpetuity of his work. This man who strikes the imagination so slightly, because he was natural, and kept within his just proportions, has confounded his existence with that of his country. His glory is the common patrimony of increasing civilisation. His renown rises like one of those sanctuaries whence a stream, pure and inexhaustible, flows forth for ever for the solace of the people.

"Bonaparte might also have enriched the public domain. His action was on the nation the most civilised, the most intelligent, the most brave, the most brilliant, of the earth. What a rank he would have occupied at present in the universe, if he had joined magnanimity to his other heroic qualities; if, Washington and Bonaparte at the same time, he had nominated liberty the inheritrix of his glory!

"But this disproportioned giant did not completely identify his destiny with that of his country; his genius belonged to the modern, his ambition to ancient, times. He did not perceive that the miracles of his life by far surpassed the value of a diadem, and that this Gothic ornament but ill became him. Sometimes one might see him take a step with the age; at others he would retrograde towards the past. But whether he reascended the stream of time, or followed its course, the prodigious force of his genius seemed to command a flow or a reflux at his will. Men were, in his eyes, only a means of power; there was no sympathy between their welfare and his own. He promised to liberate, and he enchained them. He separated himself from them, and they shrunk back from him. The kings of Egypt built their funeral pyramids, not amid fertile plains, but sterile sands. On a like site has Bonaparte constructed the monument of his renown."

We do not exactly agree with Monsieur de Chateaubriand in his view of the American rebellion, but we will leave disputation, and proceed with what we have further to say of himself. These last few months have been to him fertile in glory; himself and his works have formed the sole topic of all literary conversation; nor can we pass over, on the present occasion, the mention of an event which forms an epoch in his literary life; we mean the representation of his sacred drama, Moses, at Versailles, and afterwards at the Odéon, in Paris. There was some talk of this representation taking place some years ago, in 1829, and a private reading of it was solemnised, we may say—for a solemnity it was considered—at the *Abbaye aux Bois*. Madame Recambies presided at this feast of reason, at which all the literary and fashionable "notables" of Paris were invited to assist. Among others, Monsieur de Barante, Benjamin Constant, Delamartine, and Pasquier, were there, besides ambassadors, dukes, countesses, duchesses, and the whole tribe of blue stocking matrons and damsels. The piece was read by Lafond, of the Comédie Française, and its success with the auditors was great. From all sides nothing was heard but praise. It was a complete classic tragedy. It was Molière revived; it rivaled *Athalie;* and was as original a creation as any of Lord Byron's. In fact, such a chorus of sweet eulogium overwhelmed the modest author, especially from the dulcet voices and pretty applauding palms of the ladies, that he might well exclaim with Voltaire, "Cease, cease, you are stifling me with roses."

In spite, however, of this enthusiastic admiration thus elicited, Monsieur de Chateaubriand had always doubts of the success of his drama. He perceived that the biblical simplicity of the piece, which developes no violent passions, no intricate plot, no love scenes or modern sympathies of any kind, would require great scenic and instrumental pomp and decoration to make it succeed. The printed drama indeed itself indicates this, "The theatre," in one scene it says, "represents the desert of Sinai. On the right is seen the camp of the twelve tribes, among which are perceived camels, dromedaries, horses, sheep, and goats. On the left appears the rock of Oreb struck by Moses, and pouring forth a stream of water; a few palm trees in front; and under these palm trees the bier or tomb of Joseph. The background presents vast plains of sand, dotted over with thickets of aloes; and the whole prospect is bounded on one side by the Red Sea, and on the other by the mounts Oreb and Sinai." It is only natural, therefore, that such expensive scenic preparation being requisite, and that Monsieur de Chateaubriand being no longer ambassador, and so able to command these essential accessories, should have given up all idea of seeing his drama performed. The director of the theatre of Versailles, nevertheless, seized the favourable moment when the name of Monsieur de Chateaubriand was on the tip of every tongue, to try the experiment of a representation. An interesting correspondence between the director and the author took place on the subject, in which the latter refuses his consent to the attempt, and declares he will be in no way a party to it. The representation, notwithstanding, took place, and a gala-

day, or rather night, it was at Versailles. The theatre was crowded. The whole quartier of St. Germain hurried to the spectacle. Madame de Recambies was there, and all the former auditors of the *Abbaye aux Bois*. Among others, we observed Monsieur and Madame de Guiche, Monsieur Bertin, the directing editor of the *Journal des Debats*, Madame Sophie Gay, and all the actors and actresses of the Comédie Français. But Monsieur de Chateaubriand was not there; he remained in Paris; and we are persuaded that whilst his drama was performing, he was enjoying as sound and unbroken a sleep as if he were in no way concerned in its success or its failure.

Fail, however, it did not; but its success was not of that enthusiastic kind which many of its admirers had anticipated for it. The reason why it could make no very striking impression, we have already hinted at. Nevertheless, it was received very favourably. Yet we cannot help thinking, that respect for the author did more to fix and retain the attention of the audience, than the *dramatic* merit of the piece. We say *dramatic* merit, for we think that in this, from the very nature of the subject, it is deficient. Lyrical merit it has, we confess, and of a very high order; and the whole work is so truly poetic, that if the subject matter did not repel us, we could read it with very great delight. But the subject, we must freely declare, *does* repel us. We cannot consent to confound together the religions of Jupiter and Jehovah, by consigning them equally to the regions of fiction. We cannot approve of borrowing topics from the pulpit for the stage. The events of scriptural history are to us *truths* solid and solemn as the firmament. We will not behold them through the prism of imagination, for we know that so they are only distorted or seen double. They are to us *sacred*, and that in no trite or canting acceptation of the term, but as the only sources of our moral life and immortal hopes. We will then distinguish and separate them, scrupulously and zealously, from all the *profane* associations with which we are surrounded. We will not take the fire from off the altar to ignite the spirit in a punch-bowl. We know very well, however, that these sentiments belong to a protestant view of revelation. We have, therefore, been unduly severe, perhaps, on Monsieur de Chateaubriand, in the observations we have thought it our duty to make. We are perfectly well aware that he has the merit, the unappreciable merit, of *reconciling* (what a word!) his countrymen to Christianity, by showing them how full it is of poetic beauty and purifying emotions. Sacred dramas may consequently—we write it not irreverently—form, as Doctor O'Toole says in the farce, "a part of his system." But we, thank God! have got beyond the need of these specious arts of reconcilement. Our part it is to keep revelation pure, pure as much from the meretricious colourings of poetry, as from the ignorant adulterations of superstition. We love it *as it is*—in its sober simplicity.

We hope these concluding observations will show Monsieur de Chateaubriand that our praises have at least this value, that they are discriminating; and that much as we admire and reverence his genius and character, we suffer not these sentiments—warm as they are—to interfere with the expression of our honest convictions, even when they may be opposed to his own.

O. D.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

PEDLAR KARL,

AT LEBANON SPRINGS.

"Which manner of digression, however some dislike as frivolous and impertinent, yet I am of Beroaldus his opinion, such digressions do mightily delight and refresh a weary reader; they are like sauce to a bad stomach, and I therefore do most willingly use them."—BURTON.

I am not sure whether Lebanon Springs, the scene of a romantic story I am about to tell, belong to New York or Massachusetts. It is not very important, to be sure, in a country where people take Vermont and Patagonia to be neighbouring states, but I have a natural looseness in geography which I take pains to mortify by exposure. Very odd! that I should not remember more of the spot where I took my first lessons in philandering—where I first saw you, brightest and most beautiful A. D. (not *Anno Domini*), in your white morning frocks and black French aprons!

Lebanon Springs are the rage about once in three years. I must let you into the secret of these things, gentle reader, for perhaps I am the only individual existing who has penetrated the mysteries of the four dynasties of American fashion. In the fourteen millions of inhabitants in the United States, there are precisely four authenticated and undisputed aristocratic families. There is one in Boston, one in New York, one in Philadelphia, and one in Baltimore. By a blessed providence they are not all in one state, or we should have a civil war and a monarchy, in no time. With two hundred miles' interval between them, they agree passably, and generally meet at one or another of the three watering-places of Saratoga, Ballston, or Lebanon. Their meeting is as mysterious as the process of crystallisation, for it is not by agreement. You must explain it by some theory of homæopathy or magnetism. As it is not known till the moment they arrive, there is of course great excitement among the hotel-keepers in these different parts of the country, and a village that has ten thousand transient inhabitants one summer, has, for the next, scarce as many score. The vast and solitary temples of Pæstum are gay in comparison with these halls of disappointment.

As I make a point of dawdling away July and August in this locomotive metropolis of pleasure, and rather prefer Lebanon, it is always agreeable to me to hear that the nucleus is formed in that valley of hemlocks. Not for its scenery, for if there is one thing in this universe of ennui that bores me more than a man who is neither rich nor witty, it is "nature." That is why I like Europe; you never hear of it this side the water in man, woman, or landscape; and really, my dear Eastern-hemispherian! you that are accustomed to what is called nature in England (to

wit, a soft park, with a gray ruin in the midst), have little idea how wearily upon heart and mind presses a waste wilderness of mere forest and water, without stone or story. Trees in England have characters and tongues; if you see a fine one, you know whose father planted it, and for whose pleasure it was designed, and about what sum the man must possess to afford to let it stand. They are statistics, as it were—so many trees, *ergo*, so many owners so rich. In America, on the contrary, trees grow and waters run, as the stars shine, quite unmeaningly; there may be ten thousand princely elms, and not a man within a hundred miles worth five pounds five. You ask, in England, who has the privilege of this water? or you say of an oak, that it stood in such a man's time: but with us, water is an element unclaimed and unrented, and a tree dabbles in the clouds as they go over, and is like a great idiot, without soul or responsibility. I told Miss Martineau so, and yet she persisted she should be delighted with our American forests. Introduce me to a drawing-room, full of wax figures larger than life, and I shall find them like men and women as soon.

If Lebanon *had* a history, however,—if it *had* been the scene of much human vice and little human virtue, like other spots of earth,—if Bulwer (who is seen in apotheosis on the other edge of the great scroll of the Atlantic) had looked on it with his creative eye, and poets, with critics who are brother editors of Quarterlys, had sprung, flourished and died within its mountainous horizon,—if, in short, bad poems had been written, and much praised there, and lovely women been made lovelier by a deifying rank and more deifying fortune,—if the ruins of a robber's stronghold stood on the shoulder of one hill, and the walls of a nunnery, suppressed for licentiousness, on the slope of another,—then, I think, Lebanon would have been a spot for a pilgrimage, for its *natural* beauty. It is shaped like a lotus, with one leaf laid back by the wind. It is a great green cup, with a scoop for a drinking-place. As you walk in the long porticoes of the hotel, the dark forest mounts up before you like a leafy wall, and the clouds seem just to clear the pine tops, and the eagles sail across from horizon to horizon, without lifting their wings, as if you saw them from the bottom of a well. People born there think the world about two miles square, and hilly.

The principal charm of Lebanon to me is the village of "Shakers," lying in a valley about three miles off. As Glaucus wondered at the inert tortoise of Pompeii, and loved it for its antipodal contrast to himself, so do I *affection* (a French verb that I beg leave to introduce to the English language) the shaking quakers. That two thousand men could be found in the New World, who would embrace a religion enjoining a frozen and unsympathetic intercourse with the diviner sex, and that an equal number of females could be induced to live in the same community, without locks or walls, in the cold and rigid observance of a creed of celibacy, is to me an inexplicable and grave wonder. My delight is to get into my stanhope after breakfast, and drive over and spend the forenoon in contemplating them at their work in the fields. They have a peculiar and most expressive physiognomy; the women are pale, or of a wintry redness in the cheek, and are all attenuated and spare. Gravity, deep and habitual, broods in every line of their thin faces. They go out to their labour in company with those serious men, and are never seen to smile. Their eyes are all hard and stony, their gait is precise and stiff, their voices are of a croaking hoarseness, and nature seems dead in them. I would you bake such men and women in a brick-kiln.

Do they think the world is coming to an end? Are there to be no more children? Is Cupid to be thrown out of business, like a coach proprietor on a rail-road? What can the shakers mean, I should be pleased to know?

The oddity is that most of them are young. Men of from twenty to thirty, and women from sixteen to twenty-five, and often, spite of their unbecoming dress, good-looking and shapely, meet you at every step. Industrious, frugal, and self-denying they certainly are, and there is every appearance, that their tenets of difficult abstinence are kept to the letter. There is little temptation beyond principle to remain, and they are free to go and come as they list, yet there they live on in peace and unrepining industry, and a more thriving community does not exist in the republic. Many a time have I driven over on a Sunday, and watched those solemn virgins dropping in one after another to the church; and when the fine-limbed and russet-faced brotherhood were swimming round the floor in their fanatical dance, I have watched their countenances for some look of preference, some betrayal of an ill-suppressed impulse, till my eyes ached again. I have selected the youngest and fairest, and have not lost sight of her for two hours, and she might have been made of cheese-parings for any trace of emotion. There is food for speculation in it. Can we do without matrimony? Can we "strike," and be independent of these dear delightful tyrants, for whom we "live and move and have our being?" Will it ever be no blot on our scutcheon to have attained thirty-five as an unfructifying unit? Is that fearful campaign, with all its embarrassments and awkwardnesses, and inquisitions into your money and morals, its bullyings and backings-out—is it evitable?

Lebanon has one other charm. Within a morning drive of the springs lies the fairest village it has ever been my lot to see. It is English in its character, except that there is really nothing in this country so perfect of its kind. There are many towns in the United States more picturesquely situated, but this, before I had been abroad, always seemed to me the very ideal of English rural scenery, and the kind of place to set apart for either love or death—for one's honeymoon or burial, the two periods of life which I have always hoped would find me in the loveliest spot of nature. Stockbridge lies in a broad sunny valley, with mountains at exactly the right distance, and a river in its bosom that is as delicate in its windings, and as suited to the charms it

wanders among, as a vein in the transparent neck of beauty. I am not going into a regular description, but I have carried myself back to Lebanon, and the remembrance of the leafy mornings of summer in which I have driven to that fair earthly paradise, and loitered under its elms, imagining myself amid the scenes of song and story in distant England, has a charm for me now. I have seen the mother-land; I have rambled through park, woodland, and village, wherever the name was old and the scene lovely, and it pleases me to go back to my dreaming days and compare the reality with the anticipation. Most small towns in America have traces of *new*-ness about them. The stumps of a clearing, or freshly boarded barns—something that is the antipodes of romance—meets your eye from every aspect. Stockbridge, on the contrary, is an old town, and the houses are of a rural structure, the fields look soft and genial, the grass is sward-like, the bridges picturesque, the hedges old, and the elms, nowhere so many and so luxuriant, are full grown and majestic. The village is embowered in foliage.

Greatest attraction of all, the authoress of "Redwood" and "Hope Leslie," a novelist of whom America has the good sense to be proud, is the Miss Mitford of Stockbridge. A *man*, though a distinguished one, may have little influence on the town he lives in, but a remarkable *woman* is the invariable cynosure of a community, and irradiates it all. I think I could divine the presence of one almost by the growing of the trees and flowers. "Our Village" does not look like other villages.

You will have forgotten that I had a story to tell, dear reader. I was at Lebanon in the summer of —— (perhaps you don't care about knowing exactly when it was, and in that case I would rather keep shy of dates in a periodical; I please myself with the idea that time gets on faster than I.) The Springs were thronged. The president's lady was there, (this was under our administration, the Adams') and all the four *cliques* spoken of above were amicably united—each others' beaux dancing with each others' belles, and so on. If I were writing merely for American eyes, I should digress once more to describe the distinctive characters of the south, north, and central representations of beauty; but it would scarcely interest the general reader. I may say, in passing, that the Boston belles were *à l'Anglaise*, rosy and *riant*; the New Yorkers, like Parisians, cool, dangerous, and dressy; and the Baltimoreans (and so south), like Ionians or Romans, indolent, passionate, lovely, and languishing. Men, women, and pine apples, I am inclined to think, flourish with a more kindly growth in the fervid latitudes.

The campaign went on, and a pleasant campaign it was—for the parties concerned had the management of their own affairs; *i. e.* they who had hearts to sell made the bargain for themselves, (this was the greater number,) and they who disposed of that commodity gratis, though necessarily young and ignorant of the world, made the transfer in the same manner, in person. That is your true republic. The trading in affections by reference—the applying to an old and selfish heart for the purchase of a young and ingenuous one—the swearing to your rents, and not to your faithful passion—to your settlements, and not your constancy—the cold distance between yourself and the young creature who is to lie in your bosom, till the purchase-money is secured,—and the hasty marriage and sudden abandonment of a nature thus chilled and put on its guard, to a freedom with one almost a stranger, that cannot but seem licentious, and cannot but break down that sense of propriety in which modesty is most strongly entrenched—this seems to me the *one* evil of your old worm-eaten monarchies this side the water, which touches the essential happiness of the well bred individual. Taxation and oppression are but things he reads of in the morning paper.

This freedom of intercourse between unmarried people has a single disadvantage,—one gets so desperately soon to the end of the chapter! There shall be two hundred young ladies at the Springs in a given season, and, by the difference in taste so wisely arranged by Providence, there will scarce be, of course, more than four in that number whom any one gentleman at all difficult will find within the range of his *beau ideal*. With those four he may converse freely twelve hours in the day—more, if he particularly desires it. They may ride together, drive together, ramble together, sing together, be together from morning till night, and at the end of a month passed in this way, if he escape a committal, as is possible, he will know all that are agreeable, in one large circle at least, as well as he knows his sisters—a state of things that is very likely to end in his going abroad soon, from a mere dearth of amusement. I have imagined, however, the case of an unmarrying idle man, a character too rare as yet in America to affect the general question. People marry as they die in that country—when their time comes. *We must all marry* is as much an axiom as *we must all die*, and eke as melancholy.

Shall we go on with the story? I had escaped for two blessed weeks, and was congratulating the susceptible gentleman under my waistcoat pocket that we should never be in love with less than the whole sex again, when a German Baron Von —— arrived at the Springs with a lame daughter. She was eighteen, transparently fair, and, at first sight, so shrinkingly dependent, so delicate, so child-like, that attention to her assumed the form almost of pity, and sprang as naturally and unsuspectingly from the heart. The only womanly trait about her was her voice, which was so deeply soft and full, so earnest and yet so gentle, so touched with subdued pathos and yet so melancholy calm, that if she spoke after a long silence, I turned to her involuntarily with the feeling that she was not the same,—as if some impassioned and eloquent woman had taken unaware the place of the simple and petted child.

I am inclined to think there is a particular tenderness in the human breast for lame women. Any other deformity in the gentler sex is monstrous; but lameness (the Devil's defect) is "the devil." I picture myself, to my own eye now—pacing those ricketty colonnades at Lebanon with the gentle Meeta hanging heavily, and with the

dependence inseparable from her infirmity, on my arm, while the moon (which was the moon of the Rhine to *her*, full of thrilling and unearthly influences) rode solemnly up above the mountain tops. And that strange voice, filling like a flute with sweetness as the night advanced, and that irregular pressure of the small wrist in her forgotten lameness, and my own (I thought) almost paternal feeling as she leaned more and more heavily, and turned her delicate and fair face confidingly up to mine, and that dangerous mixture altogether of childlikeness and womanly passion, of dependence and superiority, of reserve on the one subject of love, and absolute confidence on every other—if I had not a story to tell, I could prate of those June nights and their witcheries till you would think

"Tutti gli alberi del mondo
Fosseio penne,"

and myself "bitten by the dipsas."

We were walking one night late in the gallery running around the second story of the hotel. There was a ball on the floor below, and the music, deadened somewhat by the crowded room, came up softened and mellowed to the dark and solitary colonnade, and added to other influences in putting a certain lodger in my bosom beyond my temporary control. I told Meeta that I loved her.

The building stands against the side of a steep mountain high up above the valley, and the pines and hemlocks at that time hung in their primeval blackness almost over the roof. As the most difficult and embarrassed sentence of which I had ever been delivered died on my lips, and Meeta, lightening her weight on my arm, walked in apparently offended silence by my side, a deep-toned guitar was suddenly struck in the woods, and a clear, manly voice broke forth in a song. It produced an instant and startling effect on my companion. With the first word she quickly withdrew her arm; and, after a moment's pause, listening with her hands raised in an attitude of the most intense eagerness, she sprang to the extremity of the balustrade, and gazed breathlessly into the dark depths of the forest. The voice ceased, and she started back, and laid her hand hastily on my arm.

"I must go," she said, in a voice of hurried feeling; "if you are generous, stay here and await me!" and in another moment she sprang along the bridge connecting the gallery with the rising ground in the rear, and was lost in the shadows of the hemlocks.

I have made a declaration, thought I, just five minutes too soon.

I paced up and down the now *too* lonely colonnade, and picked up the fragments of my dream with what philosophy I might. By the time Meeta returned, perhaps a half hour, perhaps an age, as you measure by her feelings or mine, I had patched up a very pretty and heroical magnanimity. She would have spoken, but was breathless.

"Explain nothing," I said, taking her arm within mine, "and let us mutually forget. If I can serve you better than by silence, command me entirely. I live but for your happiness,—even," I added after a pause, "though it spring from another."

We were at her chamber door. She pressed my hand with a strength of which I did not think those small slight fingers capable, and vanished, leaving me, I am free to confess, less resigned than you would suppose from my last speech. I had done the dramatic thing, thanks to much reading of you, dear Barry Cornwall! but it was not in a play. I remained killed after the audience was gone.

The next day a new character appeared on the stage.

"*Such* a handsome pedlar!" said magnificent Helen ——— to me, as I gave my horse to the groom, after a ride in search of hellebore, and joined the promenade at the well: "and what do you think? he sells only by raffle! It's so nice! All sorts of Berlin iron ornaments, and every thing German and sweet; and the pedlar's smiles worth more than the prizes; and *such* a moustache! See! there he is! and now, if he has sold all his tickets,—will you come, Master Gravity?"

"I hear a voice you cannot hear," thought I, as I gave the beauty my arm, and joined a crowd of people gathered about a pedlar's box in the centre of the parterre.

The itinerant vender spread his wares in the midst of the gay assemblage, and the raffle went on. He was excessively handsome. A head of the sweet gentleness of Raphael's, with locks flowing to his shoulders in the fashion of the German students, a soft brown moustache curving on a short Phidian upper lip, a large blue eye expressive of enthusiasm rather than passion, and features altogether purely intellectual, formed a portrait with which even jealousy might console itself. Through all the disadvantages of a dress suited to his apparent vocation, an eye the least on the alert for a disguise would have penetrated his in a moment. The gay and thoughtless crowd about him, not accustomed to impostors who were *more* than they pretended to be, trusted him for a pedlar, but treated him with a respect far above his station insensibly.

Whatever his object was, so it were honourable, I inly determined to give him all the assistance in my power. A single glance at the face of Meeta, who joined the circle as the prizes were drawn,—a face so changed since yesterday, so flushed with hope and pleasure, and yet so saddened by doubt and fear, the small lips compressed, the soft black eye kindled and restless, and the red leaf on her cheek deepened to a feverish beauty,—left me no shadow of hesitation. I exchanged a look with her that I intended should say as much.

I know nothing that gives one such an elevated idea of human nature (in one's own person) as helping another man to a woman one loves. Oh last days of minority or thereabouts! oh primal manhood! oh golden time, when we have let go all but the enthusiasm of the boy, and seized hold of all but the selfishness of the man! oh blessed interregnum of the evil and stronger genius! why can we not bottle up thy hours like the wine of a better vintage, and enjoy them in the parched

world-weariness of age! In the tardy honeymoon of a bachelor (as mine will be, if it come ever, alas!) with what joy of paradise should we bring up from the cellars of the past a hamper of that sunny Hippocrene!

Pedlar Karl and "the gentleman in No. 10" would have been suspected in any other country of conspiracy. (How odd that the highest crime of a monarchy, the attempt to supplant the existing ruler, becomes in a republic a creditable profession! You are a *traitor* here, a *politician* there!) We sat together from midnight onwards, discoursing in low voices over sherry and sandwiches, and in that crowded Babylon, his entrances and exits required a very conspirator-like management. Known as my friend, his trade and his disguise were up. As a pedlar, wandering about where he listed when not employed over his wares, his interviews with Meeta were easily contrived, and his lover's watch, gazing on her through the long hours of the ball from the crowd of villagers at the windows, hovering about her walks, and feeding his heart on the many, many chance looks of fondness given him in every hour in that out-of-doors society, kept him comparatively happy.

"The baron looked hard at you to-day," said I, as he closed the door in my little room, and sat down on the bed.

"Yes; he takes an interest in me as a countryman, but he does not know me. He is a dull observer, and has seen me but once in Germany."

"How, then, have you known Meeta so long?"

"I accompanied her brother home from the university, when the baron was away, and for a long month we were seldom parted. Riding, boating on the Rhine, watching the sunset from the bartizan of the old castle towers, reading in the old library, rambling in the park and forest—it was a heaven, my friend, than which I can conceive none brighter!"

"And her brother?"

"Alas! changed! We were both boys then, and a brother is slow to believe his sister's beauty dangerous. He was the first to shut the doors against me, when he heard that the poor student had dared to love his high-born Meeta." Karl covered his eyes with his hand, and brooded for a while in silence on the remembrances he had awakened.

"Do you think the baron came to America purposely to avoid you?"

"Partly, I have no doubt, for I entered the castle one night in my despair, when I had been forbidden entrance, and he found me at her feet in the old corridor. It was the only time he ever saw me, if, indeed, he saw me at all in the darkness, and he immediately hastened his preparations for a long contemplated journey, I knew not whither."

"Did you follow him soon?"

"No, for my heart was crushed at first, and I despaired. The possibility of following them in my wretched poverty did not even occur to me for months."

"How did you track them hither, of all places in the world?"

"I sought them first in Italy. It is easy on the continent to find out where persons are *not*, and after two years' wanderings, I heard of them in Paris. They had just sailed for America. I followed: but in a country where there are no passports, and no *espionage*, it is difficult to trace the traveller. It was probable only that they would be at a place of general resort, and I came here with no assurance but hope. Thanks to God, the first sight that greeted my eyes was my dear Meeta, whose irregular step, as she walked back and forth with you in the gallery, enabled me to recognise her in the darkness."

Who shall say the days of romance are over? The plot is not brought to the catastrophe, but we hope it is near.

My aunt, Isabella Slingsby, (now in heaven, with the "eleven thousand virgins," God rest her soul!) was at this time, as at all others, under my respectable charge. She would have said I was under hers—but it amounts to the same thing—we lived together in peace and harmony. She said what she pleased, for I loved her—and I *did* what I pleased, for she loved me. When Karl told me that Meeta's principal objection to an elopement was the want of a matron, I shut the teeth of my resolution, as they say in Persia, and inwardly vowed my unconscious aunt to this exigency. You should have seen Miss Isabella Slingsby, to know what a desperate man may be brought to resolve on.

On a certain day, Count Von Raffle-off (as my witty friend and ally, Tom Fane, was pleased to call the handsome pedlar,) departed with his pack, and the hearts of all the dressing-maids and some of their mistresses, on his way to New York. I drove down the road to take my leave of him out of sight, and give him my last instructions.

How to attack my aunt was a subject about which I had many unsatisfactory thoughts. If there was one thing she disapproved of more than another it was an elopement; and with what face to propose to her to run away with a baron's only daughter, and leave her in the hands of a pedlar, taking upon herself, as she must, the whole sin and odium, was an enigma I ate, drank, and slept upon, in vain. One thing at last became very clear—she would do it for nobody but *me*. *Sequitur*, I must play the lover myself.

I commenced with a fit of illness. What *was* the matter! For two days I was invisible. Dear Isabella! it was the first time I had ever drawn seriously on thy fallow sympathies, and how freely they flowed at my affected sorrows, I shame to remember! Did ever woman so weep? Did ever woman so take antipathy to man as she at that innocent old baron for his supposed refusal of his daughter to Philip Slingsby? This revival of the remembrance shall not be in vain. The mignonette and roses planted above thy grave, dearest aunt, shall be weeded anew!

Oh that long week of management and hypocrisy! The day came at last.

"Aunt Bel!"

"What, Philip, dear?"

"I think I feel better to-day."

"Yes?"

"Yes. What say you to a drive? There is the stanhope."

"My dear Phil, don't mention that horrid stanhope. I am sure, if you valued my life"—

"Precisely, aunt—(I had taken care to give her a good fright the day before)—But Tom Fane has offered me his ponies and Jersey wagon, and that, you know, is the most quiet thing in the world, and holds four. So, perhaps ——ehem!——you'll———ask Meeta?"

"Um! Why, you see, Philip"—

I saw at once that, if it got to an argument, I was *perdu*. Miss Slingsby, though a sincere Christian, never *could* keep her temper when she tried to reason. I knelt down on her cricket, smoothed away the false hair on her forehead, and kissed her. It was a fascinating endearment of mine that I only resorted to on great emergencies. The hermit tooth in my aunt's mouth became gradually visible, heralding what in youth had been a smile; and as I assisted her in rolling up her embroidery, she looked on me with an unsuspecting affection that touched my heart. I made a silent vow that if she survived the scrape into which she was being inveigled, I would be to her, and her dog Whimsiculo, (the latter my foe and my aversion,) the soul of exemplary kindness for the remainder of their natural lives. I lay the unction to my soul that this vow was kept. My aunt blessed me shortly before she was called to "walk in white" (she had hitherto walked in yellow); and as it would have been unnatural in Whimsiculo to survive her, I considered his "natural life" as ended with hers, and had him peacefully strangled on the same day. He lies at her feet as usual, a delicate attention of which (I trust in Swedenborg) her spirit is aware.

With the exception of "Tom Thumb" and "Rattler," who were of the same double-jointed family of interminable wind and bottom, there was never perhaps such a pair of goers as Tom Fane's ponies. My aunt had a lurking hope, I believe, that the baron would refuse Meeta permission to join us, but either he did not think me a dangerous person (I have said before he was a dull man), or he had no objection to me as a son-in-law, which my aunt and myself (against the world) would have thought the natural construction upon his indifference. He came to the end of the colonnade to see us start, and as I eased the ribands and let the ponies off like a shot from a cross-bow, I stole a look at Meeta. The colour had fled from cheek and lip, and the tears streamed over them like rain. Aunt Bel was on the back-seat, *grace à Dieu!*

We met Tom at the foot of the hill, and I pulled up. He was the *best* fellow, that Tom Fane!

"Ease both the bearing reins," said I, "I am going up the mountain."

"The devil you are!" said Tom, doing my bidding, however; "you'll find the road to the Shakers much pleasanter. What an odd whim! It's a perpendicular three miles, Miss Slingsby. I would as lief be hoisted up a well and let down again. Don't go that way, Phil, unless you are going to run away with Miss Von ——."

"Many a shaft at random sent,"

thought I, and waving the tandem lash over the ears of the ponies, I brought up the silk on the cheek of their malaprop master, and spanked away up the hill, leaving him in a rage like to get a fresh supply of fuel by dinner time. Tom was of a plethoric habit, and if I had not thought he could afford to burst a blood-vessel better than two lovers to break their hearts, I should not have ventured on the bold measure of borrowing his horses for an hour and keeping them a week. We have shaken hands upon it since, but it is my private opinion that he has never forgiven me in his heart.

As we wound slowly up the mountain, I gave Meeta the reins, and jumped out to gather some wild flowers for my aunt. Dear old soul! the attention reconciled her to what she considered a very unwarrantable caprice of mine. What I *could* wish to toil up that steep mountain for! Well! the flowers *are* charming in these high regions!

"Don't you see my reason for coming then, aunt Bella?"

"*Was* it for that, dear, Philip?" said she, putting the wild flowers affectionately into her bosom, where they bloomed like broidery on saffron tapestry. "How considerate of you!" And she drew her shawl around her, and was at peace with all the world. So easily are the old made happy by the young! Reader, I scent a moral in the air!

We were at the top of the hill. If I was sane, my aunt was probably thinking, I should turn here and go back. To descend the other side, and reascend and descend again to the Springs, was hardly a sort of thing one would do for pleasure.

"Here's a good place to turn, Philip," said she, as we entered a smooth broad hollow on the top of the mountain.

I dashed through it as if the ponies were shod with *talaria*. My aunt said nothing, and luckily the road was very narrow for a mile, and she had a horror of a short turn. A new thought struck me.

"Did you ever know, aunt, that there was a way back around the foot of the mountain?"

"Dear, no; how delightful! Is it far?"

"A couple of hours or so; but I can do it in less. We'll try;" and I gave the sure-footed Canadians the whip, and scampered down the hills as if the rock of Sysiphus had been rolling after us.

We were soon over the mountain-range, and the road grew better and more level. Oh, how fast pattered those little hoofs, and how full of spirit and excitement looked those small ears, catching the lightest chirrup I could whisper, like the very spell of swiftness. Pines, hemlocks and cedars, farm-houses and milestones, flew back like shadows. My aunt sat speechless in the middle of the back-seat, holding on with both hands in apprehensive resignation! She expected soon to come in sight of the Springs, and had doubtless taken a mental resolution, that if, please God, she once more found herself at home, she would never "tempt Providence" (it was a favourite expression of hers) by trusting herself

again behind such a pair of fly-away demons. As I read this thought in her countenance by a stolen glance over my shoulder, we rattled into a village distant from Lebanon twenty miles.

"There, aunt," said I, as I pulled up at the door of the inn; "we have nearly described a circle. Now, don't speak! if you do you'll start the horses. There's nothing they are so much afraid of as a woman's voice. Very odd, isn't it? We'll just sponge their mouths now, and be at home in the crack of a whip. Five miles more only. Come!"

Off we sped again like the wind, and Bel just venturing to wonder whether the horses would'nt *rather* go slower. Meeta had hardly spoken. She had thoughts of her own to be busy with, and I pretended to be fully occupied with my driving. The nonsense I talked to those horses, to do away the embarrrssment of her silence, would convict me of insanity before any jury in the world.

The sun began to throw long shadows, and the short-legged ponies figured like flying giraffes along the retiring hedges. Luckily, my aunt had very little idea of conjecturing a course by the points of the compass. We sped on gloriously.

"Philip, dear! havn't you lost your way? It seems to me we've come more than five miles since you stopped," (ten at least,) "and I don't see the mountains about Lebanon at all!"

"Don't be alarmed, aunty, dear! We're very high just here, and shall *drop down* on Lebanon as it were. Are *you* afraid, Meeta?"

"*Nein!*" she answered. She was thinking in German, poor girl, and heart and memory were wrapped up in the thought.

I drove on almost cruelly. Tom's incomparable horses justified all his eulogiums; they were indefatigable. The sun blazed a moment through the firs, and disappeared, the gorgeous changes of eve came over the clouds, the twilight stole through the damp air with its melancholy gray, and the whip-poor-wills, birds of evening, came abroad, like gentlemen in debt, to flit about in the darkness. Every thing was saddening. My own volubility ceased; the whiz of the lash, as I waved it over the heads of my foaming ponies, and an occasional "Steady!" as one or the other broke into a gallop, were the only interruptions to the silence. Meeta buried her face in the folds of her shawl, and sat closer to my side, and my aunt, soothed and flattered by turns, believed and doubted, and was finally persuaded by my ingenious and well-inserted fibs, that it was only somewhat farther than I anticipated, and we should arrive "presently."

Somewhere about eight o'clock the lights of a town appeared in the distance, and, straining every nerve, the gallant beasts whirled us in through the streets, and I pulled up suddenly at the door of an hotel.

"Why, Philip!" said my aunt, in a tone of unutterable astonishment, looking about her as if she had awoke from a dream, "This is Hudson!"

It was too clear to be disputed. We were upon the North River, forty miles from Lebanon, and the steamer would touch at the pier in half an hour. My aunt was to be one of the passengers to New York, but she was yet to be persuaded of it; the only thing now was to get her into the house, and enact the scene as soon as possible.

I helped her out as tenderly as I knew how, and, as we went up stairs, I requested Meeta to sit down in a corner of the room, and cover her face with her handkerchief. When the servant was locked out, I took my aunt into the recess of the window, and informed her, to her very great great surprise, that she had run away with the baron's daughter.

"Philip Slingsby!"

My aunt was overcome. I had nothing for it but to be overcome too. She sunk into one chair, and I into the other, and burying my face in my hands, I looked through my fingers to watch the effect. Five mortal minutes lasted my aunt's wrath; gradually, however, she began to steal a look at me, and the expression of resentment about her thin lips softened into something like pity.

"Philip!" said she, taking my hand.

"My dear aunt!"—"What is to be done?"

I pointed to Meeta, who sat with her head on her bosom, pressed my hand to my heart, as if to suppress a pang, and proceeded to explain. It seemed impossible for my aunt to forgive the deception of the thing. Unsophisticated Isabella! If thou hadst known that thou wert, even yet, one fold removed from the truth,—if thou couldst have divined that it was not for the darling of thy heart that thou wert yielding a point only less dear to thee than thy maiden reputation,—if it could have entered thy region of possibilities that thine own house in town had been three days aired for the reception of a bride, run away with by thy ostensible connivance, and all for a German pedlar, in whose fortunes and loves thou hadst no shadow of interest, I think the brain of thee would have turned, and the dry heart in thy bosom have broken with surprise and grief!

I wrote a note to Tom, left his horses at the inn, and at nine o'clock we were steaming down the Hudson, my aunt in bed, and Meeta pacing the deck with me, and pouring forth her fears and her gratitude in a voice of music that made me almost repent my self-sacrificing enterprise. I have told the story gaily, gentle reader! but there was a nerve ajar in my heart while its little events went on.

How we sped thereafter, dear reader!—how the consul of his majesty of Prussia was persuaded by my aunt's respectability to legalise the wedding by his presence,—how my aunt fainted dead away when the parson arrived, and she discovered who was *not* to be the bridegroom, and who *was*,—how I persuaded her she had gone too far to recede, and worked on her tenderness once more,—how the weeping Karl, and his lame and lovely bride, lived with us till the old baron thought it fit to give Meeta his blessing and some money,—how Tom Fane wished no good to the pedlar's eyes,—and lastly, how Miss Isabella Slingsby lived and died wondering what earthly motive I could have for my absurd share in these events, are matters of which I spare you and Mr. Colburn the particular. *He* is obliged to me, of course; may I flatter myself that you are *not?*

SLINGSBY.

From Fraser's Magazine.

LOVE'S LEGACY.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Canto Second.

Now gentlest, purest of thy race,
One other diary deign to trace,
And countenance the fond bequest
Of thy enamoured journalist.
Eventful is the love-sick lay,
And fraught with anguish and dismay;
As every tale of love must be,
If told with due simplicity.
But this is only to supply
Memorial of the times gone by;
For here romance I cannot store,
As all was known to thee before.
I went for four long years and more
To the abodes of ancient lore,
In apathy and blight to drone,
Poring o'er words, words, words alone;
Which I was never more to say
Or hear until my dying day.
There, though induced by nobles gay
To wander in a devious way,
And in some levities to vie
That scarce can bear reflection's eye;
Still to the maid I left behind
I clung with pure unbiassed mind,
And from each rouse and revel came
With new additions to my flame;
While all my visions of delight,
And all my dreams of day and night,
Of babbling brooks and valleys green,
Were only with my rural queen.
She too had left her native grove,
In circles of respect to move;
And then such tales came to mine ear
Of gifted lovers far and near—
Of lords and knights of high degree,
And keen contested rivalry.
But no resource before me lay;
I sat and pined from day to day:
And longed to shed, 'gainst right and law,
The blood of those I never saw.
But let us pine, or bathe in bliss,
Rejoice, or writhe in wretchedness,
Time never lowers a flagging wing
From everlasting journeying.
There's one old adage often said—
And one more apt was never made,
More suiting golden locks and gray—
That "Human life is but a day;"
A day of evil and of sorrow
To those who hope not in the morrow.
And whatsoe'er the evening be,
The morn is verified in me.
I well could such a system frame
Of this old beautcous apothegm,
A diluent so sweet distil,
As would embalm my moral quill;
But dread the exercise too soon,
For terrors of the afternoon.
Its morn, a very trivial braid
Of thorns and roses interlaid—
Of sun and shade a rapid chase,
That daily o'er our mountains race;
Its noon, a fume of fierce turmoiling
Of towering hopes and passions boiling;
But so o'erglossed with gilding bright,
As still to leave a line of light.
But trust me, dearest, and take note—
For this survey is worth a thought—
That all life's roses and its thorns,
Its gleams of light and shadowy bourns,
Have had their wild impetuous source
In youthful love's impassioned force.
Time with his wonted speed flew on,
Till from the halls of hum and drone
I was released, again to fly
Back to my rural deity;
For all the time I'd absent been
I never once her face had seen.
With lightsome step away I strode
To the dear place of her abode,
Repeating boldly all the way
The brilliant things that I would say,
And meant profoundly to proceed
In lauding learning's fountain-head;
And then to raise enraptured eye
With scholar might and majesty,
And own in life's sequestered glade
What more improvement Beauty made.
Yes, I had planned no action less
Than conquest by superb address;
I was to talk with tranquil ease,
And air that might an empress please;
And after sentence terse and brief,
Pull out perfumed handkerchief,
And seem unconscious as the wind
Of all my mighty powers of mind;
While admiration was to sway
The hearts of all that heard the say.
I came—I entered—made my bow;
Saluting all with "How d'ye do?
I hope you're well. How have you been?"
Was all the greeting passed between.
Mine eye was seeking one alone:
She was not there—my speech was gone!
And all my smartness passed to gloom,
Though beauty blazed around the room.
The lightsome form I could not spy,
The pale-rose cheek and falcon eye—
And what cared I for all beside?
My college petulance and pride
Were sent to rest; and for relief,
The odoriferous handkerchief
Came forth with unavailing swing—
The only air, the only thing
That I could muster or evince
Of all my studied excellence.
Oh, wo is me! I was so sped,
So sore-benumbed, so ill-bested—
That I began in courteous chime
Saluting dames a second time;
Not knowing I had strained my lore
In learned compliments before:
The simper and the smile from thence
Were very much at my expense.
Alas! when manhood backward looks
To days of youth, how ill he brooks
The recollection of those scenes
Where reckless folly intervenes.
At length one came, as if to chide,
And set herself down by my side.
"Why are you absent and so glum,
So daunted, doitrified, and dumb?
Are these the airs of learning sage,
Of men the wonders of the age?
Or, must I dread you have in sooth
Forgot the comrades of your youth?"
"Indeed I have not; trust me, ma'am,
I'm glad to see you—faith I am.
I hope I meet you well and gay,
And blithe as when I went away?"
"Yes, so so. But I grieve to see
This want of gallantry in thee,—

This affectation and grimace
To those who looked for other grace,—
Some trace of recollection bland,
And kindlier greeting at thy hand.
I hope 't is affectation's game,
Else something I dare hardly name."
I was dumbfoundered—quite inane,
From shoe-latch to the addled brain;
I ne'er in all my life had seen
A maid of such enchanting mien,
Or form of such a comely grace;
But not one lineament of face,
Or voice, or air, or brow erect,
Could all my efforts recollect;
No, not one feature, were I sworn,
Had I beheld since I was born.
I stared and stammered, blushing blue—
Pulled out my handkerchief anew—
Spoke Latin in my own behalf,—
Then made a vain attempt to laugh.
The lovely group, put to the blush,
Held up their fans, and all was hush;
While she, not knowing what to say,
Arose, and lightly tripped away:
Straight to her gilded harp she paced,
And rang the chords in ruth and haste,
Then raised the melting song on high
Which I had loved in times gone by.
My heart was pierced, and owned the lay
Which only one on earth could play,
So as to steal my soul from me
By music's thrilling melody.
In that sweet strain and song inspired,
So often heard, so oft admired,
I recognised my bosom's queen,
Which my two eyes could ne'er have seen;
My girl was vanished, lost to me,—
But here a perfect prodigy
Of every beauty, every grace,
Addressed me in the elfin's place.
Never was mortal so transfixed,
With wounds of pain and pleasure mixed;
A quaking in my veins began,
A chill through all my vitals ran,—
My head began to swim amain,
My blood seemed rushing to my brain;
Till, tumbling o'er with eldrich moan,
I died with a scholastic groan.
Great was the stir, as gossips said;
For me, I sojourned with the dead,
And carefully was borne away
By comrades trembling with dismay;
While surgeons, parents, sisters—all
Hasted to the funereal hall.
"Poor youth! so lately brisk and boon,—
So fair a flower cut off so soon!"
The surgeon was a man of note,
And said there was no antidote
(Indeed, for death had he devised
One, he might have been canonised)
But recommended ataraxy,
And cupped me for an apoplexy,—
Draining my veins to the last rill
Of purple tide they would distil.
His sapient head could not approve
The thought that I had died of love;
Yet so I had—I died outright,
And slept in death a summer night;
The first, perhaps, from death's domain
Who e'er returned to love again.
Night with its visions passed away,
And life returned at break of day;
But reason tottered on her throne,
Till many days had come and gone;
So deeply love had fixed his dart,
And the keen surgeon played his part.
But still I saw with fancy's eye
A beauteous phantom hovering nigh,
That trod the chamber to and fro
With step as light as snow on snow;
And oft I saw her face so near,
As down she stooped with listening ear,
For fear the youth so erudite
Had slept the sleep of death outright,
So near to mine, that late and rath
I felt her mild and balmy breath.

One time I weened—it might be so—
I cannot vouch to yes or no—
I felt, by chance or by design,
Her glowing cheek depend on mine;
But, true or false as it might be,
The trial proved the same to me.
Again a tremour seized my frame,
And all my veins were wrapped in flame;
The lights went dancing to and fro,
And sore I dreaded I would go;
I cried aloud with stifled breath,
And by the bed-clothes held like death.

Again we sat in bower of bliss,
In perfect love and happiness;
My trembling arm by hers embraced,
Or twined around her slender waist;
Her cheek, as on a former day,
Still touching mine, as if in play;
And her sweet breath, with sob and vow,
Playing around my burning brow;
While her light locks would heave as boon
As amber clouds around the moon;
Then would I wake in feverish pain,
And try to sleep and dream again.

My love-memorial thus far said,
Thy constancy of soul to aid,
And teach thy youthful mind to bear
Stern disappointment's frown severe,
On this my second strain so bland
I set the seal with trembling hand;
And, moved by sob and falling tear,
Inscribe a name to me so dear.
Is it not strange that true love can
Make such a ninny of a man?
Farewell, beloved, I'll write once more
Before I leave the British shore.

Leigh Hunt's *London Journal* has become so established a favourite with the public, having now reached its twenty-third weekly number, that it needs not, though to exonerate our own conscience we must tender, a renewal of the recommendation which we gave to our readers on its first setting out. The commonest topic serves the lively editor for a subject,—a stone, a pinch of snuff, the breakfast-table, the window; upon which he pours forth a stream of thought, recollections, anecdotes, and allusions, in the playful conversational manner of a man of wit and sense, drawn from the stores which a fertile fancy and extensive reading place at his control. He teaches both rich and poor how to extract delight and instruction from the objects around them. To the educated he gives a new relish of their old studies, and to the unlearned he opens up fresh sources of reflection and information.

From the London Athenæum.

Journal d'un Déporté non jugé. 1834. (Printed for private circulation.)

Monsieur de Barbé Marbois, well known as minister, ambassador, and chief judge, as also for a history of Louisiana, of which province he negotiated the sale, wrote an interesting account of his *fructidorisation*, as the French say—in plain English, his transportation, by a *coup d'état* of the executive directory, to the pestilential regions of Cayenne and Sinnamari, in 1797. He wrote while suffering under the cruel sentence, but never thought of printing till now—and which he has done merely for his friends; from one of whom we have obtained the favour of a copy for perusal, with liberty to give such extracts as we think likely to interest the English reader.

Barbé Marbois, a member of the *Conseil des Anciens*, was included with fifteen of his colleagues in a proscription that was in reality directed against the press; since all the respectable editors and proprietors of journals, to the number of forty-two, were on the fatal list, though most of them, from their superior capabilities of getting information in time, were able to escape the blow. The sixteen representatives, too aged (they were nearly all between fifty and sixty years old), and too proud of their political dignity and principles, to allow of flight,* were seized, thrown by sixes into iron cages on wheels, without trial or sentence, and jolted off to Rochefort; the cages and their contents being deposited in dungeons each night.

"My companions (says M. de Barbé Marbois,) had had the consolation of conversing, previous to their departure, with their wives and children: I, eighty leagues distant from my family, remained anxious and ignorant how my poor wife would bear the news of my incarceration. A stranger in France, my Eliza reckoned, on quitting Philadelphia, never to be separated from me. She had passed her childhood in the troubles of the American revolution. A fugitive with her father, proscribed, like other royalists, she had hoped to find tranquillity in France; but there another revolution awaited her. In these circumstances, a husband's presence and support were all in all to her. I thought upon this, borne away as I was irrevocably from her, and this was the bitterest of my reflections. On the morning of my departure for Blois, Cordubar came to bid me ascend to the lodge of the porter: I obeyed—and in a moment my wife was in my arms. Eliza had come upwards of 100 leagues to bid me an eternal adieu. We had but a few minutes to be together. She hastily informed me, that, passing through Paris, she had seen some friends, who had given her hopes that we should not be sent, for the winter at least, farther than Oleron. She spoke of my aged mother—of our child,†—but we had subjects for endless concern, and but a quarter of an hour to satisfy it in. With the consent of Cordubar, and on the condition that Eliza would preserve silence, I conducted her into the damp chapel, where we had slept, and where my companions were only waiting for me to depart. I introduced them to my wife. The apparition of a woman, beautiful, courageous, superior to the weakness of her constitution, moved all who were present. The keepers signified to her to depart. My heart was broken. I embraced her for the last time. In her trouble, she exclaimed—instead of *Adieu*—that she would return. I cried out, in the presence of the magistrates of Blois, "Solicit my trial, but never my pardon." I afterwards learned that, on traversing the court, and seeing our cages drawn up, she fainted away. A captain of *gendarmerie*, perceiving that her domestic was unable to support her, offered her his arm: for this act he was dismissed from his place, by order of the directory."

M. de Marbois has here concealed the full truth—the completion of this scene. His wife, on recovering from her swoon, had lost her reason: nor did she ever recover her senses, being obliged to remain in confinement till her death, which took place a few months since. No sooner had the prisoners arrived at Rochefort, than they were removed from their cages, and hurried on board a wretched vessel, where their fare was worse than the hole in which they were huddled, and their treatment worse than that experienced from the gaolers along the road.

"One of us, not being able to reach the bread, asked one of our guardians, a youth of fifteen or sixteen, to hand it to him; the boy paid no attention at first, and at last flung the bread rudely to him who asked it—it was Pichegru. 'When the sun is down,' observed the general, 'cowards look big in the dark.' 'Mind what you say,' rejoined the boy to the conqueror of Belgium; 'and take care whom you speak to in such a tone.'"

They were a long time on their voyage before they could form a conjecture as to whither they were bound. At length, getting into warmer latitudes, a large box, which had hitherto been kept closely covered upon deck, was opened, and Barthelemy discovered a bread-tree plant. "We are going to Cayenne," said he: "Laraveillere Lepaux has been for months impatient about sending this plant out to Guyana."

There is one characteristic in these volumes that rather mars the impression they would otherwise excite: it is, that a considerable portion of the suffering proceeds from hunger. Hunger certainly is a suffering that one can deeply sympathise with. What so tragic, for example, as Ugolino's? and Pellico's is not less dignified, and scarcely less touching. But whether it is that M. de Marbois has dwelt too much upon it, or treated it in too light a manner, one is as often inclined to smile at, as commiserate, the sad pinchings of stomach experienced by the *déportés*—yet the poor men were almost starved.

"One night a carpenter came, and mysteriously sawed an aperture in the wooden partition of our dungeon. Soon after a leg of mutton and two loaves made their appearance through the aperture. It was some compassionate officers, who thus risked dismissal to send us their supper. Though known to have a good appetite, yet my character for justice was such, that I was entrusted with dividing the prize in the dark. Perhaps the portions were not precisely equal. I kept the shank myself, and certainly there was some meat attached to it. Methought every part of my body was alive to seize its share of the much-wanted aliment. The silence was broken but by mastication. We were concord and happiness itself, when Ramel, the insatiable Ramel, thought fit to ask for his second piece. I was petrified. There was none. "*You* are eating yet," he exclaimed. It was true: I had been carver. But hungry stomachs

* Carnot, however, did escape, whilst Barthelemy, another *director*, scorned even to step aside from the blow.

† The present Duchesse de Plaisance, so remarkable for her love of, and residence in, Greece.

will not hear reason; and all my comrades rose in rebellion against me. Bourdon, the jacobin, made a terrible hubbub. Each thought *he* had been the worst off. I appealed to Barthelemy and Laffor: they were silent; even my friend, of thirty years' standing, would not speak for me. I then appealed to Brotier, the mathematician—equally in vain. All condemned—all bore me rancour; and I suffered more than can be imagined from the injustice—quite as much, perhaps, as I had suffered from that other piece of calumny, equally untrue, of my having been a party to the Treaty of Pilnitz."

They landed at Cayenne in November: their deportation had taken place in September. Collot d'Herbois and Billaud Varennes, two of the infamous and sanguinary jacobins, had undergone the same punishment, and had preceded the present criminals to Cayenne. The inhabitants had as great a horror of the terrorists as they showed themselves kind and feeling towards Marbois and his companions. There were some exceptions: Lavilleheumois, for example, was lodged in the house of a republican zealot, who thus addressed him:—

"Collot was here before you—Collot, who demolished Lyons, and blew its inhabitants before his cannon; but public safety was his excuse. He was the father of the French republic: it was at his suggestion that royalty was abolished. He was rewarded by being banished to this unfeeling spot, where the colonists received and treated him barbarously. Despair caused him a fever; yet he feared to take the medicines they gave him. He called for wine, drank it to excess, and died. Not a stone marks his tomb. You, you —— royalist, are inhabiting his chamber—you sleep in his bed—and, living or dead, *you* will not want friends, whilst he perished without one. Such is the reward of patriotism."

Cayenne, however, was considered too salubrious and comfortable for the exiles: they were despatched from thence to Sinnamari. Here we have the history of the end of another terrorist:—

"After the death of Collot, Billaud Varennes was sent to Sinnamari. He disembarked there on the 27th of October, 1795. Thunder-storms are rare at this time of the year; yet there was a tremendous one at the landing of Billaud. The colonists and Indians saw in the storm the declaration of Heaven pronounced against the great criminal. It was with difficulty that he found a lodging, and that which did receive him was immediately abandoned by every one else. He was soon reduced to utter solitude. He amused himself by teaching a paraquete to speak, and carrying it on his hand in his walks. One day, a bird of prey pounced upon it, and devoured it before his eyes. The death of a pet bird brought tears to the eye that had seen and had ordered so many executions. Yet his demeanour at Sinnamari was reserved, decent, equable, equally free from baseness as from arrogance. I never spoke to him, although he passed four times a day before my cabin."

The ill-fated exiles occupied themselves as they could; those, however, who took to agriculture and hard work, died. M. de Marbois commenced with carpenter's work; he made barrows, desks, a sun-dial; tried his hand even at a clock, but proved not so successful as Louis XVI. He then took to sketching, even portraits, much more to the satisfaction of his black than of his white customers; but even the negroes were not satisfied with a representation of their faces in profile, and pleaded hard to have "the other eye and the other ear put in."

His companions, however, could find no occupation to reconcile them to exile. "Pichegru used to get Aubry, Delarue, and Ramel together in the evenings. He was ever engaged in warlike exercises, drawing his bow, sculling his canoe, and was soon as adroit as an Indian; so that I quickly saw his intention of escaping in the disguise of one." With this view perhaps, in order to become better acquainted with the *Galibis*, as the Indians of those regions are called, and also to accustom the governor to occasional absence, a few of them made a visit to Simapo, an Indian establishment not far off. The work contains a very interesting sketch of their manners and mode of life.

The women sometimes, in the presence of the men, kissed me on the mouth, not without some inconvenience from a mode they have of adorning their chins. They pierce a hole beneath their lower lip, and introduce into it eight or ten pins, which remain with their points outwards, hanging down or protruding like a beard, and offering a formidable barrier to whoever might be bold enough to approach them with gallant intentions.

On the left bank of the Sinnamari, opposite to the village of Simapo, there is the habitation of an Indian who is member of no tribe. Like the savage in Dryden,

> He is as free as nature first made man
> Ere the base laws of servitude began,
> When wild in woods the noble savage ran.

Ouravagare belonged to a distant tribe, which had been dispersed and destroyed by war. He took refuge at Simapo, the chief of which had just died. He offered to replace him; he was refused; and he then asked permission to live in the midst of the new tribe, but not as a member of it, in complete independence. This too was denied; so he established himself alone on the other side of the Sinnamari. His wife and children form a community of seven, over which he rules with absolute power.

But we must hasten onwards. Eight of the *déportés*, with Pichegru at their head, planned an escape. Marbois refused to join in the scheme. He shrunk from the confiscation of his property, which would follow, and which would leave his wife and children unprovided for. On the 3d of June 1798, the eight took advantage of a short absence of the general, and set off at nightfall to gain a bark at some distance from the town. They completely succeeded, and were able in a few days to gain a neighbouring Dutch colony, whence most of them, Pichegru amongst the rest, made their way to England.

Dr. William Carey.—On the 9th of June the death of this eminent oriental scholar is announced at Serampore. He was originally a poor mechanic—a working shoemaker; but devoting himself to the Calvinistic Baptist ministry, he studied the Eastern languages so successfully, that in 1793 he was sent as a missionary to Bengal. There, and at Serampore, his labours have been continued most faithfully during a long period of years; and his translation of the "Ramayana," and other works from the Sanscrit, attest his general learning and great ability; while his labours to spread the Christian faith over Asia have raised a still higher and imperishable monument to his character.

Athenæum.

From the London Quarterly Review.

COOKERY.

1. *On the Ultimate Composition of Alimentary Substances.* By W. Prout, M. D. F. R. S. London, 1827.
2. *Domestic Cookery.* New edition. London, 1834.
3. *Code Gourmand.* Paris. Nouvelle edition, 1833.

When Boswell asked Burke's opinion of his definition of our species—"Man is a cooking animal,"—the great statesman answered—"Your definition is a good one; and I now see the force of the old proverb, 'There is reason in the roasting of eggs.'"

Man is essentially a cooking animal—the only one of God's creatures acquainted with the use of fire, and consequently the only one who is capable of applying it to the purposes of life, with a view to promote his own comfort and happiness. Nor is this invention accidental or of fortuitous origin; on the contrary, the elaborate preparation of his food by means of this element is indispensable and necessary to his well-being.

It would appear that animals who feed exclusively on vegetables are furnished with an extensive apparatus of stomach and other organs, which are admirably adapted to macerate and reduce their refractory food to the purposes of their economy: of this every ruminating animal affords an example. But man, who is evidently intended to live, at least in part, upon vegetable products, has not been furnished with this apparatus; from whence we are authorised to conclude that this deficiency was meant to be supplied by his own ingenuity, as exhibited in the artificial processes of cookery. In this point of view, the culinary art (the improvements of which are too apt to rank among the refined luxuries only of the idle and the rich) is elevated into the dignity of a science intimately connected with the intellectual superiority of human nature; and one is, in some measure at least, released from shame, on being told that of Mrs. Rundell's Cookery Book 153,000 copies have already been sold!

Dietetics, so immediately connected with our present subject, the ancients seem to have more carefully considered than ourselves, and to have made observations thereon which we should be disposed to regard, at the present time, rather as over refinements, than as of any great use or substantial importance. Celsus, for instance, in his classical work, De Re Medicâ, expresses himself upon these matters with a degree of minute and nice discrimination that seems to us unnecessary: thus in cap. xx. p. 78, where he treats of "Quæres alvum movent et adstringunt," he says, among other things, that articles of food which are roasted, eggs, for instance, are astringent: so also are those birds which run, as the crane; on the contrary, birds which swim have an opposite property: that hare and goat belong to the one class of substances; while oysters, in short, all shell fish, appertain to the other. If it be objected that in the beginning of this admirable work, when speaking of the mode of life which a man ought to lead, Celsus maintains that he should live by no determined rule, either of exercise or of repose; be occasionally in the country, occasionally in town; that sometimes he ought to sail, sometimes to hunt, and avoid no sort of food whatever; at one time to abstain entirely from eating, at another to indulge to excess; so that the body may be accustomed to no particular kind of regimen—yet he adds, that this method is calculated for those who are in rude health, for when that has become in the slightest degree impaired, extreme caution is required in the choice of the ordinary articles of food.—(cap. i.)

According to Diodorus Siculus, the early kings of Egypt had their whole diet regulated by the court physician; and here in England, about the middle of the fifteenth century, we are told that—after the fashion of Barataria—

> "Docteure of physique stondeth much in the king's presence at his meles, counselling or answering to the king's grace which diet is best according, and to tell the nature and operation of all the metes; and much he should talke with the steward, chamberlayne, assewar, and the maister cook, to devise by counsayle what metes or drinks is best according with the king."—*Liber Niger Domûs Regis Ed. IV.*

This extract we find in a little work, published some twenty years ago, now almost forgotten, under the title of "Receipts in Modern Cookery, with a Medical Commentary; or, Culina Famulatrix Medicinæ." The book, notwithstanding the quaint and affected style in which it is written, contains many sensible observations; and its very title proves that the author, Dr. Hunter, had some notion of the importance of the art which he undertook to illustrate; though we are disposed to think that a more comprehensive view of the whole subject would have led him to place cookery in a less subordinate situation than that of the mere handmaid of medicine.

It would seem that various food is the most wholesome for man—that he thrives best upon a proper admixture of vegetable and animal diet: the Brahmins, who feed solely upon rice, are not long lived, and are endowed with feeble constitutions; on the other hand, the Esquimaux are obliged to mix saw-dust with their train oil. As to the practice of some tribes in South America, the Ottomacs, for instance, who, when they are deprived of fish, (their ordinary food,) by the inundations of the Oroonoko, swallow, according to Humboldt, balls of a very fine and unctuous clay, of a yellowish gray colour; or that of the quarrymen of Kiffhœuser, who spread a similar clay upon their bread, instead of animal butter,—they must be regarded as analogous to that habit occasionally observed among the West India negroes, and considered as a symptom of dyspepsia, viz. of eating dirt, which is called by physicians Pica. All such practices have for their object the mere distention of the stomach; they can afford no nourishment whatever, but, by allaying the distressing feeling of inanition, appease for a time the cravings of nature: therefore there is *one* circumstance mentioned by Humboldt which we confess appears to us unaccountable, viz. that the Ottomacs "do not become lean during the long Lent of the overflow."

The late Dr. Wollaston made an observation (important as all his observations were) to this effect,—that animals fed exclusively on animal food, secrete more lithic acid, in other words, are more subject to calculous complaints, than those who live on a due mixture of vegetable and animal matter. Another observation has also been made on this subject, which is now fully established by experience, viz. that, as in this class of disorders there is a great disposition to indigestion, indicated by the frequent occurrence of what is called acidity of the stomach, hard water, or that which contains a calcareous impregnation, is the best beverage which such invalids can employ. So far from increasing the disease, the natural hard waters of Buxton, Matlock, Bath, and Bristol, serve to correct it.

Physiologists, it is to be observed, regard no substance as properly nutritive unless it be an organised body, that is, derived either from the animal or vegetable kingdom. Other matters may be useful, either by rendering the substances themselves more digestible, as water, or by exciting the action of the digestive organs, as common salt, which not only does this, but serves other most important purposes in the animal economy.

Dr. Prout has of late clearly proved that all the chief alimentary matters employed by man may be reduced to three classes, viz., saccharine, oily, and albuminous substances, the most perfect specimens of which are respectively, sugar, butter, and white of egg. The saccharine principle, in its extended sense, includes all those substances which are chiefly derived from the vegetable kingdom—means, in fact, the same thing as what we commonly call vegetable diet. It comprehends all those substances, whatever their sensible properties may be, into the composition of which the hydrogen and oxygen enter in the proportion in which they form water;—for example—what perhaps may not a little surprise the reader—the fibre of wood, which chemists call *lignin*. Much skilful manipulation and delicacy of experiment were required to establish this result; but the nutritive property of the woody fibre—in short, that a tolerable good quartern loaf can be made out of a deal board—has been proved by the recent labours of a German professor, and may be verified by any one who will take the trouble to repeat them:—

"The following (says Dr. Prout) was the method he employed for this purpose. In the first place, every thing that was soluble in water was removed by frequent maceration and boiling; the wood was then reduced to a minute state of division, that is to say, not merely into fine fibres, but actual powder; and after being repeatedly subjected to the heat of an oven, was ground in the usual manner of corn. Wood thus prepared, according to the author, acquires the smell and taste of corn-flour. It is, however, never quite white, but always of a yellowish colour. It also agrees with corn-flour in this respect, that it does not ferment without the addition of leaven, and in this case sour leaven or corn-flour is found to answer best. With this it makes a perfectly uniform and spongy bread; and when it is thoroughly baked, and has much crust, it has a much better taste of bread than what in times of scarcity is prepared from the bran and husks of corn. Wood-flour, also, boiled in water, forms a thick, tough, trembling jelly, like that of wheat-starch, and which is very nutritious."—*Philosophical Transactions*, 1827, Part II. p. 318.

To make wood-flour in perfection, according to Professor Autenrieth, the wood, after being thoroughly stripped of its bark, is to be sawed transversely into disks of about an inch in diameter. The saw-dust is to be preserved, and the disks are to be beaten to fibres in a pounding-mill. The fibres and saw-dust, mixed together, are next to be deprived of every thing harsh and bitter which is soluble in water, by boiling them, where fuel is abundant, or by subjecting them for a longer time to the action of cold water, which is easily done by enclosing them in a strong sack, which they only half fill, and beating the sack with a stick, or treading it with the feet in a rivulet. The whole is then to be completely dried, either in the sun or by fire, and repeatedly ground in a flour-mill. The ground wood is next baked into small flat cakes, with water rendered slightly mucilaginous by the addition of some decoction of linseed, mallow stocks and leaves, lime-tree bark, or any other such substance. Professor Autenrieth prefers marshmallow roots, of which one ounce renders eighteen quarts of water sufficiently mucilaginous, and these serve to form four pounds and a half of wood-flour into cakes. These cakes are baked until they are brown on the surface. After this they are broken to pieces, and again ground, until the flour pass through a fine boulting-cloth; and upon the fineness of the flour does its fitness to make bread depend. The flour of a *hard wood*, such as beach, requires the process of baking and grinding to be repeated. Wood flour does not ferment so readily as wheaten-flour; but the professor found fifteen pounds of birch-wood flour, with three pounds of sour wheat-leaven, and two pounds of wheat flour, mixed up with eight measures of new milk, yielded thirty-six pounds of *very good bread*. The learned professor tried the nutritious properties of wood flour, in the first instance, upon a young dog; afterwards he fed two pigs upon it; and then, taking courage from the success of the experiment, he attacked it himself. His family party, he says, ate it in the form of gruels or soup, dumplings, and pancakes, all made with as little of any other ingredients as possible; and found them palatable and quite wholesome. Are we, then, instead of looking upon a human being stretched upon a bare plank as the picture of extreme want and wretchedness, to regard him as reposing in the lap of abundance, and consider, henceforth, the common phrase "bed and board," as compounded of synonymous terms?

The Laplanders of Tryssild, and the mountainous part of Oesterladen, are said by Von Buch in his Travels through Norway and Lapland, in 1806-7-8, to make a bread, called by them Barke Brod, in the following manner.

"When the young and vigorous fir trees are felled, to the great injury of the woods, the tree is stripped of its bark for its whole length; the outer part is carefully peeled from the bark; the deepest interior covering is then shaved off, and nothing remains but the innermost rind, which is extremely soft and white. It is then hung up several days in the air to dry, and afterwards baked in an oven; it is next beat on wooden blocks, and then

pounded as finely as possible in wooden vessels. But all this is not enough; the mass is yet to be carried to the mill, and ground into coarse meal like barley or oats. The meal is mixed up with thrashed oat-ears, or with a few moss-seeds; and a bread of about an inch thickness is formed of this composition."—87.

In another place, the same traveller, talking of the Enare Laplanders, says,—

"In summer they scarcely eat any thing but fish from the fresh-water lakes, and drink with great eagerness the water in which the fish has been boiled. In winter they must put up with dried fish, and with soups of water, fir bark, and rein-deer tallow.—They peel off in summer, the innermost bark of the fir, divide it in long stripes, and hang them in their dwellings to dry for winter stores. When used, these stripes of bark are minced in small pieces along with the rein-deer tallow, and boiled together for several hours with water, till they form thick broth."—p. 324.

It is not improbable, says Dr. Prout, when speaking of this method, that during the above process the lignin combines with water, and forms an artificial starch; what the change may be we will not venture to decide. As for the spongy bread made by the Tubingen Professor, we should like very much to taste it; but with respect to the poor Laplander's coarse and husky variety of *the staff of life*, it can be, we greatly fear, little better than the newly-invented patent bread of our own metropolis.

One word on this new-fangled article. It is well known that in the old established way of baking, the steam which arises during the process is allowed to escape as of no value; but accident discovered, a few years ago, that this vapour, if condensed, exhibited traces of alcohol, and the collection of it immediately became an object of cupidity and speculation; and this, together with some saving of fuel during the process of baking, suggested the patent and the formation of the company upon a great scale.—One of its recommendations was, that bread so made, though kept for any length of time, does not become sour; and this we understand is the fact; but how and at what expense is this incorruptibility procured? Sour bread is unquestionably bad; but is not bread which, if kept too long, is liable to *become* sour, the very article we want? In the new method the distillation (for such it is in reality) is pushed as far as it can go: the whole product of the fermentation is obtained and collected, so that the residue, or loaf, may be regarded as a *caput mortuum*, incapable of undergoing further change; but is it not rather unluckily deprived, at the same time, of its saccharine principle—in short, of all nutritive property?—For our own parts we adhere to the old orthodox "bread with the gin it."

But enough for the present of bread. In France, most substances are exposed, through the medium of oil or butter, to a temperature of at least 600° Fahrenheit, by the operation of frying, or some analogous process. They are then introduced into a macerating vessel with a little water, and kept for several hours at a temperature far below the boiling point (212°) not perhaps higher than 190°; and by these united processes, properly conducted, the most refractory articles, whether of animal or vegetable origin, are reduced more or less to the state of pulp, and admirably adapted for the further action of the stomach.* In the common cookery of this country, on the contrary, articles are usually put once into a large quantity of water, and submitted, without care or attention, to the boiling temperature: the consequence is, that most animal substances, when taken out, are harder and more indigestible than in the natural state; for it is well known that albuminous substances (as, for example, *the white of an egg*) become the harder the longer they are boiled. These observations are often of the utmost importance in a medical point of view. When the powers of the stomach are weak, a hard and crude English diet (such, for example, as half-raw beef-steaks, &c. &c., so frequently recommended) is sure to produce much discomfort by promoting acidity; while the very same articles, well cooked upon French principles, or rather the principles of common sense, can be taken with impunity, and easily assimilated, by the same individual.

It has been remarked before, on the authority of one of our ablest chemical physicians, that our principal alimentary matters may be reduced to three classes, of which sugar, butter, and white of egg, are the representatives. Now, it is a curious circumstance that milk, the only article absolutely prepared and intended by nature as an aliment, is a compound of all the three classes; and almost all the gramineous and herbaceous matters employed as food by the lower animals contain at least two, if not all the three. The same is true of animal aliments, which consist at least of albumen and oil. In short, it is perhaps impossible to name a substance employed by the more perfect animals as food, that does not essentially constitute a natural compound of at least two, if not all three, of these great principles of alimentary matter.

Skin, it may be mentioned, is composed almost entirely of animal jelly, a substance nearly allied in its properties to *albumen*, and called by chemists gelatine, of which the purest example is isinglass.—With the nutritive properties of this we are familiar in a very common culinary pro-

* Singular as it may be thought, it is not yet determined what is the exact purpose of rumination; but looking at the deficiency in the cutting-teeth of such animals as chew the cud, and reflecting upon the fact that this peculiar function is not established till after the young animal has ceased to be nourished by the milk of its mother, we may safely conclude that it is intended in some essential way to assist the process of digestion. An ox, for instance, having filled himself with crude vegetable matter, is seen quietly to lie down, and deliberately to begin to cook his meal, which he has providently taken care to secure before-hand in his large internal storehouse or larder, technically called the paunch, or venter magnus. The stomachs of ruminants *with horns* are somewhat differently constructed from those of animals of the same class, such as the camel, dromedary, and lama, which have a beautiful and curious mechanism, that fit them to live in the sandy deserts where the supplies of water are very precarious. It is said that hares and rabbits ruminate, but it must be only when they eat particular kinds of vegetables; certainly when they are fed upon meal this remarkable action is not perceptible.

duct, viz., blanc-mange. Now, by the process of tanning, skin attracts the tan of the liquor in which it is immersed, and forms a compound insoluble either in cold or boiling water, and not liable to putrefaction. The well known substance, leather, is this compound, and though rather unsavoury and somewhat difficult of digestion, has on an emergency been employed as an article of food. Sir John Franklin, in the account he has given us of his journey to the shores of the Polar Sea, when describing the extremities of hunger and privation of every kind to which he was exposed, says, on one occasion:

"Previous to setting out the whole party ate the remains of their old shoes, and whatever scraps of leather they had, to strengthen their stomachs for the fatigue of the day's journey."—vol. iv. p. 58.

"On another occasion the captain found some of his party halting among some willows, where they had picked up some pieces of skin and a few bones of deer that had been devoured by the wolves last spring. They had rendered the bones friable by burning, and eaten them as well as the skin, and several of them had added their old shoes to the repast."—vol. iv. p. 33.*

Some idea may be formed of the hardships endured by those brave men, from the story of their disappointment and grief when they reached Fort Enterprise, and found all perfectly desolate—no deposit of provisions—no trace of the Indians.

"When I arose," writes Sir John, "on the following morning, my body and limbs were so swollen, that I was unable to walk more than a few yards. My companions, four in number, went to collect bones (the relics of deer that had been thrown away during our former residence) and some *tripe de roche*, which supplied us with two meals. The bones were quite acrid, and the soup excoriated the mouth, if taken alone, but it was somewhat milder when boiled with *tripe de roche*."

A regimen consisting of *tripe de roche* (a lichen of the genus gyrophora), dry bones, and old shoes, is, to be sure, an instance of a mixed animal and vegetable diet, though, it must be granted, not of the most inviting description. But it is in the *artificial* food of man that we see this great principle of mixture most strongly exemplified. Dissatisfied with the productions spontaneously furnished by nature, he culls from every source, and forms, in every possible manner, and under every disguise, the same great alimentary compound. This, after all his baking, roasting, stewing, &c.—how much soever he may be disinclined to believe it, is the sole end an of his exertions. Even in the utmost ref of his luxury the same great principle is to; and his sugar and flour, his eggs and in all their various forms and combinati nothing more nor less than disguised in of the simple elementary prototype, *n* follows, therefore, that to say of any t the old homely way, that "it is as mother's milk," is in fact the highest p can bestow; nor is the preference here *mother's* milk an accidental or indifferent stance—for all chemists know that hum is more nutritious and more digestible t other, inasmuch as it contains very litt but abounds in cream. Here we have instance of the good sense and sound obs couched in our old proverbial expressions

Before we dismiss entirely this summa of human diet, we should observe that, elementary matters employed by man, them, viz: the oleaginous and albuminc animal products, or parts of other anima hence may be supposed capable of being applied to the purposes of the animal e without undergoing any essential change. the saccharine class, derived principally f vegetable kingdom, the case is different; fore this can be converted either into the nous or the albuminous principles, it mus go some essential change or changes in position. But it has been found, that w be the nature of the food of man, the composition of the *chyle*, or milky flu which it is all resolved before its absorpt the system, is all the same.

We all know by our own sensations, ho an influence the stomach exercises over o happiness. Mrs. Hannah More says, quaint way, "There are only two bad th this world—sin and bile." When in a p healthy condition, every thing goes on w is *couleur de rose;* on the contrary, our tell us that the horrors of hypochondri mainly owing to dyspepsia, or indigestion. this is true we have no doubt, though we yet fully disposed to adopt the French m "*mauvais cœur, bon estomac*"—as comp ing the requisites of physical enjoyment.

Our lively neighbours, however, posse indisputable claims to be our masters in of cookery, that every thing coming fro which relates in any way to the table, is to be received with attention and acknov with gratitude. "Les lois règales, appl et exemples de l'art de bien vivre," lai with great exactness in the "Code Gour named at the head of this paper, have affo some amusement; and we think few readers could help smiling at the solemn of the confirmed epicure who has recor results of his gastronomical experience. paying him but a poor compliment, tha worth a hundred Doctor Kitcheners.

The ceremonies to be observed, from t sending out of an invitation to the servic last remove of an entertainment, are de with rigorous formality:—

* But the human stomach can digest harder substances than mere skin and bone, as appears from a paper published in the Medico-Chirurgical Transactions, vol. xii. part 1, 1822, by the late Dr. Marcet. In this memoir he relates the history of an English sailor, who, in imitation of a conjuror whose tricks he had just witnessed, and in a drunken frolic, swallowed several clasp knives, and, ten years afterwards, died in Guy's hospital. Several most skilful surgeons examined his body with great interest and attention: to the astonishment of all, the blades of many knives were found in his interior, 'some of them remarkably corroded and prodigiously reduced in size, while others were comparatively in a state of tolerable preservation.' The knives are still to be seen in the museum attached to the hospital.

CHAP. I. TITRE PREMIER.

"Art. 3.—La date de l'invitation se mesure d'après l'importance du repas. Pour plus de sûreté et de régularité, elle ne peut avoir à courir moins de quatre jours, ni plus de trente.

"Art. 4.—Quand le dîner doit être orné d'une pièce notable, on l'indique par un *post-scriptum*; on écrit, 'Il y aura une carpe du Rhin,' comme il y aura un violon.

"Art. 5.—Le vaste surtout chargé de fleurs est à jamais proscrit de la table d'un vrai gourmand; vaut-il mille écus, il faut lui préférer le modeste hors-d'œuvre dont il envahit la place."

CHAP. II. TITRE SECOND.

"Art. 1.—Un convive qui sait son monde n'entamera jamais une conversation avant la fin du premier service; jusque-là le dîner est une affaire sérieuse dont il serait imprudent de distraire l'assemblée.

"Art. 2.—Toute phrase commencée doit être suspendue à l'arrivée d'une dinde aux truffles.

"Art. 3.—Un convive ne doit être que poli pendant le premier service; il est tenu d'être galant au second; il peut être tendre au dessart. Jusqu'au champagne"——

But the *Convive* is getting too lively for our English notions—so we must turn a new leaf, and introduce the reader to more sober company.

THE RUSSIAN PLATINA MINES.

A report has recently appeared, in the *Berlin State Gazette*, upon the production of platina, and the present state of the mines of that metal in the Russian empire. During ten years, from midsummer 1824 to January 1834, the quantity of platina ore extracted from the mines in the Ural mountains, amounted to 230 quintals, which yielded upwards of two thirds of pure metal. Of this, about 153 quintals were coined, amounting to a sum of 8,186,620 roubles. About 160 pounds were employed in the manufacture of vessels for the separation of gold from silver, and for other purposes. Estimating the amount coined as below one million sterling, and this product of the mines being spread over a period of ten years, it would appear that beyond the cost of the establishments, but little clear revenue has been derived from the mines. But as they are the exclusive property of the crown, and worked by serfs, whose maintenance may be estimated at the minimum of the cost of human support—and moreover, as the quantity of ore has progressively increased with the progress of the mining operations, it is by no means to be supposed that the Ural mines may not add, in a very considerable degree, to the wealth of the Russian empire. Platina being a metal of great unimpressibility, much difficulty was experienced in first converting it into coin—but at length a die of the most ingenious description was constructed for the purpose, by a French mechanist, who is said to have received a very large reward. The coin has hitherto preserved an exact mean between the value of gold and silver, but how its future value may be changed by the increased supply of the ore, and its comparative intrinsic utility for other purposes than money, is yet to be determined. The coin is a handsome one, and specimens, we believe, may be seen at the British Museum.

From the Monthly Review.

A Journey throughout Ireland during the Spring, Summer and Autumn of 1834. By HENRY D. INGLIS. 2 Vols. London: Whittaker & Co. 1834.

The appearance of a new work by a well-known author sets in motion certain anticipations within us, which may be favourable or unfavourable, but which, no doubt, silently operate, to a certain extent, in guiding our judgment of its merits. For we profess not to be beyond the power of such sympathies as may sometimes betray the delicacies rather than the weaknesses of humanity. It is this very sensitive part of our nature that enables us to appreciate nicely the character of a work, where beauties or defects may decidedly, yet unobtrusively, prevail. For example, the moment we saw Ireland in 1834, by Henry D. Inglis, upon our table, a spiritless and faulty volume, which had been previously engaging and provoking us, was laid aside, good nature recovered its wonted sway, and now, said we, a pleasurable duty is before us.

Mr. Inglis is one of our favourites. We do not think that he is oppressed with diffidence of his own talents, neither that he is always careful to withhold a decided opinion where wiser men would halt. But he is eminently well calculated to write such works as the one now to be considered, for he is forward, shrewd, clever, and talkative; above all, he is honest, serious, and instructive. His knowledge is varied, his discrimination of character nice, his liberality exemplary; yet his regard for moral and religious truths unflinching—so that, take him altogether, he is a delightful and valuable writer. His liveliness, activity, and purity, are such, if we may judge from his works, that he must be the most entertaining of companions—a treasure as a fellow-traveller.

Of all that he has published we like the present work most. This may arise from the peculiar interest naturally excited by the field of his labour; imparting, both to the writer and the reader, a sort of patriotic zeal—a familiar partiality. What Briton is there who feels not for Ireland as for a dear sister, whose trials in life have been singularly severe and protracted, whose cup of affliction and anguish still continues to run over? The author is deeply imbued with the sentiments of affection and commiseration. Fain would he do good for poor Ireland. Nor will his ardent desire fail; for, of all the accounts given of that unhappy country, which have come to our knowledge, this is by far the most honest. The author not merely is honest, but he has been at the utmost pains to arrive at the truth; and what greater good can any one man confer on Ireland than to let England know the truth concerning her? From the very first step which Mr. Inglis takes in the country, the reader feels that nothing is told but what has the irresistible force of fidelity stamped upon it. His own assertion might have been sufficient in testimony of his honesty; but a man may be blind to his strongest partialities. Here, however, we see no tendency but that uniform one, of carefully and anxiously searching for facts.

It is a field eminently worthy of a philanthropic

and an enlightened mind, which the author undertook to traverse and describe. England's ignorance of Ireland is, in the work before us, proved to be most gross. This is owing to the unhappy spirit of party, which so broadly and deeply envelopes the truth, colouring and falsifying every partisan's testimony; and to the difficulty which an unbiassed enquirer thence encounters, when in search of data to go by, of arriving at the real facts. The author was accordingly every where told, that in case of attempting to glean opinions on all hands, their contrariety would bewilder him. An eminent and talented judge in Dublin said, that he could easily imagine two well educated persons, and both equally free from prejudice, returning from a journey through Ireland, with views and impressions directly opposed to each other, according as the letters of introduction, which they carried, chanced to be to men of one party or to men of another.

As the author well expresses himself, this shoal, upon which he fears many who have written upon Ireland have made shipwreck of truth, he endeavoured to avoid, by obtaining letters to men of all parties, ranks, and religions; trusting to be able to correct, by minute personal observation, diversities of opinions, which resolution, it is evident, he faithfully and industriously followed out. He carried from Dublin upwards of 130 letters of introduction to persons, from the peer to the farmer, (to the peasant he introduced himself,) and of all opinions; these letters again were most prolific, begetting, in the course of the tour, at least three times the above number. From the first letters, and other circumstances, a general impression was conveyed that he meant to tell the truth, without having any party to serve, and this encouraged men of all opinions to put him in the way of finding it. So that the author was singularly well equipped for his journey, whether we consider the aids he received, or his own faithful eagerness in research.

The very first paragraph of the work contains observations worthy of the reader's attention and confidence. The author says it might be an impertinence were he to begin by any general assertion of the ignorance of the British public respecting Ireland; but that there can be no impertinence in acknowledging his own; that during his tour he found more to correct in his previous impressions and opinions than in any journey he ever made through any country; that were he to exclude from this acknowledgment the social condition of the inhabitants, and apply it but to what is visible to the eye, the declaration would hold true. How profound then must have been, as he adds, his ignorance of all beneath the surface! We wish we could transfer into our pages the entire spirit and information contained in these neat volumes; there would be no lack of entertainment for our readers; for who can faithfully describe Irish character and scenery and not be entertaining? But we have a higher object in view than any that is not of paramount magnitude; and therefore proceed to do our best, considering our limits, to make Ireland in 1834 be seen and known.

The author arrived in Dublin in spring, and was much struck by the splendour, architectural and otherwise, of the city. Many apparent proofs of wealth are thrust upon the eye, in certain parts of the metropolis, but a closer observation brings to the mind the proverb, "that it is not all gold that glitters." He remarks, that if caution be necessary in drawing conclusions respecting the wealth of Dublin, from what meets the eye in certain streets, tenfold caution is required in drawing any conclusions respecting the condition of Ireland, from even the *real* state of Dublin. That Dublin prosperity is somewhat deceptive, he shows, by stating, for example, that a tradesman there sets up his car and his country-house, with a capital that a London tradesman would look upon but as a beginning for industry to work upon. We have often heard of the affecting contrasts presented in that city between grandeur and poverty; and we are told by the author, that the pauper population resembled strongly that of the Spanish towns, supposing the potato to be converted into a melon. In London, every fifth and sixth shop contains bacon and cheese, in the meaner parts of the city; but a corresponding department of Dublin presents a very different scene; for what would be the use of a bacon shop, where the lower orders cannot afford to eat bacon? Of the author's mode of gathering facts and making up his opinions, the following is a striking example.

"As I have mentioned the lower orders in Dublin, I may add, that the house in which I lived in Kildare-street, being exactly opposite to the Royal Dublin Society, which was then exhibiting a cattle-show, I was very favourably situated for observing, among the crowd collected, some of those little traits which throw light upon character and condition. I remarked, in particular, the great eagerness of every one to get a little employment, and earn a penny or two. I observed another less equivocal proof of low condition. After the cattle had been fed, the half-eaten turnips became the perquisite of the crowd of ragged boys and girls without. Many and fierce were the scrambles for these precious relics; and a half-gnawed turnip, when once secured, was guarded with the most vigilant jealousy, and was lent for a mouthful to another longing tatterdemalion, as much apparently as an act of extraordinary favour, as if the root had been a pine-apple. Yet these mouthfuls were freely given; and I have seen, that where two boys contended who should take charge of a gentleman's horse, the boy who obtained the preference, and got the penny or twopence, divided it with his rival. These were pleasing traits; and were indicative of that generosity of character which displays itself in so many kindly shapes; but which is, perhaps, also in some degree the parent of that improvidence, to which the evils of absenteeism are partly to be ascribed."—Vol. i. pp. 12, 13.

Upon these facts he detects a national trait—improvidence, allied with a love of ostentation, which has greatly swelled the lists of absentees. Among our own friends from the Emerald isle, some of whom adorn and enrich London, we think that a tendency to the trait, detected by the author, may be discovered; at least when they are contrasted with the calculating Caledonian, the feature is prominent. Mr. Inglis has counted twenty-seven hackney coaches and sixteen cars, in the funeral procession of a person in the humblest walks of life, with other circumstances of

needless display. He bears hearty testimony to the fascination of Dublin society, to the hospitality that characterises the inhabitants, and to the beauty of the city. But as it was his object rather to search for deeper and wider grounds as respects the real condition of the country, it will be ours to fix upon those parts of the work that seem most distinctly to elucidate this design. Before leaving Dublin, however, we must quote part of what is said concerning the Mendicity Society, which we, with him, trust is not to be a permanent one; though, whilst there is no legal provision for even the aged and infirm, something of the kind is no doubt praiseworthy.

"When I visited the Dublin Mendicity Society, there were 2,145 persons on the charity, of whom 200 were protestants. The finances were then at a very low ebb; and the directors of the institution were threatening a procession of the mendicants through the streets, by way of warming the charity of the spectators. This, I understood, has once or twice been resorted to; and I confess, I cannot conceive any thing more disgraceful to a civilised community. The English reader, who has never visited Ireland, can have no conception of a spectacle such as this. What a contrast to the gaiety of Grafton-street, would be the filth, and rags, and absolute nakedness, which I saw concentrated in the court of the institution! The support of this charity is a heavy tax upon the benevolent feelings of the protestant population: 50*l.* is subscribed by the protestant, for 1*l.* that is subscribed by the catholic population. I was sorry to learn this; for although it be true that wealth lies chiefly amongst the protestants, yet it is the middle classes, rather than the wealthy, who support this institution; and 50*l.* for 1*l.* is surely out of proportion."—Vol. i. pp. 16, 17.

He saw some of these poor people at work for a few pence per week; but hundreds, for whom no employment could be found, were lying and sitting in the court, waiting for the mess which had tempted them from their hovels.

After leaving Dublin, the author proceeds towards Wicklow, where he expected, from what had been told him in the metropolis, that the labourers were all employed and tolerably comfortable.

"I am only beginning my journey: this is but the county of Wicklow; and I was told that I should find all so comfortable in Wicklow, that from the comparatively happy condition of the peasantry there, I must be cautious in forming my opinion of the peasantry generally. While I write this sentence, I write in utter ignorance of what I may yet see: for I write this work almost in the manner of a diary—noting down my observations from week to week: but from what I have already seen, I am entitled to fling back with indignation the assertion, that all the Irish industrious poor may find employment. But what employment? employment which affords one stone of dry potatoes a day for a woman and her four children.

"A labourer in this country considers himself fortunate in having daily employment at sixpence throughout the year; and many are not so fortunate. I found some who received only five-pence; but there are many who cannot obtain constant employment, and these have occasional labour at ten-pence or one shilling; but this only for a few weeks at a time. I found the small farmers living very little more comfortable than the labourers. A little buttermilk added to the potatoes, made the chief difference."—Vol. i. pp. 32, 33.

Many of the cabins he visited boasted a pig, which sometimes dwelt with the family, where, as Paddy says, "he has the best right to be, since it's he that pays the rent." High rent is the universal complaint, and this is fully borne out by the manner in which the people, both Catholic and Protestant, were found living. When asked why they take land at a rate which they cannot pay, the reply is, "How were they to live? what could they do?" So that Mr. Inglis declares, competition for land in Ireland is but the out-biddings of desperate circumstances.

We know not what others may argue from the following expressions of the author's opinion regarding a catholic institution in Waterford. We, who are not of that communion, may be too partial to the views of one of our own creed, and prepossessed when we think he is singularly impartial in his statements on such delicate ground as is uniformly introduced by religious opinions. It is fair, however, that the reader may have a specimen of what is here set down on a point where no doubt there is much difference of sentiment.

"There are in Waterford several large public institutions; particularly, an house of industry, which appear to be under good management, though the want of a separate place for lunatics is very objectionable; and a mendicity society, the same in principle as that in Dublin, but exhibiting rather less filth and wretchedness. But the most important institution which I visited, was a catholic school, at which upwards of seven hundred children were instructed. This is a new establishment, called by some, monk-houses; and is an association of young men, who dedicate their lives to the instruction of youth, and who call themselves 'Brothers of the Christian Schools.' It is, in fact, a monastic institution, bound by vows, like other orders: and although I am far from questioning the motives either of the founder, Mr. Rice, or of the young men who thus make a sacrifice of themselves; yet I cannot regard favourably an institution under such tuition. I know too much of Catholicism, in other countries, to doubt that intellectual education will be made very secondary to theological instruction; and although I am very far from ascribing all, or any large portion of the evils of Ireland to the prevalence of the Roman Catholic faith, yet I would rather not see a system of education extensively pursued, in which the inculcation of popish tenets form the chief feature. These schools are established in many other towns besides Waterford; and where I meet with them, I shall not fail to notice them. There are at present ninety members of the order of 'Brothers of the Christian schools;' and their number is rapidly increasing."

We are informed that whisky-drinking prevails to a dreadful extent in Waterford; that out of 30,000 inhabitants, 25,000 are catholics; that the blind policy of Irish landlords is in many instances hostile to the establishment of manufactories, although such must tend to keep up their rents. Near the village of Mayfield, Mr. Malcomson has established a cotton manufactory, which proves a blessing of the most signal kind to the neighbourhood. No fewer than 900 persons are employed in it, whose lodging, food, and morals have been wonderfully improved. Yet—

"I regretted deeply to learn, not from the proprietor of the mill only, but from other sources, that Lord Waterford's family have thrown every obstacle in the way

of this establishment; and that, only the other day, an attempt has been made to take advantage of some manorial rights, and to demolish the mill dams. Pity it is, that the aristocracy should, even by open acts, separate themselves from the interests of the people around them. The enterprising quaker who has established this factory, has done more for the neighbourhood, than Lord Waterford and all the Beresfords have ever done; and his lordship's pride ought to be, less in his magnificent domain, and fine stud, than in the comfortable condition of the surrounding peasantry, and in the establishment which has produced it."—Vol. i. p. 70.

We know not what a change of ministry may bring about; but the defeat of the Waterford family in the election for the county has operated wholesomely for some time. The author says that they felt it severely, and that more attention has since been paid to the interests of the tenantry.

In Kilkenny the author found the most widespread and most aggravated misery. Out of a population of about 25,000, he was enabled to know that upwards of 2,000 were totally without employment.

"It chanced that I was at Kilkenny just after the debate on the repeal question; in which the prosperity of Ireland was illustrated by reference to that of Kilkenny, of whose prosperous manufactures honourable mention was made, condescending even upon the number of water wheels at work, which were said to be eleven in number; and the carpet manufactory, too, was spoken of in such terms, that it was said to be owing to its success that the weavers of Kidderminster had petitioned for repeal. I visited these prosperous factories, immediately after the account I have mentioned was received: the principal of these factories used to support two hundred men with their families: it was at eleven o'clock, a fair working hour, that I visited these mills, and how many men did I find at work? ONE MAN! And how many of the eleven wheels did I find going?—ONE; and that one, not for the purpose of driving machinery, but to prevent it from rotting."—Vol. i. pp. 91, 92.

We find the number of disheartening pictures so great that we cannot afford many more in this part of the author's journey. What sort of landlord should we think him to be, who is enriched as here described, were he found to act so in England?

"I had heard, even in England, of the wretched condition of a town in the county of Kilkenny, called Callen; and finding that this town was but eight miles from Kilkenny, I devoted a day to Callen. I never traveled through a more pleasing and smiling country, than that which lies between Kilkenny and Callen; and I never entered a town reflecting so much disgrace upon the owner of it, as this. In so execrable a condition are the streets of this town, that the mail coach, in passing through it, is allowed twelve minutes extra; an indulgence which can surprise no one who drives, or rather attempts to drive, through the street; for no one who has the use of his limbs, would consent to be driven. And yet, will it be credited, that a toll is levied on the entrance into the town of every article of consumption; and that not one shilling of the money so received is laid out for the benefit of the town. The potatoes, coal, butter-milk, with which the poor wretches who inhabit this place supply their necessities, are subject to a toll, which used to produce 250*l.* per annum; but which having been resisted by some spirited and prying person, who questioned the right of toll, the receipts have been since considerably diminished. It was with some difficulty that I obtained a sight of the table of tolls; but I insisted on my right to see it, and satisfied myself that potatoes and butter-milk, the food of the poor, pay a toll to Lord Clifton, who, out of the revenue of about 20,000*l.* per annum, which he draws from this neighbourhood, lays out not one farthing for the benefit of his people."—Vol. i. pp. 97, 98.

The following passage may in some respects be taken as a companion to the former extract; whilst pointing towards another curse of Ireland besides that of hard-hearted landlords, it goes to establish the author's impartiality.

"Cashel is rather a pretty town: the principal street is wide and well built; but the place is far from being in a flourishing condition. It was formerly a place of much resort, and consequent prosperity; but it is now almost entirely an absentee town; and I found every thing extremely dull, and things getting daily worse. Wages were here only eight-pence a day without diet, and numbers were altogether without employment. The population of Cashel is, at present, about 7,000; and the number of protestant communicants about 150. I was sorry to hear bad accounts of the protestant archbishop. I found him universally disliked, even by those dependent upon him, and of the same religious persuasion. He does no good; and, by all accounts, is a close hard man, in every sense far overpaid by the 10 or 12,000*l.* a year which he enjoys. He has the disadvantage, indeed, of being compared with his predecessor, whom all, protestant and catholic, unite in praising."—Vol. i. pp. 110, 111.

Here is another important statement.

"I heard but one opinion as to the necessity of a Coercion bill. Almost every outrage and murder that has disgraced Ireland, has arisen out of one of two causes—either competition for land, or tithes; and, until means be found for reducing the former, and till the latter be finally and justly settled, it will be in the power of a restless, wrongheaded, or interested man to agitate Ireland. Competition for land can only be diminished by employing the people; but I greatly fear that no scrutiny, however strict and impartial, into the revenues of the protestant church, and that even no application of the surplus, will be satisfactory to the land occupiers of Ireland. Here, as every where else, in the south, I heard the strongest objections to tithe in any shape; and a curious instance came to my knowledge, of the determination of farmers to get rid of tithe. A farmer agreed to pay 30*s.* an acre for a certain quantity of land, the landlord being bound to pay tithe and all other dues. On rent day the tenant arrives, and, before paying his rent, asks what tithe the landlord pays? 'Why do you wish to know that?' says the landlord; "what is it to you what tithe I pay? you pay me 30*s.*, and I take tithe and every burden off your hand.' 'I know that,' says the farmer; but I'll not only not pay tithe myself, but your honour sha'n't pay it either.' The tenant offered the landlord his rent, deducting whatever tithe he, the landlord, paid: and the rent is, at this moment, unpaid."—Vol. i. pp. 116—118.

The absentee landlords are not all bad; neither can we properly call him an absentee whose principal property lays out of Ireland. Of this honourable number, it is with pleasure we find Mr. Stanley figuring, whose estates in Tipperary the author declares are well managed; the rents are moderate, the tenantry well treated, and a library has been formed for their benefit. We hope that the following piece of tyranny witnessed at Cahir is not of frequent occurrence.

"I am sorry to be obliged, in this place, to record a

fact, to which I could not have given credit on any evidence less conclusive than that of my own eyes. The Roman Catholic chapel is newly erected, and is yet unfinished: and I was told, that the anxiety to obtain funds for its completion gave rise to the enaction of some curious scenes at the door. I went there about ten o'clock; and I certainly did witness a scene of a most singular kind. The gates were shut, and four men stood by. One had a silver salver to receive the larger contributions: two were provided with wooden ladles, for the copper offerings; and these they shook in the ears of every one who approached: and one man, the priest, stood, just within the gate, armed with a shillelah. *No one was admitted who did not contribute!* I saw a man attempt to pass without contributing; and I saw the priest push and buffet the man, and, at length, strike him several times with his stick, and knock his hat off his his head! This is no matter of hearsay. I saw it; and I saw from thirty to forty persons kneeling outside of the gate, on the high road—poor persons, who had not a halfpenny to spare. To be more and more sure, that this was the cause of their remaining without, I gave some halfpence amongst them, and saw them admitted." —Vol. i. pp. 125, 126.

Before laying aside the first volume, which our limits advertise us immediately to do, (for we cannot do more than put our finger on some of the landmark evils and characteristics of Ireland as noted by Mr. Inglis), we must let our readers see what is said of the mighty *Dan*.

"I was now in O'Connell's country: here was the property of Daniel O'Connell, Esq.;-or the liberator, as the people called him; there, the property of Charles O'Connell, Esq.; and there again, the property of another O'Connell: but the greater part of the O'Connell property —almost all that of *the* O'Connell, is held under head landlords; and he is only an extensive middle-man. Near to Cahir-siveen, is the birth-place of the great agitator. It is a ruined house, situated in a hollow near to the road; and when I reached the spot, the driver of the car pulled up, and enquired whether I would like to visit the house. But the driver of my car was not a native of these parts; for be it known to the reader, that O'Connell is less popular in his own country than he is elsewhere. If you ask an innkeeper, or an innkeeper's wife, any where in O'Connell's district, what sort of a man their landlord is? 'Och, and sure he's the best of landlords—he takes the childer by the hand, and he wouldn't be over proud to dthrink tay with the landlady.' But if you step into a cabin, the holder of which owns Daniel O'Connell, Esq., as his landlord, and if you ask the same question, he'll scratch his head, and say little any way. Shortly before I visited Cahir-siveen, there was a road-presentation in that neighbourhood, and the rate payers, who have now a vote in these matters, refused at first to pass it, unless the O'Connells would pay two-thirds of the expense: because, said they, 'the O'Connells have lived long enough out of road presentations!'"—Vol. i. pp. 235—237.

It would be wrong to pass over three passages at the close of the volume; Longford is the county spoken of.

"From time to time, considerable emigration has taken place from this part of Ireland to America; and it is not unusual for remittances to be sent home from the colonies, by those who have emigrated, for the use of their poor relatives. Now it is a curious fact, and a fact that consists with my knowledge, that catholic emigrants send their remittances to the care, not of the catholic priest, but of the protestant clergyman, to be distributed by him among those pointed out. The same respect for, and reliance on, the protestant clergyman, is evinced in other ways. It is not at all unusual for catholics possessed of a little money, to leave the protestant clergyman their executor, in preference to their own priest, or to any other individual."—Vol. i. p. 347.

Mr. Inglis considers it to be most important to the civilisation of Ireland, that a better order of catholic priesthood should be raised. At present he says they are reared at Maynooth in monkish bigotry. But he does not spare the establishment when occasion calls.

"I found in one party of this county, great want of accommodation for the protestant congregation. I allude to the parish "of the Union of Kilglass." There is monstrous abuse here. The bishop is rector, and draws from four to five hundred pounds per annum; and yet there is no church, or protestant service in the parish. His lordship, on being respectfully written to on the subject, replied, that there was service in the next parish!" —Vol. i. p. 349.

How can crime be repressed so long as such a state of things exists, as is thus described?

"Trading magistrates are not yet extinct in the county Longford: value is still occasionally received for magisterial protection, in the shape of labour—such as, a winter-cutting of turf being brought to a man's door. Neither is there much co-operation among the magistracy. They take pleasure in thwarting each other; and it is not unusual for persons imprisoned by the warrant of one magistrate, to be forthwith liberated by the warrant of another."—Vol. i. pp. 349, 350.

As the author, near the beginning of the second volume, approaches Galway, he takes occasion to mention, that in Ireland men of moderate views, between the extremes of high catholic and high conservative, are on the increase; not men of an imbecile policy, but who reprobate all preferences of any party. This opinion suggests to us, what indeed is enforced by every thing contained in these volumes, that it is not any one single evil that can be named which frets and poisons Ireland, but the whole frame is in disorder; which the legislature cannot cure by any fiat it may put forth. Could the whole body of the people be convinced that their regeneration must chiefly depend on themselves, on their own earnest exertions to do away with the factions among them, health would recover part of its sway, coercive measures would be slackened, private morals would gain a firm footing, and respect for the laws make the country a safe habitation for the great proprietors. But this home-wrought regeneration is not likely to be of sudden operation, and we fear a distant day must be looked to for Ireland's prosperity.

On leaving Galway, the author for a while leaves the more civilised part of Ireland behind him, to travel through Cunnemara and Joyce's country, without any such incumbrances as might impede a pedestrian's journey. In these wild regions he was present where a *pattern* was held, high up amongst the mountains. It was originally a religious ceremony, but it is chiefly now resorted to for recreation, which generally ends in drunkenness and fighting.

"Every body in this part of the country is called Joyce; and the spot where the pattern is held, is claimed

by the Joyces, to be in Joyce's country: but this is not admitted by the Cunnemara boys: and accordingly, two factions—the Joyces and their opponents—usually hold patterns near the same ground, though not close together; but yet so near as to make it impossible that the meetings should break up without a *scrimmage*. The Joyces are a magnificent race of men: the biggest, and stoutest, and tallest I have seen in Ireland, eclipsing even the peasantry of the Tyrol; and I believe, indeed, their claims on this head are universally admitted. I shall, by and by, have an opportunity of introducing the reader to *Big Jack Joyce*, when I visit him in his own house." —Vol. ii. pp. 48, 49.

The author was warmly welcomed by many. There might be a score of tents, and hundreds of persons were seated on the grass or stones, while some of the older people were on their knees, beside the holy well. By and by, symptoms of a quarrel arose, and our author stepped aside, that he might witness a regular faction fight.

"Any one, to see an Irish fight for the first time would conclude that a score or two must inevitably be put *hors-de-combat*. The very flourish of a regular shillelah, and the shout that accompanies it, seem to be the immediate precursors of a fractured skull; but the affair, though bad enough, is not so fatal as it appears to be: the shillelahs, no doubt, do sometimes descend upon a head, which is forthwith a broken head; but they oftener descend upon each other; and the fight soon becomes one of personal strength. The parties close and grapple; and the most powerful man throws his adversary: fair play is but little attended to: two or three often attack a single man; nor is there a cessation of blows, even when a man is on the ground. On the present occasion five or six were disabled, but there was no homicide; and after a *scrimmage*, which lasted perhaps ten minutes, the Joyces remained masters of the field. The women took no part in the fight, but they are not always so backward: it is chiefly, however, when stones are the weapons, that women take a part, by supplying the combatants with missiles. When the fight ended, there were not many remaining, excepting those who were still in the tents, and who chanced to be of neither faction. Most of the women had left the place when the quarrel began, and some of the men too. I noticed, after the fight, that some who had been opposed to each other shook hands and kissed, and appeared as good friends as before."—Vol. ii. pp. 51, 52.

It would appear that in this hill country the small land owners are in much more comfortable circumstances than those of the flat and the fertile districts. "Neither here nor in any part of Ireland," says the author, "need a stranger be afraid to travel." Potheen is very generally distilled illicitly throughout Ireland, and among the mountains there are plenty of places where the *still* is a point of concentration for gossip and drinking, and no reckoning to pay, as almost every landholder there distils for himself. It is easy to see what influence such an abundance of poison to the morals must have over old and young; so that this evil must carry with it the most disastrous effects in a national point of view. Indeed, every chapter of the work before us presents more that is to be blamed than praised; and whilst so many evils unite, will Ireland be wretched.

We must commend the author not only for telling truths, but for telling them in the way he does; not even avoiding to give the landlords by name, whom he praises or blames; for this may produce good, as he says. General statements carry little weight with them; and why should he confound the good with the bad?

"The chief proprietors of the town of Sligo are Lord Palmerston and Mr. Wynn. The land in the barony, especially Mr. Wynn's, is let extremely high. Mr. Wynn's tenants are, with very few exceptions, in arrear; but he is one of those short-sighted landlords, who is resolved at all costs to keep up the nominal amount of his rent-roll. His rents are taken in dribbles—in shillings and copper; and agents have been known to accompany tenants to market with their produce, lest any part of its value should escape the landlord's pocket. This gentleman has been at great pains to establish a protestant tenantry on his estate; and in the appearance of their houses, &c., there is some neatness, and some show of comfort; but these are not in reality in any better condition than the other tenantry. None of them are able to do more than barely to subsist; and they, as well as the catholic tenantry, are generally in arrear; indeed, I found no one exception. The whole land in this barony averages 2*l*. 5*s*. per acre. In the county, it is supposed, that excluding bog and mountain land, it averages 26*s*.; and good cultivated land may average 2*l*. There is no living, and paying such rents.

"Lord Palmerston's property is an honourable exception. On an estate between Sligo and Ballyshannon, his lordship expends more in improvements—in roads, drains, piers, corn stores, &c. than the amount of the whole revenue of the estate. In every way improvements, and an improving tenantry are encouraged; and the people on that estate are in a comparatively comfortable condition. This is one of the few instances I found in which the tenantry on an estate were allowed to benefit by the advantages and improvements of the district."—Vol. ii. pp. 125, 126.

Mr. Inglis was impressed repeatedly in his progress through Ireland with another disheartening appearance. Amongst the country people, the affection between man and wife, he considered to be unequal to what adorns domestic life in the humbler spheres in Britain. We were hardly prepared for this statement, and trust that it has been rashly made. The Irish probably exhibit their attachment in different ways to what the author is familiar with; for certainly they have been called a people of ardent, it may be hasty and unstable, affection. Still, Mr. Inglis has had ample opportunities for seeing a good deal of their homely manners; and if he be in the right, there is here to be found not a little which goes to colour the condition of the people of Ireland. His theory as to some of the most effectual means of benefiting that disordered country, may in a great measure be gathered from the following sentences.

"I am not one of those who ascribe *all* the evils of Ireland to popery; but I am one of those who think protestantism the better religion for the people, and the safer for the state; and think also, that it ought to have been, and ought still to be, the study of government to encourage the growth of protestantism by every wise and legitimate means; nor can I let slip this opportunity of observing, from all I have seen and learned in Ireland, that one of the most certain means of increasing protestantism in Ireland will be such measures of reform in the Irish church as will encourage and reward the working clergy, at the expense of those who do not or who will not work; as will sweep away pluralities, and forbid non-residence; as will place protestant education on a better footing; and

as will provide for the final and effectual settlement of the tithe question."—Vol. ii. pp. 164, 155.

After one long extract, we must close Mr. Inglis' work. It respects a comparison of the northern or protestant counties of Ireland, with the southern or catholic counties, in reference to their appearances and conditions. He admits that generally there is a marked difference in the appearance of the protestant districts over the others, but denies that this is owing *in any great degree* to the people being protestants. Listen to his reasoning.

"I say in any great degree, because I admit that the protestant religion being more favourable to the diffusion of knowledge and to intellectual cultivation than the Roman Catholic faith, it will, in some degree, affect favourably the condition of a people. But, I repeat, that protestantism is not the chief cause of the differences to which I have alluded. 'Look,' says a favourite writer, 'at a church, and a mass congregation, and you will be at no loss to distinguish the one from the other.' Truly no. They are very easily distinguished. But, let me ask, who, throughout every part of Ireland (excepting Ulster), are the individuals composing the church congregation? Are they not the gentry and some few of the more substantial farmers? It is not, therefore, at all difficult to distinguish between the catholic and protestant population: for this is but distinguishing between the upper and the lower ranks. But to come more directly to the assertion that a protestant district has quite another aspect from a catholic district, which I admit to be a fact, I think it no difficult matter to find reasons for this, more influential in their results than the profession of protestantism.

"Did it never occur to those who have observed a fact, and instantly seized upon the *least* influential of all its causes, as its *sole* origin, that the rate of wages might make some difference in the condition and aspect of a people? The catholic peasantry of Clare, Kerry, Galway, Mayo, and of indeed all the south, west, and much of the centre, have not employment at all during half of the year—or, in other words, one half of them have no constant employment; and when they are employed, what is their rate of wages? Eight-pence, and even six-pence, without diet. The protestant population of Derry, Antrim, Armagh, and Down, have, if not full employment, at least greatly more constant employment than their catholic brethren of the south; and the rate of wages is from 10*d.* to 1*s.* 4*d.*; the difference is, at the least, 4*d.*; and does 4*d.* per day make no difference in the condition of an Irish labourer? But the most overwhelming argument for those who would ascribe all the difference in condition to protestantism is, that not the protestants only, *but the catholics also* in these protestant counties, are in a better condition. How should this be? The mass of the lower classes in the towns, as well as the great majority of the country labourers in the districts called protestant, are catholics; but they are not in the condition of their catholic countrymen of Munster and Connaught. We do not see them with tattered coats and bare feet; and why? Because they are generally in employment, and receive higher wages. I have seen in catholic districts, catholic tenantry, and catholic labourers, comfortable where they had the good fortune to be placed in favourable circumstances—as on the estates of Mr. Tighe of Woodstock, Mr. Power of Kilfane, Lord Arden, Mr. Stanley, Lord Palmerston, Lord Lansdowne, &c.; and I have seen protestants as miserable as any catholics could be—as on the estate of Lord Donoughmore and others."—Vol. ii. pp. 213—216.

He goes on at a length which we must not quote; but another source, according to his views of the superior comfort throughout the north, is the growth and manufacture of flax. And the next cause advanced is, that they are of Scotish descent. Now, we are most unwilling to distrust the author's liberal conclusions; but still, we think the admissions which he has made respecting the habits and descent of the people in the north of Ireland, might, without much difficulty, be so turned against him, that his opinions would require more substantial props. From these extracts, however, our readers may judge of his performance; and surely they must say with us, that it is singularly impartial, and calculated to be useful; it narrates facts, not fictions, truth alone being the author's object. May that truth be the subject of study in England!—still more may it be listened to and understood in Ireland!

From the Court Magazine.

DEAR DOWAGER DUCHESS.

BY T. HAYNES BAYLEY, ESQ.

Dear Dowager Duchess, though treble my age,
There's a pain in my heart you alone can assuage;
And, poor as I am, when your jointure I see,
Your grace appears one of the graces to me!

For misses not out of their teens I have sighed,
But a pauper must not wed a pennyless bride;
And prudence has whisper'd, "Mind what you're about,
Say '*your grace*' before dinner, or else *go without!*"

Your lip is no ruby, no diamond your eye,
But diamonds and rubies in plenty we'll buy;
No pearls are your teeth, yet in pearls you shall shine,
And I'll call you my mother of pearl when you're mine.

No rose is your cheek, no lily your neck,
Yet your wig with the lily and rose we will deck;
An attachment like mine well deserves a reward,
Though there's "Captain half pay *unattached*" on my card!

That tell-tale, the peerage, *your* age may betray,
Yet, if people blame you, ne'er heed what they say;
For when your young husband is seen with his bride,
At least they must own you have *youth on your side!*

Some will say it is strange that a youth should be struck
By a belle so mature; oh! they envy my luck;
For *my* choice ten thousand good reasons appear,
Ten thousand! nay more—I 've ten thousand a year!

One of the enormities of protestantism, which shocks the papists, is the marrying of our clergy. What is to be said of the Roman Catholic Bishop England, who, going on a foreign mission, takes out with him *four nuns!*

The English bishop takes one wife,
The papist says, "O fie!"
The Roman Catholic takes out four,
And no man asks him, why?

Having shown this sprightly contribution to our Roman Catholic sub-editor, he begs leave to offer an explanation of the seeming inconsistency:—

To vindicate the papist's life,
See how the thing is done;
The protestant alone takes *wife*,
The catholic takes *nun*.

From the Quarterly Review.

Travels into Bokhara; being the Account of a Journey from India to Caboul, Tartary, and Persia: also Narrative of a Voyage on the Indus, from the Sea to Lahore, &c., in the years 1831, 32, *and* 33. By Lieut. Alexander Burnes, F. R. S. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1834.*

We are not in the number of those who affect to think or to speak slightingly of the East India Company; still less are we disposed to admire those conceited persons who are in the habit of sneering at the directors of that company, contemptuously designated as "a set of *merchant-kings*, exercising their sway, and issuing their commands, with an equal ignorance of the first principles of government and of trade!" As to principles of trade, we must indeed confess that they have shown themselves averse from the new fangled doctrine of *free trade;* but is that question quite settled yet? With respect to the charge of unfitness to be trusted with the government of so vast an empire as India, it appears no bad answer that they and their servants conquered and created this empire; and the history of its rise and progress may perhaps be admitted as some further proof of their fitness to wear what they have won. Upon their trade, the house of commons, in its wisdom, has thought fit to put an extinguisher—*merchants* they no longer are. That last and most important branch of their trade, alike productive of profit to those who carried it on, and to the public exchequer—the tea-trade of China—has followed the fate of the rest, never to be recovered by themselves or by others. Not all the energies of all the free traders of the United Kingdom will ever replace it on the old and advantageous footing.†

It is to be hoped, however, that no further encroachments will be made on the authorities who have so long and so ably administered the government of India, and whose successful endeavours, in diffusing happiness among countless millions of a quiet and innocent people, are universally allowed. Placed as these natives are, under the immediate rule of able, upright, and honourable men, taught from an early age to respect their prejudices, and to treat them with kindness and humanity—no change of the present system, we are quite satisfied, could tend to better their condition, or to promote the tranquillity of this extensive empire: this *they* well know and are ready to admit; and we are persuaded that such repose and security, in the midst of a conquered people, is *mainly* owing to the dispersion of well-educated youths among the natives, whose language they learn, whose habits and customs they make themselves acquainted with, and whose opinions they treat with respect. Many of these adventurers, thus thrown into high and responsible situations at an early period of life, frequently without any one to advise with, and therefore compelled to reflect, and to act on their own discretion, need not shrink from a comparison, either as regards ability or conduct, with any functionaries in Europe, whether military or diplomatic.

We need not travel out of the pages of the volumes which are now before us in search of an instance of what we are contending for. For the conduct of the first mission here recorded, Mr. Burnes was originally recommended by Sir John Malcolm, himself a brilliant example of the advantage to be derived from an early application to the study of the language, manners, and opinions of the native races. That admirable judge did not hesitate to say, in writing to the governor-general, "I shall be very confident of any plan Lieutenant Burnes undertakes in this quarter of India: provided a latitude is given him to act as circumstances may dictate, I dare pledge myself that the public interests will be promoted." It might have been natural enough that some senior officers should have felt a little jealousy in being passed over on such an occasion; but, with a good-natured jocularity, they were ready to admit the superior claims of Lieut. Burnes, though he was "one of Sir John Malcolm's swans." Lord William Bentinck was so much pleased with his conduct of what had been entrusted to his charge, that on his return he took this "swan" under his protection, and employed him on a second journey of far greater importance, though avowedly of a private nature.

In attempting to give some account of the three volumes before us, we labour under considerable

* In the short notice of this work in the last number of the Museum, no attempt was made to analyse the travels. The present review will be found both entertaining and valuable.—*Ed. Mus.*

† The evil consequences which we predicted in an article on "The Free Trade to China" (*Quarterly Review*, No. C.) have already began to show themselves. The most respectable of the Hong merchants have retired from business, and the rest are either unable or unwilling to advance a shilling to enable the poor cultivators of tea to prepare the usual supply, though 40,000 tons of shipping were expected at Canton; but we shall, notwithstanding, have *some* tea, and it is as well that our readers should know what *sort* of tea it will be. Our information is from an eye-witness of unquestionable authority, recently arrived in England from China. On the opposite side of the river to, and at a short distance from, Canton, is a manufactory for converting the very worst kind of coarse black tea into green; it is well known in Canton by the name of *We-ping*, and was always rejected by the agents of the East India Company. The plan is to stir it about on iron plates moderately heated, mixing it up with a composition of turmeric, indigo, and *white lead*, by which process it acquires that blooming blue of plums, and that crispy appearance, which are supposed to indicate the fine green teas. Our informant says, there can be no mistake respecting the white lead, as the Chinese superintendent called it by its common name *yuen-fun*. At the same time it is right to state, that pulverized gypsum (known by the name of *shet-kao*) is understood, by the gentlemen of the late factory, to be employed to subdue a too intense blue colour given by the indigo. There were already prepared, when this visit took place, 50,000 chests of this precious article, just enough for three cargoes of the very largest ships of the East India Company. The crafty proprietors told our friend and the other visiters that this tea was not for the English but the American market; but we shall no doubt have our full share of it: nay, some particulars lately published in the newspapers render it highly probable that the importation of the well-doctored *We-ping* has already commenced.

difficulty: where there is such an exuberance of varied matter, *that* alone renders the task of selection no easy one; nor would any moderate space suffice to convey to our readers an adequate idea of what they may expect from a perusal of the work itself—one of the most valuable, we do not scruple to say, that has yet appeared, for the variety of information it contains regarding Sinde, the Punjab, and the upper regions of central Asia. On all these countries, it may be consulted as a standard work. Our difficulty is increased by the mechanical arrangement of the materials, in which we miss something of that *lucidus ordo* which a more practised writer would have preserved. For instance we have first a *personal narrative;* then follow various *memoirs* on the countries travelled through, which embody the same thoughts and observations, frequently in the same language, with a repetition of description, both as to persons and things, which had already appeared in the personal narrative; this is particularly remarkable in describing the Punjab and the Indus. We rather suspect, indeed, that the memoirs were originally not intended for publication, and that they embraced political discussions which it has been thought proper to suppress. Another point which creates a little awkwardness to the reader is the inverting the chronological order of the travels performed: these commenced with the author's voyage up the Indus and its ramifications; whereas his book begins with the Journey into Bokhara, the second in point of time. The reason assigned is, 'that its interest is, perhaps, greater than that of the Voyage;" we are by no means sure of that: both are sufficiently interesting, and there are many reasons why the narrative should have proceeded in the order of time, as we intend our notice of it shall do.

In the year 1830, a ship arrived at Bombay with a present of five large spotted gray horses, from the King of Great Britain to Maharaja Runjeet Sing, the sovereign of the Seik nation, at Lahore, accompanied with a letter from the president of the board of control; and the governor general added an old coach suited to these huge animals. Mr. Burnes, then holding a political situation in Cutch, which borders on the Indus, was appointed to convey these horses up that river to their ultimate destination. A fleet of five native boats received him and them, together with Ensign Leckie, a surveyor, a native doctor, and their servants. They first proceeded from Mandivee, in Cutch, to Koree, the eastern and largest of the eleven branches of the Delta of the Indus, from whence, in four or five days, they crossed the mouths of the whole of them, entering and examining, as well as they could, the said branches of this great river; and on the seventh day from their departure from Cutch, they cast anchor in the western or most distant mouth of the Indus, called Pittie. Here Mr. Burnes had the gratification of observing the rocky range of black mountains, bearing the modern name of Halu, but pretty well ascertained to be the *Irus* of Nearchus. "I here read," he says, "from Arrian and Quintus Curtius, the passages of this memorable scene in Alexander's expedition—the mouth from which his admiral Nearchus took his departure from Sinde." We may observe that Mr. Burnes appears to have had these two historians of Alexander's expedition constantly at hand, to enable him to compare the names of places and descriptions contained therein on the spot; and after so doing, his opinion is, that numerous places on the Indus and its large tributary streams, their names even, and their descriptions, as given by these authors, were satisfactorily identified in his progress up the Punjab. We can conceive few sources of higher gratification than such a comparison, made by an enterprising officer who had not forgotten the classical studies of his earlier days.

After they had proceeded about thirty-five miles up this branch of the river, a body of armed men crowded round the flotilla, stating themselves to be soldiers of the Ameer of Hydrabad, sent to examine the packages in the boats; and they were determined to do their duty, for they took good care that every box and package, even that which contained the old coach, should be wrenched open. The reis, or captain, said it was necessary the strangers should not remain, but await the decision of the Ameer at the mouth of the river. Indeed, both here and in their way down, they met with such torrents of abuse from the people, that Mr Burnes determined not to wait, but to return to the eastern branch of the Indus, from whence he addressed the authorities of Sinde, and also our resident in Cutch. The answer of the Ameer was couched in friendly terms, but contained a formidable enumeration of physical obstacles to his proceeding up the river. In short, after experiencing every species of deceit and dissimulation, not to be exceeded even by the Chinese; after returning a third time to the Indus; and after having spent two months in fruitless attempts, Mr. Burnes determined to set off by land, and at the end of a week's negotiation at Tatta, succeeded in effecting his purpose, but not before another month was wasted, when at last, on the 12th of April they embarked in the flat-bottomed boats or *doondees*, of Sinde.

"Our fleet consisted of six of these flat-bottomed vessels, and a small English-built pinnace, which we had brought from Cutch. The boats of the Indus are not unlike China junks, very capacious but most unwieldy. They are floating houses; and with ourselves we transported the boatmen, their wives and families, kids and fowls. When there is no wind, they are pulled up against the stream, by ropes attached to the mast-head, at the rate of a mile and a half an hour; but with a breeze they set a large square sail, and advance double the distance."—Vol. iii. p. 36.

The Wanyanee, up which they proceeded, is one of the principal branches—a fine river of five hundred yards in width, and twenty-four feet in depth, the banks covered with tamarisk, among which were the reed huts of a few fishermen, the only inhabitants to be seen. But even among them it would seem the character of our countrymen is not unknown; for a *Syud*, or holy man, standing on the water's edge, turning to his companion, exclaimed, "Alas! Sinde is now gone, since the English have seen the river, which is the road to its conquest." The navigation up to

Tatta is difficult and dangerous; the banks are so undermined that they often fall in masses that would crush a small vessel.

Off Hydrabad they received deputations from the Ameer, to congratulate them on their arrival in his territory. An audience was immediately granted, and the Ameer was studiously polite; he excused their long detention from his ignorance of political concerns—he being a soldier, and employed in commanding *the three hundred thousand Belooches*, over whom God had appointed him to rule! This was imposing enough, but there was nothing else in the durbar, or palace, that could give countenance to such a boast: "they met in a dirty hall without a carpet; they sat in a room which was filled by a rabble of greasy soldiery, and the noise and dust were hardly to be endured." The general appearance of the capital corresponds with the court. Its population does not amount to twenty thousand, and these chiefly inhabit huts of mud.

The next town of any consequence is Sehwan, a place of great antiquity, containing about ten thousand inhabitants. A ruined castle overlooks the town: it is perhaps the most singular building on the Indus, and, Mr. Burnes says, "is, in all probability, as old as the age of the Greeks." It is an oval mound of earth, surrounded from the base to the summit by a brick wall, containing an enclosure about 1200 feet long by 750 broad. It is said to resemble the tower at Babylon, as described by Mr. Rich. Here they found the climate oppressive; the thermometer not lower than 100° at midnight.

At Khyrpoor the Ameer was exceedingly civil and attentive. He begged their acceptance of the poor hospitality of a Belooche soldier; and "the hospitality which he so modestly named, consisted of eight or ten sheep, with all sorts of provisions for one hundred and fifty people daily, twice a day a meal of seventy-two dishes, besides various presents of valuable daggers, swords, cloths, native silks, and a purse of one thousand rupees, the last of which was declined." As they proceeded up the Indus, the country became more populous, and the curiosity of the people on the banks was intense: that of the ladies more so than of the other sex; the female descendants of Mahomed are veiled, or rather have a long white robe thrown over their entire body; they are all beggars, and very vociferous in their demand for alms. One of the few amusements of the inhabitants is stated to be that of listening to the lascivious songs of the courtesans, who are to be met with in every town and village of this country; they are described as a remarkably handsome race.

At Mittun the party quitted the Indus, which here receives, through the channel of the Chenaub, the united waters of the Punjab rivers—those five great streams whose names the historians of Alexander's exploits have handed down to us. Taking them in succession from the westward, or nearest the Indus, these names are—the Hydaspes (now Julum)—the Acesines (Chenaub)—the Hydraotes (Ravee)—the Hyphasis (Garra), the upper part of which is the Hesudrus (Sutlege). At Mittun, therefore, our voyagers took a last farewell of the Indus, which here exceeded two thousand yards in width, and entered the Acesines of the Greeks, down which Alexander sailed to the great trunk or main branch of the Indus.

The small territory of Bhawul Khan, called Daoodpootra, lies next to Sinde. Ooch is the principal town, the population of which is reckoned at twenty thousand; it is a mean place. The khan sent a messenger with the present of a deer, which he had himself shot, forty vessels of sherbet, and as many of sweetmeats; also a bag of two hundred rupees, to be distributed by Mr. Burnes in charity, to mark the joyful event of his arrival. Soon after he paid them a visit.

"He was attended by about a thousand persons; and I observed that he distributed money as he passed along. After the visit, our mihmandar brought us presents from the khan; they consisted of two horses richly caparisoned with silver and enamel trappings, a hawk, with shawls and trays of the fabrics made at Bhawulpoor, some of which were very rich; to these were added a purse of two thousand rupees, and a sum of two hundred for the servants; and, last of all, a beautiful matchlock, which had its value doubled by the manner in which it was presented. 'The khan,' said the messenger, 'has killed many a deer with this gun; and he begs you will accept it from him, and, when you use it, remember that Bhawul Khan is your friend.'"—Vol. iii. p. 97.

Ooch is near the junction of the Garra with the Chenaub; the route lay up the latter, and Mr. Burnes now entered the territories of the Seiks, to whose chief, the Maharaja Runjeet Sing, he was proceeding on his mission. A camp had been pitched on the frontier to wait his arrival. The Sirdar held in one hand a bow, to be presented according to the custom of the Seiks, and in the other two Persian letters in silken bags. One of these contained the substance of the maharajah's commands to his officers, regarding the mission, which bore ample testimony to the splendid munificence and hospitality of this distinguished chief. It commenced by ordering that two hundred infantry and lancers should be held in readiness, as an honorary escort on Mr. Burnes reaching the frontier—that an elephant, with a silver houda, should be despatched for his express use,—that the sirdar, and another officer, seated on two other elephants, should meet him, to congratulate him on his safe arrival—that they should conduct him to the appointed halting-place, and set before him one thousand one hundred rupees, and fifty jars of sweetmeats—the same to be repeated at Shoojuabad, and at Mooltan to be doubled—and, lastly, that one hundred camels be laden with provisions, and the like number of rupees be distributed as before, while on their march to Lahore.

Mooltan which is described by Mr. Elphinstone as four and a half miles in circumference, and surrounded with a fine wall from forty to fifty feet high, is the only place of importance, on or near the Chenaub, as far as the point of junction of this river with the Hydraotes or Ravee, along the latter of which the mission had now to proceed to Lahore, this ancient capital of the Mogul empire being situated on its banks. Mooltan is said to contain sixty thousand inhabitants, mostly

Hindoos and Mahomedans. It is famous for its silk manufactures, which are greatly encouraged by Runjeet Sing. Mr. Burnes thinks there is little doubt of Mooltan being the capital of the Malli of Alexander. There is every indication at least of its being one of the most ancient cities in India. The silk *kais* of Mooltan and the *loangees* of Bhawulpoor assist, in Mr. Burnes's opinion, "in fixing the country of the Malli, for Quintus Curtius informs us that the ambassadors of the Malli and Oxydracæ (Mooltan and Ooch) wore garments of cotton, lawn, or muslin *lineæ vestes*), interwoven with gold, and adorned with purple;" he thinks we may safely translate *lineæ vestes* into the stuffs of Mooltan and Bhawulpoor, which are interwoven with gold, and most frequently of a purple colour.

As the point where the Hydaspes unites with the Acesines was only forty-five miles out of their route to the westward, and believing that the former of these streams, so famous in ancient history, had never been visited by a European since the days of the Greeks, Mr. Burnes, much to the surprise of his Seik friends, who could not comprehend the motives of his curiosity, set out on a galloping expedition to its banks. It was here that the fleet of Alexander encountered such disasters in the rapids; and it was here, also, that the hordes of Timour were terrified by the noise of the waters. Mr. Burnes says the Hydaspes joins the Acesines with a murmuring noise, but that the velocity of the current is inconsiderable, and vessels now pass it without danger, except a very little in July and August. But the superstitious reliance of the boatmen on the protection of a saint, whose tomb stands at the fork of the two rivers, would seem to bespeak considerable danger at some seasons. While on this trip, Mr. Burnes was fortunate enough to find a Bactrian coin, resembling that of an Apollodorus which it was afterwards ascertained to be, and this is the first Grecian relic that has been found in the Punjab.

Deputations met the mission at every stage of their voyage, bearing congratulations and presents of a variety of kinds, including provisions, fruits, and sweetmeats. Butchers were sent from Mooltan to supply their wants; loads of saltpetre to cool their wine and water; and the necessaries and luxuries of life were supplied without bounds. At length, on the 17th of July, the lofty minarets of the king's mosque at Lahore made their appearance; but the ceremonial of their *entrée* required they should halt three or four miles from the capital. Here Captain Wade, the political agent at Lodiana, and Dr. Murray, with the principal men of the state, escorted by a guard of cavalry and a regiment of infantry, met the mission. On the way they were joined by M. Allard, a French officer who commands the maharaja's cavalry, and M. Court, an intelligent gentleman of the same nation, also in his service. Entering Lahore by the palace gate, the streets were lined with cavalry, artillery, and infantry, with an immense concourse of people. Passing through the first court of the palace, and conducted by a soldier-like person in armour to the door, Mr. Burnes says, "while stooping to remove my shoes at the threshold, I suddenly found myself in the arms and tight embrace of a diminutive old-looking man—the great Maharaja Runjeet Sing." After the usual questions and complimentary enquiries, the letter from his majesty's minister was produced, which the maharaja, rising up, received, and touched his forehead with the seal. It was then handed to his minister, who read aloud the Persian translation of it. The contents gave the maharaja such evident satisfaction, that before it was half read, he said he would greet its arrival by a salute, "and a peal of artillery from sixty guns, each firing twenty-one times, announced to the citizens of Lahore the joy of their king." Thus it seems the Seiks beat us hollow in their salutes—1260 guns on the reading of a letter from Lord Ellenborough!

This affair being finished, Runjeet Sing expressed his intention of viewing the presents; he was delighted with the horses, and he too called them little elephants. He talked a great deal for about an hour and a half; enquired as to the depth of water in the Indus, the practicability of navigating it, the kind of people who occupy its banks, and their political and military importance. About thirty horses of his own stud were then brought out, caparisoned in the richest and most superb manner, and some of them adorned with very valuable jewels. The maharaja was evidently perfect master of his stud; he named each horse, and described his pedigree and points; but Mr. Burnes does not appear to think very highly of them.

"The exertion which his highness underwent seemed to exhaust him, and we withdrew. Nature has, indeed, been sparing in her gifts to this personage, and there must be a mighty contrast between his mind and body. He has lost an eye, is pitted by the small-pox, and his stature does not certainly exceed five feet three inches. He is entirely free from pomp and show, yet the studied respect of his court is remarkable; not an individual spoke without a sign, though the throng was more like a bazaar than the court of the first native prince in these times.

"The hall of audience, in which the interview took place, was built entirely of marble, and is the work of the Moghul emperors; part of the roof was gorgeously decorated by a pavilion of silken cloth studded with jewels. The maharaja himself wore a necklace, armlets, and bracelets of emeralds, some of which were very large. His sword was mounted with the most precious stones. The nobles were likewise dressed for the occasion with jewels; and all the court appeared in yellow, the favourite colour of the nation, which has a gaudy but striking effect."—pp. 154, 155.

"The most creditable trait in Runjeet's character is his humanity; he has never been known to punish a criminal with death since his accession to power; he does not hesitate to mutilate a malefactor, but usually banishes him to the hills. Cunning and conciliation have been the two great weapons of his diplomacy. It is too probable that the career of this chief is nearly at an end; his chest is contracted, his back is bent, his limbs are withered, and it is not likely that he can long bear up against a nightly dose of spirits more ardent than the strongest brandy."—p. 167.

After such a description of the physical *status* of the great maharaja, we cannot feel much surprise at the difficulty he experiences to keep in

order the class of subjects mentioned in the following paragraph.

"On the evening of the 25th, his highness gave us a private audience, in which we saw him to great advantage—for he directed his court to withdraw. On our arrival we found him seated on a chair, with a party of thirty or forty dancing girls, dressed uniformly in boys' clothes. They were mostly natives of Cashmere or the adjacent mountains, on whom grace and beauty had not been sparingly bestowed. Their figures and features were small, and their Don Giovanni costume of flowing silk most becoming, improved as it was by a small bow and quiver in the hand of each. The 'eyes of Cashmere' are celebrated in the poetry of the East, of which these Dianas now furnished brilliant specimens, in gems black and bright; disfigured, however, by a kind of sparkling gold-dust glued round each organ. 'This,' said Runjeet Sing, 'is one of my regiments (pultuns), but they tell me it is one I cannot discipline;' a remark which amused us, and mightily pleased the fair. He pointed out two of the ladies, whom he called the 'commandants' of this arm of his service, to whom he had given villages, and an allowance of five and ten rupees a day. He shortly afterwards called for four or five elephants to take these, his *undisciplined* troops, home.'—pp. 161, 162.

Mr. Burnes remained at the maharaja's court from the 18th June to the 16th August, when he had his audience of leave.

"In compliance with a wish that I had expressed, he produced the 'Koh-i-noor,' or mountain of light, one of the largest diamonds in the world, which he had extorted from Shah Shooja, the ex-king of Cabool. Nothing can be imagined more superb than this stone; it is of the finest water, and about half the size of an egg. Its weight amounts to three and a half rupees, and if such a jewel is to be valued, I am informed it is worth three and a half millions of money—but this is a gross exaggeration. The 'Koh-i-nour' is set as an armlet, with a diamond on each side about the size of a sparrow's egg.

"Runjeet seemed anxious to display his jewels before we left him; and with the diamond was brought a large ruby, weighing fourteen rupees. It had the names of several kings engraven on it, among which were those of Aurungzebe and Ahmed Shah. There was also a topaz of great size, weighing eleven rupees, and as large as half a billiard ball: Runjeet had purchased it for twenty thousand rupees."—Vol. iii. p. 168.

The Koh-i-noor here mentioned has passed through many hands, and we should not be surprised if this "mountain of light" should, one of these days, be seen to shine forth, as the Pigot diamond did for some time, in the magazine of Rundell and Bridge on Ludgate Hill. When Tavernier* was in India, it belonged to the Great Mogul Aurungzebe. Nadir Shah, we believe, carried it off from Delhi, and from him it fell into the hands of Timour Shah, and descended to his sons at Cabool. It suffered many perilous escapes when in possession of the unfortunate Shooja-ool-Moolk, from whom it was procured, not in the most honourable way, by Runjeet Sing.

The ceremony of leave-taking being ended, Runjeet Sing delivered a letter addressed to his majesty's minister for the affairs of India, in reply to the one carried by Mr. Burnes. It is a great curiosity of its kind. It commences thus: "At a happy moment, when the balmy zephyrs of spring were blowing from the garden of friendship, and wafting to my senses the grateful perfume of its flowers, your excellency's epistle, every letter of which is a new-blown rose on the branch of regard, and every word a blooming fruit on the tree of esteem, was delivered to me by Mr. Burnes and Mr. John Leckie," &c. He then recurs to the delivery of the said letter by "that nightingale of the garden of eloquence, that bird of the winged words [who expected to meet with the ιπτα πτεροεντα in the Punjab?] of sweet discourse, Mr. Burnes!"—with a great deal more of the like flourish.

The city of Lahore had been abandoned to a state of decay; the adjoining fields were covered with the ruins of mosques and tombs, and the modern city is confined to the western angle of the ancient one: the streets are narrow and offensively dirty. The king's mosque of red sandstone, with its four lofty minarets, is still standing; but the temple itself is converted into a powder magazine. The tomb of Jehungeer still remains a monument of great beauty. It is built of marble and red sandstone in alternate layers: the name of Jehungeer is inscribed as "The Conqueror of the World." The garden of Shah Jehan—the Shalimar, or "house of joy"—is another magnificent remnant of Mogul grandeur, about half a mile in length, with three successive terraces one above the other. A canal intersects this beautiful garden, and throws up its water in 450 fountains, to cool the atmosphere.

The soft and effeminate manners of the East appear, however, to have fewer charms for Runjeet Sing than military display, wine, and outward splendour. He says he owes all his conquests to the bravery of the troops of his own nation, who are free from prejudice; would carry eight days' provision on their backs; dig a well if water were scarce, and build a fort if circumstances required it, which the Hindoostanees would never do. "I pay my officers and troops," he said, "with the shawls and productions of Cashmere; and as I give a chief who may be entitled to a balance of 300 rupees, shawls to the value of 500, he is well pleased, and the state is benefited."

He told Burnes that the wine he sent him was mixed with pearls and precious gems; and this, it seems, is a common beverage in the East; so that the best is in the bottom, and probably falls to the share of the butler. He is himself immoderately fond of wine and strong liquors. At parting he produced a splendid bow and quiver, and also a horse richly caparisoned, with a shawl cloth thrown over his body, a necklace of agate, and heron's plume stuck on his head, saying, "This is one of my riding horses, which I beg you will accept." A similar present was given to Mr. Leckie; and while they were viewing the animals, one of the great dray-horses was brought forward, dressed out in cloth of gold, and bearing an elephant's houda on its back. Runjeet then sprinkled sandal-oil and rose water over them with his own hands, which completed the ceremony.

* A print of this diamond is given in Tavernier's Travels, from which its shape appears to be that of the thicker end of an egg cut in two. Mr. Elphinstone writes it *Cohenoor*.

Having taken leave of Maharaja Runjeet Sing, Mr. Burnes directed his steps towards Simla, on the Himalaya mountains, to give an account of his mission to Lord William Bentinck, who had taken up his residence there, on the score of health. On the second day, he reached Umritsir, the holy city of the Seiks, a distance of thirty miles; the intervening country highly cultivated. The *Nuhr* canal, cut from the Ravee at Lahore, passes by Umritsir, and continues for eighty miles, and is navigable by small boats. At twenty-three miles from Umritsir, the party crossed the Hyphasis, at Julalabad. Swollen to a mile in width, its current exceeded five miles an hour, so that, after two hours spent in crossing, they landed about two miles below the point from which they started. A little beyond this they halted at the estate of the Seik chief Futtih Sing, who was present with Lord Lake's army in 1805. Their reception was cordial; and the following sketch may convey some idea of the mode of life of a Seik Sirdar.

"Immediately we were seated, he produced his bottle, drank freely himself, and pressed it much upon us; it was too potent for an Englishman, but he assured us that, whatever quantity we drank, it would never occasion thirst. We filled a bumper to the health of the sirdar and his family, and were about to withdraw, when he produced most expensive presents, which could not in any way be refused; he gave me a string of pearls, and some other jewels, with a sword, a horse, and several shawls. Futtih Sing is an uncouth looking person, but he has the manners of a soldier. His income amounts to about four lacs of rupees annually, and he lives up to it, having a strong passion for house-building. Besides a board of works in two of his gardens, he was now constructing a house in the English style, but has sensibly added a suite of rooms underground for the hot season. When we left Futtih Sing, he urgently requested that we would deliver his sincere sentiments of regard to his old friend, Sir John Malcolm."—Vol. iii. p. 180.

Proceeding from hence, and passing the towns of Jullinder and Jumsheer, they came to the town of Fulour, on the banks of the Sutlege, the frontier post of the Lahore chief. The munificence of the Naharaja continued to the last; and the party, at the time of crossing the Sutlege, had received, in hard cash, no less than 24,000 rupees. This river, the Hesudris of antiquity, is yet called the Shittoodur, or the Hundred Rivers, by the natives. It was observed, that the waters of the Sutlege were colder than any other of the Punjab rivers; no doubt, from the length of its course among the Snowy Mountains. From the Sutlege, the party proceeded to Lodiana, where they rested a few days among their countrymen; and from hence prosecuted their journey to Simla, distant about one hundred miles, where Mr. Burnes was received in the most flattering manner by the governor-general of India; who states, in a public document addressed to himself, that "the whole of his conduct has his entire and unqualified approbation." We are told, indeed, that his lordship entered at once into negotiations for laying open the navigation of the Indus to the commerce of Britain; which, whether regarded in a commercial or political point of view, must be considered as a measure of enlightened policy.

The Indus, it appears, is a river of greater magnitude than has usually been ascribed to it. The water it discharges, after receiving the five great tributary streams, is stated to be, in the month of April, the dry season, 80,000 cubic feet in a second of time; while, in the same month, Mr. Prinsep found the Ganges to discharge only 21,500 cubic feet: the former, therefore, is nearly four times the amount of the latter; and not far short of that discharged by the Mississippi. The reasons assigned by Mr. Burnes, in his "Memoir of the Indus," for this difference in favour of the Indus, would appear well-founded. The main trunk and the large tributaries of the Indus all take their rise among snowy mountains, furnishing a constant supply of water in the dry season; most of them flow through countries thinly peopled and poorly cultivated, in comparison with those traversed by the Ganges; the waters of the latter are therefore profusely expended in irrigation, blessing the inhabitants of its banks with rich and exuberant crops; while those of the former are, for the most part, suffered to run to waste. Other causes are stated, which account for the superiority of the Indus. It is, undoubtedly, a noble river, and navigable by a fleet from Attock to the sea.

The voyage to Lahore occupied just sixty days of navigation, sometimes with sails, at others with men tracking the boats, proceeding generally from sunrise to sunset. The route they took presents one uninterrupted navigation of a thousand miles from the sea to this capital of the Seiks. The return voyage has never been tried, as no trade exists between the Punjab and Sinde by water, the jealous rulers of the latter preventing it; but Mr. Burnes estimates it may be done in fifteen days—thus, Mooltan, six; Bukkur, four; Hydrabad, three; and to the sea, two.

The present territories of Runjeet Sing extend from the Sutlege to the Indus, and from Cashmere to Mooltan, comprising the whole of the countries watered by the Punjab. Mr. Burnes says, that so entirely has the Seik nation altered its constitution under this chief, that from a pure republic it has passed to an absolute monarchy. Though the genius of one man has effected this change, it can hardly be expected to be permanent. The son of Nadir Shah, when about to unite himself with a princess of the house of Delhi, was called upon to give an account of his male ancestors for seven generations: "Tell them," said this haughty adventurer, "that he is the son of the sword, and the grandson of the sword, and so on till they have a descent of *seventy* instead of *seven* generations!" The following words of Mr. Burnes may, therefore, turn out to be prophetic:

"The power which Runjeet Sing acquired has been preserved by his policy: he has a disciplined army of infantry, with a due proportion of cavalry and artillery. The system is unpopular in the country, and the Seik sirdars view with distrust the innovation and the innovators. The French officers, when deprived of their patron, would find it necessary to stand aloof, from motives of personal safety; and, if they left the country, the wreck of their labours would soon perish in the general tumult."—Vol. iii. p. 296.

Mr. Burnes, being the first European of modern

times who had navigated the Indus, was stimulated by a desire to extend his travels beyond that river, a design which received the most liberal encouragement from the governor-general of India. Being joined by Mr. James Gerard, of the Bengal army, on the 2d of January, 1832, he left Lodiana, having previously solicited Runjeet Sing to permit his again entering and passing through his territories. On the frontier they were met by a sirdar or chief, who welcomed them in the name of the maharaja. On their arrival at Lahore, Runjeet received them with all kindness—detained them near a month, entertaining them with hunting, hawking, and feasting, in the most splendid style. Although we have already given some specimens of the finery of the maharaja's establishment, we cannot omit the description of the old chief's bed-room.

"In one end of the room stood a camp-bedstead, which merits a description. Its frame-work, posts, and legs, were entirely covered with gold, and the canopy was one massy sheet of the same precious metal. It stood on footstools, raised about ten inches from the ground, and which were also of gold. The curtains were of Cashmere shawls. Near it stood a round chair of gold; and in one of the upper rooms of the palace we saw the counterpart of these costly ornaments. The candles that lighted up the apartment were held in branch sticks of gold. The little room in which we sat was superbly gilded; and the side which was next the court was closed by a screen of yellow silk. Here we enjoyed the society of our royal entertainer, who freely circulated the wine, filled our glasses himself, and gave every encouragement by his own example."—Vol. i. pp. 29, 30.

But the splendour of the Seik soldier, as displayed at Lahore, sinks into obscurity when compared with the magnificence which this old chief exhibited in the tented field, when Lord William Bentinck paid him a week's visit on the banks of the Sutlege, in the interval between the two missions of Mr. Burnes. The display of elephants with their rich houdas, the long line of troops, cavalry, infantry, and artillery, all in dresses of yellow silk, presented a most brilliant spectacle; but we must content ourselves with a short extract from the account of one of the spectators of scenes that outdid any thing in the "Thousand and One Nights:"—

"The tents were pitched on a rising bank, within a hundred yards of the river, and the lands around it were metamorphosed, by the skill of the gardeners of Lahore, into verdant parterres, in which wheat, having been sown some days previous, now presented groups of green and growing figures of elephants, horses, deer, birds, &c. This garden was brilliantly illuminated, and decorated with artificial flowers, trees, golden cypresses, &c., tastefully arranged. The interior of the pavilion, however, presented a scene of riches and splendour surpassing the descriptions of the palace of Haroon al Raschid, or of Solomon in all his glory. The floor was spread with cloth of gold; and within the gorgeous little pavilion before described, were placed three circular seats or thrones, sheeted with gold, curiously worked. The centre was destined for the maharaja, and one on either side for the governor-general and Lady William Bentinck. Behind these thrones was a golden bedstead, inlaid with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, &c., in profusion. The tent was illuminated with golden candelabras. After inspecting this *chef-d'œuvre* of oriental taste and magnificence, the party took their seats in the open arcade, or semiana, before described; the principal personages being seated under a canopy, the richness of which is utterly indescribable. It consisted of one mass of jewels, of diamonds, pearls, rubies, emeralds, interwoven in various patterns so thickly, that the texture of the cloth or silk on which they were worked was quite indistinguishable.

"The regiment of amazons soon made their appearance, on this occasion armed with bows and arrows, and headed by their commander-in-chief, the favourite of the day, who was distinguished by a crimson dress, and white plume in her turban. There were three subordinate commandants, each distinguished by a white plume. After exhibiting their dancing for some time, the maharaja ordered one of them to sing the song of the Hoolee, and a tray of round silver bowls, filled with gold dust and silver leaf pulverised, having been placed on a footstool before his highness, the sport and the song commenced. The dancer and the maharaja opened the campaign by pelting one another most vigorously with gold dust. Neither the governor-general nor Lady William escaped, and the engagement soon became general, and ceased only when three silver bowls were exhausted, and the whole party were covered from head to foot with the glittering powder. The maharaja suffered the most severely, for during his contest with the amazon, the latter contrived to throw a handful straight into his sound eye, which nearly extinguished the luminary, and he did not completely recover from the wound during the rest of the evening."

Mr. Burnes, on leaving Lahore, determined to cast off the garb of an Englishman, and adopt the costume of an humble Asiatic:—

"It now became necessary to divest ourselves almost of every thing which belonged to us, and discontinue many habits and practices which had become a second nature; but the success of our enterprise depended upon these sacrifices. We threw away all our European clothes, and adopted, without reserve, the costume of the Asiatic. We exchanged our tight dress for the flowing robe of the Afghans, girt on swords, and 'kummurbunds' (sashes); and, with our heads shaved, and groaning under ponderous turbans, we strutted about slipshod; and had now to uncover the feet instead of the head. We gave away our tents, beds, and boxes, and broke our tables and chairs. A hut, or the ground, we knew must be our shelter, and a coarse carpet or mat our bed. A blanket, or 'kummul,' served to cover the native saddle, and to sleep under during night: and the greater portion of my now limited wardrobe found a place in the 'koorjeen,' or saddle-bags, which were thrown across the horse's quarter. A single mule for each of us carried the whole of our baggage, with my books and instruments; and a servant likewise found a seat upon the animal. A pony carried the surveyor, Mohammed Ali; and the Hindoo lad had the same allowance. These arrangements took some time and consideration; and we burned, gave away, and destroyed whole mule-loads of baggage—a propitiatory offering, as I called it, to those immortal demons, the Rhyberees, who have from time immemorial plundered the traveller across the Indus."—Vol. i. pp. 40, 41.

The "tope," or mound of masonry, of Manikyala attracted the attention of Mr. Burnes. Mr. Elphinstone had pronounced it "as like Grecian architecture as any building which Europeans, in remote parts of the country, could now construct by the hands of unpractised native builders." M. Ventura, a general in Runjeet Sing's service, opened it, and descended down a central shaft, at the bottom of which he found various coins and

medals, and a nest of three cylindrical boxes, one of iron, one of tin, and the innermost of gold, containing a black, dirty substance, half liquid, and mixed with glass or amber. Though the coins were much posterior to the Greeks, M. Ventura thinks this must have been the site of Bucephalia, as the word Manikyala means, when interpreted, "the City of the Horse;" but Mr. Burnes is of opinion that it corresponds more nearly to Arrian's position of Taxilla. The latter found here two antiques and seventy copper coins. A similar "tope" was visited at Belur, and many others were heard of in the neighbourhood of the mountains. "I am inclined to a belief," says Mr. Burnes, "that in these 'topes' we have the tombs of a race of princes who once reigned in Upper India, and that they are either the sepulchres of the Bactrian kings, or their Indo-Scythic successors."

At Pind Dadun Khan, the capital of a small district, with a population of six thousand souls, the travellers crossed the Hydaspes. The river here turns round a point of the vast salt range which stretches from the Hydaspes to a considerable distance beyond the Indus, an extent nearly equal to two hundred miles. About one hundred persons were employed digging blocks of salt out of an excavation in the hill. Mr. Burnes says of these poor creatures that their cadaverous looks and stifled breathing excited the utmost compassion. He distributed to each a rupee, which was about equal to the earnings for extracting a ton of salt. The range is stated to rise about eight hundred feet above the plains of the Punjab, and about two thousand feet above the sea, and exceeds five miles in breadth. From this source Runjeet Sing derives a vast revenue.

Mr. Elphinstone crossed this salt range a little beyond the town of Calla-baugh, the houses of which, he says, actually overhang the road, being built on the steep face of the hill, the streets rising like steps one above another. Here the Indus was compressed between two mountains into a deep channel, only three hundred and fifty yards broad; along the face of one of these, a road has been cut for upwards of two miles, mostly out of solid salt, the cliffs rising sometimes to the height of more than a hundred feet above the level of the river; the mineral is described as hard, clear, and nearly pure, but streaked and tinged in parts with red. "The earth," says Mr. Elphinstone, "is almost blood-red, and this, with the strange and beautiful spectacle of the salt rocks, and the Indus flowing in a deep and clear stream through lofty mountains, past this extraordinary town, presented such a scene of wonder as is seldom to be witnessed." We should say, not to be witnessed in any other part of the known globe.

The scene of Alexander's battle with Porus has been conjectured to lie at Julalpoor, but Mr. Burnes seems to prefer Jelum, which is about twenty-five miles higher up the Hydaspes, chiefly because the great road from Tartary passes this place, and appears to have been the one followed by Alexander. Mr. Elphinstone, however, is not likely to give up Julalpoor: "So precisely does Quintus Curtius's description of the scene of Porus's battle correspond with the part of the Hydaspes where he crossed, that several gentlemen of the mission, who read the passage on the spot, were persuaded that it referred to the very spot before their eyes." *Non nostri est tantas componere lites;* but we wish, here and elsewhere, that Mr. Burnes had carried with him, not only his Curtius and Arrian, but the late clear and able "History of Alexander," by Archdeacon Williams. That learned writer's conjectures have, as it is, in several remarkable instances, derived new strength from Mr. Burnes's *facts*.

On the 14th March our travellers forded the Indus about five miles above Attock, where the stream was divided into three branches. Two hundred Seik horsemen conducted them over. With the exception of one man and two horses, that were carried down the stream and drowned, they arrived safe on the opposite bank.

They were now in the country of the Afghans, and delivered themselves over to the Khuttucks, a lawless tribe, whose chief expressed his dissatisfaction at their having purchased some trifling articles in the bazaar, as if it was a reflection on his hospitality. On taking leave, however, he assured them they might consider themselves "as secure as eggs under a hen." Being now in the land "where covetousness of a neighbour's goods is the ruling passion," it was found necessary to secrete their money and valuables in the best manner they could contrive. On approaching the plain of Peshawur they were met by an escort, and the son of the chief, who conducted them to his father, by whom they were received with the greatest kindness. Of this chief Mr. Burnes says—

"Sooltan Mahomed Khan was not the illiterate Afghan whom I expected to find, but an educated, well-bred gentleman, whose open and affable manner made a lasting impression upon me. As we were sitting down to dinner, he would frequently slip in, quite unattended, and pass the evening with us. He would sometimes be followed by various trays of dishes, which he had had cooked in his harem, and believed might be palatable to us. He is a person more remarkable for his urbanity than his wisdom; but he transacts all his own business: he is a brave soldier; his seraglio has about thirty inmates, and he has already had a family of sixty children. He could not tell the exact number of survivors when I asked him."—Vol. i. p. 91.

"As we passed the suburbs of the city we discovered a crowd of people, and, on a nearer approach, saw the mangled bodies of a man and woman, the former not quite dead, lying on a dunghill. The crowd instantly surrounded the chief and our party, and one person stepped forward and represented, in a trembling attitude, to Sooltan Mahomed Khan, that he had discovered his wife in an act of infidelity, and had put both parties to death; he held the bloody sword in his hands, and described how he had committed the deed. His wife was pregnant, and already the mother of three children. The chief asked a few questions, which did not occupy him three minutes; he then said, in a loud voice, 'You have acted the part of a good Mahomedan, and performed a justifiable act.' He then moved on, and the crowd cried out 'Bravo!' ('Afreen!') The man was immediately set at liberty."—Vol. i. pp. 93, 94.

Mr. Burnes is naturally much shocked with this incident; but his expressions on the occasion

are too severe; he might have known, or remembered, that an injured husband in his own country will, under similar circumstances, be held by judge and jury to have "performed a justifiable act."

"Of the town of Peshawur," says Mr. Burnes, "I shall say nothing, since the graphic and accurate descriptions of Mr. Elphinstone require no addition." A great revolution, however, has occurred since Mr. Elphinstone's time. Instead of its remaining a monarchy, the Afghan country has been broken up into four chiefships—Peshawur, Cabool, Herat, and Candahar, by the misfortunes that befel the two sons of Timour Shah, Zemaun Shah and Shooja-ool-Moolk, now both at Lodiana, and the former, as observed by Mr. Elphinstone, blind, dethroned, and exiled, in a country which he had twice subdued. The present ruler of Peshawur is described as a very excellent character, and his courtiers exhibited more general knowledge than could have been expected in this remote region. The Khan spoke without reserve of Runjeet Sing, and sighed to be released from the disgrace of being obliged to pay him tribute and having his son a hostage at Lahore. Mr. Burnes observed that every one seemed to maintain an air of equality with the chief—even the meanest servant addressed him without ceremony. After a month's feasting and entertainments, and rambles about the city and its environs, where the climate, the gardens, and the landscape, are said to delight the senses, they took their departure for Cabool. Being now near the close of April, they had no longer to dread the snows of Cabool and Hindoo Coosh: the thermometer had risen from 60° at noon on their first arrival to 87°; the mulberries had ripened, and the snow had entirely disappeared from the hither range.

The river of Cabool was crossed on a raft supported on inflated skins; it was only two hundred and fifty yards wide, but ran with such rapidity that they were carried more than a mile before gaining the opposite bank. The precipices of the ravine, down which the river fell with great impetuosity, had now risen to the height of two thousand feet, and the stream was again to be crossed. Its rapidity, formed into eddies, wheeled them round, and they had the agreeable satisfaction of being told that, if carried some way down, there was a whirlpool, round which, if once enclosed in its circle, they might revolve, in hunger and giddiness, for a whole day. This reminds us of the two *padres* who were found by Condamine in an eddy of the Amazons, where they had been spinning round and round in their little skiff for a couple of days.

Julalabad, the residence of a Mahomedan chief, lies between two parallel mountains, clothed in snow, in the higher part of which it never melts, and this would give an elevation of about 15,000 feet. It is described as a small filthy town, with a bazaar of fifty shops, and a population of about two thousand souls. At Bala-bagh, rich gardens, producing the famous pomegranates without seed, and vines creeping up trees to the height of eighty feet from the ground, ascended up the steep close under the Snowy Mountains. Near Gundamuk clover and white daisies clothed the fields, and the mountains were covered with forests of pines, rising to within a thousand feet of perpetual snow. Here, too, is the garden of Neemla, celebrated as the field of battle in which Shooja-ool-Moolk lost his crown in 1809.

The party had scarcely entered Cabool before they heard of the misfortunes of Mr. Wolff, the Jewish missionary, who was then detained in a neighbouring village, and lost no time in despatching assistance to him. The situation of this eccentric fanatic excited the sympathy of our travellers, though mainly owing to his own imprudence; having assumed the character of a hadjee, he was soon discovered, and then, of course, beaten and plundered.

Our travellers were received most kindly into the house of Nawab Jubbar Khan, the amiable brother of the chief of Cabool. Mr. Burnes says—

"Never was a man more modest and more beloved; he will permit but a single attendant to follow him; and the people on the high and by ways stop to bless him; the politicians assail him at home to enter into intrigues, and yet he possesses the respect of the whole community, and has, at the present moment, a greater moral influence than any of the Barukzye family in Afghanistan. His manners are remarkably mild and pleasing; and from his dress one would not imagine him to be an influential member of a warlike family. It is delightful to be in his society, to witness his acts, and hear his conversation. He is particularly partial to Europeans, and makes every one of them his guest who enters Cabool. All the French officers in the Punjab lived with him, and keep up a friendly intercourse. Such is the *patriarch* of Cabool; he is now about fifty years of age; and such the master of the house in which we were so fortunate as to dwell."—Vol. i. p. 134.

The chief himself, Dost Mahomed Khan, appears to be a man of a very superior mind: his general knowledge and intelligence far beyond what could have been expected; his curiosity unbounded. In short, his friendly reception of the travellers, and his accomplished address, quite charmed them. Like most Asiatics, he had imagined that the great wealth of England was drawn from her Eastern empire; but when set right on this point, he observed, "This satisfactorily accounts for the subjection of India. You have left much of its wealth to the native princes; you have not had to encounter their despair, and you are just in your courts." With two such men as the governor and the patriarch, Cabool is in no immediate danger of internal convulsions. The capital is a bustling city, with a population of 60,000.

"In the evening, each shop is lighted up by a lamp suspended in front, which gives the city an appearance of being illuminated. The number of shops for the sale of dried fruits is remarkable, and their arrangement tasteful. Every trade has its separate bazaar, and all of them seem busy. There are booksellers and venders of paper, much of which is Russian, and of a blue colour. Around the bakers' shops crowds of people may be seen, waiting for their bread. I observed that they baked it by plastering it to the sides of the oven. Cabool is famed for its kabobs, or cooked meats, which are in great request: few cook at home. 'Rhuwash' was the dainty of the May season in Cabool. It is merely blanched rhubarb,

which is reared under a careful protection from the sun, and grows up rankly under the hills in the neighbourhood. Its flavour is delicious. 'Shabash rhuwash! Bravo rhuwash!' is the cry in the streets; and every one buys it. In the most crowded parts of the city there are story-tellers amusing the idlers, or dervises proclaiming the glories and deeds of the prophet."—Vol. i. pp. 145, 146.

Though Cabool is more than six thousand feet above the level of the sea, the number and variety of the fruit trees are quite remarkable. Mr. Burnes enumerates peaches, plums, apricots, pears, apples, quinces, cherries, walnuts, mulberries, pomegranates and vines, all growing in one garden. Vines are so plentiful, that for three months in the year the grapes are given to the cattle. They make a wine not unlike Madeira. The mulberries of Cabool are as much celebrated as are the pears of Peshawur; the apricot also is much esteemed, and they have fourteen different ways of preserving it. In short, fruit is more plentiful than bread, and is considered one of the necessaries of life. In the gardens are also plenty of nightingales, blackbirds, thrushes, doves, and magpies, which, with the fruits, reminded our travellers of England. The nawab sent Mr. Burnes, in a cage surrounded with cloth, a "Boolbool i huzar dastan," or *nightingale of a thousand tales*, which, he says, became so noisy a companion throughout the night, that he was obliged to send it away before he could sleep.

It has been for some time past a current opinion in the East, that the offspring of the lost tribes of Israel survive among the Afghans. This subject did not escape the inquisitive mind of Mr. Burnes. He goes through the genealogies, as current in the country, from the days of Nebuchadnezzar downwards, and adds,

"I can see no good reason for discrediting them, though there be some anachronisms, and the dates do not exactly correspond with those of the Old Testament. In the histories of Greece and Rome we find similar corruptions, as well as in the later works of the Arab and Mahomedan writers. The Afghans look like Jews; they say they are descended from Jews; and the younger brother marries the widow of the elder, according to the law of Moses. The Afghans entertain strong prejudices against the Jewish nation; which would, at least show that they had no desire to claim, without a just cause, a descent from them." [They do not claim a descent from *them*.] "Since some of the tribes of Israel came to the east, why should we not admit that the Afghans are their descendants, converted to Mahomedanism? I am aware that I am differing from a high authority; but I trust that I have made it appear on reasonable grounds.'—Vol. i. p. 164.

Mr. Elphinstone (the authority alluded to) declined the investigation of this curious subject, but at the same time did not conceal his opinion that their own accounts of their origin appeared to him fabulous. Carey and Marshman lean the other way, and have discovered that the Pushtoo or Afghan language contains more Hebrew words than that of any nation of India. Of this we think not much; but what seems more important, they quote also a learned Afghan, who says, "his nation are *beni Israel*, but not Yahood,"—sons of Israel, but not Jews. Until some profound and liberal scholar investigates the whole matter, nothing can be said. We must equally pause as to the numerous claims to a Grecian pedigree set up by certain chiefs in the valley of the Oxus and in Badackshan. Marco Polo is the first traveller who heard of such a tradition. Mr. Elphinstone was informed that the chief of Durwaz drew his lineage from Alexander, and Mr. Burnes found six other personages, to the north of the Oxus, claiming a like descent.

Mr. Burnes now commenced preparations for a journey over the Hindoo Koosh, or Snowy Mountains, and he found no difficulty in obtaining money on a letter of credit on the public treasury of Lodiana or Delhi; "a gratifying proof," he observes, "have we here of the high character of our nation, to find the bills of those who almost appeared as beggars, cashed without hesitation in a foreign and far-distant capital." The road which they had to pursue from Cabool to Balkh led along the valley of the Cabool river, and here the towering range of mountains often seemed to overhang the path. The sources of the river, at the head of the valley, are in two large ponds formed into preserves for fish. Mr. Burnes says, "we fed them with bread, which disappeared in a moment, torn from our hands by some thousands of them; they are molested by no one, since it is believed that a curse rests on the head of an intruder." The following succinct account will convey some idea of this western tail of the range of the vast Himalaya mountains:—

"We crossed the stupendous chain of mountains by six successive passes; and, after a journey of about 260 miles, and thirteen days, debouched, on the valley of the Oxus, at Khooloom, which is forty miles eastward of the ancient city of Balk. The first three passes lie between Cabool and Bameean, and two of them were so deeply covered with snow in the end of May, that we could only travel in the morning, when it was frozen, and would bear our horses. The three remaining passes north of Bameean were of lesser altitude, and free from snow. We commenced our journey at an elevation of 6600 feet, which is the height of the city of Cabool from the sea. We then followed the river of Cabool, which falls at the rate of fifty feet a mile, and reached its source at an elevation of 8,600 feet, where the snow was first encountered in the valley. We attained our greatest height at the passes called Hajeeguk and Kaloo, which were respectively 12,400 and 13,000 feet high, and covered with snow. None of the other passes exceed an altitude of 9000 feet; and from the last of them, called Kara Koottul, we descended the bed of a river, at the rate of sixty feet a mile, until we reached the plains of Toorkistan, where we had yet an elevation of 2000 feet above the sea."—Vol. ii. p. 240.

He adds, that the peaks of Koh-i-baba are covered with eternal snow for a considerable distance beneath their summits, the altitude of which he estimates at about 18,000 feet. But the true mountain of Hindoo Koosh, we are told, lies about a degree to the eastward of the present route.

"This great peak is visible from Cabool, and entirely enveloped in milk-white snow. I saw it also from Koondooz, on the north, at a distance of 150 miles. Its altitude must be considerable, for the travellers complain of the difficulty of breathing, and carry sugar and mulberries with them to ease their respiration; and the strongest of men suffer from giddiness and vomiting. Thousands of birds are also found dead on the snow: it is believed that they are

unable to fly from the violence of the winds; but it is more probable that they are prevented by the rarity of the atmosphere; yet birds are used to higher elevations than men and quadrupeds. They often attempt to walk across, and numbers of them are ensnared. The greatest silence is preserved in crossing Hindoo Koosh; and no one speaks loud, or fires a gun, lest the reverberation cause a fall of snow. But the most singular phenomenon on Hindoo Koosh appears to be the snow-worm, which is described to resemble the silk-worm in its mature state. This insect is only found in the regions of perpetual congelation, and dies on being removed from the snow. I do not suppose that the existence of the creature will be doubted, because I have not seen it, since I speak on the united testimony of many who have passed Hindoo Koosh."—Vol. ii. pp. 247, 248.

In the lower parts of these mountains, and on the hills, were seen vast flocks of the broad-tailed sheep, and numerous goats, browsing on the furze and dry grass, and the aromatic plants which grow among the rocks, and scent the air. Among these may be reckoned the asafœtida plant (*ferula asa-fœtida*), which was found flourishing in great luxuriance at an elevation of 7000 feet. The sheep are particularly fond of this plant; and it is eaten raw and much relished by the inhabitants, though the smell is nearly as strong in its fresh state, as in our shops as a drug. In the passes of these mountains, Mr. Burnes observed abundance of apricot trees, blackberry bushes, sweet briars, and hawthorn. The fuel used by the inhabitants is the dry stunted furze. Neither cedars, nor firs, nor trees of any kind, adorn the mountains of Hindoo Koosh. Before the party had reached the village of Bameean, they had already surmounted the "everlasting snows," which, however, by the existing maps, were still half a degree of latitude beyond them.

"Bameean is celebrated for its colossal idols and innumerable excavations, which are to be seen in all parts of the valley, for about eight miles, and still form the residence of the greater part of the population. They are called "Soomuch" by the people. A detached hill in the middle of the valley is quite honeycombed by them, and brings to our recollection the Troglodites of Alexander's historians. It is called the city of Ghoolghoola, and consists of a continued succession of caves in every direction, which are said to have been the work of a king named Julal. The hills are formed of indurated clay and pebbles, which renders their excavation a matter of little difficulty; but the great extent to which it has been carried excites attention. Some of them are finished in the shape of a dome, and have a carved frieze below the point from which the cupola springs. The inhabitants tell many remarkable tales of the caves of Bameean; one in particular—that a mother had lost her child among them, and recovered it after a lapse of twelve years! The tale need not be believed; but it will convey an idea of the extent of the works. There are excavations on all sides of the idols; and below the larger one-half a regiment might find quarters. Bameean is perhaps the city which Alexander founded at the base of Paropamisus, before entering Bactria. The country, indeed, from Cabool to Balkh, is yet styled 'Bakhtur Zumeen,' or Bakhtur country.

"There are no relics of Asiatic antiquity which have roused the curiosity of the learned more than the gigantic idols of Bameean. They consist of two figures, a male and a female; the one named Silsal, the other Shahmama. The figures are cut in alto relievo on the face of the hill. The male is the larger of the two, and about 120 feet high. It occupies a front of seventy feet; and the niche in which it is excavated extends about that depth into the hill. The female figure is cut in the same hill, at a distance of 200 yards, and is about half the size."—Vol. i. pp. 183-186.

It is further stated that the niches of both these idols have been, at one time, plastered and ornamented with paintings of human figures, but these antique limnings now only appear over the heads of the idols, where the colours are as vivid, and the lines as distinct, as any in the Egyptian tombs. These figures, Mr. Burnes says, are described in Sherif-o-deen's history of Tamerlane, and he adds, that they are considered to be the Lat and Munat of the Koran. His engravings of them are worth a hundred descriptions.

The Afghans are described as a sober, simple, steady people; a nation of children, who quarrel for trifles; fight and become friends; prone to idleness; will sit a whole day stupidly staring at each other; delight in sauntering about in their beautiful gardens in the evenings; dress well, and have the appearance of health and happiness: the chubby red cheeks of their children are remarkable. Their amusements are hunting, hawking, and quail-fighting. The Afghans, however, differ very much in the different tribes or clans into which they are divided, and violent feuds exist among them.

At Bameean the territory of Cabool ends, and at Syghan that of Mahomet Ali Beg, also an Usbek, begins, who however is alternately subject to Cabool and Koondooz, as the chiefs of these states happen to preponderate in power. Here there was a stricter attention paid to matters of religion than on the southern side of the mountains; and the travellers were particularly cautioned not to sleep with their feet towards Mecca. The last pass of the Indian Caucasus they had to cross was the Kara Koottul, or Black Pass, but they had yet a journey of ninety-five miles before they entirely cleared the mountains. The last march in the mountains brought the travellers to Khooloom, from whence they had a noble view of the country to the northward, sloping down to the Oxus. Since leaving Cabool, Mr. Burnes says they had slept in their clothes, halted among mud, waded through rivers, tumbled among snow, and now were sunned by heat; but these he considers only as the petty inconveniences of a traveller.

From Khooloom it was intended to proceed northerly to Balkh, but, to their surprise and mortification, the officers of the customs had despatched a messenger to report their arrival to the chief of Koondooz, and receive his instructions for their disposal. In two days he returned, bringing a summons for the strangers to repair to Koondooz, about sixty miles to the eastward. Mr. Burnes lost no time in proceeding thither, to make his appearance before Meer Moorad Beg, the chief of the Usbeks. He found him seated on a tiger skin, and stretching out his legs covered with huge boots, in contempt of all Eastern rules of decorum. He was tall in stature, his features harsh, his eyes small to deformity, his forehead broad and frowning, the whole cast of his countenance most repulsive, and he wanted the beard which adorns the countenance of most Oriental

people. Mr. Burnes having succeeded, by good management in passing for an Armenian, procured an order for his safe conduct beyond the frontier; and forthwith departed to rejoin his companions at Khooloom, glad to escape from the despot, as well as from Koondooz, which is one of the most insalubrious places in the swampy valley of the upper Oxus. Its population does not exceed 1500 souls. The united force of Murad Beg is stated to be 20,000 horse and six pieces of artillery, one of which is a thirty-six pounder, brought from Persia by Nadir Shah.

This despot of Koondooz was the cause of all the disasters that befel poor Moorcroft in the year 1824. Knowing that he was an Englishman, which is in these countries synonymous with a wealthy man, he ensnared him, with his companions and baggage, to Koondooz, and kept them prisoners until he had contrived to extort from them a sum of about 23,000 rupees: they were then allowed to depart; but his cupidity was encreased by what it fed on; and when Moorcroft was preparing to start for Bokhara, he and his party were surrounded by 400 horsemen, and again summoned to Koondooz. Nor was it concealed that the chief had resolved to seize on the remainder of their property and put the whole of them to death. Nothing therefore was left for Moorcroft but to take advantage of the night, to assume the dress of a native, and to fly for refuge to a holy man who dwelt beyond Koondooz, and who was known to have a powerful influence over the mind of the chief. He fell at his feet and claimed his protection for a stranger. This holy personage promised him security; he summoned Moorad Beg before him, and told him, at his peril, not to touch a hair of the traveller's head, nor of those of his party. Moorcroft was then permitted to pursue his journey to Bokhara, but unfortunately died on his return, about eighty miles from Balkh. Mr. Trebeck and Mr. Guthrie, his companions, also died of fever.

In the journey of the present travellers to Balkh, they passed Muzar, a small independency belonging to a priest, who superintends the worship at a shrine of great sanctity, dedicated to Ali, and built about 350 years ago. It was here that Mr. Trebeck expired and was buried. Mr. Burnes visited his grave, which was under the shade of a mulberry tree.

"This young man has left a most favourable impression of his good qualities throughout the countries which we passed; and I could not but feel for his melancholy fate. After burying his two European fellow-travellers, he sunk, at an early age, after four months' suffering in a far-distant country, without a friend, without assistance, and without consolation. The whole of his property was either embezzled by a priest who accompanied the party, or confiscated by *the holy men* of this sanctuary, who yet retain it: it consisted of some valuable horses, camp equipage, money, and a few printed books. All the manuscripts of Moorcroft have been fortunately recovered; and, in justice to an amiable man, who devoted his life to a passion for travel and research, they ought, long ere this, to have been published. The money did not fall into the hands of the people of Muzar; it may be traced, but I cannot say found."—Vol. i. pp. 233, 234.

But if the papers be in existence, and attainable, why not published? Mr. Burnes says that on entering the ancient city of Balkh, in the dominions of the King of Bokhara, they wound among its extensive ruins for nearly three miles before reaching a caravansary in the inhabited corner of this once proud "Mother of Cities." Its ruins extend, we are told, for a circuit of about twenty miles, consisting of fallen mosques and decayed tombs; and its present population does not amount to 2000 souls. It stands on a plain covered with inequalities, probably arising from ruins and rubbish. The city itself, like Babylon, has long been a perfect mine of bricks for the surrounding country; its gardens, once so celebrated, are overgrown with weeds, and its aqueducts dried up. Such is the present state of the ancient Bactria, which, after the conquest of Alexander, flourished under a succession of Grecian kings! The melancholy reflections to which such a place was calculated to give rise were enhanced by a visit to a lonely spot outside the city, where are the graves of poor Moorcroft and Guthrie, the bigoted people having refused them room in their burying-ground. "It was fortunate," says Mr. Burnes, "that the living experienced no such contempt as the dead, for we received no slight from any one, though our creed and our nation were not concealed."

From Balkh the party crossed the desert in company of a small caravan of twenty camels, each camel being laden with a couple of panniers, as lately described in our notice of Conolly. They slept in the open air, a coarse blanket being their only covering, all their nourishment bread and tea. The country was destitute of wood and water, "and its stunted herbage either protruded from mounds of loose drifting sand, or made its appearance through sheets of hard clay." The place where they had to cross the Jihon or Amoo (the ancient Oxus,) afforded some little cultivation by means of aqueducts from the river. It was here eight hundred yards wide and about twenty feet deep, with a current of about three miles and a half an hour. The mode of crossing it is singular.

"We were drawn by a pair of horses, who were yoked to the boat on each bow, by a rope fixed to the hair of the mane. The bridle is then put on as if the horse were to be mounted; the boat is pushed into the stream, and, without any other assistance than the horses, is ferried directly across the most rapid channel. A man on board holds the reins of each horse, and allows them to play loosely in the mouth urging him to swim; and, thus guided, he advances without difficulty. There is not an oar to aid in impelling the boat; and the only assistance from those on board consists in manœuvring a rude rounded pole at the stern, to prevent the vessel from wheeling to the current, and to give both horses clear water to swim."—Vol. i. pp. 249, 50.

After crossing a desert, on the northern side of the Oxus, of eighty-five miles without seeing a tree, they entered the small oasis of Kurshee, which contains a little town about a mile long, with a considerable bazaar and about ten thousand inhabitants, being the largest place in the kingdom of Bokhara next to the capital. A small river expends itself in the oasis by enabling the inhabitants to form and cultivate their numerous

gardens. It rises at Shuhr Suby, about fifty miles to the northeast, famous as being the birth-place of Timour, and about the same distance from Samarcand. The mention of this latter place makes us regret exceedingly that it was not visited by Mr. Burnes; for though we have little doubt it would present pretty much the same melancholy aspect as Balkh, yet, being once a city of such renown, and lost as it were from all knowledge of Europeans for many centuries, a journey to it of a hundred miles would have added a singularly interesting episode to his narrative, had it been for no other purpose than to have viewed the observatory of the justly celebrated Uleg Beg, which is said to be still in a perfect state, as is also the tomb of the no less celebrated Timour.

Viewing these countries in their present wretched and sterile condition, it is a severe tax on our belief, when we read of an Arab governor of Samarcand making a boast that he could take the field with 300,000 horse and as many foot, and that they would not be missed in the province; or that 700,000 Monguls and Tartars, under Gengiskhan, met and engaged 400,000 troops of the Sultan of Khiva, in the midst of the now direful deserts of Mawenelhanar, then the first of earthly paradises, and the happiest region of the globe! But, dismissing these and all such like Arabian hyperboles, we have the testimony of Clavijo, the ambassador of Henry III. of Castile to Timour, as to the splendour, the magnificence, and the multitudes that were assembled on the plains of Samarcand, on the marriage of six of that emperor's grandsons. On this occasion, the insolence as well as the grandeur of the barbarian was singularly displayed. When seated on his throne, he was told that an ambassador from one of the principal countries of Europe was in attendance: "Let him approach," says he; "the shrimp has its place in the ocean." Gibbon, emulating the oriental grandiloquence of the Persian historian from whom he has drawn his account of this fête, tells us that "whole forests were cut down to supply fuel for the kitchens; and the plain was spread with pyramids of meat, and vases of every liquor, to which thousands of guests were courteously invited." He goes on to say that, "After the marriage contracts had been ratified, the bridegrooms and their brides retired to their nuptial chambers; nine times, according to the Asiatic fashion, they were dressed and undressed; and at each change of apparel, pearls and rubies were showered on their heads, and contemptuously abandoned to their attendants: a general indulgence was proclaimed; every law was relaxed, the people were free, the sovereign was idle:"—in other words, as we gather from Clavijo, the emperor, his sultanas, his grandsons, their brides, and attendants, all got royally and gloriously drunk.

In the route of our travellers from Kurshee towards Bokhara is the village of Karsan, at the extremity of the oasis. It was market day, and a vast throng were passed on their way thither, but all were equestrians—not a single individual on foot. It much amused Mr. Burnes to see here a man jogging along to market with his wife on a pillion behind him. We venture to say that in the days of his own grandmother, no farmer's wife in his own country ever went to market in any other fashion. "We now," says he, "found ourselves among the Usbeks, a grave, broad-faced, peaceable people, with a Tartar expression of countenance." He calls them, however, in another part of his journey, "the ferocious and man-selling Usbeks." It is no crime, according to the Koran, by which they are chiefly governed, to trade in slaves, which the Toorkmuns of the desert seize from the Persians and sell to the Usbeks, who again dispose of them at a profit. Bokhara, after a most fatiguing journey, was now at hand, but there was nothing striking in the approach to it; the country is flat, but richly clothed, and the trees concealed the walls and the mosques till the party were close upon them. The first thing, after entering this city, was to exchange their turbans for shabby sheep-skin caps, with the fur inside and their "Kumberbunds," or girdles, for a rude piece of rope—in short, to hoist signals of poverty. On the same day Mr. Burnes was summoned to wait on the minister, to whom he had previously announced his approach. He had to walk two miles through the streets before he reached the palace, or citadel. He found the Koosh Begee, or lord of all the Begs, sitting in a small room, who desired him to be seated outside on the hard pavement; but our traveller did not break his heart at this seeming indignity, as the minister's son was seated farther off than himself. Mr. Burnes presented a silver watch and a Cashmere dress, but the minister declined receiving any thing, saying that he was but the slave of the king. He kept Mr. Burnes about two hours, questioning him on a great variety of subjects—what had brought him to Bokhara—what was his profession—his knowledge—his baggage—and so on—but he concluded by assuring him of his protection, enjoining him, however, on no account, while in Bokhara, to make use of pen and ink.

He soon sent for him a second time, and enquired, among other things, whether he had any thing curious to exhibit. It occurred to Mr. Burnes that a patent compass might serve the turn; he sallied forth to fetch it, and when he had pointed out its utility, the old man seemed to have forgotten "that he was but the slave of the king." The Koosh Begee packed up the compass with all the haste and anxiety of a child, and said he would take it direct to his majesty, to manifest the wonderful ingenuity of our nation. Mr. Burnes had abundance of time during the month he continued here to see every thing worth seeing in Bokhara, but, like other foreigners, was prohibited from mounting a horse within the city walls. The following description of the great bazaar, the common resort of all nations, conveys a clear notion of what passes daily in this holy city:—

"On two other sides there are massive buildings, colleges of the learned; and on the fourth side is a fountain, filled with water, and shaded by lofty trees, while idlers and newsmongers assemble round the wares of Asia and Europe, which are here exposed for sale. A stranger has only to seat himself on a bench of the Registan, to know the Usbeks and the people of Bokhara. He may here converse with the natives of Persia, Turkey,

Russia, Tartary, China, India, and Cabool. He will meet with Toorkmuns, Calmuks, and Kuzzaks, from the surrounding deserts, as well as the natives of more favoured lands. He may contrast the polished manners of the subjects of the "Great King" with the ruder habits of a roaming Tartar. A red beard, grey eyes, and fair skin, will now and then arrest the notice of a stranger, and his attention will have been fixed on a poor Russian, who has lost his country and his liberty, and here drags out a miserable life of slavery. A native of China may be seen here and there in the same forlorn predicament, shorn of his long cue of hair, with his crown under a turban, since both he and the Russian act the part of Mahomedans. Then follows a Hindoo, in a garb foreign to himself and his country. A small square cap and a string, instead of a girdle, distinguishes him from the Mahomedans, and, as the Moslems themselves tell you, prevents their profaning the prescribed salutations of their language by using them to an idolater. Without these distinctions, the native of India is to be recognised by his demure look, and the studious manner in which he avoids all communication with the crowd. He herds only with a few individuals, similarly circumstanced with himself. The Jew is as marked a being as the Hindoo: he wears a somewhat different dress, and a conical cap. No mark, however, is so distinguishing as the well-known features of the Hebrew people. In Bokhara, they are a race remarkably handsome, and I saw more than one Rebecca in my peregrinations. Their features are set off by ringlets of beautiful hair hanging over their cheeks and neck. There are about 4000 Jews in Bokhara, emigrants from Meshid, in Persia, who are chiefly employed in dyeing cloth. They receive the same treatment as the Hindoos. A stray Armenian, in a still different dress, represents his wandering nation; but there are few of them in Bokhara. With these exceptions, the stranger beholds in the bazaar a portly, fair, and well-dressed mass of people, the Mahomedans of Toorkistan.

"A large white turban, and a pelisse of some dark colour, over three or four others of the same description, is the general costume: but some of the higher persons are clothed in brocade—and one may distinguish the gradations of the chiefs, since those in favour ride into the citadel, and the others dismount at the gate. A great portion appear on horseback; but, whether mounted or on foot, they are dressed in boots; and the pedestrians strut on high and small heels, in which it was difficult for me to walk or even stand: they are about an inch and a half high, and the pinnacle is not one third the diameter. This is the national dress of the Usbeks. Some men of rank have a shoe over the boot, which is taken off on entering a room. I must not forget the ladies in my enumeration of the inhabitants: they generally appear on horseback, riding as the men; a few walk, and are all veiled with a black hair cloth. The difficulty of seeing through it makes the fair ones stare at every one as in a masquerade. Here, however, no one must speak to them; and if any of the king's haram pass, you are admonished to look in another direction, and get a blow on the head if you neglect the advice. So holy are the fair ones of the 'holy Bokhara.'"—Vol. i. pp. 272—276.

From morn till night, the crowd emits a humming noise, and "one is stunned," says our author, "at the moving mass of human beings. One wonders at the never-ending employment of the fruiterers in dealing out their grapes, melons, apricots, apples, peaches, pears, and plums, to a continued succession of purchasers." The demand for tea is equally great; it is drank as in China, at all times and places, with and without sugar, with and without milk, with grease, salt, &c. Grape-jelly, mixed up with chopped ice, is "the delight of life" (*rahut i jan*). Ice, it seems, is pitted in winter, and so abundant, that the poorest people can afford to buy it. "No one ever thinks of drinking water in Bokhara without icing it; and a beggar may be seen purchasing it, as he proclaims his poverty and entreats the bounty of the passenger." The busy scene closes with the twilight; the king's drum beats; it is re-echoed by others in every part of the city—and after this no one is permitted to stir abroad without a lantern.

It was natural enough that Mr. Burnes should desire to see the king, after so many friendly visits to the vizier, but on expressing a wish to tha effect, he found "he had touched a delicate point." The wary minister suspected that some proposal might be made to his majesty, which had been concealed from himself: his reply was, "I am as good as the Ameer, and if you have no matters of business to transact with the king, what have travellers to do with courts?" He was, therefore, obliged to be content with seeing the "Commander of the Faithful" as he went to his prayers. He appeared under thirty years of age, his countenance not prepossessing, his eyes being small, his visage gaunt and pale. The Koran was carried before him; the mace-bearers exclaimed, as they went along, "Pray to God that the Commander of the Faithful may act justly!" His character is said to stand high among his countrymen: yet, from what follows, it would seem that he does not trust them.

"The life of this king is less enviable than that of most private men. The water which he drinks is brought in skins from the river, under the charge and seal of two officers. It is opened by the vizier, first tasted by his people and then by himself, when it is once more sealed and despatched to the king. The daily meals of his majesty undergo a like scrutiny; the minister eats, he gives to those around him, they wait the lapse of an hour to judge of their effect, when they are locked up in a box and despatched. His majesty has one key, and his minister another. Fruit, sweetmeats, and every eatable undergo the same examination, and we shall hardly suppose the good king of the Usbeks ever enjoys a hot meal or a fresh-cooked dinner. Poison is common, and the rise of his majesty himself to the throne on which he now sits is not without strong suspicions of a free distribution of such draughts. A native, on one occasion, presented me with some figs, one of which I took and ate, to show him that I appreciated the gift. The individual cautioned me against such indiscretion in future: 'Since,' said he, 'you should always present some of the gift in the first instance to the giver, and if he eats, you may with safety follow his example.'"—vol. i. pp. 293, 294.

The palace, the mosques, and the colleges occupy a very large proportion of the city of Bokhara. Of the latter, Mr. Burnes says there are about 366, great and small, a third part of which are large buildings, each containing upwards of seventy or eighty students; that is to say, there cannot be fewer than 12,000 of these lazy animals who "are entirely occupied with theology, which has superseded all other points; they are quite ignorant even of the historical annals of their country. A more perfect set of drones were

never assembled together; and they are a body of men regardless of their religion in most respects beyond the performance of its prayers." We believe we were quite right, when, in reviewing Meyendorff's book,* we said, that "nothing appeared to flourish but praying and concubinage, which are sometimes found to go together in other countries besides Mawenelnahar." The Mollahs set the example of the one, and the "Commander of the Faithful" of both.

While at Bokhara, Mr. Burnes was desirous of meeting with some of the Russian slaves, who he was told amounted to about one hundred and thirty in the whole kingdom, but that the purchase and sale of them had ceased for the last ten years.

"One evening a stout and manly-looking person fell at my feet and kissed them. He was a Russian of the name of Gregory Pulakoff, who had been kidnapped when asleep at a Russian outpost, about twenty-five years ago. He was the son of a soldier, and now followed the trade of a carpenter. I made him sit down with us, and give an account of his woes and condition: it was our dinner-time, and the poor carpenter helped us to eat our pilao. Though but ten years of age when captured, he yet retained his native language, and the most ardent wish to return to his country. He paid seven tillas a year to his master, who allowed him to practise his trade and keep all he might earn beyond that sum. He had a wife and child, also slaves. 'I am well treated by my master,' said he; 'I go where I choose; I associate with the people, and play the part of a Mahomedan; I appear happy, but my heart burns for my native land, where I would serve in the most despotic army with gladness. Could I but see it again, I would willingly die. I tell you my feelings, but I smother them from the Usbeks. I am yet a Christian (here the poor fellow crossed himself after the manner of the Greek church), and I live among a people who detest, with the utmost cordiality, every individual of that creed. It is only for my own peace that I call myself a Mahomedan.'"—Vol. i. p. 294–5.

It is stated, however, that many of these Russians who are held in slavery were soldiers who, from the severity of discipline on the frontier station, had voluntarily deserted their posts, and thrown themselves into that condition. It was the wish of Mr. Burnes to have gone by Khiva to the Caspian, but a feud between the khan of this oasis and the kerghis of the steppe made it unsafe. The caravan, of which our travellers made a part, proceeded about forty miles to a place called Meerabad, beyond which the merchants declined to advance on account of the disturbed state of the country. They were, therefore, detained nearly a month; but it afforded some compensation to inquisitive travellers to feel persuaded that they were on classical ground —that the river of Bokhara, or the Kohik (which does not fall into the Oxus as represented on the maps, but loses itself in the lake Dengis), is the same river as that which was known to the Greeks by the name of Polytimetus. This conclusion is drawn from the text of Arrian, who states it to be *lost in the sands*—while Curtius leads its waters *into a cavern*—either of which *may* mean the same thing as losing itself in a lake. The story of Alexander's encountering the lion in this neighbourhood must be a geographical error, for, as Horrebow, in his *Chapter on Owls*, laconically informs his readers, "there are no owls in Iceland," so may we venture to assure ours that there are no lions in Bokhara—nor is there any creditable testimony that the king of beasts ever condescended to illustrate the sandy plains of Mawenelnahar.

Proceeding at length to the southward, our travellers crossed the Oxus a second time, at Betick, opposite to Charjooee, (placed in former maps on the wrong side of the river,) one of the greatest ferries between Persia and Toorkistan. The farmer of the ferry informed them that, in the year preceding, the Oxus was frozen from shore to shore, so that caravans crossed it on the ice. The farmer requested the king to allow him to tax the passengers: "That," said the king, "is impossible, unless you agree to pay the blood-money of all those who may fall through the ice and perish;" and every body applauded the wisdom of the king except the farmer. The river was here six hundred and fifty yards broad, and from twenty-five to twenty-nine feet deep. Mr. Burnes heard of a kind of dog-fish caught in it, weighing from five hundred to six hundred pounds, and used as food by the Usbeks.

They had now before them a journey of one hundred and fifty miles, across a part of the great desert of the Toorkmuns, before they should reach the Moorghab river, near the town of Merve, about fifty miles beyond which it loses itself in a lake. The caravan consisted of about eighty camels and one hundred and fifty persons, some proceeding in panniers placed on camels, some on horses, and others on donkeys—several of them were Persians returning home after many years of slavery. We need not stop to describe the dangers, inconveniences, and privations, of those who have to cross sandy deserts, whether in Asia or in Africa, as they are all pretty nearly of the same character. The second volume contains by far the most full and graphical picture of Toorkman life that we have ever met with: it is here indeed that Mr. Burnes's abilities, as a mere writer, are most advantageously displayed—and we may say the same as to his admirable personal qualities, his prudence, courage, calm temper, and resolution of purpose, which are carried home to our feelings by his perfect simplicity and modest unconsciousness; but our limits compel us to spare quotation.

Having surmounted the pass of Durbund and the fort of Moozderan, they were not long in entering the sacred city of Meshid, where Lieut. Burnes had the gratification of meeting with Captain and Mrs. Shee, the first Europeans the party had fallen in with since leaving the Punjab. Meshid is but a miserable place, but "still," as Lieut. Burnes observes, "it is the burial-place of the great Nadir Shah."

"His grave, now dishonoured and marked by the ruins of the edifice that once sheltered it from the elements, is one of the most interesting sights to a traveller. What a field for rumination is such a spot! The fountains and flowers which encircled it have disappeared; the peach tree, which put forth its blossom on the returning spring, has fallen under the axe, and the willows and

* Quarterly Review, vol. xxxvi. p. 118.

cypresses have been torn down. In their place a crop of turnips had been sown by some industrious citizen. Shade of Nadir, what a change is here! He who shook the kingdoms of the east, has been denied in death the small quadrangle of a garden which the affection of sons had hallowed to the merit of a parent. This is the reward of him who delivered his country from a foreign usurper, and who studied his country's good; but the well-being of a state does not necessarily comprehend the well-being of *all* its members. Nadir aimed the blows of despotism at the family which has succeeded to his empire, and he maimed the successful individual who seized upon his kingdom and ejected his sons. Aga Mahomed Khan was mutilated in his youth by Nadir; but he retained the feelings of a man, and dug up the bones of the conqueror in revenge for his disgrace. Report adds that he sent them to Tehran, and placed them under the step which leads to the audience hall, that the courtiers and every one might trample upon them. We can readily comprehend the chagrin of a monarch who was not a man; and if his wrath excites our contempt, it enlists our sympathy. A eunuch himself, he spared his country from those banes of a palace. There are still some of Nadir's descendants living in Meshid; but they are blind and in destitute circumstances. My informant told me that they often applied to him for bread."—Vol. ii. pp. 83—85.

Mr. Burnes now proceeded through the valley of Meshid to Kooehan, where he had an interview with the late Prince Abbas Meerza, who was sufficiently inquisitive respecting various parts of the world, even as far as New Holland. From thence he proceeded to Astrabad, on the southeast corner of the Caspian, which Mr. Burnes tells us he did not leave "without endeavouring to verify the opinions regarding its level, which is clearly below that of the ocean." He certainly was not in possession of the means of doing this with any approach to accuracy; and we are not therefore surprised he should make its depression eight hundred feet below the sea, which is more than double of what it has been ascertained to be by the two Germans, who actually leveled the whole way from the Black Sea to the Caspian, and whose result has been confirmed by the thermometrical observations of Colonel Monteith.

Quitting the shores of the Caspian, Mr. Burnes made the best of his way to Teheran, thence to Ispahan, Moorghaub, Shiraz, and Busheer, where he embarked on board the East India Company's ship the Clive, and anchored in the harbour of Bombay on the 18th January, 1833, having spent little more than a year on his long and highly interesting journey. A very excellent map, embracing the whole of Central Asia, with many geographical emendations and corrections, and the routes of the two missions marked thereon, has been prepared and published, we regret to add, *separately*, by Mr. Arrowsmith.

We cannot part with Mr. Burnes without again expressing our high sense of the abilities which he has displayed in action—and, notwithstanding some defects of plan and arrangement, as a vivid and powerful describer of natural scenes and human manners. Many years have passed since the English library has been enriched with a book of travels in value at all comparable with his. He is evidently a man of strong and masculine talents, high spirit, and elegant taste—and we expect, if the affairs of our Indian empire are allowed to go on in any thing like a proper manner, to have future occasions for noticing the exertions of one who appears, in every respect, well qualified to tread in the steps of our Malcolms and Elphinstones.

From the United Service Journal.

TRADITIONS OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.—NO. II.

Our tradition this month is from an humbler pen than that which furnished our former sketch, and relates to a widely different subject. Yet we give it without scruple. It is extracted from the journal of an officer, likewise dead, who saw much service in his day, and kept a record of it. We need scarcely add that Champe's story is given, as far as we can judge, in his own words. He seems to have been an educated person; and his prejudices, though here and there somewhat coarsely expressed, are very natural. But our readers shall judge for themselves.

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Every one acquainted with the characteristic distinctions between wars strictly civil and those which one nation wages with another, is aware that desertions occur much more frequently in the former than in the latter. Neither is it a hard matter to account for the fact. Though we speak of civil wars as of wars of principle, no one can be ignorant that, comparatively, few of the combatants are, on either side, actuated by any such motive. The chiefs or leaders may sometimes be sincere; they may have taken the field under a strong sense of moral obligation—and a strong sense of moral obligation will enable men to bear up against a thousand inconveniences; but the great body of their followers follow either from a sense of personal regard towards those under whose banners they have enlisted, or—and this is much more frequently the case—for hire. Now, where there is no difference of language to affect them, no dread of perpetual exile to hold them back, but a knowledge that, whether with one army or another, they are still at home and among their countrymen, it cannot excite surprise if the uneducated soldiers should permit a feeling of wrong, real or imaginary, or the temptation of increased pay and better allowances, to draw them at any moment away from their duty. I believe, therefore, that every where, when a collision of parties in a state has taken place, treasons will be seen to have abounded; and no one can doubt that they will continue so to do till human nature shall have become altogether different from what it is.

The war of American independence, though waged in a remote part of the globe, was, in some sense, a civil war. It was therefore marked, at every stage, by numerous instances of desertion—of desertion which occurred, however, much more frequently among the Americans than among their opponents. Our colonial warriors did, indeed, occasionally give us the slip;—they were at home—most of them had relatives, all had friends, in the ranks of the opposite party;

and hence, as often as caprice or discontent got the better of them, they walked away without scruple. But while the native Englishman stood by his colours patiently and gallantly to the last, of Americans so many came in, that it was sometimes a matter of perplexity how to dispose of them. The following history of the adventures of one of these, collected from his own statements, and confirmed from other sources, seems to be worthy of record, and I therefore give it a place in my journal.

During the summer of 1780, when, in spite of the failure of Burgoyne's expedition, hopes were still entertained of a successful termination to the struggle, it was customary for certain galleys and other armed vessels to keep guard in the North River, as far from the outworks of New York as Elizabeth Town Point in one direction, and King's Bridge in another. It chanced on a certain day in September (I think it was the twenty-fifth or twenty-sixth) that two of these lay at single anchor about four or five miles from the village of Bergen. They had been stationed there ever since the sad news of André's capture reached us, whether with the view of facilitating his chances of escape, if such should occur, or as a point of communication for the conveyance of intelligence, I know not, but in either case without having achieved any important service, when, on the morning of the day just specified, an event befel which relieved their crews for the moment from the tedium of a profitless watch. It might be about nine o'clock in the morning when the look-out seamen called the attention of one of the commanders to what was passing on shore. The latter turned his glass in the direction specified, and beheld, coming from Bergen, a single horseman, who rode as if for life and death, and directed his face towards the river. He was dressed in the well known uniform of Lee's Legion—one of the best equipped and most efficient corps in the American service,—and his valice being strapped at the croup of the saddle, and his sword hung at his side, it was evident that some cause more urgent than caprice drove him on. When first discovered he was in the act of rounding a corner in the wood, so as to enter upon a broad and straight road that had been cut through its centre, which leading directly to the water's edge, or rather to the edge of a reedy swamp which at this particular part girdled in the Hudson, then branched off to the right and left, and followed, both upwards and downwards, the tortuosities of the stream.

The horseman rode furiously till he had left the corner of the wood about three hundred yards behind, when he suddenly pulled up; he then unbuckled his valice, and strapped it across his shoulders; unslung his sword, drew out the weapon, and cast the scabbard and belt from him; and turning from time to time an anxious glance to the rear, seemed to brace himself, as it were, for some desperate hazard. Nor did many minutes elapse ere the cause of this apparent anxiety became manifest: his preparations were as yet incomplete when a party of dragoons, perhaps twelve or fourteen in number, made their appearance rounding the same angle from which he had emerged. They were too far distant to permit the sound of their voices to be heard; but nothing could be more remarkable than the effect produced on all parties by so sudden a recognition. The fugitive plunged his spurs into the flanks of his charger, and set off again at the top of his speed. The troopers pressed their animals to increased exertion; and the latter being, as it seemed, more fresh than the former, the distance between them was certainly not increased; on the contrary, they gained upon him so fast, that when at length he reached the margin of the swamp, not more than sixty or seventy yards divided them.

And now the seamen, who had watched the proceeding with feelings not unlike those which are experienced by the spectators of a coursing match, found themselves called upon to play a part in the strange drama. For the fugitive threw himself from his saddle, rushed into the morass, and shouting aloud for help, made at once for the water's edge; dressed as he was, moreover, he did not hesitate to plunge into the river and to strike out lustily towards the anchorage. In a word, he was a deserter; and, as both policy and justice required, it became necessary to afford to him every facility of escape. Accordingly, both vessels opened a fire of grape upon the dragoons; a boat was pushed off likewise, which soon picked up the swimmer, and he was conveyed safely on board of the nearest of the galleys. Having given his name, and assigned the common reason for conduct such as his—namely that he had been ill-treated by his officers, and was weary of so bad a service—he expressed a wish to be passed on to New York; and he was immediately sent forward in a row-boat, under a proper escort, with a letter from the captain testifying to the manner of his arrival.

There were many circumstances which concurred at this time to give to every individual instance of desertion more than its common interest in the eyes of the commander-in-chief. In the first place his correspondence with General Arnold had led him, for some time, to believe that much dissatisfaction prevailed in Washington's army. In the next place, the failure of Arnold's plot, and the arrest of poor André, rendered him peculiarly sensitive, and induced him to listen with credulous anxiety to every tale or rumour which might so much as seem to confirm hopes that had in reality no foundation. Each fugitive was, in consequence, conducted to head-quarters where he was closely interrogated as to the dispositions of the enemy's troops, and, above all, concerning the tempers of certain officers, of whose fidelity to the republican cause our chiefs had learned to think lightly. Among others the new comer was honoured with a private interview, during which he underwent a long and rigid examination, though of the particulars of that examination I knew at the moment nothing more than its result was highly favourable to the deserter; for the general spoke of him publicly as an intelligent and prudent person, and made no secret of his wish to enlist talent so valuable in the military service of his sovereign. For a while the stranger resisted this proposition: he professed to be tired of war, and reminded Sir

Henry, not unfairly, that from the moment he assumed the king's uniform, he put a halter about his own neck. But the importunities of those in power at length prevailed; and he consented to accept the same rank in the royal army which he had borne in the army of the States. He was accordingly attached to a corps, of which Arnold took the command, composed exclusively of native Americans, most of whom had deserted; and being strongly recommended to Arnold himself, as well by his own personal demeanour as by the commander-in-chief, he became a sort of orderly-sergeant in that officer's family.

Time passed, and the melancholy news arrived that neither entreaties nor threats of retaliation, nor offers of exchange, had availed to save the life of the gallant André. He died a traitor's death, by a law too severe, even in extreme cases, and unquestionably carried far beyond its legitimate interpretation in his. There was a general lamentation throughout the ranks, mingled with an eager longing for revenge, in which no man appeared more earnestly to participate than General Arnold; and partly with a view of indulging the humour, partly to effect a diversion in favour of Lord Cornwallis, then actively engaged in the Carolinas, it was determined to send his legion, together with one or two battalions of regulars, on an expedition into Virginia. This resolution, which was come to at a late hour in the evening, was announced early next morning in general orders; and the order itself was obeyed with such remarkable promptitude that the men went on board without time having been afforded for making any preparations whatever. Yet the transports continued at their moorings many days; nor was it till late in October that the corps made good its landing, and opened a brief and profitless campaign on the shores of the Chesapeake.

Fortune so ordered it that there was given to me, then a very young man, a company in Arnold's legion, and that the deserter, John Champe, was attached to it. I found him to be, as others had represented, a remarkably intelligent person. At first, indeed, he proved singularly grave and taciturn—nay, his manner appeared at times to indicate so much of moroseness and ill-humour, that I could not avoid harbouring a latent suspicion that he already repented of the step which he had taken. But having been forewarned of the reluctance which accompanied his enlistment, I took no notice of this humour; and as I treated him throughout as kindly as circumstances would allow, I flattered myself that I had at last succeeded in gaining his confidence. It is true that of cheerfulness he never exhibited a symptom. His cast of features and dark and saturnine complexion seemed to mark him as a man naturally thoughtful, perhaps designing. Yet he was a good soldier, in his outward appearance at least; and I put full confidence in the statements of those who assured me that the contents of the volume would be found correspondent with its binding. How far my expectations had or had not been well founded, an opportunity of determining was never afforded, inasmuch as the second night after the disembarkation, Sergeant Champe disappeared. He was sought for far and near; his arms were found, and his knapsack, neither had any one seen him quit the lines; but he himself was gone; and never again, during the remainder of the war, was so much as a trace of him discovered.

At last the peace came; and I, who had formed a connection with a respectable republican family in Virginia, received permission to remain in the country after my regiment quitted it, for the purpose of settling my affairs. I was journeying for this purpose through Loudon county, attended by a single servant, on horseback, when, towards the close of a summer's day, I found myself unexpectedly brought to a stand-still by the occurrence of three roads leading towards three different points of the compass. As there was no board or sign-post erected for the guidance of travellers, I felt, as a stranger so circumstanced is apt to do, a good deal puzzled. I looked to the heavens, but did not succeed in ascertaining, by any sign afforded there, in which direction I ought to turn; so, after hesitating for some time, I struck into one of the paths which appeared to be somewhat more inviting than the rest, and followed it for a while, if not without misgivings, at all events in good hope that I had done right. But the road began by degrees to twist and turn; it carried me deep into the heart of the forest, and as the night was coming on, with every appearance of a thunderstorm, I began to grow impatient and uneasy. I pressed my jaded beast into a trot, but had made very little progress when darkness closed in—darkness so dense that to discern objects at a yard's distance was impossible. What was now to be done? Even if I should endeavour to retrace my steps, I did not know where shelter was to be found. I might again take a wrong turn; and even if I did not, I perfectly recollected that many miles of way must be traversed ere I should reach a human habitation. If I went on I might get bewildered amid the savannah, or drowned in a morass; if I stood still, I must make up my mind to a thorough soaking, without being able to appease my own hunger, or that of my over-wrought animals. In this emergency I did, what most men probably would have done, I called my servant to council; and, after brief deliberation, it was determined that our case was desperate, and that we had better brave evils of which we knew the extent, than flounder on at random into others.

Having arrived at this sage conclusion, we alighted, and fastening our beasts by their halters to the bough of a huge tree, we sat down with our backs against its stem. No conversation passed between us, for each was sufficiently occupied with his own thoughts, till a wild moaning—the sure prelude of a storm—struck painfully upon our ears. The ancient pines, too, began to wave and creak, and a few drops of rain fell heavily, rattling among the foliage like hail-stones; then came a distant growling of thunder; and last of all a flash, which illuminated the woods far and wide, succeeded immediately by a burst so sharp and so loud as to resemble rather a platoon of musketry than any other sound in nature. It caused us both to start upon our legs; but though we looked round in the full expectation of perceiving some portion of the forest on

fire, we were deceived: the bolt had fallen harmlessly, and darkness again overspread the scene as with a curtain.

"That was an awful blaze, your honour," said my man; "the devil the likes of it did I ever see afore—and see, there's another!" And another, and another, sure enough there came; while the rain, which had hitherto fallen scantily, began to descend as if from buckets. In five minutes the screen of foliage was pierced; in half that space we were thoroughly saturated, while our poor horses stood trembling and snorting, as flash succeeded flash with a rapidity which set all calculation at defiance.

While the storm thus raged, I chanced, in search perhaps of a denser screen, though altogether unconsciously at the moment, to turn round. I had scarcely done so, when I beheld, by the light of the storm, an opening in the forest, at the extremity of which stood a house, surrounded, as it appeared to me, by a patch of cultivated ground. I immediately made my man aware of the discovery, who turned his eyes also in the same direction; and as we were not long left without light enough to direct our research, hope was soon converted into certainty. We were indeed near to some human dwelling; and the circumstances of our case were a great deal too pressing to permit any momentary hesitation as to the course which it behoved us to follow. Each untied his horse, and with halter in hand we began to move cautiously in the direction which promised to conduct us to a place of shelter. But we had not proceeded far, ere a new and more startling obstacle presented itself: we found that there was a deep ravine in front, while a roar of waters, heard at every pause in the sounding of the thunder, indicated that it was traversed by a river doubtless of no inconsiderable force. Still, when men are caught, as we then were, by bad weather in a dark night, even real dangers do not easily hold them back from exertion. After advancing, therefore, as far as it appeared prudent to do, amid a tangled underwood and down a steep descent, I gave my horse as well as his own to the care of the servant, and directing him to remain stationary, I set out alone, in the hope of discovering some means of passing the gulf.

Though I had no other light to guide my steps than that which the storm afforded, happily for me, the flashes continued still so frequent, that I experienced very little difficulty in continuing my progress. I reached the margin of the stream in safety, and found that though in dry weather it might be, and doubtless it was, a mere rivulet, the rains had already swollen it to a formidable torrent. Its channel, likewise, was rocky and precipitous; nevertheless, as if fate had determined to befriend me, I found that, not far from the spot on which I stood, it was traversed by a rude bridge. I made towards it, the lightning being my lamp; and committing myself on hands and knees to the protection of a good Providence, I crawled over the plank in security. All the rest was easy. Making the opposite bank, I found myself in an open field, having a log-house with some rude out-buildings clustered about it; and as the inmates were yet moving, my cries soon attracted their notice, and they hastened to render every assistance in their power. In a moment lights were glancing from their windows. The door was unclosed, and a man hurrying out with a torch in each hand, requested me to lead in the direction of the spot where I had left my horses. I took one of the flambeaus, and as the storm was by this time considerably abated, we had soon the satisfaction to ascertain that the shouts with which we strove to attract my servant's notice, were answered. Immediately my new acquaintance crossed the bridge, and in less than half an hour he, and the creatures to whose rescue he had hastened, arrived wet and weary, but uninjured, at what I may now be permitted to call my own side of the stream.

If the exertions of the stranger had been worthy of praise in thus delivering two way-worn travellers from the difficulties of their situation, his hospitality, now that danger was past, fully corresponded with them. He would not permit either master or man to think of their horses, but insisting that we should enter the house, where fire and changes of apparel awaited us, he himself led the jaded animals to a shed, rubbed them down, and provided them with forage. It would have been affectation of the worst kind to dispute his pleasure in this instance, so I readily sought the shelter of his roof, to which a comely dame bade me welcome, and busied herself in preventing my wishes. My drenched uniform was exchanged for a suit of my host's apparel; my servant was accommodated in the same manner, and we soon afterwards found ourselves seated beside a blazing fire of wood, by the light of which our hostess assiduously laid out a well-stocked supper table. I need not say that all this was in the highest degree comfortable. Yet I was not destined to sit down to supper without discovering still greater cause for wonder. In due time our host returned, and the first glance which I cast towards him, satisfied me that he was no stranger. The second set every thing like doubt at rest. Sergeant Champe stood before me, the same in complexion, in feature, though somewhat less thoughtful in the expression of his eye, as when he first joined my company in New York.

I cannot say that my sensations on recognising my ci-devant sergeant were altogether agreeable. The mysterious manner in which he both came and went, the success with which he had thrown a veil over his own movements, and the recollection that I was the guest of a man who probably entertained no sense of honour, either public or private, excited in me a vague and undefined alarm, which I found it impossible on the instant to conceal. I started, and the movement was not lost upon Champe. He examined my face closely; and a light appearing to burst in all at once upon his memory, he ran forward towards the spot where I sat.

"Welcome, welcome, Captain Cameron," said he, "a thousand times welcome to my roof; you behaved well to me while I was under your command, and deserve more of hospitality than I possess the power to offer; but what I do possess is very much at your service, and heartily glad am I that accident should have thus brought us toge-

ther again. You have doubtless looked upon me as a twofold traitor, and I cannot blame you if you have. Yet I should wish to stand well in your estimation, too; and therefore I will, if you please, give a faithful narrative of the causes which led both to my arrival in New York, and to my abandonment of the British army on the shores of the Chesapeake. But I will not enter upon the subject now. You are tired with your day's travel; you stand in need of food and rest. Eat and drink, I pray you, and sleep soundly; and to-morrow, if you are so disposed, I will try to put my own character straight in the estimation of the only British officer of whose good opinion I am covetous."

There was so much frankness and apparent sincerity in this, that I could not resist it, so I sat down to supper with a mind perfectly at ease; and having eaten heartily, I soon afterwards retired to rest, on a clean pallet, which was spread for me on the floor. Sleep was not slow in visiting my eyelids: nor did I awake until long after the sun had risen on the morrow, and the hardy and active settlers, to whose kindness I was indebted, had gone through a considerable portion of their day's labour.

I found my host next morning the same open, candid, and hospitable man that he had shown himself on first recognising me. He made no allusion, indeed, during breakfast, to what had fallen from him over night; but when he heard me talk of getting my horses ready, he begged to have a few minutes' conversation with me. His wife, for such my hostess was, immediately withdrew, under the pretext of attending to her household affairs, upon which he took a seat beside me, and began:—

"I trust you will believe me when I say, that nothing can be a matter of more perfect indifference to me than the estimation in which I may be held by the individuals composing Arnold's Legion; for the whole of whom, from their commanding officer downwards, I entertain the most sovereign contempt. But you are a Briton born. I found you to be an honourable and a right-minded man; and though I believe that you erred in drawing your sword against the liberties of America, I still respect you so much, that I would not willingly rank as a traitor in your eyes. I have therefore resolved to tell you a tale, which I should not think it worth while to tell to any other man, unless I knew him to be a genuine American in all his principles and feelings.

"You remember under what circumstances it was that I arrived at New York. I came to you as a deserter; bearing on my name the full load of obloquy which attaches to that character, and exposed to all the dangers which attend the career of one who has once betrayed a trust which he had sworn to hold sacred. Sir, I was no deserter. Mine was a deed—unusual, I allow, and most suspicious in its colouring; but performed not only with the sanction of General Washington, but at his positive desire. Listen, and I will tell you all.

"You will be at no loss to imagine that the discovery of Arnold's treason, accompanied as it was by the seizure of one of the partners in his crime, created a great sensation throughout our army. So deep, indeed, was the feeling of disquiet and distrust, that no man seemed to be aware on whom reliance might be placed; that no man would have ventured to become surety for the faith of his own brother. That the general shared in this uneasiness all ranks acknowledged, but the extent to which the feeling on his part was carried, remained a secret to all, till to me, and to me alone, it was communicated. I will tell you how this befel, at least how I myself came to be honoured with Washington's confidence.

"While Arnold and your commander in-chief were carrying on their infamous correspondence, our army, under the temporary orders of General Greene, occupied a position, as you doubtless recollect, in the vicinity of Tappan. Lee's Legion, of which I was the sergeant-major, held the outposts; and I think you will allow, that a corps better qualified to perform such service has rarely been embodied. Well, I had gone through the ordinary routine of my business; I had ascertained that the guards were planted—that the patroles were told off, and that the horses and accoutrements of the men not immediately on duty were in order; when, about nine o'clock one night, I received a message from Major Lee, that he desired to see me on particular business. I repaired to his quarters without delay, and found him evidently labouring under a considerable degree of excitement. He was walking up and down the apartment with a short and irregular step, and he no sooner caught the sound of my foot within the threshold, than he desired me, without stopping, to bolt the door. I did so, and then he turned towards me.

"'Champe,' said he, 'you scarcely need that I should tell you, that if there be a man in my legion, in whom, more than all the rest, I am disposed to place reliance, it is yourself. I have watched you ever since you joined the corps. I have found you uniformly brave, discreet, orderly, sagacious, full of ambition, yet of ambition of the most legitimate kind, and I know that you feel yourself to be on the high road to promotion. I am going to put all your good qualities to the test; and I ask from you no pledges to secrecy, because I am confident that none such are needed.'

"What reply could I make to such an address? I merely bowed, thanked my officer, and assured him, that whatever man could do for him, or for America, I would at least attempt.

"'Aye,' continued he, 'I knew all that. If I desire you to storm a battery of cannon, you will do it, even if you go alone. If I say to you that your country requires you to undergo all manner of hardships, you will endure them. But the business on which I am about to employ you is different from both of these. Champe, you must desert—you must go over to the enemy.'

"I started, as well I might, but before I could interpose a word, he went on—'Hear me out, and then say whether you are willing to accomplish the wishes of the commander-in-chief or not. For I tell you, in the outset, that I am but a medium of communication between Washington and yourself; and you know as well as I, that

Washington is incapable of requiring at any man's hands services which shall so much as appear to imply a dereliction of honour.'

"'You are aware, of course, of the distressing consequences of Arnold's treason—of the anxiety and misgivings which it has occasioned throughout the army; and of the peril into which it has brought the life of the English Major André. You cannot, however, know, till I inform you, how the general is affected by it. I have had with him to-day a long and deeply interesting interview, in which he showed me some letters from ——— and ——— of New York, both of whom represent the plot as widely extended, and both unite in accusing General ———, of all men living, of a participation in it. Now, Washington's confidence in General ——— has been heretofore unbounded. If any thing be due, moreover, to the universal consent of all ranks, General ——— deserves that confidence; yet so thoroughly has it been shaken by the treachery of Arnold, that he can no longer experience a moment's repose. This he told me with a flushed cheek, and a choking voice; and he added, that to clear up his doubts, it was necessary that some trusty person should pass to New York, should hold verbal intercourse with his informants, and sift the whole affair to the bottom. But he does not intend that the services of his agent shall end here. If Arnold could be seized and brought back to camp, not only might André's life be saved, but there would be effected such an example, as would for ever deter all American officers from playing, under any circumstances, the part of traitors. Having thus opened his plans, he did me again the honour to say, that he was sure I could find among my gallant fellows the very person of whose services he stood in need. I felt highly flattered by such an announcement, and I did not for one moment hesitate as to my answer. I accepted the proposal, and, Champe, I named you as the man. Are you ready to earn immortal honour for yourself and your fellow-soldiers, and to do the most important services to your country, by carrying through this delicate and hazardous scheme for your general?'

"You and I, captain, have not seen a great deal of one another, yet you will, perhaps, believe me when I say that there are not many men who hold bodily danger more lightly than the individual who now addresses you. Of ambition, likewise, I admit that I always had my share; I strove hard for a commission, and I was pretty sure that, on the first vacancy, I should get one. It was not, therefore, from any disinclination to face the hazards of the exploit that I felt reluctant to accede to this proposal. But the idea of desertion—of committing, or seeming to commit, an act which must necessarily throw down the whole fabric of an honourable name, which I had so long laboured to erect—that did, indeed, startle me. I thanked the major for the good opinion which he entertained of me—I repeated my readiness to attempt any thing which should not imply disgrace—but I begged respectfully to decline a service, the very first act in obedience to which must place me in a light the most distressing to my own feelings, and the most odious to others. I could not even feign to be a traitor. The major, however, had made up his mind that I, and I alone, should carry through this business. He pointed out that even desertion, perpetrated at the request of the general-in-chief, was not disgraceful—that if it did bring on the head of an individual temporary shame, the mind, capable of reflection, would not balance between the accomplishment of a great public good and the endurance of a slight personal evil; and that the cloud, however dark for the moment, would make the contrast the more striking, when the truth came to be disclosed, and a full burst of glory should follow. But I own to you that the argument which weighed most with me, was his appeal to my 'esprit du corps.' What will our comrades say, after this gallant exploit shall have been performed, when they come to be told, that it was proposed to one of their own number, and by him rejected? I could not hold out against this consideration—so I told the major, that, relying on his honour to see my fame vindicated in the event of any untoward accident befalling to myself, I would give myself up to his guidance, and obey such instructions as he might furnish. These were soon explained. I was directed to wait upon ——— and ——— with letters which were handed to me: I was cautioned not to let the one know that the other had any communication with our camp: and above all, I was told that no personal injury should be done to Arnold, inasmuch as it was his capture, not his life, that was sought. 'If, therefore,' continued the major, 'you find that you cannot seize him unhurt, do not seize him at all; and if the choice be between his escape and his slaughter, let him go. To kill him would give the enemy an excuse for alleging all sorts of falsehoods against us. But if you can bring him alive to head-quarters, so that he may be tried by a court-martial, and publicly executed, you will at once further the ends of justice on an atrocious traitor, and strike a salutary terror into the minds of his associates.'

"Being thus forewarned as to the course which it behoved me to follow, I proceeded to arrange with the major the best mode of carrying his device into operation. No written document could be given for the purpose of forwarding my progress beyond our lines, because such a procedure would unavoidably come to the enemy's knowledge, and defeat the whole project. Neither was it possible to remove out of the way any portion of the numerous posts and patroles that lay between the quarters of our cavalry and the neutral ground. There seemed nothing, therefore, but to dare the worst, and putting myself under the guidance of fortune, to act as if I really were a deserter from the cause which I had conscientiously espoused. All that Major Lee could undertake amounted to this—that in case my absence should be discovered before morning, he would delay pursuit as long as possible. This was the more important, because it would be necessary for me to take a tortuous course, and to proceed with extreme caution in the dark: yet even this depended so much on accident, that to effect it might lie beyond his reach. Nevertheless I had nothing better to rely upon; so setting our watches

together (and it was then near eleven o'clock), and receiving from him three guineas to defray immediate expenses, I went forth to undertake an enterprise in every sense more hazardous than any on which I had previously been employed.

"Having reached the camp, I proceeded without a moment's delay to roll up my cloak, to pack my valice, thrusting into it the orderly-book, and to strap both upon my horse; after which I buckled on my sword and mounted. I passed through the lines unnoticed; but had not proceeded half a mile beyond them, when a mounted patrol, advancing by a cross-road, observed me, and challenged. I made no reply—but plunging the rowels into my horse's flanks, I galloped forwards. The patrol did not follow far, yet I felt that my chances of concealment were over, and that not all the major's management could long hinder a pursuit from being instituted. I rode on, therefore, full of anxiety and alarm; for which, as the event proved, there was good reason. For the patrol which met me was composed of a party of Lee's regiment; and the captain of the day lost no time in reporting to Major Lee, in person, all that had befallen. I have since learned all that passed, so I can inform you of it.

"Lee had retired to bed as soon as I quitted him, and strove to sleep; but his efforts availed him nothing. A generous and high-minded soldier, he could not think of the dangers to which he had exposed a comrade without horror; and I may say, without vanity, that there was not a man in the legion whom he more respected than myself. He tossed about, therefore, restless and uncomfortable; and was conjuring up all sorts of direful images, when some one rapped loudly at his door, as if earnest for immediate admission. Lee's heart sank within him as he desired the applicant to enter—and when he heard the officer state, in a hurried and excited tone, that a dragoon had been met near the lines, who put spurs to his horse when challenged, and escaped—a conviction of the truth came fearfully over him. Yet he retained his self-possession—and desiring to protract the interval of pursuit as long as possible, he affected to be very sleepy, and instead of noticing the communication that had just been made, complained of being disturbed. The captain of the day now repeated his report in more pressing language than before, so that it became impossible to affect ignorance of his meaning. Another device was accordingly adopted. First, he began to put various questions—then he ridiculed the idea that any individual from the legion—a corps which, during the whole war, had lost but one man by desertion—would abandon his colours; and last of all, he desired the officer to return to camp, and by personal inspection of the horses to ascertain whether any were missing.

By such manœuvring as this a little time was gained,—but it was only a little; for scarce half an hour had elapsed from the period of my quitting the lines, when Major Lee received the report of the captain of the day. The officer of the day, moreover, in his eagerness to vindicate the honour of the legion, made quick work with his inspection,—and soon returned to announce, that the name of the traitor was ascertained. He asserted that I was the man,—and that I had gone off with my arms, accoutrements, necessaries, and even with the orderly-book of the regiment. Again was Lee's ingenuity taxed in order to spin out the interview. He would not believe that I had deserted. I was, probably, gone off on some excursion of pleasure,—a grave offence, doubtless, and subversive of all discipline,—yet not without its examples among the officers; and, entertaining as all did a high opinion of my honour, it would never do to act with such precipitation as to disgrace me in the eyes of my comrades. Still the matter ought to be looked to, and a party must be ordered for pursuit. This too was done,—and the major, desiring to inspect it in person, gave directions that it should muster in front of his quarters. The men came,—but the officer in command was not the individual whom he desired to employ. He had another service in view for him; he must, therefore, give up the charge to Cornet Middleton, a youth of a peculiarly humane temper, and hence more likely than most to deal gently with the fugitive, should he be overtaken. Ten minutes more were thus gained; at the conclusion of which Middleton made his appearance, when written instructions were handed to him, signed, as the custom of our army required, by the major himself. These required him to follow—as far as a regard to his own safety would permit—a deserter who was supposed to have gone off in the direction of Paulus' Hook; to bring him back alive that he might suffer in the presence of his comrades: but in the event of his offering resistance, or making any effort to escape after he should once be taken, to put him to death. The delivery of this,—the verbal hints and cautions which the major judged it right to throw out,—the injunctions to take care of the horse and arms if recovered, and to guard well against surprise, sufficed to carry them through five minutes more,—so that on the whole I had a full hour, or perhaps an hour and a quarter's start. But as if to counterbalance this very inadequate advantage, a shower of rain fell soon after I set out, just sufficient, and not more than sufficient, to make my horse leave a palpable track along the road. Now, as all our chargers were shod by the same farrier, and the shoes made after a peculiar pattern, a track once taken up could not, by those who were acquainted with it, be easily lost; and no set of fellows throughout the army knew better than Lee's dragoons how to track both friend and foe by their foot prints.

"Notwithstanding the conviction that the pursuers were already on my track, I was compelled, so soon as I shook off the patrol that had challenged, to resume a slow and cautious pace; not only because the whole country before me swarmed with bands of irregulars, but because I was every moment in danger of falling upon one or other of the posts which were established every night in front of the lines, and withdrawn in the morning.

"When day began to dawn, therefore, I was yet several miles to the north of Bergen, and almost as far, by what is called the near cut, from a bridge by which the Hackinsac is traversed.

A wide and open plain, moreover, was before me; and to crown all, there came down upon the morning air an indistinct clatter, as of horses moving at a brisk trot in the same direction with myself. I looked round; and sure enough, on the summit of an eminence which overhangs the Three Pigeons, I beheld a strong patrol of cavalry. There was no possibility of mistaking their design; so I plunged the spurs into my horse, and dashing forward, took, at a venture, the road to Bergen.

"I heard their shouts in pursuit, for scarce a half a mile divided us: and in a still morning sounds extend far. I guessed, too, that these troopers, to whom every foot of the country was familiar, would not neglect the near cut to the bridge, yet I trusted in my own ingenuity to baffle them still, and never for an instant lost courage. Bergen I gained before they could recover the sight of me, which an intervening wood had cut off, and judging that nothing could serve my purpose so well as to throw them off my trail, I rode down one paved street and up another without hesitation. This done, I changed my route, and instead' of keeping the road to Paulus' Hook, I turned my face westward, and made for the Hudson. Of what followed you are aware. My horse, my scabbard, and belt, fell into the hands of the pursuers; I myself escaped, and threw away my weapon only when I could no longer retain it in the water.

"Of my arrival in New York, and of what first befel me there, it is unnecessary that I should say more, than that being conducted into the presence of your commander-in-chief, I was by him closely examined touching the condition and temper of the army which I had abandoned. Perfectly secure in the persuasion that the circumstances under which I came would shield me from suspicion, I answered vaguely—for I could not endure the thought, even to myself, of doing otherwise—yet I contrived to make the general fancy that I had communicated to him highly important details, and that I was a person worthy of patronage. You know, perhaps, how he urged me to enlist in your service; and how I evaded the proposition by pleading the dangers to which I should be exposed, in case any accident should afterwards throw me into the hands of my countrymen. The fact, however, was, that my plans were not yet sufficiently matured to warrant my taking such a step. Neither would I venture to take it without the sanction of my own chief; with whom, unless Major Lee had been deceived, I knew that means of communication lay open. I accordingly held out against his entreaties, and withdrew to the quarters which were assigned me. But I had other business in hand, and to that I gave my earnest attention. I waited upon Washington's agents. I found them in every respect such as they had been represented to be; and I opened out to each exactly that portion of my scheme which I knew that he would be both able and willing to forward. Through one I obtained full and accurate information on the subject of the supposed treason of General ——, and great was my satisfaction at being able to report that the calumny had no foundation in truth. With the other I deliberated respecting the best means of securing Arnold. Yet I do not deny that when intelligence reached me, that André's fate was fixed—that he had himself, by his manly declaration, defeated Washington's device for protracting the trial—that the consequence was his condemnation, and within twenty-four hours his execution—one strong motive of exertion in the capture of Arnold died away. Nevertheless, the letters which I received from camp urged me to go on: and as I obtained, through the same channel, permission even to join the British army, should other measures fail to accomplish my purpose, I no longer hesitated to close with Sir Henry Clinton's proposal. I accepted the rank of serjeant in Arnold's legion of traitors, and became domesticated, as you know, in Arnold's family.

"If I were to attempt to make you feel any portion of the excitement under which I laboured during the period of my sojourn in New York, I should utterly waste my labour. My communications with the spies were necessarily frequent; yet they were carried on with a degree of secrecy and caution which not only prevented your people from obtaining any suspicion of them, but kept each man from coming to the knowledge that the other was in my confidence. Of the political and military information which I forwarded to General Washington, it is needless to say much: it was so complete, that there scarcely occurred a conversation over Clinton's dining-table—there never arrived nor departed a ship, a regiment, or an individual—there was never formed a plan, nor a plan abandoned—of which I did not contrive to obtain an accurate report, and to transmit it to head-quarters. But it was the project for seizing Arnold which most deeply engaged my attention. Several schemes were brought forward and rejected for that purpose; till at last the following, which but for an accident must have succeeded, was matured.

"The house in which Arnold dwelt was situated, as you doubtless recollect, in one of the principal streets of the city, while its garden extended on one side, along an obscure lane, from which it was separated by a close wooden rail-fence. I found that every night before going to bed, Arnold was in the habit of visiting that garden, and I immediately resolved what to do. Working after dark, I undid a portion of the fence, and placing it up again so nicely, that no cursory examination would have sufficed to detect the spot where the breach had been made, I warned my associate that he should provide a boat in the Hudson, manned by rowers in whom he could trust; I then furnished myself with a gag, and appointed a night when my confederate should be admitted within the garden, so that we might together seize and secure our prey. Every thing was done as I wished. Major Lee was informed of the state of our preparations, and directed to come down with spare horses and an escort, to a spot on the river which I named. How often have I regretted since, that I should have set thus deliberately about the business! By heavens there occurred twenty opportunities, of which, had I been less anxious to accomplish my purpose, I might have

availed myself. But I permitted them to pass, or rather, felt myself unable to take advantage of them, because I had judged it imprudent to keep less trusty agents too often on the alert. So, however, it was to be.

"Time passed; and now, a few hours only intervened between the final adjustment of the details of our project and its accomplishment. Lee was on the stir, ——— was willing to hazard all; the boat's crew was provided, and their station pointed out.

"It was our purpose to seize Arnold unawares, to thrust the gag into his mouth, and placing each of us an arm within that of our prisoner, to hurry him through the least frequented of the streets towards the quay. We were to represent him as a drunken soldier, whom we were conveying to his quarters, should any person meet or question us;—and by G—, the deed was done. But the traitor's star prevailed. That very morning, an order was issued for the immediate embarkation of the legion, and I was hurried on board of ship without having had time so much as to warn Major Lee that the whole arrangement was blown up.

"I have told my tale; for all that remains for me to state, you can easily guess. Disappointed, mortified, not absolutely free from apprehensions on the score of personal safety, I must have appeared to you, when we first became acquainted, an exceedingly ill-conditioned fellow. But you will do me the justice to remember, that time wrought his customary healing effects with my temper, and that long before we landed in Virginia, I was myself again. Of course, you know that I deserted from you. No power on earth would have ever induced me to lift a hand against my countrymen—of that I was quite determined—yet I judged it wise to take the earliest opportunity of escaping; and I did so. My progress through the upper part of Virginia and a portion of North Carolina was exceedingly hazardous; for independently of the risk of capture which I ran from straggling parties of your troops, I felt that even among my own people I was not safe. Nevertheless I regained our army uninjured soon after it had passed the Congaree, and at once hastened to the position of my own corps. There my reception was of the most gratifying kind. Lee, now a lieutenant-colonel, caused the legion to muster, and stated publicly under what orders I had acted. General Greene, likewise, treated me very kindly, and sent me forward to Washington, from whom I received much more both of praise and recompense, than my unaccomplished services merited. But he would not permit me to continue in the army. He reminded me, that to be taken by the enemy would be followed by certain death; and presenting me with my discharge, accompanied the act by a donation so munificent, that I have never since known what it is to be in want. The winding up of all, is—that I married a wife, sat myself down in this beautiful district, and have been so fortunate as to give shelter in his hour of need, to an officer under whom I served only long enough to be taught that even the British uniform can cover a manly and a generous heart."

Such was the deserter's story. I heard it to an end with much interest, assured him that he should no longer hold a mean place in my estimation, and having thanked both him and his partner for their kindness, resumed my journey.

From the Drawing-Room Scrap Book.

ETTY'S ROVER.

Thou lovely and thou happy child,
Ah, how I envy thee!
I should be glad to change our state,
If such a change might be.

And yet it is a lingering joy
To watch a thing so fair,
To think that in our weary life
Such pleasant moments are.

A little monarch thou art there,
And of a fairy realm,
Without a foe to overthrow,
A care to overwhelm.

Thy world is in thy own glad will,
And in each fresh delight,
And in thy unused heart, which makes
Its own, its golden light.

With no misgivings in thy past,
Thy future with no fear:
The present circles thee around,
An angel's atmosphere.

How little is the happiness
That will content a child—
A favourite dog, a sunny fruit,
A blossom growing wild.

A word will fill the little heart
With pleasure and with pride;
It is a harsh, a cruel thing,
That such can be denied.

And yet how many weary hours
Those joyous creatures know;
How much of sorrow and restraint
They to their elders owe!

How much they suffer from our faults:
How much from our mistakes;
How often, too, mistaken zeal
An infant's misery makes!

We over-rule and over-teach,
We curb and we confine,
And put the heart to school too soon,
To learn our narrow line.

No, only taught by love to love,
Seems childhood's natural task;
Affection, gentleness, and hope,
Are all its brief years ask.

Enjoy thy happiness, sweet child,
With careless heart and eye;
Enjoy those few bright hours which now,
E'en now, are hurrying by:

And let the gazer on thy face
Grow glad with watching thee,
And better, kinder;—such at least
Its influence on me.

From the Asiatic Magazine.

AMERICAN INTERCOURSE WITH CHINA.

In one of the volumes of the Diplomatic Correspondence of the United States, lately published by order of Congress,* is a letter from Mr. Samuel Shaw to Mr. Jay, giving an account of the first visit of an American trader to Canton, which sailed from New York on the 22d February 1784, and arrived at Canton in October.

"The day of our arrival at Canton," says the writer, "and the two following days, we were visited by the Chinese merchants, and the chiefs and gentlemen of the several European establishments, and treated by them in all respects as a free and independent nation. As such, during our stay, we were universally considered. The Chinese themselves were very indulgent towards us, though ours being the first American ship that had ever visited China, it was some time before they could fully comprehend the distinction between Englishmen and us. They styled us *the new people*, and when by the map we conveyed to them an idea of the extent of our country, with its present and increasing population, they were highly pleased at the prospect of so considerable a market for the productions of theirs."

The writer then adverts to the affair of the English gunner, who was given up to the Chinese authorities. His account is as follows:—

"On the 25th November (1784), an English ship, in saluting some company who had dined on board, killed a Chinese and wounded two others, in the mandarin's boat alongside. It is a maxim of the Chinese law, that blood must answer for blood; in pursuance of which they demanded the unfortunate gunner. To give up this poor man was to consign him to certain death. Humanity pleaded powerfully against the measure. After repeated conferences between the English and the Chinese, the latter declared themselves satisfied, and the affair was supposed to be entirely settled. Notwithstanding this, on the morning after the last conference (the 27th), the supercargo of the ship was seized while attending his business, thrown into a sedan chair, hurried into the city, and committed to prison. Such an outrage on personal liberty spread a general alarm, and the Europeans unanimously agreed to send for their boats, with armed men, from the shipping, for security of themselves and their property, until the matter could be brought to a conclusion. The boats accordingly came, and ours among the number; one of which was fired on and a man wounded. All trade was stopped, and the Chinese men-of-war drawn up opposite the factories. The Europeans demanded the restoration of Mr. Smith, which the Chinese refused till the gunner should be given up. In the meanwhile, the troops of the province were collecting in the neighbourhood of Canton; the Chinese servants were ordered by the magistrates to leave the factories; the gates of the suburbs were shut; all intercourse was at an end; the naval force was increased; many troops were embarked in boats ready for landing, and every thing wore the appearance of war. To what extremities matters might have been carried, had not a negotiation taken place, no one can say. The Chinese asked a conference with all the nations except the English. A deputation, in which I was included for America, met the *fuen* (foo-yuen), who is head magistrate at Canton, with the principal officers of the province. After setting forth, by an interpreter, the power of the emperor, and his own determination to support the laws, he demanded that the gunner should be given up within three days; declaring that he should have an impartial examination before their tribunal, and if it appeared that the affair was accidental, he should be released unhurt. In the meantime, he gave permission for the trade, excepting that of the English, to go on as usual; and dismissed us with a present of two pieces of silk to each, as a mark of his friendly disposition. The other nations, one after another, sent away their boats, under protection of a Chinese flag, and pursued their business as before. The English were obliged to submit; the gunner was given up; Mr. Smith was released, and the English, *after being forced to ask pardon of the magistracy of Canton, in the presence of the other nations*, had their commerce restored. On this occasion, I am happy that we were the last who sent off our boat, which was not disgraced by a Chinese flag; nor did she go until the English themselves thanked us for our concurrence with them, and advised to the sending her away. After peace was restored, the chief and four English gentlemen visited the several nations, among whom we were included, and thanked them for their assistance during the troubles. The gunner remained with the Chinese—his fate undetermined."

It is well known that the unfortunate individual was put to death. The statement of this affair by Mr. Shaw seems correct, except so far as relates to the English asking pardon of the magistrates of Canton, which appears to be an embellishment.

Whilst upon this subject, we may take notice of some remarks in the *North American Review* for October 1834, on a statement made in the *Quarterly Review*, highly derogatory to the American traders, in the affair of Terranova, the sailor who was given up by them to the Chinese.

"From the moment that our violation of the Chinese law is of such a nature," says the writer in the *Quarterly Review*, "as to drive the Chinese government to the extreme measure of *seizing* the persons of the offending parties, the die is cast, and we fear that hostilities will become inevitable. The last instance of the kind that occurred was in 1784, when one of the supercargoes of a private ship was *seized*, to answer for homicide, and subsequently, after a good deal of blustering, and preparations for commencing hostilities, was redeemed by the surrender of another individual, equally innocent though of an humbler station. Much as we regret the probability of a rupture with the Chinese, we fervently hope that we may never see it averted by such another disgraceful compromise, which has only for its parallel one made by the Americans, a very few years ago, when an innocent Italian was given up to be strangled, *to save the life (it has never been denied) of a guilty American.*"

The American reviewer remarks upon this as follows:—

"How the learned writer knows that this statement has 'never been denied,' we are unable to say. We suppose he means, that it has never been denied in his hearing. We will not undertake now positively to deny it; but we are informed, on what we deem the best authority, that the statement in the *Quarterly Review* is wholly incorrect, and that the Italian *taken out of an American ship*, fourteen or fifteen years ago, by the Chinese authorities, was unquestionably the [redacted]r of the homicide for which (under the Chinese law) [redacted] suffered. Whether, as was stated on his behalf, the homicide was purely accidental, we do not know; and supposing it to have been so, heaven forbid we should justify his execution under the Chinese law. But as a question in the law of nations and casuistry, it would bear an ar[redacted]ent,

* New York, 1833.

whether the United States could *rightfully* go to war against the Chinese, for administering their own laws on persons voluntarily coming within their jurisdiction. The Quarterly Reviewer seems to lean to the affirmative of that question."

The American writer appears to us to have the best of the argument in this case. So far from the innocence of the Italian and the guilt of another person being admitted facts, we have only seen them once suggested. Captain Coffin, in his evidence before the commons' committee, states that he arrived at Canton from five to eight months after the transaction, and had the particulars of it from the supercargo of the ship, which was the *Emily* of Baltimore, and heard them frequently stated by others on the spot. "I understood," he says, "that the woman that was killed or drowned, was in a boat under the ship's bows, and something passing between the sailor and the woman, he took an earthen jar and threw it at her, and struck the woman on the side of the head; consequently, she fell overboard, and when she was taken up, she was dead. At the time, it might have been settled for a trifling amount of 100 or 200 dollars; but after getting to the ears of the mandarins, they demanded life for life. It was thought by the Americans there, that the sailor did not intend to kill the woman; whether it was done in sport or anger they could not tell, but they agreed that the man should not be given up: consequently, for some time, the American trade was stopped, and the mandarins persisted in demanding the man. I believe that it is not doubted that the man struck the woman; but the matter was never properly investigated."

Several printed statements of the transaction tally with the above. A different version of it, however, was given before the same committee by the late Mr. C. Marjoribanks.

"Upon an important occasion," he observes, in reply to a question as to the control of the American consul at Canton, "which was in 1821, when a seaman belonging to one of their ships was accused of homicide, and where, *from every enquiry that was made, the man, I believe, was entirely innocent of the crime imputed to him*, the Chinese, as usual, demanded that he should be given up. The consul, who was a man of much good feeling, resisted that demand; but his countrymen, and the persons connected with the trade, and the captains of the ships, formed themselves into a combination, as it were, against the consul, and resisted his wishes. The seaman, who was a Sicilian by birth, was surrendered into the hands of the Chinese. I believe this association of the Americans so far sheltered themselves under the plea that he was not a citizen of the United States, and that they were not compelled to protect him. He was surrendered to the Chinese government, strongly against the private individual remonstrances of members of the British factory: the select committee, as a public body, was not called upon to interfere in it. The unfortunate man, when delivered up to the Chinese, underwent a mere sham trial. He scarcely spoke English; nobody but Chinese interpreters were present; his hand was covered with ink, and he ignorantly placed the impression of it upon paper, which was a confession of his guilt. It was expected, as in other cases of homicide, the sentence would be referred to the emperor for his sanction: instead of that, the seaman, without any intimation, was carried to the place of public execution, three days afterwards, and strangled. I believe the American character, in the estimation even of the Chinese, was very considerably lowered by that act. The American consul, who had thus proved the inefficiency of his power, was so disgusted with the proceedings of his countrymen, that he immediately resigned his situation."

Captain Coffin, being asked whether the consul (Mr. Wilcox) resigned his appointment in consequence of this affair, replied that he never heard that that was the case; that Mr. Wilcox was consul when he arrived at Canton (about half a year after); that his consulship was a great plague to him, in his other business, which was large, as he took no fees; but that it was a full year after the occurrence that he resigned.

GRAY'S ELEGY ILLUSTRATED.

The continuous and harmonious succession of images, consisting mostly of simple natural scenes, that are presented to the fancy in Gray's Elegy, render it an admirable theme for illustration. No poem more vividly illustrates itself in the mind of the reader. The poet paints ideal pictures with exquisite delicacy, by a few strokes of the pen: you not only behold the scene, but feel its influence.

Mr. John Martin—not the artist, but the bibliographer—has got up in a very neat manner an octavo edition of the *Elegy written in a Country Churchyard*, with illustrations, one to each stanza, by some of the most eminent artists, engraved on wood in an elaborate and finished style of execution. We wish that the ideas had been made the measure of the quantity of embellishment, instead of the number of verses; for some stanzas suggest two or three pictures, while others—at least one or two—might have been better left without any.

The landscapes are by far the best, and they form the most considerable portion of the illustrations. They are of the homely, pastoral kind, that the poet had in his eye when he composed the Elegy. Evening, by Barrett—Morning, by Dewint—Sunrise, by Stanley—the Ivied Tower, by Constable—the Churchyard, by Charles Landseer—the Funeral, by Collins—and the lonely Tomb, by Hart—are perfect gems of art. The designs in which the figures are more prominent are not always satisfactory. Boxall's graceful group of a mother and her children exemplifies maternal tenderness rather than "the short and simple annals of the poor." The air and attitude of Mulready's young author waiting in the hall of his proud patron, is rather characteristic of a lounging idler, than of one on whose cheek we should see "the blushes of ingenuous shame." This artist, too, appears to have misinterpreted the meaning of the expression "the *little* tyrant," or he would hardly have represented the "village Hampden," in the person of a rustic schoolboy threatening another for breaking a child's toy. The lusty labourer digging does not convey the idea of "chill penury," as Frank Howard intended; and his attempt at embodying the first line of the epitaph, "Here rests his head upon the lap of earth," by a figure in black, like Hamlet, lying on the ground, is a *literal* mistake indeed. These, however, are the only prominent misconceptions in the series of thirty-two designs.

The wood engravings possess the great merit of preserving the character of the artist's style, and the feeling of the picture, as far as we can judge by the natural effects.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

BUBBLES FROM BRUSSELS,

WITH A PUFF FROM CALAIS "EN ROUTE." BY AN OLD LADY.*

"Would you forget the dark world we are in, only taste of the *bubble*."—*Moore.*

It was on the last day of July that I again seated myself in my elbow chair, after "my trip to the continent," (it is thus I always speak of my brief visit to Boulogne-sur-Mer), and having despatched the "Bubbles" which were its literary result, to Mr. Henry Colburn, I awaited his reply with an anxiety natural to one who for the first time ran a risk of being *published!*

On the following day I received a letter, written in a most business-like hand; I put on my spectacles, and then ascertained beyond a doubt that my "Bubbles" had produced a sum of money which not only sufficed to pay the expenses of my trip,-but actually left a surplus sufficient to enable me to purchase a muff and tippet for winter's wear. I felt myself at once a literary character—a regular Trollope; and I longed, like that lady, to go tripping again, making (and at the same time *earning*) *more notes*. And why not do it, thought I to myself? Summer is certainly past, but do not all travellers rave about the tints of autumn? It is but the 3d of September, and in three days I'll be off.

So again I packed up my two trunks and my bandbox, and left London in an early Dover coach. On British ground I of course profess to blow no bubbles, nor will I trouble the reader with the troubled waters I met with in my progress to the French coast; I proceed at once to the landing-place, and put my foot upon the ladder.

A disembarkation at Calais is very dissimilar to that which I have attempted to describe at Boulogne. No beauty, no fashion attended to witness my arrival; the appearance of all about me was thoroughly business-like, and though the emissaries of the different hotels did certainly rather vociferously announce their respective claims, and one in particular did (as Henry Lytton Bulwer says) "nearly scratch my nose with M. Meurice's card," still I must candidly acknowledge that when I first stepped upon the pier at Calais, I encountered less annoyance than might have been my lot on arriving per coach at the Gloucester Coffee-house, Piccadilly.

Never did I see so *triste* a place as Calais. There were many well-dressed men about the streets, who had evidently seen better, and far more agreeable, days: they had about them a London look, but their raiment was seedy, and their countenances sad.

The Grande Place seems to be the general resort of these forlorn ones; there they loitered and lounged, and smoked, and yawned, and read papers, and talked, and longed for the hours to pass, though every hour was like its predecessor, and each new day a counterpart of that which went before it. I was told that at the play I should be sure to see all the *elite* of the place, so at seven o'clock I seated myself in the very small, but neat theatre. There was a good house, and being near a person who knew "*who was who*," I made a few enquiries, the answers to which were enough to make an elderly body like myself wish that the earth would open and swallow her. For instance:—

"That is a handsome woman in the stage-box, who is she?"

"Oh! the celebrated Mrs. Pokey, who was, you know, divorced from her husband some years ago."

"Indeed! and that gentleman who is talking to her?"

"That is Colonel Finch, who lives with her *at present*."

"Hem! Who is that pretty girl in blue, in the dress circle?"

"The *cher ami* of that French officer."

"Oh!" said I, *pretending* not to mean the person I first pointed out, "the one in the centre box?"

"I beg your pardon;—*that* is the notorious Lady Blank, who"——

I had heard quite enough of Lady Blank, and therefore hastily turned the conversation, determining at the same time to ask no more questions.

The next morning I got into the Lille diligence, and set off on my journey towards Brussels. Now some few of my English readers may possibly not know what a French diligence is like; I will endeavour to describe it. It is as *unlike* an English light safety-coach, licensed to carry four inside, as possible. I may be wrong, and, if so, I am open to conviction; but I do conscientiously declare, that I believe the diligence in which I left Calais, was licensed to carry nineteen people, *not* including the *conducteur*. It was a huge building, consisting internally of three apartments: the front division held three people, and here most fortunately I obtained a seat; in the centre of the vehicle was a large apartment holding six, and behind that again an inferior chamber, in which were stowed away six more living beings. Thus fifteen were imprisoned within the bowels of the machine; the others were on the roof, with a prodigious quantity of luggage, and when at last the lumbering vehicle was set in motion, the noise that it made exceeded all description.

By my side sat a fat Englishwoman with her maid, who said she was going to Brussels to stay with a married sister. I never discovered the exact quality of my companion; but from her conversation I decided that she was something very low, aspiring amongst strangers to appear something particularly high.

"For my part," said she, "these public vehicles will be the death of me; but posting alone, without a smattering of the lingo of the place, is very ill convenient."

This I readily admitted; but added, that "lumbering and tedious as the diligences certainly were, the pleasure of traveling amply repaid me for entering them."

* This and a previous article in the New Monthly Magazine, too long to be amusing, will readily be recognised as burlesques upon Mrs. Trollope's "Belgium," &c.—*Ed. Museum.*

"Ay; so people says," she replied, "but for me, and the like, who has one's comforts at home, these numble-cumtumbles won't do; but traveling's all the fashion now, and that's one reason I'm come. What sweet books they writes on the subject! pray, ma'am, have you seen the 'Diarrhyar of an Invalid?' that's quite the true thing, I assures ye; I shouldn't wonder, ma'am, if you were to make your little reminiscences, and all I begs is, that you won't go and put *me* into your book."

I of course expressed my surprise that she should suppose an old woman like me had any idea of printing my tour; and as to putting *her*, or any other individual into my book, the very suspicion was an insult.

The fortified towns in France and Belgium quite astonished me; every town of consequence was a fortified town, and we penetrated gateways, traversed ramparts, and crossed draw-bridges, until they became as familiar to me as milestones and turnpike-gates.

At Gravelines, an exceedingly prettily situated town, we passed sentry-boxes, great guns, and fortifications; and rattled over the loose boards of bridges until I began to fancy myself in a besieged city; and here commenced the rigid examination of my passport.

Nothing can be more annoying than this scrutiny at the end of every half-dozen or dozen miles; I was sure to have mislaid my little important document, and in my confused search after it, I was always considering what would be the consequence if in the end it was not forthcoming. Dunkerque was our next resting-place; a handsome, clean, busy town, where I am told they manufacture most excellent gin. From thence we journeyed along a lovely road, partly on the banks of a canal, and then between avenues of fine trees, until we arrived at Cassel; and now I am truly at a loss to give any idea of the loveliness of that spot on a bright summer's day. It is built upon a hill, and the view equals, if not exceeds, any inland prospect that I am acquainted within our own little island.

I will not compare it with Richmond, for there is no river; but the view from the Malvern hills is not to be named with it. Near this place is a monastery of La Trappe, which I made up my mind to visit; but having discovered that I had no chance of gaining admittance, unless, like Rosalind,

> "I did suit me all points like a man;"

and *this* not exactly suiting an old lady's prejudices, I gave up the point.

Tournay is a very fine fortified town, and Ath scarcely less formidable. Lille, celebrated for its manufactures, is a large, cheerful, dirty, Bristol-like city; but its merchandise being silken sheen, and not rums and sugars, the shop-windows are particularly gay, full of shawls and scarfs, silks and satins.

At length we arrived at Brussels, and established ourselves, not at the nominally first hotel, the Belle Vue, but at the Hotel de l'Europe, its opposite neighbour in the Place Royale.

I never saw a more deserted looking place, (it is in the month of September that I write.) London, at the same period, when no one that you meet acknowledges that he intends remaining four-and-twenty hours, can scarcely be more desolate!

What adds immensely to the sombre appearance of Brussels in the summer, is the near approximation of ruins to its most splendid palaces, and most cheerful haunts. The royal palace is beautiful, and next door to it is the *late* palace of Count Crockenberg, in a state of ruination; it having been knocked about his ears at the period of the revolution. The park, formerly surrounded with gilded rails, is now hurdled in, like an extensive piggery; and though all this uproar and mutilation happened three years ago, not one blemish has been as yet repaired!

Many English families have left the town since that period of commotion, and we cannot wonder at their flight, as some friends of mine, who lived in the centre of the most disturbed quarter, had their marble chimney-piece forced by a cannon-ball into the centre of their drawing-room, and they lived upon hashed mutton, cooked in the garret, during the whole disturbance.

Those who delight in giving Boulogne a bad name, call her the refuge for the destitute; but there appeared to me to be more notoriously bad English at Brussels: it seemed, indeed, to be the last refuge of the infamous on a grand scale. These notorious personages would find Boulogne much too quiet a place for them; and not having a chance of admission into good society, they would have no public amusement to occupy their time. Boulogne has indeed her club, where, as I walked up the Grande Rue in summer time, I heard laughter and billiard balls, and saw men sitting without their coats, with the backs out of the drawing-room windows. But this club is, I believe, a harmless sort of tittle-tattle place, where an old lady like myself might pass away an hour talking over the demerits of her neighbours, without seeing any thing to shock her eyes. Up stairs, three stories high, I believe, they have a little snug play; but on the drawing-room floor, billiards, newspapers, and gossip, form the indulgences of the subscribers. Now, this would never do for the notorious absentees of Brussels; something more exciting is required by these well-whiskered, honourable gentlemen.

I have before observed, that I have only seen Brussels *out of season;* and the new town consequently looked like a desert: of the old town, I can, however, give a different account; it is full of pretty shops, and exhibited sufficient bustle and animation.

Some *distinguée* women were to be seen, but very few smart men. The men, indeed, appeared to be strangers in what *they* called "traveling dresses," blue blouses and cloth caps; looking more like butchers' boys than gentlemen. Oh for the old school! (an old lady may be pardoned the exclamation.)—Oh for the days when a gentleman could be distinguished at a glance from a barber's 'prentice!—Oh for the days of embroidery and ruffles! Alas! revolutions came, (in dress, as well as graver matters,) and then people left off their *ruffles*, and took to *cuffs!*"

To Waterloo, of course, I went; and the guide

as usual picked up from among the rubbish the bullet he had yesterday buried there: the crop of bullets is inexhaustible.

But it is of *bubbles*, not of *bullets*, that I write; and though I might expatiate by the hour together respecting persons and things beyond my comprehension, yet there would be no novelty to the reader, so many travellers have trod the same path, and done the same thing.

I know very little about pictures, and therefore I have never alluded to the various collections which (though in ignorance) I enjoyed at Brussels and at Antwerp. But at the table d'hote at the latter place, I met my old companion of the diligence, who talked to me with much animation about the *shay drivers* of Ruby's, and the specimens of Dominie Sampsons. But autumnal breezes began to roar very like the winds of winter, and the leaves were rapidly falling from the trees: it therefore became necessary for me at once to pack up the two trunks and the bandbox, and hasten homewards, or else to take a lodging and tarry the winter at Brussels. I soon seated myself again in the diligence, once more made my appearance at the long table at Roberts's hotel at Calais, and after bubbling rather uneasily across the channel, I landed at Dover, and advanced by easy stages to London. Next summer my bubbles from the crater of Vesuvius will astonish every body. At present I am comfortably established by my own fire-side, and wish during the winter months to think of no bubbles but those which emanate from the *tea urn*.

From the Asiatic Journal.

THE ANGLO-INDIAN THEATRE.

At present the civil and military servants are the artificers of their own dramatic amusement, and I question whether much would be gained by having it sent out ready-made. What a delightful bustle, what a stir of preparation, in getting up an amateur play! What shifts and contrivances to supply defects! what laughable disputes for the chief characters! what perplexities in casting the female parts and drilling them to feminine postures, and what exquisite farce to hear them, in their half-caste accent, mimicking the affected mince lisp of a lady of fashion! The green-room anecdotes of the Madras theatre would make an entertaining volume. It was, perhaps, the happiest model of a summer theatre that was ever constructed, and from the universality of its uses, probably (for I could never discover a more rational etymology),—being at one time an assembly-room, at another a place for holding masonic lodges, and at others for a general meeting of the settlement,—received the name of *Pantheon*. However, it was a handsome building, and capable of holding, pit, boxes, and gallery, nearly seven hundred persons. When there was a ball, a temporary flooring was thrown over the pit, and it served the purpose of a spacious ball-room. The amusing periods of its history, like the amusing periods of every thing else in India, are now departed. The reductions of salary in both services, conjoined with other causes, have thrown a gloom over the innocent and cheerful diversions that, in my time, enlivened the place, and gave a life and spirit to those humble theatrical experiments, which will long live in my memory. Mark Rowarth, the *arbiter elegantiarum* of the settlement, was the manager, with a liberal stipend, of the Madras theatre. His company was recruited by young military men, by even a [illegible] dimensions to avoid the characters, he had a regular school [illegible] *Bravo! white apron!*" or European half-castes, whom he contrive[illegible] met draughts whiten into something of female semblance. [illegible] and ex-

But Colonel Elisha Trapaud!—Oh that, for one moment, I held the pen of Scarron, to paint the *Roman Comique* of which poor Trapaud,—usually termed in unkind derision Colonel *Crapaud*,—was the *Ragotin*. He had all the theatrical irritabilities of that entertaining personage, and, by coaxing his vanity, might be prevailed upon to undertake any part, however unsuited to his figure and person, which were almost caricatures of humanity. Reader, if you had that exquisite work of the most delightful of French authors on your table, I might be spared the trouble of sketching this most exact counterpart of him. But imagine a figure, somewhat diminutive, yet protruding into all sorts of ungraceful angles, the whole outline being a kind of rhomboid:—imagine this figure, at the advanced age of fifty or fifty-five, surmounted with a youthful wig, luxuriant with curls, and haunted with the happy consciousness of his personal perfections, and no very limited notions of his intellectual ones, for he was the *Admirable Crichton* of his own fancy. But, with all his conceit, he was a useful actor, and though it was the fashion to laugh at him the moment he appeared on the stage, he set it down as the effect of some comic hit, that pleased the audience, without dreaming that he himself was the subject of it. Upon one occasion, a wag, willing to amuse himself at his expense, actually persuaded him to write a comedy, and, unluckily, he set about in good earnest. Being an efficient member of Mark Rowarth's dramatic corps, Mark could not refuse to act it, when it was completed. Such a farrago of dulness and absurdity was never exhibited before, but he was proud of it, and took great pains in getting it up. The performers, to do them justice, did all they could for it; for Trapaud's vanities and irritabilities were harmless and amusing, and there was no wish to give him offence. But, as for persuading him that the piece would not do, it was out of the question. He would have seized by the throat any body, whoever he might be, that ventured to threw out the slightest criticism upon its faults.

To this comedy, which he called the *Merchant of Smyrna*, he wrote a prologue, and insisted upon Mark Rowarth speaking it. The critic of the *Madras Gazette*, the next morning, observed of it, that "it abounded in undisputed truths and incontrovertible propositions:" a criticism (such is the omnivorous nature of vanity) which gave the colonel great satisfaction, for he was as proof against the shafts of ridicule or irony, as an alligator to a musket-ball. A line or two of it, I shall never forget. It began thus—and the house was in a roar, whilst Rowarth, with as much seriousness as he could force into his countenance, delivered or rather attempted to deliver it:—

> "To-night, my gentle friends, we act a play—
> Approve it or condemn it, as you may.
> In Thespis' days, a wagon was the stage—
> But larger theatres adorn our age.
> In Drury's pile assembled hundreds sit,
> Judges of taste and arbiters of wit.
> But we ———

I forget how it went on, but it was a most egregious specimen of nonsense—and excited, of course, thunders of mock applause. By dint, however, of cutting and slashing, this performer forgetting his part, and another substituting some equivocal nonsense of his own, it arrived at its termination; the poor author, all the while, swearing and stamping with rage at their spoiling his piece. But when it was over, there arose, by a preconcerted understanding amongst persons in different parts of the theatre, a call of "Author! author!" and a crown

" Ay; so people [illegible] Old me, and the [illegible] reluc- these [illegible] erformers. [illegible] head with- [illegible] pporters dashed [illegible] oke, however, was [illegible] had been made of [illegible] the thorny part scratch- [illegible], so that it streamed with [illegible] stage, swearing destruction to [illegible] sult.

[illegible] get,—for these are not unpleasing re- [illegible] e getting up of *Macbeth*, and to say the tru[illegible] got up most respectably, and Matthew Lock[illegible] usic was admirably performed, under the superintendence of Topping, who was an excellent musician. Lady Macbeth was undertaken by Anstey, son of the celebrated author of the *Bath Guide*. Every body knows how rapidly the beard grows in a hot climate. Anstey's was of the blackest tint, and it being a warm season of the year, before the fourth act it had grown so long, as to render it actually necessary for Lady Macbeth to shave before she appeared in the fifth. It was, however, so sultry behind the scenes, and there was so little air in the room appropriated to dressing, that Anstey ordered a table with a looking-glass and his shaving apparatus to be placed on the stage, where there was a stronger current. In malicious pleasantry, some one rang the prompter's bell, which was the constant signal for drawing up the curtain. It was most promptly obeyed, and, to the amazement of the whole assembled fashion of Madras, Tom Anstey was exhibited in the costume of Lady Macbeth, in that most unfeminine part of his toilette. The roar, the screams of sur rise and merriment that ensued, are beyond description.

But anecdotes of the Anglo-Indian stage are rushing fast on my recollection,—and may probably be continued in a future number.

LONDON THEATRICALS.

Reeve has come out in a new character at the Adelphi, in a little farce called *My Own Ghost;* and keeps the audience in a roar of laughter, without so much as a smile on his face. He personates *Mr. Pearlbutton*, a prosperous but unhappy tailor, whose wife has run away with his foreman, *Sheers*—now his "cutter-out" in a double sense. He leaves the shop in a fit of despair, buys a hempen boa for as many pence as he gave guineas for a fur one for his faithless spouse, and rents a miserable haunted garret, where he resolves to leave the world as well as his shop-board. He is, however, comforted by the kindness of his hostess, and his resolution is shaken. He determines to "sleep on it;" but he is scarcely in bed before he is startled by hammering, and presently two men enter the room through a sliding pannel, and he is horrified at the idea of being burked. He listens, and finds from their talk that they are coiners: so, wrapping the sheet round him, he frightens them out of the room, alarms the house, and sends for the police. In the mean time, one of the men brings him word of his wife's return: she had only gone into the country to answer an advertisement, and had taken *Sheers* with her as her "man of business."

The drollery all rested on Reeve's shoulders—which are broad enough to bear a much heavier burden. His disconsolate look and manner when he contemplates the halter, and thinks of his dear Mrs. P., and tumbles into his damp and hard bed, in a cold, comfortless room, missing the usual accompaniment of Mrs. P.'s tongue to scold him to sleep—and the ludicrous figure he cuts in his half undress, with his white cotton night-cap on—were quite enough to shake the sides of a more fastidious audience.—*Examiner.*

From the London Metropolitan.

JAPHET IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.

Continued from p. 54.

After this affair of Miss Judd, I adhered steadily to my business, and profiting by the advice given me by that young person, improved rapidly in my profession, as well as in general knowledge; but my thoughts, as usual, were upon one subject—my parentage, and the mystery hanging over it. My eternal reveries became at last so painful, that I had recourse to reading to drive them away, and subscribing to a good circulating library, I was seldom without a book in my hand. By this time I had been nearly two years and a half with Mr. Cophagus, when an adventure occurred which I must attempt to describe with all the dignity with which it ought to be invested.

This is a world of ambition, competition, and rivalry. Nation rivals nation, and flies to arms, cutting the throats of a few thousands on each side till one finds that it has the worst of it. Man rivals man, and hence detraction, duels, and individual death. Woman rivals woman, and hence loss of reputation, and position in high, and loss of hair, and fighting with pattens in low life. Are we then to be surprised that this universal passion, undeterred by the smell of drugs and poisonous compounds, should enter into apothecaries' shops? Certainly not. Let me proceed. But two streets—two very short streets from our own—was situated the single-fronted shop of Mr. Ebenezer Pleggit. Thank heaven, it was only single-fronted; there, at least, we had the ascendancy over them. Upon other points, our advantages were more equally balanced. Mr. Pleggit had two large coloured bottles in his windows more than we had; but then we had two horses, and he had only one. He tied over the corks of his bottles with red coloured paper; we covered up the lips of our vials with true blue. It certainly was the case—for though an enemy, I'll do him justice—that after Mr. Brookes had left us, Mr. Pleggit had two shopmen, and Mr. Cophagus only one; but then that one was Mr. Japhet Newland; besides, one of his assistants had only one eye, and the other squinted horribly, so if we measured by eyes, I think the advantage was actually on our side; and as far as ornament went, most decidedly; for who would not prefer putting on his chimney-piece one handsome, elegant vase, than two damaged, ill-looking pieces of crockery? Mr. Pleggit had certainly a gilt mortar and pestle over his door, which Mr. Cophagus had omitted when he furnished his shop; but then the mortar had a great crack down the middle, and the pestle had lost its knob. And let me ask those who have been accustomed to handle it, what is a pestle without a knob?

On the whole, I think, with the advantage of having two fronts, like Janus, we certainly had the best of the comparison; but I shall leave the impartial to decide. All I can say is, that the feuds of the rival houses were most bitter—the hate intense—the mutual scorn unmeasureable. Did Mr. Ebenezer Pleggit meet Mr. Phineas Cophagus in the street, the former immediately began to spit as if he had swallowed some of his own vile adulterated drugs; and in rejoinder, Mr. Cophagus immediately raised the cane from his nose high above his forehead in so threatening an attitude, as almost to warrant the other swearing the peace against him, muttering, "Ugly puppy—knows nothing—um—patients die—and so on." It may be well supposed that this spirit of enmity extended through the lower branches of the rival houses—the assistants and I were at the deadly feud; and this feud was even more deadly between the boys who carried out the medicines, and whose baskets might, in some measure, have been looked upon as the rival ensigns of the parties, they themselves occupying the dangerous and honourable post of standard bearer. Timothy, although the

kindest-hearted fellow in the world, was as good a hater as Dr. Johnson himself could have wished to meet with; and when sometimes his basket was not so well filled as usual, he would fill up with empty bottles below, rather than the credit of the house should be suspected, and his deficiencies create a smile of scorn in the mouth of his red-haired antagonist, when they happened to meet going their rounds. As yet, no actual collision had taken place between either the principals or the subordinates of the hostile factions; but it was fated that this state of quiescence should no longer remain.

Homer has sung the battles of gods, demigods, and heroes; Milton the strife of angels. Swift has been great in his Battle of the Books; but I am not aware that the battle of the vials has as yet been sung; and it requires a greater genius than was to be found in those who portrayed the conflicts of heroes, demigods, gods, angels, or books, to do adequate justice to the mortal strife which took place between the lotions, potions, draughts, pills, and embrocations. I must tell the story as well as I can, leaving it as an outline for a future epic.

Burning with all the hate which infuriated the breasts of the two houses of Capulet and Montague, hate each day increasing from years of "biting thumbs" at each other, and yet no excuse presenting itself for an affray, Timothy Oldmixon—for on such an occasion it would be a sin to omit his whole designation—Timothy Oldmixon, I say, burning with hate and eager with haste, turning a corner of the street with his basket well filled with medicines hanging on his left arm, encountered equally eager in his haste, and equally burning in his hate, the red-haired Mercury of Mr. Ebenezer Pleggit. Great was the concussion of the opposing baskets, dire was the crash of many of the vials, and dreadful was the mingled odour of the abominations which escaped, and poured through the wicker interstices. Two ladies from Billingsgate, who were near, indulging their rhetorical powers, stopped short. Two tom cats, who were on an adjacent roof, just fixing their eyes of enmity, and about to fix their claws, turned their eyes to the scene below. Two political antagonists stopped their noisy arguments. Two dustmen ceased to ring their bells; and two little urchins eating cherries from the crowns of their hats, lost sight of their fruit, and stood aghast with fear. They met, and met with such violence, that they each rebounded many paces; but like stalwart knights, each kept his basket and his feet. A few seconds to recover breath; one withering, fiery look from Timothy, returned by his antagonist, one flash of the memory in each to tell them that they each had the *la* on their side, and "Take that!" was roared by Timothy, planting a well-directed blow with his dexter and dexterous hand upon the sinister and sinisterous eye of his opponent. "Take that!" continued he, as his adversary reeled back; "take that, and be d———d to you, for running against a *gentleman*."

He of the rubicund hair had retreated, because so violent was the blow he could not help so doing, and we all must yield to fate. But it was not from fear. Seizing a vile potation that was labelled "To be taken immediately," and hurling it with demoniacal force right on the chops of the courageous Timothy, "Take that!" cried he with a rancorous yell. The missile, well directed as the spears of Homer's heroes, came full upon the bridge of Timothy's nose, and the fragile glass shivering, inflicted divers wounds upon his physiognomy, and at the same time poured forth a dark burnt-sienna-coloured balsam, to heal them, giving pain unutterable. Timothy, disdaining to lament the agony of his wounds, followed the example of his antagonist, and hastily seizing a similar bottle of much larger dimensions, threw it with such force that it split between the eyes of his opponent. Thus with these dreadful weapons did they commence the mortal strife.

The lovers of *good order*, or at least of fair play, gathered round the combatants, forming an almost impregnable ring, yet of sufficient dimensions to avoid the missiles. "*Go it, red-head!*" "*Bravo! white apron!*" resounded on every side. Draughts now met draughts in their passage through the circumambient air, and exploded like shells over a besieged town. Boluses were fired with the precision of cannon shot, pill-boxes were thrown with such force that they burst like grape and canister, while acids and alkalies hissed, as they neutralised each other's power, with all the venom of expiring snakes. "Bravo! white apron!" "Red-head for ever!" resounded on every side as the conflict continued with unabated vigour. The ammunition was fast expending on both sides, when Mr. Ebenezer Pleggit, hearing the noise, and perhaps smelling his own drugs, was so unfortunately rash, and so unwisely foolhardy, as to break through the sacred ring, advancing from behind with uplifted cane to fell the redoubtable Timothy, when a mixture of his own, hurled by his own red-haired champion, caught him in his open mouth, breaking against his only two remaining front teeth, extracting them as the discharged liquid ran down his throat, and turning him as sick as a dog. He fell, was taken away on a shutter, and it was some days before he was again to be seen in his shop dispensing those medicines which, on this fatal occasion, he would but too gladly have dispensed with.

Reader, have you not elsewhere read in the mortal fray between knights, when the casque has been beaten off, the shield lost, and the sword shivered, how they have resorted to closer and more deadly strife with their daggers raised on high? Thus it was with Timothy: his means had failed, and disdaining any longer to wage a distant combat, he closed vigorously with his panting enemy, overthrew him in the first struggle, seizing from his basket the only weapons which remained, one single vial, and one single box of pills. As he sat upon his prostrate foe, first he forced the box of pills into his gasping mouth, and then with the lower end of the vial he drove it down his throat, as a gunner rams home the wad and shot into a thirty-two pound carronade. Choked with the box, the fallen knight held up his hands for quarter; but Timothy continued until the end of the vial, breaking out the top and bottom of the pasteboard receptacle, forty-and-eight of anti-bilious pills rolled in haste down red-head's throat. Timothy seized his basket, and amid the shouts of triumph walked away. His fallen-crested adversary coughed up the remnants of the pasteboard, once more breathed, and was led disconsolate to the neighbouring pump; while Timothy regained our shop with his blushing honours thick upon him.

But I must drop the vein heroical. Mr. Cophagus, who was at home when Timothy returned, was at first very much inclined to be wroth at the loss of so much medicine; but when he heard the story, and the finale, he was so pleased at Tim's double victory over Mr. Pleggit and his messenger, that he actually put his hand in his pocket, and pulled out half-a-crown.

Mr. Pleggit, on the contrary, was any thing but pleased; he went to a lawyer, and commenced an action for assault and battery, and all the neighbourhood did nothing but talk about the affray which had taken place, and the action at law which it was said would take place in the ensuing term.

But with the exception of this fracas, which ended in the action not holding good, whereby the animosity was increased, I have little to recount during the remainder of the time I served under Mr. Cophagus. I had been more than three years with him when my confinement became insupportable. I had but one idea, which performed an everlasting cycle in my brain. Who was my father? And I should have abandoned the profession to search the world in the hope of finding my progenitor, had it not been that I was without the means. Latterly I had hoarded up all I could collect; but the sum was

small, much too small for the proposed expedition. I became melancholy, indifferent to the business, and slovenly in my appearance, when a circumstance occurred which put an end to my further dispensing medicines, and left me a free agent.

It happened one market day that there was an overdriven, infuriated beast, which was making sad havoc. Crowds of people were running past our shop in one direction, and the cries of "Mad bull!" were re-echoed in every quarter. Mr. Cophagus, who was in the shop, and to whom, as I have before observed, a mad bull was a source of great profit, very naturally looked out of the shop to ascertain whether the animal was near to us. In most other countries, when people hear of any danger, they generally avoid it by increasing their distance; but in England, it is too often the case, that they are so fond of indulging their curiosity, that they run to the danger. Mr. Cophagus, who perceived the people running one way, naturally supposed, not being aware of the extreme proximity of the animal, that the people were running to see what was the matter, and turned his eyes in that direction, walking out on the pavement that he might have a fairer view.

He was just observing, "Can't say—fear—um—rascal Pleggit—close to him—get all the custom—wounds—contusions—and"———When the animal came suddenly round the corner upon Mr. Cophagus, who had his eyes the other way, and before he could escape, tossed him right through his own shop windows, and landed him on the counter. Not satisfied with this, the beast followed him into the shop. Timothy and I pulled Mr. Cophagus over towards us, and he dropped inside the counter, where we also crouched, frightened out of our wits. To our great horror the bull made one or two attempts to leap the counter; but not succeeding, and being now attacked by the dogs and butcher boys, he charged at them through the door, carrying away our best scales on his horns as a trophy as he galloped out of the shop in pursuit of his persecutors. When the shouts and halloos were at some little distance, Timothy and I raised our heads and looked round us; and perceiving that all was safe, we proceeded to help Mr. Cophagus, who remained on the floor bleeding, and in a state of insensibility. We carried him into the back parlour and laid him on the sofa. I desired Timothy to run for surgical aid as fast as he could, while I opened a vein; and in a few minutes he returned with our opponent, Mr. Ebenezer Pleggit. We stripped Mr. Cophagus, and proceeded to examine him. "Bad case this—very bad case, indeed, Mr. Newland—dislocation of the os humeri—severe contusion on the os frontis—and I'm very much afraid there is some intercostal injury. Very sorry, very sorry indeed, for my brother Cophagus." But Mr. Pleggit did not appear to be sorry; on the contrary, he appeared to perform his surgical duties with the greatest glee.

We reduced the dislocation, and then carried Mr. Cophagus up to his bed. In an hour he was sensible, and Mr. Pleggit took his departure, shaking hands with Mr. Cophagus, and wishing him joy of his providential escape. "Bad job, Japhet," said Mr. Cophagus to me.

"Very bad, indeed, sir; but it might have been worse."

"Worse—um—no, nothing worse—not possible."

"Why, sir, you might have been killed."

"Pooh! didn't mean that—mean Pleggit—rascal—um—kill me if he can—sha'n't though—soon get rid of him—and so on."

"You will not require his further attendance now that your shoulder is reduced. I can very well attend upon you."

"Very true, Japhet;—but won't go—sure of that—damned rascal—quite pleased—I saw it—um—eyes twinkled—smile checked—and so on."

That evening Mr. Pleggit called in, as Mr. Cophagus said that he would, and the latter showed a great deal of impatience; but Mr. Pleggit repeated his visits over and over again, and I observed that Mr. Cophagus no longer made any objection; on the contrary, seemed anxious for his coming, and more so after he was convalescent, and able to sit at his table. But the mystery was soon divulged. It appeared that Mr. Cophagus, although he was very glad that other people should suffer from mad bulls, and come to be cured, viewed the case in a very different light when the bull thought proper to toss him, and having now realised a comfortable independence, he had resolved to retire from business, and from a site attended with so much danger. A hint of this escaping when Mr. Pleggit was attending him on the third day after his accident, the latter, who knew the value of the *locale*, also hinted that if Mr. Cophagus was inclined so to do, that he would be most happy to enter into an arrangement with him. Self-interest will not only change friendship into enmity, in this rascally world, but also turn enmity into friendship. All Mr. Pleggit's enormities, and all Mr. Cophagus' shameful conduct, were mutually forgotten. In less than ten minutes it was "*My dear Mr. Pleggit*, and so on," and "*My dear brother Cophagus.*"

In three weeks every thing had been arranged between them, and the shop, fixtures, stock in trade, and good will, were all the property of our ancient antagonist. But although Mr. Pleggit could shake hands with Mr. Cophagus for his fixtures and *good will*, yet as Timothy and I were not included in the *good will*, neither were we included among the *fixtures*, and Mr. Cophagus could not, of course, interfere with Mr. Pleggit's private arrangements. He did all he could do in the way of recommendation, but Mr. Pleggit had not forgotten my occasional impertinence on the battle of the bottles. I really believe that his *ill will* against Timothy was one reason for purchasing the *good will* of Mr. Cophagus, and we were very gently told by Mr. Pleggit that he would have no occasion for our services. Mr. Cophagus offered to procure me another situation as soon as he could, and at the same time presented me with twenty guineas, as a proof of his regard and appreciation of my conduct—but this sum put in my hand decided me: I thanked him, and told him I had other views, at present, but hoped he would let me know where I might find him hereafter, as I should be glad to see him again. He told me he would leave his address with me at the Foundling, and shaking me heartily by the hand, we parted. Timothy was then summoned. Mr. Cophagus gave him five guineas, and wished him good fortune.

"And now, Japhet, what are you about to do?" said Timothy, as he descended into the shop.

"To do," replied I; "I am about to leave you, which is the only thing I am sorry for. I am going, Timothy, in search of my father."

"Well," replied Timothy, "I feel as you do, Japhet, that it will be hard to part; and there is another thing on my mind—which is, I am very sorry that the bull did not break the rudimans, (pointing to the iron mortar and pestle,) had he had but half the spite I have against it, he would not have left a piece as big as a thimble. I've a great mind to have a smack at it before I go."

"You will only injure Mr. Cophagus, for the mortar will not then be paid for."

"Very true; and as he has just given me five guineas, I will refrain from my just indignation. But now, Japhet, let me speak to you. I don't know how you feel, but I feel as if I could not part with you. I do not want to go in search of my father particularly. They say it's a wise child that knows its own father—but as there can be no doubt of my other parent—if I can only hit upon her, I have a strong inclination to go in search of my mother, and if you like my company, why, I will go with you—always, my dear Japhet," continued Tim,

"keeping in my mind the great difference between a person who has been feed as an M. D., and a lad who only carries out his prescriptions."

"Do you really mean to say, Tim, that you will go with me?"

"Yes, to the end of the world, Japhet, as your companion, your friend, and your servant, if you require it. I love you, Japhet, and I will serve you faithfully."

"My dear Tim, I am delighted; now I am really happy: we will have but one purse and but one interest; if I find good fortune you shall share it."

"And if you meet with ill luck, I will share that too—so the affair is settled—and, as here come Mr. Pleggit's assistants with only one pair of eyes between them, the sooner we pack up the better."

In half an hour all was ready; a bundle each contained our wardrobes. We descended from our attic, walked proudly through the shop without making any observation, or taking any notice of our successors; all the notice taken was by Timothy, who turned round and shook his fist at his old enemies, the iron mortar and pestle; and there we were, standing on the pavement, with the wide world before us, and quite undecided which way we should go.

"Is it to be east, west, north, or south, Japhet?" said Timothy.

"The wise men came from the east," replied I.

"Then they must have travelled west," said Tim; "let us show our wisdom by doing the same."

"Agreed."

Passing by a small shop, we purchased two good sticks, as defenders, as well as to hang our bundles on—and off we set upon our pilgrimage.

I believe it to be a very general action, when people set off upon a journey, to reckon up their means—that is, to count the money which they may have in their pockets. At all events, this was done by Timothy and me, and I found that my stock amounted to twenty-two pounds eighteen shillings, and Timothy's to the five guineas presented by Mr. Cophagus, and three halfpence which were in the corner of his waistcoat pocket—sum total, twenty-eight pounds three shillings and three halfpence; a very handsome sum, as we thought, with which to commence our peregrinations, and, as I observed to Timothy, sufficient to last us for a considerable time, if husbanded with care.

"Yes," replied he, "but we must husband our legs also, Japhet, or we shall soon be tired, and very soon wear out our shoes. I vote we take a hackney coach."

"Take a hackney coach, Tim! we mustn't think of it; we cannot afford such a luxury; you can't be tired yet, we are now only just clear of Hyde Park Corner."

"Still, I think we had better take a coach, Japhet, and here is one coming. I always do take one when I carry out medicines, to make up for the time I lose looking at the shops, and playing peg in the ring."

I now understood what Timothy meant, which was, to get behind and have a ride for nothing. I consented to this arrangement, and we got up behind one which was already well filled inside. "The only difference between an inside and outside passenger in a hackney coach, is, that the one pays and the other does not," said I, to Timothy, as we rolled along at the act of parliament speed of four miles per hour.

"That depends upon circumstances: if we are found out, in all probability, we shall not only have our ride, but be *paid* into the bargain."

"With the coachman's whip, I presume?"

"Exactly." And Timothy had hardly time to get the word out of his mouth, when flac, flac, came the whip across our eyes—a little envious wretch, with his shirt hanging out of his trowsers, having called out, *Cut behind!* Not wishing to have our faces, or our behinds cut any more, we hastily descended, and reached the footpath, after having gained about three miles on the road before we were discovered.

"That wasn't a bad lift, Japhet, and as for the whip I never mind that with *corduroys*. And now, Japhet, I'll tell you something; we must get into a wagon, if we can find one going down the road, as soon as it is dark."

"But that will cost money, Tim."

"It's economy, I tell you; for a shilling, if you bargain, you may ride the whole night, and if we stop at a public house to sleep, we shall have to pay for our beds, as well as be obliged to order something to eat, and pay dearer for it than if we buy what we want at the cooks' shops."

"There is sense in what you say, Timothy; we will look out for a wagon."

"Oh! it's no use now—wagons are like black beetles, not only in shape but in habits, they only travel by night—at least most of them do. We are now coming into long dirty Brentford, and I don't know how you feel, Japhet, but I find that walking wonderfully increases the appetite—that's another reason why you should not walk when you can ride—for nothing."

"Well, I'm rather hungry myself; and, dear me, how very good that piece of roast pork looks in that window!"

"I agree with you—let's go in and make a bargain."

We bought a good allowance for a shilling, and after sticking out for a greater proportion of mustard than the woman said we were entitled to, and some salt, we wrapped it up in a piece of paper, and continued our course, till we arrived at a baker's, where we purchased our bread, and then taking up a position on a bench outside a public-house, called for a pot of beer, and putting our provisions down before us, made a hearty, and, what made us more enjoy it, an independent meal. Having finished our pork and our porter, and refreshed ourselves, we again started and walked till it was quite dark, when we felt so tired that we agreed to sit down on our bundles and wait for the first wagon which passed. We soon heard the jingling of bells, and shortly afterward its enormous towering bulk appeared between us and the sky. We went up to the wagoner, who was mounted on a little pony, and asked him if he could give two poor lads a lift, and how much he would charge us for the ride.

"How much can you afford to give, measters? for there be others as poor as ye." We replied that we could give a shilling. "Well, then, get up in God's name, and ride as long as you will. Get in behind."

"Are there many people in there already?" said I, as I climbed up, and Timothy handed me the bundles.

"Noa," replied the wagoner, "there be nobody but a mighty clever poticary or doctor, I can't tell which; but he wear an uncommon queer hat, and he talk all sort of doctor stuff—and there be his odd man and his odd boy; that be all, and there be plenty of room, and plenty o' clean *stra*'."

After this intimation we climbed up, and gained a situation in the rear of the wagon under the cloth. As the wagoner said, there was plenty of room, and we nestled into the straw without coming into contact with the other travellers. Not feeling any inclination to sleep, Timothy and I entered into conversation, *sotto voce*, and had continued for more than half an hour, supposing by their silence that the other occupants of the wagon were asleep, when we were interrupted by a voice clear and sonorous as a bell.

"It would appear that you are wanderers, young men, and journey you know not whither. Birds seek their nests when the night falls—beasts hasten to their lairs—man bolts his door. '*Propria quæ maribus*,' as Herodotus hath it; which, when translated, means, that

'such is the nature of mankind.' '*Tribuantur mascula dicas*,' 'Tell me your troubles,' as Homer says."

I was very much surprised at this address—my knowledge of the language, for I had studied the grammar with Mr. Brookes, told me immediately that the quotations were out of the Latin grammar, and that all his learning was pretence; still there was a novelty of style which amused me, and at the same time gave me an idea that the speaker was an uncommon personage. I gave Timothy a nudge, and then replied—

"You have guessed right, most learned sir; we are, as you say, wanderers, seeking our fortunes, and trust yet to find them—still we have a weary journey before us. '*Haustus horâ somni sumendum*,' as Aristotle hath it; which I need not translate to so learned a person as yourself."

"Nay, indeed, there is no occasion; yet am I pleased to meet with one who hath scholarship," replied the other. "Have you also a knowledge of the Greek?"

"No, I pretend not to Greek."

"It is a pity that thou hast it not, for thou wouldst delight to commune with the ancients. Esculapius hath these words—'Asholder—offmotton—*accapon*—pasti—venison,'—which I will translate for thee—'We often find what we seek when we least expect it.' May it be so with you, my friend. Where have you been educated? and what has been your profession?"

I thought I risked little in telling, so I replied, that I had been brought up as a surgeon and apothecary, and had been educated at a foundation school.

"'Tis well," replied he; "you have then commenced your studies in my glorious profession; still have you much to learn; years of toil, under a great master, can only enable you to benefit mankind as I have done, and years of hardship and of danger must be added thereunto, to afford you the means. There are many hidden secrets. '*Ut sunt Divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, Virorum*.'—many parts of the globe to traverse, '*Ut Cato, Virgilius, fluviorum, ut Tibris, Orontes*.' All these have I visited, and many more. Even now do I journey to obtain more of my invaluable medicine, gathered on the highest Andes, when the moon is in her perigee. There I shall remain for months among the clouds, looking down upon the great plain of Mexico, which shall appear no larger than the head of a pin, where the voice of man is heard not. '*Vocito, vocitas vocativi*,' bending for months towards the earth. '*As in presenti*,' suffering with the cold—'*frico quod fricui dat*,' as Eusebius hath it. Soon shall I be borne away by the howling winds towards the new world, where I can obtain more of the wonderful medicine, which I may say never yet hath failed me, and which nothing but love towards my race induces me to gather at such pains and risk."

"Indeed, sir," replied I, amused with his imposition, "I should like to accompany you—for, as Josephus says most truly, '*Capiat pillulæ duæ post prandium*.' Travel, is, indeed, a most delightful occupation, and I would like to run over the whole world."

"And I would like to follow you," interrupted Timothy. "I suspect we have commenced our *grand tour* already—three miles behind a hackney coach—ten on foot, and about two, I should think, in this wagon. But as Cophagus says, '*Cochlearija crush many summendush*,' which means, 'there are ups and downs in this world.'"

"Hah!" exclaimed our companion. "He, also, has the rudiments."

"Nay, I hope I've done with the *Rudimans*," replied Timothy.

"Is he your follower?" enquired the man.

"That very much depends upon who walks first," replied Timothy, "but whether or no—we hunt in couples."

"I understand—you are companions. '*Concordat cum nominative numero et persona*.' Tell me, can you roll pills, can you use the pestle and the mortar, handle the scapula, and mix ingredients?"

I replied that of course I knew my profession.

"Well, then, as we have still some hours of night, let us now obtain some rest. In the morning, when the sun hath introduced us to each other, I may then judge from your countenances whether it is likely that we may be better acquainted. Night is the time for repose, as Quintus Curtius says, '*Custos, boe, fur atque soccerdos*.' Sleep was made for all—my friends, good night."

Timothy and I took his advice, and were soon fast asleep. I was awakened the next morning by feeling a hand in my trowsers' pocket. I seized it, and held it fast.

"Now just let go my hand, will you?" cried a lachrymal voice.

I jumped up—it was broad daylight, and looked at the human frame to which the hand was an appendix. It was a very spare, awkward built form of a young man, apparently about twenty years old, but without the least sign of manhood on his chin. His face was cadaverous, large goggling eyes, high cheek bones, hair long, reminding me of a rat's nest, thin lips, and ears large almost as an elephant's. A more wo-begone wretch in appearance I never beheld, and I continued to look at him with surprise. He repeated his words with an idiotical expression, "Just let go my hand, can't you?"

"What business had your hand in my pocket?" replied I, angrily.

"I was feeling for my pocket handkerchief," replied the young man. "I always keeps it in my breeches' pocket."

"But not in your neighbour's, I presume?"

"My neighbour's!" replied he, with a vacant stare. "Well, so it is, I see now—I thought it was my own."

I released his hand; he immediately put it into his own pocket, and drew out his handkerchief, if the rag deserved the appellation. "There," said he, "I told you I put it in that pocket—I always do."

"And pray who are you?" said I, as I looked at his dress, which was a pair of tight cotton drawers, and an old spangled jacket.

"Me! why, I'm the fool."

"More knave than fool, I expect," replied I, still much puzzled with his strange appearance and dress.

"Nay, there you mistake," said the voice of last night. "He is not only a fool by profession, but one by nature. It is a half-witted creature, who serves me when I would attract the people. Strange in this world, that wisdom may cry in the streets without being noticed, yet folly will always command a crowd."

During this address I turned my eyes upon the speaker. He was an elderly looking person, with white hair, dressed in a suit of black, ruffles and frill. His eyes were brilliant, but the remainder of his face it was difficult to decipher, as it was evidently painted, and the night's jumbling in the wagon had so smeared it, that it appeared of almost every colour in the rainbow. On one side of him lay a large three-cornered cocked hat, on the other a little lump of a boy, rolled up in the straw like a marmot, and still sound asleep. Timothy looked at me, and when he caught my eye, burst out into a laugh.

"You laugh at my appearance, I presume," said the old man, mildly.

"I do, in truth," replied Timothy. "I never saw one like you before, and I dare say never shall again."

"That is possible; yet probably if you meet me again you would not know me."

"Among a hundred thousand," replied Timothy, with increased mirth.

"We shall see, perhaps," replied the quack doctor, for such the reader must have already ascertained to be his profession; "but the wagon has stopped, and the driver will bait his horses; if inclined to eat, now is your time. Come, Jumbo, get up; Philotas, waken him, and follow me."

Philotas, for so was the fool styled by his master, turned up some straw, and stuffed the end of it into Jumbo's mouth. "Now Jumbo will think he has got something to eat. I always wake him that way," observed the fool, grinning at us.

It certainly, as might be expected, did waken Jumbo, who uncoiled himself, rubbed his eyes, stared at the cover of the wagon, then at us, and without saying a word, rolled himself out of the wagon after the fool. Timothy and I followed. We found the doctor bargaining for some bread and bacon, his strange appearance exciting much amusement, and inducing the people to let him have a better bargain than perhaps otherwise they would have done. He gave a part of the refreshment to the boy and the fool, and walked out of the tap-room with his own share. Timothy and I went to the pump, and had a good refreshing wash, and then for a shilling were permitted to make a very hearty breakfast. The wagon having remained about an hour, the driver gave us notice of his departure; but the doctor was no where to be found. After a little delay, the wagoner drove off, cursing him for a *bilk*, and vowing that he'd never have any more to do with a "larned man." In the mean time, Timothy and I had taken our seats in the wagon, in company with the fool and Master Jumbo. We commenced a conversation with the former, and soon found out, as the doctor had asserted, that he really was an idiot, so much so, that it was painful to converse with him. As for the latter, he had coiled himself away to take a little more sleep. I forgot to mention, that the boy was dressed much in the same way as the fool, in an old spangled jacket, and white trowsers. For about an hour Timothy and I conversed, remarking upon the strange disappearance of the doctor, especially as he had given us hopes of employing us; in accepting which offer, if ever it should be made, we had not made up our minds, when we were interrupted with a voice, crying out, "Hillo, my man, can you give a chap a lift as far as Reading, for a shilling?"

"Aye, get up, and welcome," replied the wagoner.

The wagon did not stop, but in a moment or two the new passenger climbed in. He was dressed in a clean smock frock, neatly worked up the front, leather gaiters, and stout shoes; a bundle and a stick were in his hand. He smiled as he looked round upon the company, and showed a beautiful set of small white teeth. His face was dark, and sunburnt, but very handsome, and his eyes as black as coals, and as brilliant as gas. "Hey! player folk—I've a notion," said he, as he sat down, looking at the doctor's attendants, and laughing at us. "Have you come far, gentlemen?" continued he.

"From London," was my reply.

"How do the crops look up above, for down here the turnips seem to have failed altogether! Dry seasons won't do for turnips."

I replied that I really could not satisfy him on that point, as it was dark when we passed.

"Very true—I had forgotten that," replied he. "However, the barleys look well; but perhaps you don't understand farming?"

I replied in the negative, and the conversation was kept up for two or three hours, in the course of which I mentioned the quack doctor, and his strange departure.

"That is the fellow who cured so many people at ——," replied he; and the conversation then turned upon his profession and mode of life, which Timothy and I agreed must be very amusing. "We shall meet him again, I dare say," replied the man. "Would you know him?"

"I think so, indeed," replied Timothy, laughing.

"Yes, and so you would think that you would know a guinea from a halfpenny, if I put it into your hands," replied the man. "I do not wish to lay a bet, and win your money; but I tell you, that I will put either one or the other into each of your hands, and if you hold it fast for one minute, and shut your eyes during that time, you will not be able to tell me which it is that you have in it."

"That I am sure I would," replied Tim; and I made the same assertion.

"Well, I was taken in that way at a fair, and lost ten shillings by the wager; now, we'll try whether you can tell or not." He took out some money from his pocket, selected without our seeing, put a coin into the hand of each of us, closing our fists over it, "and now," said he, "keep your eyes shut for a minute."

We did so, and a second or two afterwards we heard a voice which we instantly recognised. "Nay, but it was wrong to leave me on the way side thus, having agreed to pay the sum demanded. At my age one walketh not without fatigue, '*Excipenda tamen querlam sunt urbium*,' as Philostratus says, meaning, 'that old limbs lose their activity, and seek the help of a crutch."

"There's the doctor," cried Timothy, with his eyes still shut.

"Now open your eyes," said the man, "and tell me, before you open your hand, what there is in it."

"A halfpenny in mine," said Tim.

"A guinea in mine," replied I.

We opened our hands, and they were *empty*.

"Where the devil is it?" exclaimed I, looking at Tim.

"And where the devil 's the doctor?" replied he, looking round.

"The money is in the doctor's pocket," replied the man, smiling.

"Then where is the doctor's pocket?"

"Here," replied he, slapping his pocket, and looking significantly at us. "I thought you were certain of knowing him again. About as certain as you were of telling the money in your hand."

He then, to our astonishment, imitated the doctor's voice, and quoted *prosody, syntax, and Latin*. Timothy and I were still in astonishment, when he continued, "If I had not found out that you were in want of employ, and further, that your services would be useful to me, I should not have made this discovery. Do you now think that you know enough to entor into my service? It is light work, and not bad pay; and now you may choose."

"I trust," said I, "that there is no dishonesty?"

"None that you need practise, if you are so scrupulous; perhaps your scruples may some day be removed. I make the most of my wares—every merchant does the same. I practise upon the folly of mankind—it is on that, that wise men live."

Timothy gave me a push, and nodded his head for me to give my consent. I reflected a few seconds, and at last I extended my hand. "I consent," replied I, "with the reservation I have made."

"You will not repent," said he; "and I will take your companion, not that I want him particularly, but I do want you. The fact is, I want a lad of gentlemanly address, and handsome appearance—with the very knowledge you possess—and now we will say no more for the present. By-the-by, was that real Latin of yours?"

"No," replied I, laughing; "you quoted the grammar, and I replied with medical prescriptions. One was as good as the other."

"Quite—nay, better; for the school-boys may find me out, but not you. But now, observe, when we come to the next cross road, we must get down—at least, I expect so; but we shall know in a minute."

In about the time he mentioned, a dark, gipsy-looking man looked into the wagon, and spoke to our acquaintance in an unknown language. He replied in the same, and the man disappeared. We continued our route for about a quarter of an hour, when he got out, asked us to follow him, and speaking a few words to the fool, which I did not hear, left him and the boy in the wagon. We paid our fare, took possession of our bundles, and followed our new companion for a few minutes on the cross road, when he stopped, and said, "I must now leave you, to prepare for your reception into our fraternity; continue straight on this road until you arrive at a lime-kiln, and wait there till I come."

He sprang over a stile, and took a direction verging at an angle from the road, forced his way through a hedge, and disappeared from our sight. "Upon my word, Timothy," said I, "I hardly know what to say to this. Have we done right in trusting to this man, who I am afraid is a great rogue? I do not much like mixing with these gipsy people, for such I am sure he belongs to."

"I really do not see how we can do better," replied Timothy. "The world is all before us, and we must force our own way through it. As for his being a quack doctor, I see no great harm in that. People put their faith in nostrums more than they do in regular medicines; and it is well known that quack medicines, as they call them, cure as often as others merely for that very reason."

"Very true, Timothy; the mind once at ease, the body soon recovers, and faith, even in quack medicines, will often make people whole; but do you think that he does no more than impose upon people in that way?"

"He may, or he may not; at all events, we need do no more, I suppose?"

"I am not sure of that; however, we shall see. He says we may be useful to him, and I suppose we shall be, or he would not have engaged us—we shall soon find out."

By this time we had arrived at the lime-kiln to which we had been directed, and we sat down on our bundles, chatting, for about five minutes, when our new acquaintance made his appearance, with something in his hand, tied up in a handkerchief.

"You may as well put your coats into your bundles, and put on these frocks," said he; "you will appear better among us, and be better received, for there is a *gathering* now, and some of them are queer customers. However, you have nothing to fear; when once you are with my wife and me, you are quite safe; her little finger would protect you from five hundred."

"Your wife! who, then, is she?" enquired I, as I put my head through the smock frock.

"She is a great personage among the gipsies. She is, by descent, one of the heads of the tribe, and none dare to disobey her."

"And you—are you a gipsy?"

"No, and yes. By birth I am not, but by choice, and marriage, I am admitted; but I was not born under a hedge, I can assure you, although I very often pass a night there now—that is, when I am domestic; but do not think that you are to remain long here; we shall leave in a few days, and may not meet the tribe again for months, although you may see my own family occasionally. I did not ask you to join me to pass a gipsy's life—no, no, we must be stirring and active. Come, we are now close to them. Do not speak as you pass the huts, until you have entered mine. Then you may do as you please."

We turned short round, passed through a gap in the hedge, and found ourselves on a small retired piece of common, which was studded with about twenty or thirty low gipsy huts. The fires were alight, and provisions apparently cooking. We passed by nine or ten, and obeyed our guide's injunctions, to keep silence. At last we stopped, and perceived ourselves to be standing by the fool, who was dressed like us, in a smock frock, and Mr. Jumbo, who was very busy making the pot boil, blowing at the sticks underneath till he was black in the face. Several of the men passed near us, and examined us with no very pleasant expression of countenance; and we were not sorry to see our conductor, who had gone into the hut, return, followed by a woman, to whom he was speaking in the language of the tribe. "Nattee bids you welcome," said he, as she approached.

Never in my life will the remembrance of the first appearance of Nattee, and the effect it had, be erased from my memory. She was tall; too tall, had it not been for the perfect symmetry of her form. Her face of a clear olive, and oval in shape; her eyes jetty black; nose straight, and beautifully chiseled; mouth small, thin lips, with a slight curl of disdain, and pearly teeth. I never beheld a woman of so commanding a presence. Her feet were bare, but very small, as well as her hands. On her fingers she wore many rings, of a curious old setting, and a piece of gold hung on her forehead, where the hair was parted. She looked at us, touched her high forehead with the ends of her fingers, and waving her hand gracefully, said, in a soft voice, "You are welcome," and then turned to her husband, speaking to him in her own language, until by degrees they separated from us in earnest conversation.

She returned to us after a short time, without her husband, and said, in a voice, the notes of which were indeed soft, but the delivery of the words was most determined; "I have said that you are welcome; sit down, therefore, and share with us—fear nothing, you have no cause to fear. Be faithful, then; while you serve him, and when you would quit us, say so, and receive your leave to depart; but if you attempt to desert us without permission, then we shall suspect that you are our enemies, and treat you accordingly. There is your lodging while here," continued she, pointing to another hut. "There is but one child with you, this boy, (pointing to Jumbo,) who can lay at your feet. And now join us as friends. Fleta, where are you?"

A soft voice answered from the tent of Nattee, and soon afterwards came out a little girl, of about eleven years old. The appearance of this child was a new source of interest. She was a little fairy figure, with a skin as white as the driven snow—light auburn hair, and large blue eyes; her dress was scanty, and showed a large portion of her taper legs. She hastened to Nattee, and folding her arms across her breast, stood still, saying meekly, "I am here."

"Know these as friends, Fleta. Send that lazy Num (this was Philotas, the fool) for more wood, and see that Jumbo tends the fire."

Nattee smiled, and left us. I observed she went to where forty or fifty of the tribe were assembled, in earnest discourse. She took her seat with them, and marked deference was paid to her. In the mean time Jumbo had blown up a brisk fire; we were employed by Fleta in shredding vegetables, which she threw into the boiling kettle. Num appeared with more fuel, and at last there was nothing more to do. Fleta sat down by us, and parting her long hair which had fallen over her eyes, looked us both in the face.

"Who gave you that name, Fleta?" enquired I.

"They gave it me," replied she.

"And who are they?"

"Nattee, and Melchior, her husband."

"But you are not their daughter?"

"No, I am not—that is—I believe not."

The little girl stopped short, as if assured that she had said too much, cast her eyes down on the ground, and folded her arms, so that her hands rested on each opposite shoulder.

Timothy whispered to me, "She must have been stolen, depend upon it."

"Silence," said I.

The little girl overheard him, and looking at him, put her finger across her mouth, looking to where Num and Jumbo were sitting. I felt an interest for this child before I had been an hour in her company; she was so graceful, so beautifully feminine, so mournful in the expression of her countenance. That she was under restraint was evident; but still she did not appear to be actuated by fear. Nattee was very kind to her, and the child did not seem to be more reserved towards her than to others; her mournful, pensive look, was perhaps inherent to her nature. It was not until long after our first acquaintance that I ever saw a smile upon her features. Shortly after this little conversation, Nattee returned, walking with all the grace and dignity of a queen. Her husband, or Melchior, as. I shall for the present call him, soon joined us, and we sat down to our repast, which was excellent. It was composed of almost every thing; sometimes I found myself busy with the wing of a fowl, at another the leg of a rabbit—then a piece of mutton, and other flesh and fowl, which I could hardly distinguish. To these were added every sort of vegetable, in which potatoes predominated, forming a sort of stew, which an epicure might have praised. I had a long conversation with Melchior in the evening, and, not to weary the reader, I shall now proceed to state all that I then and subsequently gathered from him and others, relative to the parties with whom we were associating.

Melchior would not state who and what he was previous to his having joined the fraternity of gipsies; that he was not of humble birth, and that he had, when young, quitted his friends out of love for Nattee, or from some other causes not to be revealed, he also acknowledged. He had been many years in company with the tribe, and although, as one received into it, he did not stand so high in rank and estimation as his wife, still, from his marriage with Nattee, and his own peculiar qualifications and dexterity, he was almost as absolute as she was.

Melchior and Nattee were supposed to be the most wealthy of all the gipsies, and, at the same time, they were the most liberal of their wealth. Melchior, it appeared, gained money in three different characters; as a quack doctor, the character in which we first saw him; secondly, as a juggler, in which art he was most expert; and, thirdly, as a fortune teller, and *wise man*.

Nattee, as I before mentioned, was of very high rank, or caste, in her tribe. At her first espousal of Melchior she lost much of her influence, as it was considered a degradation; but she was then very young, and must have been most beautiful. The talents of Melchior, and her own spirit, however, soon enabled her to regain, and even add still more to, her power and consideration among the tribe, and it was incredible to what extent, with the means which she possessed, this power was augmented.

Melchior had no children by his marriage, and, as far as I could judge from the few words which would escape from the lips of Nattee, she did not wish for any, as the race would not be considered pure. The subdivision of the tribe which followed Nattee, consisted of about forty men, women, and children. These were ruled by her during the absence of her husband, who alternately assumed different characters, as suited his purpose; but in whatever town Melchior might happen to be, Nattee and her tribe were never far off, and always encamped within communication.

I ventured to question Melchior about the little Fista; and he stated that she was the child of a soldier's wife, who had been brought to bed, and died a few hours afterwards; that, at the time, she was on her way to join her husband, and had been taken ill on the road—had been assisted by Nattee and her companions, as far as they were able—had been buried by them, and that the child had been reared in the camp.

In time the little girl became very intimate, and very partial to me. I questioned her as to her birth, telling her what Melchior had stated; for a long while she would not answer; the poor child had learned caution even at that early age; but after we were more intimate, she said, that which Melchior had stated was *not true*. She could recollect very well living in a great house, with every thing very fine about her; but still it appeared as if it were a dream. She recollected two white ponies—and a lady, who was her mamma—and a mulberry tree, where she stained her frock; sometimes other things came to her memory, and then she forgot them again. From this it was evident that she had been stolen, and was probably of good parentage; certainly if elegance and symmetry of person and form could prove blood, it never was more marked than in this interesting child. Her abode with the gipsies, and their peculiar mode of life and manners, had rendered her peculiarly precocious in intellect; but of education she had none, except what was instilled into her by Melchior, whom she always accompanied when he assumed his character as a juggler. She then danced on the slack-wire, at the same time performing several feats in balancing, throwing of oranges, &c. When Melchior was under other disguises she remained in the camp with Nattee.

Of Num, or Philotas, as Melchior thought proper to call him, I have already spoken. He was a half-witted idiot, picked up in one of Melchior's excursions, and, as he stated to me, so did it prove to be the fact, that when on the stage, and questioned as a fool, his natural folly, and idiotical vacancy of countenance, were applauded by the spectators as admirably assumed. Even at the ale-houses and taverns where we stopped, every one imagined that all his folly was pretence, and looked upon him as a very clever fellow. There never was, perhaps, such a lachrymose countenance as this poor lad's, and this added still more to the mirth of others, being also considered as put on for the occasion. Stephen Kemble played Falstaff without stuffing—Num played the fool without any effort or preparation. Jumbo was also "picked up;" this was not done by Melchior, who stated, that any body might have him who claimed him; he tumbled with the fool upon the stage, and he also ate pudding to amuse the spectators—the only part of the performance which was suited to Jumbo's taste, for he was a terrible little glutton, and never lost any opportunity of eating, as well as of sleeping.

And now, having described all our new companions, I must narrate what passed between Melchior and me, the day after our joining the camp. He first ran through his various professions, pointing out to me that as juggler he required a confederate, in which capacity I might be very useful, as he would soon instruct me in all his tricks. As a quack doctor he wanted the services of both Tim and myself in mixing up, making pills, &c., and also in assisting him in persuading the public of his great skill. As a fortune-teller, I should also be of great service, as he would explain to me hereafter. In short, he wanted a person of good personal appearance and education, in whom he might confide in every way. As to Tim, he might be made useful, if he chose, in various ways; amongst others, he wished him to learn tumbling and playing the fool, when, at times, the fool was required to give a shrewd answer on any point on which he would wish the public to be made acquainted. I agreed to my own part of the performance, and then had some conversation with Timothy, who immediately consented to do

his best in what was allotted as his share. Thus was the matter quickly arranged, Melchior observing, that he had said nothing about remuneration, as I should find that trusting to him was far preferable to stipulated wages.

We had been three days in the camp when the gathering was broken up, each gang taking their own way. What the meeting was about I could not exactly discover; one occasion of it was, to make arrangements relative to the different counties in which the subdivisions were to sojourn during the next year, so that they might know where to communicate with each other, and at the same time not interfere by being too near; but there were many other points discussed, of which, as a stranger, I was kept in ignorance. Melchior answered all my questions with apparent candour, but his habitual deceit was such, that whether he told the truth or not was impossible to be ascertained by his countenance. When the gathering dispersed we packed up, and located ourselves about two miles from the common, on the borders of a forest of oak and ash. Our food was chiefly game, for we had some excellent poachers among us; and as for fish, it appeared to be at their command; there was not a pond or a pit but they could tell in a moment if it was tenanted—and if tenanted, in half an hour every fish would be floating on the top of the water, by the throwing in of some intoxicating sort of berry; other articles of food occasionally were found in the caldron; indeed, it was impossible to fare better than we did, or at less expense. Our tents were generally pitched not far from a pool of water; and, to avoid any unpleasant search which sometimes would take place, every thing liable to detection was sunk under the water until it was required for cooking; once in the pot, it was considered as safe. But with the foraging, Timothy and I had nothing to do; we participated in the eating, without asking any questions as to how it was procured. My time was chiefly spent in company with Melchior, who initiated me into all the mysteries of cups and balls—juggling of every description—feats with cards, and made me acquainted with all his apparatus for prepared tricks. For hours and hours was I employed by his directions in what is called "making the pass" with a pack of cards, as almost all tricks on cards depend upon your dexterity in this manœuvre. In about a month I was considered as a very fair adept; in the mean time, Timothy had to undergo his career of gymnastics, and was to be seen all day tumbling and retumbling, until he could tumble on his feet again. Light and active, he soon became a very dexterous performer, and could throw a somerset either backwards or forwards, walk on his hands, eat fire, pull out ribbons, and do fifty other tricks to amuse a gaping audience. Jumbo also was worked hard, to bring down his fat, and never was allowed his dinner until he had given satisfaction to Melchior. Even little Fleta had to practise occasionally, as we were preparing for an expedition. Melchior, who appeared determined to create an effect, left us for three days, and returned with not only dresses for Timothy and me, but also new dresses for the rest of the company; and shortly afterwards, bidding farewell to Nattee and the rest of the gipsies, we all set out—that is, Melchior, I, Timothy, Fleta, Num, and Jumbo. Late in the evening we arrived at the little town of ——, and took up our quarters at a public-house, with the landlord of which Melchior had already made arrangements.

"Well, Timothy," said I, as soon as we were in bed, "how do you like our new life and prospects?"

"I like it better than Mr. Cophagus's *rudimans*, and carrying out physic, at all events. But how does your dignity like turning Merry Andrew, Japhet?"

"To tell you the truth, I do not dislike it. There is a wildness and a devil-may-care feeling connected with it which is grateful to me at present. How long it may last I cannot tell; but for a year or two, it appears to me that we may be very happy. At all events, we shall see the world, and have more than one profession to fall back upon."

"That is true; but there is one thing which annoys me, Japhet, which is, we may have difficulty in leaving these people when we wish. Besides, you forget that you are losing sight of the principal object you had in view, that is, of 'finding out your father.'"

"I certainly never expect to find him among the gipsies," replied I, "for children are at a premium with them. They steal from others, and are not very likely therefore to leave them at the Foundling. But I do not know whether I have not as good a chance in our present employment as in any other. I have often been thinking that, as fortune-tellers, we may get hold of many strange secrets; however, we shall see. Melchior says that he intends to appear in that character as soon as he has made a harvest in his present."

"What do you think of Melchior, now that you have been so much with him?"

"I think him an unprincipled man, but still with many good qualities. He appears to have a pleasure in deceit, and to have waged war with the world in general. Still he is generous, and, to a certain degree, confiding; kind in his disposition, and apparently a very good husband. There is something on his mind which weighs him down occasionally, and checks him in the height of his mirth. It comes over him like a dark cloud over a bright summer sun, and he is all gloom for a few minutes. I do not think that he would *now* commit any great crime; but I have a suspicion that he has done something which is a constant cause of remorse."

"You are a very good judge of character, Japhet. But what a dear little child is that Fleta! She may exclaim with you—Who is my father?"

"Yes, we are both in much the same predicament, and that it is which I believe has so much increased my attachment to her. We are brother and sister in misfortune, and a sister she ever shall be to me, if such is the will of Heaven. But we must rise early to-morrow, Tim; so good night."

"Yes, to-morrow it will be juggle and tumble—eat fire—um—and so on, as Mr. Cophagus would have said; so good night, Japhet."

The next morning we arrayed ourselves in our new habiliments; mine were silk stockings, shoes, and white kerseymere knee breeches, a blue silk waistcoat loaded with tinsel, and a short jacket to correspond of blue velvet, a sash round my waist, a hat and a plume of feathers. Timothy declared I looked very handsome, and, as the glass said the same as plain as it could speak, I believed him. Timothy's dress was a pair of wide Turkish trowsers, and red jacket with spangles. The others were much the same. Fleta was attired in small, white satin, Turkish trowsers, blue muslin and silver embroidered frock, worked sandals, and her hair braided and plaited in long tails behind, and she looked like a little sylph. Melchior's dress was precisely the same as mine, and a more respectable company was seldom seen. Some musicians had been hired, and handbills were now circulated all over the town, stating that Mr. Eugenio Velotté, with his company, would have the honour of performing before the nobility and gentry. The bill contained the fare which was to be provided, and intimated the hour of the performance, and the prices to be paid for the seats. The performance was to take place in a very large room attached to the inn, which, previous to the decadence of the town, had been used as an assembly-room. A platform was erected on the outside, on which were placed the musicians, and where we all occasionally made our appearance, in our splendid dresses, to attract the wonder of the people. There we strutted up and down, all but poor little Fleta, who appeared to shrink at the display

from intuitive modesty. When the music ceased, a smart parley between Melchior and me, and Philotas and Timothy, as the two fools, would take place; and Melchior declared, after the performance was over, that we conducted ourselves to admiration.

"Pray, Mr. Philotas, do me the favour to tell me how many people you think are now present?" said Melchior to Num, in an imperative voice.

"I don't know," said Num, looking up with his idiotical, melancholy face.

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared the crowd at Num's stupid answer.

"The fellow 's a fool!" said Melchior to the gaping audience.

"Well, then, if he can't tell, perhaps you may, Mr. Dionysius," said I, addressing Tim.

"How many, sir? Do you want to know exactly and directly?"

"Yes, sir, immediately."

"Without counting, sir?"

"Yes, sir, without counting."

"Well, then, sir, I will tell, and make no mistake; there 's *exactly as many again as half*."

"Ha! ha! ha!" from the crowd.

"That won't do, sir. How many may be the half?"

"How many may be the half? Do you know yourself, sir?"

"Yes, sir, to be sure I do."

"Then there 's no occasion for me to tell you."

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"Well, then, sir," continued Melchior to Philotas, "perhaps you'll tell how many ladies and gentlemen we may expect to honour us with their company to-night."

"How many, sir?"

"Yes, sir, how many."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Num, after a pause.

"Positively you are the greatest fool I ever met with," said Melchior.

"Well, he does act the fool as natural as life," observed the crowd. "What a stupid face he does put on!"

"Perhaps you will be able to answer that question, Mr. Dionysius," said I to Tim.

"Yes, sir, I know exactly."

"Well, sir, let 's hear."

"In the first place, all the pretty women will come, and all the ugly ones stay away; and as for the men, all those who have got any money will be certain to come; those who hav'n't, poor devils, must stay outside."

"Suppose, sir, you make a bow to the ladies."

"A very low one, sir?"

"Yes, very low indeed."

Tim bent his body to the ground, and threw a somerset forward. "There, sir, I bowed so low that I came up on the other side."

"Ha! ha! capital!" from the crowd.

"I've got a round turn in my back, sir," continued Tim, rubbing himself. "Hadn't I better take it out again?"

"By all means."

Tim threw a somerset backwards. "There, sir, all 's right now. One good turn deserves another. Now I'll be off."

"Where are you going to, sir?"

"Going, sir! Why, I left my lollipop in the tinder-box, and I'm going to fetch it."

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"Strike up, music!" and Master Jumbo commenced tumbling.

Such was the elegant wit with which we amused and attracted the audience. Perhaps, had we been more refined, we should not have been so successful.

That evening we had the room as full as it could hold. Mr. Velotté, *alias* Melchior, astonished them. The cards appeared to obey his commands—rings were discovered in ladies' shoes—watches were powdered and made whole—canary birds flew out of eggs. The audience were delighted. The entertainment closed with Fleta's performance on the slack wire; and certainly never was there any thing more beautiful and graceful. Balanced on the wire in a continual, waving motion, her eyes fixed upon a point to enable her to maintain her position, she performed several feats—such as the playing with five oranges, balancing swords, &c. Her extreme beauty—her very picturesque and becoming dress—her mournful expression and downcast eyes—her gentle manner, appeared to win the hearts of the audience; and when she was assisted off from her perilous situation by Melchior and me, and made her graceful courtesy, the plaudits were unanimous.

When the company dispersed I went to her, intending to praise her, but I found her in tears. "What is the matter, my dear Fleta?"

"O nothing! don't say I have been crying—but I cannot bear it—so many people looking at me. Don't say a word to Melchior—I won't cry any more."

I kissed and consoled her; she threw her arms round my neck, and remained there with her face hid for some time. We then joined the others at supper. Melchior, much pleased with our success, and highly praising the conduct of Timothy and myself, which he pronounced was, for the first attempt, far beyond his expectations.

We continued to astonish all the good people of ——— for five days, when we discovered the indubitable fact, that there was no more money to be extracted from their pockets, upon which we resumed our usual clothes and smock frocks, and, with our bundles in our hands, set off for another market town, about fifteen miles distant. There we were equally successful, and Melchior was delighted with our having proved such a powerful acquisition to his troop; but not to dwell too long upon one subject, I shall inform the reader that after a trip of six weeks, during which we were very well received, we once more returned to the camp, which had located within five miles of our last scene of action. Every one was content—we were all glad to get back and rest from our labours. Melchior was pleased with his profits, poor little Fleta overjoyed to be once more in the seclusion of her tent, and Nattee very glad to hear of our good fortune, and to see her husband. Timothy and I had already proved ourselves so useful, that Melchior treated us with the greatest friendship and confidence—and he made us a present out of the gains, for our exertions; to me he gave ten, and to Timothy five pounds.

"There, Japhet, had you hired yourself I should not have paid you more than seven shillings per week, finding you in food; but you must acknowledge that for six weeks that is not bad pay. However, your earnings will depend upon our success, and I rather think that we shall make a much better thing of it when next we start, which will be in about a fortnight; but we have some arrangements to make. Has Timothy a good memory?"

"I think he has."

"That is well. I told you before that we are to try the 'Wise Man,'—but first we must have Nattee in play. To-morrow we will start for ———," mentioning a small quiet town about four miles off.

We did so, early the next morning, and arrived about noon, pitching our tents on the common, not far from the town; but in this instance we left all the rest of our gang behind. Melchior's own party and his two tents were all that were brought by the donkeys.

Melchior and I, dressed as countrymen, went into the town at dusk, and entered a respectable sort of inn, taking our seats at one of the tables in the tap-room, and, as we had already planned, after we had called for beer, commenced a conversation in the hearing of the others who were sitting drinking and smoking.

"Well, I never will believe it—it's all cheat and trickery," said Melchior, "and they only do it to pick your pocket. Tell your fortune, indeed! I suppose she promised you a rich wife and half a dozen children."

"No, she did not," replied I, "for I am too young to marry; but she told me what I know has happened."

"Well, what was that?"

"Why, she told me that my mother had married again, and turned me out of doors to work for my bread."

"But she might have heard that."

"How could she? No, that's not possible; but she told me I had a mole on my knee, which was a sign of luck. Now how could she know that?"

"Well, I grant that was odd—and pray what else did she promise you?"

"Why, she said that I should meet with my dearest friend to-night. Now that does puzzle me, for I have but one in the world, and he is a long way off."

"Well, if you do meet your friend, then I'll believe her; but if not, it has been all guess work; and pray what did you pay for all this—was it a shilling, or did she pick your pocket?"

"That's what puzzles me—she refused to take any thing. I offered it again and again, and she said, 'No; that she would have no money—that her gift was not to be sold.'"

"Well, that is odd. Do you hear what this young man says?" said Melchior, addressing the others, who had swallowed every word.

"Yes," replied one; "but who is this person?"

"The queen of the gipsies, I am told. I never saw such a wonderful woman in my life—her eye goes right through you. I met her on the common, and as she passed she dropped her handkerchief. I ran back to give it her, and then she thanked me, and said, 'Open your hand and let me see the palm. Here are great lines, and you will be fortunate;' and then she told me a great deal more, and bid God bless me."

"Then if she said that, she cannot have dealings with the *devil*," observed Melchior.

"Very odd—very strange—take no money—queen of the gipsies," was echoed from all sides.

The landlady and the bar-maid listened with wonder, when who should come in, as previously agreed, but Timothy! I pretended not to see him, but he came up to me, seizing me by the hand, and shaking it with apparent delight, and crying, "Wilson, have you forgot Smith?"

"Smith!" cried I, looking earnestly in his face. "Why so it is. How came you here?"

"I left Dublin three days ago," replied he, "but how I came here, into this house, is one of the strangest things that ever occurred. I was walking over the common, when a tall handsome woman looked at me, and said, 'Young man, if you will go into the third public-house you pass, you will meet an old friend, who expects you.' I thought she was laughing at me, but as it mattered very little in which house I passed the night, I thought, for the fun of the thing, I might as well take her advice."

"How strange!" cried Melchior, "and she told him the same—that is, he would meet a friend."

"Strange—very strange—wonderful—astonishing!" was echoed from all quarters, and the fame of the gipsy was already established.

Timothy and I sat down together, conversing as old friends, and Melchior went about from one to the other, narrating the wonderful occurrence till past midnight, when we all three took beds at the inn, as if we were travellers.

The report which we had circulated that evening induced many people to go out to see Nattee, who appeared to take no notice of them; and when asked to tell fortunes, waved them away with her hand. But, although this plan of Melchior's was, for the first two or three days very expedient, yet, as it was not intended to last, Timothy, who remained with me at the inn, became very intimate with the bar-maid, and obtained from her most of the particulars of her life. I, also, from repeated conversations with the landlady, received information very important, relative to herself and many of the families in the town; but as the employment of Nattee was for an ulterior object, we contented ourselves with gaining all the information we could before we proceeded further. After we had been there a week, and the fame of the gipsy woman had been marvellously increased—many things having been asserted of her which were indeed truly improbable—Melchior agreed that Timothy should persuade the bar-maid to try if the gipsy woman would tell her fortune: the girl, with some trepidation, agreed, but at the same time, expecting to be refused, consented to walk with him over the common. Timothy advised her to pretend to pick up a sixpence when near to Nattee, and ask her if it did not belong to her, and the bar-maid acted upon his suggestions, having just before that quitted the arm of Timothy, who had conducted her.

"Did you drop a sixpence? I have picked up one," said the girl, trembling with fear as she addressed Nattee.

"Child," replied Nattee, who was prepared, "I have neither dropped a sixpence, nor have you found one—but never mind that, I know that which you wish, and I know who you are. Now what would you with me? Is it to enquire whether the landlord and landlady of the Golden Lion intend to keep you in their service?"

"No," replied the girl, frightened at what she heard; "not to enquire that, but to ask what my fortune will be?"

"Open your palm, pretty maid, and I will tell you. Hah! I see that you were born in the west—your father is dead—your mother is in service—and—let me see—you have a brother at sea—now in the West Indies."

At this intelligence, all of which, as may be supposed, had been gathered by us, the poor girl was so frightened that she fell down in a swoon, and Timothy carried her off. When she was taken home to the inn, she was so ill that she was put into bed, and what she did say was so incoherent, that, added to Timothy's narrative, the astonishment of the landlady and others was beyond all bounds. I tried very hard to bring the landlady, but she would not consent; and now Nattee was pestered by people of higher condition, who wished to hear what she would say. Here Nattee's powers were brought into play. She would not refuse to see them, but would not give answers till she had asked questions, and, as from us she had gleaned much general information, so by making this knowledge appear in her questions to them, she made them believe she knew more. If a young person came to her, she would immediately ask the name—of that name she had all the references acquired from us, as to family and connections. Bearing upon them she would ask a few more, and then give them an abrupt dismissal.

This behaviour was put up with from one of her commanding presence, who refused money, and treated those who accosted her, as if she was their superior. Many came again and again, telling her all they knew, and acquainting her with every transaction of their life to induce her to prophesy, for such she informed them was the surest way to call the spirit upon her. By these means we obtained the secret history of the major part, that is, the wealthier part of the town of ———; and although the predictions of Nattee were seldom given, yet when given, they were given with such perfect and apparent knowledge of the parties, that when she left, which she did about six weeks after her first appearance, the whole town rang with accounts of her wonderful powers.

It will appear strange that Melchior would not permit Nattee to reap a harvest, which might have been great;

but the fact was, that he only allowed the seed to be sown that a greater harvest might be gathered hereafter. Nattee disappeared, the gipsies' tent was no longer on the common, and the grass, which had been beaten down into a road by the feet of the frequent applicants to her, was again permitted to spring up. We also took our departure, and rejoined the camp with Nattee, where we remained for a fortnight, to permit the remembrance of her to subside a little—knowing that the appetite was alive, and would not be satisfied until it was appeased.

After that time Melchior, Timothy, and I, again set off for the town of ———, and stopping at a superior inn in another part of the town, dressed as travellers, that is, people who go about the country for orders from the manufacturers, ordered our beds and supper in the coffee-room. The conversation was soon turned upon the wonderful powers of Nattee, the gipsy. "Nonsense," said Melchior, "she knows nothing. I have heard of her. But there *is* a man coming this way (should he happen to pass through this town) who will surprise and frighten you. No one knows who he is. He is named the Great Aristodemus. He knows the past, the present, and the future. He never looks at people's hands—he only looks you in the face, and *woe be to them who tell him a lie*. Otherwise, he is good-tempered and obliging, and will tell what will come to pass, and his predictions never have been known to fail. They say that he is hundreds of years old, and his hair is white as silver." At this information many expressed their doubts, and many others vaunted the powers of the gipsy. Melchior replied, "that all he knew was, that for the sum of two guineas paid down, he had told him of a legacy left him of six hundred pounds, which otherwise he would never have known of or received." All the town of ——— being quite alive for fortune-telling, this new report gained wind, and after a week's sojourn, Melchior thought that the attempt should be made.

We accordingly packed up, and departed to another market town. Timothy, dressed in a sombre suit of black, very much like an undertaker, was provided with a horse, with the following directions: to proceed leisurely until he was within half a mile of the town of ———, and then to gallop in as fast as he could, stop at the best inn in the place, and order apartments for the Great Aristodemus, who might be expected in half an hour. Every thing in this world depends upon appearances, that is, when you intend to gull it; and as every one in the town had heard of the Great Aristodemus, so every one was anxious to know something about him, and Timothy was pestered with all manner of questions; but he declared that he was only his courier, and could only tell what other people said; but then what other people said, by Timothy's account, was very marvellous indeed. Timothy had hardly time to secure the best rooms in the hotel, when Melchior, dressed in a long flowing silk gown, with a wig of long white hair, a square cap, and two or three gold chains hanging from his neck, certainly most admirably disguised, and attended by me in the dress of a German student, a wig of long brown locks hanging down my shoulders, made our appearance in a post-chaise and four, and drove up to the door of the inn, at a pace which shook every house in the street, and occasioned every window to be tenanted with one or more heads to ascertain the cause of this unusual occurrence, for it was not a very great town, although once of importance; but the manufactures had been removed, and it was occupied by those who had become independent by their own exertions, or by those of their forefathers.

The door of the chaise was opened by the obsequious Timothy, who pushed away the ostlers and waiters, as if unworthy to approach his master, and the Great Aristodemus made his appearance. As he ascended the steps of the door, his passage was for a moment barred by one whose profession Melchior well knew. "Stand aside, excise-man!" said he, in a commanding voice. "No one crosses my path with impunity." Astonished at hearing his profession thus mentioned, the excise-man, who was the greatest bully in the town, slipped on one side with consternation, and all those present lifted up their eyes and hands with astonishment. The Great Aristodemus gained his room, and shut his door; and I went out to pay for the chaise and order supper, while Timothy and the porters were busy with our luggage, which was very considerable.

"My master will not see any one," said I to the landlord; "he quits this town to-morrow, if the letters arrive which he expects by the post; therefore, pray get rid of this crowd and let him be quiet, for he is very tired, having travelled one hundred and fifty miles since the dawn of day."

When Tim and I had performed this duty, we joined Melchior in his room, leaving the news to be circulated. "This promises well," observed Melchior; "up to the present we have expended much time and money; now we must see if we cannot recover it tenfold. Japhet, you must take an opportunity of going out again after supper, and make enquiries of the landlord what poor people they have in the town, as I am very generous, and like to relieve them; you may observe, that all the money offered to me for practising my art, I give away to the poor, having no occasion for it." This I did, and we then sat down to supper, and having unpacked our baggage, went to bed, after locking the door of the room, and taking out the key.

The next morning we had every thing in readiness, and as the letters, as the reader may suppose, did not arrive by the post, we were obliged to remain, and the landlord ventured to hint to me, that several people were anxious to consult my master. I replied, that I would speak to him, but it was necessary to caution those who came, that they must either offer gold—or nothing at all. I brought his consent to see one or two, but no more. Now, although we had various apparatus to use when required, it was thought that the effect would be greater, if, in the first instance, every thing was simple. Melchior, therefore, remained sitting at the table, which was covered with a black cloth, worked with curious devices, and a book of hieroglyphics before him, and an ivory wand, tipped with gold, lying by the book. Timothy standing at the door, with a short Roman sword buckled round his belt, and I, in a respectful attitude, behind the Great Aristodemus.

The first person who was admitted was the lady of the mayor of the town; nothing could be more fortunate, as we had every information relative to her and her spouse, for people in high places are always talked of. Aristodemus waved his hand, and I brought forward a chair in silence, and motioned that she should be seated. Aristodemus looked her in the face, and then turned over several leaves, until he fixed upon a page, which he considered attentively. "Mayoress of ——, what wouldst thou with me?"

She started, and turned pale. "I would ask ——"

"I know; thou wouldst ask many things, perhaps, had I time to listen. Amongst others, thou wouldst ask if there is any chance of thy giving an heir to thy husband. Is it not so?"

"Yes, it is," replied the lady, fetching her breath.

"So do I perceive by this book; but let me put one question to thee. Wouldst thou have blessings showered on thee, yet do no good? Thou art wealthy—yet what dost thou and thy husband do with these riches? Are ye liberal? No. Give, and it shall be given. I have said."

Aristodemus waved his hand, and the lady rose to withdraw. A guinea was in her fingers, and her purse in her hand; she took out four more, and added them to the other, and laid them on the table.

"'Tis well, lady; charity shall plead for thee. Artolphe, let that money be distributed among the poor."

I bowed in silence, and the lady retired.

"Who will say that I do not good?" observed Melchior, smiling, as soon as she was gone. "Her avarice and that of her husband are as notorious as their anxiety for children. Now, if I persuade them to be liberal, I do service."

"But you have given her hopes."

"I have, and the very hope will do more to further their wishes than any thing else. It is despair which too often prevents those who have no children from having any. How often do you see a couple, who, after years waiting for children, have at last given up their hope, and resigned themselves to the dispensations of Providence, and then, when their anxiety has subsided, have obtained a family? Japhet, I am a shrewd observer of human nature."

"That I believe," replied I; "but I do not believe your last remark to be correct—but Timothy raps at the door."

Another lady entered the room, and then started back, as if she would retreat, so surprised was she at the appearance of the Great Aristodemus; but as Timothy had turned the key, her escape was impossible. She was unknown to us, which was rather awkward; but Melchior raised his eyes from his book, and waved his hand as before, that she should be seated. With some trepidation she stated, that she was a widow, whose dependence was upon an only son now at sea; that she had not heard of him for a long while, and was afraid that some accident had happened; that she was in the greatest distress—"and," continued she, "I have nothing to offer but this ring. Can you tell me if he is yet alive?" cried she, bursting into tears; "but if you have not the art you pretend to, O do not rob a poor, friendless creature, but let me depart!"

"When did you receive your last letter from him?" said Melchior.

"It is now seven months—dated from Bahia," replied she, pulling it out of her reticule, and covering her face with her handkerchief.

Melchior caught the address, and then turned the letter over on the other side, as it lay on the table. "Mrs. Watson," said he.

"Heavens! do you know my name?" cried the woman.

"Mrs. Watson, I do not require to read your son's letter—I know its contents." He then turned over his book, and studied for a few seconds. "Your son is alive."

"Thank God!" cried she, clasping her hands, and dropping her reticule.

"But you must not expect his return too soon—he is well employed."

"Oh! I care not—he is alive—he is alive! God bless you—God bless you!"

Melchior made a sign to me, pointing to the five guineas and the reticule; and I contrived to slip them into her reticule, while she sobbed in her handkerchief.

"Enough, madam; you must go, for others require my aid."

The poor woman rose, and offered the ring.

"Nay, nay, I want not thy money; I take from the rich, that I may distribute to the poor—but not from the widow in affliction. Open thy bag." The widow took up her bag, and opened it. Melchior dropped in the ring, and taking his wand from the table, waved it, and touched the bag. "As thou art honest, so may thy present wants be relieved. Seek, and thou shalt find."

The widow left the room with tears of gratitude; and I must say, that I was affected with the same. When she had gone, I observed to Melchior, that up to the present he had toiled for nothing.

"Very true, Japhet; but depend upon it, if I assisted that poor woman from no other feelings than interested motives, I did well; but I tell thee candidly, I did it from compassion. We are odd mixtures of good and evil. I wage war with fools and knaves, but not with all the world. I gave that money freely—she required it; and it may be put as a set-off against my usual system of fraud, or it may not—at all events I pleased myself."

"But you told her that her son was alive."

"Very true, and he may be dead; but is it not well to comfort her—even for a short time, to relieve that suspense which is worse than the actual knowledge of his death? Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

It would almost have appeared that this good action of Melchior met with its reward, for the astonishment of the widow at finding the gold in her reticule—her narrative of what passed, and her assertion, (which she firmly believed to be true,) that she had never left her reticule out of her hand, and that Melchior had only touched it with his wand, raised his reputation to that degree, that nothing else was talked about throughout the town, and, to crown all, the next day's post brought her a letter and remittances from her son; and the grateful woman returned, and laid ten guineas on the black cloth, showering a thousand blessings upon Melchior, and almost worshiping him as a supernatural being. This was a most fortunate occurrence, and as Melchior prophesied, the harvest did now commence. In four days we had received upwards of £200, and we then thought it time that we should depart. The letters arrived which were expected, and when we set off in a chaise and four, the crowd to see us was so great, that it was with difficulty we could pass through it.

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From Inglis's Ireland.

BIRTH-PLACE OF GOLDSMITH.

Pallas-more, the birth-place of Goldsmith, is in the parish of Forghany, county Longford. Sir Walter Scott calls it Fernay, but this is a mistake. The hamlet of Pallas-more lies about three miles from Ballymahon, and about a mile from the high road which leads to Edgworthstown and the eastern part of the county. I walked up a green lane, and across some fields, and found myself at the hamlet. Goldsmith's house is not now in existence; there is only to be seen some small part of the wall of a fence, which seems to have enclosed the orchard. The site of the house is a little triangular field, overgrown with weeds and long grass. A few large ash-trees are scattered here and there; and close by are a few cottages, a little pond, and a very old orchard, with very old pear-trees in it, from which young Oliver most likely was wont to regale himself. From this spot there is a gentle slope down to some low meadows, through which flows the river Inny. The country round is a fruitful enclosed country of corn and pasture. Such is the spot, such the scenes, amidst which the infant genius of Goldsmith was nursed, and where he passed his early childhood. But it is supposed that when his father, who was probably curate of the chapel of ease at Forghany, was promoted to a benefice in Roscommon, Oliver was put to school at Ballymahon, where, upon the death of his father, Mrs. Goldsmith came and resided. Entries are now to be seen in a grocer's books, of articles furnished to Mrs. Goldsmith.

From the Quarterly Review.

Japan, voorgesteld in Schetsen over de Zeden en Gebruiken van dat Rijk; byzonder over de Ingezetenen der Stad Nagasaky. Door G. F. Meijlan, Opperhoofd aldaar. Amsterdam. 1830.

Bijdrage tot de Kennis van het Japansche Rijk. Door J. F. van Overmeer Fischer, Ambteenaar van Neêrlandsch Indie. Amsterdam. 1833.

It is hardly necessary to remind our readers that, from the year 1657, when the Portuguese were expelled from Japan, of all the nations of Europe the Dutch alone have been allowed access to the group of islands which constitute that empire. That this exclusive privilege has been ever confined within narrow limits, we knew from Kæmpfer and all the older authorities. From the works now under consideration, we learn that these limits have been progressively and recently narrowed, and that the trade which they still permit has so far declined under the discouragement and increasing jealousy of the natives, as to have become rather matter of curiosity and habit, than of commercial profit to the Hollander. Unconnected as our own country is, and must expect long to remain, by any bond of intercourse or communion with this extensive empire and singular people, we yet think that the majority of our readers will share with us the satisfaction and interest with which we receive any information, however scanty and imperfect, on this subject, from those who are alone enabled to afford it. We say advisedly, that we are likely to remain excluded from all means of investigation of our own.* In one instance, indeed, in the present century, our flag has waved in the harbour of Nagasaki, as we shall hereafter state, and with what result. We are aware also, that Sir Stamford Raffles, that great promoter of oriental enterprise, had his yearnings in that direction, and that the instructions for the late expedition to the Chinese seas embraced the contingency of an attempt at intercourse with Japan. We think it, however, much more likely that the sole remaining link between Europe and Japan, the Dutch connection, should be severed by violence or obliterated by disuse, than that either force or persuasion should devise a new one between this country or any of its dependencies and that empire; that New Holland, Borneo, or Central Africa, have a fairer chance of being diplomatised or dragooned into hospitality or submission towards us, within any period to which the speculation of mortal man can reasonably extend. The Dutch themselves, indeed, are confined to a solitary factory, and Decima, as a residence, presents means for the study of the three islands, little superior to those which the Isle of Sheppey would afford to a foreigner in this country, even though he were favoured with a biennial visit from the governor of Sheerness, and allowed about as often to make an excursion to Canterbury in a sedan chair, closely watched and attended by a body of the new police. The once annual visit of the deputies from the Dutch factory has been reduced to a quadrennial one—and it is at best a mere retreading of the route pursued by Kæmpfer, under circumstances and ceremonies precisely similar. Still the Dutch are the only Europeans permitted to inhabit that commercial prison, and to perform that unvaried journey, and whether a residence in Decima, and a pilgrimage to Jeddo, elicit new facts, or produce little more than a confirmation of those on record, we feel, in either case, thankful to any of them who, like Messrs Meylan and Fischer, will communicate their observations to the world. The two works in question are, indeed, locked up in a language which finds few students and fewer translators in this country or even on the continent: but these are not times when we expect Dutchmen to show complaisance to foreign nations, by abandoning their own language, and we are, therefore additionally pleased—to see them cultivating their national literature.

Mr. Meylan, the first author on our list, has resided for many years in the Dutch factory, where, we believe, he at this moment holds the situation of opperhoofd, or president. The unpretending title of "Sketches of Japan" would become a work more desultory and less instructive than the one before us. Into a thin octavo a great deal of information has been compressed; and the writer's observations are so concise and judicious, as to prove that the art of *book-making* is one which has been brought to little perfection at Decima. The volume of Mr. Fischer is a quarto, which, by its excellence of type and paper, and the singular beauty of its illustrations —being fac-similes of drawings by native Japanese artists—is of rank to figure on the shelves of an English collector, albeit as ignorant of Dutch as many collectors are of the languages in which the volumes they arrange on their shelves are composed. Mr. Fischer has resided nine years at Decima, and, in the year 1822, attended the president of the factory as secretary, on his journey to the metropolis. That he was zealous in his endeavours to profit by his opportunities for amassing information is proved by the volume before us, as well as by a splendid collection of Japanese curiosities which he succeeded in conveying to Amsterdam, and which, having lately been purchased by the King of Holland, is, we believe, like other similar possessions of that most munificent and judicious royal collector, open to the public at the Hague.

If the difficulty of learning any thing about Japan excite our curiosity, what we do learn of it is no less calculated to raise our wonder, and in some respects even our envy. Situated apart from either continent, between the old world and the new, it enjoys an immunity from almost the possibility of foreign aggression. It is true that

* It is worthy of remark that to English skill and courage the Dutch owe *their* first access to Japan. The Erasmus, the first Dutch ship which ever reached that coast in 1599, was piloted by William Adams. For his most curious and interesting adventures in that country, where his skill in mathematics and ship-building procured him a long but honourable detention, see *Harris's Collection of Voyages*, vol. i. p. 856. He deserves a high place in the list of the heroes of naval discovery and enterprise, and equally so among the diplomatists of commerce and civilisation.

tradition, and what to the European eye seems a strong resemblance, point to the main land of China as the primitive source of its language, religion, and customs, and that the introduction of these must imply conquest, if not discovery and original occupation. But these are events lost in the night of antiquity; and it appears that from the commencement of its annals, whenever an attempt at invasion has been made, the natural difficulties of access have been a sufficient protection; the current, the shoal, and the typhoon, have spared the Japanese Drakes and Effinghams all occasion for exhibiting their valour against the Tartar armadas of times within the record of history.* A country, for whose natural features Mr. Fischer finds his nearest European comparison in the Maggiores, Comos, and Luganos of northern Italy—cultivated like a garden to the summit of its hills; a climate under which the principal productions of the tropics grow side by side with those of southern Europe; a territory indented by seas, and intersected by lakes and rivers, swarming with every animal production of the water: a soil on which the radish attains the Brobdignag weight of sixty pounds, and the blossom of the plum expands to the size of an English cabbage rose;—and all this tenanted by thirty-four millions of people, living under a despotism, and that despotism not the will of an individual, but the fiat of rigid but stedfast, severe but immutable law, which, for at least two centuries past, has kept the community as free from civil dissension as from foreign invasion:—such is the picture presented to us by the most recent visiters to the shores of these *fortunate islands*. Do they not deserve the name, and ought even we, in the pride of our hearts, to spurn the fanciful parallel which some writers have drawn between Japan and Great Britain? The comparison can, indeed, be pursued little further than respects the magnitude of insular sovereignty, the difficulties in the way of invasion from without, and a threefold geographical demarcation, extant, indeed, more distinctly in the case of the three islands of Nipon, Sicoco, and Kisnu, than in that of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Where, however, in the well ordered empire of Japan Proper can we find the counterpart of Ireland? Where is the Japanese Connaught? Which of her sixty-eight peaceful provinces represents Tipperary? When has a Budhist been insulted by a follower of Sinto? What voice has been raised to repeal the union between Nankaydoo and Saykadoo, or to pronounce that Tookaydoo shall no longer contain the centre of government for both?

It would be idle, however, to suppose that, upon closer observation, darker features in the condition of these islands should not present themselves; nor is it to be imagined that the state of prosperous stagnation which all accounts concur in describing as the result of their social institutions, can be purchased except by a large sacrifice of mental freedom, and almost every prospect of further advancement. The summary which is to be gathered from these volumes of the *history* of Japan contains little that is not to be found in Kæmpfer. There are points connected with that history, on which the archives of the Dutch factory might be supposed to have preserved information of some interest; but they are subjects on which, even in that case, Dutch writers may be excused (if any *suppressio veri* be excusable) for avoiding to dwell—we mean the expulsion of the Portuguese, and the bloody extermination of Christianity. Few portions of the religious history of the world would be more interesting than a faithful record of these events. In the annals of Christianity, few examples have occurred of a triumph so rapid, followed by destruction so complete. Whether the force of circumstances *compelled* the Jesuits, who were agents of that great conversion, to associate themselves with a party in the civil feuds which then distracted Japan, or whether they did so voluntarily and in pursuance of the alleged practice of that order—of which their first apostle Xavier was a joint founder with Loyola—may be doubtful; certain it is that in an evil hour they took their part in the dispute, and perished. Japanese tradition attributes to them as a cause and justification of their fall, their rapacity and sensuality. This we doubt—those vices are usually the attendants of long and undisputed possession, rather than the circumstances in which these missionaries of a religion struggling into life were placed. It is likely that the hostility of their Dutch rivals may have magnified individual instances of such errors, and that the zeal of triumphant persecution may have perpetuated the imputation. It is also clear that the conduct of the Dutch, in conveying the fatal intelligence of the alleged designs of the Jesuits, was influenced rather by commercial jealousy, than by any indignation at the errors of their doctrine or the vices of those who preached it. Mr. Fischer admits that the Dutch were compelled to join in the persecution against the stubborn remnant of the Christian host, who, after the expulsion of the Portuguese in 1637, took refuge in the province of Sinabara. The siege, however, being converted into a blockade, the vessel furnished by the Dutch was, as they allege, allowed to return. The Christians preferred death to surrender, and 40,000 men are said to have perished on both sides before the extermination was effected. The magnitude of the holocaust affords some measure of the depth and tenacity with which Christianity had struck its roots into a soil, where it would now appear that little less than miracle can ever replant it.

From some of the Dutch accounts, we gather that the Hollanders, in the ardour of their rivalry with the Portuguese, nearly overreached themselves; for the latter, when they found that Christianity was placed under ban, informed the government, to its great surprise, that the Dutch themselves were *Christians*.* How the protestant Hollanders escaped being thus forcibly ab-

* This was the case in 1281, when the Japanese rejected the yoke of the Tartar conqueror of China, Che Tsou. He fitted out an expedition of 100,000 men from Corea, but his fleet was dashed on the island of Firando, and not a tenth part of his ships escaped destruction.

* See Valentyn—Description of the Old and New East Indies, vol. iv. article Japan.

sorbed into the bosom of the Romish church and sharing the honours of martyrdom, does not exactly appear, but we suspect that some of the tales, however often contradicted, of compulsory insults to the cross, had their origin in real events of this period. It is certain that the Dutch have ever since been confined to the area of the fan-like Decima, and that an imperial order is still read to them, on the great occasions of meeting between the governor of Nagasaki and the president of the factory, enjoining them to refrain from all communication with the Portuguese—a trifling circumstance, which proves satisfactorily to our minds the happy ignorance of the Japanese as to the modern politics of Europe; or, perhaps, a still wiser resolution, to affect an utter ignorance about them. In 1673, when an English ship was sent to attempt a revival of intercourse with Japan, the first question asked was whether it was long since the English king had married a daughter of the King of Portugal. This alliance was made the pretext of the total refusal of the Japanese to permit any revival of English intercourse.

It appears that the religious opinions of Japan may be classed under two great divisions, the Sinto and Boedso, the former being the sect which has been *established* from time immemorial in the country, the latter being understood to include the numerous modes of religious belief which have been imported from other countries. Mr. Meylan divides it into the Brahminical doctrine of Xaca, and the Chinese as established by Confucius. We cannot follow Mr. Meylan through his curious sketch of the various sects into which the followers of the Boedso are again subdivided, but we quote some of his remarks on the fact of the total and entire absence of religious dissension in a country containing some dozen established churches, of which the one of the highest acknowledged antiquity bears but a small numerical proportion to the others, if we can judge, by the ecclesiastical statistics of Nagasaki, of those of the empire at large. Out of sixty-one temples in that city and its environs, only seven belong to the Sinto persuasion.

"Never," says Mr. Meylan, "do we hear of any religious dispute among the Japanese, much less discover that they bear each other any mutual hate on religious grounds. They esteem it, on the contrary, an act of courtesy to visit from time to time each other's gods and do them reverence. While the Koeboe sends an embassy to the Sinto temple at Tsie, to offer prayers in his name to the invisible God, he assigns, at the same time, a sum for the erection of temples to Confucius; and the spiritual emperor allows strange gods imported from Siam or China, to be placed for the convenience of those who may feel a call to worship them, in the same temples with the Japanese. If it be asked whence this tolerance originates, and by what it is maintained: I reply from this, that worshippers of all persuasions in Japan acknowledge and obey one superior, namely, the Dayrie or Spiritual Emperor. As the representative and lineal descendant of God on earth, he is himself an object of worship, and as such, he protects equally all whose object it is to venerate the Deity; the mode of their so doing being indifferent to him. Let it not be thought that I prize this tolerance too high, nor let the cruel persecutions of the Christians in Japan be objected to me; I ask whether this toleration was not one of the causes which so far facilitated the introduction of Christianity there; but that which with me is conclusive is, that could the preachers of the gospel in Japan have been tolerant as the Japanese; had they not abided in the fast conviction that the belief in Christ was the only true road to salvation; and had they not in that conviction mocked and despised the gods of the country; could it have been possible that the bishops chosen from the first missionaries should have receded from insisting on their right of total independence, and could they have consented to place themselves under the protection of God's representative on earth, which the Japanese acknowledge in their Dayrie; lastly, could they have forborne to meddle in affairs of politics and government, then would no persecution of Christianity, in all human probability, have taken place, and perhaps, at this moment, the more perfect doctrine of Jesus would have triumphed over that of Confucius." —p. 79.

Whatever may be the merits of the plan thus, somewhat late indeed, suggested by our philosophical Opperhoofd, we own our surprise that the Jesuits did not hit upon it, except, perhaps, as far as abstinence from politics is concerned.

Before we quit this subject we must advert to a statement which we do not remember to have seen elsewhere than in the sketches of Mr. Meylan. He relates that a faith usually classed among those of Brahminical origin, and which had once been nearly universal in Japan, has, from its near resemblance in its doctrines to the form of Christianity introduced by the Portuguese, been involved in one and the same ruin. Its doctrines appear to have comprised the *existence, death, and resurrection of a Saviour born of a virgin*, with almost every other essential of Christianity, including the belief in the trinity. If this be a true statement and correct description, and if we then add to it the tradition that this form of religion was introduced under the reign of the Chinese emperor Mimti, who ascended the throne in about the fiftieth year of the Christian era, can we avoid admitting the conclusion that some early apostle reached the eastern extremity of Asia, if not the islands themselves of Japan?

The allusion in the foregoing passage to the person of the Dayrie, otherwise called the Mikaddo, the *spiritual emperor* of Japan, brings us to the consideration of its government; and it must be admitted that institutions which, for more than two centuries, have afforded some thirty-six millions of men the blessings of profound peace, accompanied by security of property, and a considerable share of the other elements of worldly prosperity, are not an unworthy subject of contemplation. For imitation we cannot, indeed, propose them to European readers. Whatever may be our opinion of the existing state of things, under the reform bill and the present administration, we cannot look forward to the establishment of Lord Durham as Koeboe at St. James's, or the installation of Dr. Maltby as Dayrie of Canterbury, enjoying the spiritual supremacy of the protestant, Roman catholic, unitarian, and Jewish churches, to be held by him and his heirs for ever. It is well known, however, that a form of government bearing a near resemblance to the result of such a proceeding as the above, is established in Japan on a footing which seems to set at defiance all speculation as

to its probable continuance. The system, indeed, is not, we are told, based on long prescription, and its apparent stability is to be ascribed solely to the success of its working and the wisdom with which its foundations were laid. From the close of the sixteenth century, when the Japanese *maire du palais*, Tayko Sama, separated the empire into its two lay and spiritual divisions, civil war has ceased, the pageant of government has been played on without interruption by the two principal actors and their subordinates, and the operations of the real executive have been continued with all the regularity and precision of machinery. The founder of these institutions must surely have been no ordinary legislator. The sceptre which he wielded has indeed become a bauble in the hands of his descendants, for the koeboe or lay emperor, equally with his spiritual counterpart, wears out his life in one long dream of ideal sovereignty: and so profound and subtle is the spell of habit, custom, and etiquette which wraps them in that charmed sleep, that it is impossible to anticipate the period of its dissolution, or the process by which it can be broken.

Mr. Fischer, indeed, hazards the conjecture, that by a quarrel between the koeboe and the dayrie, and by such an event alone, can any innovation or revolution ever take place in the existing political institutions of Japan. His conjecture, however, does not extend to the nature of the contingency which could ever bring about the collision. If apprehension, indeed, imply the existence of danger, and if caution indicate that apprehension, the frailty of those institutions might well be inferred; for suspicion and distrust prevail through every link of the social chain, and the precautions against foreign aggression, so apparent in their treatment of the only nations with whom intercourse is permitted, the Dutch and Chinese, are fully equaled by those adopted against innovation or disturbance within. A system of espionage extends itself throughout the empire, which embraces not only every public functionary, including the emperor himself, but every component part of society, down to the divisions of five families, into which—somewhat after the fashion introduced into England by our own great Saxon legislator—the population is every where divided. The dayrie resides a perpetual prisoner in his palace in the city of Miako, except on the rare occasion of a visit to the temple of Tsiwoinjo. Mr. Fischer doubts the tales in circulation of his being precluded from setting his foot to the earth, or allowing the sun to shine upon him; but that so old a sojourner and so close an observer should only *doubt* on such a subject, and not be able at once to contradict these stories, seems to us confirmation strong that such, or still closer restrictions, prevail. He is allowed, we are glad to learn, the solace—shall we call it?—of a wife and twelve concubines, and such diversion as music, poetry, and study, can afford. His pipe is smoked but once, and the dishes from which he has eaten are broken, like the tea-cup which Dr. Johnson threw into the fire; but Mr. Fischer adds, that these articles are economically provided of the simplest manufacture, and it is reported that no great substantial expense is permitted for the support of this shadow of sovereignty. When he dies, the event is sedulously concealed till his successor is fully installed in office, and the cry is raised of "Live the dayrie!" without even the preliminary half of the old French formula, "the dayrie is dead." The court is formed of a long hierarchy of spiritual officials. Among these are the kwanbakf, who represents the dayrie's person and executes his functions. From this office the koeboe is excluded. To the third spiritual office in rank, or sadayzin, he—the temporal sovereign—is sometimes admitted, as was the case with the reigning koeboe in 1822, on the occasion of his having completed fifty years of sovereignty. It ranks him with the gods, and no layman, from the time of Tayko Sama, had been before so honoured.

This lay emperor is, like the dayrie, shut up in the palace of Jeddo, in itself a city equal in size to Amsterdam. On the supposition that the affairs of his subjects are beneath his notice and dignity, he is surrounded by a circle of guards and ceremonies, which effectually prevent him from employing his royal leisure in any such ignominious pursuit. All other places of residence must appear mean and unworthy in comparison with the royal palace, and he is therefore never allowed to leave it.

The real executive is in the hands of seven councillors or ministers of the first class, six of the second, and two other ministers of the nature of inquisitors, whose peculiar province it is to guard against the slightest revival of the Christian religion in the empire. This council is presided over by a prime minister, and in case of irreconcileable difference of opinion among its members, the question is submitted to the arbitration—not of the emperor, but—of his three nearest relations, including always the heir apparent. With this council communicate the governors of the sixty-eight provinces into which Tayko Sama divided the empire, or rather the two secretaries of the said governors, to whom the real administration is confided. The nominal governments are hereditary, and are usually so burthensome and expensive to the occupant, that he takes the opportunity of committing his office to his son, the moment the latter arrives at years of discretion. It is necessary, therefore, in practice, to commit the real power to more experienced hands. The two secretaries take alternate turns of annual residence at the seat of their government and at the palace of Jeddo, their wives and families constantly remaining as hostages in the latter. While in their provinces, they are surrounded by the strictest precautions of etiquette and ceremony, are compelled to abstain from all intercourse with the other sex, and their hours of rising, eating, sleeping, going out, &c., are prescribed by rigid and invariable rule. Besides these provincial governments or counties with their lord-lieutenants and secretaries, the empire contains a certain number of royal cities under separate governors subject to similar regulations. The spies of the government are selected from every class of society, and it is said that Fouché or Savary might have studied with advantage in this vast

seminary of secret intelligence. Mr. Meylan, who professes to confine his reports principally to the city of Nagasaki, and to facts which have come under his personal observation, devotes one of his most interesting sketches to the local administration of that place, which is one of the above mentioned imperial cities. Here we find the system of espionage pervading the minuter divisions of society, to an extent, perhaps, never paralleled in any other country of the globe.

"Not only," says Mr. Meylan, "is the head of every family answerable for his children, his servants, and the stranger within his gates, but the city being divided into collections of five families, every member of such division is responsible for the conduct of the others, and in consequence, that which, according to European ideas, would be the height of indiscretion, becomes here the duty of every man, for every extraordinary occurrence which falls out in an household is reported by four curious witnesses to the members of the civil administration. House arrest is usually the penalty of the irregularities thus reported, and a severe one. The doors and windows of the offender's house are closed, generally for a hundred days, his employments are suspended, salary, if any, stopped, and the friend and the barber alike forbidden entrance. Every household is held bound to produce a man capable of bearing arms; a division of five constitutes a company; twenty-five such companies are arrayed under an officer, and constitute a brigade of six or seven thousand men; and thus the force of the city, apart from the regular military, or police, can be presently mustered. Guard-houses are established in every street, in which a guard is on duty every night, and on occasions of festivity or other cause of popular concourse, by day, each street has a rail or barrier at its issues, and can consequently be cut off from communication with the rest of the city at a moment's notice."

On the effects of this highly artificial system as to the prevention of crime, Mr. Meylan does not profess to decide, but he states that property and person are singularly secure, and that corporal punishment is rare. The latter circumstance, however, he is inclined to attribute to three causes; *viz.* to the severity of the law, its strict execution where guilt is proved, and the reluctance—there being no public prosecutor—of individuals to come forward as complainants in cases of a graver description.

The national character of the Japanese, as represented by our authors, is such as we might anticipate of a people largely endowed with the good things of this world, and utterly secluded from the remainder of the globe. Pride, sensuality, and ignorance, are its marking features, and this people and the Chinese reverse our western adage of *omne ignotum pro magnifico*, or substitute for the latter the word *ignobili*: for the profound ignorance of the rest of the world which involves these two great branches of the Tartar family appears to produce nothing but a complaisant assurance of their own superiority, and the most unmitigated contempt for the nations whose existence is darkly known to them. Over the Chinese, indeed, the Japanese possess one great advantage, in the access, which their learned men obtain and cultivate, to one language at least of modern Europe, the Dutch, which we suspect is better understood at Jeddo than in Paris; but in every other respect their communications with that nation can only tend to exalt their national arrogance, by the contemplation of the humble and abject posture which the Dutch are satisfied to assume in their dealings with them. It is probable, also, that the information their curiosity may occasionally extract from such a source as to other nations, tends to mislead rather than instruct. This national attribute of pride is also based on the universal belief that they are directly descended from the gods. With respect to their sensuality, it appears such as might be expected from a country which affords every means of indulgence, and where religion presents no check, nor custom any impediment of disguise. Nagasaki affords, we are told, for a population of 70,000 souls, sixty temples, and seven hundred tea-houses or public brothels; but were we to apply the same relative statistical test to the Christian capitals of Holland and England—we say nothing of the more decorous but extensive profligacy of Paris—would the result be more favourable? In Japan, at least, custom admits, after a season, the female inmates of these haunts into the bosom of society, and they become, it is said, exemplary wives and mothers. From this source, also, the inhabitants of the European factory obtain a certain class of female servants, who are said to attach themselves with strict fidelity to their masters for the time being.

Our readers are probably aware that the life of the Dutch resident is otherwise one of professed celibacy, no female being allowed to arrive on board of the annual vessel. Neither are any of the Japanese, who may be hired as male servants, allowed to remain in the factory between sunset and sunrise. "How then," asks Mr. Meylan, with innocent *naiveté*, "could the Dutch resident otherwise manage to procure any domestic comfort in the long nights of winter, his tea-water, for instance, were it not for these *inmates*?" The argument is, we admit, unanswerable, as to mere menial offices, but, as to the more tender services which are hinted at, we suspect that the wives left behind in Holland or Batavia would *not* concur in its cogency—nor do we suppose that Mr. Meylan would extend to those ladies a similar indulgence, even though they could affect a similar excuse.

The great feature of the social polity of Japan is the hereditary nature of all employments, avocations, and situations in life, and the consequent absence of most of those incentives of ambition which form the life-blood of European society. The population is divided into eight classes:—1. The reigning princes or governors. 2. The nobility. 3. The priests. 4. The military. 5. The civil officers, in which class Mr. Meylan includes the polite circles, &c. 6. The traders. 7. The handicraftsmen. 8. The labourers. Among all these there is but one profession, which, like the Parias of India, appears to remain under ban, or stigma, viz. that of the tanners. All intercourse with these is shunned and forbidden, and the executioners are chosen exclusively from their ranks. The three first lay classes claim the honourable but somewhat cumbrous privilege of wearing two sabres; the fifth, which includes surgeons, physicians, and generally those who practise what we

call a liberal profession, are obliged to content themselves with one sample of that favourite weapon. Their soldiers for the two last centuries have fortunately had little occasion to try its edge, but they, in common with the great mass of the classes who wear it, are said to be tremendously expert in its use. The manufacture of the article is also brought to a degree of excellence which Damascus itself in its best days could hardly surpass, and which Birmingham may despair to equal. This may be judged of from specimens in the museum of the Hague. If the Turk boast of being able to cut off the head of a camel with this two-handed engine, it is said that the Japanese professors can divide a fellow-creature through the middle at a blow. A favourite weapon is preserved as an heir-loom for ages, and a good one on sale frequently reaches the price of a thousand florins, or little short of a hundred pounds. This weapon is regarded with a kind of superstitious reverence. It is the constant companion of every individual of the classes entitled to wear it, even from his fifth year, when the Japanese youth is solemnly invested with it. When laid aside at meals or on other domestic occasions, it is always deposited close to the person of the owner, and he is careful neither to stumble against nor step over it. Fencing, the manège, and archery, are a part of the education of the upper classes, and in the latter they excel. With respect to "other appliances of war," they are said to have acquired little knowledge or use of artillery, previous to the general pacification of the empire, and little advance can have been since made in the art of the gunner, the engineer, or the tactician. Their fortified defences are hence far superior to any means of attack, which, in the event of renewed civil war, could be brought against them. The specimens of their arms which the Dutch have found means to export have been so obtained in evasion of a strict prohibitory law. The museum at the Hague contains a very fine suit of mail, with a vizor or mask of steel, the exact resemblance of the face of a Punchinello, and adorned with mustachios of bristles. We have seen another such in a museum at St. Petersburg. The barrels of their fire-arms are of equal excellence and beauty, but they are all matchlocks; their powder is very indifferent.

From our author's accounts we should rank the Japanese among the

> "Souls made of fire and children of the sun,
> With whom revenge is virtue."

Forgiveness of an injury Mr. Meylan asserts to be unknown, or only known to be stigmatized as a weakness or a sin. Of their courage it would be hard to speak, the article not having been tested on a large scale for two centuries. Mr. Meylan states, that in the armies of the infant Dutch East India Company were many Japanese soldiers, who did excellent service, and he believes them to be far braver than the other nations of the East. Suicide is frequent; and the duellist of Europe, however desperate, is far excelled, in our judgment, by the Japanese, who, in the presence of applauding, and frequently imitating relations and friends, rips up his own abdomen to escape dishonour. This was the conduct and fate of the governor of Nagasaki in 1808, when an English frigate found an entrance into that harbour, detained as prisoners the Dutch who boarded her, and demanded—in that ignorant and wanton violation of the religious law of the country which we regret to say so often marks the conduct of British adventurers—fresh beef as their ransom. The beef was supplied, but the governor, as soon as the Dutch under his protection were relanded, anticipated disgrace and ruin by the suicidal process above mentioned, and, as we have heard, others of his house swelled the sacrifice. We cannot too seriously inculcate upon our countrymen the folly and injustice of which they are too often guilty in endeavouring to subject the nations they happen to visit to their own very peculiar habits and practice. Mr. Meylan concludes that, in the case referred to, the governor deemed himself too weak to attack the vessel. It is certain that he was taken by surprise, for access to the harbour for a ship without a pilot is considered next to impossible, and the Dutch annual vessel is always towed in by native boats. We have heard, however, that the English captain, warned of his danger by the Dutch whom he had thus unjustifiably detained, only escaped in time, for that within a few hours fourteen thousand armed men were mustered on the coast, and that more than a hundred junks had been collected for the purpose of being sunk in the only channel by which the frigate could regain the open sea.

Among the better features of the Japanese character, that of filial piety appears to be the most conspicuous. The domestic virtues of the women are also highly extolled. In virtue of one of those laws established by the stronger party, while the man is allowed concubines *ad libitum*, adultery in the female is punished with death; but it is not for chastity alone, thus terribly enforced, that the Japanese wives are praised by Mr. Fischer, but also for their patience and ability as managers in households, which the pride of the husbands, rejecting all means of livelihood but the employment to which they have succeeded by birth, frequently reduces to extreme difficulty. For the rest, the station of the female in Japan is that which is allotted to her in Europe. She presides at the feast and adorns the social meeting. The samsie or guitar is even more invariably a part of female education than the piano in England; its touch is the signal for laying aside ceremony and constraint—and tea, sakki,* and good fellowship, become the order of the evening.

If we assume the perfection of the arts of tillage and manufacture as a test of civilisation, Japan may at least compete with any oriental nation. Mr. Meylan places it higher than any. He extols their field cultivation, but they appear to neglect their great opportunities for horticulture, as far as the kitchen and the dessert are concerned. As florists they are conspicuous, and the beauty of the productions of the soil in this department is known to every possessor of a greenhouse, and

* A spirit distilled from rice, the principal or only intoxicating beverage of Japan.

proprietor of a camelia. The singular art of producing miniature samples of the larger products of vegetation, unknown, we believe, in Europe, is practised by them to an extraordinary degree.* Mr. Meylan speaks as an eye-witness of a box offered for sale to the Dutch governor, three inches long by one wide, in which were flourishing a fir-tree, a bamboo, and a plum-tree, the latter in blossom. The price demanded was twelve hundred florins. Sharing with the Indian the religious prejudice against the slaughter of the cattle tribes, and indeed against the use of butcher's meat in general, pasturage and all its products they totally neglect; but the buffalo is used for tasks of burthen, and when it dies a natural death, its horns and hide are applied to the purposes usual among other nations. This perhaps is the source of the degradation in which the tanners are held. They have an aversion to fat or grease, which strongly distinguishes their cookery from that of the Chinese, and we may add the Tartar family in Europe. Poultry is much cultivated; pheasants and various sorts of game afford the squires of Japan ample occupation in their pursuit. The staple of their animal food, however, is afforded by their seas and rivers; and every product of both, says Mr. Meylan, from the whale to the cockle, is turned to account, down even to the whalebone itself, which is scraped and powdered into a ragout. This dish, as well as the raw dolphin, eaten with soy, sakki, and mustard, although Mr. Fischer speaks favourably of it, we can spare without envy to the Japanese, and the gentlemen of the factory. The stork, a bird which somehow has contrived to ingratiate itself with a large portion of the human race, for its domestic habits and services, and general social character, is respected here as in Holland and Calcutta.

"In a memorandum," says Mr. Meylan, "laid before the Dutch governor-general at Batavia, in 1744, is contained a calculation, from which it appears that at the beginning of the seventeenth century, when the trade with Japan was an open one, the export of gold and silver was ten millions of Dutch florins per annum," (about 840,000*l.*) This export was first contracted, and in 1680 finally forbidden. The same calculation goes on to say, that in the course of sixty years, the export of gold and silver must have amounted to the enormous value of from three to six hundred millions (from twenty-five to fifty millions sterling). If we consider that, in addition to this gold and silver, Japan produces a large quantity of copper, of which the Dutch have in some years carried off from thirty to forty thousand pekuls;† and if we add to this a large quantity of steel and iron; but above all, that all these metals are every where esteemed for their high degree of purity; we must conclude that the Japanese are not altogether unskilled in the arts of the miner, the smelter, and the refiner. They appear, however, to be open to the imputation of working their mines in a careless and extravagant manner, and are believed now to have reduced them to a state of great exhaustion. This circumstance is said to have been made use of by a pretended friend to the Dutch, in the councils of the koeboe, to bring about the limitation of their trade in 1790. "The cause of our friendship with the Hollanders," said he, "is trade, and the trade is supported by copper. If the one be exhausted, the other must fail. Is it not wise, then, to perpetuate our friendship by allowing only so much copper to be issued as our mines may be able for ever to afford? The mines are not like the hair of men, which being cut off groweth again, but, on the contrary, resemble his bones, which, if taken away, cannot be replaced." These arguments produced a restriction from two annual ships to one, which, however, in 1820, was mitigated, and the number of vessels and amount of copper again increased. In addition to the national manufactures, for many of which Japan has been long so famous with us, and one of which bears the name of the empire that furnishes it, the Japanese now imitate many of the finer works of European skill: telescopes, thermometers, and clocks, are manufactured at Nagasaki. One of the latter, by the description of Mr. Meylan, manufactured there as a present for the emperor, in 1827, must have rivaled those complicated productions of German chronometrical art, which usually tell us every thing but the hour. It was five feet in length, and three high; it exhibited a varied landscape, and a golden sun; on the striking of the hour a bird clapped its wings, a mouse issued from a cave and climbed the mountain, a tortoise crept forward to point the hour on the dial. Alas! that the bird should, with oriental inattention to perspective and proportion, have been bigger than the tree on which it sat! Alas! that the mouse should have climbed in an instant the representative of a mountain many thousand feet high!

Of the art of design as practised among them Mr. Fischer observes:—

"This art appears to have developed itself, to a certain degree, in very early times. Many screens and decorated walls in their temples bear the marks of remote antiquity, although it is hardly possible to ascribe any of them, as do the Japanese, to the eleventh century.

"I have never heard of a good portrait painter in Japan, and am of opinion that a reluctance exists among their artists to devote themselves to this branch of their profession, founded on superstitious feelings. In all such works their attention is principally directed to accuracy in the details of costume and general air; the face is never a likeness."

Their Tartar brethren of St. Petersburg, whose criticism on the noble portrait of Alexander, by Lawrence, was first directed to the great painter's delineation of his imperial majesty's epaulettes, crosses, and ribbons, displayed similar feelings with respect to the fine arts.

The illustrations of Mr. Fischer's book, all copied from the productions of artists at Nagasaki, would alone be sufficient to prove that their painters are enabled to give their works much of that exquisite beauty of finish which delights the Dibdins in our illuminated missals, the offspring of monkish leisure. Of their lacquered ware, which

* For the mode of effecting this as practised in China, the reader may consult an interesting work lately published—"Wanderings in New South Wales, &c." by G. Bennet, vol. ii. chap. 5.

† The pekul is about 133lbs.

bears with us the name of the country that produces it, we need only say that the specimens which reach Europe are rarely such as would be considered of any thing but very inferior quality in Japan. The royal collection at the Hague bears witness equally to the dexterity of their artisans in many various departments. We remember observing, that the common chests which had been used to pack the articles for conveyance to Europe, and made of camphor wood, were equal in the finish of their execution to the finer cabinet work of the Gillows and Morells of London.

Theatrical entertainments are much followed, and they are far superior to those of the Chinese in respect to scenery and decorations. Their plays admit a Shakspearian mixture of the tragic and comic in the same piece, and an equally licentious—as the old French school would say—violation of the unities.

"Their leaders of the orchestra," says Mr. Fischer "if they deserve the name, are usually blind. They belong to a certain union or fraternity of blind persons, who bear the name of Fekis."

The founder of this society, tradition says, was a Prince Senmimar, who wept away his sight for the loss of a mistress. There is, however, another equally romantic version. Their theatres are much frequented, but the player's profession lies under that disrepute to which the irregularities of conduct incident to his mode of life have more or less condemned it in most countries, and from which the talents and virtues of many of its members have been insufficient among us fully to rescue it. The Japanese ladies take an advantage of the opportunities for display afforded by a side-box, which we suggest to the milliners of London and their fair cutsomers, as worthy of introduction during the opera season.

"The ladies," says Mr. Fischer, "who frequent the theatre, make a point of changing their dresses two or three times during the representation, in order to display the richness of their wardrobe; and are always attended by servants who carry the necessary articles of dress for the purpose."

Printed programmes of the piece under representation are always in circulation, and we doubt not that a Japanese playgoer, descending from his *norimon* at the box entrance, for they have three tiers, is saluted with an invitation to buy a book of the play, which Mr. Mathews, if he could once hear it, would imitate with his usual ludicrous fidelity.

They are altogether a gay and social people, and their somewhat cumbrous modes of politeness, and their addiction to compliment, appear but to promote good fellowship. Witness this description of Mr. Fischer:—

"In the great world the young ladies find delight at their social meetings in every description of fine work, the fabrication of pretty boxes, artificial flowers, birds and other animals, pocket-books, purses, plaiting thread for the head-dress, all for the favourite use of giving as presents. Such employment are in use to wile away the long winter evenings. In the spring, on the other hand, they participate with eagerness in all kinds of out-door and rural amusements. Of these the choicest are afforded by the pleasure-boats, which, adorned with the utmost cost and beauty, cover their lakes and rivers. In the enjoyment of society and music they glide in these vessels from noon till late in the night, realising the rapturous strain of the author of Lalla Rookh:—

Oh best of delights as it every where is,
To be near the loved one, what a rapture is his,
Who by moonlight and music thus idly may glide
O'er the lake of Cashmere with that one by his side!"

Mr. Moore will be pleased to find that his music has charms even for the Batavian exiles of Decima.

"This," continues his admirer, "is an enjoyment which can only be shared under the advantages of such a climate and scenery: viz. the climate of Nice and the scenery of Lugano. Their lakes and rivers are after sunset one blaze of illumination, as it were, with the brightly coloured paper lanterns displayed in their vessels. They play, meanwhile, that game with the fingers, which has been perpetuated from classic times in Italy. A floating figure is also placed in a vase of water; as the water is stirred by the motion of the boat, the figure moves. The guests sing to the guitar the strain "Anatoya, modamada," "He floats, he is not still," till at last the puppet rests opposite some one of the party whom it sentences to drain the sakki bowl, as the pleasing forfeit of the game. All this stands out in cheerful contrast to the dull debaucheries of the men, and the childish diversions of the women, among other oriental nations. The female sex, at least, have greatly the advantage over the scandal of the Turkish bath; and the man has equally with the Turk the resource of his pipe, in the intervals of those better enjoyments which the admission of the female sex into society afford him, and which are prohibited to the Musulman."

Foreign commerce being forbidden, their vessels are limited by law to such a construction as suits a coasting voyage, and necessitates them to run for one of their numerous harbours on the appearance of bad weather. The largest are described by Mr. Fischer as about one hundred Dutch feet in length, from twenty-five or thirty beam, and drawing six feet of water. Mr. Gutzlaf reports that he saw three Japanese barks lying in the harbour of Loo Choo, whose crews were anxious for communication with the strangers, which was only prevented by the mandarins of the island. It is probable that these islands and the coasts of the inhospitable Yesso are the usual limit of their navigation. Although, however, that navigation be by law confined to their own coasts, or a few islands not far distant, voyages of discovery have occasionally taken place by express command of the emperor. It appears from Valentyn's work (vol. v. part 2, p. 20), that, in the year 1686, a junk having sailed on such a voyage to the eastward, returned, after long absence, to Nagasaki. Its navigators would appear to have entertained a notion that he had reached the coast of New Holland, for hearing that, among the servants of the Dutch factory, there were some who had been born there, he sought for and interrogated them as to the manners and appearance of the natives. The parties could but imperfectly understand each other, but it was gathered from the Japanese captain's narration, that after sailing for many days eastward, and finding the sea still open, he had determined to put about. A storm, however, drove him farther on his original course,

till he reached a land, which his description led the Dutch to conclude to have been the coast of America, between the 40th and 50th degrees of north latitude. This is the last enterprise of the kind on record. We should like to see the Memoirs of some Japanese Basil Hall, who should have discovered the mouths of the Seine and Thames, and given some account of the barbarians who inhabit those distant regions.

Corea, a country far less known to us at present than Japan, was once under the acknowledged dominion of the latter. That dominion having fallen into abeyance during the Japanese civil wars, was reclaimed towards the end of the sixteenth century, but appears now reduced to some slight relations of commercial intercourse and feudal tribute. Tsusima, an island situated midway between the two countries, has a Japanese garrison; and it is there that the ambassadors of Corea are received, on the occasion of the accession of a new sovereign to the throne of Japan. Mr. Fischer had opportunities of seeing at Nagasaki some of the Corean barks which are occasionally driven on the southern coast of Japan. He describes the appearance of their crews, and the construction of their vessels, as indicative of a very low state of civilisation. The state of this country, and that of Yesso, is well calculated to confirm the Japanese in the notion of their superiority over other nations. The latter island was partially subdued in the year 1443, and was then nominally divided into provinces, but the interior has probably never been penetrated. It is tenanted by a hunting population, and, extending northwards into Kamschatkadale latitudes, is wrapt in Cimmerian barbarism. It appears to form a link of occasional communication with the Kurile islands under the dominion of Russia. It was to the principal commercial establishment on this island, Matzmai, that the Russian captain, Golovnin, was conveyed a prisoner in 1811. He was not liberated till full and formal satisfaction was obtained under the seal of the governor of Irkutzk, disavowing the proceedings of the Russian lieutenant, Chowstoff, who had committed some acts of plunder and incendiarism on the Japanese coast of Segalien. The Dutch assert that to the strangers in general whom stress of weather or obvious accident drives upon their coast, the Japanese show every hospitality consistent with a strict surveillance during their necessary stay and the facilitation of their departure. Mr. Gutzlaf is certainly right in stating, that, though the good will of China might open a wild field of eastern commerce to Great Britain in Loo Choo, Corea, and Cochin China, their consent would be no passport to Japan. Such an approximation could, in fact, only increase the jealousy of the latter, and would perhaps occasion the final exclusion of the Dutch.

The works of our authors being inaccessible to the generality of English readers, we regret the more that we can give but a brief notice of their remarks on the literature and scientific progress of the Japanese. Mr. Fischer has himself done much for future knowledge in the particular of their language, in recovering the traces of a work, the produce of long labour during the period when the war with England had cut off the Dutch residents from intercourse with Europe. We allude to the Dictionary of Mr. Doef, prepared with the permission of the Japanese government, and the assistance of ten native interpreters. This circumstance is the more remarkable, as the study of the Japanese language is generally forbidden to foreigners. A perfect copy was lost on the voyage to Europe; another exists, much prized and honoured, in the imperial library at Jeddo. Mr. Fischer, however, in 1822, discovered at Decima the original notes, and in 1829 had finished the work of restoration. We shall be glad to hear of its safe arrival in Europe.

Astronomy, or at least the inspection of the heavenly bodies and their movements, is, as usual with nations residing under a clear atmosphere, much pursued. Whether they have profited by their intercourse with Dutch literature, so far as to adopt a correct system of the science, Mr. Fischer does not state, but they are familiar with our chronometers, telescopes, and other instruments of observation, and measure their mountains with the barometer. In medicine their proficiency is small, and their prejudices forbid the study of anatomy. We have, however, condescended to borrow from them the use of the moxa, and, as we believe, the practice of acu-puncturation. Education, such as it is, is extended in public schools to all classes, and in no country in the world, perhaps, is the art of writing so universally diffused. It is strange that a nation which possesses over the Chinese the inestimable advantage of an alphabet, should waste time in the study of the language of those neighbours, considering it as the learned one. They are great collectors of articles of rarity, both natural and artifical, and their dilettanti rival our own in their pursuits of coins and pictures. The governor of the province of Tamba possesses a fine collection of European coins, and, in Jeddo, Mr. Fischer saw a collection of old European engravings, which had been preserved one hundred and fifty years in the family of the proprietor. Their museums contain many specimens of factitious monsters, mermen, serpents with the feet of birds attached, &c. One of the said monsters, made up of a salmon and a monkey, was not long since exhibited as a "a merman" in Piccadilly. Their taste in jewellery extends only to the metals, and their precious stones are rarely polished, or applied to the purpose of ornament or exchange.

There are at present, as Mr. Fischer informs us, but eight of his countrymen living who have personally visited the capital of this vast empire. We have already observed that the strict adherence of the Japanese government to precedent and usage, with respect to the quadrennial embassy from the Dutch factory to Jeddo, makes each visit a mere repetition of the former; and the circle of ceremony and precaution, which ever surrounds the travellers, allows, to the most acute, little means of adding to the observations of his predecessors. Some extracts, however, from Mr. Fischer's Narrative of his Fifty Days' Journey may not be unwelcome to our readers. We must premise that the embassy took place in the year 1822, and consisted of the Dutch presi-

dent of the factory, M. J. Cock Blomhoof, our author, who accompanied it as secretary, and Dr. Tullingh, physician to the factory. They started on the 6th of February, attended, as usual, by an *opper banjoost*, or superior Japanese officer, with three subordinates, three interpreters of different ranks, and a train of baggage-bearers, amounting to about one hundred men, and twenty horses; the latter being principally loaded with the bedding of the persons of rank, who themselves travelled in the easy and convenient litters of the country, called norimons. Additional baggage and provisions, not wanted for immediate use, were sent forward some days before, by sea, as far as Osacca on the principal island. The embassy was constantly preceded by two Japanese cooks, one to prepare the dinner at some convenient point of the day's progress, the other the supper at the resting-place for the night.

"On the 8th," says Mr. Fischer, "at Sinogi, we visited the hut of an old man, who from his youth had taken delight in beholding the passage of the Dutch. He was nearly ninety, and had seen our countrymen pass by upwards of forty times, and seemed to think himself fortunate in having lived to witness the transit of another embassy."

They reached, on the 12th, Kehura, a sea-port town on the channel which separates the great island of Nipon from that on which Nagasaki is situated, and distant about 180 miles from the latter city. They crossed, on the 13th, to Simineseky, the westernmost point of Nipon; from which, after waiting till the 22d for a favourable wind, they pursued their voyage along the coast eastward, for 117 miles, to the city of Moero, where they landed. After passing through many great and populous towns, among others Osacca, where, however, the press of the curious and the enforcement of etiquette prevented them from leaving their litters to make their observations on foot, as they wished, they reached, on the 7th of March, Foegimie, the last stage preceding Miako, the residence of the spiritual emperor.

"From Foegimie," says Mr. Fischer, "to Miako, a distance of two leagues, we passed through a continuous street of shops and manufactories. The magazines of earthenware, of grain, of game, and poultry, the tea-houses, sakki breweries, &c. are not to be numbered; and the animation caused by the crowd of passengers made this part of our journey most interesting. In Miako we were better lodged than in Osacca, and received an equally interminable number of visits. Miako, sometimes called Kioto, is the seat of the dayrie, and is computed to contain 600,000 inhabitants. The temples are beautiful: as well as the aspect of the river, which flows through the city, and the fertile environs. The women of this place are accounted the handsomest of the empire; and the arts and sciences are held in the first estimation. It is the place of rendezvous for strangers from all parts of the empire, who flock to it for the purpose of pilgrimage to the temple of Tsie, or to make their provision of the manufactures of the place. It is accounted the paradise of Japan, and specially famed for its salubrity."

The travellers appear to have been treated with respect by all whom they encountered on the road, and generally at their halting-places with the cordial and good-humoured hospitality which attends a welcome guest. The access of numerous visiters seems to have been no where impeded by any jealousy on the part of the government. In some places their entertainment was of a particularly affectionate description.

"On the 20th," says Mr. Fischer, "our journey lay through a very hilly district, and the ways were steep and difficult. The traveller is more agreeably surprised to find, in this fatiguing part of his course, resting-places, from which damsels, as amiable as they are comely, run forth to offer him spring-water, tea, and other refreshments, and to compel him to a few moments of repose in their abodes. We halted on the mountain in one of those tea-houses, where the privileges common to other travellers fell to our lot; and could not but concede to our Japanese friends, that the reputation of the fair sex for beauty in this district was fully borne out. Reason enough, here as usually, to grace our fair entertainers with the souvenir of a ring, a hair-pin, or other trifle. It is from this place that we obtain the first view of the renowned Fozie mountain, which raises its snow-clad summit above its fellows, and hides it in the clouds."

This mountain is elsewhere described as between 11,000 and 12,000 French feet in altitude, and as a volcano which has been for not more than a century quiescent. It is held in great affection by the Japanese, and constantly figures in the works of their artists and the pages of their poets and romance-writers; a distinction well merited by the beauty of its scenery and the fertility of its environs.

The embassy, which had left Nagasaki on the 6th of February, on the 27th of March reached Sinagawa, the Kensington or Kentish Town of the Japanese capital; which reminds the author, by the animation of its streets, and the multitude and splendour of its shops, of London.

"Long before we reached Sinagawa, we advanced, through the press of a crowded population, along broad streets, which may all be considered as belonging to Jeddo; and our progress to our resting-place occupied about two hours, at a steady and rapid pace. Nagasak-kya, the place appointed for our lodging, is situated close to the imperial palace, which forms the centre of the city. The diameter of the latter may be reckoned at from five to six leagues in extent."

Once arrived here, the travellers found themselves much in the situation of state-prisoners—permitted, indeed, to receive official visits, but allowed to issue from their residence only on the occasion of their audience of the emperor, and surrounded in their abode by spies in various shapes and disguises. Among these visiters were some who understood Dutch—viz. the imperial under-interpreter, several physicians, and the imperial astrologer, who rejoiced in the apposite name of Globius. These eagerly availed themselves of the opportunity afforded them for obtaining scraps of European information, and the strangers doubtless equally laboured to increase their knowledge of Japan. This intercourse with the natives, although under constant supervision and regulation on the part of the government, was so far unrestrained, that the lodging of the embassy was usually crowded with guests till a late hour of the night; and though the letter of the Japanese law forbade the female sex to enter its precincts, that ingenuity of curiosity which in

England has penetrated behind the throne in the house of peers, and insinuated itself into the ventilator of the commons, triumphed equally at Jeddo. It sometimes happened that a single male visiter came attended by six ladies—a circumstance which Mr. Fischer states by no means tended to protract the consumption of certain stores of liqueurs and confectionary which such occasions brought into play. Presents were interchanged according to the rank of the parties. A Dutch word or two written on the fan, as a substitute for an album, satisfied many of small pretensions. The secretaries of the government of Sadsuma brought an offering of twelve beautiful birds, fifteen rare plants, two lapdogs, two rabbits, with silks and other articles, conveyed in cages and cases which in value and beauty far exceeded their contents.

On the 6th of April, the great purpose of the mission was accomplished in the formal audience —to which the head of the embassy alone is admitted—of the emperor. The president is, however, attended to the threshold of sovereignty by his two European companions. After entering the palace, and waiting for an hour in a saloon, where they were exposed to the only circumstances savouring of impertinence or insult of which Mr. Fischer has, in his entire narrative, to complain, they entered the hall of audience, which he thus describes:—

"It is very large, but simple, and without pomp of decoration. They pointed out to us, facing the entrance, an elevated spot destined for the appearance of the emperor; on its left hand, the places for the princes of the blood, and the imperial councillors, according to their rank. Although every part of the palace, seen by us, is remarkable for elaborate and beautiful construction, as well as for a general air of grandeur in comparison with other buildings, this part of it is too particularly set apart for public occasions to allow of much display of pomp and luxury. The proportions of the doors and shutters are colossal, and the Japan work, gilding, and carving, rich, yet simple. When we returned to the ante-chamber a heavy storm arose, which fortunately lasted but for a moment, as otherwise the audience would probably have been postponed, seeing that his imperial majesty has a great dread of thunder. At eleven o'clock the president was summoned to his audience, from which he returned in about half an hour. The whole ceremony consisted in his making his compliment in the Japanese fashion from the spot appointed, and remaining, for a few seconds, with his head bowed to the matted floor, till the words "Capitan Hollanda" were cried aloud. A deep silence reigned, only interrupted by a gentle murmur, with which the Japanese express profound reverence. The governor of Nagasaki, and the chief interpreter, were the only persons who accompanied the president, and gave him the signal of permission to depart, which is effected, like his entrance, in an inclined posture, so that the party is aware indeed of the presence of a number of persons, but without violating the rules of Japanese politeness, cannot look about him, or indulge his curiosity as to surrounding objects which might deserve it."

On the whole, though occasionally oppressed with visits, and once exposed to a scientific examination from a whole faculty of royal astrologers (as was the physician of the embassy to a five hours' interrogatory from sixteen of his brother professors), Mr. Fischer speaks in the highest terms of the kindness and hospitality with which he was treated during his stay at Jeddo. Some of his friends put his risible faculties to the test by the compliment of appearing at his quarters in Dutch apparel, of ancient and various date and fashion.

We wish we could afford more of our pages to this remote and remarkable people; but for the present we must stop. We leave them to the complacent enjoyment of the conviction, that they are the first of nations, and the eldest descendants of the Deity. We leave them satisfied of their absolute and universal excellence, wanting no change—"least of all, such change as we could give them,"—and tenacious of the maxim, "that the commands of their emperor are like the sweat of man's body, which once exuded, returns not again to its source;" and we only further subjoin the well-balanced summary of their character with which Mr. Meylan closes his interesting volume:—"Cunning, polite, suspicious, reserved, sensual, impatient, haughty, superstitious, revengeful, cruel in cold blood, on the one side; on the other, just and honest, patriotic, exemplary in the relations of parent and child, firm friends, and *probably* not deficient in courage."

NAPOLEON AND THE TYROLESE.—During the campaign of 1809 Napoleon arrived at Brünn, in Moravia. He had to pass the Old Gate: a steep ascent leads to this gate, contiguous to which stand several houses. One of these houses was occupied by a mechanic, as a dwelling and workshop. Among his journeymen there was a native of Tyrol, an industrious and worthy fellow, but, like all his countrymen, a furious enemy to Napoleon and the French. On the morning that the Emperor rode to the Spielderg, the Tyrolese was missing. His comrades were just talking of him, when the apprentice entered the shop, and mentioned that he had seen the Tyrolese at the window of the loft. This awakened curiosity, and the master went up to the loft to look after the man. There he found him kneeling at the window, with a gun ready cocked lying before him, and his eyes fixed on the road by which Napoleon must necessarily pass. As the house stood on the declivity of the hill, consequently lower than the gate, the Emperor on horseback, at the moment when he came up to the gate, would have been nearly on a line with the window where his humble foe had posted himself; and the distance would have been so small, that scarcely any marksman, and least of all a Tyrolese, could have missed his aim. A few minutes after the master had disarmed his workman, Napoleon passed the gate, and rode down the hill.

ADA BYRON, the only living offspring of the illustrious poet, though scarcely fourteen, inherits, it is said, the genius of her father, and has written a wild dramatic romance which lately appeared at the Victoria Theatre. She is also about publishing a five act tragedy, called the "Deceived One, or the Fate of Geraldine."

From Johnstone's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE EXPERIENCES OF RICHARD TAYLOR, ESQ., OR, LIFE IN LONDON.*

CHAP. IV.

YOUNG MRS. ROBERTS'S THREE CHRISTMAS DINNERS.

Though an old bachelor myself, I have always had a fancy for visiting new-married people. I cannot, however, pretend that I have been able to approve of above half the unions my young friends are pleased to form. But whether I approved the marriage or not, where I liked the parties, and the deed was done, I have always found it pleasant to visit them, as soon as the first blush of the affair was past, and the sober household-moon rising over that of honey, or of treacle and butter. I like to look upon the first home, however humble, in which the young bride has shrined so many fond hopes; and to witness the effects of the heart-taught taste, which has adorned her bower in the brick and mortar wilderness. Then there are to be seen the little tokens of the affection and good-will of distant friends, which surround her like trophies and tributes. There is, too, the indescribable flutter of a vanity, now first divided between her own pretty person, decked in its bridal garniture, and her pretty sofas and window hangings; both repressed by the matronly dignity of a woman to whom belongs, of sole right, a certain number of silver spoons and china cups and saucers, and the whole consolidated by the awful responsibility of her who bears three small *keys of office*, and has a six inch account book, "to chronicle small beer," locked in a new rosewood eighteen inches desk, and who, you see by her face, nobly resolves to do her duty, as becomes a married woman, who has to spend money, and keep house for herself and another. There may be and there are many giddy-headed, shallow-hearted creatures, who feel all the vanity, with none of the tremendous responsibility of this condition. My business, at present, is not with them.

It was my good fortune, in 1821, to pay my devoirs to three newly married women, on one frosty October morning: one of them in humble life, the two others in what is called the middle rank of society. Of these marriages I had heartily approved one,—that of my friend Joseph Greene; while I was doubtful of Mr. George Roberts's matrimony, and had openly disapproved, and so far as my advice went, opposed the wedding of Sally Owen. This Welsh girl was educated in a public charity; and, from ten years old to eighteen, lived first as an apprentice, and then a voluntary servant, under the same roof with myself, enjoying in her early discipline the vigilant superintendence of notable Nurse Wilks. From our abode she went into a better, that is to say, a more lucrative service; but our house she considered her home —her rendezvous on *her day-out*, and in all seasons of trial and difficulty. While with us, Sally was chiefly noticeable as a well-tempered, industrious girl, who cheerily scrubbed and dusted all day, and sang like a lark, "Far beyond the mountains," and other Welsh airs. In her new service she became more prudent and less girlish, which increased my concern when she came formally to announce her marriage. No folly that girls like her can possibly commit in the way of matrimony, will ever excite my surprise. Her intended husband was a boot-maker. He could make his couple of guineas a week, *if he liked to keep steady;* and needed never be out of employment *if he chose to work. Ifs* and *buts* spoil many a good charter: and it proved so with Sally Owen, who wept all night over my warnings and Nurse Wilks's scolding prophecies, and married in the morning in very tolerable spirits.

This was all past by two months or more, and I visited her tidy single room, not to hear more of her husband's faults, but much better pleased to listen to her shy praise of his kindness and *steadiness;* and that in one week he had earned fifty shillings! and placed it in her hand. I hoped she would take care of it, and so with good wishes embodying good advice, I left my compliments for Mr. Hardy, the extraordinary boot-maker, who could work miracles when he liked; and placed my gift of Franklin's life on a little rack above Sally's drawers.

Joseph Greene was a member of the Society of Friends. He was the eldest son of my old friend Joseph Greene, the draper, to whose long established business he had lately succeeded. About the same time a courtship, if such it might be called, of some three or four years' duration, had been brought to a close by Joseph marrying, with the full approbation of all concerned, the eldest daughter of a cloth manufacturer in Yorkshire, who I need not say was a member of the same society. The fair quaker I found endowed with a competent share of the comely and intelligent looks which distinguish the females of her beneficent sect. I was pleased with her manners, her conversation, her comfortable and well arranged abode; pleased, but not yet particularly interested, nor in the least charmed. Perhaps, I was too late of paying my marriage visit to this serenely sensible person, who, for aught that I saw, might have been married for seven years.

So far as human beings may dare to calculate on the course of human events, it was clear that this was to be a *soberly* happy couple, and theirs a flourishing household, established on the sure basis of prudence, mutual esteem, rational affection, competence of the means of a moderate life, perhaps a little romantic *love* also, though for this last I cannot swear; but certainly with a deep and holy sense of the duties and claims of the condition upon which they had deliberately entered, obtained by the discipline of a life, and enforced by the customs of their sect, and the sanctions of their peculiar institutions. Chance had thrown my third bride into the next door of the neat row of new houses, one of which, while their house was building, formed the temporary abode of Joseph and Rachel Greene. She was now the two months' wife of Mr. George Roberts, my brother's confidential clerk, whom I had known from a foolish boy,—who had, indeed, grown up with and among us. He was now neither a fool nor a boy; he was instead a sensible, and singularly acute fellow, above thirty; yet it had pleased him to fall in love, in the previous month of July, with a very pretty young woman, a governess in a school at Hastings, to whom he had carried a letter, and whom he had seen afterwards at church, and met two or three times during his sea-side sojourn. My brother and his wife, to whom Roberts was more than an ordinary *attaché*, thought the thing a more "foolish affair" than they might have done some twenty years before; but Roberts had certainly a right to please himself,—which he did, by marrying at Michaelmas, and laying out his savings, and a little more, in furnishing smartly the house next door, as I have said, to Joseph Greene. He insisted that I should come to see, he did not exactly say, admire *his* wife and *his* house; and I complied willingly. I had already seen her at a party given by my sister, in honour of "the foolish marriage." She was a lively, and almost a handsome, black-eyed girl, about twenty; and if not what ladies would allow to be a fashionable looking, she was at least showy and dressy; vain enough quite, and occasionally affected in her manners, though not yet wholly encrusted with either the scruf sugar-work or frost-work of an incurable affectation. Although the assumed fine *personage* would rise, and obtrusively come between one and the natural lady, it was not yet difficult to doff the shadow aside and come at the true woman.

* Continued from Museum for January, 1835, p. 75.

Mrs. George Roberts, like, I fear, ten thousand others of my countrywomen, had married with little more knowledge of the duties of her new condition, than belonged to the marriage dresses, the cake and cards, her ring, at which she glanced fifty times by the hour, her bracelets and combs, and the other paraphernalia of her rank and state. Yet there was occasionally that about her which did not show a woman to whom nature had denied either heart or mind, and I hoped she had fallen into tolerably good hands.

In those digital acquirements, named accomplishments, young Mrs. Roberts was no mean proficient. She also read French, and a little Italian, and had a natural talent for music, and, moreover, an ill-toned brass-mounted new cabinet piano-forte, which formed the principal ornament of the small drawing-room, into which I was ushered, by a fluttering girl in a wedding cap and top-knot. It was a temple worthy of the goddess; yet the general effect at this time, while every thing wore the gloss and freshness of novelty, was airy, and so to speak, *tasteful—French*, or Anglo-Gallican: and I suppressed the cynical idea, forced by an involuntary comparison of this apartment, with Rachel Greene's roomy bed-chamber, on the other side of the party-wall,—and the question, "How will all these *flimsies* look two years hence, —mistress included?" At present all was glittering, if not golden; and "brightly blue" muslin draperies, coarse gilding and lacker, and spider-limbed, crazy jointed chairs and sofas,—painted, and varnished imitations of expensive woods,—made up the inventory, and—all obtained prodigious bargains!

"As we can't afford to give many dinner parties, it don't much signify for the dining-parlour," said George, with the prudent air so becoming in a young husband. "And as we have only a limited sum to lay out in furniture, we have made any thing do for the family room down stairs, to have this one nice for Maria's little parties."

"But where the deuce are you to sleep?—This is your neighbour Greene's chamber through the wall there. Is your house larger?"

"Self-same every way—but the Greenes have no drawing-room—there is a very good small antechamber —what signifies where people sleep?"

"Then this is the *show-room*. It really looks pretty to-day—*humph*."

"It was so good of Mr. Roberts to leave the decorating of this apartment to myself," said the bride. "I so love a bright, delicate, pale, but not too pale, blue." We all looked around us admiringly at chairs, and squabs, and pillows, all "beautifully, brightly blue," and at the flowered muslin curtains, bordered with blue, and at every thing festooned with bunches of "bonny blue ribbons," even to Maria's dark hair. On her varnished work-table, with its blue silk bag, were blue bell-ropes, the twisting and twining of which formed her present employment. On other tables were volumes of neatly bound little books, and vases of artificial flowers, and cards of wedding guests; and the chimney-piece, was profuse of "ladies' work," in its numerous conceits, and flimsy varieties. But the most striking, and to me the most provoking part of the details, was the small portable grate, placed within a large new, bronzed, and lackered one, in which smouldered and smoked a few small coal, contrasting dismally with the clear-burning fire and cheerful fireside, I had, on this chill, lowering day, left in the next house. I am not yet done with these details. Upon the spider-legged work-table, which a puff of air might have overturned, lay the lady's cambric-laced pocket handkerchief, bordered by her nicely clean French gloves, which had been taken off, that she might prosecute the bell-pull industry; and on the handkerchief, a very pretty purse made of gold and purple twist, with a *rich* clasp and tassel; half-sovereigns and sixpences glancing brightly through, ready to start forth, prompt to do the hests of the fair owner as long as they lasted. I had no right nor wish to be *sulky*, nor yet to anticipate evil. There was nothing positively wrong, though there might be indications of excess of right. There certainly was nothing irreclaimable, nothing that a year's *tear and wear*, with its attendant experience, might not rectify. My friend George was so evidently delighted and charmed with his wife, his house, his domestic happiness and good fortune, that I could not be otherwise. I could also see that the household virtues, with their concomitant vices, were budding already in the thoughtful heart of his bride.

I would have been content with something quieter this morning than the lilac silk frock, one of the principal bridal dresses and my brother's present, put on to do me honour; but then the motive was so good. Mrs. Roberts was already half aware that frugality was a *virtue*, hence the *bad* fire—and industry a *duty*, hence the blue bell-roping, till the poor girl was herself blue with cold.

"You have been calling on our neighbour, Mrs. Greene," said Roberts.

"Is she so very pretty?" enquired the lady. "The quaker ladies are all imagined so handsome; that odd dress of theirs attracts attention to their faces,—yet I am sure it is not in the least becoming."

"Not in the least, only convenient, and *comfortable* as *clothing*. I wish their female costume were more elegant. But I beg pardon. My friend Joseph's wife is not *very* pretty. She looks the mild, intelligent, amiable young woman which I am certain she is. Her face is very *English*, both in features, and in its serene beauty of expression,—the real, not the *beau-ideal*, English beauty of modern artists."

"The quakers are not musical, I believe?"

"No?—I am sorry they are not.—I do not mean exactly musical, that is now an odious hackneyed phrase; but that those whom nature has attuned to the harmonies of sound, are not allowed to follow her bent. There can be no true wisdom in obliterating the gift of a fine ear, or a delicious voice, because it may sometimes be abused. Rachel Greene has a bookcase where your piano-forte stands. I should like to see both where there is taste and leisure."

"They seem to have very nice furniture though; very *expensive* furniture," rejoined the lady. The subject had become of importance to the young housekeeper, with whom sofas and tables were fairly dividing empire with gowns and bonnets, and threatening to subvert their reign.

"Perhaps the quakers think dear things cheapest. They have excellent, substantial, and even handsome mahogany furniture in sufficient quantity. This *tasty* little drawing-room corresponds to their family chamber. They have no flowery muslin draperies,—gilding or imitation work:—black hair-cloth chairs, and couches; and window curtains, and carpets of some warm colour and substantial fabric—I cannot tell you what all they have."

"And they have no best room," cried Mrs. Roberts, glancing round with triumph on her arrangement.

"They have, and keep it for themselves," cried George laughing. "That is so like broadbrim."

"I presume they may imagine themselves best entitled to the use of their own house. 'Greatest, happiest principal,'—hey George!—Sleep in a dog-hole all the year round, to have a handsome apartment to receive one's pleasant idle friends, once a month or so."

"One can't do without *one* apartment to keep neat for company. Roberts insists on making this our ordinary sitting-room; but as it is fitted up that cannot *prudently* be."

I admired the emphasis, and did not despair of Mrs. Roberts yet comprehending the true import of the word

graced with it. Another trifling incident I noted. Rachel Greene had herself taken from her small sideboard, the glasses and bright *silver* salver required when the refreshment of cake and a glass of wine was offered me. She had but one servant girl, who had come up with her from Yorkshire. Maria Roberts had exactly the same complement of domestic help; but the temporary bell-pull gave way, in sounding the alarm to the kitchen for the supply of our wants, and considerable bustle, misunderstanding, and delay occurred, before the gaudy japan equipage was forthcoming. When I took leave, Roberts told me laughingly, that I must come often to lecture his wife. I had a foreboding that the lectures might be required sooner than he anticipated. The question with me was, did Mrs. Roberts seem a woman likely to profit by elder experience in league with her own; and as I saw no reason to despair of her, but in her energy, activity, and liveliness quite the reverse, I frequently repeated my visits, and always found her busily employed in one useless way or another.

The first grand marriage dinner followed close on the completion of the fittings-up, the covering of the ottomans with blue, and the suspension of the blue bell-ropes. I could not resist it. My brother's wife, with prudent consideration of a very small house, took only one daughter to represent the five who were to appear at tea. Mrs. Roberts had spared neither time, nor thought, nor labour. She had given her orders with spirit; and freely drawn upon the thrice replenished gold and purple purse. The result was, every thing considered, and fair allowance made, a very *genteel entertainment*. True, we were sadly crowded:—many things were forgotten, several lacked of the thousand-and-one articles necessary to English *stylish* dinners; and there occurred numerous casualties. Several compulsory levies were made during dinner on the glass and plate stores of Rachel Greene. But on the whole, though the thing did not work so well, where *hired* cook, *hired* footman, *hired* char-woman, hired every thing were strange and awkward, as where there is a well-drilled establishment, we got through the day, and night, without affording materials to Theodore Hook for a chapter on bourgeois pretension; leaving on the field of action three imitation rosewood chairs dislocated, and two broken, many stains on the bright blue furniture, compelled for the day to do parlour duty, with a large lot of cracked china and glass, and several plated forks reported missing.

"What's the good of Roberts giving such expensive fine dinners?" said my ungrateful brother, (who had praised the venison to the skies, and been helped twice) as we drove home. "His wife is but a child, poor thing, but he should have more sense. I must tell Master George this won't do."

My sister made her ordinary good-natured excuses. "It was the first entertainment—a marriage dinner; people must be like their neighbours."

"Well, well; all very good, Anne; but we shall see." What selfish suspicious wretches prudent men in business are! James was already thinking of another clerk.

On my future calls upon Mrs. Roberts, I found her always at work, busily employed, as if for daily bread, in embroidering caps and habit shirts, or altering and repairing her own dresses. One day in the end of March, as I find by my diary, I visited Mrs. Roberts, after having called upon her neighbour, Rachel Greene. Indeed I never went to see the one lady without calling for the other. Both appeared alike anxious to fulfil their duties; both were economical and *industrious;* but with how different an understanding of the domestic virtues! Maria Roberts was, beyond all doubt, the most laborious of these fair neighbours. By twelve o'clock or earlier, any day that I called, I found Rachel, all the arrangements completed that took her to the kitchen, seated in her parlour with her *plain work*. All her work I found was what women call *plain work;* making or repairing useful garments—often of very ugly shapes—without seeming to consider that one kind of useful *seam* had greater pretensions to gentility or elegance than another. Her work was very often neighboured by a book, for, as she modestly told me, this year, she had more reading leisure than she could in future look to have. At a regular hour she went abroad for her accustomed exercise, and generally brought home my friend Joseph to their early dinner.

"How I envy my neighbour—her walking and reading leisure!" said Maria, with whom I was now so intimate that she pursued her *ungenteel* work in my presence. "She looks always as if she had nothing to do—nothing to trouble her." The placid pair were passing, arm in arm, into their dwelling, accompanied by an elderly friend from the country, who had come on chance to share their family dinner.

"Why don't you make leisure—what are you always doing? Your family is exactly the size of Mrs. Greene's; your labours less in one way, for Rachel is a *martinet* about her house and furniture. She is making her new tables all looking-glasses. You tell me you have given up parties—what are you always doing?"

"Doing! Mr. Taylor; I wish you knew the half of it; but gentlemen never do understand ladies' work. I wish school girls only knew what married life is,—with a small income,—(a sigh.) I have not opened my instrument these six weeks; I have not looked into a book; indeed, I have given up the newspaper, it was so expensive, and such a waste of time, as Roberts sees it at his chambers. It is always *sew, sew, sewing*, as you see; but I don't repine at this. It is necessary that I should be industrious, and I rather like it." And she pinched, plaited, and held off, at arms' length, some part of the lilac silk dress which she was adapting to a new spring fashion, the garment having the misfortune to have been made in the extreme mode of the last October. I could perceive it was a tough job, and one which required both patience and affection for the work.

> The flirtish form to poor materials lent,
> And one poor robe through fifty fashions sent—

How much of female time is consumed in this way,—time, valuable for health, for knowledge, for social enjoyment, for really productive labour is thus destroyed!

"Maria, when we obtain that nicely balanced constitution of king, *Ladies*, and commons, of which we have so often talked, I hope Rachel Greene, representative of the women of this district, will bring in a bill, decreeing that when a dress is once made in the proper form, there it shall remain till worn out, or, at least, till it require to be turned. I will have no re-modelling, no adaptations to new style. How many mornings will this piece of gear cost you now?"

"Mornings! ay and evenings, Mr. Taylor,—four or five at the least, I assure you. If I have it finished before Easter Sunday it is all I expect;" and she again turned it over, and plaited away.

"Fit preparation for that festival! Let us count the cost. Four or five long delightful walks in these bracing, invigorating, spring mornings—exhilarating to health and spirits even in London streets. A great many hours of pleasant, useful, or serious reading;—storing knowledge for future days; ay, and several long evenings, in which you might have indulged your own taste and that of your friends, with some very good music, which you can give them when you like—no lady better."

"It is hard!"—(*a sigh*)—"But you know I work from *principle*—from a sense of duty. I can't afford to pay a dress-maker."

"Fashion anew a lilac silk gown from principle!—*Umph!*"

"From a principle of economy, Mr. Richard!"—(pee-

sickly)—"What can I do? I brought Roberts no fortune—I must be industrious;" and the needle flew, while the colour rose. How could I be displeased? I blamed my own severity, and gave her virtue the praise it merited; for here was the virtue of industry, however unenlightened and misdirected.

"Your good opinion, I am sure, is very flattering to to me. Mr. Roberts has told me so much good of you; and I am so strange here, and inexperienced, that I am most grateful for your advice. I have been so much benefited by your conversation and knowledge already. It was you first gave me the motive to industry, by showing me how expensive every thing is in London."

"I am afraid I have blundered exceedingly, or else my patient has misunderstood my directions. If this sort of work *must* be done, it would, in my opinion, be better economy, better sense, better every thing, to pay for it ten times over, than ruin your health, waste your spirits, and sacrifice the comforts of your domestic arrangements in this way." Her colour rose yet higher, as we both looked round the somewhat littered parlour, in which Mr. Roberts was in a short time expected to dinner.

My remonstrances were not yet of any effect. My young friend was acquiring a young housewife's passion for *work*. She was what the women call neat-handed. She was inventive, ingenious, and loved to be fashionably dressed; and her whole time was accordingly spent in fabricating ornaments for her own person or her house. Hannah More speaks somewhere of six weeks of the precious time of an immortal creature being spent in embroidering a child's cap. She should have said—not by a poor creature who, to sustain the life of her own infant, must labour thus to decorate the child of some more fortunate woman, but by ladies commanding money as well as leisure. If Mrs. Roberts took not above a month to her christening-cap, it was because she was a very deft, and indefatigable needle-woman. Hardly was she earning the praise bestowed upon her by the good-natured of her own sex, of being a remarkably genteel, nicely-dressed young woman, and so excellent an economist!—the ill-natured sneered at the foolish attempt of a person such as she! striving to appear like one of thrice her fortune; and they perhaps were in the right.

CHAPTER V.—DUTY.

I have often been amused by the meaning women attach to particular words, and among others, to the stern word *Duty*,—that principle by which the stars are kept from "going wrong," and households from being converted into dens of dirt and discomfort. One morning, on my way to Roberts's house, I called upon one of my numerous dowager acquaintances, to pay my respects to a niece of a certain age then with her on a visit. I pretend to some skill in female works, for which, with my learned friends, I plead the example of Rousseau. When I had satisfied myself, or at least the lady, about the astonishing progress made by her pupils in the country, to whom my sister Anne had recommended her, I examined and admired her work.

"And such industry, Mr. Richard!" cried the aunt. "In the ten days she has been here, she has done as much as will trim five! and yet we go about all day."

"My dear aunt," cried the younger lady, bridling, yet with a modest blushing disclamature of all superhuman virtue, "I am only doing my DUTY."

The *duty* was twisting tape into a zig-zag form, to make a railing for the bottom of her five new petticoats.

When I walked to Rachel Greene's I met her at the door, going out to visit the infant school she had assisted to organise in this neighbourhood, and which she anxiously and unostentatiously superintended. She invited me to accompany her, and I asked permission to take young Mrs. Roberts. I wished much that these neighbours were better friends. "Certainly," said Rachel cheerfully; "these visits will soon form to her, as they already do to me, a delightful DUTY. I have of late taken a great fancy to watch children. I wish friend Roberts and I were better neighbours. I used to love to hear her through the party-wall singing her hymns and psalms; but I think she has given that up." Here was unexpected liberality, Perhaps Maria's music might be only Italian melodies or opera songs; but I was not going to tell that to Rachel. Maria could not go with us; she regretted it sincerely; "but all this must be done before dinner." She was making up a head-dress for an evening party—to save money—"You would not have me desert my *duty*?"

"Certainly not; but think beforehand, I would have you, of the kind of duties you lay upon yourself." Maria watched our return, and tapped on the window as soon as I had left my fair friend within doors "Oh, that sweet, serene Rachel Greene," she cried, half laughing; "how I do envy her!"

"Had you seen her in the last hour you might."

"Nay, I shall be jealous too. Roberts gets as bad as yourself, we shall have green-eyed monsters among us I can tell you, if we cannot be Greene."

"Why not be as *green* as desirable?"

"Is it the soft vernal grass, or bright apple, or brilliant emerald, green you would have me? Really, Mr. Taylor, you could not wish me to turn quaker?"

"Clearly not, unless your reason and conscience bid you; I don't intend to turn quaker, myself, but I would like to see you turn a *rational*, for which I am sure nature intended you, Maria, and from the friends you may obtain excellent hints. With what you call your limited income, how much comfort and leisure a quaker family could command; but how much more enjoyment you could command with your accomplishments and taste." There was, with me, one decided superiority which Maria held over my friend Rachel. Her different mode of education, and scope of reading and lively fancy, made her understand all my allusions, whether playful or sarcastic. This had at once established a certain correspondence and sympathy between us, even when we quarrelled. But if Rachel did not always perceive the point of my illustrations, Maria was far more backward in apprehending the force of my reasoning, when directed against her own notions and practices. It was in vain that I strove to convince her that the household god she had set up under the name of duty, was an ugly misshapen idol, blubber-lipped and with squinting eyes, consuming the time and wealth of its votaries in the besotted rites of a stupid and blinded idolatry. In vain I talked to her of the slavery to which she was hourly condemning herself. She could not yet renounce her idol worship.

"I wish we were as rich as the Greenes, Mr. Taylor," said she, "and then I should be so happy to visit your infant school, or walk or read, or be social,—but at present"———

"Why, at present you spend more money than Rachel Greene."

"You don't say so! This last year, to be sure, has been a dreadfully extravagant year; the outset always must; and that shocking expensive dinner!"

"I can at once tell you what Rachel Greene's housekeeping cost in the last six months."

"Does she talk to you of her family affairs? I thought that had been indelicate, improper, in money concerns."

"So English people in general seem to think. Money is the only thing of which they must not speak, because they are eternally thinking of it, because it occupies their whole souls, and because, poor creatures! they really feel it a disgrace and crime not to have a very great deal of filthy lucre—or what is thought a great deal for them.

Why else may not people talk with as much candour and frankness about their incomes as they do about their children, or any thing else nearly pertaining to them?"

"Family matters! Mr. Taylor?"

"Ay, family matters is the name. Be assured, Maria, it is either selfishness, insincerity, or coldness, that prevents *family matters* from being the topic most frequently talked over of all matters between true friends. These are interests, which, above all others, 'come home to *women's* business and bosoms.'"

(*A long deep sigh, followed by a pause.*)

"I believe that, Mr. Taylor: but you perceive how the world goes"——

"The world of England?"——

"All one sees, hears, or reads, forbids the sort of frankness, and the notions you hold. No one writes a book on education, on domestic morals, on household economy, or even on cookery, but what is adapted to wealthy persons,—Miss Edgeworth and Rousseau included. Their systems are all concocted for people worth at least 500*l.* a year;—and they require much more."

"I wish we had better elementary or guide-books, Maria. Your remark is acute, and far more just than many that are made by the critics on these works. Hannah More was an honest woman, when she said *Hints for the Education of a young Princess*, limiting her book to one individual. All works on education hitherto published, ought, in common honesty, to be entitled, *Treatises for training the children of the Rich*:—or books of counsel for the wealthy. We have no systems for the *many*—but still we have our "old experience"—

"To what does it *attain* in my case, sir?" My young friend smiled upon me with so much sweet earnestness, that I could not help vowing my best efforts to aid in solving her difficulty.

"With certain *data* to something like absolute certainty, Maria. For example, how much domestic comfort of the extrinsic kind, a family of three or four persons in London may secure for 200*l.* a year. Or take any British or Irish town, and vary our estimates from 15 to 25 per cent. You wont live 25*l.* per cent cheaper in Kerry or Lerwick than in London, believe me Maria—nor in any continental town I ever knew; though you may vary your style of living, you may *retrench*. If London is not a *cheap* place to those who wish to make it so, then is the division of labour mockery,—cheap carriage and the principle of *competition* all *humbug*. But London *is* a *cheap* place, cheaper than Boulogne, or the Norman islands, if you please to exercise your understanding aright—and exorcise, cast out, the Demon *Fashion*, and the Imp *Style*."

"To return to the *data*, Mr. Richard," said my fair friend. She really stuck better to a text than most women.

"The *data*, madam, in the present case, is £197 15*s.* 8½*d.* I found it in Rachael Greene's little book."

"Sordid creatures!" exclaimed Mrs. Roberts, "with an income like theirs to spend so little! For what do they hoard?"

"You are unjust, Maria. You take their highest rate of income. So do all enterprising gentlemen who afterwards grace the bankrupt list. My friend Joseph Greene's income, unlike my friend Mr. Roberts's, is fluctuating. This year his profits may be £500; next year £150, or less. Bad times have come on all retail dealers, and threaten to continue. His father made much more money in the same trade and shop. Now, Joseph and his wife in their honeymoon"——

"A quaker honeymoon!" cried Maria, in scornful mirth. "Fancy a pair of quaker turtles!" (*a scornful, hollow laugh.*)

"Call it what you will, Mrs. Roberts; it was the time of the first sensible, prudent, affectionate, and confidential talk between my friends, Joseph and Rachel Greene, by their own fireside, in the first month of their marriage: then and there they struck the average of the profits of our friend Joseph's trade, and resolved that £200 a year was all that could be reasonably afforded for household expenses."

"Sordid!" again exclaimed Maria.

"Far from it. The only circumstance I ever heard Rachel Greene regret—and she speaks most frankly of her means of life, not considering that there is any difference between £50 a year and £50,000, where each is the sole product of honest industry and diligence—is that she cannot know exactly at the end of each year how much is over—to be laid up, as she said, 'where moth and rust cannot corrupt, nor thieves break through.' She already guesses, I suspect, that our friend Joseph admires a different kind of investment. All her own savings, I know, she devotes to deeds of benevolence. Her heart, like the hearts of most women, is naturally compassionate. She even gives to common beggars, and forgets the far-seeing wisdom of her sect, and of the political economists. One day I checked her. 'Alas!' was her reply, 'that poor old man's pale, emaciated face tells me a true story. Shall not we *women* apply the lenitive, till you *philosophers* cure the distemper; because that poor man may perhaps be so far an impostor, shall I harden my heart against my fellow-creature—my fellow-immortal? Him who, as a Christian, I am bound to hope, shall share the joys of heaven with me—shall I withhold from him my wretched pittance on earth? Is this to do the will of Him who maketh his sun to shine and his rain to descend, alike upon the just and the unjust?"——

"Amiable woman! I was base to doubt her worth," cried my young friend, in whose eyes tears had gathered. "How shall I resemble her? Where learn like her to know and do my duty?"

However unfit I may be to give counsel, I am not the man to hear such an appeal with indifference.

"I have been surprised," I continued, "to find how nearly friend Rachel hit the mark in her expenditure. But she would not spend more—did not wish to spend much less. She has an excellent idea of the prices and values of all ordinary commodities, and of how much of every thing is required in a family of a certain number; and this, with the domestic discipline, frugality, and good management, which the uniform, regular habits of the quakers, and of many quiet English families, give their women as it were by hereditary right."

"Management!" Maria's ear mechanically caught the word. "Can you show me Mrs. Greene's system?"

"I cannot—probably it is not what you would call a system.

A few good instincts, and a few plain rules,

Maria, derived from her Yorkshire granddames. 'Economy,' says Johnson—no economist himself—'is a very nice thing—one man's coat wears out much sooner than another's.' Neatness, regularity—above all, order, and the absence of vanity—must be essential to her system. I believe that young housekeepers often fail from want of knowledge of the principles of arithmetic."

"Of ciphering, Mr. Taylor? Nay, I can challenge the whole quaker and housekeeping world there! I got three prizes at school for ciphering."

"But can you apply your knowledge, fair lady? Can you tell me in a moment how much a young couple, whose annual income is under £300 a year—call it for safety £270—may afford to expend on one dinner? Come, now, by any rule you please? *Experience—practice* is best—I mean without forestalling their income, an increase of their family rendering a certain enlargement of expenditure necessary." Poor Maria fluttered and coloured, tears again gathering to her eyes. I

cannot say whether *management* or maternity now preponderated in her heart.

"I cannot yet tell; but I fear not so much as this." She had unlocked the little desk, and taken out the *book* so thumbed and studied, and so mysterious in the frightful totals which it cast up out *of nothing*. To me the amount was at least not astonishing, as I was quite aware to what an enormous expense her absurdly extravagant first entertainment must have come; the soups, the fish, the game, the jellies, the creams, the dessert, the wines, the hundred-and-one incidental charges, which any woman less clever and anxious to probe to the bottom of the evil would have overlooked and slurred over; but which here stood in a formidable array of figures. *Plunder* ought to have formed a considerable *item* I dare say; but it was not entered under this head. It is always fortunate to make a good smashing loss at once, which may startle one, and put one on one's guard. "£18. 5s. 3d.; well, I don't think that so far out of the way, considering the good *style* in which the thing was done. Some things appear very reasonable—other items extravagant enough. A monstrous quantity of Epping butter; but good cookery requires good oiling; nothing in the world goes sweetly at first without it."

"And we gave a very nice, genteel evening party with the left things—ham, cakes, jellies, and other things."

"And that is a *per contra*."

"Oh! Mr. Taylor, a *per contra* to this abominable bill! No, no!—I am grieved and ashamed to look at it. How useful to me were half that money at present to get decencies and necessary comforts; no wonder Roberts says I cannot manage." This was unlooked for humility. "I dare say Mrs. Greene could have given half a dozen dinners with that money?"

"Probably a whole dozen, Maria, all good of their kind, too; but then the party would have been small, in conformity to the house, the attendants, the income, the number of *real* friends; to economy, good sense, and true social enjoyment."

"I see it all, Mr. Richard; Roberts was right in saying I can manage no more than a baby—no more than a baby! Think of that, sir; you who have seen how I have laboured for eight months out of the twelve I have been here, injuring my health, as you have told me often, and spending almost nothing upon myself: to be sure, I was fully equipped last year. I declare, when I have been chilled to death, tortured with chilblains and threatened with rheumatism, I have denied myself a shovel of coals in my chamber, to economise; while Mrs. Greene has a good fire every cold evening, and her chamber so much more comfortable than mine, as they have no drawing-room; but let the quaker ladies alone for taking care of themselves."

"To how much does *almost nothing* come, Maria?" was my rejoinder. "You must forgive my freedom, since you invite my counsel. Let us see." The little book was again produced. I was aware of one *irresistible* French summer bonnet and scarf, and an indispensable autumn evening shawl; but as it turned out, there were fifty other trifles, bits of lace, and joining lace, morsels of ribbon, scraps of gauze, gloves, shoes, &c. &c. that came, when summed up, to above £8. Maria was in astonishment. Her dexterous ciphering had never suggested any thing like this. "What you say of my friend Rachel's extravagance in fire and *comfort*, is quite like her good sense. She keeps possession of her own house for her own self; lives to her own feelings, her own conscience, even to her own comfortable bodily sensations, rather than to idle people's eyes, or to fashion and vanity; and is she not right?"

"That Mrs. Pantagus almost made me buy that bonnet and scarf, one day that she did me the honour to introduce me to her own *milliner*. I know it was wrong, too, to purchase *French* things. We should encourage the lace-makers and embroideresses of our own country."

I smiled involuntarily. "Now," she continued, "the quaker ladies give no encouragement to the industry of their own sex. They wear no lace, embroidery, or fancy articles. Now, surely it is right for women to encourage the industry of their own sex; and all ladies, you say, have a right to buy whatever they like and can afford."

"Which conscience and understanding approve:—clearly, Maria."

"Now, were we all to turn quakers, the whole factory-women would be thrown idle, with all the lace-workers."

"Not idle; only differently, and, I am sure, better employed, in their own households, as daughters, wives, and mothers, for such rational length of time daily, as neither trenched on health or enjoyment, and the mental culture, without which the condition of the human being, even with lace and embroidery, is but little above that of the beast which perishes. You blame the quaker ladies for not buying lace and embroidery; do you know any thing of the state of the poor women engaged in that manufacture, or in what you term fancy articles, married as well as single women?"

"Not much; only I know they work amazingly cheaply: so cheaply, that if I were as rich as Mrs. Greene, I would always buy, never make. That *thing*, as, like an ungallant gentleman, you term my beautiful *canezou*, has cost me six weeks' labour; and I could buy it in a cheap shop in the city for £1. 2s."

"And certainly not the half of that sum went to the poor creature, who sat bundled up fourteen or sixteen hours a day, poking her eyes out working it, earning from 6d. to 8d. daily. Have you ever had an opportunity of visiting the cottages or town-dwellings of the lace-workers in Buckinghamshire, Nottinghamshire, or Northampton county?—always abodes of discomfort and penury, often of actual starvation—where the natural order of things is very frequently inverted, the husband arranging the house, that the hands of the sickly, slatternly wife, may not be rendered unfit for the delicate employment on which her children's bread depends.

The free maids that weave their lace with bones,

are among the most miserable of the slaves of civilisation; and its chains press upon and gall us every one, the rich as well as the poor. But let me not say civilisation—it is a fashion, vanity, madness, I really mean. Society cannot be too highly civilised. I would see it rise to far higher enjoyments among its Marias, than this everlasting *ornamenting*, and needle and scissor work."

My young friend took up a book, with an arch glance at me. "This is a favourite writer with you, sir. What says he—'I love ornament! all nature is full of it.'"

"And so do I, love the ornament with which all nature is full: its colours, odours, forms; all its exquisite beauty, intricate or palpable, universal or minute—cannot be enough admired and glorified. Flowers, 'the stars of earth;' stars, 'the poetry of heaven;' these are ornaments I love—and for this, among a million reasons, that their beauty is immutable, unchanging. The rose has been the '*red, red rose*,' with the same rich foliage, since it first blossomed in Eden. The pale lily has risen on the self-same graceful stem, since the general mother, 'fairest of her daughters,' first bent her dewy eyes upon that flower of Paradise. So, when you quote Leigh Hunt against me, Maria, in favour of changeful fashions, as well as profuse ornament, you must quote in the spirit. If the rose chose to prank herself every season in new garniture, and sported yellow flowers with blue leaves, and brown with white the next, I should tire even of her: if the lily forsook her slender stem and pearly white tint—her Naiad beauty—to flaunt in crimson, with glossy

leaves, I would be for instantly deposing her as the queen of flowers:—yea if Jupiter himself—

'The star of Jove, so beautiful and large,'

chose to astonish the nations by rising to-night, angular in shape, with a deep, sapphire radiance, and to-morrow in flame-coloured taffata, I would vote him a huge bore—and any thing but an *ornament* to the heavens. The analogy between the ornament of which all nature is full, and the perpetually changing, gaudy, inappropriate artificial ornaments of vanity and fashion, does not in the least hold, or rather it makes for me."

"Then you would not discard all beautiful, all magnificent things,—nor even our pretty decorations?"

"Certainly I would not,—only ugly trumpery, useless trash, to which you make yourselves slaves."

"Lace, for example, that exquisite fabric which Rousseau admired so much?"

"The *Man of Nature* was, in many things, a very sophisticated, artificial personage, Maria,—almost a coxcomb. I have no objection to your lace, and delicate needlework; though, in my arcadia—my ideal republic—the beauty, health, and spirits of one order of the women shall never be sacrificed, that another may wear a thing about her face which Rachel Greene looks very pretty without, and Maria Roberts also."

"A compliment by implication! I shall value it were it but for the rarity," said my laughing companion. "Well, though our caps and veils cost something, pink bows, and *brides* included, the quaker ladies don't dress,—*clothe* themselves,—I beg pardon—for nothing. In the quality and fineness of the material, they are perfect *exquisites*."

"A consequence of really enlightened economy. Mrs. Greene seriously asked me one day if I could, in this part of London, recommend her to a *dear* shop. Persons with whom a fashion lasts till a garment wears out, show good sense in making it of such materials as are worth bestowing labour upon. But let us reckon now, Maria, the real difference of money-cost between your lace English cap, and Rachel's snug quaker one; or, say, between it and the tasteful veil of thin muslin, the becoming head-dress of a Genoese girl."

"I presume the Genoese head-gear like the quakers—(like, and yet how unlike!)—may cost 2s. or 3s.; mine, my own labour, *brides* and bows included, at least 25s; so there is a clear 21s. or more, for Rachel Greene to hoard, which I distribute in encouraging manufactures, you perceive, sir."

"To spend on her *infant school*, as like, Maria; or very probably in fuel or flannel petticoats for the poor creatures who have become sickly, and prematurely old, spending their life in fabricating ornaments for more fortunate women."

Maria sighed at this view of the question. "I do envy the rich, and the *Friends*, their means of benevolence."

"Don't be content with envying—*attain*; go to the fountain-head. The means of enlightened benevolence are in every one's power. Begin with my amiable young friend, Maria Roberts; emancipate her, in the first place, from her profitless, thankless toils, and this will be one great good gained."

"If the *world* would only come to your way of thinking, Mr. Taylor:—the first edict, I assure you of your king, *ladies*, and commons, which commands more rational conduct"——

"Unfortunately edicts won't do it." There was consequently no more to be said. What Maria called the *world* was still too strong for her. She was more and more its reluctant and repining slave; but not the less fettered that her very restiveness made the chain gall and fester in her flesh.

Before I saw Mrs. Roberts again, she had suffered from a severe rheumatic fever, produced by the cold sifting airs of her attic chamber; and by imagining that it was absolutely necessary to have furs to wear abroad, while flannel and fleecy hosiery might be dispensed with, not being *visible*, which, by the by, seems the practical belief of two-thirds of the female world, where both cannot be obtained.

Towards the end of the year tradesmen's bills, of all sorts and sizes, came tumbling in. Every new bill was a fresh surprise; yet their items were like housemaids' newspaper characters, *undeniable*. Maria studied, and summed, and filed, but could not cipher away the startling amount; and now mistaking the reverse of wrong for right, as far astray as ever, and more offensively, the small coals were meted out by scuttlefuls, the salt by cupfuls, she counted the candle ends, and reckoned the potatoes. The small joint was charred for want of fire and Epping moisture, the pie-crust smelt of rancid kitchen stuff. Roberts, in an angry fit, vowed that he would dine at an ordinary, and the maid mutinied. Another was procured—*cheap*,—an awkward country lass, who, hitherto accustomed to handle only wooden pails and buckets, broke all more brittle wares. Roberts was for the time appeased. Indeed, if he had not, he must have been a savage,—for poor Maria, almost killed with mental anxiety and efforts at management, gave birth to her first child; and, to save expense, dismissed her nurse so soon, and was taken so seriously ill in consequence, that my sister instantly procured a country nurse for her infant, and another for herself, scolding the unhappy Roberts for his senselessness; and making such inroads on Maria's savings and plans of retrenchment and economy, as I fully believe retarded her recovery.

By the middle of February Maria was restored to health—pale and meagre enough, but quite well as she vowed; and she brought home her child, from affection and economy, to be what old Irish and Scotish nurses call brought up "by the pan and the spoon,"—and English ones, "by the hand."

The christening feast and annual holiday-dinner were to be consolidated this year in furtherance of economy and retrenchment. Maria had given up her needle. She was now an active housewife. Long were the consultations we held. "I will show you a different bill from last year's," said she to me with harmless exultation in her newly acquired knowledge,—"You shall see how I will *manage!*"

I had no wish to damp her ardour, nor yet to check the current of her self-teaching. *Painful* experience I saw it was to turn out, but not the less wholesome in its effects. Her first dinner had been the *senselessly-ostentatious;*—her second was to be the most disgusting of all, the worst of mistakes, the *shabby-genteel*. I reserve its mortifying details and consequences for another chapter.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the Royal Society was held on Monday at the apartment of the society in Somerset House. In the absence of the Duke of Sussex, J. B. Lulback, Esq. took the chair; and after some preliminary business had been disposed of, the medals were distributed; the first to Mr. Lulback, for his papers and observations on tides; the second to Mr. G. Lyell, for his geological researches; and the third to Signor Pianna, for his astronomical observations. A letter was afterwards read from the Duke of Sussex, stating that he was aware of having been for some time an inefficient president, and that, should his indisposition unfortunately continue, rather than compromise the interests of the society, he should, previously to the next election of officers, deem it to be his duty, painful as such an event would be to his feelings, to tender his resignation of the office of president. The ballot for officers then took place.

London Athenæum.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

LIFE AND LABOURS OF CUVIER.

1. *Eloge de M. le Baron Cuvier.* Par. C. L. Laurillard. Conservateur du Cabinet d'Anatomie au Museum d'Histoire Naturelle de Paris. 1832. 8vo.
5. *Notice Historique sur les Ouvrages de M. le Baron Cuvier.* Par G. L. Duvernoy, D. M. P. &c. &c. 1834. 8vo.
3. *Eloge du Baron Cuvier.* Par M. E. Pariset, Secrétaire Perpétuel de l'Académie Royale de Médecine. 1834. 8vo.
4. *Mémoires sur le Baron Georges Cuvier, publiés en Anglais* par Mistress Lee, *et en Français* par M. Théodore Lacordaire. 1833. 8vo.

No private death within our recollection occasioned a more deep, general, and permanent concern than that of the eminent person, to record the particulars of whose life the above works have been written. For a time after it occurred, a feeling was left in men's minds as if the very course of natural science must be arrested by it; and vain as such a feeling must be—for the course of science can never wholly depend upon any individual, however wonderfully endowed—it not unnaturally arose out of the impression which so capacious an intellect as that of Cuvier made on the age in which its manifestation was permitted.

A long cessation of the rude excitements incidental to a state of war has left men more open to such impressions, and to the true glories of science an undisputed claim. Our enthusiasm now waits on the merits of the improvers of knowledge, and the fact speaks well for the age of which it embodies the character. To follow with eagerness the unavoidable devastations and outrages of conquest, to peruse with savage wonder the daily reports of all that legal carnage and unrestrained physical force can effect upon mankind, is no longer the accustomed occupation of a large part of the thinking world. After a quarter of a century of military glory, nations have leisure to ask to what end their triumphs have led, and what increase of happiness, what social blessings, have been purchased by so much bloodshed. The conquests which now excite our interest are those achieved in the fields of science, where victory scatters flowers and fruits—is not followed by exactions and sorrows that wring comfort from human hearts, but by happiness and pure delights. The force of which we now contemplate the prodigious effects, is that of the instructed mind of man. We applaud, whilst he lives, the philosopher who reads the heavens and the earth; and we grieve for him when death removes him from the world he improved. We weave the brightest wreath and costliest crown for those who benefit their fellow creatures, and the fresh leaves adorn their memory unspotted by cruelty and crime.

Certainly, of all those of whom enlightened nations have had to mourn the loss in this age, none was more deserving of their attachment, none did more for them, none performed his duty upon earth more efficiently and with more marked effects, none more advanced the thoughts of the philosophers of his time, or left the influence of his labours more visible on the labours commencing when his own were ending, than Cuvier. He not only lives in his works; his spirit is yet with us: even in death he is in the front of those who are advancing, and his very remains lead them on to the rich rewards of new discovery.

The journals of science and of literature throughout all Europe have shown the anxiety of different classes of writers to do justice to his greatness. His various acquirements, equally vast and minute, his multiplied labours, his elevated views, his private virtues, have furnished to each admirer so many topics of just eulogy. The naturalist, the moralist, the orator, the statesman, have each acknowledged the sympathy which binds them all to a man in whom every variety of merit seemed to be united, and whose eloquence equally adorned and enforced the philosophy of science and of life. His attached friends, and the pupils who reverenced and loved him, have felt that the contemplation of such a character charmed and elevated their own, and have lingered over reminiscences, before which all that was mean, or indolent, or unintellectual, fled away. The publications before us are but a few of the offerings laid upon his tomb, but they are sincere and precious. M. Laurillard, the conservator of the Cabinet of Anatomy in the Museum of Natural History of Paris, was a co-operator with Cuvier in several of his most important investigations, drew many of the figures which illustrate his works, and is entrusted with the publication of some of his manuscripts. M. Duvernoy is the professor of natural history at Strasburg, and deems no means so powerful to excite a noble enthusiasm in his pupils as that of setting before them Cuvier's example. M. Pariset is a distinguished physician of Paris, who has often been honoured with important public commissions, and whose attainments and eloquence render him a proper organ for the expression of admiration and gratitude on the part of a profession to which the labours of the naturalist had presented many valuable facts and opened great generalisations. Mrs. Lee's book, already well known in our own language, is the record of an accomplished friend, who, exhibiting in her appreciation of the writings and public services of Cuvier, a delicacy, a discrimination, an extent of information, and a modesty, most honourable to her sex, has also painted him as he was in private life, and in the bosom of his family, amidst the tranquil occupations of his study, or when sustaining as became him the domestic griefs which in his later years overshadowed him; and she has done this with a fidelity and a pathos to which we think the sympathy and tears of many readers must have borne an unsuspicious testimony.

From these publications might be collected ample biographical materials, which would be read with much interest; but these for the most part have already been laid before the English reader. Their perusal has, however, reminded us of Cuvier's claims to be commemorated, not only by those who love science, but by all to whom intellectual excellence, or even the pleasures of an elevated literature afford any gratification. When death has put a period to the

efforts of exalted individuals, exposed even by that exaltation to some misrepresentation, we may reflect, not without profit, on their earliest efforts, on their maturer performances, and on the hopes and thoughts which animated them until death extinguished all that mortal efforts can reach, or left the least perishable results to be transferred to successive minds for slow and complete development. We shall only mention such particulars of Cuvier's life as cannot be separated from a view of his intellectual progress. He was a native of Montbéliard, then the chief town of a principality belonging to the Dukes of Würtemberg. His parents were not in easy circumstances, his father being a half-pay officer, who, after forty years' service, was unable to afford to his son more than the common advantages of provincial school education. At fifty years of age he had married a young and accomplished woman, who became the mother of George Cuvier, and by whom his early years were guarded with affectionate and judicious care. Her more than parental solicitude for his mental improvement justifies us in adding the instance of Cuvier to the many examples of distinguished men who, perhaps, owed a considerable share of their greatness to the attainments and character of a mother of superior understanding. History presents us with numerous instances of this nature, and they seem the more curious when contrasted with an equally well established fact, that the children of very eminent men have seldom been distinguished for ability, and have frequently proved either feeble in mind, or of precocious talents and a fragile and unenduring frame. In many families rendered illustrious by one great name, the father and grandfather of the distinguished member of the family were men of good understanding, without being brilliant; but after the great man, the line has immediately and sensibly declined. The physiological hypothesis may be, that the offspring of men devoted to the pursuit of fame in arduous paths, are necessarily of imperfect organisation; or that there is some law which, permitting an ascending scale of intellect to render families eminent in a generation, checks their vain aspirations after perpetuity of influence, by withdrawing the gift when it has reached a certain elevation, leaving the proud edifice of their fame, which once they flattered themselves would reach the heavens, a mere unfinished monument. However this may be, Cuvier's mother was worthy to bear such a son. She watched over his infirm infancy with the tenderest care, and she saw and directed the developement of his wonderful faculties. "The joys of parents," says Bacon "are secret;" and great, although it may have been unexpressed and inexpressible, must have been the joy of such a mother watching such a son. He was singularly diligent and thoughtful, and when no more than ten years old was not only a delighted reader of Buffon, but faithfully copied all the plates, and coloured them according to the descriptions which he read. Accustomed as we are to speak of Cuvier as the great interpreter of the animated parts of nature, it is a pleasure to read that his affection for this admirable parent was cherished by him to the latest period of his life, and that nothing gave the great philosopher and harassed minister more delight than when some friendly hand had placed in his apartment the flowers which his mother had taught him in his youthful days to love.

An injustice done to his boyish merits caused him to abandon Tübingen, the first place selected for his education, and the church, to which he was then destined. With happier auspices he was sent to the Académie Caroline, under the more especial patronage of Charles, Prince of Würtemberg. This prince, after wasting some years in a vain imitation of the extravagances of Louis XIV., devoted much of his time and attention to the promotion of education, and founded the above-mentioned academy at Stuttgard, which, although commonly called the military school, and placed under a kind of military regulation, was in reality a school of public functionaries and statesmen. The young Cuvier's various talents, or rather his vast capacity, which had already become perceptible, were diligently exercised in a wide range of studies, including every subject connected with social and political economy; and to these it was doubtless owing that, in after life, when he entered upon so many and such diversified public duties, he was found to be well acquainted with all that he undertook. The pupils of the academy, instructed in every branch of knowledge that was especially useful to men destined to govern or direct the affairs of communities, became in many instances the ministers of the various courts of Germany, and even of that of Russia. Cuvier had acquired an equal knowledge of state affairs; but at Stuttgard, as before and ever after, his chief attention was given to natural history. He read the best authors, collected specimens, drew and coloured insects, birds and plants, in his hours of recreation.

Yet he was again to be the sport of accident. Injustice had alienated him from Tübingen, and the limited circumstances of his family made it necessary for him to remove from Stuttgard before he could be appointed to any public situation. In these circumstances he took what appeared to his companions the desperate resolution of becoming a tutor in a private family (that of the Count d'Héricy) in Normandy.

But as injustice could not prevent the development of his talents, so neither could any combination of unfavourable circumstances condemn them to indolence or obscurity. As a poor tutor in a retired part of Normandy, at the age of twenty-one, he laid the foundations of that fame which was to fill the ear of the world. The residence of the family, of which he had the charge of the only son, was not distant from the sea, and the study of marine animals became a part of his occupation. Even then he was enabled to make the fossil remains found in the neighbourhood, no longer mere objects of wonder, eloquently instructive, revealing something of the ancient history of the mysterious earth. He compared the living species of sea-animals with those found in digging the earth; and the dissection of a species of cuttle-fish led him to study the anatomy of molluscous animals. Whilst making diligent re-

cords of knowledge for his own use, he was actually rectifying the mistakes or oversights of naturalists of the highest name, and reducing the classification of the lower forms of animals, heretofore in confusion, to lucid order.

We can only pretend to trace the leading events which favoured the development of M. Cuvier's talents, and would refrain, with whatever difficulty, from encroaching on the task of his biographer, to whose pages we must refer the reader for innumerable particulars highly deserving of perusal and reflection. Among the relaxations of his situation, M. Cuvier, thus devoting some years to tranquil study, whilst all France was agitated with intestine commotions, gave some of his attention to a society established at that period at Fécamp, not for political discussions, but for the encouragement of agriculture.

About the same time, at the end of 1794, the venerable author of the articles on agriculture in the *Encyclopédie Méthodique*, desirous to escape the tyranny which persecuted him, took upon himself the duties of physician-in-chief of the hospital at Fécamp, according to M. Pariset; but by Mrs. Lee's account, those of a regimental surgeon, to avoid the discovery of his obnoxious title of abbé. Hearing that a society was formed in the place for the promotion of his favourite science, he attended one of its meetings, and took a part in the discussions. Cuvier recognised the opinions and expressions which he had read in the *Encyclopédie*, and at the termination of the sitting, advancing to the new speaker, took his hand and saluted him as M. l'Abbé Tessier. The alarm of M. Tessier was considerable, but uncalled for, for in Cuvier he had found a generous admirer and a friend. Becoming acquainted with the various acquirements of his new acquaintance, and with his performances, M. Tessier wrote concerning him to the celebrated Jussieu in the warmest terms of admiration. "At the sight of this young man," he said, "I experienced the delight of the philosopher who was thrown on an unknown shore, and saw traced there the figures of geometry. M. Cuvier is as a violet which was concealed among common herbs. He knows much; he draws figures for your work. I have begged him to give botanical lectures this summer; he has agreed to do so, and I congratulate the students of your hospital that he consents, for he demonstrates with much method and clearness. I doubt your finding a more able person for comparative anatomy. It is a pearl worthy of being gathered by you. I contributed to draw M. Delambre from his retreat; help me to draw M. Cuvier from his; he is made for science and the world."

These were warm and kind expressions, very honourable to M. Tessier's feelings, not less to his discrimination, and amply justified by the event. The immediate results were the transmission of some of M. Cuvier's papers to Paris, and his adoption, as a corresponding member, into the Society of Natural History of that city. Thus, observes M. Pariset, before visiting the capital, Cuvier belonged to it by the ties of knowledge and of friendship.

In a few months afterwards, being then twenty-six years of age, Cuvier removed to Paris, and soon became the colleague of M. Mertrud in the newly created chair of comparative anatomy at the Jardin des Plantes, which locality was from that time his home, and the spot in which he advanced to immortal celebrity. It was in the few months' interval which passed between his arrival at Paris and the obtaining of this appointment that he read several papers to the Philomathic and Natural History Societies on the anatomy of the mollusca, of insects, and of zoophytes; papers which caused him at once to be ranked with the most distinguished naturalists, and led to his obtaining the appointments to which he subsequently did so much honour. These papers were but the commencement of a long and brilliant career, created solely by his genius and industry.

"When his first writings made their appearance," says M. Laurillard, "probably no naturalist conceived that zoology could still give lustre to any name. It seemed, in fact, as if Linnæus, by his precise and easy method, and Buffon, by his animated descriptions, his bold views, and the conjunction, before unknown, of science with eloquence, had exhausted the subject; but to the man of genius nature is an exhaustless source of study and meditation. By applying the principles of the natural method to the classification of animals, M. Cuvier ran a zoological career not less brilliant and extensive than that of those two great men.

"Up to his day comparative anatomy, although it had occupied the attention of Camper, of Blumenbach, Hunter, Daubenton, and Vicq d'Azyr, had been little more than an object of curiosity, or of dissertations of more or less ingenuity. M. Cuvier contrived to make it a science which became in his hands the basis of natural history, and the abundant source of physiological truths.

"The labours of Saussure, of Deluc, of Pallas, and of Werner, seemed to have carried geology to as great perfection as it could attain: M. Cuvier, by the discovery of a species of monuments which living nature had left in the interior of the globe, created a new order of ideas in this science, of which the fertile results have changed the character of its philosophy."—*Eloge*, p. 6.

M. Cuvier's contributions to natural history in this early period of his Parisian life, remarkable as they were as proofs of industry, were so much more so as indications of profound sagacity, that the most accredited systems tottered in their base. Even that of Linnæus was found to be incorrect in its first classes, and utterly erroneous in that of insects and worms, when tried by the test of the natural method, already applied by Jussieu to the science of botany.

On looking back at the career of men who have risen by successive performances to the highest distinction, the obstacles against which those performances were achieved are so faintly seen amidst the splendour which they produced, that part of the lesson is lost to subsequent aspirers, who, feeling the pressure of difficulties of all kinds, and seeing the temple of fame shining afar off, on a steep all but inaccessible, forget, or do not know, that those whose names adorn that temple once felt all that now harasses their minds, or clouds the prospect before them. Many professed lovers of natural history resign themselves to inactivity, because they live in the country, and have no coadjutors, or no collections, or few, to resort to. Such per-

sons should remember how much Cuvier accomplished in Normandy; that he became acquainted with all the fishes of that coast, and all the shells, in years of early obscurity, and without pecuniary resources; that a collection having been fortunately made by a resident of Fécamp, every specimen it contained was carefully drawn by him; and that these were in reality the foundations of all that has since given imperishable lustre to his name. Great as was the reputation which Cuvier lived to enjoy, no characteristic of him is more striking than his early and high distinction; for it is evident that before he left the retirement of Normandy, he had already taken a very extensive view of the animal creation; and had read, with the eye of one destined to be the master of that science, the works of all the greatest naturalists. His letters, written from that retreat, exhibit the first outlines of great designs: and before he became personally known to the philosophers of Paris, he had arrived at those profound views which first guided his classification of the lowest classes of animals, to the exclusion of the most prevalent systems of the day. Thus when he appeared in Paris, it was but to be every where heard with delight and conviction, and honoured with applause and appointments. In the midst of these triumphs, however, his frame was frail and sickly, the exertion of lecturing wearied him, and every thing led to the apprehension that his brilliant course would be prematurely concluded. At the same time, the state of his circumstances was far from satisfactory. He had no private fortune, and the government of France was so unsettled, that the stipend attached to his appointments, and on which he and his aged father depended for support, was not regularly paid. "Do not imagine," he says, in one of his letters to his friend Hermann of Strasburg, who had congratulated him on the advantages he enjoyed in Paris, "that Paris is so much favoured. Twelve months' arrears are due to the Jardin des Plantes and to all the national establishments of instruction of Paris, as well as of Strasburg; and if we envy the elephants, it is not because they are better paid than us, but because, if they live, like us, upon credit, they at least know nothing about it, and escape the chagrin it occasions us. You know they say of the French that they sing when they have no money. We *savans*, who are not musicians, apply ourselves to science instead of singing, and it comes to the same thing. Believe me, my dear friend, this French philosophy is worth as much as that of Wolff, or even that of Kant; and you are even better able to profit by it than we are, as you can still buy fine books, and even artificial anatomical models, which are in this way articles of luxury." The allusion in the latter part of this extract is to the acquisition by the University of Strasburg of the work of Poli, entitled *Testacea utriusque Siciliæ*, accompanied by illustrative models in wax, of which he adds there was at that time only one copy in all Paris. It is doubly useful to quote these instances of the difficulties which beset even the brilliant path on which Cuvier entered from the moment he reached Paris; for his manner of noticing some of them, and perhaps the worst, shows that if he were not insensible to their pressure, he knew where to find their most certain alleviation.

Natural history may be said to be altogether a science of modern creation. The great name of Aristotle stands almost by itself among the Greeks in this department, and even the spectacle of the rare animals of Asia and Africa, which graced the gorgeous conquests of Rome, failed in exciting the Roman philosophers to the study of their forms and nature. Pliny alone made, with little success, the ambitious attempt to classify animals, as well as the other productions of nature. A long interval in the history of man is to be passed over before, arriving at the age of Redi, of Swammerdam, of Lister, of Willoughby, and of Ray, we see natural history taking the form of a system. Linnæus, when yet a young man, conceived the bold design of arranging anew all natural productions. His genius was equally profound and exact: he advanced to his great task with the devout feelings which should always accompany and elevate those who presume to interpret the works of nature, and he pursued his exalted studies, unshaken by the numerous and even malignant invectives which were directed against him. Availing himself largely of the labours of the celebrated men whose names we have just mentioned, in his hands natural history assumed more of the form of a regular science. His enthusiastic pupils carried the fame, and something of the spirit of their master, throughout Europe, and numerous institutions arose for the promotion of the science, of which he had made them the zealous cultivators.

Buffon, his brilliant cotemporary, lent to science the rare attractions of a lively fancy, which sought to clothe its images in expressions so eloquent and so felicitous, that not even the superior exactness of his successors or rivals was proof against their power to move and to enchant. Without the minute correctness of Linnæus, his mind embraced wider, perhaps sublimer generalities; whilst the defects associated with this cast of his mind were supplied by the laborious accuracy of his coadjutor, Daubenton.

Not pretending to enumerate every intervening labourer in the same track, which many celebrated names now began to illumine, it may be strictly said, that the general arrangement of natural objects by these two great men was the one commonly followed when Cuvier first appeared in Paris, and that the silent labours which preceded that appearance had already prepared the way for an improved classification, so philosophical and just as to be at once and universally adopted.

It had happened (we believe we may use that expression) that the attention of Cuvier, when in Normandy, had been directed precisely to those parts of zoology which the enquiries of preceding zoologists had left the most imperfectly investigated—the mollusca, vermes, and zoophytes. All these were included in one class by Linnæus, the class of *vermes*, consisting of five orders, the intestina, mollusca, testacea, zoophyta, and infusoria. This arrangement, dependent chiefly on that which had been the basis of Ray's classification, the differences in the respiratory and circulating systems, was materially modified by Cuvier, who

based his distinctions of animals principally on their properties of sensation and motion, the most marked attributes of animals. He was the first to show the intimate and general relations subsisting between the respiratory function, the motive powers, the forms of the skeleton and muscles, and the sensations and digestion; relations comprehending the totality or *entirety* of their properties, and leading to a true natural method of arrangement. Seeing that systems founded on any single organ, or on the most conspicuous varieties of external form, were insufficient to the arrangement of animals, according to their degrees of affinity, he applied to zoology principles analogous to those of the natural method, then recently introduced into botany, and which consisted in the distribution of the facts of a science into propositions so graduated and subordinate in their generalities, that their totality was the expression of the real relations of the objects. Thus proceeding, he established, as it were, the subordination of the respiratory and circulating systems, with all the properties implied by their amplification in different orders of animals, to the nervous system, in which the primary character of each living creature is written. These views had caused him, at the period of life of which we are now speaking, and in the very beginning of his career, to remove the mollusca from the class of vermes, where Linnæus had placed them, to the head of the animals destitute of vertebræ, to which place their superior organisation entitled them. Observation subsequently taught him, that certain species of the mollusca which had been indiscriminately denominated white-blooded, had red blood, and a circulating system; he collected them into a distinct class, the *annelides;* still correctly included, in conformity to his general view, among the invertebrated animals, although previously both incorrectly classified and designated. The best proof of the correctness of the principle of M. Cuvier's classification is, that in the progress of his observations it became confirmed by a wider application, and the principle of the masterly arrangement of his great work on the Animal Kingdom. The *Tableau Elémentaire* announced the principles kept in view in the *Règne Animal*, and their further elucidation in his projected work entitled *Grande Anatomie Comparée*, (for which all the previous labours of his life were but a preparation,) was only prevented by his death. He caught an early glimpse of a great truth which illumined all his enquiries, and throughout all his researches he ever kept it in sight.

His discovery of the red blood of the leech, and the other animals which he grouped in the class *annelides*, was made in 1796; and in the following year he read his celebrated memoir on the nutrition of insects, in which he showed the manner in which respiration was carried on by tracheæ, and absorption by imbibition, a necessary consequence of their want of circulation, which memoir led to the subsequent separation of these from the other articulated animals.

Whilst he was advancing, by these contributions to knowledge, to the fame of a great naturalist, it may be observed, that he evinced no wish to throw into ungrateful obscurity the great reputations which his own was eventually to transcend. In proceeding to treat of any of the great subjects which occupied him, his first care seems ever to have been to set before the reader the merits of his predecessors: he shows what they performed, and how far all who succeeded were indebted to them. Throughout each of his works his frequent acknowledgments of the aid derived from the observations of others show the candour of a great mind, zealous for truth, and truth alone.

The epoch of his removal to Paris was precisely that in which the arts and sciences, and social order, were beginning to be reestablished after the convulsions of the revolution; and although the military prowess of France for many years afterwards continued to occupy the thoughts of the population of that country, yet institutions arose favourable to science, and the cradle of great philosophers. The National Institute, one of the noblest societies of Europe, in which three of the previously existing academies were merged, was founded in 1796; M. Cuvier was one of the original members, and for more than thirty years held, among the great men who assembled in it, no undistinguished rank. His appointment in the Jardin des Plantes had now fixed him in the midst of those objects to which his life would have been devoted by inclination; and from the day of his appointment to the day of his death, his labours were devoted to forming and completing the collections of which it can now boast, and which, when considered with regard to their arrangement, as well as extent, may be pronounced unrivalled. Of the innumerable travellers who have walked through the museums of the Jardin des Plantes, during the last twenty years, the number of those prepared by previous studies to appreciate the treasures there thrown open to them, has not been, perhaps, very great in proportion to the mass; but those who have, with something like a systematic observation, traced the objects contained in those fifteen rooms, and have examined the specimens in the anatomical department, according to their arrangement, and with reference to physiology, are alone enabled to form some estimate of the life and labours of Cuvier. The view of these specimens, opened to the gaze of travellers after the peace of 1814, broke up the slumber of many old institutions: caused the venerable dust to disappear from among neglected specimens in almost forgotten cases in other countries; and gave origin to many new societies, now contributing to spread a love of natural history through all ranks of the people. Nor should it be forgotten, by those who despair of emulating such a collection, that the museum of comparative anatomy, when Cuvier first undertook its superintendence, consisted of but a few skeletons, tied up like so many faggots, and put away in obscure places; on which foundation he soon so far advanced the collection, that its further enlargement was carried on without opposition.

Many circumstances favoured the rapid increase of the specimens. Wherever enterprise or the love of glory led the warriors of France, it was

their pride to collect whatever might enrich the growing collections of their beloved Paris; and, under the directions of Cuvier, the numerous contributions thus received were arranged according to the system which his eloquent lectures explained. By labours which knew little intermission, and with the help of these daily increasing stores, he was enabled, observes M. Laurillard, to lay the foundation of comparative anatomy; to make the discovery of ancient zoology, and to introduce a reform throughout the whole series of the animal kingdom: a reform commenced in the outline of his lectures at the central school of the Pantheon, and finally completed in his great work entitled *Règne Animal.*

"In these works, setting out from these principles, (now, thanks to his perseverance and to the influence which his ideas have acquired, generally known,) that the natural history of a being is a knowledge of all its relations, of all the properties of that being, and that the whole of its organisation should serve to assign it a place in a methodical arrangement; he concluded that anatomy and physiology should form the basis of zoology, and that the most general and constant fact in the organisation should determine its grand divisions, and the least general and most variable facts the secondary divisions. He thus established a subordination of characters which ought to be, and alone can be, the principle of a natural method; that is to say, of such a method of arrangement of beings that the place occupied by each of them gives a general idea of its organisation and of the relations which connect it with all the others; a method which he regarded as science itself reduced to its most simple expression.

"Thus examining the modifications of the organs of circulation, respiration, and the sensations throughout the animal kingdom, instead of the six classes of Linnæus, namely, quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, fishes, insects, and worms, M. Cuvier established four great types,—vertebrated animals, molluscous animals, articulated animals, and radiated animals, which he calls *embranchemens*, and divides into classes of nearly equal value with those long established among the vertebrated animals.

"This was very much to raise the importance of the inferior classes; but already, since the time of Linnæus, it had become understood that neither size nor utility should enter into the computation in scientific distributions; and the justness of the reasons by which M. Cuvier supported his views caused them to be generally adopted. Hardly a murmur was heard in favour of the old classifications. We have, indeed, so little knowledge of the views of the Author of Nature, that the animals which appear to us to be of small importance with relation to ourselves, are perhaps as necessary to the general plan of the Creator as those which we place at the top of the scale of beings."—*Laurillard*, p. 12.

Cuvier had not been more than four years at the Jardin des Plantes before he commenced his *Lectures on Comparative Anatomy*, a work which had become indispensable to his numerous pupils; and in the course of five more years that invaluable work was brought to a conclusion. These lectures were delivered from notes, and with a persuasive eloquence quite unrivalled. His skill in delineating forms was so great, and the representations thus rapidly produced from memory was so exact, that it seemed to his pupils as if, instead of drawing, he had called the objects into an actual existence. It was with the assistance of M. Duméril and M. Duvernoy that these admirable lessons assumed the more durable form of a published work; and it was whilst preparing these lectures, in which, instead of considering the anatomy of each animal separately, every organ of the whole series of animals is examined in succession, that he devoted himself also to the formation of that museum of comparative anatomy which remains amongst the noblest monuments to his memory. The method of following each organ through all the series of animals, in order to deduce a general theory of their functions, evidently prepared him, and more especially in the contemplation of the vertebrated animals, for the discovery of an order of facts illustrative of the theory of the earth, upon which he threw, as is well known, at a subsequent period, so brilliant a light. By this route he attained to that impressive conclusion, not reached by previous naturalists whose attention had been directed to fossil bones, that these remains of animals belonged to extinct races, differing from those which now exist; and his researches further led to establish the fact, before unsuspected, that the differences between fossil and existing animals increase with the age of the strata in which they are discovered; and that these differences constitute a kind of chronological table of the different earths. Every geological student knows with what interest that study has been invested by these discoveries, to which indeed it owes much of its present popularity.

The fossils found in the most ancient layers had previously attracted attention, and served to feed the fancies of speculative observers with vague theories of their origin; but the fossils of later origin, which were the most likely to dissipate some of the obscurity attending the more ancient deposits, had attracted inadequate notice. It was only by the combination of mineralogical observation and the sciences relating to organic structures that the successive eras of the earth were made more clearly apparent. Surveyed with these helps, the most superficial strata became the most instructive; and they have been subsequently rendered familiar to us, not only by the labours of Cuvier and Brongniart, but especially by the accurate and interesting descriptions of Professor Buckland, who has done more than any other geologist in this country to render this branch of study generally interesting. The diluvial deposits of mud and clayey sand, mixed with round flints, transported from other countries, and filled with fossil remains of large land animals, for the most part unknown, or foreign to the countries in which they are found—these vast deposits which cover so many plains, and fill the bottoms of caverns and clefts of rocks, deposits which took place when the hippopotamus, the elephant, the rhinoceros, the horse, the ox, and the deer were the prey, even in our climate and soil of England, of the hyena and the tiger—have been carefully distinguished from the alluvial deposits containing the remains of animals common to the country in which they are found; and are now regarded as the most convincing proofs of an immense and ancient inundation. The alternate fresh and salt water formations between this diluvium and the chalk have been accurately discriminated;

and more particularly the great fresh water deposit, the gypsum, in the neighbourhood of Paris, in which, besides complete skeletons of many species of birds, entire genera of land animals have been discovered which have been found nowhere else; and which, as well as the trunks of palm trees and other productions of a tropical climate, with the bed which envelopes them, repose on a marine formation no less productive of shells, chiefly of unknown species. Bones of reptiles lie beneath this marine layer; of crocodiles and tortoises: but the mammiferous remains do not occur, and at the era of this layer did not exist, at least in that situation. Beneath this last fresh-water formation lies the chalk. But it is above this chalk formation, and between it and the era of the general deluge, that the explanation of the earth's history has been sought and found. Far beneath the chalk have been found, and chiefly in England, the remains of gigantic reptiles, crocodiles, pterodactyli, the icthyosaurus, the plesiosaurus, the megalosaurus, and others of the lizard tribe, the remains of an ancient era equally distinct. Lower than these are laid the vast deposits of former vegetables, coal retaining the impressions of palms and ferns, which show that even at those depths there once was dry land and vegetation, although no bones of quadrupeds are found there; whilst lower still the naturalist traces the first forms of existence, the crustaceous animals, zoophytes, and mollusca of a world yet almost inert and lifeless.

This department of enquiry is one in which Cuvier reaped an undisputed fame. A long line of distinguished naturalists, down to our own Hunter, had prepared the way for his arrangement of the individuals of the animal kingdom; and his claim to the highest honours as a systematic naturalist may be, and has been disputed; but the particular mode of surveying the composition or structure of the subjects of that extensive kingdom; the persevering research pursued in conformity to that mode, and its application to the fossil remains which had before been little more than objects of marvel, opened a new and rare volume to the reader of nature—a book sealed until his time—hieroglyphics solemn and instructive, but illegible until he surveyed them.

Before Cuvier, naturalists would seem to have been deterred from the attempt to classify the fossil bones of quadrupeds by the extreme difficulty attending it. The remains of other forms of animals, and the remains of vegetables, were less incomplete and less repulsive; and it was seen and acknowledged that they belonged to species either now unknown, or unknown in the regions of the earth in which the fossils occurred. So much concerning them Leibnitz had established; and this knowledge was by Buffon wrought into sublime but premature conjectures. Cuvier advanced to the subject more calmly, well aware of its bearings, and of their importance, but only therefore so much the more impressed with the necessity of making every step in the investigation of it secure before advancing farther.

From the imperfect fragments of fossil quadrupeds he thus elicited striking testimony of the early changes of the earth's surface, and materials for the history of its first and darkest periods: those periods concerning which even great philosophers had been content before with the wildest speculations. The large deposits of marine fossils, with which observers were previously familiar, did but prove that the surfaces whereon they were found were once the bed of the sea, which tranquilly allowed their accumulation. The discovery of a fossil quadruped in any layer proved the more important circumstance, that that layer must once have been the surface of a firm land, and indicated more and greater changes than a mere retiring and subsidence of waters. Cuvier addressed himself to the arduous task of arranging and describing, or rather of interpreting these quadruped remains, always less perfect than the marine fossils, presenting faint traces of the original forms to which they belonged, and, even when most complete, being still nothing more than the osseous portion of the structure of animals of which the characters were in other respects as varied as are those of the species now living. Attaching himself to one great principle, the natural *relation* of forms in organised beings, he conceived that by careful examination each fragment might be made to indicate the whole to which it belonged, and with the system of which it would always be found to have a correspondence. If, he reasoned, the intestinal structure of an animal is prepared for the digestion of flesh, and that recently killed, its jaws must be so constructed as to devour, and its claws so formed as to seize and tear it, and its teeth to cut and divide it: all its structure must be adapted to pursuing and catching its prey, and its perceptive organs must be fitted to discerning that prey afar off. Such must be the general character of carnivorous animals. As the general characters are connected with these general arrangements, so also for the particular characters by which their subdivisions are distinguished, there will still be found suitable arrangements; and the class, the order, the genus, and even the species may thus be determined, although the observer has never seen the animal entire. A jaw of a certain force must have a suitable articulation and a sufficiently large temporal muscle, indicated by the hollow formed in the bone for its reception, and by the convexity of the strong zygomatic arch. An animal which carries off its prey must have strong muscles to raise the head, and the form of the vertebræ or of the muscles attached to them, and of the occiput, must correspond with the intention. Similar reasonings were extended by him to the structure of the teeth, of the claws, of the extremities, of the foot or hoof. The foot-mark became an indication of the structure of the teeth of the unknown animal, of its jaws, its vertebræ, and its general form and frame.

It would be difficult to point out a more beautiful or more successful application of the principles of scientific observation. The results were proportionable to the excellence of the method. Its correctness, from a sense of which Cuvier never allowed the seductions of imagination or the love of mere system to lead him astray, was first and frequently tried on portions of known animals, afterwards applied to fossil bones, and in both

with a success so remarkable as to appear to justify the term infallible, which, cautious and philosophical as he was, he felt himself warranted in applying to it. His associates of the Institute heard, we are told by M. Pariset, with surprise and doubt the first enumeration of some of these results, and their credulity sometimes only gave way to the accidental discovery of some quadruped, of which Cuvier had adventured the description on the basis of a few fragments.

His extensive, we might perhaps say, his universal, acquaintance with the diversities of animal structure actually existing, would have given to the merest conjectures of Cuvier concerning the remains of extinct animals a great degree of weight; but he was not of a disposition to be satisfied with conjectures. He applied to these reliquiæ of an unknown era of the globe the same faculty of close attention, the same industrious research, the same severe comparison, which he had already exercised on the perfect forms of animal existence presented to the senses, and thus assigned to each dim remnant its place in frames no longer seen in perfection, and to each frame or structure, thus rebuilt, its place in nature and its habitation. Thus he became the great antiquary of the earth. He learnt the characters of that obscure time when first this planet became the abode of locomotive organisations; and established an order of facts bearing a date anterior to that of the history of man, and far before the half hidden ages of those ancient empires which have themselves become as much the domain of fable as of history. From the burial of many centuries he called up the forms of things unknown, and made them familiar to the men of the present time, who for once were constrained to admit the evidence of one to whom might almost be applied the designation of the "witness of the deluge."

The results of the investigations instituted by M. Cuvier were twofold. The description of one hundred and sixty-eight fossil vertebrated animals, forming fifty genera, of which fifteen were new, comprehending animals belonging to every order with the exception of the quadrumana, was the addition thus made to zoology. What light was also thrown on geology during these researches is briefly and well stated by M. Laurillard:—

"The strata called primitive, on which all the others repose, containing no remains of life, teach us by that circumstance that life has not always existed on our planet. Whether it was that the temperature of the globe was too elevated to permit it, or that the materials necessary to the support of organic existence were not yet prepared, there was a time when physical forces alone acted on the land and on the sea, in which all the wonders of organisation were subsequently developed.

"All organised existences were not created at the same time: vegetables seem to have preceded animals; molluscous animals and fishes appeared before reptiles; and reptiles before the mammalia.

"The species which formed the ancient animal population have been destroyed and replaced by others; and the actual animal population is perhaps the fourth series.

"Geology at length possesses a guide to the obscure labyrinths which it is obliged to tread, and a new method of determining the nature of strata, often established with difficulty by chemical analysis or the order of superposition.

"Besides the general facts which naturally flow from these discoveries, which M. Cuvier discusses with the logical power and intelligence which were characteristic of him, in the Preliminary Discourse of his work, science soon obtained results positively important. For almost as soon as geology had found this guide, it became demonstrated that the stratified layers of the globe's crust were divisible into two classes, one formed by fresh water, and the other in the waters of the sea. This distinction, which could only be effectively made by geology, led to the demonstration of a fact not less curious; namely, that several parts of our earth have been alternately covered by the sea and by fresh water."—p. 20.

In the prosecution of the enquiries which led to these conclusions, now, we believe, generally admitted by philosophers, M. Cuvier was indefatigable. No personal labour or sacrifice was spared. Of the large collection of fossil remains, crowded into one of the rooms in the museum of the Garden of Plants, many were presented to him, but many were bought, and at no small expense, and placed by him in the public collection without reserve. Surrounded by these collections, he deciphered their characters, and, that the sceptical might in all countries satisfy themselves of the correctness of his descriptions and his views, he caused casts of the principal specimens to be made and sent to the different European museums, from which similar representations of rare specimens were received in exchange.

Whoever, yet a student, burns with the noble desire of emulating such services to science, should carefully peruse the details which M. Cuvier gives in the course of his works of the means by which he achieved them. The care with which he traced every fact, the progress of his ideas from suggestion to conviction, the perseverance, the candour, the modesty of the great enquirer, will present the most useful lessons. If the quarries of Montmartre, with their fossil treasures, seem to have been made for him, the diligence with which he explored them affords an example which all may follow in proportion to the opportunities they possess; and still was no more than he already, with no mean reward of scientific truths, practised on the solitary shores of Normandy. His senses, naturally accurate and faithful in the highest degree, and his judgment, equally calm and profound, had yet been exercised with perseverance on many natural objects before he attained that perspicuity and power of combination which enabled him to construe the smallest traces of animal organisation, embedded in blocks of gypsum, and rescued from the destructive operations of the workmen, into the full outline of animals, which his genius thus almost brought back out of the oblivion of ages into freshness and life.

To any one who indulges his solitary thoughts with the hope of enriching any part of the wide domain of natural history, an object eminently worthy of rational and contemplative beings, we would recommend the diligent perusal of the introductory essay of the great work in which the fossil remains are described; known to the English reader as a *Discourse on the Revolutions of the Globe*. Cuvier is there beheld, if we may so

say, advancing to his great task with a full consciousness of its extent, and of the additions which would be made by future enquirers even to his own discoveries; but at the same time with the confidence of one who enters on a region which, although obscure and encumbered, he has carefully prepared himself to explore. He designs, from the first, to show the relation between the history of the fossil bones of terrestrial animals, and the theory of the earth; to expose the principles by which the character of those bones was decided; to show how far the species of the animals to which they belonged differ from existing species; to ascertain the influences of time and of climate; and thus to demonstrate that the differences must have been connected with extraordinary events as their causes. On these observations he builds up a new system of the ancient earth, not the offspring of fancy, but the result of philosophical inductions from facts carefully established; and which will bear the test of comparison with all the civil and religious records of man.

From remarks made on phenomena common to all localities, but described by him with singular clearness and grace, he leads the reader to the view of the most stupendous movements which the earth has undergone. He shows that these changes must have been numerous and sudden; that some took place before there were living beings on the globe we inhabit, and some after it was inhabited. By an examination of the causes now in operation effecting changes in the earth's surface, he went far to show that none of these could have produced such changes as the structure of the earth proves it to have undergone. Briefly reviewing previous theories, he points out the great error of them all; the omission of some facts, the assumption of others, and the consequent fallacy of the conclusions. Doing no injustice to the great geologists who had already surveyed the mineral character of the earth with such admirable care, as Saussure and Werner, the first of whom had studied it among the sublime illustrations of the primitive and secondary layers afforded by the Alps; and the latter in the older [illegible]es, where were less confusedly written the l[illegible]elating to the succession of layers; he point[illegible] that neither of them had determined the fossil organic remains in each variety of layer with sufficient exactness; whilst the naturalists, who had paid more attention to the remains and described many of them, had neglected for the most part to consider the general laws which regulated their position, and the relation of certain fossils to certain layers.

To accomplish this, indeed, required a combination of kinds of knowledge not often possessed by one individual; a power of comprehending almost infinite details, and of taking the most enlarged survey of their relations; the observation of a naturalist in the widest acceptation, and the profound meditation of a mind of the most philosophical order.

After explaining the importance of fossils in relation to geology, and of the fossil bones of quadrupeds in particular, the application of which to the subject we have already noticed, he enters with much learning on an enquiry respecting the probable existence of species on the earth at this time, resembling those of which we possess the fossil remains; and leaves the reader in no degree of doubt that all the large animals of the old continent which are now known were known to the ancients; and that those which, although described by the ancients, the moderns have never met with, were fabulous. Proving that all the great animals of the old world soon became known, not only to the people of the interior, but to the inhabitants of the coasts, he puts aside the expectation that the recesses of the vast continent of the new world contain very large species yet to be discovered, resembling, for instance, the megatherium or the mastodon. If, therefore, he observes, it be proved that the fossil remains of the great species of quadrupeds are not similar to any species now living, it is not to be said that the species resembling them are yet hidden in deserts, but must lead to the admission that this diversity arises from some great general cause worthy to be studied.

We have, in the previous part of this article, mentioned some of the results of the method of enquiry followed by Mr. Cuvier; the discovery of many new species, several of which belonged to new genera. Of the new species, about a fourth were oviparous quadrupeds, the others mammiferous, and more than half belonging to non-ruminating hoofed animals. But that which Cuvier himself considered of much more importance, as throwing light on the theory of the earth, was to ascertain the layers in which particular species were found, so as to reach the general laws of their position. For the details, which show these laws clearly and convincingly, the reader must be referred to the work on which we have dwelt with so much pleasure, and which must always be referred to with a new delight.

The curiosity of readers, whatever may be their pursuits, who look into treatises relating to the vestiges of the antediluvian world, is ever naturally directed to enquiries respecting the existence of any remains of their own species. Knowing, from the sacred records, that man existed on the earth before the great deluge, the enquirers have reluctantly believed that among the numerous fossil remains discovered in different parts of the earth, no bone of man has ever yet been found; that no human remains have ever met the eye of the fossil geologist. It neither lessens the difficulty of the explanation, nor consoles the vanity of man, to know that the same deficiency exists as regards the bones of the monkey tribe; that the whole tribe of the quadrumanous animals, as well as the single bimanous animal, are excluded from the antiquity implied by the fossil remains of so many animal forms.

That portion of Cuvier's preliminary discourse on fossil remains which relates to this particular enquiry is not the least convincing proof of the author's philosophical method of investigating an obscure subject. It is evident that he first satisfied himself that no human remains had ever occurred in any regular stratum; and that those which had

been asserted to be such, as the famous *Homo Diluvii Testis* of Haerlem, and the skeletons discovered at Guadaloupe, were either, as in the first instance, the remains of an animal, or, as in the second, occurred in the recent depositions in the clefts of rocks, or in the soil of caverns, with no pretensions to an antediluvian date. But not content with this negative evidence, he applied himself to collect evidence of a different nature. The question may be said to be one of extreme interest; for it points to the successive stages of that mighty work recorded by Moses, and to that time, to us inconceivable, when "there was not a man to till the ground," and man was formed out of the dust, and the breath of life was breathed into his nostrils, and he became a living soul. We have no intention of straining any points to show how far philosophy agrees with the Mosaic record; but no student of modern geology can fail to perceive certain striking coincidences between the order in which the fossil remains occur and the recorded order of the creation. It was not, we presume, the intention of Moses to teach all at once that natural science, the gradual acquirement of which is a constant source of human industry. But as the earliest traditions of man were scanty, and likely to be lost as human evidence, it does appear as if Moses had taken pains to preserve them. His narrative is remarkable for a force and sublimity of expression worthy of the singularity and greatness of his subject. Where he is fully understood, can it be said that geology contradicts him? does not rather the progress of that science throw unexpected elucidation on his record, and encourage the belief that when we know more, we shall read those primary annals of the globe in a more enlightened spirit? As it is, they certainly seem to speak of the earth's antiquity compared to the age of man; of man's infancy compared to the age of the earth on which he was from the first destined to live. Geology speaks the same language. The primitive layers attest the earth's first desolation. The transition lime-stone renders up the remains of the lowest forms of existence, of species now unknown save in those buried strata; the chalk and clay offer their fishes, their reptiles, and their quadruped, the beings of a former order of things, all of which have disappeared from life. No fossil remains present perfect analogies with living species; but the actual type is gradually approached in the layers of least antiquity. But still, among the fossil remains no vestige of man or his works appears. Again and again the workmen of Montmartre announced the remains of man; but, submitted to the inspection of Cuvier, the pretended wonder vanished, and the true relation of the fossil in dispute was established with some lower species. All the evidence to be derived from an inspection of the structure of the earth, and the oldest written records, concur to prove that there was a time when, although this globe revolved as now it does, and day and night succeeded each other, the light of the morning roused no man to life, to pleasure, or to toil, and the light declined at eve with no human eye to regard it, and no human heart to be affected by it.

> "There wanted yet the master work, the end
> Of all yet done; a creature who, not prone
> And brute as other creatures, but endued
> With sanctity of reason, might erect
> His stature, and upright with front serene
> Govern the rest, self-knowing; and from thence
> Magnanimous to correspond with heaven."

Either man did not exist before several of the revolutions undergone by the globe, or his bones lie yet unburied at the bottom of the present seas; for the revolutions which have laid open the strata in which former revolutions had enveloped fossil bones, strata exposed in Europe, in Asia, and in America, have never yet disclosed a fossil bone of man. Yet that man existed before that great catastrophe of which traditions exist in every part of the earth, we know from such universal traditions, and from the oldest record possessed by man. This record, Cuvier observes, bears the date of about 3300 years before our own time, and it places the deluge twenty centuries before its own date, or about 5400 years since. No tradition accords man an antiquity greater than that to which our antediluvian records lay claim; and it is only after the time of that great event that we perceive men collected into societies, and observe the birth of arts and of sciences. Of none of the nations of the West can the chronology be carried farther back than 3000 years. The nations of the north of Europe have no annals which extend higher than the period of their conversion to Christianity. The histories of Spain, of Gaul, of Britain, almost begin with the time when the Romans overran those countries. The Greeks were unacquainted with the art of writing until taught by the Phenicians, about thirty-three centuries ago, and their previous history, doubtful as it is, does not ascend more than three centuries higher. The largest credit given to the records of Western Asia will not give them a date older than forty centuries. Herodotus, the earliest extant profane writer, with the exception of the poets, lived but two thousand three hundred years ago, and the earlier historians whom he consulted were only one hundred years old. Homer was but five hundred years before Herodotus. The claims to a much higher antiquity on the part of some nations, as of the Hindoos, rest on authority of the least credible kind, and are contradicted by the most authentic of their own records. The astronomical monuments of the ancients, when critically examined, do not attest the very remote dates by some assigned to them.

To probable evidence of this kind drawn from civil history, in the collecting of which Cuvier displayed great erudition, and in estimating it great sagacity, he added some of a kind drawn from the calculation of the periods of certain natural changes actually known to be going on upon the earth's surface. Marking the heights of the beds of the rivers above the surrounding country, as of the Rhine in Holland, and the Po and Arno in Italy, and the Loire in France, and the deposits at their mouths; changes effected by the progress of sands, as in the Bay of Biscay, where the sand advances annually sixty feet, and must reach Bordeaux in about two thousand years; and again in parts of Egypt, once fertile,

but now buried in sands brought by the winds from the sterile lands of Lybia, and which have already entombed temples and cities, even since the conquest of the country by the Mahometans, leaving the monumental tops of mosques and minarets still visible; the formation of bogs and other alluvial changes, including what are called slips, or the falling of *debris* from the face of hills and rocks, of which Professor Jamieson adds the illustration, when translating this portion of the work, of the Salisbury crags near Edinburgh, of which the vertical face is not yet hidden by the annually increasing mass which falls from it to the base: all these, and many other circumstances are adduced as so many proofs of the probable date of the last great revolution, and, consequently, of man's recent existence upon the earth; a conclusion according with those which are perhaps considered by geologists as the least uncertain of any to which their science has yet conducted them. Every where, and however interrogated, observes Cuvier, nature speaks the same language, and tells us by natural traditions, by man's actual state, by his intellectual development, and by all the testimony of her works, that the present state of things did not commence at a remote period. He agrees, he says, with the opinion of MM. Deluc and Dolomieu, that if there be any thing determined in geology, it is, that the surface of this globe was subjected to a great and sudden revolution, not longer ago than five or six thousand years: that by this catastrophe was caused the disappearance of countries formerly the abode of man, and of species of animals now known to us; that the bottom of the sea of that time was left dry, and upon it were formed the countries now inhabited; and that since that epoch the few of the human race who were spared have spread themselves over the world, and formed societies. But he also believes that the countries now inhabited, and which that great catastrophe left dry, had been at some former period inhabited land, the abode, at least, of land animals, which were destroyed by some previous deluge; and that they had even suffered two or three such visitations, which destroyed as many orders of animals.

Throughout the various discussions incidental to the great investigation to which the essay on the revolutions of the globe is devoted, we cannot but admire the unalterable patience and rare sagacity with which so many facts, collected from natural observation, or gathered from the stores of ancient and modern learning, or discovered by modern science, are compared together. M. Pariset justly observes, that neither the grandeur of the subject, nor the dazzling novelty of many of the phenomena elicited in its pursuit, led the severely philosophic mind of Cuvier into unguarded hypotheses. Every where we remark the simplicity of a great historian of nature; the tone, not of a prophet, or of one inspired to treat of a mighty theme, but of one who knows how elevated is that theme, and yet hears, and dispassionately balances, and unaffectedly relates all that his study and long meditation have taught him. His mind is raised and excited by the great views that break upon him as he advances, but never discomposed; he knows the value and the greatness of the truths he discovers, but beyond them he sees other truths, to him and to his age denied, yet to be won by the research of those who shall begin where he, obedient to the laws which limit the range of the most powerful among mortal minds, knows that he must leave off. So strongly is this philosophical character imprinted on all that Cuvier has written, that the mere perusal of his writings seems for a time to withdraw the mind from less worthy pursuits, or the wandering course of unsettled studies, to a holy retirement, wherein some sage interprets the laws of the Great Creator, by pointing to his works, unregarded before, or not understood.

"The book," says M. Laurillard, "which contains these profound researches, became, like his Comparative Anatomy, his Animal Kingdom, and his Anatomy of Molluscous Animals, classical from the moment when it appeared, and will, we think, remain so as long as man shall seek enjoyment in the study of nature, and meditate on the questions to which such a study shall give rise. It will always remain a model of criticism and rigorous analysis, and a perfect example of that talent which consists in saying in a few words all that is necessary to be known; an art of compressing or of summing up which only exists combined with extensive knowledge, and which M. Cuvier always shows that he possesses in a very high degree. There is nothing listless in his works; there are no digressions beyond the limits of his subject; and yet there is nothing of dryness, and there are no omissions. We have seen young naturalists reading his Anatomy of the Molluscous Animals with unfeigned pleasure, and also the osteological descriptions in his Researches concerning Fossil Bones; and we have known students recur to what he says of human anatomy in his *Anatomie Comparée*, for clearer explanations than they could find in the books of the schools. In short, if we survey all his writings, we every where find the unfailing marks of true science, profundity, clearness, and precision. His first lecture on Comparative Anatomy presents all that is known concerning organisation, all physiology: his introduction to the Animal Kingdom offers the clearest analysis of its zoological distributions, and all that it is possible to say of arrangements; and, lastly, the Preliminary Discourse on Fossil Bones exposes with admirable exactness the principles of the harmony of forms, and all the theories respecting the formation and revolutions of the globe; and includes a complete summary of the historical documents on which are rested the claims of different nations to a high antiquity."—p. 22.

It should not be forgotten, that in the prolonged task of interpreting and delineating the fossil bones, M. Cuvier had two most able assistants, and that one of them was M. Laurillard; the other was M. Rousseau, whose son at present holds an important office in the anatomical school of Paris. M. Laurillard does not speak of himself, and his merits need no eulogy of ours; they are sufficiently attested by the confidence which Cuvier placed in him, even to to the day of his death, when he was charged with the publication of the Catalogue of the Museum of Comparative Anatomy, and of the drawings illustrative of it, executed by Cuvier or by himself; a publication for which all anatomists will look with impatience. This was part of the elaborate preparation for the great work on the Anatomy of Animals, on which Cuvier was occupied up to

the hour of his fatal illness, to which he considered all his previous works but introductory, and the interruption of which was one of his latest objects of regret.

There was, perhaps, no finished undertaking of his laborious life, to which Cuvier himself attached more importance than his researches into the fossil remains. It began with his discrimination of fossil and living elephants in 1796, and was never afterwards quite absent from his mind; whether in his study or on his journeys, he directed his observations to these remains, until he obtained a key to the perusal of the impressive story which they revealed; he spared no labour and no expense in this pursuit; he rejoiced over every new load of fragments brought from Montmartre to the Museum; he copied many with his own hand, and, at a time when to avoid expense was necessary to him, he had once determined also to engrave them all himself, and among the engravings of the third volume of the last edition some of these valuable plates are to be found. These M. Duvernoy informs us, which to most readers would seem additionally valuable, are marked CV.

And, at the close of all his labour, he thus expresses himself:—

"I have no doubt that in a few years the work which I now terminate, and to which I have devoted so much labour, will be but a trifling sketch, a first view (un premier coup d'œil) thrown over these immense creations of the ancient time."

So, indeed, it may be. In the eternal chain of human discoveries, the researches of the most gifted minds do but form links, which lead on to other links to which they did not themselves attain, and to be prolonged through all the future ages of the present species. Already has it been made at least probable that a new reading may be given to the theory, the history and chronology even of the primary strata of the earth, and much that is superimposed on them, or which they have broken through. The history of animal life may yet have been restricted within too narrow bounds of time. It may be that, as regards *time*, "the confines of the universe lie beyond the reach of human ken;" and that "to assume that the evidence of the beginning or end of so vast a scheme lies within the reach of our philosophical enquiries, or even of our speculations, appears to be inconsistent with a just estimate of the relations which subsist between the finite powers of man and the attributes of an Infinite and Eternal Being."* Yet, by the exercise of faculties evidently intended for such enquiries among others, man has attained to a few facts which appear certain; and whatever development the unwritten history of the globe may subsequently undergo from geological research, posterity will never forget its obligations to Cuvier, who translated so much of the obscure language in which many of the secrets of the early earth were hidden, and so many are perhaps yet to be discovered.

The conclusion of his work on Fossil Remains was but the prelude for the commencement of his great work on Fishes, of which the copious account given in a recent number of this journal (vol. xiii. p. 355) dispenses with our saying more in this place.

The four works to which our preceding observations have been confined, namely, his Comparative Anatomy, his work on Fossil Remains, his Animal Kingdom, and his Natural History of Fishes, are of such extent, and required such research, that any one of them would have conferred upon its author a very high rank among natural philosophers; yet these formed but a small part of the wonderful labours of Cuvier. His writings are, indeed, so numerous, and the subjects of them so various; they are many of them so intimately connected with his history, and were so entirely called forth by the offices he had undertaken in the state of which he was a subject, as well as in the republic of science, that his biographer has been satisfied to give an accurate list of them, with their dates; and the enumeration of titles alone extends to several pages. We can but mention a few of them. One, to which he attached much importance, and to which he had devoted many days and nights, was his Anatomy of the Mollusca, published in 1817, which contained many new and interesting facts respecting a neglected class of animals, to which he had assigned a higher place than former naturalists. This work was illustrated by fine engravings, after his own drawings. He unravelled the structure of these animals in water, displayed their delicate parts, and fixed them by means of pins on pieces of wax; a method which has, we believe, greatly facilitated the examination of such minute subjects. Of this work it was his intention to publish a new and enlarged edition.

Among the subjects which at different times occupied his attention was that of the organ of voice in singing birds. The introduction of this subject at the institute was attended by a curious illustration of the propriety of investigating it. Physiologists, Cuvier observes, were not agreed concerning the mechanism of the human voice, which some compared to a wind instrument, and others to a stringed instrument. This observation was not allowed to pass uncontradicted. A celebrated anatomist, who was present, declared that it was a mistake to consider the question undecided, for it was generally agreed that the human voice was a wind instrument. Another anatomist immediately exclaimed that this was quite erroneous, for the organ of voice was a stringed instrument, and thus, much to the amusement of the audience, confirmed M. Cuvier's first assertion.

His Memoir on the Nutrition of Insects we have already mentioned among his early productions. In it he established their claim to separate classification, and explained the real object of the singular disposition of their respiratory organs, as well as their peculiar mode of nutrition; showing that the nutritive molecules, separated by the alimentary canal, are exposed immediately to the action of the atmospheric air, which penetrates to them by means of canals or tracheæ, ramified through all their parts, and are thus rendered fit for the support of existence. The observation of these arrangements very probably suggested, as

* Lyell's Principles of Geology.

M. Duvernoy remarks, those ideas of the relations of the circulation and respiration, and of the quantity of respiration in the different classes of animals, ever in direct proportion to their muscular force, and the quantity of movement of which they are capable in a given time—ideas which prepared the foundation for his general arrangement of animals. Certain it is that he always attached a high importance to the minute anatomy of insects; to which, when on one occasion an ardent but inexperienced student of anatomy came to him to announce a supposed anatomical discovery, he referred the young enquirer, as at once the best preparatory exercise and test of his exactness. The test, it is added, proved satisfactory, convincing the too hasty student that his first conclusion, and his consequent discovery, were but pleasing delusions.

That in addition to the philosophical researches which we have enumerated, Cuvier should have found time to be a most laborious public functionary, and in more than one department, would scarcely be deemed credible, if he had not left indisputable proofs of it, and of various kinds. Yet nothing indicates that by undertaking so much, any thing was neglected. Follow him where we may, we trace him by works worthy of his genius and his accomplishments. His duties, as one of the secretaries of the Institute, were in themselves arduous and difficult, demanding extensive knowledge, which he showed that he possessed, whilst he threw over it all the attractions of language and manner. In addition to the ordinary routine of the weekly sittings, of which the two secretaries kept exact minutes, an annual account of the proceedings, including succinct notices of innumerable scientific communications, was a part of their duty at the great annual meeting, when also were pronounced those admirable *Eloges Historiques* of the most distinguished deceased members of the Institute, both native and foreign, in which he displayed a most varied acquaintance with science, and a noble and touching eloquence. He also partook of the ordinary duties of the section to which he belonged, particularly of that of reporting concerning papers presented by authors, a task demanding not only great knowledge, but a correct and impartial judgment. In the performance of this task, his power of conveying the peculiar views of the different writers with clearness and order was so remarkable, that the authors not unfrequently acknowledged how much they were indebted to him; while in the justice of his observations, even on subjects involving some of his own opinions, he evinced the dignified modesty and rectitude of a great mind. During the consulate, Napoleon was elected president of the Institute, and was thus brought into frequent communication with Cuvier, whose powers so acute an observer of men's capabilities could not fail to appreciate. He appears to have honoured him with his entire confidence, of which the result was, not unfrequently, some additional duty imposed upon him by one accustomed to find individuals ready to obey every command.

"All my labours," says Cuvier, in a letter written to M. Duvernoy in 1808, "are almost arrested by a work which the emperor has required of the class, and which has been assigned to me, for the most part, as secretary; it is a history of the march and progress of the human mind since 1789. You will easily judge how complicated the business is as regards the natural sciences; and although I have already finished nearly a volume on the subject, I am far from being at the end of it; but this history is so rich, and so abundant in fine discoveries, that I have become interested in it as I proceeded, and perform my labour with pleasure. I trust that it will be a striking piece of literary and philosophical history. Above all, I endeavour to point to the true views by which ulterior researches should be directed."

The work here referred to he afterwards continued and completed up to the year 1826, under the title of the *History of the Progress of the Natural Sciences, from* 1789 *to the present time;* and in that shape it forms an invaluable addition to the immortal labours of Buffon. His annual reports, read before the Institute, beginning with 1812 and continued up to the time of his death, comprehending an analysis of the labours of its Physical Class (subsequently denominated the Academy of Sciences), contain a clear exposition of the progress of physical science, and the discoveries made in it by the members of that illustrious body, and by learned foreigners, who were in correspondence with it. These analyses embrace meteorology and general physics; chemistry and physics properly so called; mineralogy and geology; vegetable physiology and botany; anatomy and physiology; zoology; travels connected with the advancement of the natural sciences; medicine and surgery; the veterinary art, and agriculture.

The *Eloges* alone would furnish subject-matter for very extended remarks. Singularly eloquent, but composed in a style remote from the inflated models of the agitated period which had just passed away, each of these discourses contains simple and elegant details, yet most instructive and even profound, of the labours of the individual of which each is commemorative.

Of his public lectures we have hardly spoken; yet they demanded, no less than his other undertakings, the exercise of all his acquirements, and of the rare qualities with which he was endowed as a teacher. Whether lecturing at the Pantheon on the elements of natural history, at the Jardin des Plantes on comparative anatomy, at the College of France on the history of natural philosophy, or at the Lyceum or Athénée on subjects selected for a cultivated audience, accustomed to the eloquent literature of Laharpe, he was never superficial and never tedious. His vast comprehension seemed for the time to be communicated to his hearers, and he led them without fatigue, to the most elevated views.

"His lectures on Comparative Anatomy, at the Jardin des Plantes, attracted a most numerous auditory to the immense amphitheatre. Every ear was attentive to catch the oracles which he pronounced concerning organisation and its laws. The mind was captivated by the wonders which he related, with that strong sonorous voice, which penetrated in all directions to the extremities of that large lecture-room. His easy elocution, expressing what a just and rapid conception had discovered, and with equal simplicity and clearness, shed intelligence

over minds of every description; and numerous preparations from the Museum, exhibited to the hearers, rendered his oral demonstrations additionally luminous. These means of conveying instruction were wonderfully multiplied by sketches which he drew with inconceivable rapidity, and, as it were, without any interruption of his discourse; a term which would seem to have been created to express the character of his lectures, which were indeed connected discourses, although delivered extemporaneously, from brief notes. His ideas were unfolded in perfect order, without the slightest hesitation, or the least repetition: the proper word was always employed, without formal effort, or any other design than that of instructing. But the wonders of organisation, so well displayed by his genius, gave an interest to his instructions, and excited an enthusiasm, which still reanimates one who, more than thirty years ago, had the happiness to hear them, and who would vainly wish to make those partakers of it, who have been deprived of such an advantage." —*Duvernoy*, p. 73.

His lectures at the college were no less attractive; and the last which he delivered there, only the day before he felt the first symptoms of the fatal malady which put a period to his life within the same week, was a review of the progress of science, from the first formation of societies, a subject which he treated in a manner so masterly and with so much sublimity, as to impress his hearers at once with the idea that they heard a second interpreter of God's creation, and with the solemn and affecting idea that they were listening to him for the last time. We do but employ the language of others, and if it appears exaggerated, the cause is to be found in the deep effect unquestionably produced by this last grand discourse, concerning which all the testimony is the same.

A life of thought and toil had made its impression on Cuvier, although his constitution was apparently robust in his latter years. He had also been subjected to one of those trials, which more than years or toils advance men into the woes of age. His only daughter, young, beautiful, and highly accomplished, worthy, in short, of her father, and most affectionately beloved by him, died of consumption within a short period of her marriage. It is a sad and oftentimes repeated story in human experience. "O triste plane, acerbumque funus! ô morte ipsa mortis tempus indignius! Jam destinata erat egregio juveni, jam, electus nuptiarum dies, jam nos vocati. Quod gaudium, quo mærore mutatum est!" Such were the terms in which it was deplored two thousand years ago; and still such griefs fall heavily upon the human heart, even though sustained by the highest philosophy and resignation. The blow had been severely felt, and perhaps Cuvier never wholly recovered from its effects. His spirits, his manner, his general appearance might show something of it, and it is so natural to be quicksighted to danger threatening those whom we reverence or love, that slight signs, and circumstances hardly capable of expression, might awaken fears on which the fatal event, so immediately supervening, seemed to follow as on intimations almost prophetic.

In addition to all that occupied the life of Cuvier as a philosopher, an anatomist, a professor, and an author, he was early named to public appointments connected with popular education; and perhaps no individual in Europe entertained on this subject views at once so just and profound. In 1802 he was named by the emperor one of the six inspectors-general of the Lyceums, and in 1808 he became counsellor of the Imperial University; in 1809 and 1810 he was charged with the organisation of academies for the states of Italy, then united to the French empire. It is difficult to reconcile the idea of unmitigated tyranny, which many writers have so carefully associated with the name of Napoleon, with the provision for popular education indicated by the selection of Cuvier for this duty. In 1811 he was sent on a mission of enquiry concerning the state of public instruction in Holland and in Lower Germany; and in 1813, although a protestant, on a similar mission to the states of the church; with the design also of modeling the establishments of public instruction according to the system of the university of France. It was whilst on this journey of inspection that the emperor named him to the office of *maître des requêtes* in the council of state. During the various tours which these duties occasioned, M. Cuvier neglected no opportunity of increasing his knowledge of natural history and of fossil remains. His delicate and difficult duties as regarded the seminaries of public education were performed with as much feeling as judgment. He constantly strove to preserve what was valuable even in faulty institutions, and he felt the veneration of a great mind for places which great names had rendered sacred.

"Who," said he, in one of his reports, speaking of the universities of Tuscany, "who would have the courage to interfere hastily with institutions founded and sustained by so many great men? And when we reflect that the teaching of civil law was established in Tuscany by Irnerius and Bartholius; that medicine has possessed there a Vidius, a Columbus, a Fallopius, a Mercurialis, and a Redi; that Galileo there demonstrated physical science; that Michelius and Cesalpinus there taught botany; that from those schools proceeded Dante, Petrarca, Machiavelli, and Guicciardini; and that their great artists, statesmen, and even princes, were as conversant with literature as their scholars by profession; are we not rather inclined to respect than to criticise, and ought we not, above all things, fear to propose a rash reform?"

Talents, so eminent as those of Cuvier, united with so much dignity of character and so much experience, were indispensable to France under all the successive changes of government which happened during his life time. The consulate, the imperial government, the restoration, the monarchy of July, did but anew direct public attention to the civil services of a man whose attainments and whose sagacity were for all time. Subservient only to good and great designs, worthy of his exalted intellect, he was a favourite of the consul, of the emperor, of the restored sovereigns, and of him whom the people elected; and yet independent; for what could governments or kings do for Cuvier? Undistracted by all the changes that befel his country, he was ever occupied with her best interests; ever laboriously endeavouring to diffuse that mental and moral pre-

band, and worthy of the warmest praise showered upon her by his admiring friends.

Cuvier's demeanour at the Institute was, perhaps, somewhat stately, not always without a slight admixture of impatience; sometimes, indeed, accounted for by the frivolities occasionally mixed up with the proceedings even of the most scientific assemblies, when they consist of numerous members; but sometimes a little too repressive, or to a foreigner appearing so, of the lively and intelligent sallies of young members who were yet not quite undistinguished. His tones, on such occasions, commanded immediate attention; and a few simple words from him seemed at once to settle points about to be vivaciously disputed; whilst his manner was very dignified, and that of one who strove, not without success, to repress a constitutional irritability; an irritability, compatible, it must be remembered, with such patient attention to minute details as few were capable of.

But a few years have gone by, and all this has passed away! and Cuvier, and many of the great men who then surrounded him, like the emperor who once presided in that hall of science, have been removed like so many unreal and shadowy things; leaving their works for our contemplation, to be viewed apart from the radiance of false glory which was once shed over them, and judged by the simple standard of the good they effected.

To civilise large portions of mankind; to "lead the mind of man to its noble destination, a knowledge of the truth; to spread sound and wholesome ideas among the lowest classes of the people; to draw human beings from the empire of prejudices and passions; to make reason the arbitrator and supreme guide of public opinion," which are "the essential objects of science,"—we use the glowing words of Cuvier himself—*these* are, indeed, objects which, if they can only be fully effected by governments, can be promoted by men of science, and confer a true lustre upon all who seek them. Occupied with such grand objects, Cuvier passed his life in study and exertion, and he was still occupied in them when paralysis laid its iron hand upon him, leaving for a few days his noble mind untouched, and then without violence extinguishing his mortal life. With the same calmness with which he had been accustomed to reflect on the plan and decrees of Providence in the regulation of all nature, did he resign himself to the inevitable laws which regulate the duration of the immortal portion of man in a mortal frame.

It is when we pause, after dwelling on the close of the earthly existence of such a mind, that the solemn but consoling belief visits us, that such activity has not all ceased, that such manifestations of the soul cannot all die. We follow with our feeble imagination the spirit departed into some higher sphere, where it receives further amplifications of perception and reason, that it may behold yet more of the vast design which it was even here occupied in contemplating, in interpreting; and to find a confirmation of the elevated faith which here it cherished, that every thing was created for good.

Some feelings of sorrow we must be affected by, some natural tears we shed, to see all that is best and brightest in what we call life so transient, and but the dream of a shadow, or a vapour. We may wish that a few more years had been accorded to Cuvier. But we should rather recall what his life had already permitted him to accomplish. He had not reached the years enumerated by the psalmist, but his labours had been those of a century. Looking back to his vast achievements in the natural history of the earth and its creatures, wherein, if he began much, he had the rare happiness of living to bring almost every thing which he touched into order, if not to perfection; viewing his qualities of sagacity and enlarged benevolence in the high station of a minister of state, especially entrusted with the advancement of the national mind; remembering the eloquence with which, in his undying *Eloges*, he conferred popularity, immortality, on much individual intellect and virtue; and seeing with what unstained purity he walked in private life;—what is there that could be desired more for Cuvier? A reputation more exalted than that of conquerors; a fame more extended than that of princes; the power of doing good, actively employed; a continual reference of the works which he studied to the great Creator, whom in his lowliest works he acknowledged; a life of patient and well directed enquiry; these, although but human glories, may irradiate the soul when the body's life is gone. To him, as to every industrious student, death might seem to come in the midst of enquiries unfinished, and undertakings incomplete. To others, considering what he perfected, and what he was intending, it more justly seems as if he were removed when his capacious mind had performed its allotted office in this world, and was aspiring, not presumptuously, but with high and searching thought, to explain that unity, and greatness, and perfection of nature, of which, although he pointed to it, none can feel a perfect comprehension in this state of existence. His latent thoughts were those which we may conceive to be continued after death. He had caught glimpses, only revealed to such minds, of some great scheme, which it is just possible that, if life had been permitted to him, he might have been able to convey a faint apprehension of to others. There is something sublime in this participation of a mortal mind in the knowledge of higher powers, not, as in the infancy of the world, by vain, forbidden, and impious attempts of disastrous consequence; not as in the visions of mythology, for the purpose of deciding some idle question connected with physical enjoyments; but to raise and purify man's thoughts, and to teach him his true position and his duties.

To do justice to the scientific merits of Cuvier, each of his great works should have been subjected to analysis. The view of them all, comprehending, as they do, forty years of his life, suggests too many general reflections: yet even such a survey may induce some readers to turn to his works, which are, perhaps, less known in England than they deserve to be, and others, attracted by his great example, to make some efforts to imitate it.

From the London Literary Gazette.

The United States and Canada, in 1832, 1833, *and* 1834. By C. D. Arfwedson, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. Bentley. 1834.

Notwithstanding that this is evidently an anti-Trollopian work, and intended to manifest the most conciliating spirit, it affords abundant proof that the accounts given by our fearless country-woman were not overcharged; and that, although America is progressing, it will be a long time before it can attain to the elegance of modes and manners of which it is desirous to have the reputation. Without much novelty in the information, there is much amusement afforded by the anecdotes scattered over these pages. The author is a Swede, and, therefore, we must not visit the faults of style very severely, although from Mr. Arfwedson's imperfect acquaintance with the English language, some very extraordinary sentences are occasionally to be found. We do not know how Brother Jonathan will feel inclined towards a work which, under the guise of friendship, contains so many severe animadversions upon the state of society in the greater portion of the United States. Had the author ventured upon such topics before Captain Hall and Mrs. Trollope had broken the dangerous ground, the anger, which has been directed towards them, would most assuredly have descended upon his devoted head; but, these adventurous travellers having cleared the way, the others, who follow in their wake, have nothing to do but to accuse them of misrepresentation, affect to be highly indignant at the falsehood of their assertions, and then proceed to corroborate their statements, and to add an immense number of far more astounding facts. In no part of Mrs. Trollope's work is there so revolting a description of the society in a steamboat; and Mr. Arfwedson imputes to the most sordid motives. a recklessness of human life throughout a large portion of the community, which is absolutely shocking. There are, however, a great many compliments by way of a set-off; and while some towns, and even states, are given up wholly to reprobation, others are proportionably lauded.

We shall make our extracts with the greatest impartiality, anxious, like Mr. Arfwedson, to do justice to what really merits praise; and to show to the Americans themselves the horror with which civilised people must regard those evils which have sprung from a too ardent pursuit of gain. We commence with a picture of the happy state of things arising out of the institution of temperance societies and savings' banks. Mr. Arfwedson visits the gun-factory, at Springfield, and is delighted with the conduct and appearance of the workmen:—

"One of these hospitable men went even as far as to insist on my going home to his house, although in the busiest part of the day, with a view, as he expressed himself, 'to see how neatly and comfortably they lived.' I accompanied him, accordingly, to a small but clean one-story frame house, the outside painted white, and the inside as neat as a *boudoir*. Two rooms and a kitchen formed the whole establishment; and, although small, was extremely pleasant. Every thing bore the stamp of being regulated by a steady and industrious mistress: and in this I was by no means deceived, for she was *in*deed an unexceptionable wife. The husband extolled her merits in a manner which reflected the greatest honour on him: she entered the room shortly afterwards, leading a boy and a girl by the hand, simply but neatly dressed, and bowing to the stranger; the whole ceremony was performed in a manner seldom witnessed in Europe by a woman in her situation in life. If domestic felicity exists on earth, it certainly might be traced to this unostentatious dwelling; both wife and husband cast a glance at each other and at their children, truly indicative of happiness.

My landlord, justly proud of his comfortable home, and anxious to show me every thing, from the garret to the cellar, now requested me to accompany him to the garden adjoining the house, also his property, and tastefully laid out by his own hands. 'This small enclosure,' said he, 'has been made by myself, the same year I married. All the flowers, vegetables, shrubberies, and fruit trees, that you see, have been planted and nursed by this hand.'

"The garden bore evident marks of having been greatly taken care of: the trees almost sunk under the weight of various fruits. I also discovered vines, of which more than ten were crowded with grapes. On returning to the house, I was not a little surprised—I may add, agreeably surprised—to find that the mistress had, during our temporary absence, prepared a cold collation, of which no landlady need have been ashamed. The table-cloth partook of the whiteness of snow: and, although the knives and forks could not lay claim to extraordinary beauty, yet the whole arrangement was so inviting, that it was truly delightful to sit down to the frugal and hospitable board."

Our next anecdote, though exceedingly amusing, is of a less interesting description.

"On returning from this excursion, I was overtaken by one of the most awful storms I ever witnessed. It came on so suddenly, that no person was prepared for it. A tolerably large proportion of hats took their departure in the first onset, and the owners ran foul of each other in quest of their property, carried away by the violence of the wind. But what particularly attracted my attention, was, that within five minutes the streets were filled with fragments of paper, sailing which ever way the eye turned, together with a variety of vegetables, pieces of linen, and other materials, entirely interrupting the view. I happened to mention this circumstance to one of the citizens of the place, and received the following remarkable answer: 'No nation on earth,' said he, 'uses a hat for so many purposes as a Yankee: it serves him at once for a head covering, a writing-desk, a larder, and a portmanteau. In it the merchant deposits patterns of various descriptions: the doctor uses it as an apothecary's shop: the married man, returning from market, converts it into a depository for potatoes and other vegetables: to the traveller it serves as a knapsack. Nothing has been more severely censured among enlightened people than the reform lately introduced in the shape of hats. By the present fashion, it is next to impossible to put more in its inside than a pocket-handkerchief, and a dozen of cigars. Should, unfortunately, the present form be still more curtailed, then there will be no enduring the caprice of fashion, and who knows but a dreadful revolution may be the consequence!'"

"That this picture is somewhat exaggerated, cannot well be denied, but entirely without foundation it certainly is not. A hat has unquestionably more offices to perform in these states than in any other country. To stuff it with newspapers, letters, and cigars, is of common occurrence. Can it then be wondered at if, when a sudden gust of wind dislodges it from the head, a shoal

of imprisoned objects should seek to take advantage of their liberty?"

Misery of a nocturnal visit to an American city :—

"It was midnight before we reached our place of destination. To find accommodation at such an unseasonable hour is a thing I have been taught by woful experience never to expect in America. Upon this occasion, I had to enjoy the benefit of a nocturnal drive through the streets of Philadelphia, from house to house, without a chance of success—alone, and unacquainted with the place—till daylight at length began to dawn upon me. An honest watchman (to the credit of the profession be it mentioned), at last took compassion on me, and indicated a house where I could at least, as he observed, get shelter for the night. But rest was out of the question. A creaking bed, a broken pane of glass, with a pair of inexpressibles filling the gap, and a confined atmosphere, formed the sum total of my comforts. Add to this, the size of the room, more suited for a dwarf than a full-grown person; and it is, after all, but an imperfect picture of my lonely lodging. By way of a substitute for a candle, a dismal lamp was handed to me, from which issued a smell so obnoxious to the spiders and rats, (co-occupants with me of this cage), that these little animals were actually taken ill with it, and kept in constant motion till the sun at length broke in upon them. To lie down in such a place, when exhausted by fatigue, is easily done; but the waking in the morning inspires reflections of a serious stamp. A glance at the scattered objects around is enough to banish the inmate. I lost no time, as may be supposed, in taking leave of my comfortless quarters, and removed to Head's Hotel, the best, without exception, in the United States."

WASHINGTON.

"It was on a rainy, disagreeable, and uncomfortable November day, that I arrived at Washington. The first object which struck me at a distance was the capitol, the wonder of America, where the members of congress assemble. The situation of this edifice is on an eminence at one end of the city, facing the president's house at the other extremity: both are connected by a long and wide avenue, a mile in length, the only regular and close built street in the city. The stage moved slowly and cautiously over an infinity of rubbish, stones, and deep holes, as the avenue was then undergoing repair. Few people were to be seen, and those consisted chiefly of slaves. Not a living being could I observe: there was none of the noise, confusion, and bustle, characteristic of a capital. Hardly a coach could be perceived: if one did appear, it was empty, or the driver was indulging in a comfortable nap on the box. In the streets, or rather roads, traversing the avenue which I entered, solitary houses were here and there observed, distant several hundred yards from each other. I could scarcely believe my eyes: I fancied myself in a village. Is this Washington, said I to myself, the capital of another hemisphere? My features must have expressed what passed inwardly, for an American, who happened to be in the same coach, asked me, half smiling, whether, with my European notions of a metropolis, I was not rather disappointed in my expectations? He concluded these enquiries by adding, in a serious tone: 'Simplicity is the motto of a republic. What you see is a true illustration of it. What can be more grand than that a country, so extensive as the continent of North America, should not require a larger spot than this for a capital?' I made no answer to this remark, just recollecting one of Washington Irving's expressions—'Washington, this immense metropolis, which makes so glorious an appearance on paper.'"

Delectabilities of travelling in the southern states:—

"On arriving at Fredericksburg, I lost no time in taking advantage of the stage on the point of starting for Richmond. Here I was soon reminded of another circumstance, namely, my entrance into the southern states, by the execrable condition of the public roads. The traveller has to choose between two alternatives—to be shaken to pieces, or be engulphed in deep mud-holes. The roads are made of trees laid crosswise, emphatically called corduroy roads. It would, in many places, be quite impossible to effect a passage, if this precaution were not adopted, the soil being so soft, that the least rain is sufficient to make them impassable: the clay is often three feet deep, the wheels stick fast in it, and the carriage is consequently upset.

"If the timber, thus laid across the roads, had been cut, and so placed as to fit, it would answer the purpose of a well-constructed bridge; but, in so young a country as America, this cannot be expected. The trees are laid on the ground in their rough state, with the branches only cut off: in a thousand places the inhabitants had not even given themselves time, or perhaps voluntarily neglected, to take off the small boughs, so that it not unfrequently happened that, owing to these leafy branches becoming entangled with the wheels, the trees on the road were displaced. The question then naturally arose, which was the stronger—the wheel or the branches: but never did the driver attempt to check the speed of the horses, from apprehension that the coach would go to pieces. This idea seldom enters the mind of an American coachman; nevertheless, there is no country on earth where this precaution would be more advisable than in the southern parts of the United States, still so thinly peopled, that you may travel miles and miles through forests, without discovering a human habitation where assistance could be procured in case of necessity.

"The cause of this indifference to horses and coaches is, that all stages carry mail-bags, which, according to contract with the post-office department, must arrive at their destination at a given time, otherwise the contractor is liable to a considerable fine. To evade this result, he gives the drivers strong injunctions to make all possible haste, let the consequence be what it may; they therefore proceed with the utmost celerity, regardless of the danger of breaking down coaches or killing horses. The consequence is, that accidents too often occur; and, on such occasions, if a carriage or team cannot be found in the neighbourhood, the driver takes the mail-bags, throws them upon a cart, and thus continues his journey, leaving the unfortunate passengers in the middle of the road, in a bog, or in a forest, many miles from any habitation."

We have not yet reached the end of the first volume of this work; but we must pause,

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A Description of the Azores, or Western Islands. By Captain Boid, late of H. M. F. Majesty's Navy. 8vo. Churton. 1835.

Neither poetry nor romance can add to the beautiful features with which nature has embellished this lovely cluster of enchanted islands, "where all, save the spirit of man, is divine;" and we are happy to see the public attention attracted, through the medium of this well-written volume, to a scene in which the social system calls so loudly for improvement. The present state of Portuguese politics is peculiarly auspicious to the advance of reform, and, perhaps, in

no part of the youthful queen's dominions is it so loudly called for as in these misgoverned islands, where religion has degenerated into bigotry, and the progress of industry and of civilisation has been checked by the prejudices and the imbecility of the government. Captain Boid, more anxious to portray the actual state of society in the Azores, and the evils resulting from the narrow policy hitherto pursued, than to display a passion for the picturesque, does not deal very largely in descriptions of the scenery of these beautiful islands. The omission is, however, supplied by several lithographic sketches, from the pencil of Admiral Sartorious; and, by the following extract, it will be seen that the author was not indifferent to the charms of the landscape:—

"We trotted off towards the heights that surround the Val das sete Cidades, which we soon reached, being only between two or three miles distant—though in parts up a steep acclivity. On attaining the summit, a little more than 2000 feet above the level of the sea, we enjoyed at once the comprehensive view of the whole tract constituting the celebrated valley, besides an exterior prospect, similar to that described from the summit of Maffra. The valley is a basin surrounded by mountains nearly fifteen miles in circumference, and forming the lips of a stupendous crater, whose interior sides are composed of pumice, and slope down at an angle of 45 degrees to the bottom—where is formed a rich valley nine miles in circumference, with (in the centre) two beautiful unruffled lakes, occupying one third of the whole superficies, and separated only by a narrow isthmus; the one is called Lagoa grande, the other Lagoa azul—close to which, and delightfully situated on the borders, are the few white cottages called the Seven Cities. The reader will naturally ask the origin of this appellation. I know not; no one in the island knew, nor is it any where recorded.

"The interior sides of this crater are deeply furrowed by rocky ravines, from the summit to the lakes, many of them presenting picturesque cascades and most romantic scenery. The higher portions of the slopes are covered with luxuriant ferns and underwood, together with patches of wild myrtle, box, arbutus, and other evergreens—below which the descent is clothed with groves of orange and lemon trees; and at the bottom, round the borders of the lakes, lies a cultivated plain that produces the most fertile crops of grain, pulse and grapes, with excellent hemp and flax."

From the London Athenæum.

LIFE.

BY THE LATE REV. C. C. COLTON.

[The following poem has been kindly transmitted to us by a gentleman to whom the writer was well known. "Circumstances," he observes, "add much to its interest;—having been written but a short time previous to his death, and while labouring under that strong excitement of mind occasioned by the decision of his medical advisers that he must undergo an operation; rather than submit to which, it is generally believed that he committed suicide."]

How long shall man's imprisoned spirit groan
'Twixt doubt of heaven and deep disgust of earth?
Where all worth knowing never can be known,
And all that can be known, alas! is nothing worth.

Untaught by saint, by cynic, or by sage,
And all the spoils of time that load their shelves,
We do not quit, but change our joys in age—
Joys framed to stifle thought, and lead us from ourselves.

The drug, the cord, the steel, the flood, the flame,
Turmoil of action, tedium of rest,
And lust of change, though for the worst, proclaim
How dull life's banquet is—how ill at ease the guest.

Known were the bill of fare before we taste,
Who would not spurn the banquet and the board—
Prefer th' eternal, but oblivious fast,
To life's frail-fretted thread, and death's suspended sword?

He that the topmost stone of Babel plann'd,
And he that braved the crater's boiling bed—
Did these a clearer, closer view command
Of heaven or hell, we ask, than the blind herd they led?

Or he that in Valdarno did prolong
The Night, her rich star-studded page to read—
Could he point out, 'midst all that brilliant throng,
His fixed and final home, from fleshy thraldom freed!

Minds that have scann'd Creation's vast domain,
And secrets solved, till then to sages seal'd,
Whilst Nature own'd their intellectual reign
Extinct, have *nothing* known or nothing have revealed.

Devouring grave! we might the less deplore
Th' extinguish'd lights that in thy darkness dwell,
Wouldst thou, from that last zodiac, *one* restore,
That might th' enigma solve, and doubt, man's tyrant, quell.

To live in darkness—in despair to die—
Is this indeed the boon to mortals given?
Is there no port—no rock of refuge nigh?
There is—to those who fix their anchor-hope in heaven.

Turn then, O man! and cast all else aside:
Direct thy wandering thoughts to things above—
Low at the cross bow down—*in that* confide,
Till doubt be lost in faith, and bliss secured in love.

From the Durham Advertiser.

THE DEEPEST MINE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

The shaft at present sinking at Monkwearmouth Colliery, near Sunderland, has attained a considerably greater depth than any mine in Great Britain (or, estimating its depth from the level of the sea, than any mine in the world). Pearce's shaft, at the consolidated mines in Cornwall, was, till lately, the deepest in the island—being about 1470 feet in perpendicular depth, of which 1150 feet are below the surface of the sea. The bottom of Woolf's shaft (also at the consolidated mines) is 1230 feet below the sea; but its total depth is less than that of Pearce's shaft. The bottom of the Monkwearmouth shaft is already upwards of 1500 feet below high water mark, and 1600 feet below the surface of the ground. It was commenced in May, 1826. The upper part of the shaft passes through the lower magnesian limestone strata, which overlap the south-eastern district of the geat Newcastle Coal-field, and which, including a stratum of "freestone sand" at the bottom of the limestone, extended, at Monkwearmouth, to the thickness of 330 feet, and discharged towards the bottom of the strata the prodigious

quantity of 3000 gallons of water per minute,—for the raising of which into an off-take drift, a double-acting steam-engine, working with a power of from 180 to 200 horses, was found necessary. The first unequivocal stratum of the coal formation, viz: a bed of coal one and a half inches thick, was not reached till August, 1831, (being about 344 feet below the surface,) after which the tremendous influx of water which had so long impeded the sinking operations, was "stopped back" by cylindrical "metal tubbing" or casing, fitted (in a series of small portions) to the shaft, and extending from below the above bed of coal to within 26 yards of the surface. The sinking now proceeded with spirit—still no valuable bed of coal was reached, although the shaft had passed considerably above 600 feet into the coal measures, and much deeper than had hitherto been found requisite for reaching some of the known seams. It became evident that the miners were in unknown ground. A new "feeder of water" was encountered, at the great depth of 1000 feet, requiring fresh pumps and a fresh outlay of money. The prospects of the owners became unpromising in the eyes of most men, and were denounced as hopeless by many of the coal-viewers! still the Messrs. Pemberton (the enterprising owners of this colliery) continued, and, in October last, reached a seam of considerable value and thickness, at the depth of 1578 feet below the surface; and presuming that this newly discovered seam was identified with the Bensham seam of the Tyne, (or Maudlin seam of the Wear,) they are rapidly deepening their shaft, in anticipation of reaching the Hutton, or most valuable seam, at no distant period, but which, (if their anticipations are well founded,) will be found at a depth approaching 300 fathoms from the surface! In the mean time, however, workings have very recently commenced in the supposed Bensham seam. A party of scientific gentlemen descended into these workings on Saturday last, and, aided by every facility and assistance which could be afforded to them by the Messrs. Pemberton, made several barometric and thermometric observations, the detail of which will be *deeply* interesting to many of our readers. A barometer at the top of the shaft (87 feet above high water mark) stood at 30.518, its attached thermometer (Fahrenheit) being 53. On being carried down to the new workings (1584 feet below the top) it stood at 32.280, and, *in all probability higher than ever before seen by human eye!* the attached thermometer being 58. Four workings or drifts had been commenced in the coal; the longest of them being that "to the dip," 22 yards in length and nearly 2 in breadth—to the end of which the current of fresh air for ventilating the mine was diverted—(and from which the pitmen employed in its excavation had just departed,) was selected for the following thermometric observations. (Temperature of the current of air near the entrance of the drift, 62 Fahrenheit; near the end of the drift, 63; close to the face or extremity of the drift, and beyond the current of air, 68.) A piece of coal was hewn from the face; and two thermometers placed in the spot just before occupied by the coal (their bulbs being instantly covered with coal dust) rose to 71. A small pool of water was standing at the end of the drift. Temperature of this water at 11 o'clock, 70; 3 hours later 69½. A register thermometer was buried 18 inches deep below the floor, and about 10 yards from the entrance of the drift; 40 minutes afterwards its maximum temperature was 67. Another register thermometer was similarly buried near the end of the drift; and after a similar period indicated a maximum temperature of 70. It was then placed in a deeper hole and covered with small coal;—some water oozed out of the side of this hole to the depth of 6 or 8 inches above the thermometer, which, upon being examined after a sufficient interval of time, indicated a temperature of 71½. A stream of gas bubbles (igniting with the flame of a candle) issued through the water collected in this hole; the bulbs of two very sensible thermometers were immersed under water in this stream of gas, and indicated a temperature constantly varying between 71.5 and 72.6. A thermometer was lowered to the bottom of a hole drilled to the depth of 2½ feet into the floor of another of the workings, and the atmospheric air excluded from it by a tight stopping of clay; this thermometer being raised after the lapse of 48 hours, stood at 71.2. Other experiments, in the prosecution of these enquiries, are contemplated.

EUGENE BEAUHARNAIS.

The father of the young sovereign matrimonial of Portugal, Prince Eugene de Beauharnais, was descended from a noble family in the province of Berry; he was Viceroy of Italy, Prince of Venice, and Hereditary Grand Duke of Frankfort, and married the Princess Auguste, daughter of Maximilian Joseph, King of Bavaria. By the 8th article of the Treaty of Paris, in 1814, Prince Eugene, as Viceroy of Italy, was promised a suitable establishment out of France; which was confirmed by the treaty between Austria and Bavaria, 23d April, 1815, signed by the plenipotentiaries of Russia and Prussia, with the consent of England. The King of Bavaria assigned him for residence the chateau of Bayreuth, with all its appurtenances. In May, 1816, Prince Eugene concluded with the pope a treaty, by which he purchased fiefs in the Roman state for 150,000 scudi. In 1817, he was created Duc de Leuchtenberg and Prince d'Eichstadt, with the title of Royal Highness. The ducal house of Leuchtenberg is the first principality of Bavaria, and the family ranks immediately after the princes and the princesses. The Leuchtenbergs possess, under the sovereignty of Bavaria, a principality of 24,000 inhabitants, and a revenue of 110,000 florins. The late Prince Eugene also purchased the territory of Eichstadal and several forests, fisheries, mines, and estates, at Allersdorf. He died 21st February, 1834, at Munich.

His highness Duke Augustus is colonel commandant of the 6th regiment of the Bavarian Cavalry; and his only brother, Prince Maximilian, is a subaltern in the 4th regiment of cavalry in the same service. His highness's aunt is Hortense Duchess de St. Leu, wife of Louis Bonaparte.

Critical Notices.

Allan Cunningham's edition of the *Works of Burns* is now completed, by the publication of the eighth volume. It contains Burns's remarks on Scotish song; the memoranda of three tours, made at the time for the purpose of being expanded into a complete narrative; and some fragments from the poet's commonplace-book, including the rough materials from which he composed the journal, unfortunately lost to the world, through the perfidy of a rascal-acquaintance of the bard's, who stole it. A very copious glossary (with illustrative quotations from Scotish authors), an index, and a selection from the poetical tributes to the memory of Burns, are appended. Among the tributes, the latest, and the most spontaneous in feeling and characteristic in style, is Allan's own, in which he takes leave of his pleasant task. The artist, D. O. Hill, has continued improving with every volume. The vignettes of Ayr and the Pier of Leith are more successfully emulative of Stanfield than some former views were of Turner. They are very clever works of art, and beautifully engraved. We subjoin the editor's leave-taking, entire.

My task is ended—farewcel, Robin!
My prentice muse stands sad and sobbin',
To think thy country kept thee scrubbin'
Her barmy barrels,
Of strains immortal mankind robbin',
And thee of laurels.

Let learning's Greekish grubs cry humph!
Hot zealots groan, cold critics grumph!
And ilka starr'd and garter'd sumph
Yawn, hum and ha;
In glory's pack thou art a trumph,
And sweeps them a'.

Round thee flock'd scholars mony a cluster,
And dominies came in a fluster,
In words three span lang 'gan they bluster
Of classic models,
Of Tully's light and Virgil's lustre,
And shook their noddles.

Ye laugh'd, and muttering, "Learning! d—n her!"
Stood bauldly up, but start or stammer
Wi' Nature's fire for lore and grammar,
And classic rules,
Crush'd them as Thor's triumphant hammer
Smash'd paddock-stools.

And thou wert right and they were wrang—
The sculptor's toil, the poet's sang,
In Greece and Rome frae nature sprang,
And bauld and free,
In sentiment and language strang,
They spake like thee.

Thy muse came like a giggling taupie,
Dancing her lane: her sangs sae sappy,
Cheer'd men like drink's inspiring drappie,
Then, grave and stern,
High moral truths sublime and happy
She made them learn.

Auld gray-beard Lear, wi' college lantern,
O'er rules of Horace stoitering, venturin'
At song glides to oblivion saunterin'
And starless night;
Whilst thou, up cleft Parnassus canterin',
Lives on in light.

In light thou livest. While birds lo'e simmer,
Wild bees the blossom, buds the timmer,
And man lo'es woman—rosie limmer!
I'll prophecie
Thy glorious halo nought the dimmer
Will ever be.

For me, though both sprung from ae mother,
I'm but a weakly young half-brother,
Sae, O forgive my musing swither,
Mid toils benighted,
'Twas lang a wish that nought could smother
To see thee righted.

Frae Kyle, wi' music in her bowers,
Frae faery glens, where wild Doon pours,
Frae hills, bedropp'd wi' sunny showers,
On Solway strand,
I've gather'd, Burns, thy scatter'd flowers
Wi' filial hand.

And O, bright and immortal spirit!
If ought that lessens thy rare merit
I 've utter'd, like a god thou'lt bear it:
Thou canst but know
Thy stature few or none can peer it
Now born below.

—

"*Oriental Memoirs*, by James Forbes, Esq., 2nd edit. revised by his daughter the Countess de Montalembert. 2 vols. 8vo.'—It is assigned as an apology for the republication of these rather antiquated Memoirs, that India has not changed since their first appearance; but, fortunately, our knowledge of India has been more progressive, and topics on which the author has only given imperfect hints, have been since fully investigated and explained. The Hindú and Mahomedan creeds, of which Mr. Forbes had only some vague general notions, have, within the last few years, been thoroughly examined by persons who had more leisure and better opportunities for enquiry; and no one would now dream of consulting the rambling accounts of an unscientific observer for information respecting the Natural History of Hindústan. It is said, however, that the author has described certain customs of the East, which elucidate passages of Scripture that were previously open to infidel objections. On this subject the present editor does not seem to be the best of judges, for, in the biographical memoir prefixed to the first volume, we read, "He had more of that Christian charity recommended by St. Peter, which suffereth long, and is kind," &c. This is robbing Paul to pay Peter, for the passage alluded to occurs in the epistle to the Corinthians. There are, no doubt, customs described in these volumes which will recall to the memory similar customs mentioned in the Bible; but any thing like elucidation of difficulties, or refutation of infidel objections, we have been unable to discover. The best that can be said of these volumes, is, that they are written in a light gossiping style, and that they bear the marks of a miable temper and kindly feeling; those who wish to obtain a general notion of India may consult the work with advantage: those who seek accurate information must go elsewhere.

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"*Tales of Woman's Trials*, by Mrs. S. C. Hall."—There are few writers who keep their places on the pages of our annuals more gracefully or pleasantly than Mrs. Hall—there is always a freshness, and oftentimes an invention, displayed in her stories, which more parsimonious contrivers of fiction would spin out into the mystic three volumes. Having acknowledged this, we must add our conviction that her short tales read better singly than in conjunction with each other, and that we doubt the policy of thus collecting them into a volume. Many, too, have appeared before, and this, we think, should have been stated. "Grace Huntley" is the best of the series, though there are power and feeling in all of them, and an earnest and affectionate pleading of the cause of womankind, against the heartlessness and oppression of the stronger

sex, which is much more to our taste than the vigorous (and sometimes rather noisy) assertion of their rights, to which some lady-champions have treated us. There is also sound religious feeling manifest throughout the volume, and it will be (what we imagine it was intended to be) a welcome present to the young.

—

Gell's Topography of Rome and its Vicinity.

These elegant volumes are indispensable to the complete scholar and the classical traveller. No one can thoroughly study the history of the earlier ages of Rome, or understand the more familiar allusions of her writers, without possessing this work. The happier classic who is able to follow out his studies upon the spot, cannot prudently or even cheaply do without it: it will serve at once as a guide and an instructor, telling him whither and by what direction to pursue his researches, and indirectly teaching him the means by which he may engraft the antiquary upon the scholar, and confirm, correct, or get beyond his teacher.

Taking Rome as his central point, Sir William Gell has extended his surveys in all directions, noticing every celebrated spot, whether primitive, classical, modern, or compounds of each and all, and taking them in alphabetical order. The work is not, and indeed from its nature could not have been, a hasty production. Years of labours of love have been devoted to the unconscious accumulation of materials; the previous publications of the author had rendered him skilful in the immediate practice of classical antiquarianism; the study of a whole life had imbued him with the requisite knowledge and feeling for the task. When the composition was finally determined on, he made, in addition to personal examinations, a trigonometrical survey of the district, applying modern science to bear upon ancient remains. The result of this particular labour accompanies the volume in the shape of the completest map of "Rome and its Environs" we ever saw, or which indeed can ever have been published.

We have spoken of the work as addressed to the scholar; and so of course it is; but there is nothing dry in its execution to frighten the general reader, nor is its interest altogether limited to one class. The thorough knowledge of the author renders his ideas distinct, whether they be true or whether they be doubtful. His acquaintance with the present aspect of things enables him to throw the life of existing nature into his descriptions. His style is easy, clear, and academic: and his mode of treating the subjects is learnedly gossip-like. Various associations are also called up in turning over its leaves. Many ages seem dimly to pass in review before us. We catch some obscure glimpses of the lost nations which flourished before the period of authentic history. We see Rome in her early struggles, and are taken over the very fields on which (pinning our faith to Sir William) they took place. She is again presented to us in her high and palmy state; melancholy memorials of her decline constantly come up before us; monuments of the insecurity, anarchy, and romance of the middle ages, are frequently seen; but her present degradation and decay is the constant and all-pervading feeling.

The *Topography*, it may be supposed, is not well adapted for quotation; nor will isolated passages convey any other notion of the work than its form.

There is an appendix on the History and Language of Ancient Italy. One object of the paper on Language is to show, that the Umbrian or Etruscan tongue—the root of the Latin—was in its origin a mixture of Gaulish and of the ancient barbarous Greek spoken by the Italian Pelasgi; some of the words being Gaulish or Celtic; others, with the structure and characters of the language, being old Greek. Another and a more useful object, is to prove the barbarous state in which the Latin language continued until a late period of the republic; when a constant communication with Greece took place, after which the Roman tongue rapidly advanced to its perfect condition. The philologist may not, perhaps, yield implicit confidence to all that Sir William advances; but he will find the paper learned, curious, and valuable. The essay on the History of Ancient Italy is intended to prove the truth of the Pelasgian migrations into that country. The subject matter, it may be said, consists of darkness visible; and it would be difficult to prove satisfactorily the various premises which the learned author uses so freely, and with such mastery, to establish his case. Upon this paper, and upon several articles in the Topography itself, the general reader and the less enthusiastic scholar will be driven to wonder, that circumstances and persons whose existence he has always dreamed were fabulous, doubtful, or at best obscure, should be quoted and used in argument as undeniable facts. After his examination of Sir William Gell's labours is finished, he may also say to himself—"Behold the last of the Anglo-Romans: the product of another age, more learned, more laborious, more accomplished, but less *useful* than ours. The magnitude and number of *our* revolutions and migrations—the weight of the 'os alienum per omnis terras ingens'—and the pressure of population, on which, less lucky than the ancient Pelasgi, we have no oracle to direct us, have diverted our thoughts from the past to the present—from speculation to practice."

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Sketches of Corfu, Foreign and Domestic, is a little work which aims at giving the interest of life to descriptions of manners, and scenery, by interweaving with them allusions to the personal feelings of the pilgrim-narrator, and the traditions, legends, and historiettes connected with the island. The idea is not bad, and the scene well adapted to the idea. Corfu is little known; its scenery is romantic; its clime, beauty itself; the manners of the people, Greek, with a Venitian cross; within the memory of living man, they have had a variety of rulers, and it is now a colony or dependency of Great Britain. In the execution, the utmost is not made of the advantages of the subject, although an agreeable volume is produced. The descriptions of scenery are picture-like; the tales pretty and interesting, though without much of historical *vraisemblance*; and the sketches of manners lively and amusing, but with an air of being coloured for effect. The introduction of the fair author's personal character rather injures than improves the work. She wishes to appear as a sort of respectable female "Childe," who has gone to Corfu without any conceivable object unless to talk of being separated from all objects of "affection." But the dramatic part is, luckily, not sustained: saving in this affectation, there is neither gloom nor misanthropy in the book.

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The translation of Dr. Bechstein's *Cage Birds* is a very delightful book of its kind. The author was a German physician, who gave his leisure hours to bird-fancying, and in time made his relaxation a study. As he appears to have been eminent in relation to his hobby, he was solicited to write a treatise on the subject, and, many years ago, complied with the "request of friends." The task was fulfilled in such a manner as might have been expected from a scientific enthusiast; the method is clear and orderly; the manner earnest; the style pleasant, from its German simplicity. The author first takes a general view of "Housebirds," in their songs (where they have any), their habitations, food, breeding, disorders, the probable duration of their lives, and the best mode of catching them. He then arranges his subjects in classes, and describes each

species in detail, the descriptions embracing all the foregoing heads. How the translation of the honest doctor came to be delayed so long, we know not. The task has been ably done: the spirit of the original being infused into the English; corrective, qualifying, or illustrative notes added; and some information on several species which have been recently kept with success in this country, introduced into the work: it seems to us an indispensable book for the bird-fancier.

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The *Tough Yarns* of an OLD SAILOR are not spun out to a wearisome length. To carry out his simile, they are strands of seasoned cables, and as good "marine stores" as any that have found their way through the press for some time. We have a variety of such stories as are told round the galley-fire, or on a sunny bench in Greenwich Hospital; in which Jack's homely readings of the vernacular tongue are preserved as well as the sea slang. In the fictitious and abundant use of nautical phraseology, and the force and vividness of the similes, consists mainly the humour of the writing: the puns are bad, as well as unseasonable. The OLD SAILOR paints sea-scenes and adventures with vigour and gusto; now and then reminding us of Tom Cringle, and with a strong sense of the comical that approaches Smollett.

George Cruikshank has caught the spirit of the author, in his illustrative etchings. The look and action of the two sailors espying a land crab crawling off with the head of their deceased comrade—the way in which the sailor runs off and the Spanish customhouse-officer after him—the sneaking alacrity of movement and furtive looks of the three French dragoons that the fat and jolly old sailor is bearing down upon with a brace of pistols as his "bow-chasers"—the wonder and delight of the ugly Irishman when his captain's wife hugs and kisses him before her husband and the officers and crew—and the consternation and chagrin of the Neopolitan count whom Admiral Trowbridge is kicking out of his cabin—are capitally expressed. The group of pensioners in the frontispiece, too, is full of character.

The well-known circumstance of Nelson's sacrifice of Prince Caraccioli, at the instance of Lady Hamilton—one of the few spots on his character—is effectively told; and the murder of a tyrannical and cruel captain and his officers by the crew, is painted with sanguine colours. But perhaps the best bit of description, and one which will convey a favourable yet fair notion of the merit of the volume, is this of

A CUTTING OUT.

"At two bells, instead of calling the watch, the hands were turned up, and all ordered aft on to the quarterdeck; where the captain was standing as upright as a fathom of smoke in a calm, and the master was bent down like a yard of pump-water measured from the spout, and looking over a chart of the harbour, as busy as the devil in a gale of wind.

"Well, every soul fore and aft mustered in the twinkling of a handspike, and they all crowded together as if they'd been stowed with a jack-screw for a long voyage; and then the captain up and tells 'em that he meant to head the boats himself, and cut the Harmoine out, if they would do their duty like men and back him. My eyes, if there warn't a cheer then, there never was one before nor since; and the lads, to seal the bargain, gived one another a grip of the fist that would have squeezed a lemon as dry as a biscuit.

"So, you see, the murder was out, and every man betwixt the cabin-windows and the figure-head volunteered to the duty: but the captain said he wouldn't take more than one hundred, including officers and marines; he was sorry to leave any behind, as he believed them to be all brave fellows, but some must stay to work the ship, and, if necessary, bring her into action.

"Well, the men were picked out, the muskets, pistols, tommyhawks, and cutlashes got ready, and long hook-ropes coiled away, in the starn-sheets of each boat, and clinched to the ring in the bottom; the oars and rullocks were muffled and well greased, so that a sound might not be heard louder than the sigh of a periwinkle.

"The sun set soon after six o'clock; and as soon as twilight came on—which in them latitudes, when the sun is on the equator, and it was very near it then, comes on in a few minutes—the ship was hove in stays and stood in-shore, with a pleasant breeze and a stern swell setting after her. About eight o'clock, the wind died away, the yards were laid square, and the boats hoisted out, whilst those on the quarters were lowered, and all were soon manned for the expedition and shoved off. Whilst they're pulling in shore, messmates, I'll just lucydate Captain Hamilton's plan of attack.

"Now, mind me, this here paper of 'bacca shall be one battery, and this here 'bacca-box shall be the other battery, and this here shut-knife shall be the Harmoine—the laniard sarving for one cable out of the hawse-hole, and this piece of marline for the other cable out of the gun-room port; [he arranged the articles on the table.] Now the boats were to pull in, and the boarding parties had each a different place to board at. As soon as they got upon deck, the boats with their respective crews were to cut the cables and then go a head to tow; whilst four of the boarders were instantly to shine aloft to loose the foretop-sail and two to loose the mizentop-sail; which, if possible, were to be sheeted home to catch the breeze coming off the land. The Surprise was to come in close to the harbour's mouth, to act as circumstances required.

"The boats kept close together, but didn't make any quick head-way, as the captain meant to get in about midnight; when he expected the Spaniards would have their eyes buttoned up, and their ears plugged with their nightcaps, like the hawse-holes in blue water.

"Well, d'ye see, it was just about eight bells when the mast-heads of the Harmoine showed above the land, and the light rigging looked like a fine spider's web traced on the silvery sky; and there too fluttered the yellow rag, that was soon to be humbled under the saucy pennant of St. George. On pulled the boats, and except the ripple of the oars and the hissing of the foam in their wakes, silence slept deep and still, disturbed only by the moan of the sea as it broke upon the rocky shore.

"Suddenly there was a flash; and before the report could be heard, grapeshot were jumping about the boats and splashing up the water like a shoal of flying-fish at play. This firing was from a couple of guard-boats, each mounting a twelve-pounder; and if it did no other mischief, it aroused Jack Spaniard, who it appears was up and rigged like a sentry-box; and before a cat could lick her ear, flames of fire seemed to be bursting from the dark rocks, like lightning from a black thundercloud: it was the frigate, speaking with her maindeck and fokstle guns.

"Finding that the enemy was prepared, the captain had less delicacy in alarming them out of their sleep, and so the boats' crews gave three tremendous cheers. Mayhap your honour never heard the cheers on going into action, when the voice of man goes from heart to heart and stirs up all that is brave and noble in the human breast; it invigorates and strengthens every timber in a fellow's frame, and is to the weak or mild what mother's milk is to the infant.

"Well, they gave three British cheers as would have stirred up the blood of an anchor-stock, if it had any; and on they dashed, stretching to their oars with a good-will, and making the water brilliant with their tracks as they pulled for the devoted frigate, then almost three-quarters of a mile distant, which kept sending forth the red flames from the muzzle of her guns as the boats gallantly approached.

"Captain Hamilton boarded on the starboard-bow, and

with the gunner and eight or ten men cleared the fokstle. The doctor boarded on the larboard-bow, and with his party joined the captain; and the other boats having discharged their men, the whole of the boarders attacked the quarterdeck, where the Spanish officers had collected, and fought with desperation. And now mind the downright impudence of the thing; for whilst they were fighting for possession on deck, the sails were loosed aloft, the cables were cut, and the boats were towing the ship out of the harbour; and the craft, as if she warn't honestly come by, was walking off from the land like seven bells half-struck: if that warn't going the rig, then blow me if I know what is.

"When the Spaniards saw that the ship was actually under weigh, with sail on her, and the boarding parties cutting down all afore 'em, a great number jumped overboard and some ran below whilst the killed and wounded lay in all directions. About this time, Captain Hamilton received such a tremendous crack on the head from the but-end of a musket, as brought a general illumination into his eyes and stretched him senseless on the deck. A Spaniard, who had fallen near him, raised his dagger to stab him to the heart; but the tide of existence was ebbing like a torrent, his brain was giddy, his aim faltered, and the point descended in the captain's right thigh. Dragging away the blade with the last convulsive energy of a death-struggle, he lacerated the wound. Again the reeking steel was upheld, and the Spaniard placed his left hand near the captain's heart to mark his aim more sure: again the dizziness of dissolution spread over his sight, down came the dagger into the captain's left thigh, and the Spaniard was a corpse.

"The upper deck was cleared, and the boarders rushed below on the maindeck to complete their conquest. Here the slaughter was dreadful, till the Spaniards called out for quarter, and the carnage ceased: but no sooner was the firing on board at an end, when the sodgers at the batteries—who had been wondering at the frigate moving away as if by magic, and had been calling a whole reg'ment of saints to help 'em—let fly from nearly two hundred pieces of cannon, as if they were saying their prayers and wanted the British tars to count the beads. Howsomever, the wind was very light close in-shore, and the smoke mantled thick and heavy on the waters, so as to mask the ship from view, but a chance twenty-four-pounder hulled her below the water-mark. and they were obliged to rig the pumps. The mainmast, too, at one time was in danger from the stay and springstay being shot away, and the head-swell tumbling in made the frigate roll heavily; but about two in the morning they got out of gun-shot, the towing-boats were called alongside, and ever thing made snug. Thus in an hour and three-quarters the frigate was boarded, carried, and clear from the batteries.

Notabilia.

A Relic.—At Bavai, near Valenciennes, by the side of the road to Avesnes, one of the seven old Roman roads that concentrated at Bavai, a very fine cinerary urn in bronze, between nine and ten inches in height, including the cover, and eight inches in diameter, was discovered lately. It contained some small bones nearly reduced to dust, and has the following inscription: *Dis M. Hertius, C. Anno VIICX.* It is in fine preservation, and ornamented with bas-reliefs, in the purest style, and of superior workmanship. It probably was made to contain the ashes of one of the companions of Tiberius, who died at Bavai during the residence of that emperor there.

Joseph Bonaparte.—The muleteers both of Spain and Portugal have a custom of shearing the hair quite close on the back and sides of their beasts, in order to prevent the pack-saddle galling them; the rump is usually ornamented by this means, with flowers and other devices. On one in Spain, I saw the following ludicrous caricature:—"The Devil welcoming *Señor Don Josef Napoleon* to his infernal mansion;" underneath was carved, "*Entra Señor D. Josef, siempre al servicio de usted* (Enter Signor Don Joseph, I am ever at your service,") —a common phrase in the country.—From Col. Eliot's *Defence of Portugal.*

Statue of Charles XII.—A bronze statue of Charles XII., at the moment when he is struck by the bullet which closed his career, has recently been placed in the Royal Library at Stockholm.

Musical Festival.—The expenses of the late Royal Musical Festival in Westminster Abbey, were 12,933*l.* 14*s.* 9*d.*, and the receipts 22,013*l.* 18*s.*, the surplus has been equally divided between the Royal Society of Musicians, the New Choral and Musical Funds, and the Royal Academy of Music. The greatest number present was 3,800, which was at the third rehearsal.

Cardinal Zurla.—A late number of the *Diario di Roma* announces the death of Cardinal Zurla. His reverence was one of the most distinguished geographers of Europe, and his edition of the voyages of Marco Paulo, with annotations, is well known and justly esteemed. He was a member of numerous academics and learned institutions of Europe. Cardinal Zurla was the intimate friend of Pope Gregory, and was himself several times nominated as a candidate for the papal chair. He died on the 29th of October, whilst pursuing a scientific journey in Sicily.

Diamond.—Galignani's Paris paper contains an account of a fine diamond found by a poor man in a piece of wood from the Levant, and which is valued at 500,000 francs, and would be worth much more if it had not a slight tinge of yellow. It had, it is supposed, been concealed in the tree when young.

Parliamentary Debates.—We find that it is intended in the new house of commons to construct a gallery immediately behind and above the speaker's chair, exclusively for the parliamentary reporters, with easy means of egress and regress, and every other accommodation that may be deemed desirable. This is as it should be. We could perfectly understand, although we did not concur in them, the objections which some persons formerly entertained to the practice of publishing reports of the debates in parliament; but when those objections were abandoned, and when the publication was, we may justly say, sanctioned by the tacit acquiescence of both houses, we never could understand why every possible facility was not afforded for the correct execution of a task which must be sufficiently difficult and laborious, even under the most favourable circumstances.

Anecdote of an Irish Nurse.—The affection of Irish nurses to their foster-children is one of the most powerful and devoted feelings of which human nature is capable; they will follow and serve them through evil report and good report—in poverty and in prosperity—in foreign lands, as well as in their own country; and one instance I well remember, of a poor nurse, who, when she heard a foster child—the younger son of a family that had been both respectable and respected in former times—was in an English jail, came over, attended him during his sad and lonely hours of imprisonment; and when he was doomed to an ignominious death, never left his side until he exchanged time for eternity. She talked to him of those he had loved, before his soul and his name became polluted by evil. And it was a holy thing, within the prison walls, to hear that gray-headed woman put up her heart-felt prayers to the Almighty, for the object of such pure affection. When all was over, she claimed his body, —waked it after the fashion of her country; sold all she possessed in the world to give it decent burial; and was herself his monument; for, a few nights afterwards, she was found dead upon his grave!

Discovery of the celebrated work of Abelard, "SIC ET NON," *for which he was condemned by the Council of Sens in* 1140.—M. Guizot has pointed out a recent discovery, possessing a high interest for those who devote themselves to the study of philosophy and of its history—the manuscript of the celebrated work of Abelard, entitled, "*Oui et Non*," (*Sic et Non*,) just discovered in the Bibliothèque at Avranches. This work, which was thought to be irreparably lost, is that which caused the condemnation of Abelard, by the Council of Sens, in 1140. M. Cousin is to superintend its publication.

The Landers.—A correspondent at Truro informs us, that the committee lately appointed in that town, to make arrangements for the erection of a column, as a tribute to the intrepidity and enterprise of the African travellers, have come to an agreement, as to the proportions which shall be adopted. It is resolved, that its height shall be 71 feet, and not 56, as was first proposed. The figure to be placed on the top of the column, will be nine feet in height; and the total elevation of the whole, 80 feet. The first cut and squared stone of the column is to be laid at Truro, on the first of March, with Masonic honours; and endeavours are to be used to have the whole work ready by the commencement of July.

Martin Luther.—The German papers mention that a medal has just been struck at Berlin, to commemorate the translation of the Bible, by Luther. The obverse of the medal bears the effigy of Luther, and has the legend "Intrepreter of the Divine Word." The reverse represents Luther delivering an open Bible to Germany, and indicates that the translation was commenced at the Wartburg, and was finished at Wittemberg.

New mode of Staining Rooms.—A new mode of staining paper, or ornamenting rooms, has just been adopted in Paris. By means of wet or liquefied sawdust, a very beautiful appearance is given to wainscoting, equal, it is said, to that caused by the most expensive paper.

Longevity in France.—The patriarch of Normandy, the venerable M. d'Ornay, member of the Rouen Academy of Sciences, has just died in Paris. He was born on the 23d of August, 1729, and was consequently upwards of 100 years old.

Cashmere Shawls.—At Kilghiet, in the district of Soudah, twenty days' journey from Cashmere, is held the great mart for the worsted employed in the manufacture of those soft stuffs used as shawls, and almost as much in demand by the elegant females of Europe as the more voluptuous inmates of the east. There are two qualities of worsted: that which is most readily dyed is white; the other species is of a light ash colour, which cannot, without some difficulty, be rendered sufficiently white, and is more frequently used of the natural colour. One goat rarely furnishes more than two or three pounds of worsted per year. After the shearing, the two qualities are carefully separated; after which they undergo repeated washings in rice water. Great importance is attached to the operation of washing; and the Cashmerians attribute much of the beauty and delicacy of their unrivaled productions to the fine qualities of the waters of their valley. At Kilghiet, the worsted of Cashmere is sold in the rough at about 2*s.* the pound; but, as the preparation and washing occasions a loss of fifty per cent., it is sold ready for the loom at 6*s.* the pound. The form, size, and border, of the shawls vary according to the different markets for which the manufacturer designs them. —*Translated from a Turkish newspaper.*

Lord Brougham was present, on Sunday last, at the lecture delivered by M. Charles Dupin, at the Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers, on the application of Geometry to the Arts. Having finished the immediate subject of his address, the professor said:—"I cannot close this lecture without noticing the honour we have received from the presence of a statesman, who has rendered himself still more illustrious by the benefits he has conferred on the working classes than by his powerful eloquence. It is to him that the three kingdoms of Great Britain owe the institution of those asylums so invaluable to the children of people who pass the whole of their days in working at a distance from their homes. It is to the influence of his powerful and persuasive mind that must be attributed the rapid progress which has been made in teaching the sciences to the working classes—first in Scotland, and soon afterwards in England. In order to diffuse information amongst all ranks of society, Lord Brougham has founded for the higher classes the University of London, and for the inferior classes the Association, or rather we may say the Voluntary University, for teaching to the workmen of Great Britain the Mechanical Arts (the Mechanics' Institute). He was also one of the first promoters of the savings' banks, explaining to the people their present advantages and vast future consequences." After noticing the immense benefits derived from his diffusing elementary instruction by means of cheap publications upon the useful arts and moral principles, and by having given the death-blow to pauperism by his bill on the poor laws, M. Charles Dupin concluded by declaring that Lord Brougham was entitled to the thanks of all mankind for his virtuous example and the benefits he had conferred. This last part of the address was followed by enthusiastic and long continued applause.—*Par. pap.*

Choke damp.—The number of persons lost or destroyed by choke damp and fire damp, in mines and collieries in the county of Lancaster, so far as ascertained by the returns made by the coroners since 1810, is 135.

London butter.—London is estimated to consume nearly forty million pounds of butter, at 1*s.* per lb. to the maker, or two million pounds sterling worth. Cows produce about 168 lbs. per annum, so that London consumes the produce of 280,000 cows.

Capital punishments.—During the second ten years of George III. the capital punishments in London savoured of butchery. Every six weeks there used to be a public procession, from Newgate to Tyburn, of from eight to fifteen and twenty criminals, chiefly youths; and at the drop of the Old Bailey, the executions used to be likened to the suspension of pounds of candles, fifteen or twenty at a time! The number in London is now about 18 per annum.

Pere la Chaise.—The Prefect of the Seine has issued a decree, which fixes 1st Feb. 1835 as the final period for buying up the ground in the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, granted temporarily anterior to 1st Jan. 1821. The ground may be obtained for ever, upon paying the difference in the price between the temporary and the perpetual grant.

Railroad from Paris to Calais.—The surveys and other preliminaries for forming a rail-road from Paris to Calais are completed. Two lines have been under consideration—one by Amiens, and the other by St. Quentin. The latter is conceived to be the best, as offering fewer difficulties, as, by following the banks of the Oise, there are less irregularities of surface and marsh land to go over.—The distance of the two lines is nearly the same, and extends to about eighty leagues. On passing through the Arrondissement of St. Quentin, there must be two tunnels cut—one of 1,000 feet at Tronquoy, and another of 600 feet at Prosel. The expense is estimated at 500,000 francs a league, making in the whole a sum of 40,000,000 francs.

A Bouquet of Fruit.—At the late grand fete at Wentworth House, there was placed in the refreshment-room a *bouquet de fruit*, composed of every variety of grapes, pines, peaches, nectarines, &c. five yards in circumference, and valued at 600*l.*

Nelson's Coffin.—From a part of the mainmast of L'Orient, which was picked up by the Swiftsure, Capt. Hallowell directed his carpenter to make a coffin, which

he afterwards sent to his old friend and commander, Nelson, with the following letter:—"Sir, I have taken the liberty of presenting you with a coffin made from the mainmast of L'Orient, that when you have finished your naval career in this world, you may be buried in one of your trophies. But that that period may be far distant, is the earnest wish of your sincere friend, Benjamin Hallowell." The singular present was received in the spirit in which it was sent. Nelson placed it upright against the bulk-head of his cabin, behind the chair he sat at dinner, where it remained for some time, until his favourite servant prevailed upon him to have it removed, and in this identical coffin the remains of the lamented hero were finally deposited.—*United Service Gazette.*

French Artists in India.—Two French artists lately arrived at Moorshedabad, and, with the permission of the English authorities, executed a figure of the nabob of that place in bronze, which has been placed before his palace. The figure is of large dimensions, and is beautifully executed. The nabob highly complimented the artists on their skill, and after having said prayers before the statue, he gave each of them 25,000 rupees, and some rich dresses.—*Le Voleur.*

Acoustic Tube.—Among the many useful inventions of the present time, there is, perhaps, none that will confer more domestic comfort than the flexible acoustic tube of Messrs. Savory and Co., of the Strand. The material of which it is composed seems to possess the essential qualities for conveying sounds from any distance, without the slightest diminution of their pungency. The manufacturers have affixed to their printed announcement, a very appropriate emblem of its utility in cases of deafness, viz.: "An old gentleman who, of course, is supposed to be very deaf, is represented sitting cozily in his arm-chair by the fireside, listening by means of the tube to an interesting novel read by his daughter at the opposite side of the table."

Mercier's Portraits.—We have already noticed Mr. Mercier's talent in producing a strong and characteristic likeness, in oils, the size of life, at a single sitting—a sitting of one hour's duration! The other day, we paid a second visit to his exhibition, in Old Bond street, and actually enjoyed an opportunity of witnessing the process. A gentleman took his seat in the artist's chair for an hour,—perhaps an hour and ten minutes, but the extra ten minutes did not more than compensate for two or three little rests which the sitter took during the operation. At the expiration of the time mentioned, the painter closed his labour; and it was the opinion of every one present, that the likeness was at once spirited, full of character, and eminently faithful. Independently, however, of the resemblance, the *quantum* of labour performed within an hour was truly astonishing.—*Court Journal.*

Canning's Life Raft.—On Tuesday Mr. Canning personally experimented with his raft in the Thames. The raft can be formed of three spars, or yards, or planks, or any similar thing, that may be at hand, in a few minutes. They are simply lashed together transversely, as a garden chair, the lower ends having barrels or floats attached to them, the upper ones being connected by ropes, so as to form a cradle for the reception of the wrecked sailor. As far as river experiments go, Mr. Canning completely succeeded: the apparatus was towed down the river by a steam boat, and, to try its efficacy, was forced against the abutment of the bridges in passing them, Mr. Canning being in the safety cradle, and escaped unhurt. It is said to be capable of weathering the heaviest seas, and of effecting the object in view, where life boats would be dashed to pieces. A model may be seen at the National Gallery of Practical Science.

Junction of the Rhine with the Danube.—The following particulars are given in a private letter from Munich, dated October 8:—The government of Bavaria is now anxiously occupied with the consideration of a plan for uniting the Rhine with the Danube by means of a canal. According to the law which received the sanction of the Bavarian Chambers, the canal will be completed by a company of shareholders, but the government is to have the power to take one quarter of the shares. The maximum of toll which the proprietors of the canal are authorised to exact, during 99 years, is fixed at one third of the price which would be charged by wagon for the same distance. The canal will have its source in the Danube, near Kellheim. Its course will follow the valley of the small river d'Altmuhl and the Sulz, as far as Neumark; from thence the canal will pass in the direction of Nuremburg, and pass the river Reignitz, by Furth and Bamberg. Its length will be 592,543 Bavarian feet, or 23¼ German miles. Its breadth will be 54 Bavarian feet, and its depth 34. The highest elevation of the canal will be 273 feet above the surface of the Danube, near Kellheim, and 630 feet above the surface of the Reignitz, near Bamberg. This elevation will be attained by means of 94 locks.—*Morning Herald.*

Bibliotheca Heberiana.—We have watched the progress of the first six days' sale of this portion of Heber's Library with much interest. These noble remains, which in their original form exhibit the genius of our early poets, and the manners, customs, and habits of the ancient times, are dispersed for ever. Their sale commenced at Evans's on Monday last. Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, a second edition, imperfect, brought 78*l.* 13*s.*; Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, printed by Pynson, one leaf supplied by fac simile, 60*l.* 18*s.*; a very curious series of Old Ballads dispersed through several lots, but formerly bound in one volume, purchased by Heber from Thorpe, the well known bookseller of Bedford street, sold for 130*l.*—these "rare matters" have reverted again to Thorpe; a volume of Old Ballads, 49*l.*; Boetius, translated into English metre by J. Walton, and printed in the Monastery of Tavistock in 1424, produced 63*l.* and was very properly purchased by the Duke of Bedford; Barclay's Eclogues, printed by Pynson, 24*l.* 16*s.*; History of the Four Sons of Aymen, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, 32*l.*; Barnabe Googe's Eclogues, duodecimo, first edition, and undoubtedly the most beautiful book of its class in this vast collection, 16*l.* 5*s.*—it was bought by Heber in the sale of George Steevens' library, for about 10*l.*; Guy of Warwick, a metrical romance, 25*l.*; Chronicle of England, imprinted by General de Leew, 37*l.* 16*s.* Did our limits permit, we would record the prices of the various works of Churchyard, Gascoigne, Dekker, and Greene. The drolleries, upon the whole, produced a larger sum than Heber paid for them, as did many of the books relating to Ireland. The amount of the past week far exceeded three thousand pounds. The literary treasures in the present week's sale at least equal those of the past. The large paper copy of Holinshed is the one known to contain the original castrations; this ought to be secured by a public library as a national document.

The Princess Olivia.—The self-styled Princess Olivia of Cumberland, who, a few years since, was almost daily before the public, in endeavouring to establish her claim to royalty, died on the 21st instant.

Literature in Ireland.—Literature is at a very low ebb in Galway. No regular bookseller's shop is to be found in this town, containing between 30,000 and 40,000 inhabitants; there are shops, indeed, where books may be ordered, and where some books may be purchased; but the demand is not sufficient to support a shop which sells books solely. I need scarcely say, that the town contains no public or circulating library; and I could not learn that either in the town, or in its neighbourhood, any private book society existed. * * * It is a singular fact that in such a town as Londonderry, there should be no circulating, or public library. Several attempts to establish these have failed, and I could not even learn that any private book society existed.—*Inglis's Ireland.*

"*Fosdick's Translation of De Sacy's General Grammar.*" This is a valuable American work imported by Mr. Rich. The seminary at Andover has recently produced several very valuable works on education, which deserve to be extensively known in this country; but perhaps there is not among them one of greater merit than this little volume. Baron De Sacy's talents, as a linguist and grammarian, are too well known to need our notice. In this work he has brought all his varied acquirements to bear on the elucidation of the philosophical principles of general grammar. The translator has performed his task with great ability and fidelity, and added much valuable illustration.—*Athenæum.*

Marine Artificial Horizon.—Lieut. H. A. Becher has, we are informed, succeeded in producing this desideratum, by a machine of simple construction and of small size. It is founded on the principle that the same fluid (in this case, mercury) preserves its level when distributed in different tubes; and the experiment has been found to answer when tried in the north seas by day, by Captain Hewett of the Fairy.

Lord Napier and the Chinese.—We are informed, by a correspondent, whose letter reached us by the last arrival from Canton, that a very small blunder apparently, and what we should deem a mere act of common courtesy, has exposed Lord Napier to the loud laughter and universal ridicule of the Chinese. The King of England, too, comes in for a share of the contempt which his representative labours under.

It appears that Lord Napier took formal leave of the court of merchants, after an interview with them, in the way that one gentleman would of another in England. He made his obeisance and retired. This the Chinese consider as supremely despicable in the king's representative; and the English residents in Canton are constantly saluted with the following satirical remarks, in reference to the unfortunate obeisance. "Very curioo! I no unerstand! King man go chin, chin one tea merchant! Here fashion!"

Queer Custom.—Part of the road leading from Whissendine to Melton Mowbry lies through the preserves of the Earl of Harborough, upon which about a dozen boys with clappers, horns, rattles, and various other instruments more noisy than musical, are stationed: on the appearance of any person with a gun upon the road, he is quickly surrounded by this clamorous group, who ply their various engines with such a vengeance as not only to frighten the game beyond the shooting distance of the suspected individual, but absolutely to put many of his majesty's harmless equestrian lieges in bodily fear. This uproarious little band is marshaled and disciplined by two men, one acting as commander-in-chief, and the other as a sort of adjutant; if the boys be not in sight of the principal or his assistant when a stranger appears, they are summoned to the spot by a stentorian "Yoicks" and "Halloo" that would do credit to the lungs of a practised huntsman; forthwith the uproar commences, and it continues till the poor persecuted wight is beyond the limits of the manor.—*Lincoln Mercury.*

Richard Carlile again.—The court was occupied for several hours on Monday with the trial of Richard Carlile, "for having, on the Lord's-day as well as on other days, exhibited two figures in the windows of the first floor of the house No. 62, Fleet street, the one representing a bishop of the established church, and the other a person in ordinary apparel, under the latter being written the words 'temporal broker,' and under the former the words 'spiritual broker,' with other inscriptions, describing them as two props of the church." This was described as a nuisance, on account of the crowds that it collected, as well as its public indecorum. Carlile defended himself, and frequently gave offence to Judge Park by his irreverent remarks on the established church. He was found guilty; but judgment was respited and the prisoner suffered to go at large on bail, on the understanding that the nuisance should be abated.—*Examiner.*

Fraser's Magazine and the Cooks.—In the court of king's bench, on Monday, M. Prudhomme, French cook to the Earl Grey, obtained a verdict with 50*l.* damages against the publisher of *Fraser's Magazine*, for a libel on his character, which had appeared in an article of the Magazine for December 1833. The article in question was entitled "Household Servants;" and amongst other things it was alleged, that there was not an honest servant in England, and a statement was made with reference to "the French cook of a great political earl," imputing fraud to him, the charge being that he was in the habit of overcharging his employer in the price and quantity of his charcoal; it was further stated that the charcoal-seller could prove the fact if called upon. The article having gone the round of the papers, a friend of the plaintiff called on Mr. Fraser; who refused to contradict the statement. On the trial, the main defence which Sir James Scarlett offered for his client the publisher, resolved into a denial of the application of the libel to the plaintiff.

Theft.—On Saturday evening, between the hours of six and eight o'clock, some thieves got, unperceived, into the shop of Mr. H. Grittin's looking-glass warehouse, at the corner of Duncannon street and Trafalgar square, St. Martin's lane, and stole the silver-gilt vase or cup, weighing two hundred ounces, presented by the late Lord Byron and the committee of Drury lane theatre to the late Edmund Kean the tragedian, in 1816. Lord Byron's and the whole of the committee and performers' names are inscribed on the cup. A large reward is offered for the apprehension of the thieves.

Ruins of the House of Lords.—One of our Paris newspapers says that in digging among the ruins of the house of lords, in order to ascertain the heat of the smouldering embers, the workmen discovered on the spot over which the woolsack stood, some large masses of *glass*, in a state of fusion, and several *corkscrews!!!*

New Strand Theatre.——A Mrs. Wylett has taken New Strand Theatre in London, which magistrates refuse to license and the lord chamberlain to countenance; she evades the prohibition of taking money by the ingenious scheme of giving admission gratis to purchasers of tickets for the Victoria, at the office close to the Strand Theatre door, and other places named in the bills.

Mrs. Somerville and the Emperor of Russia.—The Emperor of Russia has sent from Petersburg, and commanded to be presented to Mrs. Somerville, author of the well-known work "On the Connection of the Physical Sciences," an extremely valuable opal, set with brilliants of the first water, "as a token of his sincere regard and admiration" of that lady's distinguished talents.

Tomline's Life of Pitt.—The publication of the first portion of the Life of William Pitt, by Prettyman Tomline, the Bishop of Winchester, (tutor to the premier when at Pembrokehall, Cambridge, and subsequently his private secretary,) gave great offence to George IV., in consequence of the insertion of one or two private and confidential letters from his father to Pitt whilst he was prime minister. The remainder of the work is said to be finished in MS., and in possession of the bishop's son. A short time before Tomline's death, he was asked by a noble friend when he intended to print the remainder of his Life of Pitt; the bishop answered, "My lord, I am getting a very old man."

Philip not Jacob.—A Frenchman, stopping at a tavern, asked for Jacob: "There is no such person here," said the landlord. "'Tis not any person I want, sare, but de beer make warm wid de poker." "Well," answered mine host, "that is flip." "Aye, yes, sare, you are in de right—I mean *Philip.*"

West's Pictures.—By a curious calculation, it was ascertained that to contain all West's pictures, a gallery

would be necessary four hundred feet long, fifty broad, and forty high.

Princess of Beira.—The day after the interment of the late Donna Francisca, the Princess of Beira, with the Infant of Spain, proceeded to London, and the first thing done on her arrival was to dispose of Francisca's jewels, at her desire, and transmit the proceeds of them to Portsmouth, for the poor Spaniards there, where this relief very opportunely arrived last week.—*Hampshire Telegraph.*

Refusal to be Pardoned.—A very curious bit of personal news has arrived this week from Sweden. Captain Laideberg, who had been pardoned by the king, after being convicted of treason, persists in repudiating the favour intended him, and declares his resolution of dying by the hands of the executioner. He will die, he says, in preference, on his birth-day the 8th November, believing "that his head falling under the executioner's axe will do more service to his country than if it remained on his shoulders." The authorities have been attempting to reason with him, but he is quite inexorable!

Painter's Copyrights.—The right of painters to give or withhold permission to engrave their works, even when sold, has recently been brought under the consideration of a legal tribunal in Paris. "Does the right to have an engraving made from a picture belong to the purchaser of the picture, or does it remain with the painter, even after the sale of his picture?" This was the question brought before the court with reference to an engraving of Gerard's picture of the Battle of Austerlitz. The court decided in favour of the painter's exclusive right.

An Editorial Priest.—The Carlists of France are getting some wisdom. They are turning their newspaper editors into priests:—M. de Genoude, the late editor of the *Gazette de France*, was consecrated sub-deacon, at the ordination which took place at Versailles on the Saturday previous to the last ember week. The day before he performed the functions of sub-deacon, and chanted the epistle at the first mass of a newly-ordained young priest. M. de Genoude is therefore now fairly embarked in the ecclesiastical state.

The Ship-carriage.—A letter from Paris says, that the ship-carriage, which was so much talked of, has proved a complete failure. It was to have started on Monday for the Champ de Mars, and had several sails set, but no progress was made, although the wind was very favourable. Several men were at one time employed to aid its progress, but the result was such, as to convince even the inventor that the plan was a total failure.

A new Fish-sauce.—A countryman arrived at London was desirous of following the newest fashion. He heard gas was spoken of as being very superior to oil, but he had not the courage to ask any explanation on the subject. Going to dine at a chop-house, he ordered some turbot, and on being asked by the waiter whether he would take oil with his fish, he answered, "No, I wish to try the new mode; give it me with gas."—*The Cook.*

Statue to Cuvier.—The model of the statue to be erected to the memory of Baron Cuvier, has just been completed in Paris by M. David. Cuvier is represented in the attitude of profound meditation. In one hand he holds a pencil, and in the other a paper, on which are sketched the Mastodonte, in a perfect state, and its skeleton. Near the statue is a half pillar, on which rests the jaw-bone of the Mastodonte, which enabled Cuvier to discover the complete structure of the animal, previously unknown. The statue is to be erected at Montbeliard, Cuvier's native town.

The Original of the Story of Colonel Kirk.—A governor of Zealand, under the bold Duke of Burgundy, had in vain sought to seduce the affections of the beautiful wife of a citizen. The governor imprisons the husband on an accusation of treason; and when the wife appeared as the suppliant, the governor, after no brief eloquence, succeeded as a lover, on the plea that her husband's life could only be spared by her compliance. The woman, in tears and in aversion, and not without a hope of vengeance only delayed, lost her honour. Pointing to the prison, the governor told her, "If you seek your husband, enter there, and take him along with you." The wife, in the bitterness of her thoughts, yet not without the consolation that she had snatched her husband from the grave, passed into the prison; there, in a cell, to her astonishment and horror, she beheld the corpse of her husband laid out in a coffin, ready for burial. Mourning over it, she at length returned to the governor, fiercely exclaiming, "You have kept your word! you have restored me my husband! and be assured the favour shall be repaid!" The inhuman villain, terrified in the presence of his intrepid victim, attempted to appease her vengeance, and more, to win her to his wishes. Returning home, she assembled her friends, revealed her whole story, and under their protection she appealed to Charles the Bold, a strict lover of justice, and who now awarded a singular but an exemplary catastrophe. The duke first commanded that the criminal governor should instantly marry the woman whom he had made a widow, and at the same time sign his will, with a clause importing that should he die before his lady he constituted her his heiress. All this was concealed from both sides, rather to satisfy the duke than the parties themselves. This done, the unhappy woman was dismissed alone. The governor was conducted to the prison to suffer the same death he had inflicted on the husband of his wife; and when this lady was desired once more to enter the prison, she beheld her second husband headless in his coffin as she had her first. Such extraordinary incidents in so short a period overpowered the feeble frame of the sufferer; she died—leaving a son, who inherited the rich accession of fortune so fatally obtained by his injured and suffering mother.—*D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature.*

Submersion of Port Royal.—In the midst of much prosperity, and when the colonists were exulting in their good fortune, the town of Port Royal, in Jamaica, into which the wealth of the buccaneers had been poured, and on whose shores their crimes and wickedness had been felt, by the awful interposition of Providence, was suddenly destroyed, and its inhabitants instantly engulphed in the earthquake, which entombed the scene of so much depravity for ever! On the 7th of June 1692, at mid-day, while the governor and council were sitting, and the wharfs were loaded with merchandise and rich spoil, a roar was heard in the distant mountains, and reverberated through the vallies to the beach, where the sea suddenly arose, and in an instant stood five fathoms deep, where, a moment before, were displayed the glittering treasures of Peru and Mexico; in some places the earth opened wide and swallowed whole houses, which were again, perhaps, thrown upwards by the violent concussion of the sea; in others, many individuals were swallowed up to the neck, and the earth then closing, strangled them; the *Swan* frigate was forced over the tops of sunken houses, and afforded a providential escape to many persons; and of the whole town, perhaps the richest spot in the world, not more than two hundred houses of the fort were left. The whole island felt severely the shock, in some parts mountains were riven, in others connected, the outline of every thing was changed, and the entire surface of the island considerably subsided; many thousand persons were destroyed in the overwhelming of Port Royal, the ruins of which are yet visible in clear weather from the surface of the ocean, beneath which they lie.—*From Montgomery Martin's History of the British Colonies.*

Popularity of Milton and Shakspeare.—The English flatter themselves by a pretence that Shakspeare and Milton are popular in England. It is good taste, indeed, to wish to have it believed that those poets are popular.

Their names are so; but if it be said that the works of Shakspeare and Milton are popular—that is, liked and studied—among the wide circle whom it is now the fashion to talk of as enlightened, we are obliged to express our doubts whether a grosser delusion was ever promulgated. Not a play of Shakspeare's can be ventured on the London stage without mutilation, and without the most revolting balderdash foisted into the rents made by managers in his divine dramas; nay, it is only some three or four of his pieces that can be borne at all by our all intelligent public, unless the burthen be lightened by dancing, singing, or processioning. This for the stage. But is it otherwise with "the *reading* public?" We believe it is worse; we think, verily, that the apprentice or his master who sits out Othello or Richard at the theatres, does get a sort of glimpse, a touch, an atmosphere of intellectual grandeur; but he could not keep himself awake during the perusal of that which he admires—or fancies he admires—in scenic representation. As to understanding Shakspeare—as to entering into all Shakspeare's thoughts and feelings—as to seeing the idea of Hamlet, or Lear, or Othello, as Shakspeare saw it—this we believe falls, and can only fall, to the lot of the really cultivated few, and of those who may have so much of the temperament of genius in themselves, as to comprehend and sympathise with the criticism of men of genius." Shakespeare is now popular by name, because, in the first place, great men, more on a level with the rest of mankind, have said that he is admirable, and also because in the absolute universality of his genius, he has presented points to all. Every man, woman, and child, may pick at least one flower from his garden, the name and scent of which are familiar. To all which must of course be added, the effect of theatrical representation, be that representation what it may. There are tens of thousands of persons in this country whose only acquaintance with Shakspeare, such as it is, is through the stage.—*Quarterly Review.*

Ant Plague in Grenada—Their numbers were so immense as to cover the roads for the space of several miles; and so crowded in many places, that the prints of the horses' feet were distinctly marked amongst them till filled by the surrounding multitudes. They made bridges across large and rapid rivers with the dead bodies of their comrades. Every kind of cold victuals, all species of vermin, particularly rats, and even the sores of the Negroes, were exposed to their attacks. A premium of 20,000*l.* from the public treasury was offered to the discoverer of any effectual method of destroying them, and the principal means employed were poison and fire. By mixing arsenic and corrosive sublimate with animal substances, myriads were destroyed; and the slightest tasting of the poison rendered them so outrageous as to devour one another. Lines of red-hot charcoal were laid in their way, to which they crowded in such numbers as to extinguish it with their bodies; and holes full of fire were dug in the cane grounds, which were soon extinguished by heaps of dead. But while the nests remained undisturbed, new progenies appeared, as numerous as ever, and the only effectual check which they received, was from the destructive hurricane which, by tearing up altogether, or so loosening the roots of the plants where they nestled as to admit the rain, almost extirpated the whole race.—*From Montgomery Martin's History of the British Colonies.*

Manner of Keeping Horses in Cabool.—Nothing strikes a stranger in this country more than the manner of keeping their horses, which differ so much from India. They never remove the saddle during the day, which they believe gives the horse a better rest at night. They never walk a horse up and down, but either mount him, or make him go round in a circle till he is cool. They give no grain, at this season, feeding them on green barley, which has not eared. They picket eight or ten horses to two ropes, which they fix in line parallel to one another. They always tie a knot on the tail. They keep the hind quarters of the horse covered at all times by very neat felt, fringed with silk, which is held on by the crupper. They use the Uzbek saddle, which resembles that of our own hussars, and which I found agreeable enough, and always used. The riders tie their whip to the wrist. The Afghans take great care of their horses, but do not pamper them with spices, as in India and always have them in excellent condition.—*Burnes's Travels into Bokhara.*

Literary Intelligence.

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DENMARK.

The 8th vol. of the *Scriptures Rerum Danicarum* has recently appeared at Copenhagen. The 7th vol. was published in 1793, and the printing of the 8th was then commenced; it was far advanced, when the whole impression became the prey of a conflagration which only spared two copies. The 9th vol. will complete the work, and will contain a general index.

FRANCE.

The second part of the 5th volume of M. Quérard's laborious and admirable Dictionary of French Literature, entitled *La France Littéraire*, has just made its appearance. It contains a small portion of the letter *M*; consequently the author may be considered to have completed one half of his undertaking. We sincerely hope that he will live to finish the other half. It is impossible for any one who has not had frequent occasion to consult and refer to this work, to form an idea of the immense labour which it must have required, or sufficiently to appreciate the industry, the patient research, and the minute accuracy which the author has every where displayed. The short notices of the little known and obscure authors and their productions have a merit of their own, as great as the larger and more elaborate ones dedicated to celebrated or distinguished names. In this department of literature the French and Germans very much surpass us. It will be long indeed, we fear, before we have a Dictionary of British Authors and their works, that will bear any comparison with the work before us.

The autograph MS. of the Memoirs of Cardinal de Retz has been recently discovered in the royal library among the papers of Count Réal, and has attracted a good deal of attention. Numerous passages of great interest are marked for erasure, which do not appear in the printed editions.

A *History of Corsica*, by M. Jacobi, advocate, will be shortly published, in 2 vols. 8vo. It will include the topography, scenery, and statistics of the island, interspersed with some of those touching and romantic episodes with which its history abounds.

A French translation of Lieutenant Burnes's interesting Travels to Bokhara, &c. has been announced as in preparation at Paris, with notes by Klaproth, the distinguished Orientalist.

Professor Schroeder, of Upsal, in Sweden, is now at Paris for the purpose of searching among the public libraries for materials to complete the great collection of Swedish Historians of the Middle Ages, edited by him, and of which three volumes in folio have already appeared.

A *History of Russia*, compiled from the national chronicles, is announced, in 1 vol. 12mo., by Louis Paris,

the translator of Nestor's Chronicle. The same author has in the press *La Chronique de Reims. recit historique de* 1938 *à* 1260; now published for the first time from the unique MS. in the king's library.

A new edition of the *Collection of Memoirs relative to the History of France*, from the 13th to the end of the 18th century, inclusive, is announced for publication, in 20 vols. royal 8vo., distributed in 80 livraisons, one of which will appear every ten days. M. Michaud, the academician, and M. Poujalat, the companion of his late travels in the east, will discharge the duties of editorship, supply the necessary explanatory and other notes, &c. &c. By means of printing in a smaller type and in double columns, it is calculated (but the accuracy of this calculation is denied in the strongest terms by the proprietors of Petitot,) that these twenty volumes will include the whole two series of Petitot's collection, in 130 vols. 8vo. at a price not exceeding one-fourth of that. It will proceed chronologically, beginning with Geoffrey Villehardouin, and ending with Saint Simon.

The royal printing office of Paris possesses the type of 56 Oriental alphabets, comprehending all the known characters of the languages of Asia, ancient as well as modern; and 16 alphabets of those European nations who do not employ the Roman character. Of these the royal printing press possesses 46 complete founts of various forms and sizes. All these together weigh at least 750,000 lbs., and as the types of an 8vo. page weigh about 6 lbs. this establishment is able to compose, simultaneously, 7812 8vo. sheets, forming nearly 260 volumes, or 125,000 pages. The number of presses employed enables it to throw off 278,000 sheets per day, or 556 reams of paper, equal to 9266 volumes in 8vo. of 30 sheets each. The annual consumption of paper by the royal printing office is from 80 to 100,000 reams, or from 261 to 326 reams per working day. The number of workmen constantly employed is about 350.

The 19th volume of M. Sismondi's *Histoire des Français*, just published, comes down to the year 1580, consequently it includes the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

A curious little work has recently appeared, intituled *Les Amours, les Ouvrages d'Héloise et d'Abélard;* it is translated from the edition of 1616, now become excessively rare, and is illustrated with notes by M. Villenane, formerly professor at the Athenæum of Paris.

GERMANY.

Professor Ellendt, of Konigsberg, has nearly completed e *Lexicon Sophoclæum*, forming a complete repertory of the labours of grammarians and philologists, for the elucidation of the great Greek tragic poet. The work will appear in May next, in 2 vols. 8vo.

The Posthumous Works of the German philosopher *Fichte*, are announced for publication, in 3 vols. 8vo.

A Map of the Moon is announced as in preparation by Messrs. Beer and Maedler, which, from the promises held out as to its execution, we should judge well worthy of attention of astronomers.

M. Heinrigs, of Berlin, has published the first part of a Collection of European Manuscript Alphabets of ancient and modern times.

The first volume of a new edition of Suidas's Greek Lexicon, printed in quarto, from the text of the Milan edition, edited and illustrated by Professor Bernhardy, has just made its appearance at Halle.

The splendid collection of coloured engravings published by Messrs. Boisserée and Bertram, of the old German and Flemish pictures now in the Munich Gallery, is brought to a conclusion; the 38th livraison, recently published, completes it.

A complete edition, in one volume 8vo. of the Poetical Works of Voss, is announced for publication. The *translations* will not be included.

A Physical Description of the Earth, is preparing for publication by Baron Humboldt.

A narrative of the first Prussian *Voyage round the World*, by H. H. S. Louise, under the command of Captain Wendt, during the years 1830 to 1832, drawn up by Dr. Meyen, the naturalist attached to the expedition, has just appeared at Berlin, in two volumes quarto.

An institution or endowment is announced to be formed in memory of the celebrated theologian and philologist Schleiermacher, and to be named after him, for the purpose of enabling young men, students of theology in the University of Berlin, who have previously distinguished themselves by their attainments, to devote themselves exclusively, and with minds undisturbed by pecuniary cases, to their studies for the entire period of their university career, and in cases that may be deemed fit, even after that period. The management of this institution to be in the hands of the twelve founders, in whose name an appeal has been lately put forth to the well-wishers of such an institution, for pecuniary assistance to carry its objects into effect. The name of these founders Messrs. Eichhorn, the two Humboldts, two Neanders, Savigny, Fostner, Nikolovius, Steffens, Hofbach, Pischon, and Strauss.

M. Von Hammer having completed the first edition of the *History of the Ottoman Empire*, is now busily engaged in passing a second through the press, considerably improved. The first and second volumes, published in livraisons, have already appeared.

The fourth volume of Raumer's *History of Europe since the end of the 15th Century*, has just made its appearance.

An important work by M. Keferstein has just appeared at Leipsic, in two volumes, on the Physiology of the Earth, Geognosy, Geology, and Palæontology (Fossilogy.) The latter part contains a voluminous catalogue, with the Latin names, of all the known fossils of either the animal or vegetable kingdom.

The first volume of M. Erman's *Travels round the World, through the Forth of Asia, and both Oceans, in the years* 1828, 1829, *and* 1830, which has recently appeared at Berlin, contains his *Journey from Berlin to the Frozen Ocean*. The sequel is looked for with great interest.

RUSSIA.

In no country in Europe does the government take such an active interest in the publication of journals as in Russia. Almost every principal branch of administration possesses a journal through which its proceedings, plans, and means of execution, are communicated to the public. During the year 1833 there was published in the Russian language, 40 journals and newspapers; of which 24 were published at St. Petersburgh, 10 at Moscow, three at Odessa, two at Revel, and one at Kasan. Five of these were devoted to political subjects, 13 to literature, and the remaining 22 to various branches of science; and were edited, for the most part, by individuals connected with the government. These are independent of the journals that are published in German and in French, of which there are several.

Prince Protojon, the present Hetman of the Cossacks, has just translated the poems of Parny into the Calmuc language. We think he might have made a more judicious choice.

ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

M. G. Pauthier has announced a translation of the Political, Moral, and Philosophical Works of Confucius (Kong-fou-tseu) and of Mencius (Mengtseu), the two most celebrated Chinese philosophers, accompanied with the original Chinese text. These writings are what are called by the Chinese the *See-Chou*, (the Four Books); they form the basis of the instruction of youth in all the colleges of the empire;—they are the books held in the

highest estimotion by the Chinese literati, of whose contents all who are designed for the career of letters or administration must make themselves masters, and even get by heart. The work will form two volumes in royal 8vo. (price 50 francs, or 2*l*) and will be sent to press as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers are found to defray the expense of printing.

M. Von Hammer has published an edition of the *Rose and the Nightingale*, poem, by Fazli, a Turkish poet, in the original, with a German translation.

An edition of the Gulistan of Sadi, in the original Persian, with a French translation, and critical and historical notes by M. Semelet, has just appeared at Paris, in 1 vol. 4to.

ENGLAND.

Mr. Charles Richardson is preparing a new Dictionary of the English Language, in which the explanation of the words commences with the etymological or intrinsic meaning, their various applications in use are traced in orderly connection, and the quotations in illustration, are arranged chronologically from the most ancient to the most modern authors.

In the press, a Tour through North America, together with a Comprehensive View of the Canadas and the United States, as adapted for Agricultural Emigration. By Patrick Shirreff, Farmer, East Lothian.

A work is in course of preparation, entitled, "History and Present State of Van Dieman's Land," (with the official correspondence on the subject of "Secondary Punishments.") By George Day Wood, Esq.

A Booksellers' Assistants' Society has recenly been formed at Leipzic, the objects of which are stated to be the promotion, after the labours of the day, of friendly intercourse and improvement, by means of a library, lectures, and a reading-room. Classes will also be formed for instruction in the most useful living languages. The lectures are to embrace the various arts connected with bookselling, such as letter-founding, printing, book-binding, paper-making, copper and wood engraving, lithography, &c.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

A Brochure, entitled England, France, Russia, and Turkey, is nearly ready for the press.

Mr. John Leigh, Jun. is preparing for publication, in a cheap form, Directions for insuring personal Safety during Storms of Thunder and Lightning, and for the right Application of Conductors to Houses and other Buildings.

The ethical portion of Kant's "Transcendental Philosophy," his "Kritik der praktischen Verneinft," or Critical Canons of Practical Reason, is likely soon to appear in an English garb.

Serials.—The most novel undertaking in this class of literature is Mr. Valpy's *Summaries of the Sermons and Discourses of the most Eminent British Divines*, conducted by the Reverend T. S. Hughes. The work is chiefly addressed to clergymen and divinity students. The object is to furnish them with the ready-made outlines of a sermon, which they are to fill up. The mode pursued is to present the skeleton of the discourse only; retaining the order, the arguments, and, as it were, the key-notes; leaving out the ripeness, the fulness, the fancy, and the eloquence of the original. By this means, a great saving of space and money is effected—in a single part of little more than 120 pages, we have the pith of forty-two sermons: the vigorous power required to digest the pure essence forbids any hope of saving time. Their use, of course, must depend upon the character of the user: he who will take them as texts, which he is to expand, and compare his performance with the original, will assuredly profit by his labour: he who looks upon them as means of evading exertions—as spirit which he is to dilute—will neither benefit himself nor his hearers. Judging from the specimen before us, the work will be carefully and skilfully done. The abridgment reads continuously, and preserves the effect of a whole. However carefully perused, the literary merit of the sermons, as compositions, of course evaporates; but we think their effect as pieces of reasoning is greater. The eloquence of poesy of our older divines is gone; but the logician is more distinctly seen.

The eighth volume of Sir Walter Scott's Prose Works commences the "Life of Napoleon." The preface informs us that

"Sir Walter Scott left two interleaved copies of his Life of Napoleon; in both of which his executors have found various corrections of the text, and additional notes. They were directed, by his testament, to take care that, in case a new edition of the work were called for, the annotations of it might be completed in the fashion here adopted, dates and other marginal elucidations regularly introduced, and the text itself, wherever there appeared any redundancy of statement, abridged. With these instructions, except the last, the editor has now endeavoured to comply."

As the introductory "View of the French Revolution" is all that is contained in the present volume, we cannot tell how how far the correctness extends, or whether Sir Walter, in his subsequent researches, saw cause to modify his opinions about Barras, Josephine, and the "Little Corsican," and to render the hero's advancement less like a romance.

The sixty-first number of Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia completes Sismondi's History of the Fall of the Roman Empire, coming down to the year 1000. Our opinion of the work has been already given briefly: but we may repeat our former intimation, that the two volumes are necessary, and the purchase safe. If the reader has Gibbon, the two writers will illustrate each other; if he has not, Sismondi may in a measure supply the place of the great historian.

The current republication of the Romance of History is devoted to Don T. Trueba's Spain; of which we have the first volume.

The twelfth number of the Sacred Classics commences Cave's Primitive Christianity; a favourable exposition of the faith, morals, and habits of the primitive converts. It is preceded by a useful and sensible introduction, from the pen of the Rev. W. Trollope, who has occasionally illustrated his author by notes. The work will be completed in another volume.

The eleventh volume of Valpy's England brings Smollett's History of "George the Second" down to April, 1755. The illustrations are a vignette representing the Pretender's escape, and a plate of the battle of Culloden, in which the Duke of Cumberland is made to look in point of bulk and burliness very much like a butcher.

Three Encyclopædias come next. 1. The fifty-sixth part of the Encyclopædia Britannica; which completes the "Funding System," finishes the letter F, and begins G. The most important papers are "Gardening," "Gas Light," and the commencement of "Geography," together with a life of "Gall," the craniologist. 2. The tenth part of the Encyclopædia of Geography; which concludes the African Continent, and begins the Islands. 3. The Encyclopædia of Gardening; whose thirteenth number is entirely devoted to matters of every-day taste and utility. The culture of the peach, the cherry, the melon, the cucumber, the cauliflower, the pea, and very many other vegetables of constant occurrence, are discussed and expounded with Mr. Loudon's wonted skill and practical sagacity.

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Jours tr. Leigh Hunt.

AUTHOR OF "BYRON & HIS CONTEMPORARIES."

From Fraser's Magazine.

LEIGH HUNT, ESQ.

Leigh Hunt complained sadly of the pickpocket look which the malice or want of skill of an engraver had conferred on that copy of his countenance which decorated his book about Lord Byron. We hope that he will think our artist has succeeded better; although truth compels us to confess that there is not much of the style noble in the physiognomy of the *ci-devant* sonnetteer of Hampstead, even though "its intelligence relieves it from insignificance."

Hunt has written in a hundred different places all the particulars of his personal history, and we are thereby relieved from any pressing necessity of expatiating on his biography. He was once very warlike with his pen, and fond of controversy—but that occurred when he was *calidus juventâ:*

In his hot youth, when George the Third was King.

Time and the wear of the world has smoothed the roughness of his ire, and his quills bristle not for the conflict as of old. Once upon a time he was ready to attack every body, from the prince regent down to the poor scene-shifter; and he tells us he then thought that a satire was nothing more than "a pleasant thing in a book." He felt the difference when the northerns dubbed him King of the Cockneys. He is now far more tolerant of mankind; but he still preserves in considerable bloom all the grand characteristics of his original career,—the jauntiness and greenery, the theatrical orange-suckery, the suburban relishes, the admiration of all that is of the town towny. He prattles as ever of green fields, and fancies that he knows something of fine breeding and the fine air of a gentleman of the west end. His pet words still cling to him in spite of all vicissitudes of time and fortune; and it is impossible to mistake an article of his, whether marked by the ruffled ☞ or not. By the way, he ought to put a sham diamond ring on the index finger—it would look more sparkish; or sport a daffydowndilly from the back of Jack Straw's in the hand, thereby to show that the farmy fields of Hampstead are not forgotten.

We grieved somewhat, on looking over his last edition of *Rimini*, when we missed the old familiar faces of these five lines, which had excited the savage criticism of Gifford. It was weak of Hunt to leave out these purple patches—

"The thigh broad spread—the pressing thumb upon it;
And the jerked feather swaling in the bonnet;"

or,

"The two divinest things the world has got—
A lovely woman on a rural—spot;"

or,

"She had stout notions on the marrying score;"

or the hundred magnificent words which had called up the bile of the critical *sutor* who smote Hunt with his *crepida*. The poem did not appear to us any thing like what it was some—almost twenty years ago, when we read it with infinite gratification, chiefly on account of these charming specimens of composition. Why should he have cared for critics? They were no friends of his. And had we been Hunt we should have stuffed the poem ten times fuller of Cockneyisms, and not abated a rhyme to oblige the non-residents of London, who think that Anna ought not to be pronounced Annar. We should have shown the provincials our intense contempt of their notions of the English tongue, and in the honour of Bow-bell have rhymed tobacco with Long Acre, as in the days of old.

He is now coming somewhat beyond that *mezzo cammin* of which Dante sings, and fortune has not smiled upon him. The party to which he formerly attached himself is in power, but all his old labours in the libel line on their behalf are forgotten. Those who abused the prince regent with far greater virulence than Hunt ever did are high in office, and glorying in their elevation. They have of course left him to struggle as he can. We hope that his struggling is successful—we understand, indeed, that his *Journal* has, as it deserves to have, a prosperous sale. It is as refreshing as his former productions, and of a pleasanter spirit. He has been an excessively ill-used man in many respects, and by none more than by Lord Byron, and those who panegyrise his lordship,—

"With the twaddle of Allan, the meanness of Moore."

And so fare thee well, and prosper, "Signor Le Hunto, gran gloria di Cocagna."

RECENT DISCOVERIES AT POMPEII.

At Pompeii there has been lately opened the street leading from the Temple of Fortune to the gates of Isis, passing nearly through the middle of the town. On reaching a central point from which streets diverge to the theatre and to the walls of the city, there was found an altar placed before the protecting genius of the town, in the form of a serpent; the faces of the altar are ornamented with paintings representing the priests offering libations and other sacrifices. On exploring two shops in the streets of Fortune, there was discovered a pair of bronze scales and a weight in the shape of a pear, a bronze dish, with handles, a hatchet, and one small cylindrical object made of bone and perforated, supposed to have been used either in some female works or for making calculations. A house has been discovered behind the grand Mosaic, comprising a vestibule, several sleeping rooms ornamented with simplicity, and a tabulum or host adorned with the most exquisite paintings of stueco. In this house was found a bronze shell, of elegant workmanship, an earthen lamp, black with smoke, vessels containing colours, and a wooden chest lined with iron, and surrounded by figures formed with brass nails.—*German Paper.*

From Johnstone's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE EXPERIENCES OF RICHARD TAYLOR, ESQ., OR, LIFE IN LONDON.*

YOUNG MRS. ROBERTS'S THREE CHRISTMAS DINNERS.

CHAP. VI.—THE SHABBY-GENTEEL.

At the top a fried liver, and bacon were seen;
At the bottom was tripe, in a swinging tureen;
At the sides there were spinach and pudding made hot;
In the middle a place where the pasty—was not.
Goldsmith.

How often soever it may have been said, that we never seem ridiculous from what we are, but from what we assume to be, the saying remains as true as before; and, therefore, I once more repeat it, at the opening of this chapter. Taken in this sense, ridicule is indeed the test of truth, for nothing *true* can be in itself ridiculous. We may smile in contempt or derision of conceit and folly; or laugh in sympathy with comic or ludicrous scenes and ideas; but it is pretensions, assumption only that move our ridicule. To be above its insolent insulting inflictions we have only to be ourselves; which simple part, to the bulk of mankind, appears the most difficult to perform of any. Our social customs universally conspire to make us attempt every thing, rather than display the real character; but above all to conceal the true circumstances in which we live. We must either seem above, or—though far more rarely—below them. The very wealthy do sometimes take to

"The devil's own vice,
The pride that apes humility,"

as soon as they rise above the commoner affectations of vanity.

My young friend, Mrs. Roberts, exposed herself to *ridicule*, by the common folly of assuming to give dinners, to dress, and to live in the style of persons three times as wealthy; but, for the credit of English morality, I regret to say that she only incurred the penalty by attempting to reconcile discretion and honesty, with what, in such circumstances, was quite incompatible. Extravagance, folly, debt, gross dishonesty, in short, might have been pardoned her, where the thing was managed with *dash*, and a proper understanding of effect; but who can pardon the *shabby-genteel*; abhorred of gods, men, and charwomen.

On one of the latter turned the fortunes of Maria Roberts's *jour-de-fête*. I mentioned in the last chapter that she had, from frugality, hired one of those wondrous machines, a *maid of all work*, ignorant and stupid, at half wages,—who made up the balance by breaking china and glass, and damaging every article of furniture that fell in her way. I have frequently noticed that notable house-keeping ladies are, in general, fatalists about breaking. Mrs. Roberts, after the first three months, concluded that Jane had got through most of her breakings. "And she was so good-hearted and kind to 'baby,' (that important personage in so many small households,) and was believed so honest." "With myself, Jane, and the charwoman, and a good deal of forethought, I can manage very well," said Maria, at one of our final consultations. "I shall have every thing possible done beforehand,—the cooking will be all over before the company begin to arrive,—then I can dress in a minute; and Biddy, when she has sent in dinner, can assist Jane to wait at table. I cannot think of having one of those insolent fellows of hired footmen in the house again; and those cooks who go about, are so horridly extravagant, conceited, and dictating,—one of them, whom Mrs. Pantagus hired to assist her cook, charges 15s. a day; and must be *wined* and *portered*, and waited upon, and coaxed."

I entirely approved of dispensing with the perambulating footman, whether "of parts or figure," and also the consequential cook mentioned, whom I knew to be as troublesome and conceited as if she had taken a regular diploma from Dr. Kitchener; but how Jane and Biddy were to perform their various functions was still an affair through which I could not see my way. Of the latter I had indeed considerable suspicion all along; strenuously as I understood she had been recommended by her countrywoman, my neighbour, Mrs. Plunkett, as possessing every good quality, requisite under a kitchen roof,—had lived cook in genteel families, both in Bath and Dublin city itself; and in her first husband's time assisted the cook to the mess of the 92d regiment, though that was fifteen years ago.

My doubts threw Maria into fresh perplexity, she studied her bill of fare. "It would be taking too great a liberty to ask Mrs. James Taylor to lend me her cook for a day; but I might ask her advice—she is always so gentle and kind to me."

"But you won't ask her advice though," I put in abruptly. "My sister Anne is one of the best women that breathes; no one more amiable—more generous; but, good worthy lady, she has been happy and moderate enough never to have known any one serious domestic difficulty in her life. She has always been so perfectly at ease in money matters herself, that like many more excellent women one meets, she is rather puzzled to find out why other people are not as much at *their* ease, and have not every thing as *nice* and proper about their nurseries and their table as herself. When Roberts can allow you £600 or £800 a-year for your housekeeping, about half my brother's liberal allowance, then advise with my sister Anne. She can discourse most sensibly on economy, and wonder too how people need be so very ill off. In which sort of surprise I have seen her sensible husband join her, and with a most proper and husband-like admiration of his wife's domestic talents, declare that where families do not go on well, (with probably not the fourth of her means,) there must be bad management at bottom. And yet they are among the best people I know. To comprehend the exigencies of your position in society, or rather that of struggling professional people, the most difficult of any—is quite out of their way. Your part in life clearly ascertained, ought to be easily filled."

"I assure you to me it seems the most difficult of any. If with the fourth part of Mrs. James Taylor's income, one could do with the fourth of the beef, bread, tea, coals, candles, butter, and so forth;—but you see how it is—that would be no rule,—and what to save upon, while one must have every thing the self-same as those wealthy people—"

"Or at least some *mock imitation*, and *make-shift* thing, Maria. Well, it is a wretched system, a despicable slavery—this making one guinea do the fashionable work of three, or *seem to do*; for after all, it never gets beyond seeming. Like the foolish bird we hide our heads under the wing of our own vanity, and fancy the whole world is not seeing and laughing at us, because we have hood-winked ourselves."

I had probably pushed the conversation beyond the point of politeness; for on this subject, and with so interesting a victim before me, I could have no reserve or patience. Sometimes my heart misgave me, and I was on the point of warning Maria against the absurdities she was about to commit, and the laughter she was to draw upon herself, by her "three courses and a dessert;" but stern friendship counselled that I should let her do her worst, and endure the penalty of shame and mortification at once and for ever.

I undertook several little commissions for Maria, connected with her *fête*, and promised to come myself very

* Continued from Museum, p. 208, February, 1835.

early, to amuse Mr. Sam. Madox, a cockney bachelor of some sixty years; somewhat of a virtuoso, but more of a *gourmand*, finical and withal priggish, and known by the ladies of the many families with whom he was a dinner visiter, as "that plague old Madox, who always comes so early." Not that he came a second before the appointed hour, but to that he appeared punctual as the hand of his watch.

I did not appear before my services were required. Great as are the mysterious powers of ubiquity possessed by a maid-of-all work, it is still just possible that the most thorough-bred of the corps cannot overtake every thing. When I arrived, all was, as is said, at sixes and sevens. The parlour fire was still unlit; the confusion in the kitchen might have been, as the charwoman who made it said, "stirred with a stick." Maria, in a morning gown and apron, not over clean of course, and her ebon tresses in papillotes, was hushing "baby," who squalled, as if on purpose, ten times louder than ever he had squalled before,—and casting looks of distraction and despair on Biddy, the regular charwoman and brevet cook. To me the latter was the most amusing person of the group. Maria watched her as a clever sensitive patient may an ignorant surgeon, certain that all was going wrong, that some dreadful mischief was impending, but overawed by the dignity of the profession, and afraid to interfere. Mrs. Roberts was conscious that, though perfectly able to judge of results, she still knew little or nothing of preliminary culinary processes; and was, in many cases, an entire stranger to the mode by which particular effects were to be produced. It was not difficult to perceive that Biddy, if she had ever possessed the requisite skill, had let her right hand forget its cunning. Like all other persons in office who do not know their own business, she required a deputy.

"Sorrow be on you, girl, won't you give me the cullinder; and the tureen, as you see, between my own hands?" Mrs. Roberts flew with the desired utensil. "Och, excuse me—is it yourself, ma'am—where the *diaoul* has that creature Jane put the dish-cloth, which was in my own hands this minute? In troth, then, sir," continued she, looking at me with one of her broadest grins, "if you don't have that, we'll be thinking of pinning it to your tails. But just mention, my lady, now, what sauce you would like for the roast bullock's heart, that's to relave the soused rabbits, and onion sauce."

"Oh, not the rabbits," cried Maria; "surely you know better—you can't forget it is the *Hessian ragout*, that the mock roast hare relieves"—

"Well, never mind—the one or the other it is, any way. Sure, I saw it oftener than there's teeth in my jaws, both ways; with the mess of the 92d it was always the t'other way;—but your ladyship may take your own way for all that."

"Think how time flies, my good woman," cried the anxious hostess—"almost four. Will you take another draught of beer?—and then the pheasant—not singed yet. Mrs. James Taylor has sent me such a beautiful pheasant"——

"We'll be none the worse of the liquor, any way, ma'am. And is not he an illigant love of a bird, now, Mr. Taylor,—many is the likes of him I seen in my own country—only a thought larger.—(*Drinks*)—That's no bad beer. Cox's house is one of the best in Lunnon, both for measure and quality. But would you like his head twisted this way, ma'am, or that way, ma'am? He is a prince of a bird. He'll grace your table, ma'am!"

"So I hope. It was so good of Mrs. Taylor to send me this game—I never would have gone to this bird's price. But dear me, cook, truss the head any way:—really, my good woman, this is no time for conversation, pleasantly as you talk—any way with his head—you know best about that."

"*I shud*"—was pronounced with emphatic brevity; and the neck of the unhappy biped was twisted every way but that which fashion or custom prescribes and calls the way. Maria guessed as much; and I admired the strong good sense and presence of mind which prevented her from fretting, or standing on trifles in such an emergency. She was like Napoleon giving his commands to the surgeon accoucheur of Marie Louise. "Treat my golden pheasant as if it were but an ordinary barn-door fowl," Mrs. Roberts's silence seemed to say. "And never fear," replied Biddy, "I'll have him in in pudding-time, I warrant me,—the pisant, and the sowles, ma'am, first—An't that it?"

"O dear, no, no,"—cried Maria, now thoroughly vexed. "The pheasant—the game is for the third course."

"The third course!—Sure I have seen him in the first, when a dony bird like that, both in Mi Lady Cark's, and Mr. Sergeant Saurin's too."

"But in England—Oh Biddy!—Well, you Jane, you will surely remember when the pheasant is to be sent in. Here's the bill of fare."

Again perverse "baby" squalled out, and drowned all our voices.

"Such a scene, Mr. Taylor—will you, pray, step into the parlour?—Jane has lit the fire now again I hope. Oh baby, cruel baby! if you knew what your poor mother has to undergo to-day, you would surely be a better boy. Gracious! that's old Madox's knock!"

This luckily proved a false alarm; "baby," by good fortune, had now exhausted himself in squalling, and fell asleep. Maria had five minutes to dress, but how, she whispered, could she leave that fearful Biddy.

"Make yourself asy, ma'am: trust to myself, and mind you your good company. First, the *sowles*, and the *Hissian ragout*;—but there's no good any way of letting this drop of beer die a natural death in the mug. A merry meeting of friends to you, my lady! and trust your dinner to myself, and I'll do it handsome and genteel, as Mr. Taylor there will tell you."

The maid, by power of bellows, had by this time forced a tardy reluctant fire in the parlour, and sent clouds of ashes over all the neatly laid-out table, the labours of the indefatigable Maria. Willing to be useful, aware that the mode of a service may often double its value, and having no fitter means, I dusted all round and over with my veritably *clean* silk handkerchief—and sagaciously comprehending that a bundle of half, or one third burnt wax-lights, such as thrifty housewives buy cheap in London, were meant to be stuck in the candlesticks, but forgotten by her of all-work, I also performed this other duty. And now Madox fairly knocked, and Maria flew down, adorned, from her attic chamber. Miss Kelly never shifted her costume more rapidly. We were both in the passage on our way to the drawing-room; but the final orders were to be given to panting Jane, who was about half dressed. "Now, for any sake, Jane, don't forget what I have driven into you! Don't affront me by your stupidity:—the thickened butter—and to have the coffee hot—and to heat the cream—and the drawing-room fire; and oh, do try to keep 'baby' quiet, if he awake; and don't let him pull his nice cap. But don't put it on till I ring for him—and above all, be sure you don't let Biddy roar so loud, or touch more beer—you know what a beast she makes of herself—she will spoil the dinner, and break the things. O! that plague old Madox! How he knocks!"

"Yes mar'am—no mar'am," followed at intervals from the bewildered maid of all-work, whose replies were mechanically measured by time; certainly not dictated by sense—for true it was, as Maria said,

"Now, Jane, you don't know a word I have been saying to you. Oh me!"

Maria had not composed her looks, or drawn on her gloves, when Madox was upon us in the blue drawing-room.

Whether the devil tempted him or not, I cannot tell, but he talked away at no allowance of the excellence of the London markets, always in this month of February. Fish so good—salmon, prime—game—wild ducks—teal. It was the very season for the London carnival. Mrs. Pantague sailed in imperially—spread abroad in satin, capped, and jewelled; and after the ordinary compliments, the discourse flowed in the former channel. She had been ordering things that morning, though she rarely marketed herself. Mrs. Pantague was one of those many English people, who apply the possessive pronoun on all possible occasions. "*My* fishmonger," "*My* confectioner." One might have thought she held the whole of each poor man in sole property. *My* cook is nothing.

"My cook is so exquisite a judge, that I rarely look at any thing. I can so fully rely upon *my* butcher. How do you manage, my dear Mrs. Roberts?"

"The London markets are splendidly filled at present, ma'am," said Plague Madox to the great lady. "Few London sights equal to them after all, ma'am."

"And so they are, Mr. Madox,—Paris, Brussels. I don't say much about Vienna, though my friend, Lady Danvers, who lived long there, when his lordship was connected with the embassy, has often told me that Vienna is in *bonne chere* a superb city; but after all, Mr. Madox, as you say, commend me to London markets. Cookery may be better understood in Paris. You have been in Paris, I conclude, Mr. Madox,—often?"—Madox bowed. "But for provisions; the sterling English staple, as Sir John says, London may challenge the world,—fish, flesh, or fowl."

"Right, madam, and so it may. Old English roast beef, the growth of every county. Banstead mutton, Essex veal, Dorking fowls, Norfolk turkeys, Lincolnshire geese. Hey, Mr. Roberts, got before you." Maria bit her lips over the alimentary catalogue of February, while Roberts saluted the company.

I cannot go into the mortifying details of this *three courses, and a dessert.* The bawling, and mishaps of Biddy, the blunders of distracted Jane, the agony of poor Mrs. Roberts, and the distant squalling of "baby." Even *I* could not have anticipated a chain of such mortifying accidents, though they were all quite natural.

The awkwardness of the guests who possessed politeness and delicacy, and the ill-suppressed grumbling of the ruder natures, disappointed in that great affair, a dinner, was nothing to the airs of insolent disgust, with which Mrs. Pantague pushed away plate after plate—touched, yet untouched. I must acknowledge that the *soles* were not of the freshest, though they might be correspondingly *cheap*, nor were they the best cooked. Mrs. Pantague, in pure malice, I am certain, required to have the dish named *Hessian ragout*, analysed by Madox.

"Bullocks' cheek stew! that is a ragout I am not acquainted with:—not any, thank you: indeed I have dined." The great lady leant back in her chair with a look of haughty yet piteous resignation to her fate.

"There's a pheasant coming," faltered poor Mrs. Roberts. It was in her dinner like the single great lord among a vain man's acquaintance.

"I will trouble you, Mrs. Roberts," said my hearty brother James. "I did not know the dish under its fine name. You remember, Dick, how we used to lay our ears in this stew at Nurse Wilks's on Sundays. Never was turtle so glorious."

This was scarcely a rally for Maria. At another time it would have been mortification. Plague Madox now ventured upon "Just one-half spoonful of the ragout—thick;" and after cautiously reconnoitring the table, had the dose repeated. This looked better; and

> By and by, the second course
> Came lagging like a distanced horse.

Bullocks' heart stuffed and roasted has its admirers even among *gourmands:* but then it must be *roasted*, sanguinary as English eaters are. The condition was, therefore, a capital disappointment to more than one gentleman, and worse to Mrs. Roberts, compelled to say, "take this away," though it had been her main reliance; a dish that both Mr. James Taylor and Mr. Madox particularly admired—and rarely saw. A young puppy, one of Mrs Roberts's friends, who had got, by chance or accident, a copy of verses into a magazine, and set up literary pretensions accordingly, regaled us at our side of the table with the story of "De Coucy's Heart," and the "Basil Pot," till the ladies began to look pale and sick. Across the table there was a dialogue on cannibalism and the New Zealanders, which, so far as it was heard, did not mend our health nor quicken our appetites; but all this was nothing to the tremendous crash which came at once above, below, and around us!—and the exclamation,

"Och diaoul! come quick jewel, Mr. Richard. Did not the kitchen chimney go on fire—we are all in a blaze." And Biddy, like ten furies, was in the midst of us.

The ladies huddled together and screamed, and would have run into the street—if not prevented by main force, backed by my speedy assurance that this was a false alarm—merely a blaze of overturned grease as their noses might inform them. Maria, forgetting every thing but a mother's feelings, flew to find her child, who appeared among us after all in his night-cap, but yet helped wonderfully to restore tranquillity, as all the women were bound in turns to seize and praise him. Things looked better again. The *sweets* previously prepared by poor Maria, with great pains and care, and want of sleep, and a wonderful effort for a first, got the length of being "damned with faint praise" by the lady-judges, though Mrs. Pantague did recommend Mrs. Roberts to try "My confectioner only for once. He was, to be sure, an unconscionable wretch in his prices—but exquisite in taste. His *Vanilla Cream* was allowed to be unequalled in London. It was sent to the Pavilion, and to ——— House, when nothing else of his was taken. It was indeed a great favour to procure it." What was the final catastrophe of the pheasant I cannot to this day tell, but he never appeared; and Plague Madox indemnified himself with *blue* cheese and some tolerable bottled porter. The port—it was called clarety-port—something that was to unite *cheaply* the *body* of Portugal with the spirit of France, he had sipped—eyed between him and the candle—and pulled in another decanter. I suppose the sherry, or rather Cape Madeira, he hit upon, was a leap out of the frying-pan into the fire. He actually made faces.

"Who is your wine-merchant, Roberts," cried loud Mr. Pantague, the stock broker, from where he sat, by the elbow of the miserable hostess, who had now lost all self-possession and almost temper, and who afterwards told me that it was with great difficulty she kept from crying. Pantague was also smacking critically, and holding his glass between him and the candle. Roberts looked as simple as his wife and more vexed. Either no current name of value in the wine-trade occurred to him, or he might not like to lie. He had, after a moment's pause, the forethought, the true John Bull spirit and manliness to say, "The very little wine I use, Mr. Pantague, I buy where I find it best and *cheapest.*"

"O, right—quite right," cried Mr. Pantague, and tossed off his glass. This was the most hopeful feature of the night. Could I have caught the eyes of the speaker mine would have thanked him.

"Very fair port, this," said Mr. James Taylor, the rich thriving solicitor. Plague Madox drew his red wine glass to him again, and filled it once more. "New; but very good: what say you, Dick?—My brother is one of the best judges of wines now in London. You need not

gainsay it now, Dick: your Italian residence, and early pursuits, have made you so; but I believe you refer it to your unsophisticated palate."

I rose 100 per cent. with the company in one second; and resolved to improve my sudden accession of vinous fame to the benefit of Maria Roberts.

"There ought to be *wine* in this house; ladies' wine, at least," I said, nodding, knowingly, to Mrs. Roberts, "if the lady of it would only appoint me her butler for the night."

"With the utmost pleasure, Mr. Taylor; but you know"——

"What, I know—give me your key." Maria stared at me. There was method in my madness. I returned in five minutes, or rather more, and solemnly placed a couple of pint bottles upon the table. Jane furnished me with fresh glasses.

"I am not going to accuse our hostess of not bestowing the very best wine she has upon her friends; but I am afraid I must accuse her of not having taste enough in wine to know the value of her own treasures."

"Nay, if I had thought that half as admired as ——"

"Give me leave, ma'am. We need not mystify the matter. This is two of six bottles—but we must not rob Mrs. Roberts of more than one—this little cobwebed fellow—that came as a present from the Bishop of ——'s cellars; sent by his lady to her god-daughter, our amiable hostess, before her late confinement. The late brother of the bishop was for some time governor at the Cape. Give me your opinion, ladies, of this *coddling* wine, that you send in presents to favourites." I had said enough for a lady of such quick tact as Mrs. Pantague.

"Delicious Constantia!" was her affectedly rapturous exclamation. "'Tis not every where one meets with the like of this. And the bishop's lady, whom I have seen at Brighton, is your godmother, Mrs. Roberts?"

"I have that honour."

"Exquisite wine! The veritable nectar of the gods, Mr. Richard, must be Constantia. Nay, nay; this must be kept for a *bonne bouche*—husbanded—a fourth of a glass if you please." I had no wish to hazard a second trial, having come off so well upon the first.

"The *bouquet*—the delicious fragrance of this wine, is its charm to me," said our young poet. "You must be sensible of it, Mr. Taylor."

"I'll be hanged if I smell any thing save the burning grease the cook had nearly set the chimney on fire with," replied my brother. "She seems, by the way, on very happy terms of familiarity with you, Dick; and quite a character in your way. I believe you know all the Irish charwomen in London."

All the ladies tasted the "delicious Constantia," while Maria, trying to look frowningly, really looked half comic, half amused, at my impudent fraud. Several of the fair judges pronounced it very fine. My sister, Anne, said it was very sweet and *nice* indeed—but of wine she was no judge; and Miss Claves, a very lively young lady, vowed it was so like milk punch, which was quite a charming thing, that she could not tell the difference for her life.

"O, the *green* taste of *raw* girls, Mr. Richard!" whispered Mrs. Pantague. "How many good things in life are thrown away upon them! Your niece, Charlotte, has really then positively refused the old banker—her ultimatum given in? But will Mrs. Roberts never move, think you? Really, to be frank, I long for a cup of even cold wish-washy coffee after this (*a shrug*) absurd *visceral* repast. I wish some friend would give the poor young woman a hint: could not you, Mr. Richard?" She looked at her watch.

I vowed in my indignant heart that Maria should, in hearing every word of this, reap the bitter fruit of her own vain toils. But I did not need to be so severe in my lesson.

Before the poet and myself reached the drawing-room, half the ladies had disappeared. From below, Plague Madox, my brother, and all the old stagers, went off without looking near us. The clarety-port could not have been very good, after all, I suspect. Madox swore that either the wine or the fare had deranged him sadly; for three days baffled all *peptic precepts*—lost him two *good* dinner parties—and raised doubts whether he would ever accept an invitation from Roberts, or any man who kept no regular cook, in his life again, where every thing was, he said, "More provoking and worse than another. Pity the poor fellow with such a wife!"

In the mean time I have forgotten to tell, that when very late, George Roberts, and a few young men, who, in spite of every disaster, stood by him and the bottle, staggered up stairs. I was now alone in the drawing-room. The young ladies, after yawning, hour after hour, in the vain hope of relief from below; after examining and re-examining Maria's store of nick-nacks, and hopelessly endeavouring to extract music and young gentlemen from the broken-stringed cabinet piano-forte, had all taken wing while Maria was gone to put "baby" to sleep.

Roberts was half tipsy, half chagrined, and I perceived in a fair way of getting into very bad temper. This was his day of festival, the christening *fête* of his first-born, and there was no joy, no sociality, no pleasure, no amusement. He had promised his young friends, his wife's music, female society, a dance—and there remained for them an empty disordered room, where "Queer Mr. Richard Taylor" kept watch over two blinking wax-candle ends and a few smouldering cinders.

"Where are all the ladies—where is Maria?" was said hurriedly. "Where is Mrs. Roberts?" in a more imperative, and husband-like tone. Echo might answer *where*, if she chose, but I was dumb. Roberts jerked the blue bell-rope, and down it came, and up came panting Jane.

"Where is your mistress?"

"Putting 'baby' to sleep, sir."

It would be treason against nature to suppose that Roberts could really have said "Deuce take 'baby;'" but Jane, who looked perfectly aghast, and, indeed, in utter horror, certainly believed those shocking, unnatural words, were spoken; and had they even been, they would have meant nothing serious—a proof that a man must not always be judged by his rash expressions.

"By Jove!" was the next exclamation, "if we cannot have amusement above stairs, we shall have jollity below. Here you, Biddy, or whatever they call you"——

"Biddy Duigenan, an' plase your honour—so christened by Father ——."

"Get us a dry devil, or a broiled bone, or something peppery and famous."

"Och, then! devil a bone with a thread on it, within the dour of ye. The mistress chooses her mate without bones. She's a mighty frugal, managing young cratur."

This conversation passed, aloud, between the door of the drawing-room and the bottom of the stairs. The young men roared in full chorus; and Mr. Sullivan the Templar instantly challenged a countrywomen in Biddy, who was heard laughing jollily below, crying to Jane "Faix, but it does myself good to see the gentlemen getting hearty and merry at last. One might thought their feast a *Keepsin*,—no loock till the bits of misses, the craturs, go off."

"By the powers! if we can't get meat we shall have drink, boys," cried Mr. George Roberts again in a most uproarious and savage humour, something affected too by the satirical commentary made by one of his friends on "a lady choosing her *mate* without bones," which as a husband of some eighteen months, and consequently still very touchy on the score of *hen-pecking*, he fancied it mightily concerned his honour and masterhood to resent.

"Ay, *bones* and blood, and spirit too, by Jove, Maria! Mrs. Roberts! Madam, I say, come down stairs! You shall see, gentlemen, who is master in this house—if all the wives in Christendom"—But it is idle to repeat the ravings of an intoxicated man. I knew Maria would have the delicacy and sense not to come down stairs; and Sullivan, by far the soberest of the party, having brought our host to order, and promised me to take care of the party, I stole away. Jane, as I afterwards learned, a simple country girl, immediately became so frightened, that she crept up to her mistress, reporting "that the gentlemen were tipsy and riotous, and that one of them had pulled her on the stairs. Master was tramping up and down rummaging all the cupboards for spirits; and Biddy was worse than all the rest." Maria, a stranger to every species of excess, a girl transferred from school to her own house, became more nervous than Jane; and as the noise of song and revelry,

Of tipsy dance and jollity,

rose louder and louder from the polluted blue-room, constituted into a kind of *Free-and-Easy* club, the women bolted themselves in. Jane, after her hard day's work, soon fell asleep sitting on the floor; and it was not till the watchmen, attracted by the riot within, had rung repeatedly, and that the young men sallied out "to thrash the Charleys," when a general *melee* ensued, that she was awoke by the shaking and suppressed cries of her mistress, as the whole party below, Biddy inclusive, were carried off by the guardians of the night, and safely lodged! How Maria got through the dreadful night I cannot tell; but I lost no time, after receiving her early message, in repairing to the office. Mr. Roberts and his friends were already liberated without examination, and had slunk away, bribing Biddy to silence with sundry shillings and half-crowns.

Roberts looked foolish enough when I found him at home, sitting amid the *debris* of the blue-room, writing a note of apology to Joseph Greene for the nocturnal disturbance; but he still seemed to believe that the whole scene arose from Maria's absurd management, and the air of pretension and *shabby gentility* of her entertainment, which had made them both ridiculous; the discomfort of every thing; and, above all, "the impudence of that Irish hag, and the insolence of that Mrs. Pantague." He did, however, condescend to apologise to his wife for the outrage of which he had subsequently been guilty; and his boon compeers of the night, one and all afterwards declared, that they never durst look Mrs. Roberts in the face again.

This was not the end of the affair. Roberts was forgiven by his wife, who, in her ignorance of *life*, fancied his conduct far more grievous and degrading than he was disposed to feel it. But there was another reckoning to adjust. By some means my brother got intelligence of the manner in which Roberts's *fete* had ended. "A married man,—in his own house,—it is too bad. I fear this is not the first of it," James said to me. "For some weeks, Richard, I have wished to consult you about this. Do you know Roberts is short of his cash?"

Awful charge against a confidential clerk! I guessed how much it imported.

"To what extent?"

"No great extent; but the thing is so wrong, so *unbusiness-like*." This is another most significant phrase. "About 60*l.* or 70*l.*—and perhaps he may have some claim against me; but I don't like the look of it. Such arrears are so *unbusiness-like*. I fear he is extravagant—getting dissipated"——

"Only foolish—or something of that sort," was my careless reply;—"but he will mend, I dare say. What meanwhile have you done?"

"Ordered him to balance his cash, and pay up by Friday at farthest."

"Quite right,"

I instantly took my way to the Row. Maria was in the blue drawing-room; now in its gilding and draperies of all hues soiled and tawdry,—the ornaments smoked and tarnished; the chairs and tables crazy or fractured, and the purple and gold purse faded from its original splendour, as I remarked on seeing it on the table.

"Alas, it has acquired a worse fault," Maria said, while she shook it to display its emptiness, smiling and sighing.

"A sieve-like quality—the faculty of running out faster than Roberts pours in"——

"Something very like that, I confess."

"Do you pardon my frankness, Mrs. Roberts, and give me leave to be sincere with you?"

"I do, I do, and thank you most sincerely.—With our limited income"——(*hesitation.*)

"All your stitching and pulling cannot keep fortune in at heels, and make both ends meet."

"You have guessed it, Mr. Richard.—Were it not for my poor child,—and poor Roberts too,—I would certainly endeavour to procure a situation as a governess,—and Roberts, he might go into lodgings again; since it seems I cannot, with all my skill and economy, manage that we should live on our income,—and it is worse than all that with us! Oh, I assure you it has almost broken my heart!—Mr. Roberts is short of Mr. Taylor's cash. It is shocking!—his integrity may be doubted; and he was in fearful temper this morning. I dread his coming back." Maria could no longer restrain her tears. I was gratified by her confidence in me, pleased that Roberts had at once told her the circumstance so important to them both; but she had another motive for confiding in me. "I have a great favour to beg of you; I have a few trinkets," she said; "presents and gifts of one kind or another. It would be such a kindness in you to dispose of them for me, that I may help Roberts so far. There is the piano too, and other *useless* things"——she looked round the room—"they would not bring much, but every thing helps."

I knew, for I had seen it, that Maria had at least the full value for her *suit* of pearls and other ornaments; but principle and generous affection were far more powerful than vanity. Roberts had peremptorily refused to dispose of her trinkets; he was even affronted by the proposal, and she depended on me, and urged me; and with the case in my pocket I left her, and encountered her husband at the corner of the street.

"You have been calling for your favourite, Mrs. Greene," said Roberts.

"No; I have spent the last hour with my more interesting favourite, Mrs. Roberts."

Mr. Roberts looked confused and uneasy. He remembered in what humour he had left his wife in the morning. "Then, sir, you have spent your time with a very silly, incorrigible woman; but this, I suppose, is no news to you; you see how all reason and advice are thrown away upon her."

These were high airs, indeed, for Mr. George to give himself! he who deserved at least a full half share of the common blame.

"Pardon me if I see no such thing; but quite the reverse. To me, Mrs. Roberts appears an uncommonly clever young woman,—generous, candid, and well-principled,—and most anxious to do her duty so far as she understands it. All she requires is, forbearance, kindness, and gentle guidance, till her rapidly increasing knowledge is matured into experience."

The honeymoon was long past, and Roberts, as I have said, in the crisis when young husbands are the most susceptible of jealousy for their many privileges and powers; yet was Roberts much better pleased with my opinion of his wife, than if it had coincided with his own. I took his arm and we walked back towards his

house. One of the peculiar blessings of an old bachelor and slender annuitant like myself, is the power of saying, when the salvation of a friend demands frankness, things that it would frighten a sensible man with a wife and six small children even to dream of. Some of these startling things I now whispered in the ear of George Roberts and his wife. They were young, healthy, virtuous, sincerely attached to each other, better endowed with world's goods than on the average are four-fifths of their fellow-citizens—why should they not be happy? "How great a blessing were it," said George sensibly, "if young women were trained to the *utilities*, and *comforts*, and *solidities* like Rachel Greene, and less to the *refinements* of life like Maria."

Now though Maria was more my favourite at present from compassionate interest, and though custom had stamped many of her little pretty ways and affectations with the name of refinement, was she in reality more truly refined, farther removed from the vulgarities and assumptions of affectation, than Rachel Greene, the amiable quakeress, with whom she was contrasted?

"If Maria had been taught a little plain house-keeping, instead of so much music," continued sensible George, "how much better for us all now."

Yet Maria had not been taught so *very* much music. She had not, at least, acquired more than any girl might easily learn between seven and seventeen, and practice while it was desirable, without interfering, in the least, with her domestic duties, where music is kept as an elegant recreation, not held as a means of coquetry and display.

"If we could be carded through each other," said Maria, half laughing.

"Ay, Rachel's substance, with Maria's gloss and colour, would be a first-rate fabric. I think I see it in my fancy-loom. I shall never despair of *woman* in the general, nor Maria in particular."

I took my leave, inviting myself back to tea, at which time, in a regular family-council, I deposited the price of Maria's pearls in her husband's hands. He was half offended, half vexed. I have ever noted that men have much less true magnanimity and simple greatness, on such occasions, than women. He was at first ashamed and angry at being obliged to his own wife; but better feelings prevailed. We had a long frank, and therefore a most satisfactory explanation. The *limited income* was the first head of discourse. I heard George expatiate on that with some impatience. "Your income is, at least, more, by three times, than the richest rector in England affords to his drudge curate,—twice or near three times more than the income of two thirds of our half-pay officers, with considerable perquisites in addition."

"These have undone me," said Roberts. "Trusting to these, I forbore to be so implicit with my wife as I ought to have been. I trusted to contingencies. I did not choose to seem churlish and sordid, by perpetual interference with her arrangements, for I read all her anxiety to do right."

"Fluctuating income and sanguine calculation have ruined thousands," was my *sensible*, though rather commonplace rejoinder.

George Roberts needed not my direction, now that his good sense was roused. His wife's generous sacrifice, for so he was pleased to call it, though neither Maria nor myself would allow the phrase, and the sale of nearly all the moveables of the *blue room*, enabled him next day to clear scores with my kind brother, Mr. James Taylor, who now said there was no such pressing haste, as Mr. Roberts, *with his first year's outlay*, might need a little indulgence.

On the same day Maria could say she at last had a house of her own to *live in*, almost as comfortable as Rachel Greene's.

Jane and she had indeed worked hard to have all right before Roberts came home, to dine in comfort; bringing myself along with him, after the completion of our blue sale, to share the very small but sufficient juicy stew of meat with vegetables and apple-pasty, which formed the repast. After dinner, while she filled my tall Teniers-looking glass with amber-coloured creaming Scotch ale, Maria said, with a more elevated spirit than I had ever seen her assume,—with an air of noble simplicity. "Drink to the happy woman, my excellent friend, whose husband owes no man a shilling,—and to her who resolves that, so far as depends upon her economy and management, he never shall."

I never accepted pledge with more sincere pleasure in all my life.

"But what will Mrs. Pantague say?" said Roberts, laughing.

"Exquisite Constantia!" mimicked Maria, archly, as she sipped the cream off her ale; and the merriest young natural laugh rung out that I had ever heard her indulge. My fears for the peace of the Roberts family—for their prosperity and happiness, were laid for ever. The spell of fashion was broken—the demon, Mrs. Pantague, exorcised; and Maria was one more proof that a well principled character, an intelligent and active mind, when its energy is roused, will be found in every circumstance equal to the common duties of life. She became an excellent housewife.

There were few of the many houses at which "I dropt in" where the fireside now looked so snug and sunny as that of Mrs. Roberts. Even "Baby," my old antipathy, now well managed and healthy, had grown a fat, good-humoured, smiling, *conversable* fellow. Maria once again ventured to take in the newspapers at the usual expense, and never grudged to pay for as much reading as Roberts or myself chose to give her at what she called the mother's hours of work; from seven to ten in the evening.

Towards the end of the year I was again consulted by my sagacious brother, James.

"What do you think, Dick? that old fox, Martin of Chancery Lane, is trying to steal George Roberts from me—the man who knows all my affairs better than myself—the boy I brought up, whom I trust as my right hand. Don't you think, Dick, I might do worse, now that I am growing lazy, and fond of the farm, than give so steady a fellow as Roberts some sort of share?"

"There was an obstacle about his arrears," was my sly reply, "was there not? He either overdrew, or was *behind in his cash*."

Mr. James Taylor could remember nothing of it; and there was no affectation, much less insincerity, in his oblivion on those points,—which inclines me to think that when statesmen sometimes totally forget their early professions, they may not be so hypocritical as people imagine.

"Is there any thing you think Mrs. Roberts would like at this Christmas season? You are a great friend of hers, I find, and she has considerable influence with Roberts."

"My brother wished to show you some substantial mark of his good-will," said I to Maria, when two hours afterwards I went to her house. "I have counseled him to assist Roberts in purchasing the lease of the house next your friend Rachel Greene's new abode. He has money to lend at a very low rate of interest; and as you often truly tell me, rent is such an *eat-em*, (item,) as the Scotch say, in a fixed income. On your own personal account, instead of *gaud* or *toy*, I accepted only of this."

I called in the boy who bore the guitar I had chosen and purchased for her as my brother's gift. Maria was not too proud to feel warmly, to seem highly gratified;

and in six weeks afterwards I partook of her THIRD CHRISTMAS DINNER, in her new house.

"I am afraid to venture," said she beforehand, "strong is the recollection of all my mortifications, and disgraces, and miserable failure of last year; but with the treasure you have given me in poor Sally Owen, who is the most neat, industrious, and excellent servant-of-all-work I have ever seen, I think I must venture, since Roberts insists we can now, by better economy and sense, afford to see our *real* friends, and a pleasant acquaintance too. But I grieve to tease Sally with a party, who still pines so about her little girl, and that *scamp* of a husband of hers."

"The sooner she is roused from these recollections the better."

I could think with no patience of Mr. Hardy, the marvellous boot-maker, who, because he could earn very great wages, contented himself with half; wasted that pittance in riot; starved, *beat*, broke the heart of his uncomplaining wife; whom I could sometimes have beaten also in anger of her foolish forbearance, and really tender but senseless attachment to this worthless fellow, who had, I was assured by her, "so good and kind a heart when he kept sober."

I cannot comprehend the infatuation of women. After the boot-maker had behaved as ill as mechanic or man could do, squandered all their little furniture, and the fruits of Sally's early savings, he ran off in a drunken frolic to Liverpool. She was compelled, to avoid starvation, to take service, and let her child go to the work-house, I thought myself fortunate for both their sakes, in recommending her to Mrs. Roberts. For ten months the boot-maker was not once heard of, and Sally looked a forlorn Penelope. He had gone to Dublin, and thence to Belfast, where we first heard of him in the hospital ill of typhus. He should have had my leave to take time to recover. But what an unnatural monster did my fair friends, Mrs. Roberts, Rachel Greene, and Nurse Wilks imagine me, when I suggested the propriety of letting Mr. Hardy quietly lay his restless bones in Ireland, without disturbing his wife.

Blessings upon their kind, simple hearts!

"He spoke to them who never had a *husband*!"

Would I keep Sally from her duty!

Poor men's wives have often very hard conjugal duties compared with those of the ladies of the rich. Sally tied up her few remaining clothes, with my recommendatory letter to Mrs. Lyndsay Boyle, in a bundle, kissed her child, and trudged away to walk a couple of stages ere she took the top of the Liverpool coach, on her way to her sick husband. It was six weeks before she returned to us, thin as a greyhound, much dejected, and looking twenty years older; but all the women concerned assured me Sally had done her duty; for the extraordinary boot-maker said on his death-bed that he sincerely repented of his unkindness; and he sent his blessing to his child, whom he solemnly charged Sally to bring up in the fear of God.

Excellent consistent man! for his sake Sally resolved she never would make a second choice. With her wages, and a little help, she could now take her child from the work-house, and send it to the country to nurse; and as soon as it was five years old, Mrs. Roberts determined to fetch the little girl home to be first a comfort, and then a help to its subdued mother. This prospect gave a zeal and warmth to poor Sally's services which no other motive could have furnished. She was permitted to go to see her child on a Sunday. Poor Sally Owen could not now have been known for the blithe, light-hearted, ruddy Welsh girl, who went to sing like a bird all day at her work. She had plenty of work still; but her mistress was kind and sisterly, and her little girl Sally had something dearly to love: so that upon the whole, I believe, the widow of the accomplished boot-maker,—who starved his family, and killed himself because he could make double wages when he chose to keep sober, (I do confess a spite at the man,) was upon the whole in fully as felicitous circumstances as ever his wife had been;—though I durst not say so.

From Mrs. Roberts' THIRD CHRISTMAS DINNER, I walked home part of the way with my brother, Mr. Sullivan, and Plague Madox, whom I saw to the Haymarket near where he lodged.

"Very pleasant party," said the old buck, for the third time, as we stood to take leave. "Remarkably well-dressed, well-served dinner; so good, and *enough* only—no John Bull load. She is an excellent valuable creature that Sally Owen. I suppose the mutton was Welsh. Really Roberts's wife looks a hundred per cent. better since she plumped out a little, and dressed in that neat plain way. Last year—I have not seen her since—she looked so fretful, tawdry, and haggard, that upon my honour I was concerned for Roberts. I don't think I would have visited them again, if Mrs. James had not hinted at decided improvement. I am to dine at your brother's charming house to-morrow. Every thing delightful there, though I don't think the young ladies are better guitarists than Mrs. Roberts."

"The difference being that Mrs. Roberts is a tolerable performer on that charming unpretending instrument, which links the romance of sunny lands to a quiet English fireside, while my nieces"———

"Charming girls!" But the wind set in most cuttingly. "Eliza reminds me most of Abingdon of any lady I know." This was unintelligibly breathed through ten folds of a Barcelona handkerchief, and Madox went off, hating the east wind as much as he loved a pleasant dinner party, with all its accompaniments—guitar music included.

I could not forbear calling to congratulate Mrs. Roberts next day. "Always at home to you, sir," said smiling Sally Owen to me, "though mistress has been so busy putting things to rights."

"Quite done now though," cried Maria, opening the parlour door; "I know your knock so well."

It is pleasant to have friends, particularly female friends, that knows one's knock. I like to hear it.

"Your triumph is complete, Mrs. Roberts!" I said. "Plague Madox has pronounced you perfect! but you need never hope for the Pantague suffrage."

Maria was still laughing heartily, when Sally brought in a packet. I knew its contents before it was opened, for I had seen Madox purchase that morning, at an auction, a whole lot of cheap guitar music. No man in London could exchange this sort of notes for solid dinners more knowingly than my old acquaintance. I had foreseen that Mrs. Roberts, now fairly ranked among the comfortable dinner-giving women, was to have her share of the purchase.

"Confirmation strong!" cried Maria, laughingly holding out to me the printed sheet of music, inscribed in his best hand "With Mr. Madox's compliments to Mrs. George Roberts." "But in spite of this polite note, and *Zoras earrings* to boot," said Maria, "a charming bribe, no doubt, I do think a young couple like Roberts and myself, beginning life, may find, if we beat up diligently the highways and hedges, more suitable or desirable family guests than the Plague Madoxes of society. I have imbibed your own notions and Rachel Greene's of that in which true hospitality consists. They exclude the regular *diners-out*."

I must some day write the biography of my friend, Plague Madox; who had dined out for nearly thirty years upon the reputation of a farce, damned forty years ago, and three anecdotes of Sheridan; and this, though the ladies where he visited hated him with one accord.

From Fraser's Magazine.

LOVE'S LEGACY.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Canto Third.

Days, weeks, and months, flew on apace
Ere I could leave that fatal place,
While dearer every day it grew
By fond and thrilling interview;
Till, quite o'erpowered with delight
At beauty so intensely bright,
And gentleness so kind and sweet,
I laid my being at her feet—
Beseeching her the boon to lift;
For without her it was no gift.
At this, no frown her face o'erspread;
Although the pale rose and the red
Strove each the other to outvie
In beauty's glow alternately.
Though on my couch I still reclined,
All was adjusted to my mind;
She owned not love, nor yet offence,
Nor even a formal preference;
But gave her hand without dismay,
And turned her lovely face away.
With gratitude quite overpress'd,
I held that hand unto my breast,
And kiss'd the pledge so fair and soft—
I may not, cannot tell how oft.
From that time forth I looked upon
That peerless maiden as my own;
And wondering how the thing might be,
I oft shed tears of ecstacy,
That thus of beauty feminine
The flower of all the world was mine!
And oft I bless'd with fervent mind
The Father of the human kind,
For having made one form and face
So far surpassing all our race,
Yet that fair form so far outdone
By the sweet soul that them did won—
The brightest gem below the sun;
And gave that wonder of the earth
To one so far below her worth.
Although my passion was sincere,
It was too much for man to bear;
Love, admiration, and esteem,
Struggled for mastery. And to dream
Of living in that fervid frame,
In outrage would have been the same
As a resolve to live in flame.
Back to my father's home I sped—
Kept to my chamber and my bed—
Made songs of love and sonnets high,
Enough to make a Christian cry:
And then I dreamed such living dreams
Of roseate bowers and silver streams—
They were so luscious, that I vow
I'm quite ashamed to tell them now.
I wandered dell and lonely lea,
And my dear maiden still with me;
I saw her looks of sunny joy,
So careless, dignified, and coy.
And then, whene'er my suit I made,
She fled away through grove and glade;
While, tangled by the mistletoe,
The broken briar, and sulky sloe,
Powerless I sunk upon the plain,
And tried to rise and run again.
Again we sat in bower of bliss,
In perfect love and happiness;
My trembling arm by hers embraced,
Or twined around her slender waist;
Her cheek, as on a former day,
Still touching mine as if in play;
And her sweet breath, with sob and vow,
Playing around my burning brow;
While her light locks would heave as boon
As amber cloud above the moon.
Then would I wake in feverish pain,
And try to sleep and dream again.
The truth I well may blush to tell—
No living man e'er loved so well;
Or, if he better loved than I,
To hold his life I him defy.
My love was such, I could not rest,
In her dear presence, nor exist;
And, banish'd from her lovely eye,
I neither could exist nor die.
So, hasting back from whence I came,
Once more I breathed my fervent flame,
And prayed of her to save my life,
And instantly become my wife;
While I had neither rent nor field,
Nor home her lovely head to shield.
Well I remember, as I may,
The fears and trials of that day;
My importunities and tears,
And all her scornful jibes and jeers.
I went so far as to declare—
Nay, with an awful oath to swear—
That if she would not yield consent,
Most dreadful would be the event!
Denial would, in frenzy fell,
Consign me straight to death and hell!
Heaven grant me pardon as a meed,
For this was terrible indeed!
Alas, that day be ever mourned!
I found the tide against me turned—
Turned with a current chill and strong,
And my poor bark the shoals among,
Without one spirit-cheering ray,
Or star to guide my dreary way.
I was astounded to the heart,
And wounded in the tenderest part;
Bereaved of all esteemed on earth,
All I held my being worth;
A blighted ear in nature's field;
A bough lopp'd from her blooming weald:
A tree torn from her garden gay;
A star cast from the milky way,
And hurled like comet forth abroad—
A lonely thing, in paths untrod
To roam the universe of God.
I wrote in strains so wo-begone
It might have pierced a heart of stone.
No! 'twas the same—she would not bow
To lamentation nor to vow.
Thus roused from passion fierce and crude,
I did the deed I oft have rued;
Cursing the sex, away I ran
To purpose more becoming man.
Was I to sit and pule and whine,
And die despised at beauty's shrine?
No! I would forth and danger brave—
Would stem the wildest ocean wave—
Outgo the last of living men—
And beard the lion in his den!
I could not part without farewell;
So went my high resolves to tell;
My reasons—my engagement fast
To prospects and adventures vast.
"This is your doing, then!" said I,
With anger glistening in mine eye:
"Of your exploit now boastful tell;
And God reward you if 'tis well!"

Her simple answer all redeemed;
'Twas fraught with all by man esteemed—
With prudence far above her age,
Good sense and calculation sage.
Then turned her lovely face aside,
The bright and welling tear to hide:
Then with a softened accent said,
"I glory in the change I've made!
Before you asked my hand in love,
My choice was fixed, no more to rove;
For, save yourself, no other man
I ever loved, or ever can.
But, then, to see you as you were,
Involved in love's pernicious snare—
A very slave—to whine and pule,
And act the ninny and the fool,—
So grieved me, I resolved with pain
To bring you to yourself again,
And rouse your too-perceptive heart
To act a more befitting part;
This have I done, and joy to see't,
If borne no farther than is meet.
For my poor heart do not repine—
Be but a man, and it is thine!"
If I had loved too well before,
I now went nearly to adore,
My heart was wholly unprepared
To feast on such unfeigned regard;
And, wondering, on the accents hung
Of one so beautiful and young,
I now for the first time perceived
What I had sparingly believed,
That woman's fair and lovely breast
Was framed the sanctuary blest—
The home, all sacred homes above,
Of virtuous and of faithful love.
Sweet gentle sex! with all my zeal,
I ne'er can laud you as I feel.
If Nature's glowing hand imbue
Thy early bloom with beauty's dew,
Stamp in thine eye the witching wile,
And light with love thy opening smile,—
Ere prudence ripens to thine aid,
A thousand snares for thee are laid;
While still to revel, joyful, bright,
Among those snares is thy delight.
'Tis thus that thousands, wrecked and hurled
From virtue's paths, traverse the world,
Regardless of creation's scorn,
Unblest, unfavoured, and forlorn.
But as well women may compare
A David Haggart to a Blair—
A Hunt with Southey—or, I wot,
A lord of Buchan with a Scott—
A David Erskine to a Home—
Or Peel unto a reckless Brougham—
A Jeffrey with a tailor spruce,
Strutting with oil-wand and with goose—
A Wilson with the merest clown—
Or Doctor Brown with Doctor Browne—
As man take any tainted mind
For model of sweet womankind.
Nay, let us rise in our compare
To beauties of the earth and air,
With their reverses—range the sea,
The wood, the waste, the galaxy—
And rather urge a parallel
'Tween rays of heaven and shades of hell,
Than woman's fair and virtuous fame
Should suffer but in thought or aim,
Or from her sacred temples fall
One single flower celestial!
Take woman as her God hath made her,
And not as mankind may degrade her;
Else as well may you take the storm
In all its hideousness, to form
An estimate of nature's cheer
And glories of the bounteous year—
As well compare the summer flower
With dark December's chilling shower—
Or summer morning, pearled with dew,
To winter's wan and deadly hue—
The purple ocean, calm and glowing,
With ocean when the tempest's blowing—
Then say, with proud discourtesy,
"This is the earth, and that the sea,
And this is woman. Whate'er you will
Attempt to say, she's woman still,
And will be woman—more or less,
A being prone to perverseness.
Hath it not flowed from sage's tongue,
And hath not moral poet sung,
That men to war or business take,
But woman is at heart a rake?"
Injurious bard, such thing to say!
Degraded be thy shameless lay
For evermore to kindred slough!
Poor, slanderous reptile! what wert thou,
Such ruinous principle to own,
And damning dogma to lay down?
'Tis false! Could one of all thy race
So much dishonour and disgrace
The mother that him bore and bred,
Watching his young and helpless head,
As thus to brand with ruthless blow
Thy Maker's fairest work below!
Wo to the bard, whate'er his fame,
Who would attach promiscuous blame
To all the gentle, fair, and wise,
And only view to generalise!
For me, I'm woman's slave confest—
Without her, hopeless and unblest;
And so must all, gainsay who can—
For what would be the life of man,
If left in desert or in isle
Unlighted up by beauty's smile—
E'en though he boasted monarch's name,
And o'er his own sex reigned supreme,
With thousands bending to his sway?
If lovely woman were away,
What were his life—what could it be?
A vapour on a shoreless sea;
A troubled cloud, in darkness tost'd,
Alongst the waste of waters lost;
A ship deserted in the gale,
Without a rudder or a sail,
A star or beacon-light before,
Or hope or haven evermore;
A thing without a human tie—
Unloved to live, unwept to die!
Then let us own, through Nature's reign,
Woman the light of her domain,
And if to maiden love not given—
The dearest bliss below the heaven—
At least due homage let us pay
In reverence to a parent's sway—
To that dear sex, whose favour still
Our guerdon is in good or ill;
A motive that can never cloy—
Our glory, honour, and our joy.
Now, this third ardent strain, replete
With faults, I lay down at thy feet;
I've told my little tale full plain,
Of all my love and all my pain;
And well thou know'st when it is done—
Ay, knew'st ere it was well begun—
That thou alone the cause couldst be
Of all this suffering to me;

This thrilling tempest of the soul;
This passion that outbraves control—
That sways my heart, my thought, my breath,
And binds me thine in life and death.
Yes! hap what will, or hap what may,
In climes and kingdoms far away,
Where'er by fate I'm doomed to roam—
By sea, by land, abroad, at home—
No loss, no gain, no meed, no grace,
No mien or mould of human race,
My heart, betrothed, from thee shall sever!
'Tis thine, my love, and thine for ever!
My next and last, 'tis dread to think,
May come to thee from Indus' brink—
From palaces of old Surat,
Or sandy vales of Gujerat!
Where I may sicken, sink, and swoon,
Beneath the whirl of the simoon,
A martyr to that sultry clime,
No more of love to rave and rhyme.
What now I see I scarce dare tell,
In framing of the word FAREWELL!
Alas! it bodes us aught but good—
My pen is dripping crimson blood!
The leaves and flowers have changed their hue,
And purple gleams the morning dew.
Before my heart is turned to stone,
Away, pernicious pen—begone!

END OF CANTO THIRD.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

NEW ARABIAN TALES.

1. *Contes Arabes du* Cheikh al Mohdy. Traduits par J. J. Marcel. Paris. 1834. 8vo.
2. *Les Aventures de Kámrúp.* Traduites de l'Hindústáni par M. Garcin de Tassy. (Printed for the Oriental Translation Committee.) Paris. 1834. 8vo.

"The gorgeous East," says an intelligent traveller, "the mother-country of the human race, of civilisation, of literature, and of the arts, always excites a deep sympathy in the bosom of Europeans; we regard its mighty monuments as we should the tombs of our fathers, and receive accounts of its stereotyped customs as descriptions of the habits of our ancestors." This feeling is considerably strengthened by the association of Arabian Tales with the fondest reminiscences of early youth. Dear, delightful Scheherazade! who is there that loves not to recall the hours of stolen pleasure, devoted to the stories with which, during a thousand and one nights, thou didst delay the stroke of fate, and change the stern resolve of the cruel Schahriar? The days are gone when we gave full credence to the marvels of Aladdin's lamp and ring, when the voyages of Sinbad appeared as authentic as those of Ross and Parry; but we must confess, notwithstanding the hazard of incurring all the ridicule of this utilitarian age, that we still love to revel in these wild and wondrous scenes of oriental imagination.

"The weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring."

The translator of these tales, the Chevalier Marcel, was director of the French printing-office, established in Cairo when the French took possession of Egypt. He formed there a close intimacy with the Sheikh Al Mohdi, secretary to the divan at Cairo, and received from him the manuscript collection of tales, of which the translation is before us. Before entering on any examination of their merits, we must turn our attention to the translator's interesting biographical sketch of the author, who acted no humble part in the several revolutions that seem now likely to work out the moral regeneration of Egypt.

Al Mohdi was a Copt and Christian by birth; these degenerate relics of the ancient people of the Pharaohs, like the Byzantine Greeks, rendered themselves useful and almost indispensable to their Mahomedan masters by their financial and diplomatic skill; they had the monopoly of all the administrative details of the government, and the possession of some lucrative arts, which in some degree compensated them for the civil and military degradation to which they were subjected by their conquerors. It is a singular fact, that the Copts have preserved from time immemorial, exclusively, the secret of hatching chickens by artificial heat. The Turkish and Arabian proprietors of the ovens are obliged to have recourse to Coptic servants, and every attempt that they have made to break the monopoly has completely failed.

Al Mohdi's father was named Abifanius Fadl-Allah, a singular mixture of Greek and Arabic, not unusual in the names of those who are descended from the subjects of the Ptolemies and the Fatemite khalifs: Abifanius is simply the Greek Επιφανιος (Illustrious), and Fadl-Allah signifies in Arabic "divine virtue."

Abifanius held the office of secretary to Suliman Kashef, the friend and companion of the celebrated Ali Bey; when his son had attained the age of thirteen years, Suliman wished to have him enrolled amongst his Mamelukes, but Al Mohdi had little taste for the hardships of a military life, and entreated his patron to aid him in literary and scientific pursuits, so that he might become qualified for a civil office. Sulimán consented, and procured him admission to the celebrated Mussulman academy established at Cairo, in the *Jami-al-azhar*, or "illustrious mosque," but which travellers more usually call "the mosque of flowers." His admission to this mosque was of course purchased by a change of his religion; but the boy had never the bad feelings of a renegade, and, during his entire life, the remembrance of the better creed he had left saved him from imbibing the bigotry and intolerance of Islamism.

During thirteen years Al Mohdi devoted himself diligently to study, and we find in his writings traces of his acquirements in European science and literature, as well as an intimate acquaintance with the poets and historians of the east. From his father he learned the routine of financial and diplomatic arrangements, and the hereditary secret of the Coptic race, while his acquirements in theology and Mahomedan law were so celebrated, that at an unusually early age he was dignified with the title of sheikh, and regarded as a high authority in matters of casuistry.

When Al Mohdi had attained his twenty-sixth

year, Ali Bey had become the leading man of Egypt; Suliman recommended the young sheikh to his notice, and Ali, a shrewd judge of talent, in a short time made him one of his secretaries. During the troubled but glorious career of Ali Bey, who, with inferior means and far less available opportunities, commenced reforms as extensive and perhaps more prudent than those that Mehemet Ali has effected, Al Mohdi faithfully supported his cause, seeking no reward in prosperity, making no attempt to escape in adversity. When Ali Bey fell by the treachery of those whom he trusted, Al Mohdi became an exile in Syria; but after the lapse of two years he was recalled by Ismael Bey, and restored to his former office. By consummate prudence he managed to continue neutral during the fierce contests that preceded the French invasion, and when Cairo was taken, the general voice of the citizens pointed out Al Mohdi as the person best suited to direct the administration of Cairo; Napoleon, with his usual wisdom, immediately ratified his appointment. M. Marcel soon become an especial favourite with the sheikh, but he tells us that the progress of his friendship was greatly accelerated by some bottles of excellent brandy, for which the sheikh, notwithstanding the prohibitions of the Koran, had a strong *penchant*. We were amused by a conversation between him and his translator on this delicate subject.

"*M.* My worthy sheikh, has not your prophet, on whom be peace and benediction, forbidden expressly, in the Koran, the use of wine to the faithful?

"*S.* No: look to the book.

"*M.* Here it is, read this passage in the second Surat: 'They will ask thee concerning wine and lots. Answer, in both there is great sin.'*

"*S.* Continue the verse—'and also some things of use unto men.'

"*M.* I will in my turn, read on, 'but their sinfulness is greater than their use.' Turn also to the fifth Surat: ,O true believers! surely wine, and lots, and images, are devouring arrows, are an abomination of the work of Satan, therefore avoid them, that ye may prosper. Satan seeketh to sow dissension and hatred among you by means of wine and lots, and to divert you from remembering God, and from prayer.'†

"*S.* Very well: but I never gamble, and in taking a cheerful glass with you, I feel that the bonds of our friendship are tightened—one glass more! Here's to your health, and the continuance of our friendship!

"*M.* Thank you, but you have not answered me respecting the prohibition of wine.

"*S.* This is not wine; a small glass more.

"*M.* Here it is. It is not wine, but it comes from it; besides all the commentators and all the traditions join in prohibiting Mussulmans the use of strong liquors that intoxicate.

"*S.* Oh! this does not intoxicate me. One little glass more."

The chevalier was fairly beaten, and left the sheikh master of the field.

But the wisdom and liberality of Al Mohdi were more conspicuous on another occasion, when the French general, either through carelessness or ignorance, had outraged the religious prejudices of the leading Mussulmans in Cairo. The general-in-chief invited to a splendid banquet the principal officers of his staff and the most eminent citizens. In the midst of the feast, the servants placed before each of the guests a glass of excellent white wine.

"Soon murmurs were heard, by degrees the whispers became louder, surprise and discontent were displayed in every countenance.

"'It is wine,' said one.

"'Wine!' shouted another. 'Wine to Mussulman sheikhs! and in public!'

"'It is an insult,' said a third; 'artful means devised by vengeance to lower us in public estimation!'

"'Let us depart,' exclaimed a sheikh, more exasperated than the rest, 'and proclaim to our fellow citizens the insult that has been offered to us, and through us to our religion and our holy prophet!'

"The sheikh Al Mohdi had not lost any of these symptoms of irritation, and of those still more dangerous proposals, whose consequences were likely to prove deplorable in a city recently pacified, where a brand thrown at random might kindle a vast conflagration.

"He had seen all and heard all, without seeming to pay the least attention, apparently plunged in that apathetic reverie, in which the Orientals are so fond of indulging. Suddenly he seemed to awake, and with a tone of surprise demanded, 'What is the matter?—what troubles you?'

"They explained to him the subject of the general discontent, 'They have offered us wine to drink!' 'Perhaps it is not wine,' said the sheikh, calmly taking up his glass and looking at it; 'assuredly it is not wine; wine is never of this colour.' The angry passions began to subside, and it was obvious that the minds of the Mussulmans would take the direction given them by their able chief, whose learning and orthodoxy were well known. After a short pause, he lifted the glass and swallowed its contents, saying, 'Let us see what it really is;' then with a true epicurean smack of the lips, 'It is wine, my brethren, but it is delicious, and if it be a sin for me or for you to drink it, may the holy prophet cause the sin to fall on the Franks.' He demanded a second glass, the sheikhs followed his example, and drank, exclaiming, 'Be the sin on them! be the sin on them!' Discord fled from the table, harmony reigned in its stead, the festivity of the evening suffered no further interruption, and there was no insurrection in the city."

Like most of the Orientals, Al Mohdi was fond of punning upon names; Bonaparte he called *Bonna Bakht* (the edifice of fortune); Kleber, *Kalah-ber* (the fortress of the country); and Menou, *Men-hu* (what kind is he?). After the departure of the French, the sheikh was continued in his situation, and so universally was he respected, that when the Albanians broke out into insurrection, and attacked the Frank quarter of Cairo, in July, 1804, the women and children found a safe asylum in his house, which even these licentious mercenaries dared not violate. He subsequently took an active part in the elevation of Mehemet Ali to the government, and was appointed chief of the sect of Shafâi, one of the four orthodox sects of Islam. Mehemet Ali, however, finding that Al Mohdi opposed some of his projects, treated him with coldness, in consequence of which he retired into private life, and died in the bosom of his family, at the advanced age of seventy-nine years, A. D. 1815.

The tales which Al Mohdi collected are divided

* Sale's Koran, vol. i. p. 37.

† Ib. vol. i. p. 39.

into two unequal portions, the second being about double the length of the first; both are connected by the history of Abd-er-rahman al-Iskanderani (the Alexandrian), who is the Scheherazade of the work. The first portion, whimsically entitled by the author "The Present of an Unmarried Awakener, for the amusement of him who loves slumber and sleep," was translated and published some years ago under the title of the "Ten unfortunate evenings of Abd-er-rahman al-Iskanderani." Its success induced M. Marcel to revise and improve it, and to add the second and more interesting portion, called "Conversations in the Moristán, or Revelations of the Lunatic Asylum at Cairo."

The plot of the main story is more ingenious but less romantic than that of Scheherazade and Schahriar. Abd-er-rahman being left in possession of a large fortune by his father, a wealthy merchant of Alexandria, devotes himself intensely to study, and makes a proficiency which he fondly deems unparalleled. Desirous that others should profit by his learning, he prepares narratives to read to his friends. Ten times he adventures as a story-teller; on each occasion his auditors are put to sleep, and some dread misfortune is brought on the hapless author's head. The tenth evening brings him to beggary, and consigns him to the Moristán, or Lunatic Asylum of Cairo.

On the first occasion, Abd-er-rahman began by assembling his slaves and reading to them a *resumé* of history, which, sooth to say, is not wholly destitute of soporific qualities. Before he had concluded, they had all fallen asleep, leaving the doors and gates unfastened. The naïb or chief of police, discovering this negligence as he went his rounds, ordered his attendants to nail up the doors, and inflicted a very heavy fine on Abd-er-rahman, for thus affording temptation to robbers.

The unfortunate story-teller consoled himself by reflecting on the proverbial stupidity of slaves; he resolved to assemble a more enlightened auditory, and for this purpose invited his friends and acquaintances to a magnificent entertainment. After they had feasted on the richest dainties, Abd-er-rahman produced his manuscript, and read a very interesting narrative, showing the necessity of men reposing all their trust in God. But, alas! his auditors fell asleep once more; on looking round, however, he discovered four who had escaped the general somnolency, and he complimented them highly on their taste and love of learning. They, in return, expressed so deep an interest in his narrative, that they wished to see the historical authorities on which it was founded. The delighted author went to seek them in his study; they were not easily found, and he was consequently absent for some time. When he returned, the four attentive guests had disappeared, and along with them had vanished all Abd-er-rahman's rich service of plate, with the exception of one salver, on which Al Harrami, the notorious robber, had written some lines, thanking Abd-er-rahman for his entertainment.

The next morning Abd-er-rahman went to lodge his complaint before the aga of the Janissaries, taking with him the salver on which the robber had written his complimentary letter. He found the aga mounted on horseback, surrounded by a crowd of suitors, to whose complaints he could give but distracted attention. Abd-er-rahman stated his case and exhibited the salver; the aga heard little and comprehended less of the complainant's statement, but demanded that the salver should be handed to him for closer inspection. No sooner had he seen the robber's letter than he furiously accused Abd-er-rahman of being an accomplice of the gang, and without hearing his explanation, ordered him to be bastinadoed. The orders were instantly obeyed, while the surrounding multitude loudly cheered the prompt justice of their magistrate. Nor was this all: Abd-er-rahman was sentenced to pay a very heavy fine to prevent further proceedings before a superior tribunal.

The next audience to which Abd-er-rahman recited was composed of his relatives, whom he had assembled to celebrate his reconciliation with a cousin, who had been reduced to distress by a career of vice and profligacy in a distant land, but who represented his poverty as the result of inevitable misfortunes. Abd-er-rahman believed the tale, and by a romantic excess of generosity, lent him a large sum of money in private, while publicly he affected to entertain suspicions of his character. The third tale produced the same effects as the preceding, but the sleep was not immediately attended with any fatal result. However, such soon appeared; Abd-er-rahman had placed the bond given him by his cousin in the leaves of the book from which he read to his guests, whence it was easily abstracted by the fraudulent debtor, who laughed the unfortunate story-teller to scorn, when he went to seek for payment. A law-suit followed. Abd-er-rahman's case, of course, completely failed, and he had not only to pay all the costs, but a very heavy fine for having brought a false accusation before the tribunal; he had also to endure the bastinado a second time for perjury.

A bright idea now seized Abd-er-rahman; he resolved no longer to lead a single life, but to obey the recommendation of the Koran, and take a wife. We spare our readers an enumeration of the learned arguments by which he fortified his resolution; one, however, deserves to be noticed.

"Amongst the details of the interesting picture which my imagination formed of wedded joys—a husband in the arms of a beloved wife—a father surrounded by prattling children—I cannot venture to deny that there glided in, almost unconsciously, the image of a father and husband reading his histories to his wife and children—reading when he pleased, without fearing refusal or interruption: it seemed an audience ready prepared, always at hand, always attentive; and I was surprised that I had never thought of it before."

The lady whom he chose was of illustrious birth; she was the daughter of a *sherif*, or descendant of the prophet; and though still young, she was the widow of another *sherif*, to whom she had been contracted in infancy. The nuptials were celebrated with great magnificence; but unfortunately, to enliven the marriage-feast, Abd-er-rahman told a story, pointing out the folly of family pride, and the hazard of marrying ladies

of noble birth. All went to sleep except the brother of the bride, and he, believing that the tale was an insult to his family, drew his sword, rushed upon Abd-er-rahman, and before he could make any preparations for defence, smote off his ear. The tumult awoke the guests, a tremendous uproar ensued, the police interfered, Abd-er-rahman fainted from loss of blood, and on his recovery found himself in prison. As the case related to *sherifs*, it came under the cognisance of the *nakib-al-ashraf*, or chief of the illustrious descendants of the prophet: he of course decided in favour of his relatives, and the unfortunate story-teller was not liberated until he had paid a very heavy fine.

Abd-er-rahman, however, found some consolation in the affection of Fatima, his noble spouse. She declared herself so anxious to make some compensation for the wrongs he had suffered from her relatives, that he ventured to request she would listen to one of his stories. Fatima long resisted, but was finally persuaded, and her husband inflicted upon her a narrative of greater extent than any he had yet ventured to relate. Of course she fell asleep; her gown swept over a chafing-dish which was placed in the room; it took fire; the flames communicated to the tapestry; and before the conflagration could be extinguished, Abd-er-rahman's mansion and furniture were consumed, and he was severely fined for negligence that endangered the safety of the city.

Fatima escaped with life, but no persuasions could induce her to become a listener a second time. Abd-er-rahman, therefore, resolved to take another wife, and he chose an old maid named Alima. Two wives in one house naturally disagreed; Alima especially was jealous of the least attention shown to Fatima, and in order to cure her, Abd-er-rahman resolved to tell a story. Great was his delight when Alima not only expressed a willingness to hear it, but declared that she would remain standing all the time, in order to resist the drowsiness which had overcome his former auditors. But, alas! before the tale was finished she fell down and broke both her arm and leg. The physician summoned to attend her displayed so little skill, that Abd-er-rahman refused to pay him: the case was brought before the *ulemas*, or doctors of civil law, to which respectable body the physician belonged, and Abd-er-rahman had to pay, not only the bill, but very heavy damages for having spoken disrespectfully of the learned professions.

"Though the ass may make a pilgrimage to Mecca, yet an ass he will come back," says a proverb quoted by our inveterate story-teller to excuse his perseverance. Abd-er-rahman took a third wife, a beautiful young girl called Lúlú, or "the pearl," in consequence of her charms, but which was changed into Zeinab, "the ornament of her father," from the fame she brought her family. But Zeinab was an idiot, and Abd-er-rahman searched among his histories for one that might awaken her ideas. He took the precaution of placing some slaves in the apartment, and to banish the danger of sleep, permitted them to interrupt him by questions and comments. Zeinab's questions were so absurd and childish that her husband soon ceased to answer them, and she and her slaves were quickly asleep. A terrific crash in the kitchen disturbed the party; Abd-er-rahman had delayed supper to the conclusion of his lecture; a strange dog, guided by the scent of the meat, found a way into the house, and tumbled down the plates as he made a spring at a tempting shoulder of mutton. The slaves hastened to punish the intruder, but the dog fled with his prey, and escaped into one of the city sewers. The noise attracted the notice of the police; some doubt was felt respecting the excuse assigned for the riot, the sewer was opened, and in it was found, to the horror of all true believers, a leg of pork, which the dog had probably stolen from some infidel's kitchen. Such a crime could not go unpunished; Abd-er-rahman was brought before the great council of the ulemas for the crime of having swine's flesh dressed in his mansion; the evidence was deemed conclusive before a tribunal already prejudiced against him; he had once more to endure the bastinado and pay a heavy fine.

A fourth wife, named Zahara, was taken by the inveterate story-teller, and the very second day after his marriage he read to her a new narrative. Zahara fell so fast asleep that she could not be awakened, and as the tale recited to her had been one of *diablerie*, the slaves reported that their master had bewitched his spouse. Abd-er-rahman was thrown into prison, and before he was liberated had to undergo the torture several times. Zahara had, however, only counterfeited this supernatural slumber to have an opportunity of escaping with her gallant. When this was made known to the judges, they acquitted Abd-er-rahman, and he was allowed to return home without paying any fine.

He next purchased some slaves for his harem, believing that he could command more attention from them than from his wives. One evening he assembled them in a kiosk, or summer-house, which he had erected in his garden, and having trimmed his lamp and produced his manuscript, threatened them with the severest punishment if they dared to fall asleep. When he concluded, he found that all his auditors but one had stolen away, and she was buried in slumber. By a sudden angry movement Abd-er-rahman overthrew the table and lamp; the awakened slave fled with the speed of lightning; and Abd-er-rahman, pursuing her in the darkness, tumbled into a reservoir, which, luckily for him, was only half full of water. It was, however, so deep that he could not get out, and so far from the house that his cries could not be heard. There he remained until the muezzin ascended a neighbouring minaret to proclaim the hour of morning prayer, when his cries attracted the notice of this pious functionary. Abd-er-rahman was extricated, but was attacked by a severe fever, which almost brought him to the grave. Scarcely had he recovered, when he was summoned to appear before the priests of the mosque to answer for the crime of interrupting the muezzin's holy proclamation. The chief mollah, however, treated him leniently, sentencing him only to bestow a large sum in alms, as an atonement for his impiety.

Abd-er-rahman was now at his wit's end; but he resolved to make a final effort, and to have the tale read by his slave, in order to determine whether the matter or manner of his recitals had most share in producing his former calamities. A splendid banquet was prepared, a large company assembled, the feast was concluded, the reading commenced, and Abd-er-rahman was the first to fall asleep. When he awoke, he found himself alone with the reader; he went to search the house for his guests, and received ocular demonstration that he was plundered by his slaves, and dishonoured by his wives. Transported with rage, he attempted to take immediate vengeance, aided by some domestics that still remained faithful; a terrible scene of confusion ensued, the police rushed in to learn the cause, and the guilty parties with one accord proclaimed that Abd-er-rahman was insane. His violent behaviour when brought before the magistrates gave credibility to the accusation, and he was sent to the Moristán, or Lunatic Asylum of Cairo. Here he continued ten years. When he was at length permitted to quit it, he found his house in ruins, his wives married to others, and all his property destroyed. Thenceforward he became a strolling story-teller, and gained a miserable livelihood by reciting his narratives to caravans of pilgrims.

The second portion of the work contains an account of what Abd-er-rahman heard and saw in the Moristán. He bore his lot with patience, and soon acquired the favour of his keepers. They soon permitted him to walk in the courts, along with some of the inmates whose mildness of demeanour justified such indulgence. Here he became acquainted with three persons who had, like himself, lost their ears and been lamed. After a short time he discovered that the resemblance was still more perfect, for each of them retained his senses. They were, however, worse disfigured than our hero, and he could not avoid expressing a desire to learn the cause of their calamities. It was agreed that each should relate his history. Abd-er-rahman soon after, with other supposed lunatics, came to listen to these narratives, and amongst the latter, he found his perfidious cousin, and his faithless wife, Zahara. The number of narrators was thus increased, and we should be sorry that any one of them withheld his history. As a specimen of these "Revelations of the Moristán," we shall extract, with some curtailments, the history of Rafif, the squinting astrologer of Alexandria, both because it illustrates the customs and superstitions of the east more vividly than any other, and because it introduces us to Jezzar Pacha, one of our "ancient allies," who, assisted by Sir Sidney Smith, beat off Napoleon from Acre, and thus materially aided in frustrating the French expedition to Egypt. Rafif excited the attention of his auditors by declaring that he came to the Moristán in consequence of a quarrel with the sun, moon and stars. Such a preface appeared to Abd-er-rahman an evidence of insanity, but seeing that the rest of the audience heard it unmoved, he took courage and invited Rafif to go on with his history.

"I am a native of Smyrna: the circumstances of my infancy have left such a feeble impression on my memory that I can with difficulty recall them. Moreover, I remember perfectly, that from my earliest infancy the first object that struck my view was a piece of red cloth, suspended from my little turban, which hung over my forehead in the shape of a tongue, falling so exactly between my eyes that the pupils were constantly directed towards it by an involuntary attraction. My mother, full of tender fears, had used this means as an efficacious talisman to ward off the danger of *the evil eye*, which which might be turned upon me. I did not lay aside this amulet until I was nine years old, when, being admitted into the congregation of the faithful, I had acquired a right to the protection of our holy prophet, and *the evil eye* could no longer injure one of whom our divine religion was the parent and guardian.

"My father was secretary to the kadi of Smyrna. He designed me to be his successor, when age and education had qualified me for the place. He was especially anxious to instruct me in jurisprudence, and no sooner was I able to read than he placed in my hands the works of the most celebrated Mahomedan lawyers. I had no taste for the study thus recommended to me, and I confess that I preferred the sports of my youthful companions to dry studies on law and equity. Whenever I could make my escape, I went to sport with my comrades, sometimes in the fields, sometimes in the gardens that surround the city.

"Detained all day in court by his professional avocations, my father was ignorant of my constant truancy; and my mother, who loved me with all the mistaken fondness shown to an only child, was careful to conceal my faults. In our meetings, each of my companions had a nickname; they called me, I know not why, *the squinter*, and I have been so accustomed to the title that I have kept it to this day.

"I had reached my sixteenth year without troubling myself much about the future, when all my father's hopes were suddenly overthrown—the kadi, his protector, was disgraced, all his property confiscated by the Divan of Constantinople, and he was forced to resign his dignity to a successor sent from the capital. The new dignitary, though a Turk by birth, showed some regard for his predecessor, and seeing that the confiscation of his property had deprived him of all resources, he generously offered him the post which my father had hitherto occupied.

"The old kadi was but too happy to accept an offer which came so luckily to extricate him from his difficulties; and my father becoming the chief victim of these double reverses of fortune, was so deeply grieved, that in eight days I followed him to the tomb. My mother, who had been ailing long before, did not long survive her husband, and I suddenly found myself an orphan, with no prospect but the deepest misery.

"I knew nothing; I had no means of procuring the necessaries of life; my former comrades were too young to give me any assistance; I had only some distant relations, who cruelly refused me even a lodging. One of them, more compassionate than the rest, was pleased at least to give me some advice; he counseled me to address the new kadi, implore his pity, and solicit the lowest place in his household, the meanest occupation that could afford me the means of subsistence.

"I hastened to follow this advice; want, which I now felt bitterly, permitted neither hesitation nor delay. I ran to the kadi's door, I solicited and obtained permission to appear in his presence. I found him seated on cushions in a corner of a large saloon, and in the opposite corner was the old kadi discharging the duties which were once performed by my father. The physiognomy of my future protector appeared favourable, and seemed to promise a happy result. I made my request, which I deemed it right to accompany with the most extrava-

gant eulogiums, declaring him the most illustrious of all kadis, past, present and future, the only man on earth capable of filling such an exalted office, eclipsing the glory of all his predecessors, and depriving his successors for ever of all hope of displaying similar merit.

"During my harangue, the expression of his countenance totally changed; by degrees his brow darkened, his eyes sparkled, and finally his voice was raised against me with all the fury of the most violent indignation. He fiercely reproached me with having been sent by his enemies to insult him at his own tribunal, asserting that my praises were addressed to the old kadi, towards whom he declared that my looks were constantly directed, though, as I have already said, he sat at a distance on the opposite side of the room.* He would not listen to any apology or explanation, and the only result of my audience was to be forcibly ejected from the mansion, where I hoped to find a refuge, with orders to quit the city immediately, and never to return.

"In the course of the same evening the old kadi, who, as it seems, had made a similar mistake, sent secretly to thank me for the courage which I had maintained his superiority over his successor, and displayed his gratitude by sending me some provisions and a small sum of money, adding that he would secure me a passage on board a vessel which was to sail the following morning.

"I had lost by some unforeseen error the protection I had sought, and I did not conceive it necessary, by confessing the truth, to reject the unexpected patronage which by the same error I had involuntarily procured. In fact, my design was, by praising the new kadi and exalting him far above his predecessor, to take vengeance for my father and myself at the same time, whose modest place he had usurped; and assuredly I was far from imagining that he would mistake this part of my address for flattery. But by some inexplicable fatality my designs were frustrated; my praise was mistaken for reproach—my reproach for praise.

"I made enquiries about the ship to which I had been recommended; she lay at the entrance of the harbour, and I instantly went on board. The captain had received notice of my coming, and employed me as his attendant during the trip. Our voyage was not long; our destination was Iskanderùn (Alexandretta), and in five days we reached that Syrian port without encountering any danger. I was engaged, as I have said, by the captain only for the trip. As soon as he had cast anchor, he informed me that he had taken me on board only out of complaisance to the old kadi, and directed me to seek a new master in the town which we had just reached. As I had no luggage, my disembarkation was easily effected; during the rest of the day I wandered through the streets and bazaars of Iskanderùn; no one spoke to me, and I did not dare to address any body.

"When evening came, I sat down sorrowfully at the end of the long pier which forms the harbour, reflecting on my sorrowful position; not knowing where I could procure shelter for the night, whose shades were thickening around me, nor food for my empty stomach, which was manifesting its uneasiness by audible grumblings. My glances were mechanically turned to my left over the long promontory which, extending into the sea, closed the gulf on that side, and hid from view the summits of the lofty mountains of Kribrûs (Cyprus). All at once I saw near me a tall, stiff, and meagre figure, which seemed to me a real ghost. This being, whose approach I had not observed, and whose presence froze me with horror, had two piercing eyes, a countenance of cadaverous paleness; his bones seemed ready to burst through a skin as dry as parchment; his brows were thick and beetling, and a long white beard hung in wild disorder below his chest; he wore a dark coloured robe, and his motions were as precise and regular as if they had been the result of machinery. His eyes were fixed on the starry heavens, and he directed his view successively to different stars, using instruments of curious construction, the like of which I had never seen.

"I felt assured that this strange being was a magician, practising some of his diabolical arts, and I expected that the evil genii would immediately assemble around him in obedience to his necromantic spells. Fear kept me motionless; I kept my eyes fixed upon him, attentively watching his movements; they were all new to me, and I expected momentarily to become their victim. My danger appeared to increase when I saw this mysterious and awful being lower his looks to me, and his glance met mine.

"After some moments of mutual and silent observation, during which drops of cold perspiration streamed from my forehead, he addressed me in a hoarse voice, whose tones, however, were not at all menacing. 'Friend,' said he, 'I see with pleasure that you share my tastes and pursuits; during the last half hour, I perceive that your looks have been directed towards that brilliant sky which extends its splendid canopy over the summit of Mount Taurus, and now your eyes, directed to the zenith, seem anxious to penetrate through the group of nebulous stars directly over our heads. Tell me, which is the constellation that has thus engaged your attention?'

"Reassured by hearing a human voice from this frightful body, which I had taken for some supernatural being that haunted this solitary place, I was about to reply, but he did not give me time. 'You may,' he continued, 'bless your fate and the constellations that protect you: I am the celebrated Abd-al-nejûm (servant of the stars), whose high acquirements in astronomy have procured him the surname *al Feleky* (the Celestial). Perceiving you just now with your eyes fixed on the starry heaven, I easily divined that you were impelled by some insurmountable impulse to my favourite study. I immediately observed with care the aspect of the heavens, I have found it favourable to you, and it has enjoined me to cultivate your taste for such exalted knowledge. Come then with confidence, my son; Abd-al-nejûm will in your company penetrate the palace of science; come with me, my house shall be your residence and your academy.'

"The astronomer then took me by the hand. Delighted by such an unexpected invitation, I permitted him to lead me in silence, dreading that too speedy an explanation might lead him to change his benevolent purpose. We passed through several narrow streets in the meanest quarter of the town, and after several turnings, stopped before a small house, whose appearance was far from sumptuous. Abd-al-nejûm opened the door himself; a circumstance which convinced me that he had neither slaves nor servants. Taking me again by the hand, he led me in the dark to a confined spot, where he desired me to sit down. Having lighted an old lamp, he turned to examine his new guest. He appeared surprised at the poverty of my dress, which the darkness had hitherto prevented him from noticing; his tone immediately changed, his kind proffers gave place to stern and imperious questions. Not being able to avoid a reply, I related, without disguise, the circumstances that had brought me to the place where he found me; and where my glances were vaguely directed over the surface of the western waters, instead of being elevated, as he supposed, to the brilliant sky of the east. I testified my gratitude for the kind offers he had made, but did not conceal that food was with me a more pressing want than lessons in astronomical science. Abd-al-nejûm sat down on a wretched mat, which was almost the only article of furniture in his room, and resting his head upon his hands, seemed lost in thought. At length

* The reader must remember that Raffi squinted.

he proposed to take me into his service, on condition that I should ask no wages, but be content with bed and board, promising that if I proved faithful he would make me his heir.

"I lived with him very miserably for twelve years; when I asked him for instructions, he said that nature herself had forbidden me to become an astronomer. Every day he repeated that the stars promised him great wealth and length of life; but nevertheless, I found him one morning dead in his bed, and conformably to his promises I was his sole heir. The inheritance, however, was only some few articles of furniture, and his mathematical instruments. The owner of the house soon gave me notice to quit; I made a little money by the sale of the furniture, and, carefully preserving the astronomical instruments of my deceased master, I sought another lodging.

"I obtained it in the house of an old woman who lodged in the suburbs, to whom I had sold some pieces of paper covered with figures, on which my master had written his scientific calculations, which she had purchased as talismans, to increase the fertility of her pigeons and keep them from vermin. I had no difficulty in persuading her that I had inherited the knowledge as well as the instruments of my old master; and her neighbours of both sexes flocked to obtain the aid of my astrological talents. All my master's old papers on which he had scribbled figures were successively sold as talismans.

"Finding this new trade very successful, I resolved, like Abd-al-nejûm, to draw horoscopes, and predict future events from the stars. I had picked up from his conversation the names of some of the constellations, but I did not know what was their position in the sky; however, I hoped that I would easily acquire this knowledge by making use of the instrument. In vain I tried in every way to imitate what I had so often seen my master do; but somehow or other I could never distinctly see through the telescope the stars that my master saw, or perhaps only pretended to see. I have always thought that he designedly injured the instruments before his death, for fear lest the fame of my science might eclipse his own. My reputation increased every day, and unfortunately for me it extended too far. My fame reached the governor of the city. He was about to become a father, and summoned me to draw the horoscope of the unborn child. I went boldly, pretended to make some observations, drew some whimsical figures, made some idle calculations, and unhesitatingly declared that he would soon be the father of a boy. I did not know that my new employer had brought at a great expense another astronomer from Antakyeh (Antioch). He was posted in another part of the house, and announced that the child would be a girl. They brought us together, that we might compare our different horoscopes. I could make nothing of my adversary's scheme; he easily demonstrated that mine was composed only of figures drawn at random, calculations either absurd or insignificant, and marks that had no connection or relation. For want of good argument, I overwhelmed my adversary with reproaches, and he retorted as well as he could. From words we were about to come to blows, when we received a piece of news which put an end to our quarrel. The women who had been summoned to attend the lady announced that she was not pregnant, but dropsical."

Rafif then relates, that being banished as an impostor, he fled to Syria, where he fell in with a band of robbers, who carried him bound to Acre, and set him at liberty on condition of his remaining in the city, and presenting himself every evening at the great fountain which supplies the town with water. He obtained admission to the house of a Jew, by promising him an amulet that would protect him from the tyranny of the pacha, deservedly called Jezzar (the butcher). The Jew's daughter, who unfortunately was but

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

fell in love with the astrologer; but he rejected her advances on the plea that the stars prohibited their union. She accepted the excuse, and continued her kindness. During a fortnight Rafif presented himself regularly at the fountain, but the weather continuing cloudy, his services were not required. At length, one fine evening, he met at the rendezvous the captain of the robbers by whom he had been seized, and we shall now let him continue the recital of his adventures.

"'Here you come,' said a voice which I knew too well; 'I was waiting for you. If you have not your astronomical instruments, run and get them; and take care that you do not keep me long waiting.' Terrified and confounded, I hastened to execute his orders with all expedition, and speedily returned. 'Follow me,' said he; 'do not tremble thus: fear nothing; no evil will befall you, unless you bring it on your own head. Above all things keep perfectly silent until you reach your destination.' Then, without any further explanation, he began to walk towards one of the corners of the enclosure. I followed my mute guide without saying a word, endeavouring to persuade myself into reliance on the promise he had made.

"We soon reached a low and shabby-looking portal: it was opened without noise at a scarcely perceptible signal, and I was handed over by my guide to two other conductors as silent as himself. These new personages, who seemed to me either slaves or domestics, gave me in charge to two others in a second chamber; they again resigned me to a new pair in a third room, and thus I was transferred from the hands of one pair to those of the next, until I reached the presence of their master.

"I have said *from the hands*, but this is an inaccurate expression: not one of those whom I encountered in my passage had retained possession of his entire person. One had lost a hand, another a foot; this had been deprived of an eye, the next wanted a nose or ears. Among them there was not one complete man; they were rather 'the ruins of humanity'—ruins more or less mutilated and disfigured. No where could there be found such a collection of the halt and maimed; it seemed that a person in full possession of his limbs was incompatible with the arrangements of this extraordinary mansion. 'Great God!' thought I with a shudder, 'am I doomed to wear the livery of this miserable band?'

"These involuntary reflections were cut short by my admission into the last room. It was badly lighted by a single lamp, and the corners were shrouded in almost total darkness; the furniture was mean and scanty: but when I glanced around I beheld the glitter of scimitars, daggers and swords, and through the shade along the walls I saw about twelve soldiers perfectly motionless, standing in frightful silence. At the extremity of the room, in the corner farthest from the door, there was seated on a miserable carpet, supported by filthy and torn cushions, a man already old, of haughty and ferocious aspect. His eyes were sunk in his head, but light flashed from them through the thick and shaggy brows by which they were covered, like the glare of the hyena thirsting for carnage. His savage appearance, and his brows rigidly contracted, announced the violent passions of a merciless heart. His beard was in disorder, his turban of coarse stuff badly arranged, his dress soiled and worn. In his girdle there was a large dagger and two enormous pistols; before him lay a naked sabre, and

other instruments of destruction. He smoked
ɔipe of common clay, whose stem was a simple
n the midst of the clouds of smoke that sur-
him, I seemed to see some fantastic spectre, and
ıt for a moment that Eblis stood before me in his
ɛrson. His eyes at length were fixed on me; a
of mortal terror shook my limbs; I discovered
as in the presence of the cruel Pacha of Acre,
ible Jezzar. . . . I then comprehended perfectly
se of all the mutilations I had met since my
ɔ into his palace; I was in the lion's den.
ar looked at me for some time in silence, without
ıg his position. Then raising his voice, and
ıg a little the tiger-like ferocity of his counte-
'You are an astronomer,' said he; 'I have need

ɛse few words banished my fear, and restored my
. I knew that these men, so cruel and irritable
their dependents, often exhibit despicable weak-
those whom they deem necessary to them, and on
hey depend in turn.
ɔ pacha immediately rose, and ordered me to ac-
ɣ him to one of the terraces of his palace. When
ched it, he pointed out a brilliant star of ruddy
with whose name I am unacquainted, but which
my right. 'There is my star,' said he; 'observe
tell me what it predicts.'
urned my instrument to the specified star, but
e pacha asserted that my looks were turned to the
posite that which he indicated, and that I was
ng a star on the left, different from his. Twice
ned me, twice I assured him that he was mistaken,
ɔn dared to add, 'I know what I see, and I would
t though I saw it not.' Scarcely had I spoken,
ny third warning was a terrible blow of his scyme-
ich deprived me of that part of my arm you see
g."

if fell to the ground senseless. The ser-
of the pacha finding him in this condition,
ed him dead, and threw him into the street.
ly he was found by his Jewish host, who
im home and bound up his wounds. When
s sufficiently recovered to tell his story, the
xpressed his astonishment at the mercy with
he had been treated, assuring him that he
ne only person to whom Jezzar had ever
safed two warnings. In spite of all the
ties of the Jew, Rafif resolved to leave
and well was it for him that he did so, as
rned shortly afterwards that the pacha had
the Jew, and condemned him to the
le death of impalement. Rafif came to
and soon obtained large sums by the sale
ılets and talismans. Intoxicated by success,
ieved that he had somehow or other become
learned, and presented himself to be pub-
xamined in astronomy by the body of the
s. His blunders were so very extraordinary,
s blustering efforts to hide his ignorance so
ɔus, that the whole assembly believed him
, and he was consigned to the Moristán.
ong the narratives that follow the history of
is one that seems designed as a parody on
ɔry of Aladdin. It is more ingenious than
ɔur Facardins of Count Hamilton, because
ɛr degenerates into caricature, and because
lventures, though very whimsical, follow
ther in natural order. The outline of the
ay be told in a few words. Morad, a young
ian, becomes possessed of a talismanic
ring, that ensures him the gratification of all his wishes; the genii, however, thus subjected to his sway, are malignant beings, who execute his behests literally, and thus place him constantly in the midst of dangers and difficulties. He wishes to be removed from the desert to his uncle's house, and is plumped down in the midst of a dinner given to the household; of course he is soundly cudgeled for the destruction of the feast; he desires to be placed in the midst of Bagdad, and immediately finds himself swimming for his life in the Tigris: he sees the pacha's magnificence, and desires to share in it; the slaves, directed by a mysterious power, bring him viands, but scarcely has he had time to taste them, when the pacha's guards appear to chastise the slaves and the intruder; he wishes to be removed to a place of safety, and is placed in the lowest dungeon of the city prison, with some wretches about to be impaled; he desires to be rescued from the horrors of an impending execution, and is hurried to the centre of India, where he narrowly escapes martyrdom from some superstitious Fakirs. After many similar adventures, Morad at length wishes to be in his own country, and is placed, bound hand and foot, on the summit of one of the pyramids; he then wishes to be restored to his father, and is rolled down the pyramid to his father, who was below searching for hidden treasure. His wounds and bruises throw him into a dangerous disease, which is followed by mental alienation, and he is consigned to the Moristán.

The specimens we have given of the New Arabian Tales show that they differ essentially from our old acquaintances, approaching more nearly to the European style of romance; but the second work which we have placed at the head of this article is almost a repetition of Scheherazade's narratives, and goes far to establish the Indian origin of "The Thousand and One Nights." The distinct and clear testimony of Massoudi, one of the most enlightened Arabian writers, ought indeed long since to have settled this question; he states that the Thousand and One Nights and the Voyages of Sinbad, of which he speaks as separate works, were translated from the Persian, that is, the Pehlvi, in the reign of the Khaliph Al Mansúr, consequently about thirty years before the age of Haroun-al-Raschid, who is now the hero of so many of the tales. The additional stories published some years ago by Von Hammer and Trebutién confirm Massoudi's account. Those that are of a purely Saracenic origin can easily be distinguished from those that have been derived from a more imaginative people; even the change made in the catastrophe, which Trebutién regards as a restoration of the original narrative, is a humorous turn quite inconsistent with the gorgeous fancy that dictated these wondrous fictions. In Trebutién's edition, Schahriar, so far from pardoning Sheherazade for her skill in story-telling, declares that he will have her put to death by torture for having talked so much nonsense, and only spares her life because he finds she has become a mother. Every reader must feel that this jest is an impertinence, utterly repugnant to the general character of the work.

"The Adventures of Kámrúp," translated from the Hindoostannee by Garcin de Tassy, are manifestly derived from the same original as the Voyages of Sinbad; for "the moving accidents by flood and field," recorded in both, are in many instances perfectly identical. We trust that this will attract the notice of some Sanscrit scholars in India, and stimulate them to enquire after the original work from which both have been taken. A translation from a Persian abridgment of the Hindoostannee poem was published by Colonel Franklin some years ago, under the name of "The Loves of Camarupa and Camalata," and a comparison of this with Garcin de Tassy's work leads us to believe that Sinbad's narratives, delightful as they are, have been shorn of much of their lustre in their passage through Persian and Arabic. Kámrúp is sadly ill-treated by the Persian compiler, several of the most interesting details being omitted and others sadly distorted; but especially the historical and geographical allusions with which the Hindoostannee poem abounds have been wholly neglected by the translators. Still, "The Loves of Camarupa and Camalata" may be read with pleasure,—

> "For sunshine, broken in the rill,
> Though turned aside, is sunshine still."

The suspicion that Sinbad's translator may have omitted much that was excellent has frequently crossed our minds, for Sinbad's voyages are manifestly not designed to be received as mere romances. Hole, in his admirable dissertation on them, has shown that many of the most extravagant fictions they contain were received in Europe as authentic facts during the middle ages, and that the wildest of the narratives may be paralleled in the veracious pages of Sir John Mandeville. The Tales of the Sheikh Al Mohdi, and the Adventures of Kámrúp, taken together, supply us with a sequel and commentary to the Arabian Nights, deeply interesting to all who love imaginative lore. The former enables us to determine the nature of the frame-work in which the Arabians set the gems derived from more fanciful climes. The latter enables us to estimate the nature and value of the treasures before they were placed in the hands of foreign artists.

Al Mohdi's Tales are valuable for other considerations; they reveal to us the present state and feelings of the Moslem inhabitants of Egypt, and show us the effect produced upon them by European intercourse. Traces of liberal sentiment and of a tolerant spirit are to be found in his collection, and fanaticism is only noticed to be condemned. There can be nothing more delightful than this appearance of dawning liberality in the lands that seemed for ever doomed to the darkness of bigotry.

Notes have been added to both these works by their respective translators; those of M. Marcel convey much curious and valuable information respecting eastern habits and customs; but we regret to say that M. Garcin de Tassy has given a mere philological commentary on the original text of Kámrúp, which he intends to publish on some future occasion. This arrangement seems every way objectionable: mere European scholars find a large portion of the book useless, and the future Hindoostannee student must purchase the translation as well as the original, if he desires to derive any advantage from the commentary.

From the London Athenæum.

Journal d'un Déporté non Jugé. Vol. II.*

Since our former notice of this work we have received the second volume, and shall, therefore, continue our abstract.

The escape of Pichegru, Barthelemy, the more important and active of the *déportés*, together with the death of many others, left poor Barbé Marbois, and some of his aged companions, to an increase of solitude and suffering. But two were left out of the original number. From this solitude, however, they were somewhat relieved by the arrival of one hundred and ninety-three new convicts, who disembarked at Cayenne in June, 1798. These were chiefly ecclesiastics.

> "Some condemned for fanaticism, others for having shown relics to the people, one for preaching dangerous doctrine, another for having performed mass. There had been neither trial nor judgment. One had been transported in the place of his brother. Another, condemned to quit France in fifteen days, had been kept in prison till the time expired, and was then transported for being found in the country. Some were under twenty."

One of the new batch was the poet, François de Neufchateau. Another was the superior of the College of Louvain, transported for exorcism, an imaginary crime. Some of the new comers soon attempted, and some effected, their escape. The shipwreck of one party is related, accompanied by some singular remarks respecting the hardihood of the Gallic Indians.

> "The Indian rowers swam all the way to the land, although it took them six hours to reach it. An Indian woman and a child, who were of the crew, helped themselves by holding to a barrel of tafia, which the lightness of the liquor caused to float; and so brought them to the beach. When the Indians are tired of swimming, they lie on their back, and the sea keeps them immovable. It is said, that they are specifically lighter than us; and such of them as I have tried to carry, I have always found sensibly lighter than the whites."

M. de Marbois's observations on the Indians, whose habits he unfortunately had such ample time to study, are curious and full of interest. But his disquisition on the existence of the Amazons, is, at this day, somewhat out of date. The account of his domestic life bears witness to the amiability of his character, which seems but to have called forth the severity of his persecutors. On one occasion, after having made some complaint, he is summoned from Sinnamari to Cayenne, and forced to perform the journey on foot, at noon-day, tantamount almost to a sentence of death. He is sent back just as cruelly, for signing a petition more ceremoniously than was thought consistent with republican etiquette, or the want of it. At length, however, the directory itself began to totter, and its agents, foreseeing their fall, thought fit to relax their severity. Marbois and

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* Continued from Museum, page 137.

Laffon, all that remained of the old exiles, were ordered definitively to return to Cayenne.

"We left Sinnamari," (continues M. Marbois) "on the 1st of August, 1799. I quitted it never to return—that place where my enemies intended to have confined me until the day of my death. A Galibi ran after me; he made me a present of a bow and arrows, and of a collar of tiger's teeth. I turned, for the last time, my looks towards the cabin, that I had inhabited for two whole years. I saluted my cinnamon trees, my bread and clove trees. I went by that road which will long recall to the planters the exile whose work it is. I passed before the cabins which Murinais and Tronçon inhabited, and near the cemetery where their remains repose. Adieu, Simapo! Adieu, forests and deserts which the Sinnamari laves. Insatiable tombs, which I have seen so often open, I escape you! Sepulchre of my friends, adieu! for ever, adieu!

"I set out at four o'clock in the evening with a negro, who carried my baggage. I stopped a moment in the hut of the brother of Sept Fonds, Xavier Clavier, an exile. This good anchorite awaited me with refreshments. He offered me his cell for the night, but I was in haste to set forward. He accompanied me nearly two leagues. He conversed with me of his projects—of his occupations. I saw his soul was as peaceable as the retreat he inhabited, and that he was a man submitting without ostentation, and with a religious resignation, to a destiny that the most sublime philosophy scarcely rendered supportable. When he quitted me I lost my way; my negro had gone on before: I had no compass; the night fell, and I knew not what direction to take in a thick wood where the paths crossed each other. I began to feel hunger and thirst; I measured the height of a tree; it was an asylum against the tigers, and I thought of passing the night there, when I was warned by the voice of a man, and by the noise of some poultry, that I was not far from the house where I was to sleep. There is no melody equal to the human voice to him who has feared to be alone and lost in a desert. I advanced, and met the Abbé Wagner, one of the exiles established here. He was driving the oxen and cows, and collecting them in the park. Perspiration, dust, and mud, prevented my knowing him. The abbé said to me, "They have given me hospitality unconditionally: I must show my gratitude by making myself useful."

The declining power of the governing party in France gave courage, not only for resistance in France, but in the colonies. The blacks, who had been emancipated by a decree of the convention, gave the governor of Cayenne an infinity of trouble. They would not work, and they would be paid. Burnel, entrusted with the government, saw but one mode of supporting his authority—viz. to excite the blacks against the whites, and the whites against the blacks. The colonists, thus menaced, took the remedy into their own hands, consulted the oldest heads in Cayenne, amongst which that of Marbois was numbered, and, guided by him and his companions, the Cayennese achieved a revolution, and deposed the governor on the 18th Brumaire (November 9), 1799. This was a singular coincidence; the executive directory being on the very same day dethroned by Bonaparte in the French capital. The old exiles could not but smile to find themselves yet revolutionising on the other side of the Atlantic, and proclaiming "insurrection to be the most sacred of duties." The governor was shipped off to France; and, although his employers had been driven from power at home, nevertheless the arrival of his successor was naturally looked to with some anxiety by the successful insurgent exiles.

At length, in January, 1800, this redoubted man, Victor Huques by name, arrived. It was not without trepidation that the exiles obeyed a summons to appear before him.

"'You remember,' said the new governor, 'that we have done business together before now.' The exiles replied, 'Not to their recollection.' 'Nevertheless, we have had contracts between us, and you were well contented with the performance of my part of the engagement. I fed you.' The exiles opened their eyes; when the new governor solved the enigma by saying, "I was the royal baker at Port-au-Prince, and I furnished the troops and the hospitals with bread.'"

The baker-governor was the bearer of humane instructions. The two exiles of Guiana were ordered to another depôt of political exiles at the Island of Oleron. There were Simeon, Boissy d'Anglas, Noailles, Villaret-Joyeuse. This was still imprisonment, but it was in sight of France, and no longer in a pestilential climate. It was under this impression of half-salvation that Marbois and his friend approached the coasts of France. The winds, and the English cruisers together, instead of allowing the vessel to proceed to Oleron, forced her into Brest; and there, instead of a prison, Marbois found the authorities rush in open arms to receive him. His old friend and schoolfellow, Le Brun, was one of the consuls, and Barbé Marbois was instantly restored, not only to liberty and to his possessions, but to increased fortune.

Relative Saline Quality of the Waters of the Atlantic and Mediterranean.—A remarkable proof of the relative degrees of salt held in solution by the waters of the Atlantic Ocean and the Mediterranean Sea, is afforded by the condition of the boilers of H. M. steam packet *Carron*, which has recently arrived at Woolwich after an attendance of a few months upon the fleet in the neighbourhood of Constantinople. Owing to the extensive impregnation with salt of the waters of the Mediterranean, it would appear that a deposit of solid salt, to the extent of one eighth part of an inch per diem, is found at the bottom of the boilers. This deposit is further stated to be greater in one week in the Mediterranean, than the entire deposit found in six months in the boilers of the steam packets which ply from Falmouth to Lisbon. In consequence of the extraordinary deposit of salt, it is found that the fuel carried out for feeding the furnaces, is exhausted much sooner, from the greater thickness of the solid medium between the water and the fire. The bottoms of the boilers also are much more rapidly destroyed by the heat. To remedy these inconveniences, no other method has yet been adopted than that of very frequently letting off the steam, for the purpose of cooling and opening the boiler for the removal of the saline incrustation by the hand. But, on the contrary, this operation is productive of an extraordinary loss of time, a period of sixty hours being generally required for the purpose, and this long detention occurring of necessity after a performance of only a few days. Therefore, so serious and peculiar a disadvantage to steam navigation, upon a sea which conducts us to so many great nations upon its shores, and even to all our possessions in the East, is well entitled to the consideration of the chemists and engineers of this country. The only chemical preparation which has as yet been attempted for the purpose of dissipating this saline deposit, has been found to have so corrosive an effect upon the metal of the boiler, that the remedy has proved to be worse than the disease.

From the Asiatic Journal.

THE BAR IN INDIA.

Sir S—— T——, the most irritable of God's creatures, under some malicious influence of his horoscope, was appointed advocate-general at Madras, from a snug obscure practice in the court of chancery. With too large a share of his own good opinion, he had been long laying up for himself a vast store of mortifications, that were for ever annoying him in after-life. The ship—that epitome of all the persecutions by which vanity can be tormented—the school where pride receives its most salutary lessons—that nest in which broods of annoyances are engendered from hour to hour—that Pandora's box without hope at its bottom—nearly fretted him to dissolution. During the whole of the voyage he was haunted by the furies of Orestes. The torments of Sisyphus, Ixion, and Tantalus, seemed combined to plague him. He occupied a portion of the round-house—that enviable part of the vessel under the poop, where the quacking of ducks and the cackling of fowls murdered his sleep so barbarously, that it was as much as poor Lady. T—— could do to prevent his running on deck naked. And then came the accursed saturnalia of passing the line. The fretful man might have been exempted from his share in the farce at the trifling expense of a little rum or tobacco. But he stood upon the *summum jus*. It seemed as if he had a constitutional point to defend—and he defended it most stoutly, till Neptune, seizing him in the midst of his argument, delivered him over without bail or mainprize to his myrmidons, who gave him a specimen of their *strigil* he did not soon forget.

It was most amusing to hear his squabbles with the captain on points of law—the skipper being one of that not uncommon marine race, who imagine that, to command a company's ship, implies the possession of a cyclopædia of all human knowledge. The lawyer was no match for him even on points of law; and, to make the comedy complete, the passengers always concurred with the captain. In short, T——, with his irritable nerves perpetually tortured by the ordinary noises of the ship, and frequently by the *extraordinary* ones invented for the purpose of plaguing him, led a terrible life of it. At Madras, something was for ever happening to disturb the knight's serenity. Precedence was a thorn in his side. Was a member of council's lady, untitled, to walk to the dining-room before his own, with a title? The question was sometimes warmly debated. "Pshaw!" said the civilian's lady, "what is a knighthood? My fishmonger received the distinction only a few days before I left England!" Such were the exasperations that fidgeted the poor advocate-general from morn to dewy eye. In court it was still worse. He could not get his witnesses to come to the point, or the interpreter never gave correctly what they swore. If he fell into a passion, his clients fared the worse for it. The council opposed to him took advantage of his infirmity by some intentional offence to his vanity, ever on the watch for affronts; and thus, with a cultivated mind, a thorough knowledge of his profession, and parts considerably above the average, he became almost useless to himself and to others; and in that hot climate, where petty vexations are real torments, the "o'er-informed tenement of clay" proved too feeble for the wear and tear of the temper that inhabited it.

There is this important distinction between the English and the Anglo-Indian bars—that, in the one, the presence of a numerous professional body, where, to use Gray's more than classical description of Westminster Hall,

> "togatum
> Æstuat agmen,"

is a perpetual check upon the intemperance of the judges; whereas, at the colonial bars, a restricted number of practitioners, and a most scanty attendance of auditors, suffer them to play their pranks with impunity. Nothing destroys the equilibrium of weak minds so much as judicial authority. In that office, insolence is sure to keep due pace with ignorance; nor is there a moral axiom more certain, than that the two qualities are always found to be in equal quantities. What stupid squabbles with the local governments, about jurisdiction and its boundaries, have been bubbling and boiling in the supreme courts, from time to time, since their first institution! The case of Moro Ragonath, in the Bombay court, was a fac-simile of a quarrel in the Calcutta court in 1776. Sir Edward West bequeathed his share in the dissension to Sir John Grant, whose notions of the omnipotence of his court were to the full as inflated as those of his predecessor. Grant was removed from his office after long discussions in the Privy Council.

But Sir Edward West was a thorn in the side of the company's civil servants, with about a score of whom he had contrived to quarrel—four grand juries in succession, consisting of European residents as respectable as himself—the editors of all the newspapers—and all the barristers of his own court. This person became recorder in 1823. In his first charge he flung out the most virulent censures upon his predecessors—arbitrarily dismissed from a high office in his court, an individual of the most unsullied integrity and splendid talents, the son-in-law of Sir James Mackintosh—and silenced the whole bar, the company's advocate-general included, for six months, because they presented a respectful memorial to him upon a case in which their own rights and the established practice of the court had been violated. He was a most indefatigable and accomplished scold, and richly deserved the *cucking-stool* awarded by the good old common-law of England to women of ungovernable tongues. The spiritless demeanour of the barristers, on the occasion just mentioned, was not very creditable to the profession, whose independence was wounded by that shameful abuse of authority.

In England, a hot-headed judge of this kind would be soon brought down to a cooler temperature. Not only is there the salutary restraint of a numerous bar, tinctured with the same learning, and tremblingly alive to their common professional honour, but there is a public out of doors, sitting as a court of review upon the con-

duct and opinions of the judges. In India there is no public. Some half dozen voices, faintly querulous like the chirping of grasshoppers in the fern, may be heard if any thing flagitious is done or attempted. But what is this to the roar of censure from the press, echoed from paper to paper, as thunder from hill to hill? It is this hourly cognisance of all that passes in our courts that keeps the judges to their good behaviour—and the wigs of five hundred barristers would bristle with indignation at such antics as were played by Sir Edward West upon his little bar at Bombay. In India, a barrister must lead an indifferent life of it, if the bench make what is called a dead set at him. It is true that instances of this kind have happened in Westminster Hall, though very rarely. Lord Kenyon had conceived a strong antipathy to Law (afterwards Lord Ellenborough), and Law made a most happy application of a passage in Virgil to this circumstance. Replying to a smart speech of Erskine, he perceived that Kenyon and the rest of the court manifested strong symptoms of being adverse to his client. "I fear not," he said, "the artful sophistries of my friend Mr. Erskine." Then, turning first to the counsel, and next to the judges, he exclaimed, with great emphasis,

"Non me tua fervida terrent
Dicta, ferox; Di me terrent, et (*looking at Kenyon*) JUPITER hostis."

And it is incalculable what mischief an insolent judge may do to an advocate in India. It matters little, in Westminster Hall, whether a man in full business be a favourite with the court or not. For many years the whole court of King's Bench set their faces against Marryatt, and treated him almost with personal contumely; yet he accumulated a vast fortune, and is supposed to have died the richest lawyer that England has known. Now, a hundredth part of the same systematic illiberality towards a member of the bar in India, would be death to him. The natives have a remarkably keen scent in these matters, and would not confide in him. They would act in conformity to a brief syllogism:—"Judge not give master sugar-words. Judge give sugar-words to court-lawyer on other side. Therefore master will lose cause." And a more helpless being than an unemployed counsel in India cannot be imagined. Let this be duly weighed by the English barrister before he pays his passage-money or bespeaks his outfit; for, if he sits with his hands before him, at Calcutta or Madras, with nothing to do but to gaze with listless vacancy on the figures of the lion and unicorn in the king's arms that hang over the bench, there is no other department into which he can thrust himself. In the mean time, he *must* live—though many would readily answer him, as Cardinal Richelieu answered the poet that satirized him, *je ne vois pas la necessité*;—and in that country, a mere subsistence absorbs what would be deemed a tolerable income at home. What then is to be done?

"Interea pereunt res et vadimonia fiunt."

He must run over head and ears in debt; and, in that climate, the anxieties of being in debt will bring him to the grave sooner than if the whole tribe of European maladies had beset him. Death has not prompter ministers in India than grief and despondency. It is no uncommon thing, and physiologists may explain it, for an individual there to sink under a twenty-four hours' fit of vexation.

Ponder this well, you that, stung with disappointment or sick with protracted hope, give from the back bench of the court to the daily-recurring question of the chief justice, "any thing to move, sir?" the daily-recurring reply, "nothing, my lord," and then return with a chilled heart and briefless pocket to your homeless chambers. Dream not of flying from the malice of fortune to the bar of India. No—hug your tattered gown to its last rag;—cobble and piece your shoes worn to the very *slither** by your weary pilgrimages to a thankless shrine. There is no man, that has not some snug corner in his mind to which hope retires and dreams of the future. A sudden gleam may break through the murky cloud that blackens your horizon—a lucky *kite*† may fall unexpectedly into your lap; or probably you have under your lee some kind friend to minister delicately and promptly to your need;—or a widow with a comfortable jointure may not be deaf to your vows. How absurd, then, to throw away all these smiling probabilities! To these may be added (taking it for granted you are a whig, and have bawled aloud for the reform bill), that there is a constant succession of commissions graciously provided by a whig government, as places of refuge for destitute barristers,—and may not one of these fall to your lot, and last you your lifetime, if you and your colleagues, after the fashion of commissioners, will but proceed slowly and leisurely in your duties? How much better all this, than to be baked in a hot land-wind with much fewer chances,—and instead of your fair and fat widow, with her appurtenances in the three per cents., to marry a lean, lisping, insipid creature, fitted out for the market with a ragged assortment of boarding-school accomplishments, and of linen from a ready-made shop, or turning up her thin nose at your pretensions, because you are not in the list of the *eligibles*.

Madras has, upon the whole, been better off for judges than Bombay; but once, at least, the Bombay bench was splendidly adorned. Sir James Mackintosh, a name dear to letters and philosophy, was no lawyer, in the narrow-minded sense of the word; he was more,—and, for a colonial judge, much better—for he was guided by the clear spirit of the law, which reflects a much brighter light than the twinkling taper of its letter. Mild and lenient almost to a defect in the administration of the criminal law (for there was but one instance of a capital punishment during his whole recordship), at *Nisi Prius* he was governed by those general principles of equity, which always lead to a right conclusion. The *books* might be against him; but the book of na-

* Supplementary fragments of old leather inserted between the two soles of the shoe.

† A stray brief, when the counsel is absent for whom it was intended.

ture, and the code antecedent to and superseding all special-pleading subtleties, were for him. He was lamentably thrown away on such a society as that of Bombay. Accustomed to lead in the conversations of the conversation men of the metropolis,—such as Sharpe, Rogers, Dumont,—he found himself transplanted amongst those who afforded a sad and bitter contrast. It was like Goëthe's oak-plant,* with its giant-fibres, compressed within the dimensions of a flower-pot. On the third day after his arrival, most forcibly was he reminded of the contrast, when one of the members of the council, the conversation turning upon quadrupeds, turned to him and enquired, what was a quadruped? It was the same sagacious Solomon (the writer has often heard Mackintosh relate the anecdote), who asked him for the loan of some book, in which he could find a good account of Julius Cæsar. Mackintosh jocosely took down a volume of Lord Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, in which mention is made of a Sir Julius Cæsar, master of the rolls in the time of Charles the First. The wiseacre actually took the book home with him, and after some days brought it back to Sir James, remarking that he was disappointed on finding that the book referred to Julius Cæsar only as a lawyer, without the slightest mention of his military exploits!

No exile ever deplored his lot more feelingly than Sir James Mackintosh. In a letter I received from him, after breathing some complaints of his banishment, he says;—"Turn to Cicero's Epistles. See how elaborately, and with what common-place topics, he consoles his friends, Trebatius, Sestius, Torranius, in their exiles. To another he says, *pro amore nostro, rogo atque oro, te colligas, virumque præbeas.* Yet, when it came to his own turn, see how effeminately he laments the loss of Rome, and the intercourses in which he lived there with the wise and accomplished ornaments of the state! My friends dole out the same consolations to me. Were they here, they would feel the insufficiency of all such topics to administer genuine consolation."

He was rendered for some time uncomfortable through his having given offence to the mercantile part of the Bombay community, by what they thought too rigid an interpretation of the orders in council then in force, having condemned a ship and cargo with costs; and their opinion of that adjudication was expressed without much delicacy or reserve. He was subject also to certain Parson Adams-like habits of forgetfulness of common things and lesser proprieties;—and this brought down upon him no slight share of taunt and ridicule. It happened, on his arrival at Bombay, that there was no house ready for his reception, and it would be a fortnight before a residence in the fort could be prepared for him. Mr. Jonathan Duncan, the governor of the presidency, therefore, with great kindness, offered his garden-house, called *Sans Pareil*, for the *temporary* accommodation of Sir James and his family. But months and months elapsed, till a twelvemonth had actually revolved; Mackintosh and his wife, during all this time, found themselves so comfortable in their quarters, that they forgot completely the limited tenure on which they held them, appearing by a singular illusion not to have the slightest suspicion of Mr. Duncan's proprietorship, notwithstanding some pretty intelligible hints on the subject from that gentleman, but communicated with his usual delicacy and politeness. At last, politeness and delicacy were out of the question, and the poor governor was driven to the necessity of taking forcible possession of his own property. This was partly indolence, partly absence of mind, on the part of Sir James. He was constitutionally averse to every sort of exertion, and especially that of quitting any place where he found himself comfortable. Before he went out to India, he made a trip into Scotland with his lady; and having taken up his abode for the night at an inn in Perthshire, not far from the beautiful park of the late Lord Melville, then Mr. Dundas, sent a request to Lady Jane Dundas (Mr. Dundas being absent) for permission to see the house and grounds, which was most civilly granted. Mr. Dundas being expected in the evening, her ladyship politely pressed them to stay to dinner, and to pass the night, their accommodations at the inn not being of the first description. Mr. Dundas returned the same day, and though their politics were as adverse as possible, was so charmed with the variety of Mackintosh's conversation, that he requested his guests to prolong their visit for two or three days. So liberal, however, was the interpretation they put upon the invitation, that the two or three days were protracted into as many months, during which every species of hint was most ineffectually given, till their hosts told them, with many polite apologies, that they expected visiters and a numerous retinue, and could therefore no longer accommodate Mr. and Mrs. Mackintosh.

These eccentricities were specks upon a most brilliant and estimable character, and they are such as have frequently been seen in the man of genius and letters. Nature is too thrifty in her gifts to heap all kinds of excellences in one shining mass, but like a skilful artist sobers her colours with shades and tints that soften without blackening the effect. Of these eccentricities, volumes might be collected;—but they are painful matters of remembrance to those who loved the kindness of his heart, and revered the depth of his knowledge. It is not, perhaps, generally known, that his *forte* was metaphysics. In societies, where he could be understood, he diffused himself over those perplexed subjects of enquiry, with an earnestness of expression and a warmth of eloquence, that showed the delight he took in them. Such was his perspicuity and powers of illustration, that they no longer seemed perplexed, but flowed from his lips as luminous and beautiful truths. In the very teeth of Locke and Condillac, he deduced the great maxims of moral philosophy from the moral sense inseparably connected with the structure of mind, and our natural perceptions of good and ill. Never were metaphysical hypotheses more clearly illustrated by the laws of our moral nature, than in the

* See his illustration of Shakspeare's Hamlet.

treatise which he published in the supplementary volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. It will remain an enduring monument of perspicuity of argument and elegant discourse. Upon these subjects he was not only more consistent in his deductions, but more compressed and energetic in reasoning, than Dugald Stewart.

Well does the writer remember his lectures on the Law of Nature and Nations, delivered in Lincoln's-Inn Hall, in 1803. The preliminary discourse (now out of print, but well worth republishing) is a complete survey, as a great extent of country is viewed from a commanding eminence, of a vast and various subject. The sketch of Grotius is a perfect model of that kind of writing. Every body admires it as a specimen of eloquence, but as a discriminating and ingenious apology for the pedantry which it has been the fashion to object to that great jurist, its merits have been overlooked. The perpetual appeals of Grotius to the poets, philosophers, and dramatic writings of the ancients, are wont to appear to superficial thinkers superfluous as illustrations, and useless as authorities. Yet this multifarious citation from dramatists and poets was in strict subservience to his design, which was that of showing the *universal sense of mankind* as to the great principles of moral obligation. He appealed to the poets, because Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, whose province was general nature, could not stray into the paradoxes in which philosophers bewilder themselves, but were tied down to the observance of those laws which govern the sympathies of mankind in all ages and countries. I cannot resist the temptation of transcribing the following passage:—

"So great is the uncertainty of posthumous reputation, and so liable is the fame, even of the greatest men, to be obscured by those new fashions of thinking and writing, which succeed each other so rapidly among polished nations, that Grotius, who filled so large a space in the eyes of his contemporaries, is now, perhaps, known to some of my readers only by name. Yet, if we fairly estimate both his endowments and his virtues, we may justly consider him as one of the most memorable men who have done honour to modern times. He combined the discharge of the most important duties of active and public life, with the attainment of that exact and various learning, which is generally the portion only of the recluse student. He was distinguished as an advocate and a magistrate, and he composed the most valuable works on the law of his own country; he was almost equally celebrated as an historian, a scholar, a poet, and a divine, a disinterested statesman, a philosophical lawyer, a patriot who united moderation with firmness, and a theologian who was taught candour by his learning. With singular merit and singular felicity, he preserved a life so blameless, that in times of the most furious civil and religious faction, the sagacity of fierce and acute adversaries was vainly exerted to discover a stain in his character. It was his fate to be exposed to the severest tests of human virtue; but such was the happy temperature of his mind, that he was too firm to be subdued by adversity, and too mild and honest to be provoked to violence by injustice. Amidst all the hard trials and galling vexations of a turbulent political life, he never once deserted his friends when they were unfortunate, nor insulted his enemies when they were weak. Unmerited exile did not damp his patriotism; the bitterness of controversy did not extinguish his charity. He was just even to his persecutors, and faithful to his ungrateful country."

Mackintosh's lectures at Lincoln's Hall were well attended. Canning never missed one of them. Romilly, Scarlett, Fonblanque, Richard Sharpe, Butler, were attentive listeners. Old Hargrave admired them, though fast asleep during the greater part of them. It is remarkable, that he made profuse acknowledgments to a voluminous work, then little read, and reposing undisturbed on the shelves of the booksellers, the Light of Nature,* by Search, a fictitious name assumed by Tucker. Of this book, the leading characteristic is its perpetual play of illustration from all subjects, high or low; the drawing-room and the kitchen, the parlour and the stable. The book rose instantly in price, and in a short time disappeared. But two or three of the most eloquent and impressive discourses were aimed at the refutation of Godwin's *Political Justice*,—a work abounding in moral paradoxes of the most revolting kind. I shall never forget the effect produced on his auditors, in spite of the most inharmonious of all accents and the most ungraceful of all manners, when he animadverted on that part of Godwin's book, which decried the moral beauty and obligation of gratitude. In fact, Godwin had the merit or the demerit of founding the modern school of Utilitarianism;—and Mackintosh's reasonings might be applied as an unanswerable Jeremy Benthamism of the present day. At this lecture, Godwin himself was present, and stood the fire with most unflinching fortitude.

During Sir James Mackintosh's recordership, a singular incident occurred. Two Dutchmen having sued for debt two British officers, Lieutenants Macguire and Cauty, these officers resolved to waylay and assault them. This was rather a resolve made in a drunken excitement, than a deliberate purpose. Fortunately, the Dutchmen pursued a different route from that which they had intended, and prosecuted the two officers for the offence of laying in wait with intent to murder. They were found guilty, and brought up for judgment. Previous to his pronouncing judgment, however, Sir James received an intimation that the prisoners had conceived the project of shooting him as he sat on the bench, and that one of them had for that purpose a loaded pistol in his writing-desk. It is remarkable that the intimation did not induce him to take some precautions to prevent its execution,—at any rate, not to expose himself needlessly to assassination. On the contrary, the circumstance only suggested the following remarks:—"I have been credibly informed, that you entertained the desperate project of destroying your own lives at that bar, after having previously destroyed the judge who now addresses you. If that murderous project had been executed, I should have been the first British judge who ever stained with his blood the seat of justice. But I can never die better than in the discharge of my duty." All this eloquence

* Published in 1776 in six volumes. It was republished in 1808, by the late Sir Harry Mildmay, the author's brother-in-law.

might have been spared. Macquire submitted to the judge's inspection of his writing-desk, and showed him that, though it contained two pistols, neither of them was charged. It is supposed to have been a hoax,—a highly mischievous one, indeed;—but the statement was *primâ facie* so improbable, that it was absurd to give it the slightest credence.

It is well known, that Sir James Mackintosh had contemplated a history of England, beginning with the revolution of 1688, down to the first events of the revolution in France. Such a work, conceived by a philosophical mind, and executed after much patient research by so complete a master of rhetoric, would have been an invaluable accession to that department of our literature. It is also well known that he had made considerable preparations for the task, having consulted many rare books, and the correspondence in particular of the English and French courts, deposited in the king's library at Paris. From these manuscripts, though Fox had beaten the ground before him, he would undoubtedly have extracted more ample illustration of the intrigues (nick-named policy) that preceded and followed that memorable event, than Dalrymple and Macpherson appear to have done with equal opportunities. But he listened to the syren-song of indolence; that master-vice of great minds overpowered his resolves, and though a vast affluence of materials surrounded him, and the most splendid remuneration was proposed to him by the Longmans, the diligent prosecution of it was deferred,*—and he accepted the recordership of Bombay. In the later period of his life, indeed, he supplied Dr. Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopædia* with three volumes of a History of England, of which the first only seems to have received the deliberate touches of his hand. But that volume alone is by far the best commentary extant on the early constitution of England. As the work advances, it betrays instances of haste and inadvertence, which would probably have been avoided, had he written for fame rather than the exigency of the moment. If to what Sir James Mackintosh *did*, could be added what he *might have done*, he would deserve to be placed amongst the greatest men, who have done honour to polite letters. He was too fine and etherial a substance to work up into a lawyer,—certainly a working lawyer. It was quite amusing to see him conducting a *nisi-prius* cause, and addressing a common jury, on the Norfolk circuit. There was so innate a habit of generalisation in his mode of considering every question propounded to him, that he sometimes overlooked the details themselves from which that generalisation was deduced. He fired, therefore, over the heads of a jury, consisting chiefly of farmers, who, taking no cognisance of elevated and polished diction, were often at a loss to comprehend what he was talking about.

It is lamentable, that no biographical commemoration of Mackintosh has yet appeared, at least that deserves to be called so. But as I am admonished by the limits of this article, that the sketches I have already given may be deemed episodical, I return to Madras, and, Asmodeus-like, exhibit to the reader a character most dissimilar to that which has been just sketched. Sir F—— M——— succeeded to the vacancy on the bench of the supreme court, occasioned by the resignation of that amiable creature, Sir Benjamin Sullivan,—the most kind-hearted and hospitable of mankind. This Sir F—— M——— had acted as the Company's advocate at Calcutta, but had little or no employment except in his official capacity. He was generously bestowed upon Madras during the Castlereagh administration, his brother having been an obsequious follower of that nobleman during his critical secretaryship in Ireland. Through this channel,—no other reason for the appointment has ever been suggested,—he found himself on the seat of justice. Most unhappily, he arrived just after the discontent of the coast army had been extinguished, and when the minds of the misguided but honourable men, whom the pertinacious, self-willed policy of Barlow had goaded into it, had begun to be composed, and the amnesty of Lord Minto had restored something like the former state of tranquillity. Still there was the tossing and swell of the waves, as after a storm. It was at this juncture that he delivered his first charge to the grand jury—and though Lord Minto's amnesty had expressly deprecated all retrospective animadversion, M—— had the good taste and delicacy to call the gallant and high-minded officers, many of whom have since attained the highest honours of the service, *traitors and rebels*, not without a half-suppressed regret that they had not been convicted and punished for treason. What a specimen of judicial prudence! The charge did infinite mischief in the settlement. It unchained the animosities of party, and set families and individuals together by the ears,—undoing in effect all that had been done by a course of conciliatory and healing measures, wisely though too tardily adopted. Again friendships cooled,—divisions and factions intersected the whole surface of society, and the judge succeeded to the utmost extent of his wishes in making private life bitter.

Yet Sir F—— M——— was afterwards removed to the Calcutta bench, having kept the settlement in hot water for several months, by getting up addresses to Barlow after his recall, and proposing invidious toasts at public dinners, wantonly awakening the memory of past grievances, that were as yet imperfectly healed.

About this time, Sir Edmund Stanley arrived, as a puisne judge. Oh, for the pen of Fielding to trace the native humour, the genuine simplicity, the quaintness and oddity, of this excellent and amiable being! But as the mention of this well-

* He executed, it is true, some portion of it, but not for the public eye. It began with James the Second, but broke off at the transfer of the crown to the Prince of Orange. This has been published, with a continuation, resembling Sir James Mackintosh in manner and spirit as much as Freinshemius did Livy or Tacitus, whose last books he attempted to supply. The continuator professes himself to be one of those who undervalue the great transactions of the revolution. Peace be to such politicians! But it would have been as well, had he abstained from an attempt to continue a work, conceived by one who was avowedly and emphatically a whig of the revolution.

read lawyer, but at the same time a man the most credulous and ludicrously unversed in the affairs of common life, unfolds a series of anecdotes, and as much still remains to be said of the Anglo-Indian bar, which will be found, I trust, neither unamusing nor devoid of instruction, I reserve it as fitting matter for another chapter.

From the United Service Journal.

PIRATES AND PIRACY FROM THE EARLIEST AGES.

NO. III.—THE FLIBUSTEERS AND BUCCANEERS.

By the discovery of the new world, the Spaniards considered themselves in possession of a *treasure trove;* and rigidly interdicted the intrusion of other nations. British enterprise, however, was not to be baffled by Spain; and so early as 1517, to the high displeasure of the court of Madrid, an English armed vessel made a visit to Porto Rico and St. Domingo. This opened the way, and the French soon joined our countrymen in driving a trade with the several islands, although they were pronounced to be interlopers, and vessels were fitted against them called "guarda costas," whose commanders are said to have been ordered to "*take no prisoners.*" This drove the intruders to confederate; and the association thus originating in the West Indies, occasionally extended its operations to the Pacific Ocean, to the continual anxiety and terror of the Spaniards.

The French were the first who encroached upon the Spanish *rights*, by attempting to colonise, or rather to settle on shore, and the English soon followed. In 1625, and on the same day, these two nations established themselves on the island of St. Christopher's, in the name of their respective governments. They afterwards took the small island of Tortuga, as a necessary measure for the protection of those who procured provisions for them in Hispaniola, by the chase of wild cattle. From this time the cruising confederates were known as Flibusteers, the Flemish corruption of Freebooters, and their hunters were termed Buccaneers; but the distinction was soon lost, and though for some time they were under the favourite appellation of "Brethren of the Coast," they are generally renowned as a fraternity of "Buccaneers."

The name of Buccaneer, which originally signified one who dried or smoked flesh in the manner of the Indians, was given to the first French, or rather Norman settlers of St. Domingo, who hunted wild boars and beeves, in order to sell their flesh to their more settled neighbours, after it was dried on a raised hurdle over a slow fire—"*roti bien sec.*" They lived in huts built on patches of clear ground, called buccans, just sufficiently large to admit of drying the hides. The tenants of the buccans, having neither women nor children, congregated in parties, each keeping a servant, who, being a recent adventurer from Europe, was compelled to bind himself to some old buccaneer, in order to gain a footing in the country; more a companion, however, than a servant, the fruits of their labours were enjoyed in common; and, in cases of death, the domestic regularly succeeded to the property of the master. The life they led was sufficiently hard, and the employment of that nature that it is still common in Normandy to call a dirty smoky house "*un vrai boucan.*" Nor was it without danger, for they were continually at war with the Spaniards, who used every effort to extirpate them, and at length by continual massacres, drove them from that occupation to one in which they amply revenged upon that people the injuries sustained by their companions.

The Buccaneers, at first, seldom acted together, but in parties of from fifty to a hundred and fifty men each, embarked in open boats, ill adapted either to war, or security from the elements, and often in want of the first necessaries of life. Exposed to the intemperature of a pernicious climate, they alternately encountered the burning heat of a tropical sun by day, and the chilling damps of the night; and they added to these natural inconveniences, others arising from licentiousness. Averse to all the wholesome restraints which civilised men impose upon themselves for their common happiness, they spurned all authority, and wantoned in disorder. Like savages, having no apprehension of want, and taking no care to guard against famine by prudent economy, they were frequently exposed to all the extremities of hunger and thirst. But their enthusiasm seemed to kindle with distress, and inspired a courage that defied all danger. At the sight of a strange ship, their hardships were forgotten, and they usually boarded without deliberating about her force—to grapple was to conquer. They would attack the largest vessels, overpowering them with a desperate bravery which nothing could withstand. Thus they fought their way to riches and power. Every additional prize increased the means of capturing more—one happy chance produced twenty others, till at length the Spaniards, enervated by luxury and the quiet exercise of tyranny, were afraid of proceeding to sea.

The coasts which these brethren visited, in their more early incursions, were those of Cumana, Carthagena, Porto-Bello, Cuba, and New Spain, and those which bordered on the lakes of Maracaibo and Nicaragua. They seldom attacked outward-bound vessels, but confined their captures to ships sailing homewards from the Spanish colonies, because these were laden with treasure, and other materials of small compass and great value: they coveted not the bulky commodities of Europe, and suffered the vessels which bore them to pass unmolested. The success which crowned their expeditions soon increased their numbers: adventurers of all descriptions crowded around the standard of the "avengers of the murdered Americans;" and all were received without distinction of nation, religion, or language—except only the Spaniards, who were denied admission into the fraternity.

Although their vengeance was directed against Spain, their wealthiest and bitterest enemy, other nations were not exempted from their depredations. When distressed for men, money, or ships, almost every stranger became an enemy, and thus far they were pirates, though disdaining the im-

putation: they were wont to return thanks to God, with marked fervency, after each capture. No fixed laws guided their proceedings; these were made on the spur of occasion. But they had many binding customs which neophytes were bound to observe; and offences against the general good, such as peculation or treachery, were severely and summarily punished, either by death, by amputation of nose and ears, or by beaching, as they called exposing the culprit upon a desert island, without clothing or sustenance. Such was the certainty of punishment, or the sense of justice to each other, that few instances of this kind occurred. Every where the earliest history of this singular fraternity strongly verifies the adage of "faith among thieves;" for, though robbers by profession, none were ever more equitable among themselves: bolts, bars, and locks, and every species of fastening were prohibited, as the use of such securities would impeach the honour of their vocation. It was a crime punished by death to bring a woman or a young lad on board; and to desert an assigned post, incurred the same penalty.

A general right of participation in meals was acknowledged among them; and their dress was the slovenly attire used by those engaged in the buccan, particularly in unwashed shirts, and trowsers smeared with blood. The most perfect equality reigned in these floating communities, and their sense of independence was carried to such a length, that it was a rule of their order that each individual should indulge his inclination and caprice, regardless of the convenience of his fellows. Did any of the society require sleep and repose, they must bear without a murmur the attempts of their associates to debar them of the gratification. Whatever had the effect of calling forth courage, of putting patience to the test, of inuring to privations, and of giving exercise to strength, was to be borne without complaint. Hence their fidelity to each other, and the serenity with which they sustained hunger, thirst, and fatigue.

The resolutions of these extraordinary men were sudden and invariable. As soon as they gave their word they became irrevocably bound; and they frequently pledged it on the simple proposition of an expedition. The leader of an enterprise, commonly elected only for the occasion among the most distinguished for skill and courage, enjoyed more honours, but usually had no claim to greater emoluments than his associates, except what the general voice chose to award, when a cruise, from able conduct, proved profitable. Except in such an instance the booty was regularly divided into as many shares as there were men—none had a preference; every share was chosen by lot. The first distribution was in favour of the wounded, who had a daily pay for two months, and an allowance during cure; and if the funds were insufficient to fulfil this sacred obligation, the crew sallied out in quest of more spoil. This probity extended also to the dead; the companion or servant of a member killed received his share, under a custom which obtained of every Buccaneer's having a chosen and declared comrade, between whom property was common—a system called by the French *Matelotage*. If the deceased had no such companion, his proportion of plunder was disposed of according to will; or if he had made no will, it was carefully remitted to his family, or if they knew nothing of his relatives, it was distributed among the poor and to the churches, to pray for the repose of the dead, and apologise for misdeeds neither repented nor discontinued.

Such were the earlier customs of a society which, without revenue, cities, castles, or regular government, had become formidable to the greatest powers in Europe. But this mixture of discipline and insubordination, of wholesome laws and desperate expedients, was polished by several successive reforms; and when, after the English took the lead, the Buccaneers were assembled in larger bodies than had before acted in concert, a code of laws was introduced to regulate their conduct towards each other, which was rigorously enforced.

The Buccaneers seldom went on a cruise till they were "hard up" for money, resolving then to gain a victory which was essential to them. The dread of their very name generally paralysed resistance, and the surrender was immediate. If the prize was rich, they spared the lives of the crew; but otherwise would mangle, torment, and throw them overboard. When the booty was gained the divisions were made, and the next object was to spend it. At first, Tortuga was the general rendezvous of the freebooters; but an alliance between the English and French was not likely to continue for ever, and Jamaica commonly formed the resort of the former, and St. Domingo of the latter.

In these places they were sure of meeting with protection, of finding supplies for their wants, and every species of pleasure that was adapted to their gross manners. Here they lavished in debauches, as foolish as monstrous, all that they acquired by rapine and murder; and when the fruits of their cruises were thus dissipated, necessity drove them to the same desperate undertakings for further supplies. Immediately on their landing, tables covered with delicacies, strong liquors, play, music, and dancing, occupied all their time. Depraved women of all nations, and of all colours, induced by avarice and dissoluteness, constituted the principal charm, as well as the chief danger of these tumultuous orgies. "These pirates," says Exquemelin, "will spend two or three thousand pieces of eight in a night, not leaving themselves a good shirt to wear in the morning. I saw one of them give a common strumpet five hundred pieces of eight to see her naked. My own master would buy sometimes a pipe of wine, and placing it in the street, would force those that passed by to drink with him, threatening also to pistol them if they would not." Thus were squandered in a few weeks the treasures which cost long toil, all sorts of privations, much blood and many lives; but, as Raynal says, men who were uncertain of living to the next day, had little inducement to hoard.

That early success which attended the Buccaneers, was owing to the protection afforded them by the British and French governments. In

every war with Spain, each power readily furnished them with letters of marque. The flourishing state of Jamaica and St. Domingo first arose out of the depredations of these formidable ravagers; and but for their aid, the French settlements in the West Indies would have been crushed in their commencement. Thus supported, these associations continued, with few intermissions, for nearly two centuries, peace or war in Europe being of no import in the eyes of their leaders. The policy of the respective governments, Admiral Burney remarks, is well described in the following sentence:—"On lassait faire des avanturiers, qu'on pouvait toujours desavouer, mais dont les succès pouvaient être utiles."

In a short time, all the Spanish ships which appeared in the Caribbean seas were attacked and captured, whether they were great or small, armed or unarmed, and the Spaniards were compelled to make a temporary renunciation of commerce. They flattered themselves that thus the pirates, having no longer any prey which they could seize, would be reduced to inaction and their confederacy dissolved; but they soon found that they were deceived in their calculation. Weary of fruitless cruising, the Buccaneers resolved on making inroads upon land, which they were not long in accomplishing, to the serious cost of their distressed enemies, who had sunk into such cowardice, that they were beat even when they were in the proportion of twenty to one against the pirates. The adventures which followed this resolve, exhibit a series of stratagems and exploits which are almost without parallel; and the sufferings of the Spaniards strongly impressed the mind with a notion of the retributive justice of Providence. Strength of defence or remoteness of situation afforded no protection; and the assailants, strangers to every feeling of humanity, dealt misery upon the inhabitants of the cities of the Spanish Main, equaled only by that which was inflicted by their own ancestors on the unhappy and unprotected Indians. When they had pillaged, they set fire to the towns, and consumed whatever they did not carry away. The several species of torture to which they subjected their prisoners, in order to compel them to discover the places where they concealed their treasure, were such as savage bands alone are capable of resorting to; and of many of them decency forbids even the mention. At Puerto Cavallo—since so remarkable for the boarding of the Hermione—the tongues of a great number were taken out by the roots: and finally, all the inhabitants, except two, who were reserved as guides, were massacred.

One of the first continental expeditions was undertaken by a party of French and English, in 1654, who plundered Nueva Segovia. The history of this period abounds with relations of daring actions, stained by cruel ferocity; and the accounts given by the Buccaneers are so well authenticated as to leave no fact in doubt. We will therefore notice a few of the principal leaders of these hardy bands.

Pierre le Grand, a native of Dieppe, was one of the Flibusteers who obtained a renown in Europe, which, according to Voltaire, lasted more than forty years. This desperado sailed in a vessel without a gun, and having only twenty-eight men on board; and on the western coast of St. Domingo met with a Spanish man-of-war. The pirates, as soon as they perceived her, mutually swore to take her or to perish in the attempt, and advanced to her about sunset. They were armed only with swords and pistols; yet having scuttled their own bark, which they had scarcely time to quit before she sunk, they slew all who made any resistance, and rendered themselves masters of the vessel, which proved to be the vice-admiral of the Spanish galeons, homeward bound, with a rich freight.

Montbars was a young gentleman of Languedoc, whose mind, while a schoolboy, was so tormented by reading the barbarities of the Spaniards, that he fanatically resolved to avenge the miserable Indians. This spirit increased with his years; and scarcely had he become of age, when he expended the whole of his fortune in fitting out a vessel, and made common cause with the "Brethren of the Coast." He distinguished himself, by sea and land, as one of their most daring and skilful leaders. On the passage out, a Spanish ship being met with, was attacked, boarded, and taken—for the Buccaneers were rarely unsuccessful. Montbars led the way to the decks of the enemy, along which he carried wounds and death; and when submission terminated the contest, his only pleasure seemed to be to contemplate, not the treasures of the vessel, but the number of dead and dying Spaniards, against whom he had vowed a deep and eternal hatred, which he maintained during the whole of his life. Pillage and licentiousness had no charms for him—vengeance alone animated him. A Spaniard in arms never escaped his sword; and this ardour and implacability occasioned him to acquire the surname of "Exterminator."

So ferocious, however, were many of the marauders, that Montbars was not the most cruel of the enemies whom the Spaniards had to endure. A Dutchman, who, from having resided in the Brazils, was called Brasiliano, was fearfully eminent in brutal villany. This wretch actually commanded several of his prisoners to be roasted alive on wooden spits, "for not showing him hog-yards where he might steal swine." This would perhaps strike the perpetrators as inflicting a just retribution. Las Casas, speaking of the conquest of the New World, says, "I once beheld four or five chief Indians roasted alive at a slow fire; and as the miserable victims poured forth their dreadful yells, it disturbed the commandant in his siesta, and he sent an order that they should be strangled; but the officer on duty would not suffer it, but, causing their mouths to be gagged that their shrieks might not be heard, he stirred up the fire with his own hands, and roasted them deliberately till they all expired. I SAW IT MYSELF."

Another pirate of the same nation, called Francis Olonois, from having been born at Sable d'Olonne, near Basque Roads, had for a time a savage and successful career. From the situation of bondsman he raised himself to authority, and became so notorious, that, his ship being wrecked

upon the Spanish Main, and it being believed that he was killed with most of his crew, unbounded rejoicings took place among the Spaniards. It was true that he had been desperately wounded, and would have shared the fate of his companions, but for the stratagem of his mingling sand with the blood from his wounds, smearing his face therewith, and hiding himself dexterously among the slain. When the Spaniards quitted the field, he crawled into the woods, and tended his wounds till they were pretty well healed, when he took his way to Campeachy, disguised in a Spanish habit. In that town he found them exulting in his supposed death with bonfires and festivals, and was an eye-witness of the congratulations which took place on all sides at the end of so merciless a pirate. Here he enticed some slaves, under a promise of liberty, to steal a canoe and accompany him out to sea, and with their aid got safe to Tortuga. Being now too poor to fit out a proper vessel, he was obliged to push his fresh designs with a couple of small boats and twenty-two men. With these he stationed himself off the north coast of Cuba, with a view of boarding the first vessel that presented itself. The Governor of Havana, who could scarcely credit the resuscitation of the dreaded Olonois, sent a small frigate, mounting ten guns, to take the boats, and hang all the pirates, except the chief, who was to be tortured to death at head-quarters; and a negro executioner was embarked to officiate. The undaunted freebooter no sooner heard these tidings, and that the ship was at anchor in the river Estera, than he resolved to attack her. He accordingly boarded her so vigorously, that, after a sharp resistance, they were compelled to surrender, and, one by one, suffered the fate intended for his crew. Among the rest the black hangman appeared, and begged hard for his life; but, after making him confess the whole plot, his head rolled after the rest. One only was reserved to carry the news to the governor, and assure his excellency that should he fall into the marauder's hands, he should be similarly dealt with.

This exploit gained Olonois great credit, especially as he returned to Tortuga with a large and well-laden ship, which he took with his new frigate on the passage. He now compassed greater mischief, and, joined by the noted Michael de Basco, he put to sea, in 1667, with eight vessels and 650 men. At first he cruised off Hispaniola, where they captured two fine ships, which became a formidable addition to their squadron: one mounted sixteen guns, and had besides a cargo of cocoa, 40,000 pieces of eight, and the value of 10,000 more in jewels; the other was armed with eight guns, and 7000 weight of powder, some muskets, and 12,000 pieces of eight. Elated by success, the pirate now made for the devoted town of Maracaibo, a rich and populous place, "very pleasant to the view;" and having, after a sharp contest, stormed the fortress that commanded the bar at the entrance of the great lake, advanced and sacked the city. Part of the inhabitants made their escape to Gibralter, a town about forty leagues higher up the lake, with a great part of their effects. The remainder were doomed to undergo the atrocious and revolting cruelties of their merciless invaders. The rack and flames were in constant requisition; and while some of the Spaniards were being murdered in cold blood, Olonois, with his usual diabolical spirit, drew his cutlass and hacked one of them to pieces. Nor was this the worst act of this demon—for he cut open the breast of an unhappy captive, and tearing out the heart, actually gnawed it between his teeth with the ferocity of a wolf.

After the pirates had reveled fifteen days in Maracaibo, they resolved to follow up the blow by attacking Gibralter, where they imagined the Spaniards had concealed their wealth. This place was now defended by several batteries and 800 soldiers, nor had any thing been omitted which was calculated to oppose the progress of the invaders. The pirates were somewhat struck on seeing the preparations to receive them, and a council of war convened. But nothing could daunt the spirits of the Buccaneers, especially as they supposed all the riches of Maracaibo had been transported to Gibralter, so that they were unanimous for the attack: so far, however, was it considered hazardous, that they shook hands with each other, and swore to live or die together.

The advance was commenced, a desperate battle ensued, and the Spaniards, after fighting bravely, and losing nearly 500 slain, were compelled to retreat; of the pirates only 40 were killed, and about 80 wounded, who all died through the bad air. The hapless town was now entered by the inhuman conquerors; and brutality, lust, murder, robbery, and remorseless barbarity, had full swing. They then ransomed the two towns, for 30,000 pieces of eight, and 500 head of cattle, and after a stay of two months, took their departure, with a booty of 260,000 pieces of eight, and vast quantities of plate, linen, jewels, silks, and other articles. Among the spoil were the bells, images, and all the ornaments of the churches, with which the ravagers proposed to fit a chapel for themselves. After the dividend they returned to Tortuga, where the "common pirates," in three weeks, had scarcely any money left. "Thus," says the historian of their acts, "they made shift to lose and spend the riches they had got, in much less time than they were purchased: the taverns and stews, according to the custom of pirates, got the greatest part; so that soon after they were forced to seek more, by the same unlawful means they had got the former."

The career of Olonois was nearly closed, and we feel happy in adding, that the execrable wretch was taken, torn in pieces alive, and burnt to ashes by the Indians of the coast of Darien, where he had landed after a repulse. "Olonois," says Admiral Burney, "was possessed with an ambition to make himself renowned for being terrible. At one time, it is said, he put the whole crew of a Spanish ship, ninety men, to death, performing himself the office of executioner, by beheading them. He caused the crews of four other vessels to be thrown into the sea; and more than once, in his frenzies, he tore out the hearts of his victims, and devoured them."

The Buccaneers now became so formidable

from their numbers, that many Spanish towns submitted to pay them a contribution to avoid visits of such calamity and horror. The first land invader was an Englishman of the name of Lewis Scott, who sacked Campeachy, and obtained a large ransom to save it from the flames. Plunder, however, and not conquest, was the object of Scott; but after him, the chief in command, Mansvelt, happened to be a man of more policy and providence than any of his predecessors. He was equally popular with both French and English, and perceiving his opportunity, he determined to seize the occasion of forming an independent Buccaneer establishment. With this object in view, the isle of Sta. Catalina, on the Mosquito shore, was assaulted, carried, and garrisoned, about A. D. 1664. The death of Mansvelt shortly afterwards proved fatal to the design; for on his second in command, Henry Morgan, the son of a Welsh farmer, succeeding as head of the brethren, although he was partial to the notion of a stable establishment, yet his numerous expeditions interrupted the scheme. This renowned freebooter was a most capable and fortunate leader, though not so popular, because not so honest as his late commander. After attacking, carrying, and pillaging Puerto del Principe, the depot of the gold and silver from Mexico and Peru, in 1667, he conceived the bold project of subduing Porto Bello, one of the best fortified places in those regions. Without revealing his design to any person, and at the head of only 460 men, he suddenly surprised the town with no loss, the Spaniards being unprepared. In order to reduce the citadel, whither the most valuable property had been conveyed, he recurred to an artful expedient: he compelled the priests, nuns, and other women, whom he had made prisoners, to plant his scaling-ladders against the walls of the fortress, from a persuasion that the gallantry and superstition of the garrison would not suffer them to fire on the objects of their love and veneration. In this imagination, however, he was deceived. The governor used his utmost efforts to destroy every one that approached the works; so that Morgan was under the necessity of storming the place. Having succeeded, he opened a general sack; gaining, by the exercise of dreadful cruelties, a large booty in bullion, specie, and merchandise. Shortly afterwards, a large French Buccaneer ship refusing to join his command, Morgan dissembled his anger, and invited her captain and his officers to a carousal. Arriving on board, they were made prisoners, and their ship boarded; but she suddenly blew up, by which 350 Englishmen, and all the French prisoners, with the exception of thirty, perished in an instant.

In 1669, Morgan again sacked the unhappy towns of Maracaibo and Gibralter, with a large force, and exercised the most savage barbarities which even the bloody annals of these pirates recite: racks, cords, burning matches, and starvation, were not the worst of torments, and the soul sickens over the relation of those hellish atrocities. Here he remained so long rioting and plundering, that the Spaniards repaired the castle at the entrance of the great lake, and stationed three stout men-of-war in the "bocca" to cut off his retreat. This step somewhat disconcerted Morgan, as the largest of his ships mounted only fourteen guns, the rest were mere craft. Nevertheless, he concealed his apprehensions, and boldly sent to the Spanish admiral, threatening to destroy the town and slaughter all his prisoners, if the place was not forthwith ransomed, and his armament permitted to pass without molestation. The admiral resolutely refused the application, but offered a free passage on the pirate's surrendering all his booty and captures. Morgan and his associates deliberated; and they at length determined to risk any consequence rather than resign their spoils, which they had gained with so much peril. As the admiral adhered to his declared purpose, Morgan took measures for forcing the channel; and being a man of resources, he extricated his fleet and prizes from their difficult situation with admirable contrivance. He converted one of his vessels into a fire-ship by filling her with powder and combustibles, but so disguised with a row of *quakers*, as to resemble the most warlike of his squadron, while her decks being covered with blocks of wood with hats and caps on, completed the deception. By means of this ship, and a desperate fight, he defeated his floating enemies, taking one of the Spanish men-of-war, and destroying the two others. Still there remained the castle to be passed; and this was effected by another stratagem. During the day, Morgan filled his boats with armed men, and they rowed from the ships to a part of the shore which was well concealed from the castle by thickets. After waiting as long as might be supposed to be occupied in disembarking, all the men were concealed in the bottom of the boats, except two in each, who rowed them back again. This being repeated several times, caused the Spaniards to believe that the Buccaneers intended an assault by land with their whole force; and they disposed their cannon accordingly, leaving the sea-front of the castle unprovided. At night, Morgan's fleet took up their anchors with the first of the ebb, and without setting sail, it being moonlight, they dropped down. On arriving nearly opposite the castle, all canvass was crowded, a broadside was discharged at the fort, and before the garrison could return a shot, the pirates had escaped with a booty to the amount of 250,000 pieces of eight, and some ill-fated hostages for the ransom of Gibralter.

Morgan's reputation was now at the highest pitch, and though he was not personally beloved, the majority of the adventurers, who had increased to nearly 4000 men, recognised him as their commander-in-chief, on his summoning them to a general rendezvous off the west coast of Hispaniola, at the close of 1670; and many young men of family quitted Europe to solicit commands under him. His force amounted to thirty-seven ships, wherein were 2000 fighting men, beside the mariners. "The admiral hereof was mounted with twenty-two great guns, and six small ones of brass; the rest carried, some twenty, some eighteen, others sixteen, and the smallest at least four; besides which, they had great quantities of ammunition and fire-balls, with other inventions

of powder." With this formidable armament, as the West Indies could not furnish sufficient plunder for so many profligate and lawless ravagers, it was determined to attack Panama, as the wealthiest possible object.

As a measure of prudence, men were employed to hunt cattle and cure meat, and vessels were sent to collect maize. Here, also, Morgan drew up specific articles of agreement for the distribution of plunder, and had them subscribed to; for he was so little burthened with principle himself, that he suspected the good faith of every one, and was ever bent on checks and obligations. By these articles Morgan was to receive one hundredth of the whole booty; each captain was to have eight shares; provision was stipulated for the maimed and wounded; and rewards were appointed for those who should particularly distinguish themselves.

These preliminaries being arranged, the fleet sailed from Cape Tiburon on the 16th of December. Having again reduced the island of Sta. Catalina, by a secret understanding, of firing without shot, with the Spanish governor, who wished to have the honour, though not the danger, of resisting the rovers, Morgan sent a detachment under one Brodeley, to the mouth of the river Chagre, leading part of the way to his ultimate destination. Here was a strong fort situated upon a steep hill, and defended by an officer and a garrison worthy of the trust committed to their courage. The Buccaneers attacked it with desperation, and were as vigorously resisted; but this resistance only stimulated the energy of men accustomed, not merely to expect, but almost to command, success. It was again valiantly assaulted, and no less valiantly defended; and the assailants were nearly driven back a second time, when a powder-magazine exploded, and the breaches were mounted in the confusion. The governor of the fort, as well as some of his soldiers, refused quarter; and of 314 who composed the garrison, more than 200 were killed. The Buccaneers lost 100 killed, and 70 wounded.

Morgan made the prisoners repair the castle, and garrisoned it with 500 men. He also appointed 150 to take care of the ships; and having thus secured his retreat in case of adversity, he set forward, at the head of 1200 men, for Panama. They took advantage of the river as far as it was navigable, by embarking the artillery and stores in canoes; but the obstructions were so great, that it was not till the seventh day they arrived at Cruz, a village at the highest part of the Chagre to which boats can reach, and situated about eight leagues from the great city. The difficulties which they encountered were such as required the genuine Buccaneer hardihood to support. Their road led over rocks and mountains, and through almost impassable morasses, beset with concealed enemies, who killed some and wounded others. They were assailed with heat, cold, rain, and every variety of weather. Sometimes they were in such a state of starvation (for the supplies they expected to find in the villages had been carefully swept away by the Spaniards,) that a stray horse, or a mule, or an ass, became a delicious feast, without the trouble of cooking; and on one occasion, they made "a huge banquet" upon some bags of leather which they found in a deserted hut. On the ninth day of their journey the Buccaneers came within sight of the South Sea, a view which inspired such joy, that they sounded their trumpets, beat their drums, shouted, danced, and threw their caps in the air, with all the exultation of success, and proceeded direct for Panama, the steeples of which soon appeared in view. Early in the morning of the 27th of January, 1671, the march was resumed. The Spaniards, who had not been idle, determined, as the city was almost without defences, to oppose their progress by meeting the Buccaneers on the plain, where they showed such a front, that the latter, now reduced to fewer than one thousand, began to waver, till Morgan re-inspirited their courage by his valiant example. The President of Panama commanded 2000 infantry and 400 horse, and was provided with an immense number of wild bulls to break the enemy's ranks—but after two hours' desperate conflict was defeated, with a loss of 600 killed, and nearly double that number in wounded and prisoners. The Buccaneers were too much weakened and fatigued to pursue their advantage immediately; therefore, they halted to rest, after which, they undauntedly continued their march under a heavy fire of cannon charged with every description of destructive missile, which swept down numbers of men. Another contest of three hours took place, without intermission, during which neither party gave or received quarter, when the Spaniards were compelled to yield, and the noble city of Panama became the prize of the victors.

One of the first precautions taken by Morgan after his victory, was to prevent drunkenness among his men, to which end he procured to have it reported to him, that all the wine had been poisoned by the inhabitants. Before possession had well been taken, several parts of the city burst out into flames; but whether by accident, or by the policy of the Spaniards, or the contrivance of the arch-robber, is not known. Exquemelin lays the blame on Morgan, and Morgan retorted it on the inhabitants. Be this as it may, the calamity was regretted by all parties, and both Buccaneers and Spaniards united to stop the progress of the conflagration. But their efforts were vain, for the city consisted of about 7000 houses, principally built of cedar, "very curious and magnificent, and richly adorned," together with monasteries, churches, and public edifices, which continued to burn nearly a month, before the fire was totally extinguished,—a spectacle, no doubt, of terrible beauty and dreadful desolation.*

An odious scene of licentiousness, rapacity, and barbarity followed. No one was safe; those who fled by land were brought in and tortured by the detachments sent after them, while those who escaped to sea were overtaken by boats manned by the pirates; till Morgan, finding that some of his men were plotting to set themselves afloat in

* Among the buildings destroyed, was a factory-house, belonging to the Genoese, who then carried on the trade of supplying the Spaniards with slaves from Africa.

the South Sea, ordered the masts of a captured ship to be cut by the board, and all the small craft to be burnt. In the city, in boats, and in the neighbouring forests, were found vast treasures concealed in caves and cellars, besides immense quantities of valuable articles of commerce, which were destroyed. "In their cruelty," says Exquemelin, an eye-witness, in his narrative of the *Zee Rovers*, "no sex nor condition whatsoever was spared."

On the 24th of February, Morgan and his men quitted the ruins of the ill-fated Panama, driving before them 175 mules laden with booty, and 600 prisoners, some of whom were to carry burthens, and others to be ransomed. Among the latter were many women and children, who were made to suffer the extremes of hunger, thirst and fatigue, besides being kept in apprehension of being sold as slaves, that they might more earnestly endeavour to procure money to be brought for their ransom; and the brutal chief not only turned a deaf ear to their entreaties, but replied with sarcasm and mockery to their cries and lamentations. We must even give this devil his due, and admit that one fair action gleamed through the horrors of this excursion. A lady had charged "two religious persons" to procure the money for her ransom; which being obtained, they had misappropriated it. Captain Morgan enquired into the matter, and perceiving the villanous fraud, released the lady, and detained the two "religious men" in her stead. This was the more honourable as she was of great beauty, and had firmly resisted all the endeavours of Morgan, whose passions she inflamed, to ingratiate himself with her, even under threats of torture and death.

In the middle of the march back to Chagre, Morgan's habitual distrust of his companions, led him to draw up his men, and put them on their oaths, that they had not concealed any of the plunder, but had fairly thrown every thing into the common stock. Not satisfied with this, he also instituted a personal search, to the chagrin of the whole party, and especially of the French. On their arrival at Chagre, a division was made at the chief's dictum, of 200 pieces of eight to each man; a sum by no means satisfactory. Morgan, however, was not inclined to allay any discontent of this kind by an open reckoning; and to avoid further importunity, he relieved himself from the command; "which he did," says Exquemelin, "without calling any council, or bidding any one adieu; but went secretly on board his own ship, and put out to sea, without giving notice, followed by only three or four vessels out of the whole fleet, who, it is believed, went shares with him in the greatest part of the spoil." The French, who had never liked him, would willingly have revenged themselves upon him, had they, says the historian, "been able to encounter him."

Thus ended the piratical career of the crafty Morgan, who, it is said, realised one hundred thousand pounds. He certainly excelled all the other Buccaneer chiefs in the daring boldness of his plans, in the ability with which they were conducted, and in the address with which he extricated himself from the difficulties in which they involved him, and except Olonois, we might add, that he claims also a dreadful pre-eminence in the cruelties with which their execution was attended. Yet this monster was well received, knighted by his sovereign, and appointed a Commissioner of the Admiralty Court. Having fixed his residence at Jamaica, where he filled the most important posts, he enjoyed in security the wealth which had cost so many tears, and so much blood to the victims of his avarice, though it is supposed never to have excited the least remorse in his own hardened heart. This was not exactly the course which he had "chalked out" for himself, for on his arrival in Jamaica, he began to levy men with the view of settling in Santa Catalina, and holding it as his own; but Lord John Vaughan, determined to enforce our treaty with Spain, obliged him to relinquish his plan. In the autumn of 1680, in consequence of the Earl of Carlisle's quitting, from ill health, this lawless plunderer was left, as his deputy, to govern Jamaica! On assuming this high office, his administration was far from favourable to his old associates, some of whom suffered the extreme hardship of being tried and hanged under his authority; and one crew of Buccaneers, most of them English, who fell into his hands, he sent to be delivered up to the Spaniards, at Carthagena. His governorship lasted only a year, but he continued in office during the remainder of the reign of Charles II. In the next reign, the Court of Spain had the influence to get him sent home prisoner, and kept in confinement for three years. No charge being brought forward against him, he was then released, and passed his latter days in undeserved peace and tranquillity.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

Songs of the Superstitions of Ireland. Music and Words by Samuel Lover, Esq.

We receive occasionally ballads and duets, but there has been lately such a dearth of music, properly so called, that we have given over our musical notices. When, however, we meet a genuine melody, we are neither so old nor so tasteless as not to relish it as it deserves. Mr. Lover has come before us in a new character: we have appreciated his traits and stories of the Irish peasantry for a very long time; we have admired the fidelity, the beautiful colouring, and the expression of his miniatures, and now we are called upon to testify of the sweetness of his poetry, and the skill and pathos of his musical compositions. We are tired of praising him,—and yet, in common honesty, we cannot help it. Mr. Lover has, indeed, a diversity of gifts, and excels in all, painter, poet, and musician; it is really too bad: if we encountered many such, "Othello's occupations" would be o'er.

Six of those songs of the superstitions of Ireland have come forth, and, we doubt not, they will be continued. When completed, we shall request Mr. Lover to publish them, with one of his own inimitable sketches to illustrate each; a sort of Irish musical annual, that would be sure to succeed.

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE STEAM EXCURSION.

Mr. Percy Noakes was a law-student inhabiting a set of chambers on the fourth floor, in one of those houses in Gray's-inn-square, which command an extensive view of the gardens, and their usual adjuncts—flaunting nursery-maids, and town-made children, with parenthetical legs. Mr. Percy Noakes was what is generally termed —"a devilish good fellow." He had a large circle of acquaintance, and seldom dined at his own expense. He used to talk politics to papas, flatter the vanity of mammas, do the amiable to their daughters, make pleasure engagements with their sons, and romp with the younger branches. Like those paragons of perfection, advertising footmen out of place, he was always "willing to make himself generally useful." If any old lady, whose son was in India, gave a ball, Mr. Percy Noakes was master of the ceremonies; if any young lady made a stolen match, Mr. Percy Noakes gave her away; if a juvenile wife presented her husband with a blooming cherub, Mr. Percy Noakes was either godfather or deputy godfather; and, if any member of a friend's family died, Mr. Percy Noakes was invariably to be seen in the second mourning coach, with a white handkerchief to his eyes, sobbing—to use his own appropriate and expressive description—"like winkin!"

It may readily be imagined that these numerous avocations were rather calculated to interfere with Mr. Percy Noakes's professional studies. Mr. Percy Noakes was perfectly aware of the fact, and he had, therefore, after mature reflection, made up his mind not to study at all—a laudable determination, to which he adhered in a most praiseworthy manner. His sitting-room presented a strange chaos of dress-gloves, boxing gloves, caricatures, albums, invitation cards, foils, cricket-bats, cardboard drawings, paste, gum, and fifty other extraordinary articles, heaped together in the strangest confusion. He was always making something for somebody, or planning some party of pleasure, which was his great *forte*. He invariably spoke with astonishing rapidity; was smart, spoffish, and eight-and-twenty.

"Splendid idea, 'pon my life,"—soliloquised Mr. Percy Noakes, over his morning's coffee, as his mind reverted to a suggestion which had been thrown out the previous night, by a lady at whose house he had spent the evening. "Glorious idea! —Mrs. Stubbs," cried the student, raising his voice.

"Yes, sir," replied a dirty old woman, with an inflamed countenance, emerging from the bedroom, with a barrel of dirt and cinders. This was the laundress. "Did you call, sir?"

"Oh! Mrs. Stubbs, I'm going out; if that tailor should call again you'd better say—you'd better say, I'm out of town, and shan't be back for a fortnight; and, if that bootman should come, tell him I've lost his address, or I'd have sent him that little amount; mind he writes it down; and if Mr. Hardy should call—you know Mr. Hardy?"——

"The funny gentleman, sir?"

"Ah! the funny gentleman. If Mr. Hardy should call, say I've gone to Mrs. Taunton's, about that water-party."

"Yes, sir."

"And if any fellow calls, and says he's come about a steamer, tell him to be here at five o'clock this afternoon, Mrs. Stubbs."

"Very well, sir."

Mr. Percy Noakes brushed his hat; whisked the crumbs off his inexplicables with a silk handkerchief, gave the ends of his hair a persuasive roll round his fore-finger, and sallied forth for Mrs. Taunton's domicile in Great Marlborough-street, where she and her daughters occupied the upper part of a house. She was a good-looking widow of fifty, with the form of a giantess, and the mind of a child. The pursuit of pleasure, and some means of killing time, appeared the sole end of her existence. She doated on her two daughters, who were as frivolous as herself.

A general exclamation of satisfaction hailed the arrival of Mr. Percy Noakes, who went through the ordinary salutations, and threw himself into an easy chair, near the ladies' worktable, with all the ease of a regularly established friend of the family. Mrs. Taunton was busily engaged in planting immense bright bows on every part of a smart cap on which it was possible to stick one; Miss Emily Taunton was making a watch-guard; and Miss Sophia was at the piano, practising a new song—poetry by the young officer, or the police officer, or the custom-house officer, or some equally interesting amateur.

"You good creature!" said Mrs. Taunton, addressing the gallant Percy. "You really are a good soul. You've come about the water-party, I know."

"I should rather suspect I had," replied Mr. Noakes, triumphantly. "Now come here, girls, and I'll tell you all about it." Miss Emily and Miss Sophia advanced to the table, with that ballet sort of step which some young ladies appear to think so fascinating—something between a skip and a canter.

"Now," continued Mr. Percy Noakes, "it seems to me that the best way will be to have a committee of ten, to make all the arrangements, and manage the whole set-out. Well, then, I propose that the expenses shall be paid by these ten fellows jointly."

"Excellent, indeed!" said Mrs. Taunton, who highly approved of this part of the arrangements.

"Then my plan is, that each of these ten fellows shall have the power of asking five people. There must be a meeting of the committee at my chambers, to make all the arrangements, and these people shall be then named; every member of the committee shall have the power of black-balling any one who is proposed, and one black-ball shall exclude that person. This will ensure our having a pleasant party, you know."

"What a manager you are!" interrupted Mrs. Taunton again.

"Charming!" said the lovely Emily.

"I never did!" ejaculated Sophia.

"Yes, I think it'll do," replied Mr. Percy Noakes, who was now quite in his element. "I think it'll do. Well, then, you know we shall go

down to the Nore and back, and have a regular, capital, cold dinner laid out in the cabin before we start, so that every thing may be ready, without any confusion; and we shall have the lunch laid out on deck in those little tea-garden-looking concerns by the paddle-boxes—I don't know what you call 'em. Then we shall hire a steamer expressly for our party, and a band, you know, and have the deck chalked, and we shall be able to dance quadrilles all day: and then whoever we know that's musical, you know, why they'll make themselves useful and agreeable—and—and—upon the whole I really hope we shall have a glorious day, you know."

The announcement of these arrangements was received with the utmost enthusiasm. Mrs. Taunton, Emily, and Sophia were loud in their praises.

"Well, but tell me, Percy," said Mrs. Taunton, "who are the ten gentlemen to be?"

"Oh! I know plenty of fellows who'll be delighted with the scheme," replied Mr. Percy Noakes; "of course we shall have"——

"Mr. Hardy," interrupted the servant, announcing a visiter. Miss Sophia and Miss Emily hastily assumed the most interesting attitudes that could be adopted on so short a notice.

"How are you?" said a stout gentleman of about forty, pausing at the door in the attitude of an awkward harlequin. This was Mr. Hardy, whom we have before described, on the authority of Mrs. Stubbs, as "the funny gentleman." He was an Astley Cooperish Joe Miller—a practical joker, immensely popular with married ladies, and a general favourite with young men. He was always engaged in some pleasure excursion or other, and delighted in getting somebody into a scrape on such occasions. He could sing comic songs; imitate hackney-coachman and fowls; play airs on his chin, and execute concertos on the Jew's harp. He always eat and drank most-immoderately, and was the bosom friend of Mr. Percy Noakes. He had a red face, a somewhat husky voice, and a tremendously loud laugh.

"How are you?" said this worthy, laughing, as if it was the finest joke in the world to make a morning call; and shaking hands with the ladies with as much vehemence as if their arms were so many pump-handles.

"You're just the very man I wanted," said Mr. Percy Noakes, who proceeded to explain the cause of his being in requisition.

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted Hardy, after hearing the statement, and receiving a detailed account of the proposed excursion. "Oh, capital! glorious! What a day it will be! what fun! But, I say, when are you going to begin making the arrangement?"

"No time like the present—at once, if you please."

"Oh, charming!" cried the ladies. "Pray do."

Writing materials were laid before Mr. Percy Noakes, and the names of the different members of the committee were agreed on, after as much discussion between him and Mr. Hardy as if at least the fate of nations had depended on their appointment. It was then agreed that a meeting should take place at Mr. Percy Noakes's chambers on the ensuing Wednesday evening, at eight o'clock, and the visiters departed.

Wednesday evening arrived; eight o'clock came, and eight members of the committee were punctual in their attendance. Mr. Loggins, the solicitor, of Boswell-court, sent an excuse, and Mr. Samuel Briggs, the ditto of Furnival's Inn, sent his brother, much to his (the brother's) satisfaction, and greatly to the discomfiture of Mr. Percy Noakes. Between the Briggs and the Tauntons there existed a degree of implacable hatred, quite unprecedented. The animosity between the Montagues and Capulets was nothing to that which prevailed between these two illustrious houses. Mrs. Briggs was a widow, with three daughters and two sons; Mr. Samuel, the eldest, was an attorney, and Mr. Alexander, the youngest, was under definite articles to his brother. They resided in Portland-street, Oxford-street, and moved in the same orbit as the Tauntons—hence their mutual dislike. If the Miss Briggs's appeared in smart bonnets, the Tauntons eclipsed them with smarter. If Mrs. Taunton appeared in a cap of all the hues of the rainbow, Mrs. Briggs forthwith mounted a toque, with all the patterns of a kaleidescope. If Miss Sophia Taunton learnt a new song, two of the Miss Briggs's came out with a new duet. The Tauntons had once gained a temporary triumph with the assistance of a harp, but the Briggs's brought three guitars into the field, and effectually routed the enemy. In short, there was no end to the rivalry between them.

Now, as Mr. Samuel Briggs was a mere machine, a sort of self-acting legal walking-stick; and as the party was known to have originated, however remotely, with Mrs. Taunton, the female branches of the Briggs's family had arranged that Mr. Alexander should attend instead of his brother; and as the said Mr. Alexander was deservedly celebrated for possessing all the pertinacity of a bankruptcy-court attorney, combined with the obstinacy of that pleasing animal which browses upon the thistle—he required but little tuition. He was especially enjoined to make himself as disagreeable as possible; and, above all, to blackball the Tauntons at every hazard.

The proceedings of the evening were opened by Mr. Percy Noakes. After successfully urging upon the gentlemen present the propriety of their mixing some brandy-and-water, he briefly stated the objects of the meeting, and concluded by observing that the first step must be the selection of a chairman, necessarily possessing some arbitrary—he trusted not unconstitutional—powers, to whom the personal direction of the whole of the arrangements (subject to the approval of the committee) should be confided. A pale young gentleman, in a green stock, and spectacles of the same, a member of the honourable society of the Inner Temple, immediately rose for the purpose of proposing Mr. Percy Noakes. He had known him long, and this he would say, that a more honourable, a more excellent, or a better hearted fellow, never existed—(hear, hear). The young gentleman, who was a member of a debating society, took this opportunity of entering into an examination of the state of the English

law, from the days of William the Conqueror down to the present period; he briefly adverted to the code established by the ancient Druids; slightly glanced at the principles laid down by the Athenian law-givers; and concluded with a most glowing eulogium on pic-nics and constitutional rights. Mr. Alexander Briggs opposed the motion. He had the highest esteem for Mr. Percy Noakes as an individual, but he did consider that he ought not to be entrusted with these immense powers—(oh, oh!)—He believed that in the proposed capacity, Mr. Percy Noakes would not act fairly, impartially, or honourably; but he begged it to be distinctly understood, that he said this without the slightest disrespect. Mr. Hardy defended his honourable friend, in a voice rendered partially unintelligible by emotion and brandy-and-water; the proposition was put to the vote, and there appearing to be only one dissentient voice, Mr. Percy Noakes was declared duly elected, and took the chair accordingly.

The business of the meeting now proceeded with great rapidity. The chairman delivered in his estimate of the probable expense of the excursion, and every one present subscribed his proportion thereof. The question was put that "The Endeavour" be hired for the occasion; Mr. Alexander Briggs moved as an amendment that the word "Fly" be substituted for the word "Endeavour;" but after some debate consented to withdraw his opposition. The important ceremony of balloting then commenced. A tea-caddy was placed on a table in a dark corner of the apartment, and every one was provided with two backgammon-men, one black and one white.

The chairman with great solemnity then read the following list of the guests whom he proposed to introduce:—Mrs. Taunton and two daughters, Mr. Wizzle, Mr. Simson. The names were respectively balloted for, and Mrs. Taunton and daughters were declared to be black-balled. Mr. Percy Noakes and Mr. Hardy exchanged glances.

"Is your list prepared, Mr. Briggs?" enquired the chairman, with all the dignity of a minor Manners Sutton.

"It is," replied Alexander, delivering in the following:—"Mrs. Briggs and three daughters, Mr. Samuel Briggs." The previous ceremony was repeated, and Mrs. Briggs and three daughters were declared to be black-balled. Mr. Alexander Briggs looked rather foolish, and the remainder of the company appeared somewhat overawed by the mysterious nature of the proceedings.

The balloting proceeded; but one little circumstance which Mr. Percy Noakes had not originally foreseen, prevented the system working quite as well as he had anticipated—every body was black-balled. Mr. Alexander Briggs by way of retaliation exercised his power of exclusion in every instance, and the result was, that after three hours had been consumed in incessant balloting, the names of only three gentlemen were found to have been agreed to. In this dilemma what was to be done? either the whole plan must fall to the ground, or a compromise must be effected. The latter alternative was preferable; and Mr. Percy Noakes, therefore, proposed that the form of balloting should be dispensed with, and that every gentleman should merely be required to state whom he intended to bring. The proposal was readily acceded to; the Tauntons and the Briggs were reinstated, and the party was formed. The next Wednesday was fixed for the eventful day, and it was unanimously resolved that every member of the committee should wear a piece of blue sarsnet ribbon round his left arm. It appeared from the statement of Mr. Percy Noakes that the boat belonged to the General Steam Navigation Company, and was then lying off the Custom-house; and as he proposed that the dinner and wines should be provided by an eminent city purveyor, it was arranged that Mr. Percy Noakes should be on board by seven o'clock to superintend the arrangements, and that the remaining members of the committee, together with the company generally, should be expected to join her by nine o'clock. More brandy-and-water was despatched; several speeches were made by the different law students present; thanks were voted to the chairman, and the meeting separated.

The weather had been beautiful up to this period, and beautiful it continued to be. Sunday passed over, and Mr. Percy Noakes became unusually fidgetty—rushing constantly to and from the Steam Packet Wharf, to the astonishment of the clerks, and the great emolument of the Holborn cab-men. Tuesday arrived, and the anxiety of Mr. Percy Noakes knew no bounds; he was every instant running to the windows to look out for clouds; and Mr. Hardy astonished the whole square by practising a new comic song for the occasion in the chairman's chambers.

Uneasy were the slumbers of Mr. Percy Noakes that night: he tossed and tumbled about, and had confused dreams of steamers starting off and gigantic clocks with the hands pointing to a quarter past nine, and the ugly face of Mr. Alexander Briggs looking over the boat's side, and grinning as if in derision of his fruitless attempts to move. He made a violent effort to get on board, and awoke. The bright sun was shining cheerfully into the bed-room; and Mr. Percy Noakes started up for his watch, in the dreadful expectation of finding his worst dreams realised. It was just five o'clock: he calculated the time—he should be a good half-hour dressing himself; and as it was a lovely morning, and the tide would be then running down, he would walk leisurely to Strand Lane, and have a boat to the Custom House.

He dressed himself, took a hasty apology for a breakfast, and sallied forth. The streets looked as lonely and deserted as if they had been crowded over-night for the last time. Here and there an early apprentice, with quenched-looking, sleepy eyes, was taking down the shutters of a shop; and a policeman or milk-woman might occasionally be seen pacing slowly along; the servants had not yet begun to clean the doors, or light the fires, and London looked the picture of desolation. At the corner of a by-street, near Temple Bar, was stationed a "street breakfast." The coffee was boiling over a charcoal fire, and large slices of bread and butter were piled one upon the other,

like deals in a timber-yard. The company were seated on a form, which, with a view both to security and comfort, was placed against a neighbouring wall. Two young men, whose uproarious mirth and disordered dress bespoke the conviviality of the preceding evening, were treating three "ladies" and an Irish labourer. A little sweep was standing at a short distance, casting a longing eye at the tempting delicacies; and a policeman was watching the group from the opposite side of the street. The wan looks, and gaudy finery of the wretched, thinly clad females, contrasted as strangely with the gay sun-light, as did their forced merriment with the boisterous hilarity of the two young men, who now and then varied their amusements by "bonneting" the proprietor of this itinerant coffee house.

Mr. Percy Noakes walked briskly by, and when he turned down Strand-lane, and caught a glimpse of the glistening water, he thought that he had never felt so important or so happy in his life.

"Boat, sir!" cried one of the three watermen who were mopping out their boats, and all whistling different tunes. "Boat, sir!"

"No," replied Mr. Percy Noakes rather sharply, for the enquiry was not made in a manner at all suitable to his dignity.

"Would you prefer a wessel, sir?" enquired another, to the infinite delight of the "Jack-in-the-water."

Mr. Percy Noakes replied with a look of the most supreme contempt.

"Did you want to be put on board a steamer, sir?" enquired an old fireman-waterman very confidentially. He was dressed in a faded red suit, just the colour of the cover of a very old court-guide.

"Yes, make haste—the Endeavour; off the custom-house."

"Endeavour!" cried the man who had convulsed the 'Jack' before. "Vy, I seed the Endeavour go up half an hour ago."

"So did I," said another; "and I should think she'd gone down by this time, for she's a precious sight too full of ladies and gen'lmen."

Mr. Percy Noakes affected to disregard these representations, and stepped into the boat, which the old man, by dint of scrambling, and shoving, and grating, had brought up to the causeway. "Shove her off," cried Mr. Percy Noakes, and away the boat glided down the river, Mr. Percy Noakes seated on the recently mopped seat, and the waterman at the stairs offering to bet him any reasonable sum that he'd never reach the "Custum-us."

"Here she is, by Jove!" said the delighted Percy, as they ran alongside the Endeavour.

"Hold hard!" cried the steward over the side, and Mr. Percy Noakes jumped on board.

"Hope you'll find every thing as you wished it, sir—she looks uncommon well this morning."

"She does, indeed!" replied the manager, in a state of ecstacy which it is impossible to describe. The deck was scrubbed, and the seats were scrubbed, and there was a bench for the band, and a place for dancing, and a pile of camp stools, and an awning; and then Mr. Percy Noakes bustled down below, and there were the pastrycook's man, and the steward's wife laying out the dinner on two tables the whole length of the cabin; and then Mr. Percy Noakes took off his coat, and rushed backwards and forwards, doing nothing, but quite convinced he was assisting every body; and the steward's wife laughed till she cried, and Mr. Percy Noakes panted with the violence of his exertions. And then the bell at London-bridge wharf rang, and a Margate boat was just starting, and a Gravesend boat was just starting, and people shouted, and porters ran down the steps with luggage that would crush any men but porters; and sloping boards, with bits of wood nailed on them, were placed between the outside boat and the inside boat, and the passengers ran along them, and looked like so many fowls coming out of an area; and then the bell ceased, and the boards were taken away, and the boats started; and a great many people who wanted to go were left behind, and a great many people who didn't want to go were carried away: and the whole scene was one of the most delightful bustle and confusion that can be imagined.

The time wore on; half-past eight o'clock arrived; the pastry-cook's men went ashore; the dinner was completely laid out, and Mr. Percy Noakes locked the principal cabin, and put the key into his pocket, in order that it might be suddenly disclosed in all its magnificence to the eyes of the astonished company. The band came on board, and so did the wine. Ten minutes to nine, and the committee embarked in a body. There was Mr. Hardy in a blue jacket and waistcoat, white trowsers, silk stockings and pumps; habited in full aquatic costume, with a straw hat on his head, and an immense telescope under his arm; and there was the young gentleman with the green spectacles in nankeen inexplicables, with a ditto waistcoat and bright buttons, like the pictures of Paul—not the saint, but he of Virginia notoriety. The remainder of the committee, dressed as they were in white hats, light jackets, waistcoats and trowsers, looked something between waiters and West India planters.

Nine o'clock struck, and the company arrived in shoals. Mr. Samuel Briggs, Mrs. Briggs, and the Misses Briggs, made their appearance in a smart private wherry. The three guitars, in their respective dark green cases, were carefully stowed away in the bottom of the boat, accompanied by two immense portfolios of music, which it would take at least a week's incessant playing to get through. The Tauntons arrived at the same moment with more music, and a lion—a gentleman with a bass voice, and incipient red mustachios. The colours of the Taunton party were pink; those of the Brigg's a light blue. The Tauntons had artificial flowers in their bonnets; here the Briggs's gained a decided advantage—they wore feathers.

"How d'ye do, dear?" said the Misses Briggs to the Misses Tauntons. (The word "dear" among girls is frequently synonymous with "wretch.")

"Quite well, thank you, dear," replied the Misses Taunton, to the Misses Briggs—and then there was such a kissing, and congratulating,

and shaking of hands, as would induce one to suppose the two families were the best friends in the world, instead of each wishing the other overboard, as they most sincerely did.

Mr. Percy Noakes received the visiters, and bowed to the strange gentleman, as if he should like to know who he was. This was just what Mrs. Taunton wanted. Here was an opportunity to astonish the Briggs's.

"Oh! I beg your pardon," said the general of the Taunton party, with a careless air—"Captain Helves—Mr. Percy Noakes—Mrs. Briggs—Captain Helves."

Mr. Percy Noakes bowed very low; the gallant captain did the same with all due ferocity, and the Briggs's were clearly overcome.

"Our friend, Mr. Wizzle, being unfortunately prevented from coming," resumed Mrs. Taunton, "I did myself the pleasure of bringing the captain, whose musical talents I knew would be a great acquisition."

"In the name of the committee I have to thank you for doing so, and to offer you a most sincere welcome, sir," replied Percy (here the scraping was renewed). "But pray be seated—won't you walk aft? Captain, will you conduct Miss Taunton?—Miss Briggs, will you allow me?"

"Where could they have picked up that military man?" enquired Mrs. Briggs of Miss Kate Briggs, as they followed the little party.

"Can't imagine," replied Miss Kate, bursting with vexation; for the very fierce air with which the gallant captain regarded the company, had impressed her with a high sense of his importance.

Boat after boat came alongside, and guest after guest arrived. The invites had been excellently arranged; Mr. Percy Noakes having considered it as important that the number of young men should exactly tally with that of the young ladies, as that the quantity of knives on board should be in precise proportion to the forks.

"Now is every one on board?" enquired Mr. Percy Noakes. The committee (who with their bits of blue ribbon, looked as if they were all going to be bled) bustled about to ascertain the fact, and reported that they might safely start.

"Go on," cried the master of the boat from the top of one of the paddle-boxes.

"Go on," echoed the boy, who was stationed over the hatchway to pass the directions down to the engineer—and away went the vessel with that agreeable noise which is peculiar to steamers, and which is composed of a pleasant mixture of creaking, gushing, clanging, and snorting.

"Hoi—oi—oi—oi—oi—oi—o—i—i—i," shouted half-a-dozen voices from a boat about a quarter of a mile astern.

"Ease her," cried the captain; "do these people belong to us, sir?"

"Noakes," exclaimed Hardy, who had been looking at every object, far and near, through the large telescope; "it's the Fleetwoods and the Wakefields—and two children with them, by Jove."

"What a shame to bring children!" said every body, "how very inconsiderate!"

"I say, it would be a good joke to pretend not to see 'em, wouldn't it?" suggested Hardy, to the immense delight of the company generally. A council of war was hastily held, and it was resolved that the new comers should be taken on board, on Mr. Hardy's solemnly pledging himself to teaze the children during the whole of the day.

"Stop her," cried the captain.

"Stop her," repeated the boy; whizz went the steam, and all the young ladies, as in duty bound, screamed in concert. They were only appeased by the assurance of the martial Helves that the escape of steam consequent on the stopping of a vessel was seldom attended with any great loss of human life.

Two men ran to the side, and after a good deal of shouting, and swearing, and angling for the wherry with a boat-hook, Mr. Fleetwood, and Mrs. Fleetwood, and Master Fleetwood, and Mr. Wakefield, and Mrs. Wakefield, and Miss Wakefield, were safely deposited on the deck. The girl was about six years old; the boy about four; the former was dressed in a white frock with a pink sash, and a dog's-eared looking little spencer, a straw bonnet, and green veil, six inches by three and a half; the latter was attired for the occasion in a nankeen frock, between the bottom of which and the top of his plaid socks a considerable portion of two small mottled legs was discernible. He had a light blue cap with a gold band and tassel on his head, and a damp piece of gingerbread in his hand, with which he had slightly embossed his dear little countenance.

The boat once more started off; the band played "Off she goes," the major part of the company conversed cheerfully in groups, and the old gentlemen walked up and down the deck in pairs, as perseveringly and gravely as if they were doing a match against time for an immense stake. They ran briskly down the pool; the gentlemen pointed out the docks, the Thames police-office, and other elegant public edifices; and the young ladies exhibited a proper display of horror and bashfulness at the appearance of the coal-whippers, and ballast-heavers. Mr. Hardy told stories to the married ladies, at which they laughed very much in their pocket-handkerchiefs, and hit him on the knuckles with their fans, declaring him to be "a naughty man—a shocking creature"—and so forth; and Captain Helves gave slight descriptions of battles and duels, with a most bloodthirsty air, which made him the admiration of the women, and the envy of the men. Quadrilling commenced; Captain Helves danced one set with Miss Emily Taunton, and another set with Miss Sophia Taunton. Mrs. Taunton was in ecstacies. The victory appeared to be complete; but, alas! the inconstancy of man—having performed this necessary duty, he attached himself solely to Mis Julia Briggs, with whom he danced no less than three sets consecutively, and from whose side he evinced no intention of stirring for the remainder of the day.

Mr. Hardy having played one or two very brilliant fantasies on the Jew's harp, and having frequently repeated the exquisitely amusing joke of slily chalking a large cross on the back of some member of the committee, Mr. Percy Noakes expressed his hope that some of their musical

friends would oblige the company by a display of their abilities.

"Perhaps," he said in a very insinuating manner, "Captain Helves will oblige us." Mrs. Taunton's countenance lightened up, for the captain only sang duets, and couldn't sing them with any body but one of her daughters.

"Really," said that warlike individual, "I should be very happy, but——"

"Oh! pray do," cried all the young ladies.

"Miss Sophia, have you any objection to join in a duet?"

"Oh! not the slightest," returned the young lady, in a tone which clearly showed she had the greatest possible objection.

"Shall I accompany you, dear?" enquired one of the Miss Briggs, with the bland intention of spoiling the effect.

"Very much obliged to you, Miss Briggs," sharply retorted Mrs. Taunton, who saw through the manœuvre—"my daughters always sing without accompaniments."

"And without voices," tittered Mrs. Briggs, in a low tone.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Taunton, reddening, for she guessed the tenor of the observation, though she had not heard it clearly. "Perhaps it would be as well for some people, if their voices were not quite as audible as they are to other people."

"And perhaps, if gentlemen, who are kidnapped to pay attention to some persons' daughters, had not sufficient discernment to pay attention to other persons' daughters," returned Mrs. Briggs, "some persons would not be so ready to display that ill-temper, which, thank God, distinguishes them from other persons."

"Persons!" ejaculated Mrs. Taunton.

"Yes; persons, ma'am," replied Mrs. Briggs.

"Insolence!"

"Creature!"

"Hush! hush!" interrupted Mr. Percy Noakes, who was one of the very few by whom this dialogue had been overheard. "Hush!—pray; silence for the duet."

After a great deal of preparatory crowing and humming, the captain began the following duet from the opera of Paul and Virginia, in that grunting tone in which a man gets down, Heaven knows where, without the remotest chance of ever getting up again. This, in private circles, is frequently designated "a bass voice."

"See (sung the captain) from o-cc-an ri—sing
Bright flames the or—b of da—y.
From yon gro—ve, the varied so—ngs—— "

Here the singer was interrupted by varied cries of the most dreadful description, proceeding from some grove in the immediate vicinity of the starboard paddle-box.

"My child!" screamed Mrs. Fleetwood. "My child! it is his voice—I know it."

Mr. Fleetwood, accompanied by several gentmen, here rushed to the quarter from whence the noise proceeded, and an exclamation of horror burst from the company; the general impression being, that the little innocent had either got his head in the water, or his legs in the machinery.

"What is the matter?" shouted the agonised father, as he returned with the child in his arms.

"Oh! oh! oh!" screamed the small sufferer again.

"What is the matter, dear?" enquired the father, once more—hastily stripping off the nankeen frock, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the child had one bone which was not smashed to pieces.

"Oh! oh!—I'm so frightened."

"What at, dear?—what at?" said the mother, soothing the sweet infant.

"Oh! he's been making such dreadful faces at me," cried the boy, relapsing into convulsions, at the bare recollection.

"He!—who?" cried every body, crowding round him.

"Oh!—him," replied the child, pointing at Hardy, who affected to be the most concerned of the whole group.

The real state of the case at once flashed upon the minds of all present, with the exception of the Fleetwoods and the Wakefields. The facetious Hardy, in fulfilment of his promise, had watched the child to a remote part of the vessel, and, by suddenly appearing before him with the most awful contortions of visage, had produced his paroxysm of terror. Of course, he now observed that it was hardly necessary for him to deny the accusation; and the unfortunate little victim was, accordingly, led below, after receiving sundry thumps on the head from both his parents, for having the wickedness to tell a story.

This little interruption having been adjusted, the captain resumed, and Miss Emily chimed in, in due course. The duet was loudly applauded; and, certainly, the perfect independence of the parties deserved great commendation. Miss Emily sung her part without the slightest reference to the captain, and the captain sang so loud that he had not the slightest idea of what was being done by his partner. After having gone through the last few eighteen or nineteen bars by himself, therefore, he acknowledged the plaudits of the circle with that air of self-denial which men always assume, when they think they have done something to astonish the company, though they don't exactly know what.

"Now," said Mr. Percy Noakes, who had just ascended from the fore-cabin, where he had been busily engaged in decanting the wine, "if the Misses Briggs will oblige us with something before dinner, I am sure we shall be very much delighted."

One of those hums of admiration followed the suggestion, which one frequently hears in society when nobody has the most distant notion of what he is expressing his approval of. The three Misses Briggs looked modestly at their mamma, and the mamma looked approvingly at her daughters, and Mrs. Taunton looked scornfully at all of them. The Misses Briggs asked for their guitars, and several gentlemen seriously damaged the cases in their anxiety to present them. Then there was a very interesting production of three little keys for the aforesaid cases, and a melo-dramatic expression of horror at finding a string broken; and a vast deal of screwing and tightening, and winding and tuning, during which Mrs. Briggs expatiated to those near her on the immense difficulty of playing a guitar, and hinted at the wondrous proficiency

of her daughters in that mystic art. Mrs. Taunton whispered to a neighbour that it was "quite sickening!" and the Misses Tauntons tried to look as if they knew how to play, but disdained to do so.

At length the Misses Briggs began in real earnest. It was a new Spanish composition for three voices and three guitars. The effect was electrical. All eyes were turned upon the captain, who was reported to have once passed through Spain with his regiment, and who, of course, must be well acquainted with the national music. He was in raptures. This was sufficient; the trio was encored—the applause was universal, and never had the Tauntons suffered such a complete defeat. Mrs. Taunton looked as philanthropic as one of Mr. Burnett's "Salamanders."

"Bravo! bravo!" ejaculated the captain;—"Bravo!"

"Pretty! isn't it, sir?" enquired Mr. Samuel Briggs, with the air of a self-satisfied showman. By the by, they were the first words he had been heard to utter since he left Boswell-court the evening before.

"De—lightful!" returned the captain, with a flourish, and a military cough;—"de—lightful!"

"Sweet instrument!" said an old gentleman with a bald head, who had been trying all the morning to look through a telescope, inside the glass of which Mr. Hardy had fixed a large black wafer.

"Did you ever hear a Portuguese tambourine?" enquired that jocular individual.

"Did *you* ever hear a tom-tom, sir?" sternly enquired the captain, who lost no opportunity of showing off his travels, real or pretended.

"A what?" asked Hardy, rather taken aback.

"A tom-tom."

"Never!"

"Nor a gum-gum?"

"Never!"

"What *is* a gum-gum?" eagerly enquired several young ladies.

"When I was in the East Indies," replied the captain, (here was a discovery—he had been in the East Indies!)—"when I was in the East Indies, I was once stopping several thousand miles up the country, on a visit to the house of a very particular friend of mine, Ram Chowdar Doss Azuph Al Bowlar—a devilish pleasant fellow. As we were enjoying our hookahs one evening in the cool verandah, in front of his villa, we were rather surprised by the sudden appearance of thirty-four of his kit-ma-gars (for he had rather a large establishment there,) accompanied by an equal number of Consumars, approaching the house with a threatening aspect, and beating a tom-tom. The ram started up"——

"The who?" enquired the bald gentleman, intensely interested.

"The Ram—Ram Chowdar"—

"Oh!" said the old gentleman, "I beg your pardon; it really did'nt occur to me; pray go on."

"—— Started up, and drew a pistol. 'Helves,' said he, 'my boy'—he always called me, my boy—'Helves,' said he, 'do you hear that tom-tom?'—'I do,' said I. His countenance, which before was pale, assumed a most frightful appearance; his whole visage was distorted, and his frame shaken by violent emotions. 'Do you see that gum-gum?' said he. 'No,' said I, staring about me. 'You don't?' said he. 'No, I'll be damned if I do,' said I; 'and what's more, I don't know what a gum-gum is,' said I. I really thought the man would have dropped. He drew me aside, and with an expression of agony I shall never forget, said in a low whisper—"

"Dinner's on the table, ladies," interrupted the steward's wife.

"Will you allow me?" said the captain, immediately suiting the action to the word, and escorting Miss Julia Briggs to the cabin, with as much ease as if he had finished the story.

"What an extraordinary circumstance!" ejaculated the same old gentleman, preserving his listening attitude.

"What a traveller!" said the young ladies.

"What a singular name!" exclaimed the gentlemen, rather confused by the coolness of the whole affair.

"I wish he had finished the story," said an old lady. "I wonder what a gum-gum really is?"

"By Jove!" exclaimed Hardy, who until now had been lost in utter amazement, "I don't know what it may be in India, but in England I think a gum-gum has very much the same meaning as a humbug."

"How illiberal! how envious!" said every body as they made for the cabin, fully impressed with a belief of the captain's amazing adventures. Helves was the sole lion for the remainder of the day—impudence and the marvellous are sure passports to any society.

The party had by this time reached their destination, and put about on their return home. The wind, which had been with them the whole day, was now directly in their teeth; the weather had become gradually more and more overcast; and the sky, water, and shore, were all of that dull, heavy, uniform lead-colour which house-painters daub in the first instance over a street door which is gradually approaching a state of convalescence. It had been "spitting" with rain for the last half hour, and it now began to pour in good earnest. The wind was freshening very fast, and the "jolly young waterman" at the wheel had unequivocally expressed his opinion that there would shortly be a squall. A slight emotion on the part of the vessel now and then, seemed to suggest the possibility of its pitching to a very uncomfortable extent in the event of its blowing harder; and every timber began to creak as if the boat were an overladen clothes basket. Sea-sickness, however, is like a belief in ghosts—every one entertains some misgivings on the subject, but few will acknowledge them. The majority of the company, therefore, endeavoured to look peculiarly happy, feeling all the while especially miserable.

"Don't it rain?" enquired the old gentleman before noticed, when, by dint of squeezing and jamming, they were all seated at table.

"I think it does—a little," replied Mr. Percy Noakes, who could hardly hear himself speak, in consequence of the pattering on the deck.

"Don't it blow?" enquired some one else.

"No—I don't think it does," responded Hardy, sincerely wishing that he could persuade himself

it did not, for he sat near the door, and was almost blown off his seat.

"It'll soon clear up," said Mr. Percy Noakes, in a cheerful tone.

"Oh, certainly," ejaculated the committee generally.

"No doubt of it," said the remainder of the company, whose attention was now pretty well engrossed by the serious business of eating, carving, taking wine, and so forth. The throbbing motion of the engine was but too perceptible. There was a large substantial cold boiled leg of mutton at the bottom of the table, shaking like blanc-mange; a hearty sirloin of beef looked as if it had been suddenly seized with the palsy; and some tongues, which were placed on dishes rather too large for them, were going through the most surprising evolutions, darting from side to side, and from end to end, like a fly in an inverted wine-glass. Then the sweets shook and trembled till it was quite impossible to help them, and people gave up the attempt in despair; and the pigeon-pies looked as if the birds, whose legs were stuck outside, were trying to get them in. The table vibrated and started like a feverish pulse, and the very legs were slightly convulsed—every thing was shaking and jarring. The beams in the roof of the cabin seemed as if they were put there for the sole purpose of giving people head-aches, and several elderly gentlemen became ill-tempered in consequence. As fast as the steward put the fire-irons up, they would fall down again; and the more the ladies and gentlemen tried to sit comfortably on their seats, the more the seats seemed to slide away from the ladies and gentlemen. Several ominous demands were made for small glasses of brandy, the countenances of the company gradually underwent the most extraordinary changes; and one gentleman was observed suddenly to rush from table without the slightest ostensible reason, and dart up the steps with incredible swiftness, thereby greatly damaging both himself and the steward, who happened to be coming down at the same moment.

The cloth was removed: the dessert was laid on the table, and the glasses were filled. The motion of the boat increased; several members of the party began to feel rather vague and misty, and looked as if they had only just got up. The young gentleman with the spectacles who had been in a fluctuating state for some time—one moment jolly, and another dismal, like a revolving light on the sea-coast—rashly announced his wish to propose a toast. After several ineffectual attempts to preserve his perpendicular, the young gentleman, having managed to hook himself to the centre leg of the table with his left hand, proceeded as follows:—

"Ladies and gentlemen. A gentleman is among us—I may say a stranger—(here some painful thought seemed to strike the orator; he paused, and looked extremely odd) whose talents, whose travels, whose cheerfulness"——

"I beg your pardon, Edkins," hastily interrupted Mr. Percy Noakes. "Hardy, what's the matter?"

"Nothing," replied the 'funny gentleman,' who had just life enough left to utter two consecutive syllables.

"Will you have some brandy?"

"No," replied Hardy, in a tone of great indignation, and looking about as comfortable as Temple Bar in a Scotish mist; "what should I want brandy for?"

"Will you go on deck?"

"No, I will not." This was said with a most determined air, and in a voice which might have been taken for an imitation of any thing; it was quite as much like a guinea-pig as a bassoon.

"I beg your pardon, Edkins," said the courteous Percy, "I thought our friend was ill. Pray go on."

A pause.

"Pray go on."

"Mr. Edkins *is* gone," cried somebody.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the steward, running up to Mr. Percy Noakes, "I beg your pardon, sir, but the gentleman as just went on deck—him with the green spectacles—is uncommon bad to be sure; and the young man as played the wiolin says, that unless he has some brandy he can't answer for the consequences. He says he has a wife and two children, whose werry subsistence depends on his breaking a wessle, and that he expects to do so every moment. The flageolet's been werry ill, but he's better, only he's in such a dreadful prusperation."

All disguise was now useless; the company staggered on deck; the gentlemen tried to see nothing but the clouds; and the ladies, muffled up in such shawls and cloaks as they had brought with them, laid about on the seats and under the seats, in the most wretched condition. Never was such a blowing, and raining, and pitching, and tossing endured by a pleasure party before. Several remonstrances were sent down below on the subject of Master Fleetwood, but they were totally unheeded in consequence of the indisposition of his natural protectors. That interesting child screamed at the very top of his voice, until he had no voice left to scream with, and then Miss Wakefield began, and screamed for the remainder of the passage.

Mr. Hardy was observed some hours afterwards in an attitude which induced his friends to suppose that he was busily engaged in contemplating the beauties of the deep; they only regretted that his taste for the picturesque should lead him to remain so long in a position, very injurious at all times, but especially so to an individual labouring under a tendency of blood to the head. Having been for some months past subject to indigestion, and loss of appetite, he was recently persuaded to try a keener air and a more northern climate for the removal of the one, and the improvement of the other. We are credibly informed that he was present at the Edinburgh dinner, and, moreover, that he is the individual to whose eager appetite on that occasion we find allusion made in *The Morning Chronicle* of a few days since.

The party arrived off the Custom-house at about two o'clock on the Thursday morning—dispirited and worn out. The Tauntons were too ill to quarrel with the Briggs's, and the Briggs's were too wretched to annoy the Tauntons. One of the guitar cases was lost on its passage to a hackney-

coach, and Mrs. Briggs has not scrupled to state that the Tauntons bribed a porter to throw it down an area. Mr. Alexander Briggs opposes vote by ballot—he says from personal experience of its inefficacy; and Mr. Samuel Briggs, whenever he is asked to express his sentiments on the point, says that he has no opinion on that or any other subject.

Mr. Edkins—the young gentleman in the green spectacles—makes a speech on every occasion on which a speech can possibly be made, the eloquence of which can only be equaled by its length. In the event of his not being previously appointed to a judgeship, it is most probable that he will practise as a barrister in the New Central Criminal Court.

Captain Helves continued his attentions to Miss Julia Briggs, whom he might possibly have espoused, if it had not unfortunately happened that Mr. Samuel arrested him in the way of business, pursuant to instructions received from Messrs. Scroggins and Payne, whose town debts the gallant captain had condescended to collect, but whose accounts—with the indiscretion so peculiar to military minds—he had omitted to keep with that dull accuracy which custom has rendered necessary. Mrs. Taunton complains that she has been much deceived in him. He introduced himself to the family on board a Gravesend steam-packet, and certainly, therefore, ought to have proved respectable.

Mr. Percy Noakes is as light-hearted and careless as ever. We have described him as a general favourite in his private circle—we hope he may find a kindly disposed friend or two in public.

Boz.

FOUNDLINGS.

The "Revue Encyclopedique" gives some very interesting information relative to the children who are abandoned by their parents throughout France, and who are supported in the hospitals and other institutions of the country. The "Revue" states, that according to official accounts that have been made since the year 1819, the number of foundlings had increased from 99,346 to 122,981. The last number was during the year 1831, since which period no accounts have been made up. According to the law, the male children should be placed on board the vessels of the royal navy, but the captains are so averse to take them, on account of their birth, that but very few are employed in this manner. They are under the care of the nurses until they arrive at the age of twelve years, from which time, until they arrive at the age of majority, they are employed in the fields, and in various ways, but do not receive any salary for their labour. After the age of twenty-one, they are turned into the world to seek their own subsistence. According to the statistics of the mortality among these children, it appears that formerly nine died out of every ten before attaining the age of twelve years. At the present time the average is about one in three. In 1830, one hundred and ninety-eight died out of five hundred and ninety-three, who were admitted into the hospital of Montpelier. This amelioration is accounted for by the increased sum which has been allowed for the children's support, and likewise to the visits of the medical gentlemen who have by a recent regulation been appointed to that service.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE CONFESSIONS OF WM. SHAKSPEARE.

"With this key
Shakspeare unlock'd his heart."

About the year 1583, a license company of comedians was first formed in London by her majesty the queen. She was at that time in the fullest pride of her womanhood, and walked amid the gallant service of the Sidneys and the Raleighs. But the endowment of this company of poor players turned out, beyond all these, the most graceful feather in her cap. High fellows they were; poor as a queen's servants may be, but proud as creators of kings and queens have a good right to be. Poverty had no vulgar terrors to them. The strolling player in "Gil Blas," who soaks his dry crusts in the fresh spring by the road side, has been pointed to as a perfect picture of human felicity; yet theirs was far more perfect. They had always a spell in their wits, if not in their purses, to conjure up a cup of good wine with, and that is better than water. They drank it, and threw the lees away.

Now among these gentleman actors there happened to be several from Warwickshire. Richard Burbadge, their great tragedian—Thomas Green, their best comic actor and writer—Hart and Heminge—were all Warwickshire men. It may be supposed what a stir their new reputation must have made in their native county. Think of "no one being counted a gentleman that knows not Dick Burbadge!" What little emotions of ambition must not that have given birth to among the youths who heard of it! As for the women, no wonder it soon fell out that there was not "a countrywoman that could dance Sillenger's Round, but could talk of Dick Burbadge and Tom Green." But there were mightier results to follow. Green's native place was Stratford-upon-Avon, and at Stratford-upon-Avon young Shakspeare lived:—

"I prattled poesie in my nurse's arms;
And, born where late our Swan of Avon sung,
In Avon's streams we both of us have laved."*

As time passed, it had found the pleasant and light-hearted Green in deeper waters, through which his slight sail of mirth and wit was yet bearing him merrily. It is delightful to think that, as he then remembered his young townsman, and invited him to join the troop in London, he may have anticipated, with a beautiful unselfishness, the greater glories that greater genius would achieve. Suddenly, about the year 1586, William Shakspeare left his home at Stratford, his wife and his three infant children, and started for London alone—with what mighty, but indistinct, anticipations!

He joined the Blackfriar's theatre, and became an actor there. It is impossible to suppose that he had not now within his mind gleaming foreshadows of the creations with which he afterwards enriched and blessed the world. But their time was not yet come. His marvellous genius, which told him all things, told him to win his way quietly, modestly, unobtrusively. He offered to alter plays, to amend and rewrite scenes. One production was brought to him after another. Fancy the amazement of the poor original authors when their works came back with the touches of that divine hand! It soon fell out that plays altered by him had a surer market than plays written by others. Then sprang up envy, even in his modest and gentle way. "There is an upstart crow," says an ill-natured writer, alluding evidently to Shakspeare, "beautified with our feathers, that, with his tiger's heart, wrapped in a player's hide, supposes he is able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes Factotum, is, in his own conceit, the only Shake-scene in the country."

This was in 1591. His fellow-actors were now pre-

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* A prologue spoken by Green.

pared for him. In 1593 he threw off the restraint of labouring for others, and burst out upon the town in the full plenitude of his own power and genius. What he was at the end he was at the beginning. His youth knew no imperfection; his more advanced years knew no decay. When the bowl indeed was broken, it was broken at the fountain. Never did such a career open upon any of the sons of men as now opened upon young Shakspeare. He did, indeed, shake every scene in the country; and the naked room of every theatre, with the rough blankets that hung therein for curtains, became, under his divine influence, "a field for monarchs"—and for creatures, greater than monarchs, whose majesties were destined to outlive all chances of the world, and whose glories could never grow dim. Every passion he subdued to his use; —all the vices and all the virtues stood plain before him;—the world of nature laid all her treasures at his feet;—the word of spirits revealed her most fantastic beauties and her deepest mysteries;—the oaks of Ardenne for him put on their green;—and at his bidding the circling spirits hovered round the ship in a tempest far at sea. But what seemed stranger than all, was the absence of all trace of "authorship" from these glorious writings. All the men of genius then had their separate characteristics. Shakspeare alone was universal. The various works of his contemporaries had always a certain personal stamp of style, and sometimes, through the shadow of imaginary forms, they painted but the secret workings of their own hearts. He alone stood above all reach of personal recognition. Like a god, and not "a man of our infirmity," he called forth A WORLD into separate existence, and set it spinning through the clear heaven of intellect, as one entire and perfect sphere of humanity. When its glorious creatures came successively in sight, men's thoughts were not of Shakspeare.

> "Oh wonder!
> How many goodly creatures are there here!
> How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
> That has such people in't!"

And the modest creator sat mean while, it might be, at the Mermaid, or fretted his hour upon the stage at Blackfriars, a gentle and unassuming man! I have the strongest assurance that we must take the very glory of Shakspeare's genius, its wonderful universality, as the secret of his own want of entire appreciation among his great contemporaries. For surely, beautiful as some of the tributes are that they have paid to him, they cannot have been paid as to the author of the works on which two centuries have set their seal as the rarest that ever came from man. Personal affection, as it seems to me, predominates in these tributes, rather than that higher feeling of reverent and loving homage which should have been his, and his alone. Else why, in addition to these, have we no personal records of the life of Shakspeare? No one cared to write about him even the scantiest records of his life, till the affectionate zeal of Betterton took him to Stratford, in the succeeding age, to make enquiries for the poet Rowe, who thereupon built up a biography, which Mr. Malone has laboriously thrown down—writing a large book about Shakspeare to prove that nothing can be written, and adducing whole troops and squadrons of facts to prove that no fact can be stated with certainty, except those momentous two which are furnished by the register of Stratford and authenticated by nature herself—that he was born and died. Nor, in saying this, do I mean to impute any reproach to the contemporaries of Shakspeare. Generosity is natural to the generosity and strength of genius; and I believe them to have been incapable of any mean or sordid jealousy. They are themselves a divine portion of the "sons of memory—the great heirs of fame," and have themselves bequeathed to us a legacy of beautiful and immortal thoughts. They are of the same brood with Shakspeare, though he stands among them more proudly eminent. My meaning simply is, that the genius which gave birth successively to Hamlet, to Falstaff, and to Lear, was too universal for personal reference. Men thought of nature, not of one of nature's children. All sense of admiration and wonder of the higher sort went to the great spirit of humanity of which these writings seemed the pure emanation; and the only tribute which found its way to Shakspeare was one of personal affection. His success, however, as a mere worldly matter, gave him of course a higher place in society; and he no longer visits the Mermaid and the Mitre as a poor player merely, but with the acceptance and esteem of a successful writer. It is characteristic to mark what Ben Jonson says: "I loved *the man*," is his first fervent expression. "I do honour to his memory on this side idolatry as much as any," is a nobler tribute, educed, however, by a counter reproach. He turns again, too, it will be noticed, instantly after, to the more personal attributes of Shakspeare. "He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature, had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, *wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped.*" The last touch is exquisite. It lets us into many a scene that must have occurred at the taverns then, and may now again be passing in the taverns of Elysium. The wit of Shakspeare must have proved too good a match for the learning of Ben! "It was necessary he should be stopped." We have no doubt of it.

"Many," says Fuller, "were the wit combats between him (Shakspeare) and Ben Jonson, which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson (like the former) was built far higher in learning; solid, but slow in his performances. Shakspeare, like an English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, would turn with all the tides, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention." This is a very lively picture, and makes us long for an earlier Boswell to that earlier and greater Jonson. As it is, however, we have some notion of the footing on which Shakspeare stood. A personal welcome to begin with, his wit to answer all the rest, and not a word from either side to intimate the divinity of his genius. No one "stands still with awful eye." It is hail fellow, well met—in the theatre alone men bowed before the agonies of Othello's passion, the sublime terrors of Macbeth's imagination—there alone they dreamt with the philosophic Hamlet over the riddle of life, to find in death the sole solution of its mystery! Is he who now enters the Mermaid with that light and buoyant step the author of these wonderful creations? Is that the demi-god of genius, the master of spirits and of men? See how he enters, unconscious of any superiority, and open and unassuming as a child. It is only as the wine stirs, and the potent Jonson gets rather dictatorial, that those quiet flashes of wit glance forth against him. We may suppose, in addition, the quiet under-current of satire, half pleasant, half scornful, which must have run through the mind of Shakspeare as he saw the younger poets turn to Jonson, as the great arbiter of their fate; waiting for his nod, as the sign of doom; and leaping for very joy in their hearts, as, out of that oracular chair of his—the town chair of poetry, wisdom, and scholarship—he pronounced them, with affectionate conceit, his "sons," and proceeded to "seal them of the tribe of Ben." But this ran, we dare be sworn, an under-current merely. It never ventured itself to the surface in the shape of severity or scorn. The more learned assumptions of Jonson were those, we are to suppose, he twitted him about, making all merry meanwhile, and adding to the sociality by his jests. It is by no means to be concluded from this that Shakspeare disrelished learning, or did not himself admit it in a gallant and airy spirit, and as a social

grace. It was only the Jonsonian shape of it he thought a fair subject for quizzing. Hear him speaking for himself at the Mitre in a happy vein of festive wit:—

"Give me a cup of rich Canary wine,
Which was the Mitre's once, and now is mine;
Of which, had Horace and Anacreon tasted,
Their lives as well as lines till now had lasted."

And the worthy Richard Jackson, whose manuscript hands this down to us, inserts a dramatic direction in the second line at the end of the fourth word—thus, "[drinks]" And so the life of Shakspeare passed—according to the chance records of the time. He wrote the mightiest works that have been given to man, and sought no personal association with them. He received none. As each of these works appeared, they merged, as it were, into the general and universal spirit to which they indeed of right belonged—the spirit of humanity. They became a portion of the great heart of the world. He, meanwhile, from whom they first proceeded, continued to walk through life's common way; laying on his heart the lowliest duties; assisting his fellow-actors to pass life merrily as they might; and—secure of the everlasting existence of those shapes of beauty he had sent into the world to be to it "joys for ever"—for himself, in the estimation of posterity, he betrayed no care. Mr. Lamb has said there is a magnanimity even in authorship. Is it not here? if the term of authorship can indeed be applied to Shakspeare. Posterity has certainly, in his case, taken care that nothing was lost by such noble modesty. Shakspeare is now only less than worshipped;—it is esteemed an honour to speak the tongue he spake;—and from the period of his death till now men have listened with untired ears to the music of his name, and have done little in their untired hearts but vary the music of his thoughts. *His* thoughts do we say? Which are his thoughts? Those of Hamlet? most like they may be! for, of all the characters in those immortal plays, Hamlet's intellect comes nearest to our notion of that which must have given them birth; and it seems rather meant to express the workings of an individual nature, the variations of an individual mind, a picture of moral unity, than to shadow forth the interest of general life, of passionate events or passion. But yet what assurance can we have that the thoughts of Hamlet are *his* thoughts—that those of Sir John Falstaff are not rather his—or that Lear may not yet more sternly feature forth the gigantic proportions of his immortal mind, and the little vexations of his mortal temper? Alas! say the commentators, we have none—no assurance can ever be had now for the enquiring mind of posterity. Alas! said Mr. George Chalmers, what a pity that we are not let into any of the secrets of Shakspeare's domesticity, his friendship, his amusements, his private character! Alas! echoes Mr. Steevens, it is indeed a pity; we know nothing of him but that he was born in Stratford, married, and had children, came to London and wrote plays, went back to Stratford, made his will, and died. Are you sure you know all that? shrewdly asks Mr. Malone, setting to work to sap the foundations of even the few facts we have. Oh, these commentators, how heavy they do lie upon Shakspeare! The earth, it is to be hoped, lies much lighter upon them.

Dear reader, believe not the commentators. I have suffered this illusion of questioning to be carried on too long in this brief paper. An emphatic answer could have been given earlier. Shakspeare himself *has* written of himself: Shakspeare himself *has* told of his loves and his friendships, and of those inner thoughts that alone stamp the character; Shakspeare himself has described the wayward moods of his mortal mind, and the wayward turns of his mortal fate; Shakspeare himself has unconsciously left for the world's gaze a picture, to contrast strangely, but in deep truth, with his glories of the theatre, and with his gaiety of the Mermaid and the Mitre; Shakspeare himself, from the sublime solitude into which the very might of his genius must ever and anon have plunged him, has sent forth audible sighs which are breathing still, and may still be heard amidst the throbbings of his mighty heart! Shakspeare, in one word, has written down his confessions, AND THESE CONFESSIONS STILL REMAIN.

It was, I find, about the year 1598 that an allusion first appeared in some writings of Shakspeare, undesigned for publication. In that year a book named "The Wit's Treasury" was published, written by one Meres, who indulged himself in an allusion to the poet after the following strain:—"As the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakspeare." Witness, Mr. Meres proceeded, startling greatly all who had not heard of them, witness "his sugared sonnets among his private friends."

Now in those days there lived a certain bookseller of doubtful authenticity, a sort of Edmund Curll, in truth, whose ungentlemanly transgressions beyond the honour of the business greatly shocked the sober Lintots and judicious Tonsons of the time. But Providence selects its instruments, and Mr. Jaggard has found favour with posterity. As soon as he saw this "note of Meres," he set to work to ferret out these sonnets, and scrape them together for a volume. He succeeded in collecting several, and published them accordingly, in defiance of the author and of all remonstrance, the following year. I fear he would scarcely have been incited to this but for some little matters of personal scandal that were in them, and for that the person whom they affected mainly was now becoming of some substance in the world, having just appeared as in part proprietor, as well as actor of the Globe theatre. This I gather from a curious document produced lately by the ingenious and learned Mr. Collier, in which the name of Shakspeare stands fifth in a list of the owners and actors of the Globe. It was not till 1609 that another publication of these sonnets took place, when a certain W. H., as I take it, performed the office of collector to those that had been written between that year and 1599, and carried the whole to Thomas Thorpe, who, in gratitude, dedicated the volume to his nameless benefactor.

These sonnets, then, are the PERSONAL CONFESSIONS of Shakspeare. They record his loves, his friendships, and his character, as I have already described them. They express (as it has been finely said the sonnet is fitted to express) "some fee grief due to the poet's breast;" they are sighs uttered from the fulness of his heart, which breathe forth its secretest emotions; they record the sweetest pieces of self-denial, and of jealous self-watchfulness; they tell us a variety of personal anecdotes of all sorts; they are, in short, transcripts of the writer's own mind in all its changes from joy to sorrow, and in the loftiest aspect of its intellect as in the lowliest of its daily fortunes. Into what wonderful secrets do they not admit us, what strange incidents do they not disclose! Think of the very inmost feelings of such a heart—of the depths of such a peculiar and solitary spirit, solitary in the very vastness of its sympathies! If the reader may find it worth his while to follow me, I venture to think that I am able to derive from these sonnets such a series of personal experiences, and such personal lessons of exquisite truth and wisdom, as it has rarely been permitted to man to breathe to himself, or to leave unconsciously on record to succeeding men. And how recorded! With what disinterested sentiment, what profound thought, what refinement, what love of nature! What glory does he not add to his thoughts of love, with what exquisite beauty does he not redeem his sorrows! They tell of obstacles, of severe struggles, of poverty, of contumely, of neglect—yet they are not dark with tears. For see,

beyond, even out of these splendid colours, these noble words, these lovely thoughts, the rainbow of hope springs up. At least the reader shall see it—if he will take me for his guide. I believe I have discovered many of the most hidden allusions in these poems, though there are many that must still remain impenetrable. For surely, in such a soul as that of Shakspeare, there must ever be unsounded abysses, which it would be but questionable philosophy to undertake very readily to fathom.

It shall be the object of a second paper to throw into succinct arrangement a most remarkable piece of autobiography (the most remarkable, perhaps, ever placed on distinct record), derived from these sonnets. Meanwhile, the space which remains shall be occupied with some remarks on a few of those thoughts and allusions that are in them, which I find explained even by the little that is known to us of the actual circumstances of Shakspeare's life. The most unbelieving of my readers may perhaps be content to exercise their reason, if not their faith, in arguing thus from the known to the unknown. It is proper perhaps to throw out this as a sop for Pagans, though it is not by any means for such as them that these pages are written.

The mention of these persons, however, reminds me to quote a passage of authority on the subject, from a very eminent writer, which may probably induce many most reasonable readers to follow me with a more implicit and confiding faith through the task I have undertaken. The quotation is due also in justice to the writer. The passage, I should remark, however, has only come under my notice since I began this article. Augustus William Schlegel, in his masterly criticisms on Shakspeare, remarks on the extraordinary deficiency of critical acumen in the commentators, that none of them, as far as he knows, have ever thought of availing themselves of his sonnets for tracing the history of his life. "These sonnets," proceeds that great critic, "paint most unequivocally the actual situation and sentiments of the poet, and they enable us to become acquainted with the passions of the man." I had not seen this passage when I began to write, but I am most proud to follow in the steps of so great an authority; one which will have the effect, too, I trust, of bringing along with me all the more scrupulous order of believers. The remark, however, strongly forces itself upon me, that the conduct of the commentators, in this matter, is less surprising than that Schlegel, having thus expressed himself, should stop here. It is easier to forgive the commentators than to forgive him. The excuse of ignorance is at least something, and the commentators have it on their side in its most emphatic form. When Mr. Steevens says that the strongest act of parliament, framed on purpose, would never compel people to read these sonnets, we cannot help thinking Mr. Steevens an idiot on that point, and treating him accordingly. When Schlegel employs the language we have just quoted, and fails to follow it up with a realisation of its own suggestion, we must even complain of Schlegel. He has left the task to very humble hands. What would we give to have seen it in his own!—that is now impossible. Above all, what would we not give, what sacrifices would we not make, to see it in the yet more Shakspearian hands of a countryman of our own—the deepest, the most apprehensive of critics—the noblest of humanists,—the purest, most modest, and most delightful of all prose writers—respected, admired, and loved Charles Lamb! *May that be possible still!**

As I write this, I have taken down a volume of Mr. Lamb's works, and opened on the following passage. It is the only one, I believe, in which he has alluded to the sonnets of Shakspeare; but it shows in how fine a spirit he would have treated the subject. I quote it for that reason, and because it has reference to one of the subjects I had intended to remark upon in concluding this paper. It occurs in the masterly essay on the tragedies of Shakspeare, considered with reference to their fitness for stage representation. (Works, vol. ii. p. 1.) Mr. Lamb is commenting indignantly on the circumstance of Garrick's having been called a kindred mind with Shakespeare's. "Did not Garrick shine, and was he not ambitious of shining, in every drawling tragedy that his wretched day produced—the productions of the Hills and the Murphys and the Browns—and shall he have that honour to dwell in our minds for ever as an inseparable concomitant with Shakspeare? A kindred mind! O who can read that affecting sonnet of Shakspeare which alludes to his profession as a player—

> "Oh, for my sake, do you with fortune chide,
> The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
> That did not better for my life provide
> Than public means which public manners breeds.
> Thence comes it that my name receives a brand;
> And almost thence my nature is subdued
> To what it works in, like the dyer's hand—"

Or that other confession—

> "Alas! 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
> And made myself a motley to the view:
> Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear—"

Who can read these instances of jealous self-watchfulness in our sweet Shakspeare, and dream of any congeniality between him, and one that, by every tradition of him, appears to have been as mere a player as ever existed?" These are, indeed, affecting passages which Mr. Lamb has quoted, and, with something of this sort, inexpressibly interesting and touching, the majority of the sonnets are burthened. What a thing it is to see a mighty and immortal poet, thus lighting to his individual existence on the common earth, and jostled by the mortal crowd! How touching, in all respects, are the circumstances! These two sonnets, I find, were published in Jaggard's first surreptitious collection, and must, therefore, have been written early; perhaps before he had thrown off any of his greater works, and while the dogs of necessity were still goading him on to common labours, already faded and panting in spirit from their worldly chase. But yet observe; he *performs* his duties—he plays at the theatre as usual—he does not shrink from that; he goes afterwards, perhaps, to the Mermaid or the Mitre, and keeps up the semblance of gaiety there—but the rack only stands still! In the solitude of his spirit, his spirit falls back upon itself, and its own mighty communings. I can fancy the horror with which the thought first crossed him, that as a mere task-worker he might cease to think his own thoughts—become subdued to the thoughts of others from daily working in them, and daily speaking them—and be at last unable to give forth those wonderful creations with the throes of which his breast must have been heaving them! There were moments when Raphael fancied himself no painter; there may have been moments when Shakspeare feared he could not write "Hamlet" or "Othello." The touching allusion, in the second sonnet, to his "goring" his own thoughts, and selling cheap "what is most dear," with the exquisite line which follows (omitted in Mr. Lamb's quotation),

> "Made old offences of affections new,"

seem to me to intimate that, whatever may have been his success as an actor with the audience, in impressing on *them* the meaning of the scene, he most assuredly went for his acting to the only sure source—his own heart.

* This hope is vain. As I correct these sheets I hear from one of his most honoured friends that that fine writer is no more.

Well might he say, he sold cheap what is most dear, since he "coined his heart for drachmas." His own thoughts he gored, that he might express the thoughts of others—his own affections, newly reaped, he turned into a harvest of profit for others, tampering with them, and changing them—and for what? How many shillings a week had Shakspeare for his acting?

But a more interesting question is, What sort of acting was it? I have a shrewd suspicion, from the evidences of these sonnets, and from other sources I will name, that it must have been fine—as far in advance, indeed, of his contemporaries and of his audience, as his writing was. At least, if this may not be conceded, Lingo's amusing plea will, perhaps, be allowed: "A scholar! I am a master of scholars!" Shakspeare was unquestionably, if not an actor, a master of actors. Witness his noble advice to the players in "Hamlet;" that admirable dialogue on acting and "playing the big tragedian," between Richard and Buckingham; and a thousand other evidences throughout his plays. But this is not all. The author of the "Roscius Anglicanus" distinctly states, on excellent authority, that Shakspeare himself specially taught Taylor to play Hamlet, and Lowin to play Henry the Eighth: he himself was content with the Ghost. Rowe says it was his top performance: and a noble performance I imagine it to have been. What a sense of the poetry, what an awful and most imaginative impressiveness must have been there! I would venture much that, as Taylor in Hamlet described the "piteous action" of Shakspeare in the Ghost, the audience must have felt, as it were humanly in their hearts, even that awful visitation. Another of his parts, too, known to have been acted by him, was that of Adam in "As you like it." How characteristic of the heart of the man (as the other had been of his imagination) to select this piece of beautiful and pathetic devotion! How sure a proof that he was equal to its noblest expressions! Aubrey distinctly states, indeed, that he "did act exceedingly well." I am very sure of it: but we have seen in what way his jealous self-watchfulness fancied acting might hurt his mind, and there may have been other reasons to disgust him with the profession. Honest John Davies, of Hereford, wrote to him jocosely,—

> "Some say, good Will, which I in sport do sing,
> Hadst thou not played some kingly parts in sport,
> Thou hadst been a companion for a king,
> And been a king among the meaner sort!"

but there was truth in this jest; and it is impossible to think that it can have other than revolted his fine nature to exhibit himself "a motley to the view" of the fops who, in those days, had the privilege of sitting on the stage; to be hustled perhaps, and impertinently addressed by a noble pimp of a fellow with his "tobacco-pipe in his mouth," in "a jerkin cudgeled with gold lace," with "a hat scarce pipkin high," and "a poniard on his thigh," as they are graphically described for us, sitting on the stage laughing, it might be, in the face of Macbeth or Lear. Add to all this the suggestion I began with—that his acting was probably in advance of his time. And what is an actor without applause? The war-horse without the trumpet. An actor must feel his living triumph, for but a slight one can survive him. At all events, Shakspeare seized the first opportunity of quitting the stage. In 1603 he played Sejanus in Ben Jonson's play: and this is the last date at which I find his name. When Volpone was acted, in 1605, his name does not appear. The truth is, that, in 1603 he appears, from the license dated in that year, to have accomplished the purchase of a larger share in the Globe theatre, and the first use he made of his new power was to take his own name from the list of actors!

I had intended to close this paper with some striking proofs of Shakspeare's strong sense of the immortality of his writings, but of the uncertainty of his own name surviving along with them,—a feeling I have already strongly insisted on as entertained, in some degree, by his contemporaries, and in these confessions of his thus strangely corroborated by himself. But I find that for the present I must conclude. My task has been no unpleasant one, and I trust I have found in the kindness of the reader some encouragement to proceed with it.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE BILLET DOUX.

BY L. E. L.

Yes! sweet letter, I will keep thee
Years—alas! it may be years;
Midnight's lonely hour shall steep thee
With the tenderest, truest tears.
'Tis his last—his farewell letter,
Doomed 'mid distant lands to rove;
He may find a brighter, better,
Never a more faithful love.

Yet to such vain fear replying,
When the days pass long and lone;
Still my heart, on his relying,
For his truth will pledge its own.
Ah! the love from childhood cherished
Links a sweet and household tie;
If such old affection perished,
All life's early hopes must die.

He will think, when summer weather
Lights some foreign forest glade,
How we used to roam together
In the greenwood's golden shade.
When strange flowers are round him blowing,
Purple in their eastern pride;
He'll recall the wild ones growing
By his native river's side.

On some stranger's hearth when gazing
With a home awakened heart,
He'll but see the wood fire blazing
Where we wont to sit apart.
All life's dearest links enthrall thee,
Wheresoever thou may'st roam;
Every thought that can recall me,
Must recall, too, youth and home.

Yes! I see the gliding motion
Of his vessel on the deep;
Oh, thou far and fearful ocean,
Carefully my loved one keep.
Ah, ye white sails slowly sweeping,
Like the wings of some vast bird,
Stay one moment for my weeping:
Let my last farewell be heard.

Tell him how each morning breathing
Shall my constant prayer ascend;
How the earliest flowers enwreathing,
I shall at our altar bend.
May St. Geneviève watch o'er him,
Every night I'll seek her shrine;
May she to his home restore him,
To a home that will be mine."

EPIGRAM

ON SIR JOHN ANSTRUTHER, A JUDGE.

Why is Sir John Anstruther Necessity's brother?
Necessity knows no law—no more does Anstruther.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

AUDUBON'S ORNITHOLOGICAL BIOGRAPHY.*

We were sitting, one night lately, all alone by ourselves, almost unconsciously eyeing the embers, fire without flame, in the many visioned grate, but at times aware of the symbols and emblems there beautifully built up, of the ongoings of human life, when a knocking, not loud but resolute, came to the front door, followed by the rustling thrill of the bell-wire, and then by a tinkling far below, too gentle to waken the house that continued to enjoy the undisturbed dream of its repose. At first we supposed it might be but some late home-going knight-errant from a feast of shells, in a mood, "between malice and true love," seeking to disquiet the slumbers of old Christopher, in expectation of seeing his night-cap (which he never wears) popped out of the window, and of hearing his voice (of which he is chary in the open air) simulating a scold upon the audacious sleep-breaker. So we benevolently laid back our head on our easy-chair, and pursued our speculations on the state of affairs in general —and more particularly on the floundering fall of that inexplicable people—the whigs. We had been wondering, and of our wondering found no end, what could have been their chief reasons for committing suicide. It appeared a case of very singular *felo-de-se*—for they had so timed the "rash act," as to excite strong suspicions in the public mind that his majesty had committed murder. Circumstances, however, had soon come to light, that proved to demonstration that the wretched ministry had laid violent hands on itself, and effected its purpose by strangulation. There—was the fatal black ring visible round the neck—though a mere thread; there—were the blood-shot eyes protruding from the sockets; there—the lip-biting teeth clenched in the last convulsions; and there—sorriest sight of all—was the ghastly suicidical smile, last relic of the laughter of despair. But the knocking would not leave the door—and listening to its character, we were assured that it came from the fist of a friend, who saw light through the chinks of the shutter, and knew, moreover, that we never put on the shroud of death's pleasant brother sleep, till "ae wee short hour ayont the twal," and often not till earliest cock-crow, which chanticleer utters somewhat drowsily, and then replaces his head beneath his wing, supported on one side by a partlet, on the other by a hen. So we gathered up our slippered feet from the rug, lamp in hand stalked along the lobbies, unchained and unlocked the oak which our faithful night porter Somnus had sported—and lo! a figure muffled up in a cloak, and furred like a Russ, who advanced familiarly into the hall, extended both hands, and then embracing us, bade God bless us, and pronounced, with somewhat of a foreign accent, the name in which we and the world rejoice—"Christopher North!" We were not slow in returning the hug fraternal—for who was it but the "American Woodsman?"—even Audubon himself—fresh from the Floridas—and breathing of the pure air of far-off Labrador!

Three years and upwards had fled since we had taken farewell of the illustrious ornithologist—on the same spot—at the same hour; and there was something ghost-like in such return of a dear friend from a distant region—almost as if from the land of spirits. It seemed as if the same moon again looked at us—but then she was wan and somewhat sad—now clear as a diamond, and all the starry heavens wore a smile. "Our words they were na mony feck"—but in less time than we have taken to write it—we two were sitting cheek by jowl, and hand in hand, by that essential fire—while we showed by our looks that we both felt, now they were over, that three years were but as one day! The cane coal-scuttle, instinct with spirit, beeted the fire of its own accord, without word or beck of ours, as if placed there by the hands of one of our wakeful Lares; in globe of purest crystal the Glenlivet shone; unasked the bright brass kettle began "to whisper its sweet under song;" and a centenary of the fairest oysters native to our isle turned towards us their languishing eyes, unseen the Nereid that had on the instant wafted them from the procreant cradle-beds of Prestonpans. Grace said, we drew in to supper, and hobnobbing, from elegant long-shank, down each naturalist's gullet graciously descended, with a gurgle, the mildest, the meekest, the very Moses of Ales.

Audubon, ere half an hour had elapsed, found an opportunity of telling us that he had never seen us in a higher state of preservation—and in a low voice whispered something about the eagle renewing his youth. We acknowledged the kindness by a remark on bold bright birds of passage that find the seasons obedient to their will, and wing their way through worlds still rejoicing in the perfect year. But too true friends were we not to be sincere in all we seriously said; and while Audubon confessed that he saw rather more plainly than when we parted the crow feet in the corners of our eyes, we did not deny that we saw in him an image of the Falco Leucocephalus, for that, looking on his "carum caput," it answered his own description of that "handsome and powerful bird," viz. "the general colour of the plumage above is dull hair-brown, the lower parts being deeply brown, broadly margined with grayish white." But here he corrected us; for "surely, my dear friend," quoth he, "you must admit I am a living specimen of the adult bird, and you remember my description of him in my first volume." And thus blending our gravities and our gaieties, we sat facing one another, each with his last oyster on the prong of his trident, which disappeared, like all mortal joys, between a smile and a sigh.

How similar, in much, our dispositions—yet in almost all how dissimilar our lives! Since last we parted, "we scarcely heard of half a mile from home"—he tanned by the suns and beaten by the storms of many latitudes—we like a ship laid up in ordinary, or anchored close in shore within the same sheltering bay—with sails unfurled and flags flying but for sake of show on

* Volume II. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. London: Longman and Co. 1834.

some holyday—he like a ship that every morning had been dashing through a new world of waves —often close-reefed—or under bare poles—but oftener affronting the heavens with a whiter and swifter cloud than any hoisted by the combined fleets in the sky. And now, with canvass unrent, and masts unsprung, returned to the very buoy she left. Somewhat faded, indeed, in her appareling—but her hull sound as ever—not a speck of dry-rot in her timbers—her keel unscathed by rock—her cut-water yet sharp as new whetted scythe ere the mower renews his toil—her figure-head, that had so often looked out for squalls, now "patient as the brooding dove"—and her bowsprit—but let us man the main-brace; nor is there purer spirit, my trusty frere, in the old world or the new.

It was quite a Noctes. Audubon told us—by snatches—all his travels' history, with many an anecdote interspersed of the dwellers among the woods—bird, beast, and man. It was on the 1st of August, 1831, that he landed at New York, where he spent a few days only, and proceeded to Philadelphia. There he found his kind and firm friends, Harlan, (whom we lately had among us, and whom we knew how to honour,) Wetherell, Pickering, Sully, Norris, Walsh, and other worthies, "a few subscribers, and some diplomas." He had now two assistants, Mr. Ward from London, and a highly talented Swiss, Mr. Leman. At Washington he received from the heads of the government letters of assistance and protection along the frontiers, without which his researches would have been more arduous and less efficient; and all facilities were afforded to him by the president, and many members of the civil, military, and naval departments, who accorded to him whatever he desired at their hands. His fame in Britain had reached all ears in America; and it is our proud happiness to know, that the articles in Maga on his unequaled drawings and manifold merits contributed not a little to the spread of his reputation, having been republished there, and circulated in thousands and tens of thousands. "How pleasing was it," quoth he to us—and the words are now to be found in the introduction to his second volume, published this very day—"to me to find in our republic, young as she is, the promptitude to encourage science occasionally met with in other countries! Methinks I am now bidding adieu to the excellent men who so kindly received me, and am still feeling the pressure of their hands, indicative of a cordial wish for the success of my undertaking. May He who gave me being, and inspired me with a desire to study his wondrous works, grant me the means of proving to my country the devotedness with which I strive to render myself not unworthy of her." Down the broad Chesapeake Bay he proceeded to Norfolk, and thence in another steamer, to Richmond in Virginia, and thence to Charleston in South Carolina. He thus speaks, in his amiable introduction, of his reception there by a brother zoologist of high reputation, the Rev. John Bachman:—

"It was late in the afternoon when we took our lodgings in Charleston. Being fatigued, and having written the substance of my journey to my family, and delivered a letter to the Rev. Mr. Gilman, I retired to rest. At the first glimpse of day the following morning, my assistants and myself were already several miles from the city, commencing our search in the fields and woods, and having procured abundance of subjects both for the pencil and the scalpel, we returned home, covered with mud, and so accoutred as to draw towards us the attention of every person in the streets. As we approached the boarding-house, I observed a gentleman on horseback close to our door. He looked at me, came up, enquired if my name was Audubon, and on being answered in the affirmative, instantly leaped from his saddle, shook me most cordially by the hand—there is much to be expressed and understood by a shake of the hand—and questioned me in so kind a manner, that I for a while felt doubtful how to reply. At his urgent desire, I removed to his house, as did my assistants. Suitable apartments were assigned to us; and once introduced to the lovely and interesting group that composed his family, I seldom passed a day without enjoying their society. Servants, carriages, horses, and dogs were all at our command, and friends accompanied us to the woods and plantations, and formed parties for water excursions. Before I left Charleston, I was truly sensible of the noble and generous spirit of the hospitable Carolinians."

Having sailed for the Floridas, he was driven by adverse winds into a harbour near St. Simon's Island, where "he was so fortunate as to meet with Thomas Butler King, Esq., who, after replenishing his provision stores, subscribed to the 'Birds of America.'" In Florida he sojourned—not idle you may believe—during the winter of 1831-2, and on his return to Charleston passed through Savannah. At Charleston he lived with his friend Bachman, studying and scrutinising along with that enlightened man; and in April, 1832, went on board the revenue cutter "Marion," commanded by Robert Day, "to whose friendly attention I am greatly indebted for the success which I met with in my pursuits, during his cruise along the dangerous coast of East Florida, and amongst the islets that every where rise from the surface of the ocean, like gigantic water-lilies." At that "singular inland Indian Key" he met with every kind of assistance from the authorities; and having examined every part of the coast which it was the duty of the commander of the Marion to approach, "I returned to Charleston with my numerous prizes; and shortly afterwards I bent my course eastward, anxious to keep pace with the birds during their migrations." At Philadelphia (desolated by cholera) he was met by his family, and with them again proceeded to Boston.

"Boston! Ah! reader, my heart fails me when I think of the estimable friends whose society afforded me so much pleasure in that beautiful city, the Athens of our western world. Never, I fear, shall I have it in my power to return a tithe of the hospitality which was there shown towards us, or of the benevolence and generosity which we experienced, and which evidently came from the heart, without the slightest mixture of ostentation. Indeed, I must acknowledge, that although I have been happy in forming many valuable friendships in various parts of the world, all dearly cherished by me, the outpouring of kindness which I experienced at Boston far exceeded all that I have ever met with.

"Who that has visited that fair city, has not admired her site, her universities, her churches, her harbours, the pure morals of her people, the beautiful country around her, gladdened by glimpses of villas, each vying with

another in neatness and elegance? Who that has made his pilgrimage to her far famed Bunker's Hill, entered her not less celebrated Faneuil Hall, studied the history of her infancy, her progress, her indignant patriotism, her bloody strife, and her peaceful prosperity—that has moreover experienced, as I have done, the beneficence of her warm-hearted and amiable sons—and not felt his bosom glow with admiration and love? Think of her Adamses, her Perkins, her Everetts, her Peabodys, Cushings, Quinceys, Storeys, Paines, Greens, Tudors, and Davieses, whose public and private life presents all that we deem estimable, and let them be bright examples of what the citizens of a free land ought to be. But besides these honourable individuals whom I have taken the liberty of mentioning, many others I could speak of with delight, and one I would point out in particular, as he to whom my deepest gratitude is due, one whom I cannot omit mentioning, because, of all the good and the estimable, he it is whose remembrance is most dear to me:—that generous friend is George Parkman."

Leaving Boston he paid a visit to Moose Island, on which stands the last frontier town, boldly facing one of the entrances of the Bay of Fundy —"the climate was cold, but the hearts of the inhabitants of Eastport were warm"—and among them he found many friends. Having resolved to explore the British provinces of New Brunswick, he proceeded to St. John's, and ascending the river of that name, a most beautiful stream, passed a week at Frederickton, and thence higher up the river, below the "Great Falls," re-entered the territory of the United States. At length the day of his departure for Labrador arrived, "the wharf was crowded with all our friends and acquaintances, and as the 'the star-spangled banner' swiftly glided to the mast-head of our buoyant bark, we were surprised and gratified with a salute from the port that towers over the bay. As we passed the revenue cutter at anchor, her brave commander paid us the same honour." Through the Gut of Consso he launched into the broad waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and visited the Magdalene Islands. Having passed the summer in the country of Labrador, on his return to the United States, he touched at Newfoundland, explored some of its woods and rivers, and landed at Pictou, in Nova Scotia. Once again at Boston, "the husband was in the arms of the wife"—they proceeded to New York—and then to Charleston, where he spent the winter, and then visited Baltimore. And after nearly three years of travel and research, behold Audubon again in Britain—with collections innumerable—"and an accession of sixty-three subscribers"—a list most honourable to the United States.

All this and more he told us, with a cheerful voice and animated eyes, while the dusky hours were noiselessly wheeling the chariot of night along the star-losing sky; and we too had something to tell him of our own home-loving obscurity, not ungladdened by studies sweet in the forest—till dawn yoked her dappled coursers for one single slow stage—and then jocund morn leaping up on the box, took the ribbons in her rosy fingers, and, after a dram of dew, blew her bugle, and drove like blazes right on towards the gates of day.

There is a flash of poetry for you—now for a bit of prose.

Before his departure from our shores, Audubon had carefully examined all his unpublished drawings, and since then has made fresh representations of more than a hundred objects which had been painted twenty years before. On his last rambles he has succeeded in obtaining species not known before, and some of those of which Charles Bonaparte and Alexander Wilson had only met with single specimens. In the Floridas and Carolinas he had ample opportunities of determining the numerous species of herons, ibises, pigeons, &c.; and one motive of his journey to Labrador, was to ascertain the summer plumage and mode of breeding of the water-birds, which in spring retire thither for the purpose of rearing their young in security, far from the haunts of man. Besides accomplishing that object, he met there with a few species hitherto undiscovered. Audubon wishes to do away with an erroneous impression received in some quarters, that his work on "The Birds of America" will not terminate till he has added to those of the United States the numerous species of the southern portion of the American continent. But it is stated truly in his prospectus, that his book will be completed in four volumes. He has, however, deviated from his original intention of first publishing *all* the land birds—and therefore volume third will contain the water birds—and in volume fourth he will return to the land birds—"all that remain unpublished, or that may in the mean time be discovered." In the first volume of his Illustrations, there are one hundred plates, and two hundred and forty figures of birds; in the second, the same number of plates, and two hundred and forty-four figures—the number of species in the two together, not described by Wilson, being forty-six. There are as great or greater blockheads, we are happy to know, in the old world, as in the new. Audubon tells us, that shortly after the death of Wilson, one of the wise men of a certain city in the United States (he ought to have given us his name) assured the members of a Natural History Society there, that no more birds could be found in the country than had been described by that celebrated writer. "No more finches," said the orator; "no more hawks, no more owls, no more herons, and certainly no more pigeons; and as to water birds, let the list given by Wilson, of such as he has not described, be filled, and again I say, there will end the American ornithology." We have no blockhead equal in magnitude to this, by many feet. He is the Gog and Magog of mundane blockheads—a giant in these days that dwindles the old Terrène. If his bulk yet burden the land,

"That sees th' Atlantic wave its morn restore,"

will he please to puzzle his pate with this poser—which we find puzzles even Audubon, and eke Wilson. How happens it that there are now in the United States so many birds which, not more than twenty years ago, were no where to be found in these countries? That birds should thus suddenly make their appearance, and at once diffuse themselves over almost the whole of the country, is a fact that must bother the brains of Gog and Magog. "Were similar changes," adds Audubon, "to take place in the other tribes of animals,

and in other countries, the arrangements of systematic writers would have to undergo similar revolutions, a circumstance which would tend to add to the confusion arising from continual shiftings, combinations, disseverings, abrasions of names, and alterations of method, *which the interpreters of nature are pleased to dignify with the name of science.*"

We like the lines in Italics. But to return to Gog and Magog. "He afterwards traveled much," quoth Audubon slyly, "having gone a few miles to the eastward of his city, and even crossed the Mississippi; but, as he had predicted, not even *he* discovered a bird in all his wanderings." But, following in the track of Wilson, other industrious students of nature ransacked the recesses of the forests, and the great western plains, the shores of the Atlantic, all the rivers and lakes that glorify America, and "they have found more new birds than the learned academician probably knew of old ones." Audubon rejoices to mention the names of those who have augmented the Fauna of the United States—the Bonapartes, the Nuttals, the Bachmans, the Coopers, the Pickerings, the Townsends, and the Peales; and to that list he adds the names "of learned and enterprising Europeans, Parry, Franklin, Richardson, Ross, and Drummond, who, with a zeal equaled only by that of Wilson himself, have crossed the broad Atlantic, and made discoveries in ornithology in portions of North America never before visited, in which they have met with species, that, although previously unknown to us, have since been found to traverse the whole extent of our wild territories. Then, reader, will you not agree with me in believing, that, even now, discoveries remain to be made in a region so vast, that no individual, whatever might have been his exertions, could truly say of it, that he had explored it all?" Audubon follows the nomenclature of Charles Lucien Bonaparte; he intends, at the close, to present a general table, exhibiting the geographical distribution of the different species—and to offer his ideas on the subject of grouping and affinities. The number of the "Birds of America"—for sometime back engraved—excellently well—by Havel—have appeared with a regularity seldom observed in so large a publication, and no doubt will continue to do so; but the magnificent work will not be brought to a close for two or three years—not till Audubon—now in London—has returned from his projected visit to the shores of the Pacific—which having been, under Providence, successfully achieved—we devoutly hope that a long life lies before him—and that he will peacefully enjoy, in whatever land he makes his home, the happiness and the honour which are usually, even in this uncertain world, the rewards of so much enterprise, genius, and virtue.

When he first came among us, a few years ago, he was but little known in his own country, not at all in ours; now his name is known all over the world. His great work was indeed a perilous undertaking for a stranger in Britain, without the patronage of powerful friends, and with no very great means of his own—all of which he embarked in the enterprise dearest to his heart. Had it failed, Audubon would have been a ruined man—and that fear must have sometimes dismally disturbed him, for he is not alone in life, and is a man of strong family affections. But happily those nearest his breast are as enthusiastic in the love of natural science as himself—and were all willing to sink or swim with the beloved husband and venerated father. He has derived all along much assistance from their talents and accomplishments—and now that one half of the illustrations is published, the list of subscribers already gives assurance of success. America may well be proud of him—and he gratefully records the kindness he has experienced from so many of her most distinguished sons. In his own fame he is just and generous to all who excel in the same studies; not a particle of jealousy is in his composition; a sin, that, alas! seems too easily to beset too many of the most gifted spirits in literature and in science; nor is the happiest genius—imaginative or intellectual—such is the frailty of poor human nature at the best—safe from the access of that dishonouring passion.

It is hardly possible in one article (we must have another) to give any thing like a general view of the contents of the delightful volume (accompanying second volume of the "Illustrations," but sold separately) now lying before us, containing 600 large and closely printed pages—and which will, of course, be soon placed in the library of every true ornithologist. But you are not required to be a good ornithologist—or, indeed, an ornithologist at all—to understand and enjoy the greater part of its contents; you need but be a lover of nature, and of nature's works. And "breathes there a man with soul so dead" as not to feel wonder and delight in the character and habits of birds, delineated by one who, better perhaps than any one else alive, understands their wondrous and delightful ways, and with affectionate enthusiasm altogether unparalleled—except in the case of that kindred spirit—Alexander Wilson—has kept a record of their sayings and doings (for they can all speak) in the heart of forests—on the bosom of prairies—and on the shores of seas? We know not which of the two is the greater observer of those beautiful mysteries—and as far as it is given us to understand them—the better expounder of the many meanings therein enveloped—the "American Woodsman"—or the "Paisley Weaver." Alike happy in their genius—but Audubon—though he, too, has had his trials—the happier—the far happier in his blameless and regulated life.

It is dismal to see Science—as it is sometimes seen—in the service of irreligion—nay, even of Atheism. It is delightful to see it, as it is always seen in Audubon and his compeers—enlightened and elevated by piety—by the felt presence, in all his works, of the Great Spirit of the Universe. He feels his vocation to be a high one, and says, "let me proceed towards the completion of a task which, with reverence be it spoken, seems to have been imposed upon me by him who called me into existence." For the acquisition of the knowledge he so passionately and devoutly loves, he tells us, with truth, that he has braved the enervating heats of the south, and the cramping colds

of the north, penetrated the tangled cane-swamp, thrid the dubious trail of the silent forest, paddled his frail canoe in the creeks of the marshy shore, and swept in his gallant bark over the swelling waves of the ocean. For sake of the living treasures, there inexhaustible, and the sweet study of their unwitnessed wonders, he loves the primeval woods of his country—the vast bays of her Atlantic coasts—her sea-gulfs and her inland lakes—and all "our mighty rivers—our thundering cataracts—our majestic mountains, rearing their snowy heads into the calm regions of the cold clear sky." He is at home in the wilderness—where ever foot of bird can wade or wing can fly. Dear to him ever branch on which bird can perch—every leaf, every flower, that ever felt feeding bill—or concealed warbling throat; and Audubon is a botanist too—and a practical one—as a hundred passages show.

"What a beautiful object, in the delightful season of spring, is our Great Laurel covered with its tufts of richly, yet delicately, coloured flowers! In imagination I am at this moment rambling along the banks of some murmuring streamlet, overshadowed by the thick foliage of this gorgeous ornament of our mountainous districts. Methinks I see the timid trout eyeing my movements from beneath his rocky covert, while the warblers and other sylvan choristers, equally fond of their wild retreats, are skipping in all the freedom of nature around me. Delightful moments have been to me these when, seated in such a place, with senses all intent, I gazed on the rosy tints of the flowers that seemed to acquire additional colouring from the golden rays of the sun, as he rode proudly over the towering mountains, drawing aside as it were the sable curtain that till now hung over the landscape, and drying up, with the gentleness of a parent towards his cherished offspring, the dewy tears that glittered on each drooping plant. Would that I could describe to you the thoughts that on such a morning have filled my whole soul; but, alas, I have not words wherewith to express the feelings of gratitude, love, and wonder that thrilled and glowed in my bosom! I must therefore content myself with requesting you to look at the blossoms of the laurel as depicted in the plate, together with two of the birds, which, in pairs, side by side, are fond of residing among its glossy and verdant foliage."

That is very beautiful—yet are there many passages even more so: because of their being embued with a still deeper spirit of delight and gratitude.

"It is to the wild regions of Labrador that you must go, kind reader, if you wish to form a personal acquaintance with the White-crowned Sparrow. There in every secluded glen opening upon the boisterous Gulf of St. Lawrence, while amazed you glance over the wilderness that extends around you, so dreary and desolate that the blood almost congeals in your veins, you meet with this interesting bird. Your body is sinking under the fatigue occasioned by your wading through beds of moss, as extraordinary for their depth, as for the brilliancy of their tints, and by the difficulties which you have encountered in forcing your way through the tangled creeping pines, so dwarfish and so stubborn, that you often find it easier to trample down their branches than to separate them so as to allow you a passage. In such a place, when you are far away from all that is dear to you, how cheering is it to hear the mellow notes of a bird, that seems as if it had been sent expressly for the purpose of relieving your mind from the heavy melancholy that bears it down! The sounds are so sweet, so refreshing, so soothing, so hope inspiring, that, as they come upon the soul in all their gentleness and joy, the tears begin to flow from your eyes, the burthen on your mind becomes lighter, your heart expands, and you experience a pure delight, produced by the invitation thus made to offer your humblest and most sincere thanks to that all-wondrous being, who has caused you to be there no doubt for the purpose of becoming better acquainted with the operations of his mighty power.

"Thus it was with me, when, some time after I had been landed on the dreary coast of Labrador, I for the first time heard the song of the White-crowned Sparrow. I could not refrain from indulging in the thought that, notwithstanding the many difficulties attending my attempts—my mission I must call it—to study God's works in this wild region, I was highly favoured. At every step new objects presented themselves, and whenever I rested, I enjoyed a delight never before experienced. Humbly and fervently did I pray for a continuation of those blessings, through which I now hoped to see my undertaking completed, and again to join my ever-dear family."

We cannot deny ourselves the delight of delighting you by one other passage of the same sweet kind—so full of all right affections—human and divine.

"One year, in the month of August, I was trudging along the shores of the Mohawk River, when night overtook me. Being little acquainted with that part of the country, I resolved to camp where I was. The evening was calm and beautiful, the sky sparkled with stars, which were reflected by the smooth waters, and the deep shade of the rocks and trees of the opposite shore fell on the bosom of the stream, while gently from afar came on the ear the muttering sound of the cataract. My little fire was soon lighted under a rock, and, spreading out my scanty stock of provisions, I reclined on my grassy couch. As I looked around on the fading features of the beautiful landscape, my heart turned towards my distant home, where my friends were doubtless wishing me, as I wished them, a happy night and peaceful slumbers. Then were heard the barkings of the watch-dog, and I tapped my faithful companion to prevent his answering them. The thoughts of my worldly mission then came over my mind, and having thanked the Creator of all for his never failing mercy, I closed my eyes, and was passing away into the world of dreaming existence, when suddenly there burst on my soul the serenade of the Rose-breasted bird, so rich, so mellow, so loud in the stillness of the night that sleep fled from my eyelids. Never did I enjoy music more: it thrilled through my heart, and surrounded me with an atmosphere of bliss. One might easily have imagined that even the Owl, charmed by such delightful music, remained reverently silent. Long after the sounds ceased did I enjoy them, and when all had again become still, I stretched out my wearied limbs, and gave myself up to the luxury of repose. In the morning I awoke vigorous as ever, and prepared to continue my journey."

From every sight he sees the ornithologist learns a lesson of humility—for there is a mystery in the wisdom that is for ever at work around him—a mystery that remains unsolvable for ever to the genius of man. Often, while gazing on the nest of a bird, has Audubon been led to question himself, why there is often so much difference in the conformation and materials of those even of the same species, in different latitudes or localities? Often, while admiring the birds themselves, has he in vain tried to discover why they

should be so distinguished by peculiar characters? Why, for example, to some small and seemingly more delicate than others, greater mental and corporeal hardihood should have been assigned, so that they are wont to force their way, and that at an early season, quite across the whole extent of the United States; while others of greater bodily magnitude, equal powers of flight, and similar courage, confine their journeys within narrow limits? Why the diminutive ruby headed Humming-bird, the delicate winter Wren, and many warblers, all birds of comparatively short flight, are seen to push their way from the West Indian Islands, or the table lands of Mexico and South America, farther north than the boundary lines, before they reach certain localities, which cannot be looked on but as the favourite places of rendezvous allotted to these beings for their summer abode? How wonderful to him that all birds which migrate are not equally privileged! Why do not the Turkey Buzzard, the Fork-tail'd Hawk, and many others possessing remarkable power and ease of flight, visit the same places? There the Vulture would find its favourite carrion during the heat of the dog-days, and the Hawk abundance of insects. Why do not the pigeons found in the south ever visit the state of Maine, when one species, the Columbia Migratoria, is permitted to ramble over the whole extent of that vast country? Why does the small Pewee go so far north, accompanied by the Tyrant Fly-catcher; while the Titirit, larger and stronger than either, remains in the Floridas and Carolinas; and the great Crested Fly-catcher seldom travels farther east than Connecticut? "Reader," quoth Audubon, "can you assist me?" How deeply enshrouded are felt to be the mysteries of nature—when thousands of years after Aristotle we hear Audubon confess his utter ignorance of what such migrations and non-migrations mean—that 'tis hard to understand why such general laws as these should be—though their benign operation is beautifully seen in the happiness provided alike for all—whether they reside in their own comparatively small localities, nor ever wish to leave them—or at stated seasons instinctively fly away over thousands of miles, to drop down and settle for a while on some spot adapted to their necessities, of which they had prescience afar off, though seemingly wafted thither like leaves upon the wind! Verily as great a mystery is that natural religion, by the theist studied in woods and on mountains and by sea-shores, as that revelation which philosophers will not believe, because they do not understand—"the blinded bigot's scorn" deriding such a state of the soul as Faith!

A delightful volume—or volumes—perhaps many—might be formed of all that has ever been said or sung of the Lark. To our own Sky-lark how many odes and hymns have been addressed—himself the noblest lyrical poet of all—"wakening by the daisy's side"—and ascending in music towards the Morning Star! Wordsworth, Shelly, and the Shepherd have all been inspired by the warbling, mellower at once and louder as the creature soars, till the sound seems to be itself alive within the rosy cloud, as if it were the spirit of the dawn that sang! The Meadow Lark, or American Starling, is another lark than our Sky-Lark—and though we never either saw or heard it, we can love it, not only for its own but for Audubon's sake.

"How could I give the history of this beautiful bird, were I not to return for a while to the spot where I have found it most abundant, and where the most frequent opportunities occurred of observing it? Then, reader, to those rich grass fields let us stray. We are not far from the sandy sea-shores of the Jerseys; the full beauties of an early spring are profusely spread around us; the glorious sun illumines the creation with a flood of golden light, as he yet lies beneath the deep; the industrious bee is yet asleep, as are the birds in bush and tree; the small wavelets break on the beach with a gentle murmur; the sky is so beautifully blue, that, on seeing it, one fancies himself near heaven; the moon is about to disappear in the distant west; the limpid dew drops hang on every leaf, bud, and blossom, each tall blade of grass bending under the weight. Anxious to view nature in her best, I lie waiting in pleasure for the next moment:—it has come; all is life and energy; the bee, the bird, the quadruped, all nature awakes into life, and every being seems moving in the light of the Divine countenance. Fervently do I praise the God who has called me into existence, and devotedly do I pursue my avocations, carefully treading on the tender grass, until I reach a seat by nature's own hand prepared, when I pause, survey, admire, and essay to apprehend all—yes, *all* around me! Delightful days of my youth, when full of strength, health, and gladness, I so often enjoyed the bliss of contemplating the beauties of creation! they are gone, never to return; but memory fondly cherishes the thoughts which they called into being, and while life remains will their memory be pleasing.

"See the Lark that arrived last evening! fully refreshed, and with a bosom overflowing with love towards her who had led him thus far, he rises from his grassy couch, and on gently whirring pinions launches into the air, in the glad hope of finding the notes of his beloved fall on his ear. Females are usually tardy at this early season. I shall not pretend to tell you why, reader; but that such is the fact, I have been fully convinced, since the very first feeling of their value was impressed on my mind. The male is still on the wing; his notes sound loud and clear as he impatiently surveys the grassy plain beneath him. His beloved is not there. His heart almost fails him, and, disappointed, he rises towards the black-walnut tree, under which, during many a summer's heat, the mowers have enjoyed both their repast and their mid-day rest. I now see him, not desponding as you might suppose, but vexed and irritated. See how he spreads his tail, how often he raises his body, how he ejaculates his surprise, and loudly calls for her whom of all things he best loves.—Ah!—there comes the dear creature; her timorous, tender notes announce her arrival. Her mate, her beloved, has felt the charm of her voice. His wings are spread, and buoyant with gladness, he flies to meet, to welcome her, anticipating all the bliss prepared for him. Would that I could interpret to you, reader, as I feel them, the many assurances of friendship, fidelity and love that at this precious moment pass from the one to the other, as they place their bills together and chatter their mutual loves!—the gentle chidings of the male for the sorrow her delay had caused him, and the sweet words she uses to calm his ardour. Alas! it were vain to attempt it. I have listened to the talk, it is true; I have witnessed all their happiness; but I cannot describe it to you. You, reader, must watch them, as I have done, if you wish to understand their language."

It is not in nature that an ornithologist should be cruel—he is most humane. Mere skin-stuffers

are not ornithologists—and we have known more than one of that tribe who would have had no scruple in strangling their own mothers, or reputed fathers. Yet if your true ornithologist cannot catch a poor dear bird alive, he must kill it—and leave you to weep for its death. There must be a few victims out of myriads of millions—and thousands and tens of thousands are few—but the ornithologist knows the seasons when death is least afflictive—he is merciful in his wisdom—for the spirit of knowledge is gentle—and "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears" reconcile him to the fluttering and ruffled plumage blood-stained by death. 'Tis hard, for example, to be obliged to shoot a Zenaida dove! Yet a Zenaida dove must die for Audubon's Illustrations. How many has he loved in life and tenderly preserved! And how many more pigeons of all sorts, cooked in all styles, have you devoured—aye twenty for his one—you being a glutton and epicure in the same inhuman form—and he being contented at all times with the plainest fare—a sallad, perhaps, of water-cresses, plucked from a spring in the forest-glade—or a bit of pemmican, or a wafer of portable soup, melted in the pot of some squatter—and shared with the admiring children, before a drop has been permitted to touch his own abstemious lips. Hear him on the Zenaida dove.

"The impressions made on the mind in youth, are frequently stronger than those at a more advanced period of life, and are generally retained. My father often told me, that when yet a child, my first attempt at drawing was from a preserved specimen of a dove, and many times repeated to me that birds of this kind are usually remarkable for the gentleness of their disposition, and that the manner in which they prove their mutual affection, and feed their offspring, was undoubtedly intended in part to teach other beings a lesson of connubial and parental attachment. Be this as it may, hypothesis or not, I have always been especially fond of doves. The timidity and anxiety which they all manifest, on being disturbed during incubation, and the continuance of their mutual attachment for years, are distinguishing traits in their character. Who can approach a sitting dove, hear its notes of remonstrance, or feel the feeble strokes of its wings, without being sensible that he is committing a wrong act?

"The cooing of the Zenaida dove is so peculiar, that one who hears it for the first time naturally stops to ask, 'What bird is that?' A man who was once a pirate assured me that several times, while at certain wells dug in the burning shelly sands of a well-known key, which must here be nameless, the soft and melancholy cry of doves awoke in his breast feelings which had long slumbered, melted his heart to repentance, and caused him to linger at the spot in a state of mind, which he only, who compares the wretchedness of guilt within him with the happiness of former innocence, can truly feel. He said he never left the place without increased fears of futurity, associated as he was, although I believe by force, with a band of the most desperate villains that ever annoyed the navigation of the Florida coasts. So deeply moved was he by the notes of any bird, and especially by those of a dove, the only soothing sounds he ever heard during his life of horrors, that through these plaintive notes, and them alone, he was induced to escape from his vessel, abandon his turbulent companions, and return to a family deploring his absence. After paying a parting visit to those wells, and listening once more to the cooings of the Zenaida dove, he poured out his soul in supplications for mercy, and once more became what one has said to be 'the noblest work of God,' an honest man. His escape was effected amidst difficulties and dangers, but no danger seemed to him to be compared with the danger of one living in the violation of human and divine laws, and now he lives in peace in the midst of his friends.

"The Zenaida dove always places her nest on the ground, sometimes artlessly at the foot of a low bush, and so exposed that it is easily discovered by any one searching for it. Sometimes, however, it uses great discrimination, placing it between two or more tufts of grass, the tops of which it manages to bend over, so as completely to conceal it. The sand is slightly scooped out, and the nest is composed of slender dried blades of grass, matted in a circular form, and imbedded amid dry leaves and twigs. The fabric is more compact than the nest of any other pigeon with which I am acquainted, it being sufficiently solid to enable a person to carry the eggs or young in it with security. The eggs are two, pure white, and translucent. When sitting on them, or when her young are still small, this bird rarely removes from them, unless an attempt be made to catch her, which she, however, evades with great dexterity. On several occasions of this kind, I have thought that the next moment would render me the possessor of one of those doves alive. Her beautiful eye was steadily bent on mine, in which she must have discovered my intention, her body was gently made to retire sidewise to the farther edge of her nest, as my hand drew nearer to her, and just as I thought I had hold of her, off she glided with the quickness of thought, taking to wing at once. She would then alight within a few yards of me, and watch my motions with so much sorrow, that her wings drooped, and her whole frame trembled as if suffering from intense cold. Who could stand such a scene of despair? I left the mother to her eggs or offspring.

"On one occasion, however, I found two young birds of this species about half grown, which I carried off, and afterwards took to Charleston, in South Carolina, and presented to my worthy friend the Rev. John Bachman. When I robbed this nest no parent bird was near. The little ones uttered the usual lisping notes of the tribe at this age, and as I put their bills in my mouth, I discovered that they might be easily raised. They were afterwards fed from the mouth with Indian corn meal, which they received with avidity, until placed under the care of a pair of common tame pigeons, which at once fostered them."

We need not go to America for pigeons and doves, for there are fanciers in London—some of them publicans and sinners—and one whom we know well and esteem—a retired pugilist, now a schoolmaster—who can show you such a various shower of them in the sunshine, as you could in vain seek to see in the islands, that, like so many bastions, protect the shores of South Carolina, Georgia, and the Floridas. "Those spots," says Audubon, with that kindled imagination that ever attests his love of the transatlantic regions, "where, in the calm of every spring morn, the air is rendered balmy by the effluvia of thousands of flowers, each of which rivals its neighbour in the brilliancy of its hues. Stop there, kind reader, and seat yourself beneath the broadly-extended arms of the thickly-leaved evergreen oak, and at that joyous moment, when the first beams of the sun reach your eye, see the owl passing low and swiftly over the ground, in haste to reach his diurnal retreat before the increasing light render all things dim to his sight; observe the

leather-winged bat, pursuing his undulating course through the dewy air, now deflecting downwards to seize the retiring nocturnal insect, now upwards to pursue another species, as it rises to meet the genial warmth emitted by the orb of day. Listen!—for at such a moment your soul will be touched by sounds—to the soft, the mellow, the melting accents, which one might suppose inspired by nature's self, and which she has taught the ground dove to employ in conveying the expression of his love to his mate, who is listening to them with delight." We can do all this in a field behind a public-house not far from Kensington gardens. And, oh! in how many "a secret place have we leant our ears" to the cushat—in the centre of this earth's solitariness—so it seemed—though the thousand-year old yew—in which the creature coo'd its whole heart into another heart—was visible, in its blackness, among the green-oak wood, to the traveller on the other side of the glen—on the other side of Borrodale, as, with his face towards the Serene Seatore, embosomed in shadows, he left Rosthwaite the Lovely, unforgotten, behind him, or carried its image along with him, like a dream that blends with fair realities, till all the earth becomes visionary—and in an hour was looking down on Wastwater—between the side-screens of the Great Gable and Scawfell.

Ah! Audubon, thou knowest well the feathers and the flight of them all—of the passenger pigeon, that ranges over the whole of the United States, excepting, perhaps, the southernmost portion of the Floridas, and as far as Newfoundland, where it is a familiar guest—of the Carolina dove, that flies "at its own sweet will" from Louisiana to the interior of Massachusetts, but is never seen on Maine, while it sails up the Mississippi, as far as Prairie du Chien, and to the borders of Upper Canada—of the ground dove, which one meets on the lower parts of Louisiana to Cape Hatteras, and all round the coast of the Floridas, but never in the interior, as if it would not forsake the sound of the sea—of the white-headed pigeon, confined to a small domicile of some three hundred miles of the Florida Keys, and seldom, if ever, seen on the mainland, an insular bird of passage, pleased with that habitation for seven months in the year, for the other five billing and cooing in some paradise unknown—but ah! what are we to think of thee on reading that account of the murder, in which thou wast engaged as accessary before the act—of the Key-west pigeon, the brightest and most beautiful of all the tribe, and which but on one island of all ocean was ever heard to murmur pensively in the calm, or give to the wind the gladsome muscle of its wings.

"*May* 6, 1832.—When I reached the garrison, I found the sergeant waiting for me. I gave him some small shot, and we set off, not in full run, nor even at a dog-trot, but with the slowness and carefulness usually employed by a lynx or a cougar when searching for prey. We soon reached the thickets, and found it necessary to move in truth very slowly, one foot warily advanced before the other, one hand engaged in opening a passage, and presently after occupied in securing the cap on the head, in smashing some dozens of hungry musquitoes, or in drawing the sharp thorn of a cactus from a leg or foot, in securing our gun locks, or in assisting ourselves to rise after a fall, occasioned by stumbling against the projecting angle of a rock. But we pushed on, squeezed ourselves between the stubborn branches, and forced our way as well as we could, my guide, of course, having the lead. Suddenly I saw him stoop, and observing the motion of his hand, immediately followed his example. Reduced by his position to one half of his natural height, he moved more briskly, inclined to the right, then to the left, then pushed forward, and raising his piece as he stopped, immediately fired. 'I have it,' cried he. 'What?' cried I. 'The pigeon'—and he disappeared. The heat was excessive, and the brushwood here was so thick and tangled, that had not Mr. Sykes been a United States soldier, I should have looked upon him as bent on retaliating on behalf of 'the eccentric naturalist;' for, although not more than ten paces distant from me, not a glimpse of him could I obtain. After crawling to the spot, I found him smoothing the feathers of a pigeon which I had never seen, nay, the most beautiful, yet found in the United States. How I gazed on its resplendent plumage!—how I marked the expression of its rich-coloured, large and timid eye, as the poor creature was gasping its last breath! Ah, how I looked on this lovely bird! I handled it, turned it, examined its feathers and form, its bill, its legs and claws, weighed it by estimate, and after a while formed a winding sheet for it of a piece of paper. Did ever an Egyptian pharmacopolist employ more care in embalming the most illustrious of the Pharaohs, than I did in trying to preserve from injury this most beautiful of the woodland cooers!

"I never felt, nor did my companion, that our faces and hands were covered with musquitoes; and although the perspiration made my eyes smart, I was as much delighted as ever I had been on such an occasion. We traveled onward, much in the same manner, until we reached the opposite end of the island; but not another bird did we meet this day.

"As we sat near the shore, gazing on the curious light pea-green colour of the sea, I unfolded my prize, and as I now more quietly observed the brilliant changing metallic hues of its plumage, I could not refrain from exclaiming—'But who will draw it?' for the obvious difficulties of copying nature struck me as powerfully as they ever had done, and brought to my memory the following passage:—'La nature se joue du pinceau des hommes; lorsqu'on croit qu'il a atteint sa plus grande beauté, elle sourit et s'embellit encore!'"

But let us turn to take a look at some bird of prey or other, for we are getting too amiable among the sucking doves, and beginning to roar at you, as if we were one of themselves engaged in the same agreeable occupation. We should like to see a bird who was not a bird of prey. A swallow eats a fly, and a hawk eats a swallow—the swallow, with his last breath, cursing the hawk for a bird of prey, and the fly bizzing similar execrations as heartily against the eavesdropper. Few or none confine themselves rigidly to a vegetable diet. In fact it is out of their power; for in eating a raspberry they cannot pause to eject the maggot every ripe raspberry includes, whether white, yellow, or purple; and the bird that makes no bones of the stone in a plum or cherry, never dreams of spitting out the wasp. Our belief is, that these animals are the most ferocious that feed most on vegetable vivres. Witness, among men, the seven millions of the finest *pisantry* on earth, the late Anacharsis Cloots and Isaac Ritson—and the present Sir

Richard Phillips—among beasts, the late Chuney, and bulls and bears in general, whether on or in exchange—among birds, the clocking-hen, "fierce as ten furies," and that outrageous little fellow, especially if you try to tame him by putting a scarlet cloth comb on his head with corresponding wattles, the cock sparrow. Lions and tigers, jer-falcons and eagles, who live on flesh, fish, and fowl, in comparison are quakers. People are wrong in disliking, simply on the score of diet, what they choose to call birds and beasts of prey. Audubon and North know better, and are just to the very vulture, who, take our word for it, never eats carrion when he can get fresh meat, and is a much quieter character than the game-cock, who, against the day of battle, is fed in his pen on what the initiated call cock-bread, composed of the finest wheat flour, mixed with sugar candy, and other ingredients, which, for manifest reasons, shall be anonymous.

Audubon is unwilling to think ill of any bird—and says a good word for him who is popularly conceived to be the devil incarnate—the raven. Nobody, indeed, ventures to despise either of the two gentlemen in black—but Audubon and North have a positive liking to the latter—which, under favourable circumstances, might relax into friendship. We like him for the sake of his birth-places and his places of resort. "These are," says Audubon, "the mountains—the abrupt banks of rivers—the rocky shores of lakes, and the cliffs of thinly-peopled or deserted islands. It is in such places that these birds must be watched and examined, before one can judge of their natural habits as manifested amid their freedom from the dread of their most dangerous enemy, the lord of creation. There, through the clear and rarified atmospere, the raven spreads his glossy wings and tail, and as he onward sails, rises higher and higher each bold sweep that he makes, as if conscious that the nearer he approaches the sun, the more resplendent will become the tints of his plumage." He speaks with enthusiasm of "the musical inflections," (*vulgo vocatæ*—croaks), by means of which they hold converse together in their aerial amatory excursions. These musical inflections, he says, doubtless express their "pure conjugal feelings, confirmed and rendered more intense by long years of happiness in each other's society." More faithful monogamists never sailed the sky. "Till death do us part," is the close of their nuptial oath—nor were they ever known to break it. No case of crim-con ever occurred on their cliffs. Audubon is not only inclined to believe that high up in heaven they can recall the pleasing remembrance of their youthful days, and recount the events of their life, and express the pleasure they have enjoyed, (and thus far we can go along with him,) but that (and there, we fear, he lays himself open to a charge of heterodoxy,) "they perhaps conclude with humble prayer to the Author of their being for a continuation of it." However that may be, Wordsworth has not scrupled to speak "of the *pious* bird with the scarlet breast;" and why may not the raven have as deep a sense of natural religion—though he may not show it in the same way—as the robin? But hear Audubon.

"Now, their matins are over; the happy pair are seen to glide towards the earth in spiral lines; they alight on the boldest summit of a rock, so high that you can scarcely judge of their actual size; they approach each other, their bills meet, and caresses are exchanged as tender as those of the gentle turtle dove. Far beneath, wave after wave dashes in foam against the impregnable sides of the rocky tower, the very aspect of which would be terrific to almost any other creatures than the sable pair, which for years have resorted to it, to rear the dearly cherished fruits of their connubial love. Midway between them and the boiling waters, some shelving ledge conceals their eyry. To it they now betake themselves, to see what damage it has sustained from the peltings of the winter tempests. Off they fly to the distant woods for fresh materials with which to repair the breach; or on the plain they collect the hair and fur of quadrupeds; or from the sandy beach pick up the weeds that have been washed there. By degrees, the nest is enlarged and trimmed, and when every thing has been rendered clean and comfortable, the female deposits her eggs, and begins to sit upon them, while her brave and affectionate mate protects and feeds her, and at intervals takes her place.

"All around is now silent, save the hoarse murmur of the waves, or the whistling sounds produced by the flight of the water fowl travelling towards the northern regions. At length the young burst the shell, when the careful parents, after congratulating each other on the happy event, disgorge some half-macerated food, which they deposit in their tender mouths. Should the most daring adventurer of the air approach, he is attacked with fury and repelled. As the young grow up, they are urged to be careful and silent:—a single false movement might precipitate them into the abyss below; a single cry during the absence of their parents might bring upon them the remorseless claws of the swift peregrine or jer-falcon. The old birds themselves seem to improve in care, diligence, and activity, varying their course when returning to their home, and often entering it when unexpected. The young are now seen to stand on the edge of the nest; they flap their wings, and at length take courage and fly to some more commodious and not distant lodgment. Gradually they become able to follow their parents abroad, and at length search for maintenance in their company, and that of others, until the period of breeding arrives, when they separate in pairs and disperse.

"Notwithstanding all the care of the raven, his nest is invaded wherever it is found. His usefulness is forgotten, his faults are remembered and multiplied by imagination; and whenever he presents himself he is shot at, because from time immemorial ignorance, prejudice, and destructiveness, have operated on the mind of man to his detriment. Men will peril their lives to reach his nest, assisted by ropes and poles, alleging merely that he has killed one of their numerous sheep or lambs. Some say they destroy the raven because he is black; others because his croaking is unpleasant and ominous! Unfortunate truly are the young ones that are carried home to become the wretched pets of some ill-brought-up child! For my part, I admire the raven, because I see much in him calculated to excite our wonder. It is true that he may sometimes hasten the death of a half-starved sheep, or destroy a weakly lamb; he may eat the eggs of other birds, or occasionally steal from the farmer some of those which he calls his own; young fowls also afford precious morsels to himself and his progeny;—but how many sheep, lambs, and fowls, are saved through his agency! The more intelligent of our farmers are well aware that the raven destroys numberless insects, grubs, and worms; that he kills mice, moles, and rats, whenever he can find them; that he will seize the weasel, the young opossum, and the skunk; that, with the perseverance of a cat, he will watch the burrows

of foxes, and pounce on the cubs; our farmers also are fully aware that he apprises them of the wolf's prowlings around their yard, and that he never intrudes on their corn fields except to benefit them;—yes, good reader, the farmer knows all this well, but he also knows his power, and, interfere as you may, with tale of pity or of truth, the bird is a raven, and, as La Fontaine has aptly and most truly said, 'La loi du plus fort est toujours la meilleure!'"

Our admirable friend would find it more difficult, with all his eloquence, to justify the Blue Jay. Indeed, he knows the villain too well, to attempt it; yet he speaks without asperity, and with humane hesitation—at once philosophical and religious—saying "Reader! look at the plate in which are represented three individuals of this beautiful species—rogues though they be, and thieves, as I would call them—were it fit for me to pass judgment on their actions. See! how each is enjoying the fruits of his knavery, sucking the eggs which he has pilfered from the nest of some innocent dove or harmless pigeon. Who could imagine that a form so graceful, arrayed by nature in a garb so resplendent, could harbour so much mischief—that selfishness, duplicity, and malice, should form the moral accompaniments of so much physical perfection? Yet so it is; and how like beings of a much higher order, are these gay deceivers!" The Blue Jay is a Williams—we mean the murderer of the Marrs and Williamsons, and other families in the metropolis—who escaped hanging by suicide. Yet the Blue Jay was never known to have committed this latter crime. In an aviary at Charleston, he destroyed all the birds. One after another had been killed, and the rats were supposed to have been the culprits, but no crevice could be seen large enough to admit one. Then the mice were accused, and war waged against them, but still the birds continued to be killed, first the smaller then the larger, until at length the Keywest pigeons; when it was discovered that the jay, who had been raised in the aviary, was the murderer. He was taken out, and placed in a cage, with a quantity of flour, corn, and several small birds, which he had just killed; the birds he soon devoured, but the flour or corn he would not condescend to eat, and refusing every other kind of food, soon died. The wretch had manifestly been suffering under inflammation of the organ of destructiveness; and had his head been kept for five or ten minutes under water, he would have been cured of his propensity for smaller and larger birds, and Keywest pigeons, though we shall not say that after immersion he would have shown such condescension as to eat corn. While at Louisville, in Kentucky, Audubon purchased a couple of dozens of blue jays, at the rate of six cents each, which he shipped to New Orleans, and afterwards to Liverpool, "with the view of turning them out in the English woods"—an attempt unhappily frustrated—but for which, had it proved successful, the smaller and larger birds of the English woods would have had good reason to be everlastingly grateful to their benefactor.

"They were caught in common traps, baited with maize, and were brought to me one after another as soon as secured. In placing them in the large cage which I had ordered for the purpose of sending them abroad, I was surprised to see how cowardly each newly-caught bird was when introduced to his brethren, who, on being in the cage a day or two, were as gay and frolicsome as if at liberty in the woods. The new comer, on the contrary, would run into a corner, place his head almost in a perpendicular position, and remain silent and sulky, with an appearance of stupidity quite foreign to his nature. He would suffer all the rest to walk over him and trample him down, without ever changing his position. If corn or fruit was presented to him, or even placed close to his bill, he would not so much as look at it. If touched with the hand, he would cower, lie down on his side, and remain motionless. The next day, however, things were altered: he was again a jay, taking up corn, placing it between his feet, hammering it with his bill, splitting the grain, picking out the kernel, and dropping the divided husks. When the cage was filled, it was amusing to listen to their hammering; all mounted on their perch side by side, each pecking at a grain of maize, like so many blacksmiths paid by the piece. They drank a great deal, eat broken pacan nuts, grapes, dried fruits of all sorts, and especially fresh beef, of which they were extremely fond, roosted very peaceably close together, and were very pleasing pets. Now and then one would utter a cry of alarm, when instantly all would leap and fly about as if greatly concerned, making as much ado as if their most inveterate enemy had been in the midst of them. They bore the passage to Europe pretty well, and most of them reached Liverpool in good health; but a few days after their arrival, a disease, occasioned by insects adhering to every part of their body, made such progress, that some died every day. Many remedies were tried in vain, and only one individual reached London. The insects had so multiplied on it, that I immersed it in an infusion of tobacco, which, however, killed it in a few hours."

Had Mr. Jay outlived the lice, and conquered the tobacco juice, he might have met his match in the English woods. For though "truly omnivorous," he is more tyrannical than brave; and in many cases "a downright coward." The Cardinal Grosbeak, the red thrush, and the mocking bird, and many others of inferior strength, lick him in an open ring; but to be equal with them, he creeps silently to their nests, in their absence, and acts the egg-sucker. "I have seen one go its rounds from one nest to another every day, and suck the newly-laid eggs of the different birds in the neighbourhood, *with as much regularity and composure as a physician would call on his patients.*" But Audubon has also witnessed fearful retribution for its crime—"when on returning to its own home, it found its mate in the jaws of a snake, the nest upset, and the eggs all gone. I have thought more than once on such occasions that, *like all great culprits, when brought to a sense of their enormities, it evinced a strong feeling of remorse.*" More remorse, we fear, than repentance. Alas! in the woods such rueful fate often befalls the innocent! One of the finest of all the Illustrations exhibits an attack made by a black snake on the nest of the ferruginous thrush. The female bird is seemingly expiring in its coils, while her mate, and another male of the same species that has come to their assistance, are giving battle to the reptile. "Should this alliance," says Audubon, speaking of the illustration, "of noble spirits prove victorious, will it not remind you that innocence,

although beset with difficulties, may, with the aid of friendship, extricate herself with honour?" The illustration is of a scene he witnessed with his own eyes; and he tells us "that the snake was finally conquered, and a jubilee held over its carcass by a crowd of thrushes and other birds, until the woods resounded with their notes of exultation. I was happy in contributing my share to the general joy, for on taking the almost expiring bird into my hand for a few minutes, she recovered in some degree, and I restored her to her anxious mate." The mocking-bird alone, "that unrivalled vocalist," surpasses the ferruginous thrush in song. This thrush possesses scarcely any faculty of imitation, but is, we are told, a steady performer; and though it sings for hours at a time, seldom, if ever, commits errors, while repeating the beautiful lessons set to it by nature, all of which it studies for months during spring and summer. "Ah! reader," continues the gentle-hearted ornithologist, "that I could repeat to you its several cadences, all so full of sweetness and melody, that one might imagine each last thrill, as it dies on the ear, the careful lullaby of some blessed mother chanting her babe to repose."

We fear that the ferruginous thrush himself has been known to murder an occasional small bird—but mum shall be the word for sake of his song. The Canada jay is almost as bad as the blue—and on account of his carnivorous propensities is known in Maine by the name of the carrion bird. The lumberers or woodcutters of that state amuse themselves in their camp during eating hours with what they call "transporting the carrion-bird." This is done by cutting a pole eight or ten feet in length, and balancing it on the sill of their hut, the end outside the entrance being baited with a piece of flesh of any kind. Immediately on seeing the tempting morsel, the jays alight on it, and while they are busily engaged in devouring it, a woodcutter gives a smart blow to the end of the pole within the hut, which seldom fails to drive the birds high in the air, and not unfrequently kills them. This seems cruel, but it is not so. For the jays rob the lumberers' traps of their baits; and robbery in the woods of Maine is rightly a capital crime.

But would you believe it, the mocking-bird is as much of a murderer as the blue jay! "My dear Mr. Audubon," said Dr. Wilson of Charleston, in the house of Bachman, "I have several beautiful fox-coloured sparrows in my aviary, but of late some of them have been killed, and I wish you would tell me by what other birds the murders have been committed." Audubon laid the charge first on the blue jay, (see what it is to have a bad character,) but the doctor replied, that even they seemed too much molested by some other species. Audubon was dumb. Next day the doctor returned, and astonished him not a little by informing him that the culprit was a mocking-bird—ay "the unrivalled vocalist!" They went together to the doctor's aviary—and with all their four eyes saw the mocking-bird alight on one of the fox-coloured sparrows, in the manner of a small hawk, and attempt to murder him! The poor finch was rescued, but it was reduced to its last gasp, and expired. "This very mocking-bird we strongly suspected of being the individual that had killed a *blue jay of exceedingly meek disposition* a few weeks before. It was ultimately removed into a lonely cage, where it is yet passing its days, perhaps in unavailing penitence."

We must bring our article to a close—but shall probably next month return to this volume, which teems, as our readers now know, with interest and amusement. We conclude with a *leetle* anecdote most characteristic of the enthusiasm of the great ornithologist. The black poll warbler builds in Labrador. And thus Audubon tells us of his having found its nest. "One fair morning, while several of us were scrambling through one of the thickets of trees, scarcely waist-high, my youngest son chanced to scare from her nest a female of the black poll warbler. Reader! just fancy how this raised my spirits. *I felt as if the enormous expense of my voyage had been refunded! 'There,' said I, 'we are the first white men that have seen such a bird.'*"

AWARD OF PRIZES.

At the anniversary of the institution of the Royal Academy, the annual distribution of medals to the various successful candidates in the several departments of architecture, painting, and sculpture, took place at Somerset House. The silver medal, and the Lectures of Barry, Opie, and Fuseli, bound and inscribed, were presented to Mr. G. Sayer, for the best copy of the "Assumption," by Murillo, from the Dulwich Gallery. The silver medal was presented to Mr. J. Welsh, for the best drawing from the life. Also, the silver medal to Mr. J. Johnson, for the best elevation, from actual admeasurement, of the Council-office and Board of Trade, Whitehall; and a similar medal to Mr. G. Lee, for the best drawings from the antique of the head of Jupiter, the Laughing Faun, together with drawings of the hand and foot. The silver medal was likewise awarded to Mr. G. Bool, for the best model in alto-relief of the "Discobolus," from the antique. The learned president, in his comments on the copies made in the school of painting, observed, that notwithstanding their claims to merit as regarded mechanical excellence, there was in the principal portion of the copies a feebleness of design exhibited, against which he would caution the aspiring student as a defect, and as a bar to the attainment of real excellence in his academic pursuits. The merit of the drawings from the life was particularly deserving notice, and on that account the more excited his surprise that no *models* in the same department should have been received by the Academy. In drawings from the antique, he continued, considerable excellence in detail and execution had been displayed; for had the Academy departed from their usual custom of not awarding a second medal, they must have adjudged three to as many performances of equal merit.

Sir Martin further urged a close and unremitting study of the human figure as essential to spirit and freedom of design. Purity of design, he continued, was not the characteristic of the British school; indeed, its deficiency in this respect was its most vulnerable point. The study of the human figure had been often referred to as the fundamental principle—the grammar—of the art of painting; but it was more, it was the language of the science—purity of design was the important end of study. This attained in the British school, and British artists would then enter in honourable rivalry with the excellences of the ancient and foreign schools, and insure the predominant ascendancy of their own.

From the Asiatic Journal.

REMARKABLE CHARACTERS IN INDIA.

COLONEL GARDINER.—THE BEGUM SUMROO.

A few years ago, India presented a wide field for adventure. The distracted state of the country, the ambitious projects and conflicting interests of native princes, were highly favourable circumstances to those who brought with them a competent knowledge of the art of war and of military discipline, and who preferred a wild, erratic, roving life, amongst the children of the soil, to the regular service of the India Company. There are two individuals still living in the Bengal presidency, and occupying a distinguished, though singular, position in society, whose eventful career, if circumstantially related, could not fail to prove highly interesting. The general outlines of the history of the Begum Sumroo, and of Colonel Gardiner, of Khasgunje, are known to every person who has visited the theatre of their exploits, but very few are acquainted with the details; for such is the shifting nature of Anglo-Indian society, that it is impossible to gain more than the passing information of the day, in places rendered memorable from circumstances of universal notoriety, but of which nobody can give the particulars.

Some apology ought, perhaps, to be made for associating the name of so gallant and highly respected an officer as Colonel Gardiner with that of the begum, and her still more worthless husband; but as those readers of the *Asiatic Journal*, who have not been in India, are puzzled by the announcement of the marriages, or projected marriages, of the daughters of this gentleman with the nephews of the King of Delhi, an explanation of the circumstances, which have produced these apparently extraordinary alliances, will doubtless prove acceptable. The writer of these pages does not pretend to know more of Colonel Gardiner than the tongue of rumour could tell, or a casual meeting in society could afford; but so remarkable a person naturally made a strong impression, and the anecdotes extant concerning him were too singular to be easily forgotten. Colonel Gardiner's tall, commanding figure, soldier-like countenance, and military air, rendered his appearance very striking. When at his own residence, and associating with natives, it is said that he adopts the Asiatic costume; but while visiting a large military station, in company with the resident of Lucknow, he wore a blue surtout, resembling the undress uniform of the British army, but profusely ornamented with silk lace.

Colonel Gardiner, who is a connection of the noble family bearing that name, came out to India in the king's service, which he soon afterwards quitted. The cause of his resignation is variously related; in the absence of an authentic account, it would, perhaps, be wrong to give sanction to any one of the reports afloat concerning it. At this period, it was impossible to foresee that the tide of fortune would bring the British government of India into actual warfare with the sovereigns of provinces so far beyond the frontier, that human invention dared not contemplate their subjugation. Many loyal men were, therefore induced to follow the banners of native princes, under the expectation that they never could be called upon to bear arms against their own country; but fate decreed it otherwise, and, in the Mahratta war, those officers who had entered into Holkar's service found themselves in a very awkward predicament, especially as they were not permitted a choice, or even allowed to remain neutral, their new masters endeavouring to force them, upon pain of death, to commit treason to the land of their birth, by fighting in the ranks of a hostile force.

In some of the native courts, the English were immediately put to death upon the approach of the enemy, or on the slightest suspicion of their fidelity. Upon more than one occasion, Colonel Gardiner, who, independent of his military skill, possessed a thorough knowledge of the native character and very considerable talent, penetrated the designs of his employers, and withdrew in time from meditated treachery; but his escape from Holkar was of the most hazardous description, not inferior in picturesque incident and personal jeopardy to that of the renowned Dugald Dalgetty, who was not more successful in all lawful strategy than the subject of this too brief memoir.

Anxious to secure the services of so efficient an officer, after all fair means had failed, Holkar tied his prisoner to a gun, and threatened him with immediate destruction should he persist in refusing to take the field with his army. The colonel remained staunch, and, perchance in the hope of tiring him out, the execution was suspended, and he was placed under a guard, who had orders never to quit him for a single instant. Walking one day along the edge of a bank leading by precipitous descent to a river, Colonel Gardiner suddenly determined to make a bold effort to escape, and perceiving a place fitted to his purpose, he shouted out *bismillah!* "in the name of God!" and flung himself down an abyss of some forty or fifty feet deep. None were inclined to follow him, but guns were fired, and an alarm sounded in the town. He recovered his feet, and making for the river, plunged into it; after swimming for some distance, finding that his pursuers gained upon him, he took shelter in a friendly covert, and with merely his mouth above the water, waited until they had passed; he then landed on the opposite side, and proceeded by unfrequented paths to a town in the neighbourhood, which was under the command of a friend, who, though a native, and a servant of Holkar, he thought would afford him protection. This man proved trustworthy, and after remaining concealed some time, the colonel ventured out in the disguise of a grass-cutter, and reaching the British outposts in safety, was joyously received by his countrymen. He was appointed to the command of a regiment of irregular horse, which he still retains; and his services in the field, at the head of these brave soldiers, have not been more advantageous to the British government, than the accurate acquaintance before mentioned, which his long and intimate association with natives enabled him to obtain of the Asiatic character. It was to his diplomatic skill and knowledge of the best methods of treaty, that we owed the capitulation of one of those formidable hill-fortresses (Komulmair, in Mewar,) whose reduction by arms would have been at the expense of an immense sacrifice of human life. The commandant of the division despatched to take possession of it, wearied out by the procrastinating and indecisive spirit of the natives, would have stormed the place at every disadvantage, had not Colonel Gardiner persuaded him to entrust the negociation to his hands. The result proved that he had made a just estimate of his own powers: the garrison agreed to give up the fortress on the payment of their arrears, and Colonel Tod, in his *Annals of Rajast'han*, mentions the circumstance as one highly honourable to the British character, that, there being not more than four thousand rupees at the time in the English camp, an order, written by the commandant for the remainder, upon the shroffs or bankers in the neighbourhood, was taken without the least hesitation, the natives not having the slightest doubt that it would be paid upon presentation.

The marriage of Colonel Gardiner forms one of the most singular incidents in his romantic story. In the midst of his hazardous career, he carried off a Mahomedan princess, the sister of one of the lesser potentates of the Deccan, who, though now reduced to comparative insignificance, during the rise and progress of the Mahrattas, were personages of considerable consequence.

> Ever the first to climb a tower,
> As venturous in a lady's bower,

the sacred recess of the zenana were entered by the enterprising lover, who, at the moment in which his life was

threatened by the brother's treachery, bore away his prize in triumph, and sought an asylum in another court.

A European, of popular manners and military experience, could in those days easily place himself at the head of a formidable body of soldiers, ready to follow his fortunes, and trusting to his arrangements with the princes whose cause he supported for their pay, which was frequently in arrear, or dependent upon the capture of some rich province. In the command of such a troop, Colonel Gardiner was a welcome guest wherever he went, and, until the affair with Holkar, he had always contrived to secure his retreat whenever it was prudent to commence a new career in another quarter.

It is difficult to say what kind of bridal contract is gone through between a Moslem beauty and a Christian gentleman, but the ceremony is supposed to be binding; at least it is considered so in India, a native female not losing the respect of her associates by forming such a connection. The marriage of Colonel Gardiner seems perfectly satisfactory to the people of Hindostan, for the lady has not only continued stedfast in the Mahomedan faith, and in the strict observance of all the restrictions prescribed to Asiatic females of rank, but has brought up her daughters in the same religious persuasion, and in the same profound seclusion—points seldom conceded by a European father. They are, therefore, eligible to match with the princes of the land, their mother's family connections and high descent atoning for the disadvantage of foreign ancestry upon the paternal side. Educated according to the most approved fashion of an oriental court, they are destined to spend the remainder of their lives in the zenana; and this choice for her daughters shows that their mother, at least, does not consider exclusion from the world, in which European women reign and revel, to be any hardship.

So little of the spirit of adventure is now stirring in India, that the Misses Gardiner, or the young begums, or whatever appellation it may be most proper to designate them by, have not attracted the attention of the enterprising portion of the European community. Doubtless their beauty and accomplishments are blazoned in native society, but, excepting upon the occasion of an announcement like that referred to in the Calcutta periodicals, the existence of these ladies is scarcely known to their father's countrymen residing in India. We are ignorant whether their complexions partake most of the eastern or of the northern hue, or whether they have the slightest idea of the privileges, from which their mother's adherence to Mahomedan usages has debarred them. Their situation, singular as it may appear in England, excites little or no interest; nobody seems to lament that they were not brought up in the Christian religion, or permitted those advantages which the half-caste offspring of women of lower rank enjoy; and, acquainted with the circumstances of the case, the editors of the aforesaid periodicals do not enter into any explanation of intelligence of the most startling nature to English readers, who, in their ignorance of facts, are apt to fancy that European ladies in India are willing to enter into the zenanas of native princes.

Colonel Gardiner has of course adopted a great many of the opinions and ideas of the people with whom he has passed so great a portion of his time, and in his mode of living he may be termed half an Asiatic; this, however, does not prevent him from being a most acceptable companion to the European residents, who take the greatest delight in his society whenever he appears amongst them. His autobiography would be a work of the highest value, affording a picture of Indian manners and Indian policy, with which few besides himself have ever had an opportunity of becoming so intimately acquainted. As he is still in the prime and vigour of existence, we may hope that some such employment of these piping times of peace may be suggested to him, and that he may be induced to devote the hours spent in retirement at Khasgunje to the writing or the dictation of the incidents of his early life. In looking back upon past events, the colonel occasionally expresses a regret that he should have been induced to quit the king's service, in which, in all probability, he would have attained the highest rank; but, eminently qualified for the situation in which he has been placed, and more than reconciled to the destiny which binds him to a foreign soil, the station he occupies leaves him little to desire, and he has it in his power to be still farther useful to society by unlocking the stores of a mind fraught with information of the highest interest.

The life of the Begum Sumroo presents a more extraordinary tissue of events, extraordinary even in Asiatic annals, notwithstanding the numerous stepping-stones to wealth and power which were offered to the enterprising in the wild and troublous periods of Indian misrule. In early youth, this singular woman attached herself to a German adventurer, called by the natives Sumroo; but whether this appellation was a corruption of Summers, a name he is said to have taken upon his entrance into the company's service, or of a soubriquet supposed to have been bestowed upon him on account of his gloomy and saturnine aspect, is not known; both versions of the story being equally current in India. This man commenced his career in the east as a private soldier in the English army, from which he speedily deserted, and made his way to the upper provinces. He is described as a low-born, uneducated person, so illiterate as not to be able to write his own name. He possessed talents, however, which recommended him to the notice of Cossim Ali, nawaub of Bengal, who took him into favour, and gave him the command of his army. While in the service of this prince, Sumroo perpetrated a deed which stamped his name with indelible infamy. Inviting the English residents at Patna to his table, while partaking with the most unreserved confidence of the banquet, he gave a signal for a general massacre, and not one escaped the assassin's dagger. This act of perfidy proved as useless as it had been base and treacherous; the Company's troops under Major Adams speedily recaptured the city, and soon afterwards the entire conquest of Bengal obliged Cossim Ali and his followers to seek refuge at the court of Sujah Dowlah, Nawab Vizier of Oude. During the remainder of his life, English officers had often the mortification of seeing this renegade basking in the sunshine of favour at the courts of native princes; and though, as their star prevailed, he was compelled to try his fortune in more distant scenes, his prosperity daily increased. He established himself at the head of a considerable force, who were attached to his person, and wanted nothing but pay to be exceedingly effective. Finding it difficult to satisfy them or their leader, Nudjift Khan put him into possession of a very considerable jaghire, or rather a small principality, in the province of Delhi, which the begum retains to this day.

Sumroo died in 1776, and, at his decease, the corps which he had raised was kept up in the name of his son, though the chief authority fell into the hands of the extraordinary woman who has since made so conspicuous a figure in Hindostan. The origin of Zaib ul Nissa (ornament of her sex,) a name which, as well as the title of *begum*, was conferred upon her by the King of Delhi, is not known. By some persons it is said that she was a dancing girl; and many are of opinion that she was a Cashmerian by birth, an idea which has arisen from the remarkable fairness of her complexion. But though this is not a common circumstance amongst the natives of Hindostan, instances are sufficiently frequent to render it very possible that she was born at Agra, the place in which she attached herself to the fortunes of Sumroo.

There can be no doubt that the begum possessed a more than ordinary share of personal charms, for, at an advanced age, the remains were very striking. She is

rather under the middle size, delicately formed, with fine-chiseled features, brilliant hazel eyes, a complexion very little darker than that of an Italian, and hands, arms, and feet which Zoffani, the painter, declared to be models of beauty. Of these, though now grown fat and wrinkled, she is justly proud. It is well known that, while apparently excluded from all share of authority, women in India in reality often obtain unlimited sway over their husbands' property. Little or nothing is said of Sumroo's son, but his widow, as she is called, speedily became a person of great importance. By some of her contemporaries it is averred that, at a very early period of life, "her highness" became a convert to the Roman catholic faith, which she now professes, and that she was married to a German by the forms of that church; others seem to think these circumstances doubtful, and are of opinion that, like many Mahomedan women living with Europeans, she for a long period retained her own religion, though considering herself as much the wife of her protector as if he had fulfilled all the ceremonial of the Moslem contract.

After the death of Sumroo, the begum entered into another matrimonial engagement, with a French adventurer, a Monsieur L'Oiseaux, or Le Vassu, who had been in the Mahratta service, under General Perron, and was afterwards employed by her as commander-in-chief of the troops belonging to her jaghire. Like many widows, the lady soon discovered that she had committed a grievous error in the choice of a second husband; but there are very few who could extricate themselves so boldly and artfully from the entanglement. The cause of the begum's earnest desire to get rid of her new lord is variously related; but, in all probability, those persons are right who have attributed it to the desire which the Frenchman manifested to return to Europe. Native women of rank and wealth are well aware that they will lose all their consequence in a foreign country, and they usually make it a *sine qud non*, that those whom they espouse shall agree to spend the remainder of their days in India. Naturally alarmed at a proposition which seemed to be dictated by the purest selfishness, and which assured her that she was indebted for her husband to the wealth she had amassed, and which he now desired to lavish amongst strangers to her, by whom she would be regarded as an object of contempt, she made no outward opposition, but dissembling deeply, determined to circumvent a plan which threatened to be so injurious to her interests.

Le Vassu was no match in diplomatic arts for his subtle wife; she pretended to enter with the greatest readiness into the scheme, but conjured him to keep his intentions secret, lest the troops, exasperated by the abandonment of their chief, should endeavour to detain them by force. While apparently engaged with the greatest alacrity in the collection of the gold and jewels which he proposed to carry along with him, she employed various emissaries to inflame the minds of the people against the Frenchman, and to represent his intended desertion in the most odious colours. These agents took care to contrast her love and devotion to the interests of those over whom she had been placed, with her husband's base betrayal of their confidence; and when every thing was prepared according to her wishes, she alarmed Le Vassu with rumours of an intended revolt. She assured him that there would be the greatest difficulty in effecting their escape from a highly-excited people, who had resolved upon their destruction should they be taken in the act of quitting the province, and declaring her determination never to survive the disgrace of a capture, she represented the horrors which would ensue in such a glowing manner, and worked so strongly upon the imagination of her husband, that he agreed to follow her example, promising to kill himself should their party be insufficient to quell the insurgents.

Having made these arrangements, they set forward on their journey, attended by a strong escort, and each being provided with pistols, which the lady well knew how to use. At the appointed spot, the escort was attacked, or apparently attacked, by a party in the begum's interest; the guards were put to the rout, and the fugitives seemed to be completely in the power of their supposed enemies. There was a great deal of confusion, and amid several reports of musketry, news was brought to the bewildered Frenchman, that the begum had shot herself. He instantly dismounted from his elephant, and rushing to her palanquin, found the attendants in great affliction and disorder; these people confirmed the fatal intelligence, giving as a proof the lady's veil saturated with blood. Knowing the resolute disposition of his wife, he concluded from this act of despair that all was lost, and destitute of the resources of a strong mind, and unsuspicious of double-dealing, he saved his enemy from the guilt of his actual murder, by putting a pistol to his head.

The begum, taking care to have better information than her luckless spouse, the moment his death was ascertained, threw open the doors of her palanquin, and mounting an elephant, addressed the troops in eloquent and impassioned language, descanting upon the affection she bore to the people bequeathed to her care by their former chief, her opposition to the wishes of the dastard who would have plundered and left them, and her determination to live and die in the discharge of the important duties which she was called upon to perform.

Until this moment, it is said, she had never appeared in public; but the exigency of the case excused her assumption of masculine rights. Her appeal to the soldiers was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and they conveyed her back to camp with shouts and acclamations. From that period, she publicly exercised all the rights of a sovereign, and has retained undisputed possession of her authority. Officers formerly attached to the Mahratta service relate that they have seen her in the zenith of her beauty, leading on her troops in person, and manifesting in the midst of the most frightful carnage the reckless intrepidity which seems only to belong to the other sex. Upon one of these occasions, during the reign of Shah Alum, she is said to have saved the Mogul empire, by rallying and encouraging her troops, when those of the king were flying before the enemy. It is certain that she performed good service, and its reward was proportionate. The emperor created her a princess, or begum, in her own right, exalting her to a rank only second to that of the imperial family. Linking her fortunes with those of Delhi, she, with her usual foresight, showed herself favourable to the English interests, and in the treaties of 1805, adroitly managed to have her territories not only confirmed to her, but exempted from the jurisdiction of the civil power, greatly, it is said, to the obstruction of all executive measures of police.

The internal management of her estate, however, renders her independence less objectionable, since she contrives to keep her subjects in excellent order, and to render the revenues extremely productive.

The town of Seerdhuna, the capital of her district, is populous and flourishing; her fields, according to common report, look greener, and her peasantry more contented, than those of native states, or even of the company's provinces, in her neighbourhood. She maintains a body of troops for the protection of her own person and the collection of the revenue, besides the quota she is required to furnish to assist in the performance of the police duties at Meerut. These soldiers are under the command of officers of European descent, but to judge from the accounts which sometimes appear in the Calcutta papers of the abject nature of their enforced subservience to the will of an imperious and arbitrary woman, they cannot be of a very high grade.

The begum's troops, who are principally Rajpoots,—

tall stout men, but, like all the retainers of native princes, of haughty and insolent demeanour,—are clad in uniforms of dark-blue broadcloth, loose vests, reaching nearly to the feet, and fastened round the waist with scarlet cummurbunds; their turbans are of the same colour, and they are well armed and mounted. Her highness has also a park of artillery in very excellent order; and altogether does not make a contemptible appearance in the field.

The siege of Bhurtpore revived all the military ardour of the begum, who was very desirous to appear before the place in person, and to obtain some share of the glory and the prize-money. The commander-in-chief, who did not think her handful of retainers of much importance, endeavoured to reconcile the Amazon to her exclusion, by offering to place the holy city of Muttra under her charge; but, observing that, if not seen at the post of danger, the people of Hindoostan would say she had grown cowardly in her old age, she pitched her tents in the neighbourhood of the head-quarters' camp, and carried her point so far as at least to have the honour of being present at the capture of the fortress.

The revenues of the begum are estimated at ten lacs, or £100,000 sterling, and she is supposed to be in possession of immense treasures amassed during a very long and prosperous life. The principality of which she is the sovereign is about twenty miles long, twelve broad, and seventy in circumference. Her palace is built in the European fashion, and she has also erected a church there, after the model of St. Peter's at Rome. Both the design and execution of this cathedral are very beautiful; the altar of white marble, brought from Jyepore, and inlaid with cornelians and agates of various colours, being particularly rich and splendid. The gardens at Seerdhuna are celebrated for their fruit-trees, and especially for the groves of oranges, lemons, and citrons, which perfume the air with their blossoms and weigh down the branches with their golden treasures.

The begum also possesses a mansion at Delhi, which was formerly her favourite place of residence. It is situated at the upper end of the Chaudry Chowk, and crowns an eminence in the centre of a spacious and stately garden, laid out according to the prevailing fashion of the East. Its parterres are thickly planted with the choicest fruits and flowers, and it is traversed by avenues of superb cypresses, whose luxuriant though melancholy beauty atones for the formality of their appearance. During the period of Lord Lake's sojourn at Delhi, and for many subsequent years, the begum was wont to give superb entertainments, and to receive the highest marks of respect from her European visiters. She has probably been a little spoiled by flattery, and has acquired rather too inflated a notion of her own political importance, since it is said that, on her excursions to Delhi, during the latter years of her life, she did not pay the usual tribute of homage to the resident, of a visit, which, as the representative of the British government, he has a right to expect from all persons of inferior rank. The omission, in process of time, was reported to the supreme authorities at Calcutta, and the begum, duly admonished, proceeded in form to the residency, though with a very ill-grace. In fact, her pride was so deeply hurt by this enforced concession, that she speedily turned her back upon Delhi, declaring at her departure that she would never enter its walls again. She has kept her word, residing at places in which her dignity is not lowered by the presence of so high a functionary. Her palace at Seerdhuna is under the same ban, though not from the same cause. Some of her astrologers have predicted that her return will be marked by her death; and though long past the usual period of existence, she has not the least desire to be gathered to her forefathers, and, in avoiding the fatal spot, hopes to retard her doom. She is building a house at Kinwah, about eleven miles distant from the capital of her fief, and possesses one at Bhurtpore, and another in the neighbourhood of Meerut, outside the cantonments, which is now her principal residence. Here she gives splendid entertainments, particularly to the great personages who travel in that direction. She has long since abandoned the restrictions imposed by Asiatic prejudice, and sits at table with large parties of gentlemen without scruple. She formerly attended to the Mahomedan precepts as far as they related to the preparation of food; but, having once passed the Rubicon, she refused to return to her trammels again, not even following the example of the English ladies, when they retired from table, but preferring to remain with the gentlemen, on the plea that she made it a point never to leave her "pipe half-smoked."

The dress of the begum differs in some degree from that of other Hindoostanee ladies, her highness choosing to substitute a turban for the veil invariably worn by the females of her country; a circumstance which, though apparently trifling, shows that she entertains little or no regard for native opinions and prejudices, the turban being only assumed by dancing-girls during some performances which are considered highly indecorous, and are not exhibited before ladies. The Begum's costume usually consists of a short full petticoat of rich stuff, which displays a few inches of her gold or silver brocaded trowsers. The *coortee* and under garment are similar to those worn by other ladies, and she throws a shawl over her turban, which envelopes her throat, arms, and shoulders, in the muffling though not ungraceful manner in which the veil is worn in India. Her slippers are as bright and as small as those of Cinderella, and notwithstanding the near approach of her eightieth year, are displayed with a considerable degree of coquetry. She smokes out of a magnificent hookah, and upon most occasions is decorated with a prodigious quantity of jewels.

The property of every kind, which this fortunate adventurer has accumulated, is immense; her stud of horses is one of the finest in Hindoostan, and she drives about in a carriage and four of English fashion and Calcutta build, which boasts, or at least did boast when it was first launched, a high degree of splendour. It is a large bright yellow coach, with silver mouldings, the window-frames of solid silver, and the lace and hangings, which are very rich and substantial, also of silver, with splendid bullion tassels; the lining is of violet-coloured satin, embroidered all over with silver stars, and the postilions are in dark blue and silver liveries.

The begum, during her latter years, has frequently sat for her portrait to a native artist, who takes excellent likenesses, and having had the advantage of European instruction has made considerable progress in the art. One of these, a miniature, is in the possession of Lord Combermere, for whom her highness professed the warmest degree of friendship. In former days, our Indian Elizabeth was distinguished for elegance and grace; and whenever she had a point to carry she employed such captivating and fascinating arts, that she seldom failed to succeed. She does not speak any language except Hindoostanee, and her increasing years and infirmities have reduced the beautiful and dignified heroine of a thousand fields, to a decrepid old woman, who is still, however, courteous and polite, and not insensible to the homage formerly so freely rendered, but which now seems only to proceed from a sentiment of pity, or a love of the ridiculous. Unhappily, the character of the begum is stained with cruelties of so deep a dye, that respect for her talents is merged in abhorrence for her crimes. The natives say, that she was born a politician, that she has allies every where, and friends no where, and there is much truth in these assertions: for, though liberal to her dependants, she is accounted a severe mistress, and, before the occupation of the neighbouring provinces by

the British government, did not scruple to commit atrocities of the most frightful nature. The darkest stories are circulated of murders perpetrated by her order, and in her own presence; some of her subjects she is said to have impaled alive, and others barbarously mutilated. But the most shocking tale is connected with a fertile cause of female cruelty and revenge. She became jealous of one of the females of her household, and not satisfied with depriving her of existence, prolonged her sufferings, and rejoiced over them with a savage barbarity, which can only be compared to the sanguine ferocity of the tigress, tearing and torturing her prey before she gives it the final stroke. The unfortunate girl was buried alive under the floor of the apartment occupied by her mistress, who slept upon the spot in order to feast her ears with the dying groans of her victim, and to prevent the possibility of a rescue: the whole establishment compassionating the fate of the hapless creature who had fallen under the clutch of so relentless a monster.

The seclusion in which Hindoostanee women are obliged to live is not favourable to the formation of the female character, nor does it tend to soften and improve the heart. Women of strong feelings, for want of other excitement, are apt to exercise the most wanton cruelties upon their dependents, and the zenana is frequently a scene of the greatest misery. The slave-girls of the princesses of Delhi have been known to escape from the palace and fly to the British residency for protection; and surrounded by such examples, and armed with absolute power, it is not surprising that a woman, of so determined a character as the Begum Sumroo, should have exceeded all her contemporaries in the recklessness with which she indulged her hatred against those who had the misfortune to offend her.

The begum's first husband, the founder of her fortunes, is buried at Agra. She, herself, is said never to have had a child; but the son, mentioned as the successor to the jaghire, of whom nothing in India seems to be known, certainly left some offspring, who have formed allianees with Europeans and Indo-Britons. The Calcutta papers, of October, 1831, announced the marriages of two gentlemen, John Rose Troup, Esq., and Monsieur Peter Paul Mari Le Caroli, with the daughters of Colonel George Alexander Dyce, great granddaughters of the Begum Sumroo. The ceremony was performed in the cathedral of Sancta Maria, at Seerdhuna, by the padre Julius Cæsar, and that of Mr. Troup was afterwards celebrated a second time at the begum's palace, by the protestant chaplain of Meerut.

Several priests of the Roman Catholic persuasion are settled at Seerdhuna, and their influence over the begum, which is said to be very considerable, will, it is to be hoped, lead to a deeper sense of her misdeeds than that self-satisfied old lady appears at present to entertain. She could scarcely be in better hands than those of father Julius Cæsar, who realises the most beautiful ideas which could be formed of a Christian minister. Destitute of ambitious hopes, and debarred from those ties of kindred and affection which tend to reconcile the protestant clergy to a residence on a foreign shore, he devotes all his time and thoughts to the preservation and enlargement of his little flock. Though occasionally to be found at Seerdhuna and other places where a catholic community is assembled, his residence is in the city of Patna, where he has a small congregation. He is the only European who has ever taken up his abode within the walls since the cold-blooded massacre which took place in 1764, and he is universally respected by the natives, who regard with great veneration those persons belonging to the priesthood who act up to their clerical profession, whatever their religious opinions may be. In times of expected irritation or tumult, the services of the padre are frequently called for in aid of the civil authorities, and he is always ready to employ his influence in the promotion of any good work. His talents and amiable character render him a welcome and an honoured guest at the houses of the British residents at Bankapore, a civil station in his immediate neighbourhood, and Bishop Heber seems scarcely to have done justice to this excellent man, in ascribing his popularity to the smoothness of his manners, and his tact in administering to the self-love of his associates. Father Julius Cæsar is a Franciscan friar, wearing the garb and practising the self-denial enjoined by his order, the products of his little cure being barely adequate to the support of a very humble establishment.

The begum's court at Seerdhuna has been the asylum of European adventurers of various ranks, who, disappointed of the golden harvest which they had hoped to reap in the fertile fields of India, have been content to sit down for the remainder of their lives upon appointments which gave them more luxuries than they could command at home. Forming connections with Asiatic women, or giving their children wholly up to the care of the natives, Seerdhuna has exhibited Europeans in a very singular position, having nothing of their father-land about them save the hue of their skin. Some English gentlemen, sitting at table at Agra, were surprised by the appearance of a man, whose fair complexion, sandy whiskers, and peculiar physiognomy, announced him to belong to the Emerald Isle, but whose dress and language were purely Hindoostanee. With all the native volubility, he told the story of his wrongs, his unjust dismissal from the begum's service, and his travels in search of redress or employment. Upon being questioned upon the subject of his parentage, he said that his father was an Irishmen, but seemed to know nothing farther about the matter, and to be perfectly unaware of the astonishment which his Asiatic manners and habits would occasion to those with whom he was conversing. It is very seldom that transplantation to a foreign soil produces so complete a change in the immediate descendants of British exiles, though other Europeans, French people in particular, accommodate themselves more easily to the customs and usages of the people with whom they are destined to live. Some of the most respectable of the begum's foreign retainers have been natives of France; her colonel-commandant, a gentleman named Peton, who resided at her court during a great many years, was very justly esteemed for his invariable good conduct and gentlemanly manners. Latterly, her service has fallen into disrepute; as the country has become tranquilised, the prospects of Europeans at native courts have become less brilliant, and as her highness does not offer very high emoluments, and there is no honour whatever to be gained in her employ, she is surrounded by half-castes, whose expectations are of a very limited nature, and who submit to treatment which would disgust persons of higher pretensions.

Either according to treaty, or in consequence of the begum's gratitude for the protection she has experienced, she has made the British government her heir, and, at her death, which in the course of nature must take place very shortly, the jaghire will be placed on the same footing as those under the company's jurisdiction. The begum is very liberal in her donations to public charities, and other popular institutions in Calcutta. After the death of her husband Sumroo, she kept up a monastery founded by him at Agra, for persons belonging to the Roman catholic church, of any country or nation, adding an establishment for nuns; but whether many persons of either sex have availed themselves of this asylum we have little opportunity of knowing, since European travellers pass through Agra without taking the slightest interest in any of its minor features, and the greater number are quite content with casting a listless glance

upon the buildings of note which are to be seen in the fort and the cantonments.

The begum exercises the almost boundless hospitality which native custom has prescribed to those who are placed at the head of a fief or large estate, entertaining the whole of the servants and camp-followers of parties of travellers, to whom she is desirous to pay respect and attention. The supply of firewood, ghee, grain, and sweetmeats, to the multifarious attendants of the ambulatory establishment of a great man, is a serious affair; but her highness always does the thing handsomely, and the people who are feasted at her expense have no cause to complain of the meagreness of their fare. Salutes of cannon are fired, and her troops are turned out, whenever her capital is visited by travellers of distinction, and while the retainers are furnished with the materials for a feast, the ladies and gentlemen are invited to her own table, sumptuously covered at breakfast and dinner, the banquet being followed by nautching and fire-works.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

BENTHAM.

Jeremy Bentham, recently deceased, has been described as one of the most remarkable literary characters in Great Britain. Till the period of his decease, he existed in some measure as a connecting link betwixt the philosophic theorists of the past and present age, yet extremely little is known of his character or pursuits; for though lauded in unmeasured terms by some of his contemporaries, and made a subject among magazine writers and reviewers, the *people*, by whom it will be allowed all popularity and true greatness become fixed, hardly know that there was ever such a person, and very few of them indeed could tell what were his peculiar doctrines. There is a large class of individuals in this country who continue to write and publish books, and make up papers for periodical publications, and whose names are frequently enough met with in our ephemeral literature, yet who are quite unknown and uncared for by the general community, and whose productions have no visible effect whatever either on the conduct or style of thinking of the people. To this class in a great measure belonged Jeremy Bentham. He was a great and voluminous writer on metaphysical and political subjects, as well as on jurisprudence; he strove for many years for what he considered the good of the people; and he almost died for the people, for he bequeathed his body to the dissectors, in order to benefit the science of anatomy; yet, strangely enough, the people generally seem to know little or nothing of him; and it might be safely affirmed that there could not be found a dozen complete copies of his works in ordinary use. Nevertheless, according to some of the newspapers and magazines, and those who give praise on trust, Bentham was "one of the greatest philosophers of his time"—an assertion there is no possibility of disproving. From what can be guessed as to the sum of Bentham's principles, it appears he was one of those men who *think* themselves into a belief, that, as things go, mankind are all in the wrong; that they do nothing rightly; that the whole of the machinery of society should be stopped, the wheels cleaned and altered, and then set a-going on a new plan. Yet, with this whimsicality of character, Bentham was in reality a sincere friend to mankind in the widest possible sense; and it is only a pity that he did not take pains to bring his views lucidly and pointedly before the community, so that they might have been studied, and, if necessary, acted upon. His plans for simplifying forms of law were, we believe, of a valuable kind, and had he brought them forward on a practical scale, great benefit might have ensued. As it is, they might almost as well have never been digested. The character of Bentham—in whom there was much to admire, and something to condemn—has perhaps never been so well delineated as by Hazlitt, and, with the translation from the present to the past tense, may here be introduced.

"Mr. Bentham was one of those persons who verified the old adage, that 'a prophet has no honour, except out of his own country.' His reputation lay at the circumference; and the lights of his understanding were reflected, with increasing lustre, on the other side of the globe. His name was little known in England, better in Europe, and best of all in the plains of Chili, and the mines of Mexico. He offered constitutions for the New World, and legislated for future times. The people of Westminster, where he lived, hardly knew such a person. We believe that the Empress Catharine corresponded with him; and we know that the Emperor Alexander called upon him, and presented him with his miniature in a gold snuff-box, which the philosopher, to his eternal honour, returned. Mr. Hobhouse is [or was] a greater man at the hustings; but Mr. Bentham would have carried it hollow, on the score of popularity, at Paris or Pegu. The reason is, that our author's influence was purely intellectual, having devoted his life to the pursuit of abstract and general truths, and to those studies

'That waft a *thought* from Indus to the Pole,'

and never mixed himself up with personal intrigues or politics. Mr. Bentham was very much among philosophers what La Fontaine was among poets:—in general habits, in all but his professional pursuits, he was a mere child. He lived for the last forty years in a house in Westminster, overlooking the park, like an anchoret in his cell, reducing law to a system, and the mind of man to a machine. He scarcely ever went out, and saw very little company. The favoured few who had the privilege of the entrée were always admitted one by one. He did not like to have witnesses of his conversation. He talked a great deal, and listened to nothing but facts. When any one called upon him, he invited them to take a turn round his garden with him (Mr. Bentham was an economist of his time, and set apart this portion of it to air and exercise), and there you might have seen the lively old man, his mind still buoyant with thought, and with the prospect of futurity, in eager conversation with some opposition member, some expatriated patriot, or trans-Atlantic adventurer, urging the extinction of close boroughs, or planning a code of laws for some 'lone island in the watery waste,' his walk almost amounting to a run, his tongue keeping pace with it in shrill, cluttering accents, negligent of his person, his dress, and his manner, intent only on his grand theme of UTILITY. He heard and saw only what suited his purpose, or some 'foregone conclusion;' and looked out for facts and passing occurrences in order to put them into his logical machinery, and grind them into the dust and powder of some subtle theory. Add to this physiognomical sketch the minor points of costume, the open shirt-collar, the single-breasted coat, the old-fashioned half-boots, and ribbed stockings, and you would have found in Mr. Bentham's general appearance a singular mixture of boyish simplicity and the venerableness of age.

"Mr. Bentham, perhaps, overrated the importance of his own theories. He has been heard to say (without any appearance of pride or affectation) that 'he should like to live the remaining years of his life, a year at a time, at the end of the next six or eight centuries, to see the effect which his writings would, by that time, have had upon the world.' But we do not think, in point of fact, that Mr. Bentham has given any new or decided impulse to the human mind. He cannot be looked upon in the light of a discoverer in legislation or mor-

He has not struck out any great leading principle or parent truth, from which a number of others might be deduced, nor has he enriched the established stock of intelligence. Mr. Bentham's *forte* was arrangement. He has methodised, collated, and condensed all the materials prepared to his hand, on the subjects of which he treats, in a masterly and scientific manner. His writings are, therefore, chiefly valuable as books of reference, as bringing down the account of intellectual enquiry to the present period. Mr. Bentham's leading doctrine was the necessity for studying UTILITY in every rule of society; but he was not the first writer who assumed that principle as the foundation of just laws, and of moral and political reasoning. Perhaps the weak side of his conclusions is, that he has not made sufficient allowance for the varieties of human nature, and the caprices and irregularities of the human will. [This, by the way, has been a very common error among the philosophers and theorists of ancient and modern times.] Every pleasure, says Bentham, is equally a good, and is to be taken into the account as such in a moral estimate, whether it be the pleasure of sense or of conscience, whether it arise from the exercise of virtue or the perpetration of crime. We are afraid the human mind does not readily come into this doctrine. Our moral sentiments are made up of sympathies and antipathies, of sense and imagination, of understanding and prejudice. Mr. Bentham, in adjusting the provisions of a penal code, lays too little stress on the co-operation of the natural prejudices of mankind, and the habitual feelings of that class of persons for whom they are more particularly designed. Legislators (we mean writers on legislation) are philosophers, and governed by their reason; criminals, for whose control laws are made, are a set of desperadoes, governed only by their passions. What wonder so little progress has been made towards a mutual understanding between the two parties! If sanguine and tender-hearted philanthropists have set on foot an inquiry into the barbarity and the defects of the penal laws, the practical improvements have been mostly suggested by reformed cut-throats, turnkeys, and thief-takers. The laws are ineffectual and abortive, because they are made by the rich for the poor, by the wise for the ignorant, by the respectable and exalted in station for the scum and refuse of the community. If Newgate would resolve itself into a committee of the whole press-yard, with Jack Ketch at its head, aided by confidential persons from the county prisons or the hulks, and would make a clear breast, some *data* might be found out to proceed upon; but as it is, the *criminal mind* is a book sealed. Mr. Bentham, in his attempts to revise and amend criminal jurisprudence, proceeded entirely on his favourite principle of utility. Convince highwaymen and housebreakers that it will be their interest to reform, and they will reform, and lead honest lives, according to Mr. Bentham. He says, 'All men act from calculation, even madmen reason.' And, in our opinion, he might as well have carried this maxim to Bedlam or St. Luke's. Criminals are *not* influenced by reason; for it is of the very essence of crime to disregard consequences both to themselves and others. You may as well preach philosophy to a drunken man, or to the dead, as to those who are under the instigation of any mischievous passion. The style of Mr. Bentham is unpopular, not to say unintelligible. He wrote a language of his own, that *darkens* knowledge. His works have been translated into French—they ought to be translated into English. People wonder that he was not prosecuted for the boldness and severity of some of his invectives; but he might have warped up high-treason in one of his inextricable periods, and it would never have found its way into Westminster Hall. He was a kind of manuscript author—he wrote a cypher hand, which the vulgar have no key to. It is a barbarous philosophical jargon, with all the reputations, formalities, uncouth nomenclature and verbiage of law Latin; and what makes it worse, it is not mere verbiage, but has a great deal of acuteness and meaning in it, which you would be glad to pick out, if you could. Mr. Bentham, in private life, was an exemplary character. He was a little romantic, or so; and dissipated part of a handsome fortune in practical speculations. His house was warmed and lighted by steam; and he was one of those who prefer the artificial to the natural in most things, and think the mind of man omnipotent. It was the great fault of this able and extraordinary man, that he concentrated his faculties and feelings too entirely on one subject and pursuit, and did not 'look enough abroad into universality.'"

From the Asiatic Journal.

SPLENDOURS OF THE EAST.

OUDE.

"The King of Oude has kept up a greater degree of state than his more highly descended, but less fortunate, contemporary of Delhi, and, in fact, Lucknow is the only native court throughout Hindoostan, which can afford any idea of the princely magnificence affected by the former rulers of India; that of Gwalior can bear no comparison, nor are those in the central provinces distinguished by the pomp and splendour which still characterise the throne of this ill-governed kingdom.

"Like the generality of Indian cities, Lucknow presents a more imposing spectacle at a distance, than its interior can realise, though some of its buildings may bear a comparison with those of the most celebrated capitals in the world. When viewed from some commanding point, the city exhibits a splendid assemblage of minarets, cupolas, pinnacles, towers, turrets, and lofty arched gateways, through which, with many windings, the river glides, while the whole of this bright confusion of palace and temple is shadowed and interspersed with the rich foliage of trees of gigantic growth, and redundant luxuriance. But when visited in detail, the gorgeousness of the picture is obscured by the more than ordinary degree of dirt, filth, and squalid poverty, which are placed in juxta-position with its grandest feature: the lanes leading from the principal avenues are ancle-deep in mud, and many of the hovels, which afford an insufficient shelter to a swarming population, are the most wretched habitations the imagination can conceive.

"The palace, which faces the Goomtee, comprises six principal courts or quadrangles, surrounded by pavilion-like buildings. In the first of these, which is entered by two lofty gateways, the attendants of the court have their apartments. Over the outer gate there is a handsome chamber, called the Nobut Khana, or music-room, forming an orchestra upon a very splendid scale. The second court, encompassed by state apartments, is laid out as a garden, having a well, or bowlee, in the centre. Round this well are pavilions, opening to the water, and intended to afford a cool retreat during the hot weather; the air is refreshed by the constant dripping of the fountain, and the piazzas and arcaded chambers beyond, within the influence of its luxurious atmosphere, are well calculated for sleeping chambers in the sultry nights so constantly occurring throughout the period of the hot winds. Parallel to the second court, and at the eastward of it, stands a splendid edifice, raised upon an arched terrace, entirely of stone. This fabric, which is called the Sungee Dalaun, contains a grand hall, surrounded with a double arcade, crowned with a cupola at each angle, and one over the principal front, all of copper doubly gilt. At the extremities of the terrace there are wings, and flower-gardens stretch along each front, divided into parterres by walks and fountains. A corridor extends round this court, planted with vines, and out of three entrances, one with a covered passage is appropriated to the ladies. These gateways

are decked with gilded domes, and the mosque, zenana, and other buildings attached to the palace, give to the whole edifice the air of a city raised by some enchanters. Without entering farther into dry descriptive details, it may be sufficient to say, that in no place in India can there be a more vivid realisation of visions conjured up by a perusal of the splendid fictions of the *Arabian Nights*. Those who have visited the Kremlin, have pronounced that far-famed edifice to be inferior to the Imambara, and the palaces of the Hyder Baugh, Hossein Baugh, and Seesa Mahal, have nearly equal claims to admiration. The banks of the Goomtee are beautifully planted, and its parks and gardens rendered singularly attractive by the multitude of animals kept in them. At a suburban palace, European visitants are delighted with the novel sight of a herd of English cattle, their superior size, roundness of form, and sleek looks, offering a strong contrast to the smaller, humped, and dewlapped breeds of Hindoostan: the latter are perhaps more picturesque, but the associations connected with cows bred in English meads, the numerous pastoral recollections which their unexpected appearance revive in the mind, render them, when viewed beneath the shade of the tamarinds and banians of a tropical clime, objects of deep and peculiar interest.

"The menageries of Lucknow are very extensive, and besides those wild and savage animals kept for the purpose of assisting at 'the pomps of death and theatres of blood,' in which this barbaric court delights, there are many fierce beasts, not intended for fighting, retained merely as ornamental appendages. Several rhinoceroses are among the number; they are chained to trees in the park, but some of the tigers appear to be so ill secured, rattling the wooden bars of their cages with such vigorous perseverance, that it requires rather strong nerves to approach the places of their confinement. Delkusha (heart's delight) is one of the most celebrated parks belonging to the king; it is planted and laid out with great care and taste, open glades being cut through the thick forest, in which numerous herds of antelopes, Indian deer, and the gigantic variety of this interesting species, the nylghau, are seen disporting. This park abounds with monkeys, which are held sacred; for, though the Moslem religion has the ascendancy, that of the Hindoo is not only tolerated but allowed the fullest enjoyment of its superstitions: the monkeys in this district are under the guardianship of a party of fakirs, who have established themselves in the private park of a Mahomedan monarch. The palace of Delkusha possesses no great exterior pretensions to elegance, but it is handsomely fitted up, and, in common with the other royal residences, contains toys and *bijouterie* sufficient to stock a whole bazaar of curiosity-shops.

"The pigeons belonging to Lucknow even exceed in number those of Benares, and other places where they are objects of reverence; here they are more esteemed for their beauty than for any peculiar sanctity, and the different breeds are preserved with the greatest care. On the summits of nearly all the roofs of the palaces, particularly the zenanas, these interesting birds are seen in flocks of from seventy to a hundred in each; they are selected for the beauty of their plumage, and each variety is kept in a separate flock. Boys are employed to teach them different evolutions in their flight. When on the wing, they keep in a cluster, and at a whistle fly off into the fields of air, ascend, descend, or return home as the signal directs. When turning suddenly, and darting towards the sun, the gleam of their variegated necks produces a beautiful effect, and when they alight upon the ground, they form a carpet of the most brilliant colours and the richest design imaginable. So great is the native attachment to the amusements which these birds afford, that it is recorded of some of the sovereigns of Lucknow that, in their country excursions, 'they were accompanied by their women and pigeons.'

"Another remarkable feature of this extraordinary city is its elephants, which are maintained in multitudes; immense numbers belong to the king, and all the nobility and rich people possess as many as their means will admit. In royal processions, festivals, and state-occasions, they appear in crowds. A battalion of elephants, fifteen abreast, formed into a close serried column, richly caparisoned in flowing jhools of scarlet and gold, with silver howdahs, and bearing natives of rank clothed in glittering tissues, form an imposing sight; but this can only be seen with full effect in the open country beyond the city. Once within the streets, the jostling and confusion are tremendous, and not unfrequently, in very narrow passes, ladders, and housings, or perhaps part of the roof on the verandah of the projecting buildings, are torn away by the struggles for precedence displayed by elephants, acquainted with their strength, and entering with ardour into the resolves of the mahouts to gain or maintain the foremost places. Elephants breed in a state of domestication, and young ones not larger than a good sized pig, are frequently seen frolicking by the side of their mothers through the streets of Lucknow; a spectacle fraught with interest to the eye of an European stranger. Camels are equally numerous, and when handsomely caparisoned, add considerably to the splendour of a procession. The king's stud does not consist of fewer than a thousand horses, many of which are perfect specimens of the finest breeds, and considered paragons of their kind; these are brought out to increase the splendour of his retinue, and, even upon ordinary occasions, his suwarree exceeds in multitude and variety any European notion of ostentatious show. When seeking amusement at his numerous parks and gardens, the king is attended by immense numbers of people, and spare equipages of every description, dogs, hawks, hunting leopards, with their keepers; and an almost endless train of guards and domestics, both on horseback and on foot, form his multitudinous accompaniments; and though the delight in show, which characterises Asiatics, may be esteemed a childish and puerile taste, and we could wish the sovereign of so interesting a territory to be guided by nobler aims and to seek higher pursuits, one can scarcely desire that these pomps and pageantries, the relics of old romance, should be numbered with by-gone things.

"In imitation of European sovereigns, the king gives his portrait set in diamonds to ambassadors and other persons of rank, this distinction being also bestowed upon the aides-de-camp, and officers who have accepted situations of equal honour at the court. There is nothing very remarkable about the audience-chamber, but the king's throne is extremely splendid. It is a square platform, raised two feet from the ground, with a railing on three sides, and a canopy supported upon pillars; of these the frame-work is wood, but the casing pure gold, set with precious stones of great value; the canopy is of crimson-velvet richly embroidered with gold, and furnished with a deep fringe of pearls; the cushions, on which the king is seated, are also of embroidered velvet, and the emblem of royalty, the chattah, is of the same, with a deep fringe of pearls. The king appears literally covered with jewels, the whole of the body down to the waist being decorated with strings of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, &c.; his crown is a perfect constellation of gems, and overshadowed by plumes of the bird of paradise. A native of rank stands on either side of the throne, waving chowries of peacocks' feathers set in gold handles. To the right of the throne are gilt chairs for the accommodation of the resident and his wife; if he be a married man, the rank of the British ambassador (who certainly acts the part of viceroy over the king) being recognised as equal to that of the monarch himself: he is the only person permitted to use the chattah, the chowrie, and the bookah,

in the sovereign's presence. The English persons attached to the residency take up their position behind and at the side of these chairs, standing; those in the service of the king wearing very handsome court-dresses of puce-coloured cloth, richly embroidered with gold. The left of the throne is occupied by natives of rank holding high official situations, splendidly attired in the picturesque costume of the country. The prime-minister stands at the king's feet to receive and present the nuzzurs. These consist of money, from twenty-one gold mohurs down to a few rupees in silver, according to the circumstances of the parties. The person offering, advances to the throne with many salaams, and having his gift placed upon a folded handkerchief, presents it to the king to touch in token of acceptance; it is then given to the minister, who adds it to the heap by his side. After this ceremony, the king and the resident rise; the former takes from the hands of the person in waiting certain necklaces composed of silver riband, ingeniously plaited, which offers a cheap mode of conferring distinction; the investiture is made by the king in person, and upon taking leave, the resident is accompanied by the king to the entrance, where he salutes him with a short sentence, 'God be with you!' pouring atta on his hands at the final exit. Should the ambassador happen to be in great favour at the time, the compliment is extended to all the English visitants as they pass out. Titles of honour, khillauts, and their accompanying distinctions, such as an elephant fully caparisoned, a charger, or a palanquin, are frequently conferred upon these court-days; the nuzzur is then of proportionate value, persons anxiously coveting some grant or distinction, offering not less than a lac of rupees; this sum is conveyed in a hundred bags, covered with crimson silk, and tied with a silver riband, and so solid a proof of attachment is not unfrequently rewarded by an embrace before the whole court, a mark of royal favour well worth the money bestowed upon it, since any person's fortune is made in native states, who is known to have interest at court.

"The king's dinners are better than his breakfasts; there is an abundance of wine for the English guests, and though the native visitants do not partake in public, many confess that they indulge at their own tables. Nautches and fire-works conclude the evening's entertainment; the latter can never be shown off to so much advantage as in an Indian city, where the buildings they illuminate are of the same fairy-like nature. No description can do justice to the scene presented on some fine, dark, clear night, when the Goomtee is covered with boats, of those long canoe-shaped graceful forms, belonging to the king, some resembling alligators, others swans, peacocks, or dolphins, enameled in various colours, intermingled with gold, and filled with a splendid company glittering in gems and tissues. Blue lights, so artfully disposed as not to be visible, while they clothe the whole pageant with their unearthly gleams, render every adjacent object distant, and as the blaze of ten thousand rockets bursts forth, palaces, mosques, and temples seem to rise majestically during the brief illumination. In the next moment, all is dark save the pageant on the Goomtee, and again minarets and domes, cupolas and spires, spring up, silver and gold, as the marble and the gilding catch the vivid gleams of jets and spouts of fire ascending to the skies."

East Indies.—The provisions of the new charter, empowering all natural born subjects of his majesty to hold lands, had been acted upon, a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Agra having applied to the commissioners to hold land in his own name, to which request the government had acceded. The injurious prohibition of Europeans holding lands would thus no longer oppose an obstacle to the improvement of the country.

New Monthly Mag.

From the London Metropolitan.

JAPHET IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.

Continued from p. 190.

We had taken our horses for the next town; but as soon as we were fairly on the road, I stopped the boys, and told them that the Great Aristodemus intended to observe the planets and stars that night, and that they were to proceed to a common which I mentioned. The post-boys, who were well aware of his fame, and as fully persuaded of it as every body else, drove to the commony we descended, took off the luggage, and received directions from Melchior in their presence about the instruments, to which the boys listened with open mouths and wonderment. I paid them well, and told them that they might return, which they appeared very glad to do. They reported what had occurred, and this simple method of regaining our camp, added to the astonishment of the good town of ——. When they were out of sight we resumed our usual clothes, packed all up, carried away most of our effects, and hid the others in the furze to be sent for the next night, not being more than two miles from the camp. We soon arrived, and were joyfully received by Fleta and Nattee.

As we walked across the common, I observed to Melchior, "I wonder if these stars have any influence upon mortals, as it was formerly supposed?"

"Most assuredly they have," replied Melchior. "I cannot read them, but I firmly believe in them."

I made the above remark, as I had often thought that such was Melchior's idea.

"Yes," continued he, "every man has his destiny—such must be the case. It is known beforehand what is to happen to us by an omniscient Being, and being known, what is it but destiny which cannot be changed? It is *fate*," continued he, surveying the stars with his hand raised up, "and that fate is as surely written there as the sun shines upon us; but the great book is sealed, because it would not add to our happiness."

"If, then, all is destiny, or fate, what inducement is there to do well or ill?" replied I. "We may commit all acts of evil, and say, that as it was predestined, we could not help it. Besides, would it be just that the omniscient Being should punish us for those crimes which we cannot prevent, and which are allotted to us by destiny?"

"Japhet, you argue well; but you are in error, because, like most of those of the Christian church, you understand not the sacred writings, nor did I until I knew my wife. Her creed is, I believe, correct; and, what is more, adds weight to the truths of the Bible."

"I thought that gipsies had no religion."

"You are not the only one who supposes so. It is true that the majority of the tribe are held by the higher castes as serfs, and are not instructed; but with—if I may use the expression—the aristocracy of them it is very different, and their creed I have adopted."

"I should wish to hear their creed," replied I.

"Hear it then. Original sin commenced in heaven—when the angels rebelled against their God—not on earth."

"I will grant that sin originated first in heaven."

"Do you think that a great, a good God, ever created any being for its destruction and eternal misery, much less an angel? Did he not foresee their rebellion?"

"I grant it."

"This world was not peopled with the image of God until after the fall of the angels: it had its living beings, its monsters perhaps, but not a race of men with eternal souls. But it was peopled, as we see it now, to enable the legions of angels who fell to return to their former happy state—as a pilgrimage by which they might obtain their pardons, and resume their seats in heaven. Not a child is born, but the soul of some fallen cherub enters into the body to work out its salvation. Many

do, many do not, and then they have their task to recommence anew; for the spirit once created is immortal, and cannot be destroyed; and the Almighty is all goodness, and would ever pardon."

"Then you suppose there is no such thing as eternal punishment?"

"Eternal!—no. Punishment there is, but not eternal. When the legions of angels fell, some were not so perverse as others: they soon re-obtained their seats, even when, as children, having passed through the slight ordeal, they have been summoned back to heaven; but others who, from their infancy, show how bad were their natures, have many pilgrimages to perform before they can be purified. This is, in itself, a punishment. What other punishment they incur between their pilgrimages we know not; but this is certain, that no one was created to be punished eternally."

"But all this is but assertion," replied I; "where are your proofs?"

"In the Bible; some day or another I will show them to you; but now we are at the camp, and I am anxious to embrace Nattee."

I thought for some time upon this singular creed; one, in itself, not militating against religion, but at the same time I could not call to mind any passages by which it could be supported. Still the idea was beautiful, and I dwelt upon it with pleasure. I have before observed, and indeed the reader must have gathered from my narrative, that Melchior was no common personage. Every day did I become more partial to him, and more pleased with our erratic life. What scruples I had at first gradually wore away; the time passed quickly, and although I would occasionally call to mind the original object of my setting forth, I would satisfy myself by the reflection, that there was yet sufficient time. Little Fleta was now my constant companion when in the camp, and I amused myself with teaching her to write and read.

"Japhet," said Timothy to me one day, as we were cutting hazel broach wood in the forest, "I don't see that you get on very fast in your search after your father."

"No, Tim, I do not; but I am gaining a knowledge of the world which will be very useful to me when I recommence the search; and what is more, I am saving a great deal of money to enable me to prosecute it."

"What did Melchior give you after we left?"

"Twenty guineas, which, with what I had before, makes more than fifty."

"And he gave me ten, which makes twenty, with what I had before. Seventy pounds is a large sum."

"Yes, but soon spent, Tim. We must work a little longer. Besides, I cannot leave that little girl—she was never intended for a rope dancer."

"I am glad to hear you say that, Japhet, for I feel as you do—she shall share our fortunes."

"A glorious prospect truly," replied I, laughing; "but never mind, it would be better than her remaining here. But how are we to manage that?"

"Ah! that's the rub: but there is time enough to think about it when we intend to quit our present occupation."

"Well, I understand from Melchior that we are to start in a few days?"

"What is it to be, Japhet?"

"Oh! we shall be at home—we are to cure all diseases under the sun. To-morrow we commence making pills, so we may think ourselves with Mr. Cophagus again."

"Well, I do think we shall have some fun; but I hope Melchior won't make me take my own pills to prove their good qualities—that will be no joke."

"O no, Num is kept on purpose for that. What else is the fool good for?"

The next week was employed as we anticipated. Boxes of pills of every size, neatly labelled, bottles of various mixtures, chiefly stimulants, were corked and packed up. Powders of *any thing* were put in papers; but, at all events, there was nothing hurtful in them. All was ready, and accompanied by Num (Jumbo and Fleta being left at home) we set off, Melchior assuming the dress in which we had first met him in the wagon, and altering his appearance so completely, that he would have been taken for at least sixty years old. We now traveled on foot with our dresses in bundles, each carrying his own, except Num, who was loaded like a pack-horse, and made sore lamentations: "Can't you carry some of this?"

"No," replied I, "it is your own luggage; every one must carry his own."

"Well, I never felt my spangled dress so heavy before. Where are we going?"

"Only a little way," replied Timothy, "and then you will have nothing more to do."

"I don't know that. When master puts on that dress, I have to swallow little things till I'm sick."

"It's all good for your health, Num."

"I'm very well, I thank'e," replied the poor fellow; "but I'm very hot and very tired."

Fortunately for poor Num, we were not far from the market town at which we intended to open our campaign, which we did the next morning by Num and Timothy sallying forth, the former with a large trumpet in his hand, and the latter riding on a donkey. On their arrival at the market-place, Num commenced blowing it with all his might, while Timothy, in his spangled dress, as soon as they had collected a crowd, stood upon his saddle and harangued the people as follows:—

"Gentlemen and ladies—I have the honour to announce to you the arrival in this town of the celebrated Doctor Appallacheosmocommetico, who has traveled further than the sun and faster than a comet. He hath visited every part of the globe. He has smoked the calamut with the Indians of North America—he has hunted with the Araucas in the South—galloped on white horses over the plains of Mexico, and rubbed noses with the Esquimaux. He hath used the chopsticks with the Chinese, swung the cherok pooga with the Hindoos, and pulled the nose of the great Cham of Tartary. He hath visited and been received in every court of Europe; danced on the ice of the Neva with the Russians—led the mazurka with the Poles—waltzed with the Germans—tarantulaed with the Italians—fandangoed with the Spanish—and quadrilled with the French. He hath explored every mine in the universe, walked through every town on the continent, examined every mountain in the world, ascended Mont Blanc, walked down the Andes, and run up the Pyrenees. He has been into every volcano in the globe, and descending by Vesuvius has been thrown up by Stromboli. He has lived more than a thousand years, and is still in the flower of his youth. He has had one hundred and forty sets of teeth one after another, and expects a new set next Christmas. His whole life has been spent in the service of mankind, and in doing good to his fellow-creatures: and having the experience of more than a thousand years, he cures more than a thousand diseases. Gentlemen, the wonderful doctor will present himself before you this evening, and will then tell what his remedies are good for, so that you may pick and choose according to your several complaints. Ladies, the wonderful doctor can greatly assist you: he has secrets by which you may have a family if you should so wish—philters to make husbands constant, and salve to make them blind—cosmetics to remove pimples and restore to youth and beauty, and powders to keep children from squalling. Sound the trumpet, Philotas; sound, and let every body know that the wonderful Doctor Appallacheosmocommetico has vouchsafed to stop here and confer his blessings upon the inhabitants of this town." Hereupon Num again blew the trumpet till he was black in the face; and Timothy,

dropping on his donkey, rode away to other parts of the town, where he repeated his grandiloquent announcement, followed, as may be supposed, by a numerous cortege of little ragged boys.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, Melchior made his appearance in the market-place, attended by me, dressed as a German student, Timothy and Num in their costumes. A stage had been already prepared, and the populace had crowded round it more with the intention of laughing than of making purchases. The various packets were opened and arranged in front of the platform, I standing on one side of Melchior, Timothy on the other, and Num with his trumpet, holding on by one of the scaffold poles at the corner.

"Sound the trumpet, Philotas," said Melchior, taking off his three-cornered hat, and making a low bow to the audience, at every blast. "Pray, Mr. Fool, do you know why you sound the trumpet?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Num opening his goggle eyes.

"Do you know, Mr. Dionysius?"

"Yes, sir, I can guess."

"Explain, then, to the gentlemen and ladies who have honoured us with their presence."

"Because, sir, trumpets are always sounded before great conquerors."

"Very true, sir; but how am I a great conqueror?"

"You have conquered death, sir; and he's a very rum customer to have to deal with."

"Dionysius, you have answered well, and shall have some bullock's liver for your supper—don't forget to remind me, in case I forget it."

"No, that I won't sir," replied Timothy, rubbing his stomach, as if delighted with the idea.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Melchior to the audience, who were on the broad grin, "I see your mouths are all open, and are waiting for the pills; but be not too impatient—I cannot part with my medicines unless you have diseases which require their aid; and I should, indeed, be a sorry doctor, if I prescribed without knowing your complaints. *Est neutrale genus signans rem non animatum*, says Herodotus, which in English means, what is one man's meat is another man's poison; and further, he adds, *Ut jecur, ut onus, put ut occiput*, which is as much as to say, that what agrees with one temperament will be injurious to another. Caution, therefore, becomes very necessary in the use of medicine; and my reputation depends upon my not permitting any one to take what is not good for him. And now, my very dear friends, I shall first beg you to observe the peculiar qualities of the contents of this little phial. You observe, that there is not more than sixty drops in it, yet will these sixty drops add ten years to a man's life—for it will cure him of almost as many diseases. In the first place, are any of you troubled with the *ascites*, or dropsy, which, as the celebrated Galen hath declared, may be divided into three parts, the *ascites*, the *anasarca*, and the *tympanites*. The diagnostics of this disease are, swelling of the abdomen or stomach, difficulty of breathing, want of appetite, and a teazing cough. I say, have any of you this disease? None. Then I thank Heaven that you are not so afflicted.

"The next disease it is good for, is the *peripneumonia*, or inflammation on the lungs—the diagnostics or symptoms of which are, a small pulse, swelling of the eyes, and redness of the face. Say, have any of you these symptoms?—if so, you have the disease. No one. I thank Heaven that you are none of you so afflicted.

"It is also a sovereign remedy for the *diarrhœa*, the diagnostics of which, are faintness frequent gripings, rumbling in the bowels, cold sweats, and spasm."

Here one man came forward and complained of frequent gripings—another of rumbling in the bowels, and two or three more of cold sweats.

"It is well. O, I thank Heaven that I am here to administer to you myself! for what says Hippocrates? *Relativum cum antecedente concordat*, which means that, remedies quickly applied kill the disease in its birth. Here, my friends, take it—take it—pay me only one shilling, and be thankful. When you go to rest, fail not to offer up your prayers. It is also a sovereign remedy for the dreadful *chiragra* or gout. I cured the whole corporation of city aldermen last week, by their taking three bottles each, and they presented me with the freedom of the city of London, in a gold box which I am sorry that I have forgotten to bring with me. Now the *Chiragra* may be divided into several varieties. *Gonagra*, when it attacks the knees—*chiragra*, if in the hands—*onagra*, if in the elbow—*omagra*, if in the shoulder, and *lumbago*, if in the back. All these are varieties of gout, and for all these the contents of this little bottle is a sovereign remedy: and, observe, it will keep for ever. Twenty years hence, when afflicted in your old age—and the time will come, my good people—you may take down this little phial from the shelf, and bless the hour in which you spent your shilling; for as Eusebius declares, '*Verbum personale concordat cum nominativo*,' which is as much as to say, the active will grow old, and suffer from pains in their limbs. Who, then, has pains in his limbs, or lumbago? Who, indeed, can say that he will not have them?"

After this appeal, the number of those who had pains in their limbs, or who wished to provide against such a disease, proved so great, that all our phials were disposed of, and the doctor was obliged to promise that in a few days he would have some more of this invaluable medicine ready.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I shall now offer to your notice a valuable plaster, the effects of which are miraculous. Dionysius, come hither, you have felt the benefit of this plaster; tell your case to those who are present, and mind you tell the truth."

Hereupon Timothy stepped forward. "Ladies and gentlemen, *upon my honour*, about three weeks back I fell off the scaffold, broke my back bone into three pieces, and was carried off to a surgeon, who looked at me, and told the people to take measure for my coffin. The great doctor was not there at the time, having been sent for to consult with the king's physicians upon the queen's case, of *Cephagus*, or intermitting mortification of the great toe; but fortunately, just as they were putting me into a shell, my master came back, and immediately applying his sovereign plaster to my back, in five days I was able to sit up, and in ten days I returned to my duty."

"Are you quite well now, Dionysius?"

"Quite well, sir, and my back is like a whalebone."

"Try it."

Hereupon Dionysius threw two somersets forward, two backward, walked across the stage on his hands, and tumbled in every direction.

"You see, gentlemen, I'm quite well now, and what I have said, I assure you, *on my honour*, to be a fact."

"I hope you'll allow that to be a very pretty cure," said the doctor, appealing to the audience; "and I hardly need say, that for strains, bruises, contusions, wrenches, and dislocations, this plaster is infallible: and I will surprise you more by telling you, that I can sell it for eightpence a sheet."

The plaster went off rapidly, and was soon expended. The doctor went on describing his other valuable articles, and when he came to his cosmetics, &c., for women, we could not hand them out fast enough. "And now," said the doctor, "I must bid you farewell for this evening."

"I'm glad of that," said Timothy, "for now I mean to sell my own medicine."

"Your medicine, Mr. Dionysius! what do you mean by that?"

"Mean, sir; I mean to say that I've got a powder of my own contriving, which is a sovereign remedy."

"Remedy, sir, for what?"

"Why, it's a powder to kill fleas, and what's more, it's just as infallible as your own."

"Have you indeed; and pray, sir, how did you hit upon the invention?"

"Sir, I discovered it in my sleep by accident; but I have proved it, and I will say, if properly administered, it is quite as infallible as any of yours. Ladies and gentlemen, I pledge you my honour that it will have the effect desired, and all I ask is sixpence a powder."

"But how is it to be used, sir?"

"Used—why, like all other powders; but I won't give the directions till I have sold some; promising, however, if my method does not succeed, to return the money."

"Well, that is fair, Mr. Dionysius; and I will take care that you keep your bargain. Will any body purchase the fool's powder for killing fleas?"

"Yes, I will," replied a man on the broad grin, "here's sixpence. Now, then, fool, how am I to use it?"

"Use it," said Timothy, putting the sixpence in his pocket; "I'll explain to you. You must first catch the flea, hold him so tight between the fore finger and thumb as to force him to open his mouth: when his mouth is open you must put a very little of this powder into it, and it will kill him directly."

"Why, when I have the flea so tight as you state, I may as well kill him myself."

"Very true, so you may, if you prefer it; but if you do not, you may use this powder, which upon my honour is infallible."*

This occasioned a great deal of mirth among the bystanders. Timothy kept his sixpence, and our exhibition for this day ended, very much to the satisfaction of Melchior, who declared he had taken more than ever he had done before in a whole week. Indeed, the whole sum amounted to 17*l.* 10*s.*, all taken in shillings and sixpences, for articles hardly worth the odd shillings in the account; so we sat down to supper with anticipations of a good harvest, and so it proved. We stayed four days at this town, and then proceeded onwards, when the like success attended us, Timothy and I being obliged to sit up nearly the whole night to label and roll up pills, and mix medicines, which we did in a very scientific manner. Nor was it always that Melchior presided; he would very often tell his audience that business required his attendance elsewhere, to visit the sick, and that he left the explanation of his medicines and their properties to his pupil, who was far advanced in knowledge. With my prepossessing appearance, I made a great effect, more especially among the ladies, and Timothy exerted himself so much when with me, that we never failed to bring home to Melchior a great addition to his earnings—so much so, that at last he only showed himself, pretended that he was so importuned to visit sick persons, that he could stay no longer, and then leave us, after the first half hour, to carry on the business for him. After six weeks of uninterrupted success, we returned to the camp, which, as usual, was not very far off.

Melchior's profits had been much more than he anticipated, and he was very liberal to Timothy and me; indeed, he looked upon me as his right hand, and became more intimate and attached every day. We were of course delighted to return to the camp, after our excursion. There was so much continual bustle and excitement in our peculiar profession, that a little quiet was delightful; and I never felt more happy than when Fleta threw herself into my arms, and Nattee came forward with her usual dignity and grace, but with more than usual condescendence and kindness, bidding me welcome *home*. Home—alas! it was never meant for my home, or poor Fleta's—and that I felt. It was our sojourn for a time, and no more.

We had been more than a year exercising our talents in this lucrative manner, when one day, as I was sitting at the entrance of the tent, with a book in my hand, out of which Fleta was reading to me, a gipsy not belonging to our gang made his appearance. He was covered with dust, and the dew drops hanging on his dark forehead proved that he had traveled fast. He addressed Nattee, who was standing by, in their own language, which I did not understand; but I perceived that he asked for Melchior. After an exchange of a few sentences, Nattee expressed astonishment and alarm, and put her hands over her face, removed them as quickly is if derogatory in her to show emotion, and then remained in deep thought. Perceiving Melchior approaching, the gipsy hastened to him, and they were soon in animated conversation. In ten minutes it was over: the gipsy went to the running brook, washed his face, took a large draught of water, and then hastened away and was soon out of sight.

Melchior, who had watched the departure of the gipsy, slowly approached us. I observed him and Nattee, as they met, as I was certain that something important had taken place. Melchior fixed his eyes upon Nattee—she looked at him mournfully—folded her arms, and made a slight bow as if in submission, and in a low voice, quoted from the Scriptures, "Whither thou goest, I will go—thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." He then walked away with her: they sat down apart, and were in earnest conversation for more than an hour.

"Japhet," said Melchior to me, after he had quitted his wife, "what I am about to tell you will surprise you. I have trusted you with all I dare trust any one, but there are some secrets in every man's life which had better be reserved for himself and her who is bound to him by solemn ties. We must now part. In a few days this camp will be broken up, and these people will join some other division of the tribe. For me, you will see me no more. Ask me not to explain, for I cannot."

"And Nattee," said I.

"Will follow my fortunes, whatever they may be—you will see her no more."

"For myself I care not, Melchior; the world is before me, and remain with the gipsies without you I will not: but answer me one question—what is to become of little Fleta? Is she to remain with the tribe, to which she does not belong, or does she go with you?"

Melchior hesitated. "I hardly can answer—but what consequence can the welfare of a soldier's brat be to you?"

"Allowing her to be what you assert, Melchior, I am devotedly attached to that child, and could not bear that she should remain here; I am sure that you deceived me in what you stated, for the child remembers, and has told me, anecdotes of her infancy, which proves that she is of no mean family, and that she has been stolen from her friends."

"Indeed, is her memory so good?" replied Melchior, firmly closing his teeth. "To Nattee or to me she has never hinted so much."

"That is very probable; but a stolen child she is, Melchior, and she must not remain here."

"Must not."

"Yes; must not, Melchior; when you quit the tribe, you will no longer have any power, nor can you have any interest about her. She shall then choose—if she will come with me, I *will* take her, and nothing shall prevent me; and in so doing I do you no injustice, nor do I swerve in my fidelity."

"How do you know that? I may have my secret reasons against it."

* We assure our friend Rigdum Funnidos that we stole this Joe Miller months before his "Comic Almanac" came out. We claim precedence as a thief.

"Surely you can have no interest in a soldier's brat, Melchior?"

Melchior appeared confused and annoyed. "She is no soldier's brat; I acknowledge, Japhet, that the child was stolen; but you must not, therefore, imply that the child was stolen by me or by my wife."

"I never accused you or thought you capable of it; and that is the reason why I am now surprised at the interest you take in her. If she prefers to go with you, I have no more to say, but if not I claim her; and if she consents, will resist your interference."

"Japhet," replied Melchior, after a pause, "we must not quarrel now that we are about to part. I will give you an answer in half an hour."

Melchior returned to Nattee, and recommenced a conversation with her, while I hastened to Fleta.

"Fleta, do you know that the camp is to be broken up, and Melchior and Nattee leave it altogether?"

"Indeed!" replied she with surprise. "Then what is to become of you and Timothy?"

"We must of course seek our fortunes where we can."

"And of me?" continued she, looking me earnestly in the face with her large blue eyes. "Am I to stay here?" continued she, with alarm in her countenance.

"Not if you do not wish it, Fleta; as long as I can support you I will—that is, if you would like to live with me in preference to Melchior."

"If I would like, Japhet; you must know I would like—who has been so kind to me as you? Don't leave me, Japhet."

"I will not, Fleta; but on condition that you promise to be guided by me, and to do all I wish."

"To do what you wish is the greatest pleasure that I have, Japhet—so I may safely promise that. What has happened?"

"That I do not know more than yourself; but Melchior tells me that he and Nattee quit the gipsy tents for ever."

Fleta looked round to ascertain if any one was near us, and then in a low tone said, "I understand their language, Japhet, that is, a great deal of it, although they do not think so, and I overheard what the gipsy said in part, although he was at some distance. He asked for Melchior; and when Nattee wanted to know what he wanted, he answered that '*he* was dead;' then Nattee covered up her face. I could not hear all the rest, but there was something about a *horse*."

He was *dead*. Had then Melchior committed murder, and was obliged to fly the country? This appeared to me to be the most probable, when I collected the facts in my possession; and yet I could not believe it, for except that system of deceit necessary to carry on his various professions, I never found any thing in Melchior's conduct which could be considered as criminal. On the contrary, he was kind, generous, and upright in his private dealings, and in many points proved that he had a good heart. He was a riddle of inconsistency it was certain, professionally he would cheat any body, and disregard all truth and honesty; but, in his private character, he was scrupulously honest, and, with the exception of the assertion relative to Fleta's birth and parentage, he had never told me a lie, that I could discover. I was running up all these reflections in my mind, when Melchior again came up to me, and desiring the little girl to go away he said, "Japhet, I have resolved to grant your request with respect to Fleta, but it must be on conditions."

"Let me hear them."

"First, then, Japhet, as you always have been honest and confiding with me, tell me now what are your intentions. Do you mean to follow up the profession which you learnt under me, or what do you intend to do?"

"Honestly, then, Melchior, I do not intend to follow up that profession, unless driven to it by necessity. I intend to seek my father."

"And if driven to it by necessity, do you intend that Fleta shall aid you by her acquirements? In short, do you mean to take her with you as a speculation, to make the most of her, to let her sink, when she arrives at the age of woman, into vice and misery?"

"I wonder at your asking me that question, Melchior; it is the first act of injustice I have received at your hands. No; if obliged to follow up the profession, I will not allow Fleta so to do. I would sooner that she were in her grave. It is to rescue her from that very vice and misery, to take her out of a society in which she never ought to have been placed, that I take her with me."

"And this upon your honour?"

"Yes, upon my honour. I love her as my sister, and I cannot help indulging the hope that in seeking my father, I may chance to stumble upon hers."

Melchior bit his lips. "There is another promise I must exact from you, Japhet, which is, that to a direction which I will give you, every six months you will inclose an address where you may be heard of, and also intelligence as to Fleta's welfare and health."

"To that I give my cheerful promise; but Melchior, you appear to have taken, all at once, a strange interest in this little girl."

"I wish you now to think that I do take an interest in her, provided you seek not to enquire the why and the wherefore. Will you accept of funds for her maintenance?"

"Not without necessity compels me; and then I should be glad to find, when I can no longer help her, that you are still her friend."

"Recollect, that you will always find what is requisite by writing to the address which I shall give you before we part. That point is now settled, and on the whole I think the arrangement is good."

Timothy had been absent during the events of the morning—when he returned, I communicated to him what had passed, and was about to take place.

"Well, Japhet, I don't know—I do not dislike our present life, yet I am not sorry to change it; but what are we to do?"

"That remains to be considered; we have a good stock of money, fortunately, and we must husband it till we find what can be done."

We took our suppers altogether for the last time, Melchior telling us that he had determined to set off the next day. Nattee looked very melancholy, but resigned; on the contrary, little Fleta was so overjoyed, that her face, generally so mournful, was illuminated with smiles whenever our eyes met. It was delightful to see her so happy. The whole of the people in the camp had retired, and Melchior was busy making his arrangements in the tent. I did not feel inclined to sleep; I was thinking and revolving in my mind my prospects for the future; sitting, or rather lying down, for I was leaning on my elbow, at a short distance from the tents. The night was dark but clear, and the stars were brilliant. I had been watching them, and I thought upon Melchior's ideas of destiny, and dwelling on the futile wish that I could read mine, when I perceived the approach of Nattee.

"Japhet," said she, "you are to take the little girl with you I find—will you be careful of her? for it would be on my conscience if she were left to the mercy of the world. She departs rejoicing, let her joy not end in tears. I depart sorrowing. I leave my people, my kin, my habits and customs, my influence, all—but it must be so, it is my destiny. She is a good child, Japhet—promise me that you will be a friend to her—and give her this to wear in remembrance of me, but——not yet—not till we are gone——." She hesitated. "Japhet,

do not let Melchior see it in your possession; he may not like my having given it away." I took the piece of paper containing the present, and having promised all she required, "This is the last—yes—the very last time that I may behold this scene," continued Nattee, surveying the common, the tents, and the animals browsing. "Be it so; Japhet, good night, may you prosper!" She then turned away and entered her tent; and soon afterwards I followed her example.

The next day, Melchior was all ready. What he had packed up was contained in two small bundles. He addressed the people belonging to the gang, in their own language. Nattee did the same, and the whole of them kissed her hand. The tents, furniture, and the greatest part of his other property, were distributed among them. Jumbo and Num were made over to two of the principal men. Timothy, Fleta, and I, were also ready, and intended to quit at the same time, as Melchior and his wife.

"Japhet," said Melchior, "there is yet some money due to you for our last excursion—(this was true,)—here it is—you and Timothy keep but one purse, I am aware. Good by'e, and may you prosper!"

We shook hands with Nattee and Melchior. Fleta went up to the former and crossing her arms, bent her head. Nattee kissed the child, and led her to Melchior. He stooped down, kissed her on the forehead, and I perceived a sign of strong compressed emotion as he did so. Our intended routes lay in a different direction, and when both parties had arrived at either verge of the common we waved our hands as a last farewell, and resumed our paths again. Fleta burst into tears as she turned away from her former guardians.

I led the little sobbing girl by the hand, and we proceeded for some time in silence. It was not until we gained the high road that Timothy interrupted my reverie, by observing, "Japhet, have you at all made up your mind what you shall do?"

"I have been reflecting, Timothy. We have lost a great deal of time. The original intention with which I left London has been almost forgotten; but it must be so no longer. I now have resolved, that as soon as I have placed this poor little girl in safety, I will prosecute my search and never be diverted from it."

"I cannot agree with you that we lost time, Japhet; we had very little money when we started upon our expedition, and now we have sufficient to enable you to prosecute your plans for a long time. The question is, in what direction? We quitted London, and traveled west, in imitation, as we thought, of the *wise men*. With all deference, in my opinion, it was like *two fools*."

"I have been thinking upon that point also, Tim, and I agree with you, I expect, from several causes, which you know as well as I do, to find my father among the higher classes of society; and the path we took when we started, has led us into the very lowest. It appears to me that we cannot do better than retrace our steps. We have the means now to appear as gentlemen, and to mix in good company; and London is the very best place for us to repair to."

"That is precisely my opinion, Japhet, with one single exception, which I will mention to you; but first tell me, have you calculated what our joint purses may amount to? It must be a very considerable sum."

"I cannot have much less than two hundred pounds," replied I.

"And I have more than sixty," said Timothy. "Really, the profession was not unprofitable."

"No," replied I, laughing; "but recollect, Tim, that we had no outlay. The public provided us with food, our lodging cost us nothing. We had no taxes to pay; and at the same time have taxed folly and credulity to a great extent."

"That's true, Japhet; and although I am glad to have the money, I am not sorry that we have abandoned the profession."

"Nor am I, Tim; if you please, we will forget it altogether. But tell me, what was the exception you were about to make?"

"Simply this. Although two hundred and sixty pounds may be a great deal of money, yet if we are to support the character and appearance of gentlemen, it will not last for ever. For instance, we must have our *valets*. What an expense that will be! Our clothes too—we shall soon lose our rank and station in society, without we obtain a situation under government."

"We must make it last as long as we can, Timothy; and trust to good fortune to assist us."

"That's all very well, Japhet; but I had rather trust to our own prudence. Now hear what I have to say. You will be as much assisted by a *trusty* valet as by any other means. I shall, as a gentlemen, be only an expense and an incumbrance; but as a valet I shall be able to play into your hands; at the same time more than one half the expense will be avoided. With your leave, therefore, I will take my proper situation, put on your livery, and thereby make myself of the greatest use."

I could not help acknowledging the advantages to be derived from this proposal of Timothy's; but I did not like to accept it.

"It is very kind of you, Timothy," replied I; "but I can only look upon you as a friend and an equal."

"There you are right and are wrong in the same breath. You are right in looking upon me as a friend, Japhet; and you would be still more right in allowing me to prove my friendship as I propose; but you are in wrong loooking upon me as an equal, for I am not so either in personal appearance, education, or any thing else. We are both foundlings, it is true; but you were christened after Abraham Newland, and I after the workhouse pump. You were a gentleman foundling, presenting yourself with a fifty pound note, and good clothes. I made my appearance in rags and misery. If you find your parents, you will rise in the world; if I find mine, I shall, in all probability, have no reason to be proud of them. I therefore must insist upon having my own choice in the part I am to play in the drama, and I will prove to you that it is my right to choose. You forget that, when we started, your object was to search after your father, and I told you mine should be to look after my mother. You have selected high life as the expected sphere in which he is to be found, and I select low life as that in which I am most likely to discover the object of my search. So you perceive," continued Tim, laughing, "that we must arrange so as to suit the views of both without parting company. Do you hunt among bag-wigs, amber-headed canes, silks and satins—I will burrow among tags and tassels, dimity and mob caps; and probably we shall both succeed in the object of our search. I leave you to hunt in the drawing-rooms, while I ferret in the kitchen. You may throw yourself on a sofa and exclaim—'Who is my father?' while I will sit in the cook's lap, and ask her if she may happen to be my mother."

This sally of Timothy's made even Fleta laugh; and after a little more remonstrance, I consented that he should perform the part of my valet. Indeed, the more I reflected upon it, the greater appeared the advantages which might accrue from the arrangement. By the time that this point had been settled, we had arrived at the town to which we directed our steps, and took up our quarters at an inn of moderate pretensions, but of very great external cleanliness. My first object was to find out some fitting asylum for little Fleta. The landlady was a buxom, good tempered young woman, and I gave the little girl into her charge, while Timothy and I went out on a survey. I had made up my mind to put her to some good, but not very expensive, school, if such were to

be found in the vicinity. I should have preferred taking her with me to London, but I was aware how much more expensive it would be to provide for her there; and as the distance from the metropolis was but twenty miles I could easily run down to see her occasionally. I desired the little girl to call me her brother, as such I intended to be to her in future, and not to answer every question they might put to her. There was, however, little occasion for this caution; for Fleta was, as I before observed, very unlike children in general. I then went out with Timothy to look for a tailor, that I might order our clothes, as what we had on were not either of the very best taste, or in the very best condition. We walked up the main street, and soon fell in with a tailor's shop, over which was written in large letters—"Feodor Shneider, Tailor to his Royal Highness the Prince of Darmstadt."

"Will that do, Japhet?" said Timothy, pointing to the announcement.

"Why yes," replied I; "but how the deuce the Prince of Darmstadt should have employed a man in a small country town as his tailor, is to me rather a puzzle."

"Perhaps he made his clothes when he was in Germany," replied Tim.

"Perhaps he did; but, however, he shall have the honour of making mine."

"We entered the shop, and I ordered a suit of the most fashionable clothes, choosing my colours, and being very minute in my directions to the foreman, who measured me; but as I was leaving the shop, the master, judging by my appearance, which was certainly not exactly that of a gentlemen, ventured to observe that it was customary with *gentlemen*, whom they had not the honour of knowing, to leave a deposit. Although the very proposal was an attack upon my gentility, I made no reply; but pulling out a handful of guineas, laid down two on the counter and walked away, that I might find another shop at which we might order the livery of Timothy; but this was only as a reconnoitre, as I did not intend to order his liveries until I could appear in my own clothes, which were promised on the afternoon of the next day. There were, however, several other articles to be purchased, such as a trunk, portmanteau, hat, gloves, &c. all which we procured, and then returned to the inn. On my return, I ordered dinner. Fleta was certainly clad in her best frock, but bad was the best; and the landlady, who could extract little from the child, could not imagine who we could be. I had, however, allowed her to see more than sufficient money to warrant our expenses; and so far her scruples were, although her curiosity was not, removed.

That evening I had a long conversation with Fleta. I told her that we were to part, that she must go to school, and that I would very often come down to see her. At first, she was inconsolable at the idea; but I reasoned with her, and the gentle, intelligent creature acknowledged that it was right. The next day my clothes came home, and I dressed myself. "Without flattery, Japhet," said Timothy, "you do look very much like a gentleman." Fleta smiled, and said the same. I thought so too, but said nothing. Putting on my hat and gloves, and accompanied by Timothy, I descended to go out and order Tim's liveries, as well as a fit-out for Fleta.

After I was out in the street I discovered that I had left my handkerchief, and returned to fetch it. The landlady, seeing a gentleman about to enter the inn, made a very low curtsey, and it was not until I looked hard at her that she recognised me. Then I was satisfied; it was an involuntary tribute to my appearance, worth all the flattering assertions in the world. We now proceeded to the other tailor's, in the main street. I entered the shop with a flourishing, important air, and was received with many bows. "I wish," said I, "to have a suit of livery made for this young man, who is about to enter into my service. I cannot take him up to town this figure." The livery was chosen, and as I expressed my wish to be off the next evening, it was promised to be ready by an hour appointed.

I then went to a milliner's, and desired that she would call at the inn to fit out a little girl for school, whose wardrobe had been left behind by mistake. On the fourth day all was ready. I had made enquiries, and found out a very respectable school, kept by a widow lady. I asked for references, which were given, and I was satisfied. The terms were low—twenty guineas per annum. I paid the first half year in advance, and lodged fifty guineas more in the hands of a banker, taking a receipt for it, and giving directions that it was to be paid to the schoolmistress as it became due. I took this precaution, that should I be in poverty myself, at all events Fleta might be provided in clothes and schooling for two years at least. The poor child wept bitterly at the separation, and I could with difficulty detach her little arms from my neck; and I felt, when I left her, as if I had parted with the only valuable object to me on earth. All was now ready; but Timothy did not as yet assume his new clothes. It would have appeared strange that one who sat at my table should afterwards put on my livery; and as, in a small town there is always plenty of scandal, for Fleta's sake, if for no other reason, it was deferred until our arrival in London. Wishing the landlady good by'e, who I really believe would have given up her bill to have known who we could possibly be, we got on the outside of the stage-coach, and in the evening arrived at the metropolis. I have been particular in describing all these little circumstances, as it proves how very awkward it is to jump, without observation, from one station in society to another.

But I have omitted to mention a circumstance of great importance, which occurred at the inn the night before I placed Fleta at the boarding-school. In looking over my portmanteau, I perceived the present of Nattee to Fleta, which I had quite forgotten. I took it to Fleta, and told her from whom it came. On opening the paper, it proved to contain a long chain of round coral and gold beads, strung alternately; the gold beads were not so large as the coral, but still the number of them, and the purity of the metal, made them of considerable value. Fleta passed the beads through her fingers, and then threw it round her neck, and sat in deep thought for some minutes. "Japhet," said she at last, "I have seen this—I have worn this before—I recollect that I have; it rushes into my memory as an old friend, and I think that before morning it will bring to my mind something that I shall recollect about it."

"Try all you can, Fleta, and let me know to-morrow."

"It's no use trying; if I try, I never can recollect any thing. I must wear it to-night, and then I shall have something come into my mind all of a sudden; or perhaps I may dream something. Good night."

It immediately occurred to me that it was most probable that the chain had been on Fleta's neck at the time that she was stolen from her parents, and might prove the means of her being identified. It was no common chain—apparently had been wrought by people in a state of semi-refinement. There was too little show for its value—too much sterling gold for the simple effect produced; and I very much doubted whether another like it could be found.

The next morning Fleta was too much affected at parting with me, to enter into much conversation. I asked whether she had recollected any thing, and she replied, "No; that she had cried all night at the thoughts of our separation." I cautioned her to be very careful of the chain, and I gave the same caution to the schoolmistress; and after I had left the town, I regretted that

I had not taken it away, and deposited it in some place of security. I resolved to do so when next I saw Fleta; in the mean time, she would be able, perhaps, by association, to call up some passage of her infancy connected with it.

I had enquired of a gentleman who sat near me on the coach, which was the best hotel for a young man of fashion. He recommended the Piazza in Covent Garden, and to that we accordingly repaired. I selected handsome apartments, and ordered a light supper. When the table was laid, Timothy made his appearance, in his livery, and cut a very smart dashing figure. I dismissed the waiter, and as soon as we were alone, I burst into a fit of laughter. "Really, Timothy, this is a good farce; come, sit down, and help me to finish this bottle of wine."

"No, sir," replied Timothy; "with your permission, I prefer doing as the rest of my fraternity. You only leave the bottle on the sideboard, and I will steal as much as I want; but, as for sitting down, that will be making too free, and if we were seen, would be, moreover, very dangerous. We must both keep up our characters. They have been plying me with all manner of questions below, as to who you were—your name, &c. I resolved that I would give you a lift in the world, and I stated that you had just arrived from making a grand tour—which is not a fib, after all—and as for your name, I said that you were at present *incog.*"

"But why did you make me *incog?*"

"Because it may suit you so to be; and it certainly is the truth, for you don't know your real name."

We were here interrupted by the waiter bringing in a letter upon a salver. "Here is a letter addressed to 'I. or J. N., on his return from his tour,' sir," said he; "I presume it is for you?"

"You may leave it," said I, with nonchalance.

The waiter laid the letter on the table, and retired.

"How very odd, Timothy—this letter cannot be for me; and yet they are my initials. It is as much like a J as an I. Depend upon it, it is some fellow who has just gained this intelligence below, and has written to ask for a subscription to his charity list, imagining that I am flush of money, and liberal."

"I suppose so," replied Tim; "however, you may just as well see what he says."

"But if I open it he will expect something. I had better refuse it."

"O no, leave that to me; I know how to put people off."

"After all, it's a fine thing to be a gentleman, and be petitioned."

I broke open the seal, and found that the letter contained an enclosure addressed to another person. The letter was as follows:—

"My dear Nephew,—['Bravo, sir,' said Timothy, 'you've found an uncle already—you'll soon find a father.'] From the great uncertainty of the post, I have not ventured to do more than hint at what has come to light during this last year, but as it is necessary that you should be acquainted with the whole transaction, and as you had not decided when you last wrote, whether you would prosecute your intended three months' trip to Sicily, or return from Milan, you may probably arrive when I am out of town; I therefore enclose you a letter to Mr. Masterton, directing him to surrender to you a sealed packet, lodged in his hands, containing all the particulars, the letters which bear upon them, and what has been proposed to avoid exposure; which you may peruse at your leisure, should you arrive before my return to town. There is no doubt but that the affair may be hushed up, and we trust that you will see the prudence of the measure; as, once known, it will be very discreditable to the family escutcheon. ['I always had an idea you were of good family,' interrupted Tim.] I wish you had followed my advice, and had not returned; but as you were positive on that point, I beg you will now consider the propriety of remaining incognito, as reports are already abroad, and your sudden return will cause a great deal of surmise. Your long absence at the Gottingen University, and your subsequent completion of your grand tour, will have effaced all remembrance of your person, and you can easily be passed off as a particular friend of mine, and I can introduce you every where as such. Take, then, any name you may please, provided it be not Smith or Brown, or such vulgarisms, and on the receipt of this letter, write a note, and send it to my house in Portman Square, just saying, '*so and so* is arrived.' This will prevent the servants from obtaining any information by their prying curiosity; and as I have directed all my letters to be forwarded to my seat in Worcestershire, I shall come up immediately that I receive it, and by your putting the name which you mean to assume, I shall know whom to ask for when I call at the hotel.

"Your affectionate uncle,
"Windermear."

"One thing is very clear, Timothy," said I, laying the letter on the table; "that it cannot be intended for me."

"How do you know, sir, that this lord is not your uncle? At all events, you must do as he bids you."

"What—go for the papers! most certainly I shall not."

"Then how in the name of fortune do you expect to find your father, when you will not take advantage of such an opportunity of getting into society? It is by getting possession of other people's secrets, that you will worm out your own."

"But it is dishonest, Timothy."

"A letter is addressed to you, in which you have certain directions; you break the seal with confidence, and you read what you find is possibly not for you; but, depend upon it, Japhet, that a secret obtained is one of the surest roads to promotion. Recollect your position; severed from the world, you have to re-unite yourself with it, to recover your footing, and create an interest. You have not those who love you to help you—you must not scruple to obtain your object by fear."

"That is a melancholy truth, Tim," replied I; "and I believe I must put my strict morality in my pocket."

"Do, sir, pray, until you can afford to be moral; it's a very expensive virtue that; a deficiency of it made you an outcast from the world; you must not scruple at a slight deficiency on your own part, to regain your position."

There was so much shrewdness, so much of the wisdom of the serpent, in the remarks of Timothy, that, added to my ardent desire to discover my father, which, since my quitting the gipsy camp, had returned upon me with two-fold force, my scruples were overcome, and I resolved that I would not lose such an opportunity. Still I hesitated, and went up into my room, that I might reflect upon what I should do. I went to bed, revolving the matter in my mind, and turning over from one position to the other, at one time deciding that I would not take advantage of the mistake, at another quite as resolved that I would not throw away such an opening for the prosecution of my search; at last I fell into an uneasy slumber, and had a strange dream. I thought that I was standing upon an isolated rock, with the waters raging around me; the tide was rising, and at last the waves were roaring at my feet. I was in a state of agony, and expected that in a short time I should be swallowed up. The main land was not far off, and I perceived well-dressed people in crowds, who were enjoying themselves, feasting, dancing, and laughing in merry peals. I held out my hands—I shouted to them—

they saw, and heard me, but heeded me not. My horror at being swept away by the tide was dreadful. I shrieked as the water rose. At last I perceived something unroll itself from the main land, and gradually advancing to the inland, formed a bridge by which I could walk over and be saved. I was about to hasten over, when, "Private, and no thoroughfare," appeared at the end nearest me, in large letters of fire. I started back with amazement, and would not, dared not, pass them. When all of a sudden, a figure in white appeared by my side, and said to me, pointing to the bridge, "Self-preservation is the first law of nature."

I looked at the person who addressed me; gradually the figure became darker and darker, until it changed to Mr. Cophagus, with his stick up to his nose. "Japhet, all nonsense—very good bridge—um—walk over—find father—and so on." I dashed over the bridge, which appeared to float on the water, and to be composed of paper, gained the other side, and was received with shouts of congratulation, and the embraces of the crowd. I perceived an elderly gentleman come forward; I knew it was my father, and I threw myself into his arms. I awoke, and found myself rolling on the floor, embracing the bolster with all my might. Such was the vivid impression of this dream, that I could not turn my thoughts away from it, and at last I considered that it was a divine interposition. All my scruples vanished, and before the day had dawned I determined that I would follow the advice of Timothy. An enthusiast is easily led to believe what he wishes, and he mistakes his own feelings for warnings; the dreams arising from his daily contemplations for the interference of Heaven. He thinks himself armed by supernatural assistance, and warranted by the Almighty to pursue his course, even if that course should be contrary to the Almighty's precepts. Thus was I led away by my own imaginings, and thus was my monomania increased to an impetus which forced before it all consideration of what was right or wrong.

The next morning I told my dream to Timothy, who laughed very heartily at my idea of the finger of Providence. At last, perceiving that I was angry with him, he pretended to be convinced. When I had finished my breakfast, I sent to enquire the number in the square of Lord Windermear's town-house, and wrote the following simple note to his lordship, "*Japhet Newland* has arrived from his tour at the Piazza, Covent Garden." This was confided to Timothy, and I then set off with the other letter to Mr. Masterton, which was addressed to Lincoln's Inn. By reading the addresses of the several legal gentlemen, I found out that Mr. Masterton was located on the second floor. I rang the bell, which had the effect of "Open, Sesame," as the door appeared to swing to admit me without my assistance. I entered an ante-room, and from thence found myself in the presence of Mr. Masterton—a little old man, with spectacles on his nose, sitting at a table covered with papers. He offered me a chair, and I presented the letter.

"I see that I am addressing Mr. Neville," said he, after he had perused the letter. "I congratulate you on your return: You may not, perhaps, remember me?"

"Indeed, sir, I cannot say that I do, exactly."

"I could not expect it, my dear sir, you have been so long away. You have very much improved in person, I must say; yet still I recollect your features as a mere boy. Without compliment, I had no idea that you would ever have made so handsome a man." I bowed to the compliment. "Have you heard from your uncle?"

"I had a few lines from Lord Windermear, enclosing your letter."

"He is well, I hope?"

"Quite well, I believe."

Mr. Masterton then rose, went to an iron safe, and brought out a packet of papers, which he put into my hands. "You will read these with interest, Mr. Neville. I am a party to the whole transaction, and must venture to advise you not to appear in England under your own name, until all is settled. Your uncle, I perceive, has begged the same."

"And I have assented, sir. I have taken a name instead of my real one."

"May I ask what it is?"

"I call myself Mr. Japhet Newland."

"Well, it is singular, but perhaps as good as any other. I will take it down, in case I have to write to you. Your address is ——"

"Piazza—Covent Garden."

Mr. Masterton took my name and address. I took the papers, and then we both took leave of one another, with expressions of pleasure and good will.

I returned to the hotel, where I found Timothy waiting for me, with impatience. "Japhet," said he, "Lord Windermear has not yet left town. I have seen him, for I was called back after I left the house, by the footman, who ran after me—he will be here immediately."

"Indeed," replied I. "Pray what sort of person is he, and what did he say to you?"

"He sent for me in the dining parlour, where he was at breakfast, asked when you arrived, whether you were well, and how long I had been in your service. I replied that I had not been more than two days, and had just put on my liveries. He then desired me to tell Mr. Newland that he would call upon him in about two hours. Then, my lord," replied I, "I had better go and tell him to get out of bed."

"The lazy dog!" said he, "nearly one o'clock, and not out of bed; well, go then, and get him dressed as fast as you can."

Shortly afterwards a handsome carriage with grays drew up to the door. His lordship sent in his footman to ask whether Mr. Newland was at home. The reply of the waiter was, that there was a young gentleman who had been there two or three days, who had come from making a tour, and his name did begin with an *N*. "That will do, James; let down the steps." His lordship alighted, was ushered up stairs, and into my room. There we stood, staring at each other.

"Lord Windermear, I believe," said I, extending my hand.

"You have recognised me first, John," said he taking my hand, and looking earnestly in my face. "Good heavens! is it possible that an awkward boy should have grown up into so handsome a fellow? I shall be proud of my nephew. Did you remember me when I entered the room?"

"To tell the truth, my lord, I did not: but expecting you, I took it for granted that it must be you."

"Nine years make a great difference, John;—but I forget, I must now call you Japhet. Have you been reading the Bible, lately, that you fixed upon that strange name?"

"No, my lord; but this hotel is such a Noah's ark, that it's no wonder I thought of it."

"You're an undutiful dog, not to ask after your mother, sir."

"I was about———"

"I see—I see," interrupted his lordship; "but recollect, John, that she is still *your mother*. By-the-by, have you read the papers yet?"

"No, Sir," replied I, "there they are, pointing to them on the side table. I really do not like to break the seals."

"That they will not contain pleasant intelligence, I admit," replied his lordship; "but until you have read them, I do not wish to converse with you on the subject, therefore," said he, taking up the packet, and breaking the seal, "I must now insist that you employ this fore-

noon in reading them through. You will dine with me at seven, and then we will talk the matter over."

"Certainly, sir, if you wish it, I will read them."

"I must *insist* upon it, John; and am rather surprised at your objecting, when they concern you so particularly."

"I shall obey your orders, sir."

"Well, then, my boy, I shall wish you good morning, that you may complete your task before you come to dinner. To-morrow, if you wish it—but recollect, I never press young men on these points, as I am aware that they sometimes feel it a restraint—if you wish it, I say, you may bring your portmanteaus, and take up your quarters with me. By-the-by," continued his lordship, taking hold of my coat, "who made this?"

"The tailor to his serene highness the Prince of Darmstadt had that honour, my lord," replied I.

"Humph! I thought they fitted better in Germany; it's not quite the thing—we must consult Nugee, for with that figure and face, the coat ought to be quite correct. Adieu, my dear fellow, till seven."

His lordship shook hands with me, and I was left alone. Timothy came in as soon as his lordship's carriage had driven off. "Well, sir," said he, "was your uncle glad to see you?"

"Yes," replied I; "and look, he has broken open the seals, and has insisted upon my reading the papers."

"It would be very undutiful in you to refuse, so I had better leave you to your task," said Timothy, smiling, as he quitted the room.

I sat down and took up the papers. I was immediately and strangely interested in all that I read. A secret!—it was, indeed, a secret, involving the honour and reputation of the most distinguished families. One that, if known, the trumpet of scandal would have blazoned forth to the disgrace of the aristocracy. It would have occasioned bitter tears to some, gratified the petty malice of many, satisfied the revenge of the vindictive, and bowed with shame the innocent as well as the guilty. It is not necessary, nor, indeed, would I, on any account, state any more. I finished the last paper, and then fell into a reverie. This is, indeed, a secret, thought I; one that I would I never had possessed. In a despotic country my life would be sacrificed to the fatal knowledge—here, thank God, my life as well as my liberty is safe.

The contents of the papers told me all that was necessary to enable me to support the character which I had assumed. The reason why the party, I was supposed to be, was entrusted with it, was, that he was in a direct line eventually heir, and the question was whether he would waive his claim with the others, and allow death to bury crime in oblivion. I felt that were I in his position I should so do—and, therefore, was prepared to give an answer to his lordship. I sealed up the papers, dressed myself, and went to dinner; and after the cloth was removed, Lord Windermear first rising and turning the key in the door, said to me, in a low voice, "You have read the papers, and what those, nearly as much interested as you are in this lamentable business, have decided upon. Tell me, what is your opinion?"

"My opinion, my lord, is, that I wish I had never known what has come to light this day—that it will be most advisable never to recur to the subject, and that the proposals made, are, in my opinion, most judicious, and should be acted upon."

"That is well," replied his lordship; "then all are agreed, and I am proud to find you possessed of such honour and good feeling. We now drop the subject for ever. Are you inclined to leave town with me, or what do you intend to do?"

"I prefer remaining in town, if your lordship will introduce me to some of the families of your acquaintance. Of course I know no one now."

"Very true; I will introduce you, as agreed, as Mr. Newland. It may be as well that you do not know any of our relations, whom I have made to suppose that you are still abroad—and it would be awkward, when you take your right name by-and-by. Do you mean to see your mother?"

"Impossible, my lord, at present; by-and-by I hope to be able."

"Perhaps it's all for the best. I will now write one note to Major Carbonnell, introducing you as my particular friend, and requesting that he will make London agreeable. He knows every body, and will take you every where."

"When does your lordship start for the country?"

"To-morrow; so we may as well part to-night. By-the-by, you have credit at Drummond's, in the name of Newland, for a thousand pounds; the longer you make it last you the better."

His lordship gave me the letter of introduction. I returned to him the sealed packet, shook hands with him, and took my departure.

"Well, sir," said Timothy, rubbing his hands, as he stood before me, "what is the news; for I am dying to hear it—and what is this secret?"

"With regard to the secret, Tim, a secret it must remain. I dare not tell it even to you." Timothy looked rather grave at this reply. "No, Timothy, as a man of honour, I cannot." My conscience smote me when I made use of the term; for, as a man of honour, I had no business to be in possession of it. "My dear Timothy, I have done wrong already, do not ask me to do worse."

"I will not, Japhet, but only tell me what has passed, and what you intend to do?"

"That I will, Timothy, with pleasure;" and I then stated all that had passed between his lordship and me. "And now, you observe, Timothy, I have gained what I desired, an introduction into the best society."

"And the means of keeping up your appearance," echoed Timothy, rubbing his hands. "A thousand pounds will last a long while."

"It will last a very long while, Tim, for I never will touch it; it would be swindling."

"So it would," replied Tim, his countenance falling; "well, I never thought of that."

"I have thought of much more, Tim: recollect I must in a very short time be exposed to Lord Windermear, for the real Mr. Neville will soon come home."

"Good heavens! what will become of us?" replied Timothy, with alarm in his countenance.

"Nothing can hurt you, Tim, the anger will be all upon me; but I am prepared to face it, and I would face twice as much for the distant hope of finding my father. Whatever Lord Windermear may feel inclined to do, he can do nothing; and my possession of the secret will ensure even more than my safety; it will afford me his protection, if I demand it."

"I hope it may prove so," replied Timothy, "but I feel a little frightened."

"I do not; to-morrow I shall give my letter of introduction, and then I will prosecute my search. So now, my dear Tim, good night."

The next morning I lost no time in presenting my letter of introduction to Major Carbonnell. He lived in apartments on the first floor in St. James's Street, and I found him at breakfast, in a silk dressing gown. I had made up my mind that a little independence always carries an air of fashion. When I entered, therefore, I looked at him with a knowing air, and dropping the letter down on the table before him said, "There's something for you to read, Major; and in the meantime I'll refresh myself on this chair;" suiting the action to the word, I threw myself on a chair, amusing myself with tapping the sides of my boots with a small cane which I carried in my hand.

Major Carbonnell, upon whom I cast a furtive eye

more than once during the time that he was reading the letter, was a person of about thirty-five years of age, well-looking, but disfigured by the size of his whiskers, which advanced to the corners of his mouth, and met under his throat. He was tall and well made, with an air of fashion about him that was undeniable. His linen was beautifully clean and carefully arranged, and he had as many rings on his fingers, and when he was dressed, chains and trinkets, as ever were put on by a lady.

"My dear sir, allow me the honour of making at once your most intimate acquaintance," said he, rising from his chair, and offering his hand, as soon as he had perused the letter. "Any friend of Lord Windermear's would be welcome, but when he brings such an extra recommendation in his own appearance, he becomes doubly so."

"Major Carbonnell," replied I, "I have seen you but two minutes, and I have taken a particular fancy to you; in which I, no doubt, have proved my discrimination. Of course you know that I have just returned from making a tour?"

"So I understand from his lordship's letter. Mr. Newland, my time is at your service. Where are you staying?"

"At the Piazza."

"Very good; I will dine with you to-day; order some mulligatawny, they are famous for it. After dinner we will go to the theatre."

I was rather surprised at his cool manner of asking himself to dine with me and ordering my dinner, but a moment's reflection made me feel what sort of person I had to deal with.

"Major, I take that as almost an affront. You will dine with me *to-day!* I beg to state that you *must* dine with me every day that you are not invited elsewhere; and what's more, sir, I shall be most seriously displeased, if you do not order the dinner every time that you do dine with me, and ask whoever you may think worthy of putting their legs under our table. Let's have no doing things by halves, major; I know you now as well as if we had been intimate for ten years."

The major seized me by the hand. "My dear Newland, I only wish we *had known* one another ten years, as you say—the loss has been mine; but now—you have breakfasted, I presume?"

"Yes; having nothing to do, and not knowing a soul after my long absence, I advanced my breakfast about two hours, that I might find you at home; and now I'm at your service."

"Say rather I am at yours. I presume you will walk. In ten minutes I shall be ready. Either take up the paper, or whistle an air or two, or any thing else you like, just to kill ten minutes—and I shall be at your command."

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PARISIAN IMPROVEMENTS.—The prefect of the department has decided on the appropriation of 1,500,000f. for works in the Place de la Concorde and the Champs Elysées, which will be proceeded with, to the amount of 300,000f. annually, till they are completed. There will be a great basin, with an elegant fountain, in each of the four squares of the place, and six fountains in different parts of the Champs Elysées, where handsome buildings will be erected for dances, concerts, exhibitions, and other establishments—such as coffee-houses, eating-houses, and reading-rooms. All the paltry buildings which now exist in the Champs Elysées are to be demolished, but not a tree is to be cut down. The works will be begun in the spring of 1835.

Paris Advertiser.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

SKETCHES ON IRISH HIGHWAYS.

IRISH RUINS.

"Now, with all deference, it is suggested that there are monuments of antiquity in Ireland worthy of inspection; there is scenery on which the eye may rest with delight. We have woods, and waters, and glens, and mountains abundantly picturesque, and sufficient to call forth the exertion of the pen and pencil in their description." So writes Mr. Cæsar Otway; and his statement may be corroborated by all who have visited the country.

There *are* monuments of antiquity worthy of inspection; there *is* scenery on which the eye may rest with delight; and, withal, there are people, warm, kindly, and affectionate, to be met with in every dwelling. Within the mansion, and within the hut, one vast spirit of hospitality presides. Whatever is possessed is shared, and shared by the heart as well as the hand. And *yet*,—alas! how sad it is that a single monosyllable should signify so much!—and *yet*, shine the sun ever so warmly, let the voice of mirth come upon your ear ever so gladly, there is fading in the beams of the one, and a wailing cadence in the last strains of the other, which says, "*This is a land of ruins!*"

"Irish Ruins!" The term is sadly comprehensive. It implies far more than the register of mouldering walls, or round, mysterious towers;—it calls to mind the ruined dwellings—the roofless cottages—the mismanaged farms—the improvident gentry—the trampled peasantry—in one sentence, *the ruined country;* the country over which foes triumph, and which "friends" betray,—whose worst enemies are of its own progeny,—whose sons may seek, and find, in every nation upon earth, except their own, prosperity and independence,—whose daughters, conspicuous for wit, beauty, and virtue, grace the courts of strangers, because the once gay and festive halls of Ireland are lone and desolate: the harps are hung upon the willows—the grass grows in the streets—the land is one of ruins! Little prospers, even in its chief city. The merchants have ample leisure for salutations in the market-places; and the young men squander time which, in well-regulated England, would be transmuted into gold. Yet, what heroes has this country sent forth to fight and conquer, that others might enjoy! What statesmen to regulate the affairs of Europe, and forget, in the magnitude of their employments, the little green speck that gave them birth! What poets, who founded songs upon her sorrows, and spent the emolument derived therefrom amongst aliens, and those who knew her not! And yet the skies above her are blue and smiling, and the earth—the fertile earth—teems with abundance. It seems a mystery that centuries should pass and leave her more desolate and more depressed;—yet, so it has been, and so—for aught I can see—so it will be for many a day to come.

I have often been asked why I do not more frequently quit the neighbourhood of Bannow, and sketch more at large throughout the country. My answer simply is, that I love smiles better than tears; that, blessed be God! cheerfulness and I

are twin-born; and that, in the particular district I have loved to talk and write about, there is peace, prosperity, and contentment; that, were it not for the whim, the mirth, the frolic of the people, you might imagine yourself in well-conducted, sober—stupid England; that the only—at least, *almost* the only—ruins in that pretty region of resident landlords and cheerful industry, are those of the ruined church, and "one or two ould, ancient castles, that bate the world out-an'-out intirely for beauty." But, alas! Bannow is not Ireland; and truth obliges me to relate what occurs beyond my own particular pet district, where I should like to colonise some twenty or thirty English families, with all the comforts of sea-bathing, cheap living, and hospitable treatment, for four months out of every twelve. If I were affronted with any of them, I would mount them upon an Irish jaunting-car, and set them off at full gallop to Taghmon. Those who have ever so journeyed will appreciate my kindness; those who have not, may imagine a dislocation of all limbs, combined with perpetual motion. If their imagination is very vivid, they will appreciate my intended treatment as it deserves.

It was a calm and cheerful day in August; but there was no breeze—nothing animating in the atmosphere—nothing bright in the sky;—no music—no song swelling from the harvest-field. The bouchlawns, with their cold, stiff, yellow blossoms, were so erect, that a troop of fairies might have gallopped over their petals without disturbing a single leaf. We were wending our way to the ruins of the Abbey of Dunbrody, leaving behind us the picturesque town of New Ross. By the way, there is a legend about the same ruined looking town: how that some English king sent over a mandate, directing that all the monks of the Ross monastery should be murdered in their own garden; and how they were; and how their blood runs red in a stream,—which I have seen myself,—*not* the blood, but the stream,—which I was assured was red; and so it was,—the gravel underneath the water I mean, not the water itself.

We soon overtook a very respectable looking man; I was told he was a butcher—one who had stared ruin in the face, until at length he stared her out of countenance.

"I don't know how it was," said our guide, "but iviry thing in the wide world went wrong with the poor craythur; to be sure he was over-fond of the drop—what else have we to comfort us? He might have been *too* fond of it—the thing's possible—I have a laning myself that way, but only of a Sunday afther mass—bad cess to the taste ever passes my lips till then. Well, he was a gone boy—and what was harder than all upon him, the girl he loved turned agin him—and whin the steamers come in fashion, with their great wigel-wagel claws, batin the brains out of the sald wather, Murtogh was done intirely, for all the calves were shipped clane and clever for England. 'I'm ruined like my counthry,' said Murtogh, 'and nothing can put us past our luck.' And the poor fellow grew worse and worse, until ne'er a man in the shambles tossed his little finger so high as Murtogh Delany. Well, one day, he wasn't so far gone as usual, not high toast—it was about ten o'clock in the morning—but any how, as he was turning a corner by the bridge, what should run up agin him but blind Kisheen and his pipes, and he fell right into the water; well, the girl I spoke of was passing at the same time, and without a word or a skreel (an' most women are mighty skreelish in general)—without a word, faith, she dashed in afther him, like a mermaid—and maybe he hadn't enough to do to save her—and then when he got her on the bridge, she turned from him, without a word, only she said 'twas better to be drowned in water than die by whisky. Well, somehow the word took hould of his heart, and he pondered it over and over, and went that night into Lawrence Mulloger's store-shop, and stood the sight of the drams, and the smell of the hot whisky punch, without so much as tasting; and afther that he set off to the girl's house, and she was winding off a reel, and the clothes she had on in the morning hanging drying still by the fire, and no stockings on her feet, for she owned but the one pair, and those she had put on for dacency when she had the luck to go into Ross—but well he knew that if she liked she might marry a boy who could afford her a dozen pair of the whitest in Belfast,—and that's saying a grate dale;—he stood before her on the flure, and he thought a light from heaven broke upon him, though she didn't spake, nor seem to heed him; he thought how good and quiet and tractable she was in her family—slaving like a negre; and how she had risked her life for him—and he saw the trouble he had given her traced out on her pale face—

"'And Ellen, (her name was Ellen,) Ellen,' says he, 'if—I know I have chated many an oath against the whisky—but, if I join the temperance society, and remain faithful to it—say for a year or two—will you marry me then?"

"'Murtogh,' says she, 'I'm not going to tell a lie—my heart has been crushed intirely through the drink—my father lost his rason wid it, and the smell of it's never off my mother—it's the rale curse of the counthry—the ruin of ould Ireland. If—but oh, Murtogh, it's impossible—you never will give it up!'

"'Didn't I stand the sight of forty-seven nagins going down about half as many mouths in less than half as many minutes,' said Murtogh, 'and the smell of Lawrence Daly's seven tumblers, gliding down his throat—and never touch'd it? And now, Ellen dear, smell the breath on me,' he added, as he placed his lips close to hers, 'and you can tell if the drop has passed here—through all my temptation—and then say if there's hope for me.'

"Ellen looked up, and clasping her hands, earnestly replied, 'God strengthen you, Murtogh; and if He does, there is——'

"'A year—or two—Ellen?'

"'One year is as good as twenty; and if you keep from it one year; this day—no, to-morrow—twelve months—for you tasted it this morning—neither poverty, nor sickness, nor sorrow shall hinder me from being your wife; and if—if—not, Murtogh—why there's no use in talking, but the green sods in the churchyard will make the young heart an' the broken heart asy.'

"Well, we all wondered what in the world

had come over Murtogh—he grew so steady, and so sober, and we didn't think it was the same man was in him; he had more gumpshon* than ever, and somehow some of the calves stayed with him, instead of turning to English veal, and pigs an' the like; and the quality afther a while took to buying from him—and Ellen no longer looked crooked into the broken window of Lawrence's dram-shop, as she passed it on t'other side the way, for at last she had full faith in Murtogh's promise——"

"And they were married?"

"Ay, in troth, and Ellen is one of the best and happiest wives in Ross, and he the most thriving man; and the world an' all wouldn't argufy Murtogh but what whisky is the *biggest ruin in all Ireland!* And, my lady, 'twas all owing to Murtogh's going to a good gintleman well known in these parts,—one Mister George Carr,—and writing his name in a book, promising not to touch a drop o' speerits, pure or mixed; and it seems this way is a dale surer than taking an oath agin 'em—for somehow or other we forgets our word, but we aren't mane enough to put our pen to a lie; and when we does what a dale o' the gentry done before us, why honour and shame are both pushing us on to stick to the word we wrote upon paper. Myself thinks I'll be after following the way of Murtogh Delany."

Our guide was a tall, stalwart man, firm set and muscular, with a round bullet head, garnished in thick, dark, crisp curls—his eyes were black, deep set, and sparkling; and he had a word and a jest ready for every passer-by. He was a guide *con amore*—for his father had left him some very small independence—enough, however, to enable Jack Laggin, as he said, "to do nothing in the world but take it asy, and amuse himself," which he certainly did. He knew every body, every nook, every house, every legend, and was not over-burthened with feeling for the distresses of his fellow-creatures. "Weren't they born to misery, what else could they expect?" was his continual observation upon the troops of half-naked wretches we occasionally encountered. Jack was in constant request by all who desired to hear local news, or see the country; not that I think his information as to particular persons or politics is much to be relied on, for Jack has a knack of cleverly finding out your sentiments before he imparts his own, and falling into yours with extraordinary facility. He does not pretend in the least to the rank of gentleman, and takes "the bit and the sup" any where that he can get it; he is in fact a "hanger-on," with sufficient tact and sufficient taste to sing a good song, tell a good story, be particularly civil to those who can serve him, and never uncivil to any one; in England he would have been exactly the person to make a sharp lawyer's clerk, or perhaps a smooth, clever, polite nuisance, called a shopman—

"Of such materials was Jack Laggin formed!"

"Do you see that cottage there, ma'am, to the left? There used to be a cottage there onc't—though but little else than the walls are in it now—bare and naked walls! and yet I mind when they were roofed, and dacency within them."

"Who lived there?"

"James Tracey;—but there's a beautiful place upon the hill."

"Tell me of the cottage, Laggin."

"God bless you, ma'am dear, you're cruel fond of hearing of cottages; sure the history of most of them in this country is alike; a wedding, and little to begin with, a power of children, and little to give them, rack-rent for the bit of land, turned out, bag and baggage, for that or the tithe! Beggary, starvation, sickness, death! That's a poor Irishman's calendar, since the world was a world, barrin here and there, now and then, when he gets a sight of good fortune, *by mistake!*"

"But the cabin——"

"Ay, poor James, I mind when he built it himself and the neighbours with him, and the ould landlord was over here, and gave him a promise of renewal of his father's lease, and we wanted James to get the promise in writing; but he put it off, ('twas a way he had, the only fault I ever knew in James,) he didn't like to be bothered about what was coming, when he was satisfied with what was come. Well, the ould landlord died, and after that, the young one raised the rint in course, to get all he could to spend away from us, and poor James felt the want of the lease, for a dead man's promise is seldom thought of except by those who want to see it fulfilled; by this time he had a young heavy family about him, and he depinded a good deal out of an ould bachelor uncle of his dying and leaving him all he had—*which was more than would fit in a midge's eye*—and this hindered him from doing what he otherwise would have done: but it's ill waiting for dead men's shoes—sorra as much as would pay for a stone of praties did he ever get from that same man. Well, ma'am, gale day came and came, and he got time at first, and they do say he could have pulled up, but somehow he had got fixed in the way of putting off, putting off, and one thing went to rack, and another thing to rack, and James got a hurt in the back from his horse, which he neglected to fasten in the stable; and he'd pass the length of a summer's day, propped against a post which stood at the gabel end of the house, doing nothing only fuming with a neighbour or keeping the hens out of the cabbages; and so, in the long run, every thing was distrained, and James turned into the road, himself and his children. It's little the landlord got by distraining, for no one would buy, nor no one would take the land over his head, *for a reason they had*, until a north countryman ventured; and sure it wasn't for want of the warning that himself was shot one harvest night against the very post where James used to stand; if you turn about you can see the spot now, madam, though we're so far from it—there, against that post, and the house burnt, and three or four in it, and James himself, to crown the matter, and two more, hung for the same!"

"How dreadful! and all originated in the ruinous habit of procrastination!"

"Oh sure you're going back entirely to say that, though maybe you're in the right. What's left of

* Sense.

the children are scattered through the counthry with one friend or another—and the poor mother —Christ defend us !—here she is !—now for God's sake don't gainsay her—maybe she won't speak—only don't gainsay her—she's wild mad."

A slight tall woman had ascended the opposite side of the hill from which we were looking down upon the cottage that had been the scene of such a horrid act, and she came upon us so suddenly that the narrative, united to her singular appearance, gave me a shock I shall remember to my dying day. She wore a petticoat of black stuff, and a short cloak and hood of the same material; her legs were bare, and her feet thrust into shoes much too large—they were strapped over her instep by leather thongs; she had on neither cap nor bonnet, and her hair, which once must have been beautiful, hung in grey matted tresses over her bosom; the hood was thrown back, so that her features were fully exposed—they were low and flat, but the expression of her large blue wandering eyes was fierce and fearful! She advanced, curtseying at every step, towards us—we had been walking up the hill—and though she did not ask charity, I placed a small silver coin in her thin hand. Our guide was behind, or rather more to the right than we were, so that the maniac's eye, resting on him, would be led in a direct line to look down upon her once happy home.

"Save ye kindly, this fine morning," he said in a kindly tone. She turned quickly, looked at Laggin for a moment—then tossing her arms wildly in the air, uttered a long, loud, and appalling scream—I never before heard such a sound —it reverberated through the air like what one imagines would be the howl of those doomed to eternal agony—and then, as if exhausted by the effort, she sank on her knees on the earth, her right arm extended towards her cottage.

"Leave her alone—she'll come to presently; there's one of her boys—*an innocent*—an' he's not far off; he tends and tracks his mother whereever she goes."

The man had hardly finished speaking when a squalid, ragged youth of about fifteen crept from among some underwood—a copse of mingled furze and hawthorn—and without heeding us commenced turning her round. She appeared to have become rigid, for he moved her as though she were a kneeling statue, and having accomplished his purpose, which was to withdraw her from looking towards the ruined cottage, he sat on the earth beside her, staring up into her face with the calm quiet air of one whose feelings are deadened—yet who once felt. I never saw so affecting a picture of human desolation as that mother and son, in sight of their blasted, ruined home!

I rarely see an Irish beggar, and I never hear of an *Irish natural*, or *innocent*, without calling to mind one of the most unoffending of the latter class, whose acquaintance I made amid the beautiful ruins of Dunbrody Abbey. This splendid relic of the olden time is situated in the barony of Shelbourne, on the banks of the river Barrow, and well repays the traveller for the trouble of visiting its extensive remains: the site is well sheltered, and possesses the advantages of inland navigation—those jolly monks had right good taste, and chose the situation of their monasteries with both wit and wisdom. The interior walls of the church are in a beautiful state of preservation, and on each side of the chancel are three vaulted chapels. The great isle is divided into three parts, by a double row of arches, supported by square piers; the inside of those arches is ornamented by a rich moulding, which springs from beautiful consoles, and conveys an idea of the enormous care and expense that must have been bestowed upon the building. The tower appeared to be rather low in proportion to the extent of the whole, but it is supported by a magnificent arch: there is a sort of narrow walk on the summit of the walls, which commands a superb and extensive view of the adjacent country. The cloisters appear to have been spacious, but their foundations alone remain, and it was curious to trace them out amid the weeds and long grass which waved and triumphed in all the pride of summer existence over the relics of antiquity. Nearer to the centre of the abbey are a number of ruined walls, which indicate where the hall, the refectory, and the dormitory stood. I can fancy nothing appealing more powerfully to the imagination than these noble ruins.

"Two or three columns, and many a stone,
Marble and granite, with grass o'ergrown!
Out upon time! it will leave no more
Of the things to come, than the things before.
Out upon time! who for ever will leave
But enough of the past for the future to grieve
O'er that which has been, and o'er that which must be,
What we have seen our sons shall see;
Remnants of things that have passed away,
Fragments of stone raised by creatures of clay!"

We all value, while we mourn over, the ruins of the past—and the greater the desolation the greater our regret. The western window of this noble pile is of an uncommon form, and though nearly entire gives symptoms of a decay which a little care and attention on the part of the proprietor might easily prevent. The door immediately beneath it is very magnificent, being adorned with filagree open work, cut out of the solid stone, and so raised as to allow a finger easily to pass under its carvings. It was a fine day in August when we walked up the avenue leading to this time-honoured ruin; the dimness of the morning had brightened into sunshine, and the dark masses of ivy contrasted brightly with the grey stone and light green of the fresh grass, while the many tinted mosses appeared like an exquisite mosaic of rich and curious tracery.

As we entered one of the outward courts, a troop of innocent calves, frightened at our appearance, crowded beneath a gateway, where, perhaps, Richard, Earl of Pembroke had often stood in his shining armour, and looked upon the increasing walls that now crumbled beneath our feet. The silvery Barrow murmured on its way, and could have told us much of what its waters witnessed in the olden time of fray and foray, of banquet, fast, and stately pageant. While we paused and looked upon Dunbrody with that species of awe which enforces silence, the puny

sound of a tin trumpet quivered upon the air, and would have made little impression upon us, had it not been followed by a shout of loud yet heartless laughter.

The church is protected by a gate; and as we wound round one of the towers to gain the entrance, we encountered the idiot, who had been making merry within the sanctuary. He was a tall, slight youth, with large, lustreless eyes, not unlike "poor Johnny, poor Jack," of Wexford memory, save that in his person he was delicately clean; and his dress was so fantastic, that I cannot resist the temptation of describing it.

He wore what are called Hessian boots, with white pantaloons. His jacket was tight; but, with the exception of the sleeves, it was impossible to tell what materials it was composed of; for behind hung a sort of rude, short cloak, made of the fur of hare, rabbit, fox, and, I really believe, every animal "that ever wore a hairy skin." Around his neck were suspended a tin trumpet and various baubles; amongst them shone conspicuously a huge leaden watch, upon which, poor fellow! his eye often rested. His flat fur cap was adorned with a number of long scarlet tassels, that floated over his shoulders as he moved restlessly from place to place. There was an air of gentility in his manner, a gentle courtliness in his salutation, and a tastefulness in his piebald costume, which conquered both the dread and dislike I feel towards "Irish naturals." We speedily became acquainted. He told me his name was Johnny Welch; answered every question I chose to ask. "Where did he live?" He lived here; he loved the ould Abbey; he knew every stone, every turn of it. It was a fine ould place—a *pleasant* place to live in.

"Where did he sleep?"

"In there," (pointing to a low vaulted room,) "in there he slept *with the dead men:* there was a heap of their bones."

"Was he not afraid?"

He laughed wildly. "No; what had he to be afraid of? Would he root up some of the dead men's bones for my honour to look at?" and before I had time to reply, he threw himself upon a heap of clay, and insinuated his long muscular fingers into the earth so effectually, as to bring up bone after bone with the rapidity of lightning. These relics of mortality he briefly descanted upon, as he tossed them from him, to "root" for others. "There's a skull, a fine skull, a big skull, hould a dale o' brain: the people long ago had a power o' wit! There's a bone, a thigh bone, a great soldier, maybe, a strong bone! I sleeps upon dead men's bones. The Abbey's a pleasant place! There's a *weechy* bone, a lady's arm, a pretty bone! Shall I root more for ye? Another skull! There's a hole in it: a murdered skull. Hurrah for the fight! hurrah for the fun! Shall I root more for ye?"

I felt my heart sicken; it was such a painful lesson to see that poor idiot boy sporting so fearlessly with the relics of mortality; to note the eagerness with which he disinterred those memorials of decay; to see folly and rags fluttering like a butterfly over what once contained the essence of God's own spirit.

I was really sick, and leaned for some moments against a pillar before I could leave the painful spot. At last he turned his head, and looking up kindly in my face, he exclaimed, "Lady grow pale! bury the bones!" which he did so quickly and so effectually, that in three minutes the sun's rays rested only on a mound of fresh turned earth.

Amongst other things that were slung round his neck was a fox's head. We wanted him to sell it. "No, he would not, Colonel Piggott and the gentlemen of the hunt would go mad with him if he parted with it; he loved hunting, he often went hunting with the gentlemen, they were very good to him, why then should he give away their fox's head?" Not even a bright shilling should tempt him to part with it. Poor fellow! I shall long remember Johnny Welch as the most pleasing fool (notwithstanding his taste for bones) I ever encountered. The generality of Irish naturals are the most disgusting specimens of humanity produced in any country; but Johnny was clean, and (but for the vacancy of look, and the universal habit that idiots possess of turning in their toes) exceedingly handsome, and even graceful in his appearance; he solicited no charity, pleaded neither hunger nor poverty, and though he followed us over the abbey, he did not speak except when spoken to, and evinced a mild and gentle temper.

I learnt from two shepherd boys that Johnny's mother was a respectable widow, that she would give "the world and all if her son would stop at home with her, which he was too fond of the ruins of Dunbrody to do, that he was born *innocent*, and that every body liked him."

This I could readily believe, for as we were about to enter our carriage I felt sorry to think I should never see poor Johnny again. I turned to bid him adieu as he was seated on the wall which separates the lands of Dunbrody from the road, looking a fantastic figure to so magnificent a back-ground; there he sat, his broad flat watch resting on his open palm, while his gaze was earnestly fixed on its motionless hands.

THE WINDOW DUTIES.—It is not generally known that all persons assessed to the window-duty are, by an act passed the last session of parliament, empowered immediately to open, free of extra duty, any additional number of windows in their dwelling-houses. But if any new building be attached to a dwelling-house, or any communication be opened with any adjoining premises, the windows in the same will be charged with the duties already assessed. The same exemption will apply to persons not assessed, by reason of there being less than eight windows (exclusive of the front shop windows) in their respective dwelling-houses. Composition for window duties will entirely cease on the 5th of April next. The above important exemption will prevent surveyors from making surcharges on such duties.

New Monthly Magazine.

From the United Service Journal.

POLAR SCENES.—NO. I.

The Polar expedition left Deptford on a beautiful morning in May, 1824. The season was far advanced, spring was just budding into summer, and its exhilarating aspect corresponded well with the elasticity of the adventurous mariners. The expedition was towed down the river by government steamers, and our smart lieutenants had not failed putting the ships into crack order. The sails were neatly furled, yards squared, and ropes as taut as a harp-string; so that we had full time to admire the rich beauty of the surrounding scenery, which, under any circumstances, much less the novelty of ours, it was impossible to pass unnoticed. The meridian sun shone brightly on that land, which, happy in its freedom, stood pre-eminent for its maritime greatness. A few light passing clouds varied the beauty of the scene, throwing their fleeting shadows on patches of rich verdure; and the *coup d'œil* lost none of its charms from the parting cheers which greeted us from every passing vessel,—cheers that were flung back on the air by our crew with animating wildness, until their reverberating echo died away in the recesses of the woody landscape.

In looking over my journal of that memorable epoch in my nautical career, I find many little events recorded which I pass over in these fragments, as too trivial to amuse the general reader, however much they may interest me from their forming a link with the daily occurrences of the voyage, and thus leading to many minor, yet pleasing recollections. Our sojourn at the Nore was short, and by no means agreeable; in fact, on leaving our moorings at Deptford, we had broken the ice of our enjoyments in England, and we were not the less anxious to set about breaking it more effectually in the arctic regions. Then again we had the usual scene to contend with on pay-day, between Jews and Gentiles, and the confusion consequent on that heavy day of reckoning, to say nothing of the departure of the sailors' wives or their *etceteras*. Not being blessed with an encumbrance of the kind, either way, my heart was light on the occasion. The rough untutored efforts of some of the sailors to check the falling tears of their better halves—and the clumsy manner in which they endeavoured to console them—was to many of us a subject of laughter and merriment; and, although many of our fair companions had rendered themselves very useful to us in hemming our towels, table-cloths, and sheets, I blush, even at this distant period, when I think how little we sympathised with their sufferings; and many of the poor creatures did suffer intense grief in being torn from their husbands.

One of the strongest men in the ship, and one of the best, came to my cabin a few minutes after his wife had left him, with a sorrowful, downcast countenance, struggling to conceal feelings, which, as an old and weather-beaten seaman, he almost felt ashamed to exhibit. I guessed his errand, and gave him a glass of grog—a regular *Nor'-Wester*—he swallowed it in silence, winced a little, wiped his mouth with the sleeve of his jacket, and casting a momentary glance at me, touched the rim of his tarpaulin hat and retired. We sailed from the Nore on the morning of the 19th of May. The day broke in with drizzling showers, and the last cheer of those friends who had passed the night with us, and were returning to town in the steamer, broke mournfully on our ears.

The first object that attracted our attention after we crossed the Atlantic differed in no small degree from the subject of my preceding observations: for who will presume to compare a woman to an iceberg? The first of those magnificent objects we saw had an appearance so splendid, so unlike any thing I had ever seen, that the impression is not likely to fade from my memory. Its first aspect was that of a very high uncultivated mountain, and when, in a few minutes, it changed its character, it resembled the most noble castellated structure the mind can conceive. Then again it was canopied by light passing clouds, the clear outline of its irregular pinnacles becoming less and less indistinct, until, gradually receding from our view, they were blended with the misty vapour which obscured them, and the immense fabric of frozen water seemed to melt into air. Towards evening the bright tint of the western horizon indicated our affinity with the ice. The light and vivid colour which was reflected in the heavens, gradually softened in its declination towards the margin of the sea, until its ethereal aspect assumed the soft azure of the ultra-marine.

On the following morning we cast anchor in a small compact harbour on the coast of Greenland, which proved to be a Danish settlement for the transmission of oil to Europe. A few irregular huts, more resembling small hummucks in the land than human dwellings, lay scattered, in close keeping with the sterility of the scene, on the inner part of the island. The governor of this rude little colony was a native of Denmark, and had under his jurisdiction about a hundred beings, male and female, of the Esquimaux tribe. In their dress and appearance they exactly corresponded with the wilder groups of their fraternity seen on former voyages; but there was one among the number who claimed a closer and more intimate affinity with the civilised world.

Cara Moosefelt was the servant of the governor, the companion of his wife, and a general favourite on the island. It was said that her father was a Dane, and her mother an Esquimaux; and her features testified her claim to the mutual proximity. Cara was the orphan daughter of the governor of an adjacent island. Her features were a little too large to be strictly feminine, still they were delicately fair and expressive—her figure was commanding; and had it not been for the Esquimaux touches which were here and there exhibited, Cara might have passed, on the coast of Greenland, for a handsome girl: she was beautiful. Her general outline was, however, rather masculine, owing perhaps to the slight distinction observable in the aboriginal costume of the natives: she had the largest and the finest blue eyes I ever beheld. The governor sent poor Cara to a neighbouring island, just as

we were getting acquainted with her. There was scarcely an officer on the expedition who did not give her a present.

There was a man upon the island named Peter —a quick, active, intelligent jack-of-all-trades, but master of none. Peter's avocations were spiritual, as well as temporal. He was carpenter, shipwright, priest, pilot, and interpreter. His knowledge of the hidden rocks in the harbour was so accurate, that he had scarcely taken charge of the Hecla ere he placed her upon the only one to be dreaded; an event which nearly made as large a breach in her bottom, as it did in Peter's maritime reputation. Peter gave one of the officers a dog, of the Esquimaux breed, which turned out as great a rogue as its master.

It is not intended in this fragment to give a diary of the polar expedition in 1824. Months may therefore often intervene between the events here narrated. Exposed to the uncertain alternations of wind, weather, and ice, the ships were at one moment firmly locked in the latter, and in the next they were free on their native element. Scenes of calm and sunshine were succeeded by the dismal howl of the tempest, which, on one occasion, threatened them with destruction. The month of August commenced with as tremendous a gale as the oldest mariner on the expedition recollected. The ships were closely hemmed by the ice on all sides—no one knew its extent; but the pressure indicated not less than a hundred miles. It was the Sabbath day—and the solitary stillness that reigned throughout was only interrupted by the wild scream of the ivory gull in its struggle to catch the fragments of food that lay in the pools of water on the ice. The expedition was engaged in prayer, which gave the scene an awful air of solemn grandeur, seldom, if ever, to be equaled. It was impossible for man to witness it and not feel his insignificance. One of the ships was forced over on her broadside, and we knew not the moment she might be crushed to atoms. When danger points to eternity, we feel the doubtful tenure of our existence, and tacitly acknowledge the wonderful works of the Creator. On the following morning the weather was calm and serene; the young ice had formed like a looking-glass around the ships, in which they were reflected with astonishing transparency. Our friends at home would have given something for so faithful a sketch of the expedition.

On another occasion we were very nearly lost. The night was closing fast—the sky looked fierce and angry—clouds, black and lowering, followed each other in rapid succession—the waves sparkled with phosphoric brilliancy—and the drifting ice was pressing the ships towards the rocks. The threatened gale came on, but with a sudden change in the wind—sudden and providential for us—as the position of the vessels was critical and perilous. Had the wind veered but one point in the opposite direction, no human effort could have saved us.

The following instance of maternal anxiety, evinced by a large bear for the safety of its offspring, occurred shortly after we reached our winter-quarters; and affords a striking example to many of the human race. She was seen with her two cubs about half a mile from where the ships lay. Our Esquimaux dogs gave chase, and the unwieldy animal, finding her retreat to the land cut off, made for the edge of the ice at the entrance of the harbour, where the sea was still partly open. The swiftness of the dogs exceeding that of the young cubs, the mother kept in the rear of her offspring, acting on the defensive, and nobly contesting every inch of ground until she had effectually covered their retreat. After they had taken the water, her sagacity told her to keep her enemy at bay until the young ones were comparatively beyond their reach. This she persevered in with remarkable courage until she considered them free from danger; then suddenly wheeling round, she plunged into the sea, and swam boldly after her progeny. The poor mother had, however, another enemy to contend with.

While she was engaged with the dogs, a party of our seaman had launched a boat over the ice, but not before the bears had swam nearly a mile from its edge. At this period of the chase there were few on board who did not feel a lively interest in the result. The scene was unusually animating, the animal had identified itself with the best feelings of our nature, she had fought with desperate energy for the preservation of her offspring, and I confess that I, for one, almost hoped she might escape. As the boat approached the bears, the parent seemed bewildered in her painful anxiety for the safety of her cubs. Wholly regardless of her own danger, she dived repeatedly, and alternately supporting them in the water, she endeavoured to urge them forward. When they were wounded she dived again and rose to the surface so as to place them on her back: thus singularly balanced, she swam with her offspring in that position until her destruction was accomplished.

Shortly after this event, the following singular accident occurred to the gun-room steward of the Fury, whom, as he was an original in his way, and contributed much to the amusement of his shipmates, I shall endeavour to describe. The different climes he had served in added at least ten winters to a constitution never very strong; his life, from the age of fifteen, had been that of a wandering mariner; he could boast of having been thirteen times closely engaged with the enemies of his country; he hated a Frenchman as he did the devil, and a Yankee ten times worse than that; was severely wounded in the deadly conflict between the Java and American frigate United States; and having survived the maladies incidental to the tropical climes, was doomed to close his checkered career on the desert shores of the polar regions.

Although naturally free and easy in his manner, Cottrell never forgot that respect with which long habit had imbued his mind, and which, with the officers, gave him the privilege of saying many things that could scarcely have been countenanced in any other man on board the ship. With the crew he was a licensed demagogue, the leader of all mischief—popular, but never factious: nevertheless he told them their faults, lectured them indiscriminately on their delinquen-

cies, and had always some little, good-humoured anecdote, applicable to the moment, which seldom failed to reconcile them to the officious interference of their strange monitor.

As the duties of the officers' servants confined them almost exclusively to the ships, it was arranged that they should take a daily portion of exercise; and on a sunny afternoon, Cottrell and two others strolled up a very deep ravine, which led them to a spot famous for specimens of mineralogy. Whilst his companions were hammering every snow-covered block of stone that attracted their notice, he lay down on the brow of a hill and fell asleep. On waking, he perceived a large bear within a few yards of him, and looking round for his fellow-servants, neither of them were to be seen. Cottrell felt himself tremble from head to foot; he arose and ran, as he thought, in the direction of the ravine; the bear pursued him. Feeling almost exhausted from the excessive weight of a clumsy pair of cloth boots, he kicked the unwieldy incumbrance, one to his right, the other to his left, and darting forward with renewed speed, threw himself from the edge of a steep cliff six hundred feet high.

The poor fellow was discovered lying on the ice, within a few yards of the ravine, frightfully disfigured. His head was cut, his body much bruised, and the soles of his feet were dreadfully lacerated—he was alive, but insensible. His companions brought him on board; they could give no tidings of the affair, but when he himself recovered his senses, he told his story in the manner I have described it, and then fell into a refreshing sleep. Next day, however, not the slightest track of a bear could be discovered; though the man's footsteps were clearly traced.

Cottrell's recovery was slow and doubtful; when, in a convalescent state, he again sallied forth on another ramble, the last the poor fellow ever took: at this period the ice was opening in the channel, the birds were migrating to the northward. Cottrell wounded a little dovekey which fell into a pool of water, where it lay helplessly fluttering its wings. In his effort to reach it with the but-end of his fowling-piece, he overbalanced himself and fell into the pool, and was drowned. Cottrell had a gloomy presentiment that he should never leave Port Bowen. A few days before his death I saw him standing on the forecastle, gazing on the only spot of land which exhibited marks of vegetation. Turning to address me, he pointed to it, and said, with a smile of sadness, "That spot will be my grave, sir"—in less than a week the poor fellow was laid there.

About the middle of November, we began to feel the dreary approach of a polar winter. A feeble gleam of light still faintly tinged the southern horizon, while the opposite direction assumed the sombre shade of night. The almost dazzling whiteness of the grotesque hummucks of ice, that lay scattered in irregular masses on the plane, formed a strange contrast with the soft, purple shade of twilight. The full moon shed its pale lustre on the lonely scene, and the colours which it reflected on the ice were chaste beyond conception. The planets twinkled in their orbs, and Jupiter shone brilliantly at the hour our friends in the English channel might be taking a meridian altitude of the sun. The aurora borealis was often visible, and on one occasion it formed the most perfect arch I ever beheld, rising in a single line of brilliant light in the southeast, passing through the zenith, and terminating at the verge of the horizon in the opposite point, thus dividing the circle into two equal parts: after this its coruscations were beautiful.

The thermometer about this time stood at 30° of Fahrenheit below zero; and when the wind blew, the cutting pain inflicted by the cold on the face—the only part of the person exposed—can only be compared to the pricking of so many hundred of the finest needles. The frost accumulated so rapidly on the eyelashes, that had not the warmth of the hand been constantly applied, the external margin of the lids would have been frozen.

Christmas arrived—that merry season of the year, when every person, from the most exalted to the most humble station in life, feels disposed to lay aside their cares and be happy. Even in the cold, inhospitable region of the arctic clime, the friendly greeting of "A merry Christmas!" had something in it to cheer the dreariness of the scene, while it recalled to the memory of our little colony individual recollections of happiness. At noon the captain and officers assembled to view the domestic arrangements made by the crew on the occasion. The mess-tables on either side had on an English washed table-cloth, a luxury the officers could scarcely boast, and the usual appendages for dinner were neatly disposed. But there was one placed exactly in the centre of the ship, and twice the length of the others, which particularly attracted our attention: it will scarcely be imagined that the damask table-cloth had been purchased in England for the express purpose. Salts at each corner, with wine decanters to correspond, silver spoons, and a slice of bread at the side of each plate, had been judiciously arranged under the superintendence of the captain's steward. This was the mariners' mess. When the dinner drum had beat "The Roast Beef of Old England," three of the leading men in the ship presented a slice of plumcake and a small glass of brandy to the captain and each of the officers, who drank to the health of the crew and a speedy passage into the Pacific. Three hearty cheers followed.

The officers held their festival at a later hour in the day. When the expedition touched at the Shetland Islands, some salted soland geese were purchased, of a tolerably good flavour: one of these birds had been preserved for the present occasion, and, in order to extract the salt, it was suspended by a string in the fire-hole, (an opening kept free in the ice alongside the ship,) on the previous evening. Our friends, who were engaged to dine with us, knew that we should have the only goose in the ship for dinner, and interest had been made in more than one quarter for the wings and breast. On the morning, however, of the eventful day, the steward announced, with a precious long countenance, that the shrimps had

made their Christmas meal on the goose, for on pulling up the string, he found nothing but the skeleton, the bones of which were as clean as if the body had undergone the preparation of an anatomist. "I thought it felt rather light," said he, "when I was hauling it up."

"Never mind," said our wily caterer: "say nothing of the affair; but when dinner is placed on the table, put it before me under a large cover-dish."

The guests assembled. Those who bargained for the wings and breast rubbed their hands; their eyes sparkled as they glanced towards the cover. "What kind of a goose have we here, steward?"

"I never seed a finer one in my life, sir!"

Another rub of the hands, and another eager glance at the caterer from the candidates for the wings and breast.

"Take the covers off," said the caterer. All were removed, that before him being left to the last, "that the goose," as he observed, "might not get cold." At length the skeleton was exposed, and the astonishment of every one obliged the steward to scamper out of the room as fast as his legs could carry him. In a few minutes the lively cheers of the ship's company told us they participated in his merriment.

Accustomed all our lives to consider the new year a kind of half-way house in our passage through the winter season, we could scarcely dispel the cheerful illusion, although we knew that we should be seven months longer locked up in our present dreary quarters. The limited festivities of our Christmas *revel* softened in some degree the rigour of our isolated position. Placed by the care of God in the centre of a lonely valley, in regions hitherto unknown to man—surrounded by a continent of ice, which none but the master-key of heaven could open—the passing incidents of our solitary exile could only interest the little band of adventurers thus singularly thrown on the resources of each other. Where is the man, who, not having seen the sun for one hundred and thirteen days, could say that he did not feel himself estranged from the living world and its social enjoyments?

General Post Office.—The new act of parliament has lately come into operation, by which stamped newspapers may henceforth be sent to any of his majesty's possessions and colonies beyond the seas free of expense, and received from the same, if put up in covers open at each end, with no other writing or print than the name of the parties to whom sent: newspapers printed in foreign colonies, and in the language of such colonies, may be received as formerly on the payment of three-pence postage. Newspapers may be forwarded to France, and other parts of the continent, on the payment of two-pence when put in the foreign post-office here, and received from the same states on the payment of two-pence, if printed in the language of such state.

New Monthly Magazine.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

WILLIAM PITT.

The memory of great men is the noblest inheritance of their country. All other distinctions are perishable. A few centuries have covered the most intellectual regions of the world with the deepest barbarism. National valour, the spirit of national sacrifice, the noble and natural pride of public supremacy, all that was great in the nature, the ambition, and the power of a nation, is exchanged for debility and decay, or survives but in the form of some faint memorial, mutilated sculptures round the tomb where the dead glory of the people slumbers. But the character of her eminent minds is unassailable by the process that humiliates the strength and dignity of the nation. Their ordeal is past; they have reached the point at which fame is inevitably their own. In passing to the grave, they have secured the honours, which to all the living must be still liable to the common chances of things. The nation may go down, and be submerged in the common tide of human casualty. But their fame stands up, like the mountain tops in the deluge, the last retreat of the national hope and virtue, the first point from which they reissue to possess and restore the land.

William Pitt was one of those men whose mind shaped his time. Fortunate for the vigour and purity of our own time, if that mind were to be taken as the model of living British statesmanship. The subject is at this hour more important than ever. The destinies of England are more and more approaching to that crisis, in which their good or ill depends on personal character. Pitt was formed to carry the empire through a convulsion altogether new, fierce, and beyond the calculation of the old public wisdom of Europe. At this hour, the statesman may be forming, on whom is to depend the pilotage of the empire through a tempest, of which the fury will be equally beyond calculation, the trial more severe, and the elements more powerful, wilder, and more unknown. Pitt saw the continent with one revolution in its centre, and that revolution enough to shake Europe. The statesman who is yet to succeed in the high and solemn task of sustaining the name of England through all her trials, may see every kingdom the centre of a revolution; the solitary Jacobinism of France forgotten and eclipsed by a universal hostility to throne and temple; popular passion inflamed into boundless frenzy; and the earth involved in one reckless and measureless confusion of war, conspiracy, and infidelity. To the man and his age, the study of the life of William Pitt, and of the years in which he achieved the triumph of his principles, must be the most essential and productive employment of their wisdom, the most speaking lesson to their experience, and the most assured and cheering pledge of their ultimate safety. They will find in his personal character the solid connection of private virtues with public fidelity; no factitious and glaring professions of impracticable patriotism; no degrading submissions to the popular cry; no desperate experiments on the public security, to grasp at a sha-

dowy and fugitive power, and they will find the success commensurate to the integrity of the principles; public difficulties that seemed insurmountable, rapidly overcome; disaffection at home converted into emulous loyalty. The broken system of Europe rebuilt into one superb confederacy; the fallen fortitude of the continent suddenly inspirited into invincible courage; the revolutionary idol which disdained to be fed with less than the blood of kings, and sat enveloped with the smoke of human hecatombs, resistlessly torn from its altar, and cast into its own flames; an unexampled war, which involved all Europe, and menaced the dissolution of every tie of nations and of man, closed by an unexampled triumph, in which all Europe shared, and which established a new bond of friendship and mutual reliance among all its kingdoms.

The history of Europe is imperfectly and obscurely written, if the historian forgets to look to Providence. But the history of our own country forms one of its finest illustrations. If it had been contemplated by man in the middle of the eighteenth century, that at its close the French revolution should shake the continent, and that England should be the great agent in the hand of Providence, first to protect mankind from the fatal supremacy of that revolution, and next to overthrow and extinguish it in the very spot where it first started upon the human eye, no measures of provision could be more distinctly and powerfully preparative than the apparently simple contingencies of England from the end of the Seven Years' war. The peace of 1762 had tranquilised Europe, but it was the abortive tranquility of a truce. War was at an end on the continent. Austria had been baffled by Prussia, but Prussia was exhausted by her victory. No German power remained, of sufficient strength, to revenge the ravages of both. France had lost armies, and what she valued more, laurels. Russia, scarcely recovered from domestic murders, and employing her resources in doubtful hostilities with the Ottoman, was scarcely recognised as a European power. England, flushed with victory, had gained all the prizes of the war, an unlimited territory in the New World, the French West Indies, a new empire in the East, and the unquestioned influence of a power of the first order on the European system.

The natural peril to England, in this condition of safety and superiority, would be, that she might relax the sinews of her strength; that without an enemy to dread, she might cease to be warlike; that with hourly increasing opulence, she might become surcharged with indolent voluptuousness; and that with a population rapidly rising in the consciousness of its own influence, she might be tossed about by every gust of republicanism. All those contingencies would have been formidable hazards under any condition of the surrounding kingdoms. But the nature of the coming crisis, utterly unascertained as it was by man, must have rendered the hazards almost certain ruin.

If, a quarter of a century before the first meeting of the national assembly, the angel of the future had drawn up the curtain, and revealed to some great English mind the characteristic form and features of the French revolution, its universal spirit of aggression, its conversion of the whole power of the state into war, its hatred of all settled authority, and its universal appeal to the power of the populace at home and abroad; what would be the qualities which such a mind would require to see, as first and most predominant in England, if she were finally to rescue herself and redeem others from the general danger? The answer must be, that she would be compelled by circumstances to keep her warlike vigilance in activity, that she should be in some degree even exercised in war during the interval, that she should be directed to the knowledge of those peculiar resources on which she must finally rely, and be taught the especial use of that arm by which the battle was to be chiefly borne, that she must feel the value of a financial system founded on the most accurate estimate of her means, that she should be taught the infinite peril of suffering the populace to become the dictators of her government; that to put the whole machine of public power and virtue in motion, there should stand at the head of affairs some individual whose peculiar talent lay in that management of the public wealth so essential in a long, costly, and exhausting course of hostilities, while his unquestioned general ability, public devotedness, and personal integrity, made the nation look up to him with unbounded homage, and follow his counsels with deferential obedience. Another requisition, of the highest moral value in a contest, which was as much of character as of arms, was, that on the throne should be seated a king, whose manliness, firmness, and religious principle qualified him to preside over a nation, among whom the last virtues of the earth were to find a shelter, religion to make its stand against atheism, loyalty against rebellion, patriotism against treason and the ancient and generous character of royal government against the novel, bitter, and bloodthirsty selfishness of popular anarchy. Is it fanciful to conceive those requisitions? No more so than to remember their necessity. The history of the revolution a quarter of a century after is lying open before the world. There, guided by the ominious light shed from the lamp of the regicide and the assassin, we may trace, line by line, the precautionary wisdom of that singular and effectual discipline, by which England was unconsciously made ready for the most extraordinary and trying contest that ever summoned a nation into the field for the highest interests of human nature.

The peace of 1762 had placed England in the most distinguished rank which she had ever yet attained. All was national supremacy, all was popular exultation. The public feeling of her pre-eminence was so unquestioned, that the nation actually trembled at the sudden overflow of prosperity, and while the language of the politician was, that she must thenceforth prepare to meet the combined jealousy of all nations, the philosopher pronounced, that as the wheel of change was in continual motion, and she had now risen to its summit, she must thenceforth make up her resolution to descend.

But all history seems written to baffle the pride

of human prediction. From the hour when her sword was laid by, the spirit of England began to be exercised in civil contests, menacing in appearance, but of the first importance to her constitutional vigour. The quarrels of Wilkes with the government, the struggles of rival leaders for the cabinet, and the excited feelings of the nation from both causes, kept the country in a perpetual state of that uninjurious activity, which is the finest school for civil knowledge. The few remnants of ancient despotism clinging to the constitution were rent away in the contest; and in the midst of much popular violence, party follies, and national alarm, freedom gained at every advance, until every man of sense and honesty felt that not the shadow of a feudal fetter remained on the noble proportions of English liberty. The discussions with the American colonies followed, and they were rapidly exacerbated into war—a war which now lies too deep among the crimes of the past and gone for us to revive its memory, but on whose tomb the most lenient hand, if it be the hand of truth, must inscribe popular profligacy, unprovoked rebellion, and filial ingratitude. But that war was made the direct means of preparing England for the coming hostilities, which were to summon all her force. Even the peculiar nature of the war seems to have belonged to that system of foresight which turned all casualties to the great future emergency. It scarcely occupied a fragment of the military force of England. It largely occupied the naval. After a long period of necessary inaction, it compelled England to feel that the navy was her right arm; it disciplined that navy, by frequent encounters, into almost a security of future success; it turned all the triumphs of England in the direction of the navy; it showed her that if the time were to come when she must fight the battle of law and liberty against combined Europe, the navy was her strength, and in that strength she might fight the battle.

When the war ceased, the naval vigilance of England was sustained by the singular event of a naval coalition in Europe. Russia, rising into power and jealousy together, Sweden, almost her vassal, and Denmark in terror of both, confederated, in the well-known armed neutrality, to break down the power of the British Empire. The principle, that "free ships make free goods," was contradictory to all justice, for it obviously sanctioned the supply of a British enemy by a British ally; involving at once a contempt of all diplomatic obligations, a defiance of common justice, and a burlesque of common sense. Holland, then the base and mercenary trafficker with all nations, in scorn of all treaties, was an eager party to this general Jew-dealing with the principles of national trade; and bitterly and soon she had reason to repent her substitution of swindling for honour. The Armed Neutrality gave way before the firm countenance of the English cabinet, and the feeling of its own treachery. But the effect on England had been produced. The navy was found to be the supreme national protector; the naval spirit of the nation was sustained in its unimpaired vigour, and when the true necessity was at hand, the English fleet was found prepared in all points, of numbers, discipline, and national favour, to begin the contest with a superiority of physical and moral force, which never failed in a single instance during the revolutionary struggle.

But, as if for the purpose of making the proposition complete in every respect, England was to be taught a resistless lesson of the dangers of popular supremacy. The riots of 1780, unaccountable in their origin, and trivial in their results, yet displayed the terrors of popular passion, in a degree qualified to impress the nation for ever. England saw with astonishment a multitude, which had assembled from motives avowedly religious, justifiable, and national, suddenly touched with a fury which flamed out into public devastation, and whose limits no man could hope to define. Of all the violences of popular power, this exhibited the evil in the most direct, broad, and naked form. In other instances there had been a popular leader, a cause, an oppression, an anarchy engendering license by its habits, some bold prejudice operating on some glaring iniquity of power. But the burning of London was due to the simple will of the mob, with no leader but a ridiculous and half-witted religionist, no conceivable oppression, no denial of justice, no rejected claim, nothing to stimulate the multitude to the most horrible atrocities, but the mere sense that it had the means. Armed with this sense, 40,000 of the rabble, not a thirtieth of the population of London, held the capital in alarm for three days and nights, marched through it like a conquering army, plundered and burned at their will, threw the court into terror, the government almost into dissolution, and shook all but the firmness of the brave and manly king. The tumult died away, as rapidly as it rose. But the lesson was of infinite value. It was not forgotten when the first gatherings of the revolutionary clouds in France began to throw their shade on the shores of England. The sounds of the tempest at a distance prepared the steersman of the British ship for the last extremities of the visitation. The clamours of conspiracy in England were instantly answered by the national voice of loyalty. The speciousness of popular deliberation, regenerated rights, and the new age of rabble legislation, were specious no longer to the eye which had seen the rights of the populace registered in the flames of the capital. The minister was called on by the national experience to guard against the boundless calamity of a government with its throne in the streets, and its councils in the uproar of robbery and massacre. Jacobinism protested its innocence in vain. The names of philosophy and philanthropy figured largely at the head of the memorial by which France pleaded her treacherous and sanguinary cause before Europe. The English minister was already warned, he looked to the body of the document, and showed that it was a proclamation of democracy and treason. The universal answer, and the true one, to all the advocates of rabble authority was, —"The riots of '80." The national feeling, without which the highest activity of the government must be ineffectual, unhesitatingly sustained the wisdom of the minister. The warning

had been written in characters which were not to be dimmed by political sophistry, nor effaced by public folly. They had once been characters of blood and ashes, they were now characters of light, and while every finger pointed to them on the wall of the tribunal where the cause of revolution was tried among us, no dexterity could confuse the national judgment, or avert the national decision.

The kingly character essential to the crisis was fully found in the steadiness, sincerity, and public spirit of George III. The ministerial in the illustrious subject of the present memoir.

William Pitt was the second son of William first Earl of Chatham, and of Lady Hester, only daughter of Richard Grenville and Countess Temple. His elder brother, the Earl of Chatham, still lives; his younger, James, died early, a captain in the navy. Of his two sisters, the elder, Lady Hester, was married to Lord Mahon in 1774; the second, Lady Harriet, to the Honourable Edward James Eliot, eldest son of Lord Eliot, in 1785.

At the age of six years, Mr. Pitt's education began, under the care of the Rev. G. Wilson, in Lord Chatham's house, a tuition which continued till he was fourteen; but his health was so feeble that for nearly half this period he was unable to receive any instruction. In 1773 he was sent to Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, his tutor still residing with him, in consequence of the delicacy of his health. But his studies were solely directed by Prettyman, one of the two public tutors, afterwards well known as the Bishop of Lincoln.

There is a natural interest in pursuing the steps by which a mind like William Pitt's advanced in knowledge. On his entrance at Cambridge, his literary acquisitions were found to be of unusual extent for his age; he read all Latinity with ease, and could make his way through half a dozen successive pages of Thucydides, a remarkably idiomatic and condensed author, without any peculiar difficulty. It is a curious circumstance, that by Lord Chatham's express desire, Thucydides was the first book to be put into his hands in college, followed by a direction to his tutor that he should read Polybius with him. The plain perspicuity of the Greek tactician's narrative might have recommended him for the formation of a mind in which clearness and accuracy were to be prominent features; but when we remember that Demosthenes transcribed Thucydides eight times as the model of an oratorical style, we must believe that Chatham was preparing the future fame of his son as the great leader of the British senate.

His understanding soon began to develope itself. His apprehension of his studies was distinguished for clearness and rapidity; he became an exact grammarian, and took delight in the philological niceties of the Greek and Latin. He exhibited equal ability for mathematics, speedily made himself master of all that formed the usual course of college studies, even to the highest branches of the examinations, felt, as we are told by his tutor, "a great desire to fathom still further the depths of pure mathematics," and, as his concluding wish on leaving college for the bar, expressed a hope "to be able to read the Principia again with him after some summer circuit." Even in the more advanced periods of his eminent career, his reverence for those studies had not deserted him. He frequently declared, "that no portion of his time had been more usefully employed than that which had been devoted to those studies; not merely from the new ideas and actual knowledge which he had thus acquired, but also on account of the improvement which his mind had received from the habit of close attention and patient investigation."

He was a great admirer of Locke's Essay; of which he made a complete analysis. But he seemed to think lightly of the subtleties of our metaphysicians in general. The details of his chief literary tastes, given by his tutor, are interesting. He tells us, that in the alternate reading of classics and mathematics with him, the rapidity of Pitt's comprehension was most extraordinary, while his memory retained every thing that it had ever received. His reading was extensive. There was scarcely a classical writer of Greek or Latin which he and his pupil had not read together; Pitt was a nice observer of their various styles, and alive to all their characteristic excellences. But he was also capable of close and minute application. When alone he would dwell for hours upon some striking passage of an orator or historian, in marking their manner of arranging a narrative, or explaining their motives of action. It was a favourite, and must have been a most advantageous, employment with him, to compare opposite speeches on the same subject; and examine how each speaker managed his own side of the question, and obviated the reasonings of his opponent. His chief studies on this head were Livy, Thucydides, and Sallust. On those occasions his remarks were frequently committed to paper, and furnished matter for further consideration. He was also in the habit of copying eloquent sentences, or phrases of peculiar beauty, which came in his way in the course of general reading. The Greek poets constituted a peculiar study, and he even urged this fondness to the extent of toiling through the obscurities of Lycophron. "The almost intuitive quickness," are his tutor's expressions, "with which he saw the meaning of the most difficult passages of the most difficult writers, made an impression on my mind which no time can efface. He possessed indeed this faculty in so extraordinary a degree, and his application to Greek literature had rendered his knowledge of the language so correct and extensive, that I am persuaded, if a play of Menander or Æschylus, or an ode of Pindar, had been suddenly found, he would have understood it as soon as any professed scholar. There unquestionably have been persons who had far greater skill in verbal criticism and in the laws of metre; but it may, I believe, be said with the strictest truth, that no one ever read the Greek language, even after devoting his whole life to the study of it, with greater facility than Mr. Pitt at the age of twenty-one."

Among his classical acquirements he did not forget the writers of his own country. He read the poets with delight, and the historians and politicians with diligence and instruction. He

even wrote verses, and at an early age had contributed his part with his brothers and sisters to a play in rhyme, which they acted before their father and family circle. His favourite prose models were Middleton's Life of Cicero, and Bolingbroke's political and historical works. He read Barrow's Sermons by the desire of his father, who pronounced them an admirable repertory of language. In the university he attended with great interest to Dr. Halifax's lectures on civil law.

For three years after his entrance at college, his health had continued to form a serious impediment to his progress. In 1773, he was seized with an illness which had nearly deprived the world of his abilities. He was so weak on his recovery, that the journey to London occupied four days. But this shock finally confirmed his constitution. Exercise, attention to diet, and early hours, rapidly recruited him after a confinement of two months, and at eighteen he had every prospect of longevity. The incessant toils of public life alone seem to have shortened his bright and powerful career.

In college he was remarkable for propriety of conduct. The son of the Earl of Chatham, the first and most popular minister that England had seen for a century, must have been a conspicuous object of attention and temptation. But Pitt was above the poor celebrity to be gained by violations of order. It is well worth remembering that this youth, at the height of all that life could offer, was to be seen attending the public duties of his college with a strictness which would be meritorious in the student whose conduct was to be his fortune.

No man was more regularly present morning and evening at chapel, and he was never known to pass an evening out of the college walls. In this combination of pure habits with vigorous diligence he passed seven years. "In the course of which time," says his tutor, "I never knew him to spend an idle day, nor did he ever fail to attend me at the appointed hour. At this early period there was the same firmness of principle, and rectitude of conduct" which marked his character to its close.

The strong interest which Lord Chatham took in his second son, the almost prophetic anticipation by which he saw his future eminence, is a matter of common knowledge; but the fondness of his feelings towards this young representative of his genius and his fame was but little suspected in the haughty fabric and bold ambition of Chatham's mind. In passing on to the more public transactions of this stirring time, we may justly pause for a moment over those memorials of the heart of a mighty statesman. It ennobles our sense of human nature, to see that so much nerve and grandeur of mind is compatible with so much tenderness of affection. But the unquestionable truth is, that a large portion of the supremacy of a leading genius must arise from the susceptibility of soul. Nations reluctantly own the sway of the most powerful intellect, when they cannot repose on the feelings of the man. Public assemblies revolt from all the splendours of eloquence, where they are not the emanations of natural sensibility. The orator may have the command of all the treasures of literature and language, but a single word from the heart carries off the prize from them all. He may stand before them like the golden image of the Assyrian king, and counsel their passing and public idolatry; but the unfailing homage is to the invisible spirit of the pure, generous, and beneficent impulses, the impress of the divinity within. Lord Chatham had made the moral education of his children a subject of personal interest from their birth. He constantly associated with them, conversed with them on all subjects of which their young minds were capable, treated them as companions, gave them all opportunities of expressing their opinions, and "never passed a day of health without giving instruction of some sort to his family," and seldom without "*reading a chapter of the Bible with them.*" The benefit of such early lessons is perhaps among the most vivid of all remembrances, even in the turmoil of after life; and "his boy William" became, at an early age, extensively acquainted with scripture. "I had frequent opportunities," says his tutor, "of observing Mr. Pitt's accurate knowledge of the Bible; and I may, I trust, be allowed to mention the following anecdote:—In the year 1797, I was reading to him, in MS., my exposition of the first of the Thirty-nine Articles, afterwards published in my Elements of Christian Theology. There were several quotations from scripture, all which he remembered. At last we came to a quotation at which he stopped, and said, 'I do not recollect that passage in the Bible, and it does not sound like scripture.' It was a quotation from the Apocrypha."

Lord Chatham's first letter was written on his son's going to the university, in 1773. We give a few sentences—"Thursday's post brought us no letter from the dear traveller; we trust this day will prove more satisfactory. It is the happy day that gave us your brother, and will not be less in favour with all here, if it should give us, about four o'clock, an epistle from my dear William. We compute that yesterday brought you to the venerable aspect of *Alma Mater*, and that you are invested to-day with the *toga virilis*. Your race of *manly* virtue and *useful* knowledge is now begun, and may the favour of Heaven smile upon the noble career. * * * How happy, my loved boy, is it that your mamma and I can tell ourselves there is at Cambridge *one*, without a beard, and all the elements so mixed in him, that nature might stand up and say, 'this is a man.' I now take my leave for to-day, not meaning this for what James calls a regular letter, but a flying thought, that wings itself towards my absent William. Horses are ready, and all is birthday. Bradshaw has shone, this auspicious morning, in a very fine speech of congratulation; but I foresee 'his sun sets weeping in the lowly west,' that is, a fatal bowl of punch will, before night, quench this luminary of oratory. Adieu, again and again, sweet boy, and if you acquire health and strength every time I wish them to you, you will be a second Sampson, and what is more, will keep your hair."

The next letter is in a graver yet not less

natural strain. It was written on the young student's recovery from his dangerous illness.—"October 30, 1773. With what ease of mind and joy of heart I write to my loved William, since Mrs. Wilson's comfortable letter of Monday. I do not mean to address you as a sick man. I trust in Heaven that *convalescent* is the only title I am to give you in the ailing tribe. * * But, though I indulge with inexpressible delight in the thought of your returning health, I cannot help being a little in pain lest you should make *more haste than good speed* to get well. Your mamma has been before me in suggesting that most useful proverb, *reculer pour mieux sauter*, useful to all, but to the *ardent necessary*. You may indeed, my sweet boy, better than any one, practise this sage dictum, without any risk of being thrown out in the chase of learning. All you want, at present, is quiet, With this, if your ardour, ἀρετωσιν, can be kept in till you are stronger, you will make *noise* enough. How happy the task, my noble, amiable boy, to caution you *only against pursuing too much* all those liberal and praiseworthy things, to which less happy natures are perpetually to be spurred and driven.

* * * You have time to spare. Consider, there is but the Encyclopedia; and when you have mastered that, what will remain? You will want, like Alexander, another world to conquer."

In a subsequent letter, he thanks "his dearest William" for his affectionate anxiety for the result of a fit of the gout, which had left the great earl an invalid; or, as he describes it himself, "left him behind in the hospital, when his flying camp removed to Stowe. Gout has for the present subsided, and seems to intend deferring his favours till winter, if autumn will do its duty and bless us with a course of steady weather, those days, which Madame de Sevigné so beautifully paints as, '*des jours filés d'or et de soie?*'"

The gout had now nearly sapped the constitution of the earl, and he was subject to violent pains, which almost precluded writing. But his latest correspondence is full of the same fond and *secure* feelings for the progress of his son, whom he evidently regarded as the representative of his mind, if not as the direct inheritor of his political power. A letter, within a few months of his death, thus begins:—"How can I employ my reviving pen so well as by addressing a few lines to the *hope* and *comfort* of my life. My dear William,—you will have pleasure to see, under my own hand, that I mend every day, and that I am all but well." The letter then laughingly alludes to Lord Mahon's (the late Earl Stanhope's) experiments for the extinction of fires. "On Friday, Lord Mahon's indefatigable spirit is to exhibit another *incendium* to lord mayor, foreign ministers, and all lovers of philosophy, and means to illuminate the horizon with a little bonfire of twelve hundred faggots, and a double edifice. Had our friend been born sooner, Nero and the second Charles would never have amused themselves with redueing to ashes the two noblest cities in the world. My hand begins to demand repose: So, with my best compliments to Aristotle, Homer, Thucydides, and Xenophon, not forgetting the civilians and law of nations' tribe, adieu, my dearest William.

"Your ever most affectionate father,

"CHATHAM."

The Earl of Chatham died May 11, 1778, in his 70th year, followed to the grave by the regrets of the empire; and going down to posterity with the fame of the most commanding eloquence, the noblest range of political conception, and the most triumphant statesmanship of the most intellectual, ardent, and successful age of England.

The world of public life was now before Pitt, and to no man was this tempting and powerful career ever more widely expanded. His great father's renown, the popular expectation which had already begun to gather round himself, and the strong inspiration of kindred genius, urged him to the senate. All his studies were thenceforth turned to parliament. He became a constant attendant in the gallery of the house of commons, and in the house of lords, on every important occasion, and exercised his natural acuteness by observing, as each speaker proceeded, how he might be answered; how his arguments might be enforced; what might be added; and especially what might be retrenched. A characteristic of his own oratory, in after times, was the avoidance of repetition, a quality essential to all the influences of public speaking.

In the spring of 1780, he became resident in Lincoln's Inn, and on the 12th of June he was called to the bar, and went the western circuit in the same summer. In the autumn he was a candidate for the university of Cambridge, which lost the honour of returning the most illustrious of her sons to parliament. But in January, 1781, he was returned for the borough of Appleby, in Westmoreland, in the interest of Sir James Lowther.

His first speech in the house of commons (February 26) was nearly accidental. Burke's bill, for the reduction of the civil list, was in debate. Lord Nugent rose to speak against the bill. While he was speaking, Byng, member for Middlesex, asked Pitt whether he would not reply. His answer was a doubtful one, but he at length came to the determination of remaining silent. However, on the conclusion of Lord Nugent's speech, Byng called out his name. His call was instantly and loudly echoed, and Pitt, observing that the house waited for him, thought it became him to rise. His speech was brief, but it gave remarkable promise by its vividness, elegance, and fervour. It was pronounced, from that moment, that the mantle of Chatham had descended on shoulders worthy of its inspiration. The members of both parties were unqualified in their praise. Burke, in his idiomatic style, declared that "he was not merely a chip of the old block, but the old block itself." Fox carried him to Brookes's, where he was elected, and thus was at once brought into intercourse with all the leading men on the side of opposition. But it was soon clear that Brookes's was not his element; he never played; he never gave way to the still more exceptionable habits which were then considered to be almost essential to fashionable society. His

name continued on the books of the club for some years, but its tastes were not his, and he scarcely ever set foot within its walls from the time of his becoming a minister.

In this session Pitt spoke on three occasions, and with equal effect on all. On the last of those, an unpremeditated defence of his father's opinions on the American war, brought up the Lord Advocate Dundas, (Lord Melville,) who declared, "that however unwilling he might be to say in the honourable gentleman's presence what truth would exact from him were he absent, yet, however unusual it might be, he must confess, that he found himself compelled to rejoice in the good fortune of his country and his fellow subjects, who were destined, at some future day, to derive the most important services from so happy a union of first-rate abilities, high integrity, bold and honest independence of conduct, and the most persuasive eloquence." Those were unusual compliments to any man, and still more unusual from the man who paid them. Yet they were paid to a senator of two-and-twenty! But the general sentiment was equally strong. At the close of the session, on an observation being made, that "Pitt promised to be one of the first speakers ever heard in the house of commons," Fox, turning round on the speaker, instantly replied, "He is so already."

Every incident that belongs to the progress of such a mind is curious; and the anecdotes that have transpired in later years of Pitt's short sojourn at the bar are highly interesting. In his first circuit, he was employed in several election causes, in one of which his argument on the admissibility of a point of evidence attracted so much attention, that it was panegyrised by Buller, the judge, a rough son of Themis, whom nothing but singular qualities in any advocate could keep within the bounds of civility. One of those remembrancers, who went the western circuit with him, says, "In a criminal case at Exeter, he exhibited, as junior counsel, such talents in cross-examination, that it was the universal opinion of the bar that he should have led the cause. During his short stay in the profession, he never had occasion to address a jury; but on a motion in the court of king's bench for a habeas corpus to bring up a man to be bailed who was charged with murder, Pitt made a speech which excited the admiration of the bar, and drew down very complimentary approbation from Lord Mansfield. When he made his first brilliant display in parliament, those at the bar who had seen little of him expressed surprise; but a few who had heard him speak, in a sort of mock debate at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, when a club, called the Western Circuit Club, was dissolved, agreed that he had even then displayed all the various species of eloquence for which he was afterwards celebrated.

"Before he had distinguished himself in the house, he certainly looked to the law as a profession. The late Mr. Justice Rooke used to relate, that Pitt had dangled for seven days with a junior brief and a single guinea fee, waiting till a cause of no sort of importance should come on in the court of common pleas. At Pitt's instance, an annual dinner took place for some years at Richmond Hill, the party consisting of Lord Erskine, Lord Redesdale, Sir William Grant, Mr. Bond, Mr. Leycester, Mr. Jekyll, and others. I well remember a dinner with Pitt, and several of his private friends, at the Boar's Head, in Eastcheap, in memory of Falstaff. We were all in high spirits, quoting and alluding to Shakspeare the whole day, and it appeared that Pitt was as well and familiarly read in the poet's works as the best Shakspearians present. After he was a minister, he continued to ask his old circuit intimates to dine with him, and his manners were unaltered."

To those who had seen the minister only in the senate, stemming the rough tide of debate, or known him only as the resolute and solemn statesman, on whose head lay the weight of public care for all Europe, representations of his personal gaiety and liveliness may come with some doubt. But this remembrancer tells us from personal knowledge, and we have sufficient testimonies in corroboration, that "Among lively men of his own time of life, Pitt was always the most animated and convivial in the many hours of leisure which occur to young men on circuit. He joined all the little excursions to Southampton, Weymouth, and such parties of amusement as were habitually formed. He was extremely popular. His name and reputation, for high acquirements at the university, commanded the attention of his seniors. His wit, good-humour, and joyous manners, endeared him to the younger part of the bar."

But he was soon to give new evidence of his powers on the higher stage. In November, parliament met. The American war had wearied the ministry, and raised the hopes of the opposition. It was evident that Lord North struggled in vain. Fox, at the head of opposition, thundered at the ministerial ramparts, and was followed by an emulous crowd of the most brilliant and popular names of England. The barrier must soon break down, and then all the prizes of the contest, and they were of the first order of competition to accomplished and ambitious minds, were open to every man's hand. On the day of meeting, Fox moved an amendment to the address, deprecatory of the war. The amendment was rejected, by 218 to 129. On the following day, on the report of the address, Pitt spoke, and eclipsed every other speaker on the question, concluding by a lofty invective against "the incapacity of a cabinet, which, by its fatal system, had led the country, step by step, to the most calamitous and disgraceful condition in which a once glorious empire could be placed—a condition which threatened the dissolution of the empire."

The acclamations of the house were so loud and continued, that it was a considerable time before any other voice could be heard. The lord advocate then was warmed to another panegyric. Fox gave his ready testimony to the universal admiration excited by the speech; and Courtenay pronounced, that "its splendid diction, manly elocution, brilliant periods, and pointed logic, conveyed in a torrent of rapid and impressive eloquence, brought strongly to his recollection that great and able statesman, (Chatham,) whose memory every grateful and generous Briton re-

vered." The address, however, was carried by a majority of 131 to 54.

But events, more resistless than oratory, were rapidly loosening the ground under the ministerial feet. The unexpected and unaccountable capture of Cornwallis at York, in Virginia, a capture which ought for ever to have settled the question of his lordship's military talents, came like a thunderclap upon the cabinet. Opposition now struck blow after blow. One of Pitt's speeches was made memorable by the pungency and classical elegance of his allusion to ministers. He had begun by pointing out the contradictory declarations of Lord North and Lord George Germaine in the debate, and while he was pressing them on this point, the attention of the house was suddenly withdrawn to the spectacle of the two ministers whispering with Welbore Elis, the treasurer of the navy (afterwards Lord Mendip). He stopped in the middle of a sentence, and looking significantly on the group, said—"I pause till the Nestor of the treasury bench shall settle the difference between the Agamemnon and the *Achilles*." The shaft was launched with a keen hand, and the disastrous memory of Lord George's (formerly the well-known Lord George Sackville's) military fame, gave it incomparable force. The effect on the house was electric, the ministers instantly assumed the most respectful attention, and Pitt concluded in a tumult of applause from both sides of party. Rigby, paymaster of the forces, a bold and unhesitating speaker of good or ill, pronounced him the true representative of Chatham, and, in his rapture, went to the extent of declaring that "his oratory was not less persuasive, his abilities not less powerful; nay, he would make no scruple to assert, that he regarded him as a still greater orator than his noble and admired father. He had observed with amazement and pleasure the effect which his eloquence had produced, and the awe, the hope, and the animation which it had inspired." Fox similarly declared, that "with that commanding eloquence, which even the effrontery of ministers could not resist, the honourable member had detected and exposed the glaring and abandoned disunion which subsisted in his majesty's councils." The minorities continued to increase, until, in March 1782, Lord North rose in the house to announce that the ministry had resigned.

We have no instance in the records of debate similar to this reception of the young ability of Pitt. Compliments to the first efforts of promising members are not unusual, and civilities occasionally pass between members of all standings, on the subject of successful addresses to the house. But those few and formal courtesies have no relation to the perpetual, universal and glowing admiration lavished on the early eloquence of the son of Chatham. If there were some *prestige* in the title, it must be remembered, that after the first novelty had worn off, that title would be an additional weight on the steps of an infirm aspirant, that the force of the contrast would have operated as a most oppressive impediment to strength unable to sustain the comparison; and that, while the very sounds of the father's eloquence were still reverberating in every ear, nothing but a spell of equal, or perhaps superior, power, could have vindicated the senatorial honours of the son. But we fail of reaching the natural height of the estimate, if we forget the astonishing rivalry exhibited at that moment in the British senate: that Pitt was not standing in a solitary arena, with nothing to divide the public homage but the sepulchre of his renowned parent, but that he descended to the combat in a circle of the most vigorous, practised, and ardent intellectual champions that England ever saw together: that the strong sensibility and massive logic of Fox, the universal knowledge, and almost inspired conception of Burke, the brilliant acuteness of Dunning, and the various fine faculties of a host of men, any one of whom would have been the master of the house in days nearer our own, were then in their lustre. Yet all those luminaries, and never was the title more justly earned, if intellectual splendour was to be the claim, united in doing homage to the new risen brightness of Pitt. And all this eminence was gained at an age scarcely beyond boyhood, at twenty-two! It may be unwise to attempt to follow the steps of Providence with too eager a determination to discover all its ways, but the character of the times that were at hand, the character of the minister by whom they must be met, the nature of the ministerial faculties essential to the public safety, and the nature of the people, to be ruled in that crisis only by mental superiority of the highest and most *undisputed* order, unless the most marked coincidences are dreams and vapour, justify the natural and cheering conception that Pitt was a gift of the protecting Providence, which willed the unexampled triumph of England over the furies and frenzies of revolution.

It will be acknowledged, that the *ministerial* eloquence of this great man does not seem calculated to have called forth those bursts of rapture. It might be entitled to the profounder admiration due to finer skill, exerted under circumstances of still greater difficulty. Reserve, calm sagacity, and ever watchful caution, are the qualities most requisite for the leader of the house of commons. The part of the minister in debate must be chiefly defensive. The simple fact of its being his to originate measures, almost restricts all his efforts to vigorous repulse. To opposition belongs the vividness, variety, and animation of attack. Thus Pitt, always equal to the emergency, and exhibiting the force of his eloquence always in noble subordination to the force of his reason, naturally changed his style with his circumstances, and the most dazzling declaimer of opposition was changed, and the change was but an additional title to honour, into the most unanswerable reasoner, and the calmest, clearest, and most comprehensive of living depositories of the power and the hopes of empire. The early speeches of Pitt are wholly lost to the student of oratory. Nothing beyond the most meagre outline is preserved. All the colourings and rich fillings in of the master-hand are extinguished. Yet even the outline is majestic. We find every where the traces of magnitude of mind. That he attained the highest rank of the new style of eloquence, urged on him by

situation, is a matter of general acknowledgment. It was often said of him, "that no speaker ever knew better how to tell all he chose to tell, and not a syllable more." Fox, at the end of his long career of rivalry, declared that "in all the years in which he had been opposed to Pitt, he had never once caught him tripping;" and familiar as the phrase was, it conveyed the highest panegyric on the sleepless intelligence, and imperturbable sagacity of the mind which watched over the fates, less of England than of the civilised world.

The fall of the minister was naturally followed by the transfer of opposition to the treasury bench. With some similitude to the state of public affairs, even while these lines are writing, the king sent for Lord Shelburne, and offered him the premiership, as first lord of the treasury. But the earl declined the appointment, saying, that in his judgment no one was so fit to be at the head of the cabinet as the Marquis of Rockingham. The suggestion was received, and in a few days the new cabinet was announced, which was to be so brief, yet to be immortalised by Burke's praises. The marquis, first lord of the treasury; Shelburne and Fox, secretaries of state; Lord Keppel, at the admiralty; Lord John Cavendish, chancellor of the exchequer; Lord Camden, president of the council; the Duke of Grafton, privy seal; General Conway, commander-in-chief; Dunning, (Lord Ashburton,) chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; and Thurlow continued as lord chancellor.

The extraordinary distinction already acquired by Pitt could not suffer him to remain disregarded in the change. Various offices were proposed to him, and, among the rest, the vice-treasurership of Ireland, a place of large emolument, which must have rendered it of peculiar importance to the younger son of a nobleman of the narrow income of Lord Chatham, and which had the farther recommendation of being formerly held by his father. But Pitt, with the loftiness of mind which always marked his career, and with that due sense of his capacity which is one of the characteristics of genuine greatness, resolutely declined all proposals of subordinate place, determining never to accept any office which did not give him a seat in the cabinet, grounding this determination on his reluctance to pledge himself to the defence of measures, in whose origin he had no share.

It is remarkable, as a contrast to the national feeling in the later years of the king, that for more than one half of his reign he was singularly unpopular; and this contrast derives the greater force, from the fact, that during this obnoxious period no aspersion was ever thrown on the personal virtues of the monarch. He was acknowledged to be pure, patriotic, and intrepid in public life; gentle, pious, and domestic, in his palace; anxious only for the national good, and willingly sacrificing all private predilections to the national advantage. But party was the libeller. The hand of faction was the blackener of the statue which should have stood high in the temple of British honour, as it now stands high in the temple of British gratitude. If the purpose of some great controlling power had been to show Britain the innate and incorrigible perverseness, folly, and virulence of partisanship, how could it have been more effectually promoted than by showing one of the most upright of men and sovereigns the object of its perpetual malignity.

His adoption of the Bute cabinet, a natural result of his education, and impeachable on no just ground of incapacity in the objects of his choice, had been seized on by the daring and reckless competitors for power, as an act of scarcely less than treason. The prosecution of the American war, of all wars the most popular in its commencement, was the next count in the charge brought by party against the king. The daring virulence of Junius, whose libels, like venomous insects preserved in crystal, still survive, through the exquisite beauty of the medium in which they were sent forth to the world; the unprincipled violence of Wilkes, and the crude and corrupt malevolence of Horne Tooke, were all in restless action to inflame a populace giddy with prosperity, arrogant with the consciousness of new strength, and in the mere passion for movement ready to solicit the extremes of public subversion. The fiercer reality was yet to be perpetrated by the populace of France; there the crime of the obscure miscreant who burned the temple to make a name was realised by a whole people. The evil there came from the heart. The more generous and imperial character of England might find its representative in the act of the mighty Macedonian, burning the palace in a moment of intoxication. The error there was of the head; and English opinion gloriously atoned for the temporary extravagance, by a loyalty which struck its roots into the grave, and which still flourishes over the monument of that patriot king.

His sense of this injustice naturally drove him to retirement. The satirist then charged him with misanthropy, with contempt of opinion, and even with aversion to the name of England.

"Our sons some slave of greatness may behold,
Clad in the genuine Asiatic mould,
Who, of three realms shall condescend to know,
No more than he can spy from Windsor's brow."

He at length came into public, exhibited himself to the people, and even went to Portsmouth to be present at the naval reviews. Satire sent its shafts at his publicity as much as at his seclusion.

"There shall he see, as other folks have seen,
That ships have anchors, and that seas are green;
Shall count the tackling trim, the streamers fine,
With Bradshaw prattle and with Sandwich dine;
And then row back amid the cannon's roar,
As safe, as sage, as when he left the shore."

In another sense of contrast, the fate of the King of France was equally remarkable. In 1781, the year in which George III. had reached the *acme* of unpopularity, Louis stood on the summit of national idolatry and personal fortune. In October of that year, he had seen the sword of the last British general in America laid at the foot of his throne by Lafayette, as the pledge of the final separation of the colonies from England. His fleet had been successful in its seizure of the West India islands, under Suffrein, an officer who

seemed to have imbibed more the spirit of the English seaman, than of his own country, "more an ancient Roman than a Dane," the possession of the East India seas was boldly and almost successfully contested with the British fleet, under the brave but unlucky Sir Edward Hughes. The most galling wound of all was inflicted on England by the sight of the combined French and Spanish fleets blockading the Channel, and even threatening to attack our fleet at anchor. The Spanish government, taking courage from these disasters, threw itself into the arms of France; and after capturing Minorca and West Florida, marched a powerful force against Gibraltar, the last hold of England on the Mediterranean. Holland, almost the natural dependency of England, had joined the confederacy, and fought the desperate action of the Doggerbank under Zontman, one of the bloodiest struggles of the war, but a drawn battle. To crown the exultation of France, Marie Antoinette, destined yet to the most fatal catastrophe that ever rent the heart for beauty, fortitude, and virtue, gave birth to a dauphin, after a marriage of ten years. Within ten years more, this glittering picture was covered with universal shade. Exulting France was a sea of burning and blood; Louis and Marie Antoinette had perished on the scaffold. The dauphin was dead of disease. His unhappy brother, the Duke of Normandy, had become heir to a crown only to die of misery in a dungeon. All the royal brothers were exiles. The church, the court, the army, the whole stately fabric of the monarchy, were sunk in dust and ashes.

Yet it is not to be forgotten that the fall of the French monarchy was but a further vindication of the high principles of national faith. Its treacherous violation of the British alliance, in the prospect of humbling England by the loss of America, was the immediate and well-known source of that conflagration which so suddenly wrapt France in irremediable ruin. The instrumentality of that violation in effecting that ruin, was capable of being traced in every point. The presence of Franklin preaching republicanism in Paris, gave the first guilty confidence to the *philosophes* who made political regeneration the watchword of revolution. The French troops who had returned from America were the direct propagators of the revolt, and their general, Lafayette, was the direct agent of leading the unfortunate king into that fatal reliance in the people, which paved his way to the guillotine. If that most courteous of revolutionists had not *bowed* the king out of all precaution on the 6th of October, 1792, France might have been saved from the guilt which was yet to be expiated, and scarcely expiated, by the loss of three millions of lives, the tyranny of the sternest despot of modern Europe, and the double capture of her capital.

The close of the American war was the close of a great political period. The humiliation of England, and the elevation of France, equally came to an end at that moment. Thenceforth, all on the British side was restoration of character and fortune—all on the French, confusion and decline.

The detail, by an eyewitness, of the manner in which the dissolution of the luckless ministry of Lord North, the beginning of good, was actually effected, possesses a more than common interest in our own day of rapid ministerial change. "During the month of November, the accounts transmitted to government of Lord Cornwallis's embarrassments, augmented the anxiety of the cabinet. Lord George Germaine, in particular, conscious that on the prosperous or adverse result of that expedition hinged the fate of the American contest and his own office, as well as probably the duration of the ministry itself, expressed to his friends the strongest uneasiness on the subject. The meeting of parliament stood fixed for the 27th of the month. On the 25th, about noon, the official intelligence of the surrender of the British forces at Yorktown, arrived from Falmouth at Lord George Germaine's house in Pall Mall. Lord Walsingham, who, previously to his father Sir William de Grey's elevation to the peerage, had been under secretary of state in that department, and who was to second the address in the house of lords, happened to be there when the messenger brought the news. Without communicating it to any other person, Lord George, for the purpose of despatch, immediately got with him into a hackney coach, and drove to Lord Stormont's residence in Portland Place. Having imparted the disastrous information to him, and taken him into the carriage, they instantly proceeded to the chancellor's house in Great Russel street, Bloomsbury, whom they found at home; when, after a short consultation, they determined to lay it themselves in person before Lord North. He had not received any intimation of the event when they arrived at his door in Downing street, between one and two o'clock. The first minister's firmness, and even his presence of mind, gave way for a short time under this disaster. I asked Lord George afterwards how he took the communication. 'As he would have taken a ball in his breast,' replied Lord George: 'he opened his arms, exclaiming wildly, as he paced the apartment during a few minutes, Oh God! it is all over,' words which he repeated many times, under emotions of the deepest agitation and distress."

Military affairs have since displayed themselves on a broader scale, and we can scarcely conceive that such notions of national calamity could be appended to the capture of a force which, however brave, scarcely amounted to the vanguard of a modern army, certainly not to the *twentieth* of the army with which Wellington appeared on the peninsular frontier of France. The misfortune of the troops under Cornwallis was unquestionable, but their character was unstained, they had been brought by their commander into a *cul de sac*, where, it is true, they might have held out for ever, if they could have received supplies by sea. But that contingency was too delicate to have been relied on by an officer of any intelligence. The result proved the fact. The French fleet took up the position which Lord Cornwallis's imaginary plan had marked out for the British. The army within York town found that though to the Americans they were impregnable, they had a more formidable enemy, famine, to deal

with; and, finally, to that enemy, and that enemy alone, they surrendered.

We next have a picture of a cabinet council in terror. When the first agitation had subsided, the four ministers discussed the question, whether it might not be expedient to prorogue the meeting of parliament for a few days; but, as scarcely an interval of forty-eight hours remained before the appointed time of meeting, and as many members of both houses had arrived in London, or were on their way, the proposition was abandoned. It became, however, indispensable to alter, and almost remodel, the king's speech. This was done without delay, and at the same time Lord George, as secretary for the American department, sent off a despatch to the king, then at Kew, acquainting him with the fate of Lord Cornwallis's expedition.

The narrative proceeds: "I dined on that day at Lord George's; and although the information which had reached London in the course of the morning from France, as well as from the official report, was of a nature not to admit of long concealment, yet it had not been communicated to me or any other individual of the company when I got to Pall Mall between five and six o'clock. Lord Walsingham, who also dined there, was the only person, except Lord George, acquainted with the fact. The party, nine in number, sat down to table. I thought the master of the house appeared serious, though he manifested no discomposure. Before dinner was over, one of the servants delivered to him a letter, brought back by the messenger who had been despatched to the king. Lord George opened and perused it; then looking at Lord Walsingham, to whom he exclusively directed the observation, 'The king writes,' said he, 'just as he always does, except that I observe he has neglected to mark the hour and the minute of his writing, with his usual precision.' This remark, though calculated to awaken some interest, excited no comment, and while the ladies, Lord George's three daughters, remained in the room, we repressed our curiosity. But they had no sooner withdrawn, than Lord George, having acquainted us that information had just arrived from Paris of the old Count Maurepas, first minister, lying at the point of death, 'It would grieve me,' said I, 'to finish my career, however far advanced in years, were I first minister of France, before I had witnessed the termination of this great contest between England and America.' 'He *has* survived to see that event,' replied Lord George, with some agitation."

The conversation was prolonged until, on the mention of the Virginian campaign, the minister disclosed the full bearing of the intelligence. "The army has surrendered, and you may peruse the particulars of the capitulation in that paper." The paper was taken from his pocket, and read to the company. The next question was one of rather an obtrusive kind, to see what the king thought on the subject. The narration states the minister's remark, that it did the highest honour to his majesty's firmness, fortitude, and consistency. But this was a complying moment, and the billet was read to this effect:—"I have received, with sentiments of the deepest concern, the communication which Lord George Germaine has made to me, of the unfortunate result of the operations in Virginia. I particularly lament it on account of the consequences connected with it, and the difficulties which it may produce in carrying on the public business, or in repairing such a misfortune. But I trust that neither Lord George Germaine, nor any other member of the cabinet, will suppose that it makes the smallest determination in those principles of my conduct, which have directed me in past time, and which will always continue to animate me under every event, in the prosecution of the present contest."

The cabinet, strengthened by the royal determination, now recovered courage; they met parliament at the appointed time, and fought their battle there with unusual vigour. Perhaps in all the annals of senatorial struggle there never was a crisis which more powerfully displayed the talents of the commons. Burke, Fox, and Pitt were at once seen pouring down the whole fiery torrent of declamation on the government. The characteristic distinctions of their public speaking gave new vividness and force to their assault upon the strongholds of the ministry. Fox's passionate personality hurled the fiercest invective against the ministry, the court, and, fatally for his own ambition, the king. Burke's vast and glowing grasp gathered materials of charge from all quarters, and all subjects, and heaped them, alike strong and weak, on the devoted heads of the culprit cabinet. Pitt, with keener sagacity, for both the present and the future, tore up the frame of the ministerial policy, spared persons, avoided an insult to the monarch; but with the copious and superb combination of fact and feeling, argument and appeal, which from that period was adopted as his great parliamentary weapon, and which was made to give him matchless superiority in a deliberative assembly, swept all before him with "two-handed sway," and where he smote, left nothing for friend or enemy to combat or defend after him.

These efforts failed of overthrowing the cabinet at the time; but there can be no question that they hastened that precipitate fall which was so speedily afterwards to surprise the nation. The assault had terrified the garrison, and shaken the battlements, to a degree which made the result of the next attack secure. But a more important result was already discoverable in the variety of the powers exhibited by the three great champions of opposition; the true preparative for a crisis which was to fling the petty contests of colonies and ministerial juntas into the shade. It was palpable, that when the government of the British empire should again become the prize, when the three triumvirs, who now combined so vigorously, should separate and struggle for themselves, the master of the day would be found in the matchless dignity and brilliant sagacity of Pitt. It was remarked that Fox, though delighting every ear by his command of language, by a bold simplicity of conception, which made the feeblest argument in his hands assume the appearance of strength, and by a quick sensibility, almost a tenderness of heart, which, of all the qualities of an orator, is one of the rarest and the most resistless, yet

wanted temper. Neither place nor person was sacred from his tread; the tread was acknowledged to be gigantic, but the house looked for the judgment which should have directed the footstep, and looked in vain. Where rebuke would have been sufficient, he reprobated; he was not content with stripping off the disguise, he scourged and lacerated. The language which he directed openly against the king, on the first day of the session, was rash in the extreme. "Those," he exclaimed, "who are ignorant of the character of the prince whose speech we have just heard, might consider him as *an unfeeling despot, exulting in the horrid sacrifice of the liberty and lives of his people!* The speech itself, divested of the disguise of royal forms, can only mean,—our losses in America have been most calamitous; the blood of my subjects has flowed in copious streams throughout every part of that continent; the treasures of Britain have been wantonly lavished, while the load of taxes imposed on an overburdened country is intolerable—*yet will I continue to tax you to the last shilling.* When, by Lord Cornwallis's surrender, all hopes of victory are for ever extinct, and a continuance of hostilities can only accelerate the ruin of the British empire, *I prohibit you from thinking of peace;* my *rage for conquest* is unquenched, and *my revenge* unsated; nor can any thing except the total subjugation of my American subjects *allay my animosity.*" Burke roved through his own metaphoric region with unrivaled wing; but the times were too anxious for the mere rapture of eloquence, and men's minds were too keenly fixed on the calamities which seemed to be flowing in full tide round their feet, to enjoy the careerings of this sitter on the clouds above their heads. But in Pitt they saw the true leader. He wasted none of his prodigious power in rash accusation, or splendid excursion into the world of fancy. He broke ground directly in front of the cabinet, and urged on his attacks alike with steady, daring, and consummate judgment, completely and justly drawing the line between the king and the ministry—and there can be no juster distinction than between the motives of the man who can have no personal object, and ministers, all whose objects may be personal, and to whose advice all the acts of government must be constitutionally referable. Pitt's conduct on this occasion was so distinguished an evidence of his superior fitness for the guidance of affairs, that the future minister was seen in him from that hour; and Dundas, the lord advocate, a man remarkable for his knowledge of political human nature, attached himself to him as the man on whom, at no distant period, he foresaw the destinies of the country would depend. Though sitting among the ministers on whom Pitt was flinging red-hot brands, he contrived to panegyrise their force and fire, while impugning their direction; applauded the patriotism, while he tenderly deprecated the opposition of the young orator; and attributed his adoption of the hostile side to the mere accidents of his entrance into public life, foretold in him the future defender of his country; in contrast with its hot and hurried assailant, hailing him as a beneficent luminary rising on the horizon, that had but just before glared with the baleful flames of an eccentric meteor, "shaking from its horrid hair pestilence and war."

From the London Metropolitan.

SICILIAN FACTS.

THE VOW.

The following anecdote, which may perhaps find difficult credence with the phlegmatic natives of the north, ignorant of the peculiar character of the Sicilians, may easily be verified by any traveller whom business or pleasure may conduct to Catania, and will serve as an excellent specimen of the whimsical superstition of even the higher classes among that eccentric people.

The heir of one of the first houses of the above-mentioned city being seized with a violent fit of illness, his life was despaired of by the faculty. The Marchesa R——, his afflicted mother, finding no hope in the doctors, had recourse to the saints, and addressing herself to Saint Antonio, for whom she entertained an especial devotion, and whose name was borne by the invalid, implored his interposition, vowing, that if he recovered, she would marry him to the first maiden young woman of whatever rank or station she might find, offering her prayers before his altar.

It turned out that the health of the young man began immediately after the vow to improve. The mother was not slack in acknowledging her engagement with the saint. When she arrived at the shrine in search of the bride provided by Saint Antonio, she found a young beggar girl, the only devotee at the altar. Nothing disappointed, having only ascertained that she was unmarried and unengaged, she did not presume to look the gift horse in the mouth; but, to the wonder of the mendicant, saluted her as her daughter-in-law, and conducting her by the hand to her carriage, which was waiting, without any regard to her person and apparel, which were naturally none of the cleanest, placed the ragged girl in the vehicle, and drove off with her to the palace, of which she was destined to become the future mistress. The son, equally devout with his mother, gratefully received the precious godsend, which Saint Antonio, no doubt, to put to the test, had taken care should be as little blest with the gifts of person as those of fortune, being, in addition to her other qualifications, as ill-favoured a young person as any in the city of Catania.

The careful marchesa, knowing how prone youth is to change, having submitted her daughter-in-law to the necessary operations of the bath and the toilette, and the helping hands of the friseur and dress-maker, had the marriage duly celebrated on the morrow. The young bride scarcely knew what to think of the new element in which she found herself, and felt at first rather awkward, making many remarks on the troublesome and unnatural restraints imposed on themselves by the rich. For instance, she could not, for her life, see the propriety of taking our food with a fork, when Providence had so liberally provided us with fingers, or indulging, in warm weather, in the superfluous luxury of shoes and stockings.

But all these little *gaucheries* wore off by degrees, and under the tuition of her mother-in-law, she promised to turn out as fine a lady as her quondam betters. There was, however, one of her peculiarities which excited the curiosity of the family, and occasioned the sagacious marchesa no little anxiety. Every day after dinner she retired to her apartment, and carefully locking the door after her, remained invisible for several hours; as low voices were heard within, the mother-in-law began to entertain suspicions that all was not right. She therefore resolved to keep a vigilant watch on her motions, and in order to ascertain the nature of her after-dinner occupations, had a hole privately bored in one of the pan-

nels of the chamber. Next day, following her softly up stairs, and applying her eye to the aperture, she saw, to her astonishment, her daughter-in-law produce fruit, pieces of bread, and other fragments, which she had secreted at table, and placing a portion on each of the chairs in the room, she began with the first, and extending her hand, with the usual doleful cant of the mendicant fraternity, supplicated for "a little charity for the love of heaven." After continuing her entreaties for some time, she took what was lying on the chair, and whining a benediction on the supposed donor, passed on to the next, until she had made a tour of the whole, when she sat down in a corner and devoured the fragments with greater zest and appetite than she ever displayed at table. Thus verifying the old adage, "that custom is second nature."

THE UNFORTUNATE CITY.

Catania appears, from the earliest ages, to have been entirely built of lava, as at present. The most ancient remains, now many feet below the surface, are of that material; and so plainly does its site seem marked for the course of these destructive streams, that strata of lava are found to a vast depth beneath the foundations of the old city. War, pestilence, famine, earthquake, and Mount Ætna, have done their work on this devoted town.

Times innumerable have irruptions devastated its territory with their fiery torrents, changing cultivation into a desert, annihilating the fruits of its fields, and leaving its wretched inhabitants, deprived of their expected sustenance, to suffer under all the accumulated horrors of famine. Often has that destructive scourge, the plague, visited and nearly exterminated its population. Repeatedly, after obstinate, and bloody sieges, have hostile armies passed in triumph through its gates, putting this unhappy people to the edge of the sword, or selling them into slavery. Yet, as if these disasters were partial and insufficient, twice has the entire body of its citizens been expelled in mass from its walls, leaving their desolate hearths a prey to the enemy and the stranger; twice has the city been razed to its foundations by the hand of war; twice shaken to the ground by earthquakes, and twice buried beneath the burning lavas of Mount Ætna.

1. B. C. 474. Hiero 1st, King of Syracuse, expelled the Catanensians in a body from their city, obliging them to migrate to Leontium. In their place he peopled Catania with five thousand Peloponnesians, and as many Syracusans, changing the name of the town to Ætna. Fifteen years after, on the death of Hiero, the ancient inhabitants recovered the city and restored its name, Catania, which it then bore.

2. B. C. 403. Dionysius the Elder again ejected them from their homes, bestowing the vacant town on his Campanian mercenaries, whom, seven years afterwards, he persuaded to remove to Leontium, which he was desirous of strengthening. On this occasion it is probable that the former population returned to their habitations.

3. B. C. 121. Catania was ruined by the ninth recorded eruption of Mount Ætna. The roofs of the houses fell in under the weight of the ashes and stones ejected by the mountain; and the whole town was buried to the depth of many feet. So great was the desolation, that the Romans granted it a respite from all imposts for the space of ten years.

4. B. C. 39. The city was taken and leveled to the earth by Sextus Pompeius, but it was soon restored, with increased magnificence, and its dispersed inhabitants reestablished, by the gratitude of Augustus, in whose cause it had suffered.

5. A. D. 1144. The lava which burst from Ætna in this year, passed, in its course to the sea, through Catania, and destroyed a great part of the town. The same stream so completely filled up the port of Ulysses, that it would be difficult, were it not otherwise well attested, to believe that the existence of a harbour in that place was not a dream of the poets.

6. A. D. 1169. Catania was overthrown on the 4th of February by a tremendous earthquake, which took place during a violent irruption of Mount Ætna. This visitation happened in the reign of William. The shocks were so incessant and severe, that the town appeared to roll from one side to the other, like a ship at sea. The bishop, with forty-four Benedictine monks, accompanied by a vast crowd of the populace, was preparing to conduct in procession from the cathedral of St. Agatha, the image of that saint, with the celebrated veil, which the Catanese believe to have often miraculously preserved them on similar occasions, when the roof of the church fell in and buried them all beneath the ruins. Soon after, almost every house in the town was thrown to the earth at once, filling the streets with the materials, and overwhelming the affrighted inhabitants as they hurried to and fro, vainly endeavouring to shield themselves from the impending danger. More than fifteen thousand persons perished. Many places in the neighbourhood were in like manner destroyed. Ætna was observed to sink in considerably on the side towards Taormina. Ancient rivers disappeared, and others burst forth in spots before arid. The spring of Arethusa, in Syracuse, the waters of which were till that period renowned for their purity and sweetness, became discoloured and brackish. The fountain of Tavi, one of the sources of the Giaretta, after remaining dry for the space of two hours, threw out for a third waters of the colour of blood.

7. A. D. 1234. Catania was destroyed and razed to the ground by order of the Emperor Frederic II. The soldiery committed the most frightful excesses, sparing neither age nor sex, and butchering so many thousands of the citizens, that the smoking ruins of the town may be said to have been quenched in the blood of its inhabitants; so severe was the blow, that it remained almost entirely deserted, until the reign of Charles V., who restored it to its former splendour.

8. A. D. 1669. Exactly five centuries after its destruction by the dreadful earthquake of 1169, Catania was afflicted by another terrible visitation. The vast river of lava ejected from the newly-created Monte Risso was, in the beginning of June, rapidly advancing on the ill-fated city, setting fire to, and involving the whole country as it passed in a red cloud of smoke and flame; its devastations had already plunged hundreds of families in irremediable ruin: a roof in the town to cover them was all that remained; and the unrelenting lava having already deprived them of their sustenance, was on the point of expelling them from their habitations. With a progress gradual but certain and irresistible, it rolled onward on the dismayed and helpless city. Whilst the distance was yet considerable, whilst a chance yet remained of its course being arrested or diverted, hope and fear predominated by turns on the countenances of those who hurried to and fro in the public streets and squares to collect the tidings, or crowded on the house-tops to observe the progress of the lava, varying in their expression as its appearances seemed favourable or discouraging: processions were made to every church, vows were offered at every shrine, and the sacred veil of St. Agatha, which, borne by the bishop at the head of all the clergy of Catania, still hung suspended from the walls. But when the burning torrent, four miles in width and sixty feet in height, closed upon the town, and overhung the ramparts, casting its frightful shade far into the place, incessantly detaching its enormous scoriæ, and rapidly filling up the small interval remaining, unqualified horror sat on every face, the consecrated veil was withdrawn in despair, processions dispersed in disorder, prayers gave way to lamentations, and every one capable of removing prepared for immediate flight. The shrieks of

women, the wailing of children, the cries of men grown desperate with their misfortunes, arose on every side. Mothers with their infants in their arms, dutiful sons with their aged parents on their shoulders, fathers of families carrying their little remaining all, hurried to the gates in promiscuous confusion; whilst the helpless and bed-ridden, whom no filial or friendly hand had assisted to remove, abandoned to inevitable fate, were heard in many of the houses with feeble cries, vainly imploring succour. Such is but a weak description of the scene presented by Catania, when a little before mid-day on the 11th of June, the fiery torrent entered the town at an angle, near the Benedictine convent. By far the greatest part of the place was buried beneath the burning mass; and so great were the vapours and smoke of the conflagration, that for fifty-four successive days, the few remaining inhabitants of Catania could discern neither sun nor stars. After traversing the city, and destroying where it passed, every vestige of human habitation or presence, it at length, with a noise that stunned and terrified the hearer to a vast distance, precipitated itself into the sea, the waves of which, exalted into steam by the heat, spread themselves in an impenetrable mist for miles around. The waters were discoloured and heated far and wide, and the fish perished in such numbers, as not only to afford for some days, sufficient sustenance to the homeless and destitute thousands deprived of other resources, but for months afterwards their remains were brought up by fishermen in their nets.

9. A. D. 1693. Whilst yet labouring under the effects of the last mentioned disaster, this afflicted city was doomed to suffer a calamity still more dreadful from an earthquake. Antonio Seravita, an eye witness, relates that he was traveling towards Catania, when the day became gradually overcast, and at the distance of a few miles he was surprised at the sight of a black and heavy cloud, which hung like night over the city; the sea, near which lay his road, began to rise and overflow the beach, sending forth an unusual and terrific sound: at the same time Ætna threw up flames to an amazing height, and a tremendous explosion was heard, which appeared to Serravita louder than if all the artillery in the world had been discharged at once. The birds flew about in evident consternation, and the cattle ran bellowing through the fields. The horses of Serravita and his companions stopped short, and refused, in despite of whip and spur, to proceed, rearing and plunging in a frightful manner when urged on; they were obliged to dismount, but no sooner had they alighted, than they were at first thrown down, and then again, by the heaving motion of the earth, cast up at least a foot and a half from the ground. When Serravita arose, and turned his eyes towards Catania, he was amazed at not seeing a vestige of the town remaining, and in its place nothing but a dense cloud of dust rising in the air. It was the token of destruction —the superb and populous Catania was leveled to the earth, and eighteen thousand of its inhabitants buried in its ruins.

During the shocks, no one could keep his footing; and those who lay on the ground were tossed from side to side by the undulating motion of the earth, as if on the billows at sea; high walls were lifted from their foundations, and thrown into the air. Fifty-four cities, with villages and castles innumerable, were overthrown by this frightful visitation.

10. A. D. 1819. Catania has been of late years the scene of a melancholy occurrence. In the spring of 1819, a violent earthquake took place during the celebration of the festival of San Salvadore, by which the church was shaken to such a degree, that the walls fell in upon the crowds which had flocked there to behold the service, burying the whole congregation in the ruins. Upwards of two thousand persons perished on this dreadful occasion.

From the Asiatic Journal.

HUGH BOYD OF MADRAS,

THE REPUTED JUNIUS.

When the authorship of the letters of Junius became the fashionable puzzle of the day, it was quite ridiculous to remark the variety of individuals to whom the honour was ascribed. The most startling inconsistencies, the wildest improbabilities, nay, the most glaring impossibilities, threw little or no impediment in the way of a favourite theory. To such an excess was the habit carried of finding out Junius in every body, that some sagacious persons agreed in making the Duke of Grafton the author—that very Duke of Grafton, who, according to Horace Walpole, could never put two sentences of decent English together; nay, the same Duke of Grafton upon whose public and personal character Junius expended his blackest venom. Burke, the leading partisan of the administration to which Junius himself belonged, the party which it is well known that Junius supported through thick and thin; Horne Tooke, whom Junius unsparingly ridicules as Parson Horne, or bespatters with abuse as the adversary of Wilkes; Lord George Germaine—have each, upon the slenderest inductions and in defiance of the greatest improbabilities, had the credit of those memorable letters. Mankind will always retain their propensity to pet and patronise a plausible conjecture, and a *catalogue raisonné* of the different persons, wise and simple, learned and ignorant, good and indifferent writers, who have enjoyed in their generation the fame of being Junius, would furnish an amusing if not instructive paper.

Many Anglo-Indian characters have, in their day and in their own circles, figured as the writers of those singular compositions. When it was the usage of the company to send out persons invested with civil employments, who had not passed through any antecedent gradations of the service, and who were frequently of a somewhat advanced age, it was not very uncommon for some of them to bring out a kind of hazy confused suspicion of being Juniuses—one on the strength of having written, under the signature of Brutus, an admirable series of letters in the *Public Advertiser* upon the conduct of Beckford, when the king turned his back upon him at the levee; another for a letter, full of fiery remonstrance and indignant eloquence, upon the disgraceful negligence of the city scavengers; and even upon slighter grounds of conjecture. If any analogy of style or diction could be traced in an official letter or two from the hands of any of those who laboured under these flattering surmises, the evidence was complete; and one individual became Junius through all the company's dominions, because, in his complaint to the government of being superseded as chief of Cuddalore, he told them that "the rays of their indignation irradiated the victim they were intended to consume."

It is certain that the claim of Mr. Francis (afterwards Sir Philip) rested upon evidence, internal and external, of an extraordinary kind. The coincidences were miraculous, if he was not the author. Yet miraculous coincidences have hap-

pened, and will happen to the last chapter of time,—and the point sought to be established remains as it was. Much fuss was made about the structure of Mr. Francis's sentences,—the most fluctuating of all standards. It is obvious that, after books had been written and controversies instituted, he adopted a more stately and antithetical manner of writing than he used before. Indeed, as far as internal testimony goes, the correspondence and letters of Mr. Hastings might now and then, upon testimony equally unexceptionable, make him out to be Junius. In fact every body who can write at all will be occasionally a Junius—at least for a sentence or two.

Hugh Boyd was a school-fellow of Grattan, and a friend and protegé of Flood, from whose familiar conversations he acknowledged himself to have received the greatest benefit in the aim and objects of his studies. Left by the death of his father nearly destitute, he chose the law as his profession, and came to London in search of fame and fortune, where he cultivated the acquaintance of Goldsmith, Garrick, Armstrong, and the celebrated Mrs. Macauley, the historian (as she facetiously called herself) of the Stewarts. But his most familiar associate was Mr. Laughlin M'Lean, the nabob of Arcot's accredited agent. With this well-informed but highly convivial character, Boyd frequently heard the chimes of midnight at the celebrated Devil Coffee House, afterwards known by the name of Dick's near Temple Bar. It was a place that might be said, so far back as Queen Anne's time, to be "native to famous wits or hospitables." His subsequent introduction to Lord Macartney, with whom he proceeded to India, was chiefly attributable to the good offices of M'Lean, who instructed him in the details relative to the dispute going on between Mohammed Ali Khan and the East India Company, and Boyd took up the nabob's cause in a series of letters that appeared in Woodfall's *Public Advertiser*, in 1777. They are written plainly and perspicuously, but the stately structure of literary reputation, reared upon them by flattering friends and enthusiastic critics, was not the least of the specious absurdities to which the Junius controversy gave rise. Soon after, M'Lean went to India for the purpose of adjusting the dispute between the nabob and the company, and had he remained there, might have been of inestimable use to Boyd in advancing his fortunes. But the ship in which he embarked for Madras, in all probability, foundered at sea, for she was never heard of, after she left the Cape.

But it was decreed that Boyd must be Junius. The hypothesis was fought *adversis frontibus* through certain circles, and to show with what desperate tenacity it was clung to by its supporters, it is only requisite to adduce a specimen of the kind of reasoning to which they condescended to resort. Boyd once or twice met Dr. Johnson at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and showed him, by every demonstration in his power, the reverence he felt for his wisdom and virtue. But it is well known that Johnson not only attacked the political character of Junius, but handled his style and diction with peculiar severity, in that most beautiful of all tracts, *Thoughts on the Falkland Islands*. These sagacious reasoners, therefore, concluded that Junius would have reciprocated the attack with more than his usual bitterness, but for some extraordinary motive; and as Junius maintained a profound silence as to Johnson's animadversions, it followed necessarily, that Boyd must be Junius, inasmuch as it was respect and admiration only for Johnson, that could suppress even recriminatory or angry feeling after such a provocation. Another of his eulogists adduces, in aid of the same theory, an incident which, though probable, was not likely to have the effect attributed to it. In the gallery of the house of commons, Boyd frequently sat near Pitt, who was not then a member of the house. They got so well acquainted, that once, after a long debate upon the affairs of Ireland, they retired together to a late dinner at a coffee-house, and over their wine jointly committed to writing the substance of the debate, which they transmitted to Ireland. When the bill was called for, Boyd (the most probable part of the story) happened not to have cash enough about him to pay his share, and borrowed of Pitt a few shillings to make up the deficiency. Afterwards, when it began to be positively asserted, and in a tone beyond that of conjecture, that Boyd was the author of Junius's letters, Pitt, in confirmation of the same opinion, stated his strong belief in it, by recounting the incident of their having jointly written the Irish debate, and of his attention being singularly called to Boyd's report of what had been said by Colonel Barré, which, he observed, in spirit, point, and sarcasm, reminded him, as he read it over, so strongly of Junius, that he should always retain the conviction, that a piece of writing so remarkably tinged with the colour and complexion of Junius, could have proceeded from no other pen.

However, with this reputation of being the author of Junius, Boyd went out to India, as second secretary to Lord Macartney, who had been nominated to the chair at Madras, where he arrived in the autumn of the year 1781. It might have been rationally inferred that Junius, whoever or whatever he was, had he been disposed to serve the government he had attacked with such unrelenting animosity, would have been spared the mortification of soliciting a place under it. Yet so it was. He exerted his interest with Mr. Flood to obtain for him the appointment of under-secretary of state in Lord Germaine's department. The strongest efforts were made in his behalf, but from some *hidden cause*, it is pretended, proved ineffectual. This circumstance, which speaks volumes to show that Boyd was not Junius, has been twisted by Mr. George Chalmers into an irresistible proof that he was. By the way, it may be observed that Mr. Chalmers' efforts to establish the literary identity of Junius and Boyd, occupy two very considerable volumes. Boyd, upon his arrival at Madras, devoted himself sedulously to oriental politics, and an absurd whim having crept into the head of the governor, that an alliance with the King of Candy would be of vital importance to the Company's possessions in India, then threatened with a powerful confederacy, which aimed at nothing less than their total destruction,

Mr. Boyd accompanied Sir Edward Hughes's expedition against Trincomalee, was present at its storming, and then set out on an expedition into that almost impenetrable country, from whose court few ambassadors ever returned, and where several, who had gone in the vigour of youth, were detained till they were old men for an answer. Boyd was more lucky. His Candian majesty refused to acknowledge the right of the Company to treat with an independent sovereign, and the ambassador departed without having obtained the most material purpose of his mission. The vessel, in which he embarked from Trincomalee, was captured by Suffrein's fleet, and he remained several months at the island of Mauritius, a close prisoner.

On his liberation (after a short visit at Calcutta, where every body was charmed with the talents, wit, and humour of the supposed Junius) he was recalled to Madras, having been appointed master attendant at that settlement. It is remarkable that Boyd never contradicted positively the conjecture, that he was the real Junius. When the subject accidentally arose in conversation, he seemed anxiously to shrink from the discussion; and it was considered, in general, a point of delicacy to abstain from it. Once, indeed, a blundering Irishman addressed a letter to him, with the superscription of "Junius Boyd, Esq;" and in the carelessness of the convivial hour, unguarded hints and allusions were made to the presumed author of the celebrated letters, and sometimes designedly, for the purpose of drawing him out on the subject. Except, however, his remark, upon one occasion, that the writer, whoever he was, had a mass of the most weighty reasons for preserving the secret, and no other but that of idle vanity to betray it, he was uniformly silent upon this topic. This, indeed, left the question as it was. It might still be Boyd, so reasoned the zealous partisans of the favourite hypothesis, and he might have a thousand powerful motives for concealment. Yet those who looked deeper than the surface, might discern in Hugh Boyd feelings very far from those of anxiety *not* to be taken for Junius. They who looked still deeper, thought they could discern certain coquetries he was wont to play off, that might on the contrary fortify the presumption. Amongst these was a most superbly bound volume, containing the letters of Junius, flung carelessly on his table, and on opening it, a variety of pencil marks and references to living names and characters in every page.

At the conclusion of the Mysore war, in 1792, he set on foot a paper called the *Madras Courier*, and the most superficial reader, acquainted with Junius, might observe that the style and manner of the principal articles were so framed as to confirm the notion of the writer's identity with the *nominis umbra*. In 1793, also, he commenced a series of periodical essays, under the title of the *Indian Observer*. They have been republished in a collection of Boyd's works; and the most prominent peculiarity, visible in all of them, is a laborious straining after the frame and structure of Junius's sentences,—frequently the same powerful antithesis, the same playfulness of figure, and not unfrequently an analogous pointedness of rebuke and bitterness of sarcasm. Yet, with all this, it was not Junius. It was impossible, even with a predisposition to believe that he was the *veritable Amphytrion*, to fly from the perpetually recurring persuasion that it was the fictitious one. A paper, like the *Indian Observer*, at one of our eastern settlements, where literary attainments were not common, did not languish for want of encouragement. Before the publication of the second number, it could boast the names of seven hundred opulent subscribers. Want of prudence, and convivial habits, however, involved poor Boyd, in spite of his master-intendantship, which was about two hundred star pagodas monthly, and of the profits of his publication, in continual perplexity. He died at Madras in 1799.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

PRINCE TALLEYRAND.

The return of Monsieur de Talleyrand to France, has created in all political circles there —and what circles are not political?—much the same kind of sensation as the known presence of an incorporeal spirit would among a congregation of blind bodied mortals. Such a subtle and unaccountable intelligence is attributed to him, that from the king on his throne to the mere newspaper speculator, all experience a boding flutter of apprehension at his very presence. He is considered as a sort of political magician, who holds in his hands the fate of kings and cabinets. Louis Philippe is supposed to acknowledge his supremacy, as that of astrologers was acknowledged by monarchs of old. In fact, there is a kind of superstition attached to his name, and the mingled dread, respect, and abhorrence which it inspires in France, is well depicted in a little production which Madame Sand, better known by her former name, Madame Dudevant, has lately given to the world. We shall, therefore, in the present article, borrow largely from this little production. Its authoress is well known in France as having written several very pleasing and successful romances, and as having, we are told, been formerly enthusiastically, and perhaps platonically, in love with Lord Byron. The paper to which we now allude, is written in a strain of thoughtful and sensitive morality, which pleases us much, and the opening of the dialogue, in which it consists, puts one in mind, if changed times will admit of the comparison, of the two shepherds in Virgil musing and moralising on the manners of the great city Rome. With respect, however, to the vials of burning wrath, which the fair lady has thought proper to pour on the head of the hoary diplomatist, that, we confess, is not quite in the same spirit. Yet will we undertake to justify it also; Monsieur de Talleyrand has shrouded his real character—if a different one he have from that which is usually attributed to him —so carefully in silence and in mystery, his ways have been so subterranean—his tread so stealthy and noiseless—his agency so potent, and his means so invisible; if we have seen his hand, we have seen nothing but his hand; that what appears of his character is, to say the best of it,

enigmatical, and forms a back ground from which only the darkest portrait can fittingly stand out. Acts which shun the light, we very fairly conclude belong to darkness; and so we leave intrigues, great and little, without pity, to their fate—to all the exaggerations which fancy may add to their real baseness. We, however, have formed a somewhat different appreciation of Monsieur de Talleyrand's character from Madame Sand. To us there appears in it nothing mysterious or unaccountable. Brought up to a calling in which forms are essentials, and in which the art of imposing stands in the place of truth, thence plunged into a revolution which professed to tear away all imposition and disguises, and to bring naked realities alone into action—and finding this also illusion, it is no matter of wonder that he should have come to the conclusion, that what men call truth and virtue are mere phantoms, and exist not, that life is a great game, and that the best player is the best man. Thinking thus of him, we think Monsieur de Talleyrand holds a high place only in a very second rate order of mind. He has sagacity enough not to be deceived by the sanguine credulity and generous hopes which delude others. He sees through these, and sees them to be vain. And this exemption from the influences which move the multitude, gives him his superiority over them. His impassability is the secret source of his clear-sightedness and his power. But he has *not* sagacity to perceive that shows and illusions of good, the wildest and most extravagant that ever made men act like madmen or idiots, could not exist if they had not their deep sources in truths which agitate before they are apprehended. These are the indicators of truth's whereabouts, and vibrate, like the diviner's rod, over the spot where secret treasure lies buried. Thus the absurdities and horrors of superstition proved the existence of religious verity, and preceded its manifestation. To be arrested, however, by such a consideration as this, supposes in the mind an abstract love of truth; and this Monsieur de Talleyrand has not. He sees only, and that with the acutest perspicacity, that which is palpable and above ground, and denies the rest; but denies it with so perfect a faith, that he has become of old a privileged being, out of the influence of delusion, and also out of the sphere of truth, duping others, yet still more deeply duped himself, by denying the *ultimate* aim and tendency of those very delusions which enable him to dupe them. Such characters as his are the natural product of a revolution, which put all crude, but in a metaphysical sense true, ideas, rudely to a violent test. The experiment failing, men inevitably fell into unbelief, and became cold, selfish, disenchanted beings, regarding nothing as important but their own personal interests, because believing in nothing but material existence. Of all the effects of revolution accomplished, this perhaps is the worst—that it blasts hope, and meets every moral and spiritual truth with constant negation. Out of it arises the denying fiend, "*der geist der stets verneint.*" It makes Talleyrands of every grade of intellect, and calls forth such indignant invectives as follow from outraged believers in virtue.

"Wherefore then do we live," exclaimed he, seating himself, with a sudden movement, on the stone bench in front of the chateau. "What profit is there in our lives? What noble use do we make of our faculties? What then is virtue? Is it a stagnant marsh, or an impetuous river; the buried diamond, or the bursting lava, shrouding its brilliancy from the light, or shedding intolerable splendours over the world?"

"In none of these things is virtue imaged," replied I. "I would rather liken it to the little rivulet proceeding from the peaceful grotto, giving moisture to verdant meadows, to plants which embalm the air, and to flowers which enamel the earth. Virtue, mind you, is not genius, it is goodness. You who are so ambitious, look at that palace, think of him who inhabits it, and tell me, are you not reconciled to your lot?"

"Hideous consolation!" responded my friend.

"Patience, patience," I resumed, "do not believe it is apathy which makes me counsel contentment. When one can prevent crime, it is mean and cowardly to wash one's hands like Pilate. But tell me, how many Messiahs are there born every century? Are you not alarmed and indignant at the number of redeemers and legislators who pretend to the throne of the moral world? Instead of seeking a guide, and listening thirstily to the inspired word, the whole human race seems rushing to the pulpit and the rostrum. All would be instructors; all know better, speak better, reason better, than those who have preceded them. Yet all this confused murmur over our heads and around us, is nothing but the echo of vain words and sonorous declarations, in which the heart and intelligence seek in vain for any ray of warmth or light. All the elements of force and activity are abroad, and in disarray, and are only stopped and paralysed in their career by their mutual shock. How many calamities go to procure our benefit! The promised regeneration is seen only through a vista of crime, and the instruments by which it is to be worked out are men who lose all their personal virtue in the task. Let us not adventure our little stock of virtue on that raging sea, in which so many consciences have perished, so many principles have made shipwreck. Are you not seized with an invincible disgust, a secret horror, for active life, in front of that chateau, where so many unclean projects, so many compact scoundrelisms, brood and germinate in the silence of the night? Know you not that the man resides there, who, for sixty years, has been playing with nations and crowns as at a game of chess? Who knows but that this man, the first time he sat before a table in the public service, had an honest resolution in his head, and a noble sentiment in his heart?

"Never," cried my friend; "profane not integrity by such a thought. That lip, like a cat's drawn up, and clinging to the gums, that other lip, like a satyr's, large and falling; a mixture of dissimulation and lasciviousness; those soft and well-rounded lineaments, marking suppleness of character; that dangerous fold on a prominent forehead, that arrogant nose, with that reptile look; so many contrasts on a human physiognomy, reveal a man born for great vice and little

actions. Never has the heart of this man felt the warmth of a generous emotion; never has a frank idea traversed his laborious head; that man is an exception in nature, a monstrosity so rare, that the human race, even in despising him, has contemplated him with a stupid admiration. I will defy you to abase yourself even to the most extraordinary of his talents!"

Here my friend stopped with an air ironically joyous, and after a few moments' silence resumed:—"When I think of the thoughts which have engaged us in this place, almost under the windows of the greatest impostor in the universe, we, poor children of solitude, all of whose dreams, all of whose cares, are to spread virtuous sentiments and make them contagious, I feel an inclination to laugh at ourselves. Here we are almost weeping for tenderness over the human race, which knows us not, and if it did, would repulse us with contumely, should we attempt to preach to it our doctrines; whilst it bows down and prostrates itself under the intellectual power of those who detest and despise it. Contemplate a moment the pale immoveable face of this old palace! Listen and look; all is sombre and silent. It seems as if we were in a burying-ground. Yet fifty persons at least inhabit that wing. There are but some few of its windows barely lighted. Not the slightest noise betrays the whereabouts of the master, his society or his suite. What order, what respect, what gloom presides over this little empire. The doors open and shut without noise. The valets come and go without awakening an echo by their tread under these mysterious arches. Their service seems to be done by enchantment. Look at that window, a little better lighted than the others through which you may see the uncertain spectre of a white statue; that is the dining-room. There are assembled, sportsmen, artists, brilliant women, men of fashion, and all which France possesses the most exquisite in elegance and grace. But do you hear from this assembly a song, a laugh, or the raised sound of a single voice, attesting the presence of man? I would wager even that they avoid each other's looks, lest a thought should circulate under ceilings which canopy silence, mystery, and secret dread. Not a valet dares sneeze, not a dog dares to bark in this place. Does it not seem to you that the air around their Moorish towers is more sonorous than in any other spot of the earth? But, hark! I think I hear the roll of a carriage over the fine sand of the court. It is the master returning. Eleven o'clock has just struck. It is impossible to conceive a life more regular, a diet more strictly observed, an existence more avariciously distributed than that of this octogenarian fox. Go and ask him if he believes himself so necessary to the conservation of the human race, that he so anxiously watches over his own. Go and tell him that twenty times a day you are on the verge of despair, from the fear of remaining unprofitable to your fellow-creatures, and that you are alarmed, and care-stricken at the idea of living without virtue, and you will see him smile like a prostitute to whom a pious virgin might confess the languidness of her prayer, or her distraction during the divine service. Ask by what occupations, by what good actions, his day is filled up. His people will tell you that he rises at eleven o'clock, and gives four hours to his toilet, in the vain attempt to impart some appearance of life to his marble face, which dissimulation has petrified even more than age. At three o'clock you will be told he takes the air in his carriage, attended by his physician, driving up and down the solitary alleys of his immense park. At five o'clock the most scientific and succulent dinner which can be prepared in France, is served up to him. His cook is, in his own sphere, a personage as rare, as profound, and as much admired as himself. After this repast, of which every course is announced by a flourish of trumpets, the prince gives a few minutes to his family and his little court. Every exquisite word, emanating in pity from his lips, has the effect of bending the person to whom it is addressed double. A canonised saint would not inspire more veneration in a community of *dévots*. As the night falls the prince again enters his carriage with his physician, for a second promenade. He has just now returned; you see the light just appearing at his window in that retired apartment, which is guarded by his lackey, in his absence, with an affectation of mystery as solemn as it is ridiculous. He will now be deeply at work till five o'clock in the morning. At work! —Oh, moon, rise not yet, hide thy timid ray behind the black horizon of the forest;—river, suspend thy course, slow and feeble as it is;—leaves, tremble not on the foreheads of the trees;—all nature, be mute and motionless, like the stone of a sepulchre—for the genius of man awakes—the most skilful and important of the princes of the earth is about to bend over a table, and by the light of his lamp, in the depth of his cabinet, like Jupiter from the height of Olympus, to move the world by the contraction of his brows!

"But what, then, has this astonishing man produced by sixty years of assiduous vigils and unremitting labours? What has brought the representatives of all the powers of the earth into his cabinet? What important services have all the sovereigns who have possessed and lost the crown of France, for half a century, received from him? Wherefore that unaccountable terror on which he walks, as on a soft carpet, through an host of difficulties and dangers? What revolutions has he effected or paralysed? What sanguinary wars, what public calamities, what scandalous exactions, has he hindered? How has he been so necessary, this voluptuous hypocrite, to all our kings, from the haughty conqueror to the bigoted *dévot*, that they have imposed upon us the shame and the disgrace of his elevation. Napoleon, in his contempt, branded him with a soldier's metaphor, full of energetic cynicism; and Charles X. in his days of orthodoxy, said—in a whisper be it understood—'*after all he is a married priest!*' But has he stayed them in their terrible falls, these masters whom he has alternately flattered and betrayed? Where are his benefits? Where are his works? No one knows. No one can, will, or dare, declare what titles this inevitable statesman possesses to power

and to glory: his most brilliant actions are enveloped in impenetrable clouds. His genius exists only in silence and imposture. What shameful turpitude does the diplomatic mantle cover!"

"And what do you say," cried I, "to the imbecility of the nation which suffers this infamy, and allows its name, its honour, and its blood, to be apposed to shameful contracts, which it is completely ignorant of? Do you still desire to act a part of the political theatre?"

"The more my fellow-men are abased," replied my friend, "the greater desire I feel to exalt them. I am not discouraged. But let me indulge in my indignation against this impenetrable man, who has moved us all about at his will, like pawns upon his chess board, and would not devote the great power he has possessed to our advancement. Let me curse this enemy of the human race, who has had possession of the world, only to heap up a fortune, satisfy his vices, and impose upon his despoiled dupes the debasing esteem of his iniquitous talents. The benefactors of humanity die in exile or on the cross, but thou, old vulture, bald, and gorged, will die in thy nest slowly and unwillingly; and as death crowns all men of celebrity with a mild forgiving halo, thy vices and basenesses will be quickly forgotten, and thy talents and seductions alone remembered. Oh man of impostures and spells, scourge of mankind, whom the Ruler of the universe kicked into the world like a limping Vulcan, there to forge incessantly unknown arms at the bottom of inaccessible caverns, thou wilt have nothing to say at the great day of judgment. Thou wilt not even be interrogated. The Creator who has refused thee a soul, will never demand an account of thy sentiments and passions."

"But see! a window is opening. It is the prince's."

"How!" said my friend, lowering his voice, "do corpses feel too warm? Do marbles need to respire the evening air? What are those two white heads which advance as if to regard the moon? It is the prince and his—how shall I call him? for I will not profane the name of *friend*, on which Monsieur de M. prides himself before servants and subalterns. Besides, it is a title which he would not permit himself to assume in the presence of his master; for *he* would sneer at all expressions which represent sentiments. To make use, then, of a term of their calling, I will denominate M. de M. an *attaché* of the prince, although his functions consist merely in admiring and writing down in an album all the *bon mots* which for forty years have issued from that incomparable mouth. I will give you one as an example. '*Distrust always a first impulse, and never yield to it, for it is almost always good.*' But listen to that sepulchral note; which, then, of the two philosophers has spoken? But, no; I am wrong; it is the cry of the screech-owl flying from the forest. Good! Scream louder, bird of ill-omen, proclaimer of funerals. . . . Ah, monseigneur, there is a voice which you cannot frighten back into the throat of the insulter. Do you hear that brutal burden of churchyards, which respects nothing, and which dares to tell such a man as you that all men die, without adding the *almost* of the court preacher?"

"Your indignation is bitter," said I, "and your anger cruel. If this man could hear us, this is the way in which I would address him—'May God prolong your days, unfortunate old man! Meteor, on the point of returning to eternal night! Light which fate has launched over the world, not to conduct men to good, but to lead them astray in an endless labyrinth of intrigue and ambition! In impenetrable designs, heaven refused you that mysterious ray which men call the soul: that pale but pure reflection of the Divinity, that lightning which brightens at times before our eyes, and gives us intimations of immortal hopes; that soft and penetrating warmth which reanimates from time to time our flagging spirits; that vague and sublime love, that holy emotion, which melts us with delicious tears; that religious terror which makes us hate evil with all the energies of our nature. Being, without a name, thou wert furnished with an immense brain, and with senses greedy and delicate; the absence of something unknown and divine, which makes us men, made thee greater than the first among us, and more little than the lowest of us all. Infirm, thou hast trampled upon men healthy and robust; the most vigorous virtue, the strongest organisation, were before thee only as a fragile reed; thou hast domineered over beings more noble than thyself; that which failed thee of their grandeur made thine own, and thou art now upon the border of a tomb, which will be hollow and cold as thy petrified heart. Beyond this gaping sepulchre there is nothing for thee, not the hope, nor perhaps the desire, of another life.

"Unhappy old man! the horror of the last moment will be such that it may perhaps expiate some of the misdeeds thou hast committed. Thine approach was fatal, thy look fascinated, it is said, like that of the viper. Thy breath was like the breeze of an April morning, which withers buds and flowers, and scatters them at the feet of the attristed trees. Thy words beshamed hope and innocence from the foreheads of the men who approached thee. How many spring promises hast thou blasted? How many holy confidences and lovely chimeras hast thou trodden under foot? How many honest men hast thou depraved? How many consciences vitiated or destroyed? Well, then! If the enjoyments of thine old age are confined to the satisfactions of vanity, or to the rarest enjoyments of a palled epicurism, eat, eat, old man, and respire the incense of flattery with the odour of thy repasts! Who can envy thee thy lot, or wish thee a worse? For our parts, we pity thee as much for having lived as for having to die; and we pray that on thy bed of death, the adieus of thy family, or the tears of some faithful servant, awaken not, at the last moment, a movement of sensibility, and that no spark of affection, till then unfelt, be struck from that stone which has served thee for an heart. We pray that thine eye moisten not, nor thy pulse beat quick, that love, hope, regret, or grief, may not impart a first and last flutter to thy frame, and that thou

mayst be consigned to the humid bowels of the earth, without having felt on its surface the warmth of sensibility, or the inspiration of life. May not despair show its dreadful form at the dying couch; may not thy last words reproach the God in whom thou believest not!"

We shall neither attempt to censure nor justify, more than we have already done, the above rather bitter invectives against one who is certainly perfectly insensible to them himself. We have cited the passages chiefly because they give a faithful, though satirical, description of the person and some of the domestic habits of Monsieur de Talleyrand, which cannot fail to be interesting to our readers. From the same motive, we inform them, that one of the peculiarities of this mighty potentate of diplomacy, is the immense quantity of spectacles he uses. There is always about from seventy to eighty pair lying about his room, so that he may always put his hand upon them, without having to incommode his unwieldy person by referring to his pocket. Report does not say whether these supplementary organs of sight are adapted severally to the particular persons and subjects he may have to look into, but forming the *entourage* of such a being, they look rather like familiar spirits to assist the mental vision, than common glasses to aid the outward optics; and when they bestride his puzzling features, fascinating and revolting—jacobinism, priestcraft, and Voltairian refinement, and malice combined—they certainly do give a most baffling cast to his countenance, which seems to be shrouding its own expression whilst reading intently the secret thoughts of others. Since his arrival in Paris, some pungent sayings have been recorded of him. It was recollected of Bassano, whilst he was three days' minister, that when he was secretary to Napoleon, Talleyrand had said of him, on hearing that the emperor had lost all his baggage, "*Alas, poor Maret! he is gone then at last.*" This saying revealed to the French people, both the incapacity of Bassano, and the kind of passive executor of his will which it suited Louis Philippe to appoint as his minister. Of the Duke of Wellington he has lately said, what has already been mentioned, but what will bear repetition from its justness, "*That of capable men he was the most capable.*" We will not say what he has said of the whigs; certainly, they have been as tersely, though not quite so flatteringly, appreciated. Of Lord Palmerston, especially, he has spoken with such caustic scorn, that we verily believe, if we should record any of his sententious sneers, they would burn a hole in the pocket (where his heart is) of that ex "*valet de place.*"

ANCIENT COINS.—Some workmen, forming a new road near Brinkburn Priory, near Newcastle, lately discovered a small brass pot, containing several gold coins, rose nobles of the first and second coinage of Edward III., and some half and quarter nobles of the same reign, all in perfect state of preservation. The pot and coins are now in the possession of Major Hodgson Cadogan, of Brinkburn.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

Critical Notices.

Chances and Changes, a Domestic Story. By the author of "Six Weeks on the Loire." 3 vols. 12mo. Saunders and Otley.

Nothing could more truly describe this novel than the two words on the title-page, for it is in every respect a "Domestic Story." The scene is laid chiefly in the house of the worthy rector of a living in Craven, whose daughter, Catherine, is the heroine. It is shifted, however, to London and its fashionable circles; and thence to those mountain valleys of Piedmont, where the descendants of the Waldenses still continue to profess a pure religion, amid a patriarchal simplicity most consonant to that creed.

Throughout the whole three volumes there is not a single sentiment which will not be approved by every sound heart and mind; and the moral end is wrought out with great verisimilitude, as the necessary result of the situation, circumstances, and characters of the *dramatis personæ*. From the vortex of dissipation and contact with profligacy, where vanity or selfishness are inherent, escape is withheld; but where a better principle prevails, it is shown that even the strongest of human ties may be loosened, when their stricter union would be incompatible with happiness here, and the higher hopes of futurity.

The interest in the narrative, though it is not highly excited, never flags; and the picture of some of the finer workings in the female bosom is worthy of the pencil of an accomplished female writer. The story is also continuous and unbroken; so much so, indeed, that we were never more perplexed than we are how to extricate any part as an example of its merits. What we might select most readily would infringe on our rule, not, in such cases, to divulge a scintilla of the author's secret; and therefore what we do quote must be brief, as well as insufficient even as a brick of the building. A pretty, though melancholy, love-affair of Mariette, one of the fairest of the dwellers in the seclusion of St. Etienne, may supply the hiatus; and we take a few pages from a sabbath in the mountains where she sorrows:—

"Never was there a more delightful pilgrimage, as it might be termed, to a sacred shrine, than the walk of Edward Longcroft with Catherine to the little church among the mountains. At every turn in the road, every winding in the path, there was something to delight or awe: sometimes they looked down on a cheerful hamlet, sheltered with orchards, brightening in fruits and flowers, refreshed by streams, and soothed with rills; sometimes they plunged into wild glens, or dreary passes, where nature itself appeared to have been rent asunder with convulsive throes, and to have scattered the rocks around in appalling fragments or inaccessible masses, among which the foaming torrents dashed impetuously along, giving a living majesty, a moving grandeur to the scenes which would otherwise have presented only the stillness of desolation. Every spot was fraught with some historic event, some moving recollection, which alternately awakened the zeal or sensibility of Arnaud, as he pointed them out to the observation of his companions. 'It was from these mountains,' said he, his eye kindling as he spoke, 'that the cry of 'death, rather than the mass!' resounded from one to another; that the valleys caught it from the echoes, and sent forth the faithful to the honours of martyrdom and glorious death. It was to these very mountains that our persecuted Victor Amadeus came for refuge from his enemies, and found it in the loyalty of the very people whom he had just before hunted out like wild beasts, and destroyed with fire and sword. But I will not dwell upon these frightful times,' and turning from his younger children, who walked at

his side, he added, in a lower tone, 'we speak as little as possible of these things before our young people, lest we should, unwittingly, implant in their hearts, before their judgment is sufficiently matured to correct the sentiments of resentment and hatred, which are as incompatible with Christian duty as the crimes that may have served to engender them. And, alas! even now, they see and hear too much of the injustice we are exposed to, not to feel quite as lively an indignation against our oppressors as it is wholesome to indulge in, and somewhat more.' Mr. Neville and Edward Longcroft exchanged looks that sufficiently expressed how admirable this Christian forbearance appeared in their eyes; they did not sully it by the language of compliment; but the good pastor felt that he was understood by them, and continued: 'It was among these mountains that Henri Arnaud, my favoured ancestor, of blessed memory, girded on the sword of the Lord, and took a solemn oath never to resign it, till he had reinstated the thirteen altars of our sanctuaries in the purity of their original worship. It would turn your daughter's cheek pale, my good brother, were I to relate half what he and his followers suffered in these fastnesses; but you must read them in his own account of '*La Glorieuse Rentrée*.' Look at these barren crags: what places for human beings to winter in, destitute of a change of garments, half famished for want of food, not daring to light a fire, for fear of betraying the place of their shelter! 'they wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented; of whom the world is not worthy: they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens, and in caves of the earth.' Lift up your eyes to these cliffs, seemingly inaccessible to all but the eagle! yet the Lord guided the feet and strengthened the hands of his children, to scale them, even in the night; and perhaps the very darkness contributed to their safety; for often, when daylight came, they shuddered, even the bravest of them, to see the dangers they had incurred, the apparently insurmountable difficulties they had overcome. Truly might they say, 'the Lord was a lantern unto their feet, and a light unto their paths.' He it was who 'taught their hands to war, and their fingers to fight, and sent them help out of his holy hill!' No, assuredly it is not among these mountains and valleys that our people can ever lose sight of their religion, and of the mercies which have sustained them in it, even unto this day.' Mr. Neville uttered some words in a low tone, of which *est genius loci* reached the ear of the minister, who smiled, and finished the quotation. Such was the discourse that beguiled the road, till they reached the point where, hollowed partly out of the rocks, stood the little church where service was to be performed. The congregation were assembling, the bell which summoned them together was answered by the bells in the distant valleys, the clear blue vault of heaven seemed a fit and gracious canopy for worship so pure, and devotion so fervent; and when the voice of the people poured out in full chorus the beautiful consolations of the twenty-third psalm,

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want,"

it seemed to recall the days of the primitive Christians when they also fled to the wildest spots to offer up their worship secure from their persecutors, in houses 'not made with hands,' and on 'high places,' sanctified to them by the spirit of God. When the service was concluded, a scene scarcely less impressive followed, of exhortation and enquiry, between the pastor and his flock, scattered as it now was over the mountains. One wished him to go one way—another, another; all pressed him to go to their huts and chalêts for refreshment; and as he had two other churches to serve at some distance during the day, he agreed to make his rounds among them so as to bring him to the nearest point for each in succession. The honest mountaineers pressed the strangers to accompany the minister, and partake such fare as they could set before them; but the fear that Lord Hervey might think their absence long, prevented their compliance, which otherwise would have been as great a pleasure to them as to those who invited them. They, therefore, took leave of their host until the evening, and retraced their steps, being rested by their attendance at church, and refreshed by a cup of milk from the neighbouring chalêt."

We shall only add, that remarks of rational and just observation often occur in *Chances and Changes*. For instance: "It is impossible to be very busy and very unhappy at the same time," may be adopted as an unfailing adage; and the following is, if not so terse, at least as deserving of our consideration:—

"'What is it that makes us look back with such delight on the days of our youth? Is it novelty that gives such a zest to life?' 'No,' said Mr. Neville, 'it is innocence: if you trace the thing, you will always find that retrospection becomes disagreeable precisely at the point of time when it is, in some way or other, connected with self-reproach.'" *Lond. Lit. Gazette.*

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Excursions in the Holy Land, Egypt, Syria, &c. By John Madox, Esq. 2 vols.

By the portrait of the author prefixed to these volumes, we should have judged him to be a little too *full of flesh*, and too highly *esginated* for the expedition which he undertook, where his food was to be little more than locusts and wild honey; but we are bound in honesty to acknowledge that he never showed any want of perseverance or activity; that his curiosity never stumbled, or his zeal relaxed; but that, whether in the plains of Esdraëlon, or in the caverns of Thebes, or the snows of Lebanon, or the desert of Cossier, he was ever the first to be on his camel at sunrise; he climbed the pyramids of Gizeh, and he penetrated the subterraneous chambers of Carnac; he drank sour milk, and eat fried locusts; suffered the rats to run over him without losing his temper, and offered his body without murmur to the multitudinous proboscoes of the never-satiated musquitoes. What Mr. Madox's previous habits of life had been, we do not know; or what had been the duration or extent of the studies that are to capacitate him for the character of a traveller; whether his youth had passed in the shelter of academic bowers, or in the voluptuous saloons of fashion, we cannot tell; but we heartily wish that he had added acquirements to zeal, and secured the utility of his arduous journeys by such an acquaintance with science, as would have enabled him to detect what was singular and rare in the remote nations he visited; and to place his name in the honourable list of those who had preceded him in the regions of the east, with Pococke, and Shaw, and Niebuhr, with the enterprising Brown and the indefatigable Clarke. As it is, we must take the will for the deed, and we cannot help lamenting that a few courses of lectures at the London University did not prepare our traveller for his various expeditions; for the countries which he visited, still offer rich and ample materials of information, and can pour their yet unexhausted contributions into the treasury of science. Occasionally, however, our author, instead of seeing too little, observes more than we can really give him credit for; as, for instance, at p. 200 of his publication, he sees three *Turkish* females who possessed sleeping *Italian* eyes. This is hard to credit, though on such good authority. The transplantation of eyes has not yet distinguished the march of intellect, and we therefore suppose it is a sort of periphrasis, and delicate manner of expressing that they had eyes made of the fine glass manufactured at Venice, which certainly might be called *Italian eyes*.

In Egypt the author seems to entertain no doubt of the following fact, which we do not deny, but consider

necessary to be further confirmed, before it is received as an acknowledged truth in the history of the instinct of animals.

"My servant Abdubbo exclaimed, 'Ecco un' animal del Nilo.' It was a crocodile, and the first I had seen. It lay on the other side in a muddy bank, a little way from the rocks, which here shelved down to the river's brink. The men were dragging the boat, and after we had approached nearer, I thought of firing at him with a bullet, but when nearly even with him, a *pelican was seen, and on our closer approach, the bird gave him warning by touching him with his beak.* The crocodile instantly disappeared, while the pelican remained on the bank. This I thought a curious occurrence, but found that it was often the case, and that the *pelican kept watch for the crocodile.*"*

This circumstance is mentioned as again occurring. We should have thought the crocodile so well armed by nature, as not to need a friend at his elbow to warn him of danger. Our author excavated some churches at Ebsambul, but nothing of consequence is brought to light. In his visit to the cedar trees of Lebanon, (vol. ii. p. 102,) we were exceedingly surprised at hearing him say,

"We rode into the *forest* of trees, for such it appears, there being between 5 and 600. They stand upon hillocks, some in a valley at the foot of the higher part of the mountain, and a few scattered about the lower parts of it."

Now we always considered, from the accounts of other travellers, that there were but a very few indeed of these noble monarchs of the forests of the East remaining; though we were also aware, that there were several *young* trees growing around their venerable parents; and we still think either Mr. Madox has made some mistake, or that we do not clearly understand his meaning; for we supposed that not more than seven or eight trees of any size now remained.

We should like to have heard the result of more industrious investigations into the habits, policy, and religion, of that singular people the *Druses*. Mr. Madox says,

"My servant told me an extraordinary story of the Emir Bechir having a few days since entered a mosque in the mountain belonging to the Druses. Here he found them at prayers, worshipping a *silver calf*, which he immediately ordered to be taken from them, and sent to the pasha of Cure, who caused the mosque and minaret to be destroyed."

Mr. Madox says that the *Druses* are divided into two very opposite and distinct sects. The first are reserved and distant, and are supposed to be very learned; they do not mix with the other party, and are said to deny themselves all participation in the good things of this life. They never smoke, or drink spirits; they are styled *Akals*, or wise men, and are initiated into their religion, under vows of secresy. The second or inferior Druses, are called Djahels, or ignorant; they eat, drink, smoke, and laugh, and live like good fellows, and have no affectation of superior sanctity. The Drusic ladies are in general well made, and of a lovely brunette complexion. They wear the *tantour*, and seem much more sociable than the men. The Druses are numerous, but do not form so large a body as the *Christians*. In some villages both live amicably together, yet never *intermarry*. They are reported to be idolators, worshipping the golden calf; it is said to be exhibited in their chapels, from which all but themselves are excluded; but they outwardly comply with the Mussulman form of worship. The principal village of the Druses is called Deir-el-Kammur. The plain is not far from Beteddeen, the residence of the Emir Bechir, prince or chief of the mountains, but the Druses inhabit many parts of the Lebanon range. At Beirout, are the remains of a noble palace, formerly inhabited by the Emir Faccadine, a prince of the Druses, who lived for some time in Italy, and returning to Syria, enriched this palace in a style of magnificence unknown before. The end of the man was melancholy; the Turks grew jealous, and drove him from Beirout; for some time he sought refuge in the neighbouring mountains, but being forced from his retreats, repaired to Constantinople, where he was soon after made away with.

At p. 291, the author gives an account of a wedding of a princess; but we have not room to insert it. He also made an excursion of a few days from Damascus to the Haouran, which may be read with interest, as it is a district so difficult to penetrate as to have been entirely unknown before the time of the enterprising Burckhardt; but we do not find that Mr. Madox has added any thing to what we knew of it from the traveller just mentioned, and from the expedition of Messrs. W. Bankes and Buckingham, the former of whom we presume to be the Englishman whom Mr. Madox heard of, as having been in that country about ten years before.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

* Another fact connected with natural history is mentioned in vol. ii. 195, which we should wish to have had narrated upon more particular authority. "A *species* of hawk was shot at Damascus, in June, 1825, having a billet of wood around its neck, and on it, Landsberg in Prussia, 1822."

The Siege of Vienna. Smith, Elder, & Co., Cornhill.*

This volume contains a translation from the German of Madam Pichler; and the manner in which it is executed is worthy of the good company among which it is introduced. We shall not give an outline of the story, as it is one of great interest, and a little mystery, and it would not be fair to deprive its readers of the pleasing suspense, and the spur of curiosity, that makes romance reading so delightful. This tale is remarkable for power of language, and accuracy of costume, whether we regard the descriptions of the outward man, or the tone of thought prevalent in the era in which the scene is laid. The characters of the two sisters are finely contrasted, and the principles that act upon the temperament of each, worked out to their legitimate result. This work should become a favourite.—*Metropolitan.*

* Now in the course of publication in Waldie's Select Circulating Library.

Obituary.

DOM PEDRO.

Sept. 24. At the palace of Queluz, Lisbon, in his 36th year, Dom Pedro d'Alcantara, Duke of Braganza, Regent of Portugal, and ex-Emperor of the Brazils.

Dom Pedro was born in the palace of Queluz, Oct. 12, 1798, the second son of King John the Sixth, and Carlotta Joachima, daughter of Charles the Fourth of Spain; but, by the early death of his brother Anthonio, he became heir-presumptive to the throne. In his youth he showed a weakness of constitution; yet at the same time displayed much of that activity and vivacity which distinguished him in after life. His first tutor was the Padre Antonio d'Arrhabida, afterwards Bishop of Annamuria, who instructed him in Latin and music, and in the latter he became a proficient, both as a player and composer.

When ten years of age, he accompanied his father to the Brazils; and on his arrival there, his education was confided to the accomplished John Radamak, who had been ambassador from Portugal to Denmark; but he

soon died, and the prince was afterwards permitted to educate himself. Left alone, in an uninformed state of society, where no indulgence was considered too gross, no action too immoral, there was little hope, whatever his natural disposition might be, that his acquired habits would not form him into every thing that was bad. Fortunately for him and for the people, there were two or three strong and harmless propensities, which in some measure diverted his mind from worse pursuits. He was fond of mechanics, and many specimens of his boyish ingenuity are still preserved; the chace also removed him from the enervating capital to the exercises of the Brazilian forests; but, above all, his taste for music tended to withdraw him from less innocent amusements. He composed several pieces of music for his father's chapel, and also attempted poetry, and some of his rondos and madrigals are still played in Brazil.

At an early age, his father resolved to have him married, as well to form a political connection, as to draw him from that low sensuality, which both he and his brother Miguel began to indulge at an immature age, and with the meanest objects. A princess of the house of Austria was selected for him, and Leopoldina, daughter of the Emperor Francis I., and sister to the wife of Napoleon, was married to him on the 13th of May, 1817, before he was nineteen years of age. The princess was of an amiable and affectionate disposition; but she was not handsome, and was unusually careless in her dress and habits, which disgusted Pedro, and his unkindness led to her premature death. She left five children.

The revolutionary spirit had now infected Brazil; and, after King John had returned to Portugal, Pedro, who was left as regent, thought it politic to put himself at the head of the movement. His conduct was severely censured at Lisbon, and the Cortes issued a peremptory order that he should return to Europe in four months. When he received this decree, Dom Pedro read it with deep emotion; but, after a few minutes' reflection, being well convinced of the sentiments of those about him, he exclaimed, "Independence or Death!" This was repeated with enthusiam on all sides, and soon spread over all parts of the country. The independence of Brazil was proclaimed, and Pedro declared the emperor of the new nation; this took place on his birth-day, in the year 1825. He was crowned on the 1st of December, because that was the day on which the Portuguese had delivered themselves from the yoke of the Spaniards, as he had delivered the Brazilians from the yoke of the Portuguese. A national assembly, which he convoked in the following May, he dissolved after a few days by military violence; and he himself drew up the constitution, to which no one dared to object. The sum of two millions was paid to Portugal for her acknowledgment of the independence of Brazil; and Pedro was established at the head of a magnificent empire.

In 1826 King John died at Lisbon; and Pedro in consequence succeeded to the throne of Portugal; but, knowing how unpalatable the reunion of the crowns would be to his new subjects, he acted with a promptness and decision consonant to his character. He immediately drew up a constitution for the Portuguese, which took him just one week to compose, and then abdicated in favour of his daughter, Dona Maria de Gloria. It had previously been her father's intention to unite her to her uncle, Dom Miguel; and the legal part of the ceremony had actually been performed at Vienna; to Dom Miguel therefore he committed full powers to act as Regent of Portugal on behalf of his niece and bride. That prince accordingly set out from Vienna, where he then was, and having passed through England, proceeded to assume the sovereignty of Portugal, where he in a very short time altered his title of regent to that of king.

It has been often remarked, that it is difficult to decide which of the brothers deserves the highest character for dishonesty and bad faith. Dom Pedro had scarcely sworn to his father to remain faithful to him and the Portuguese nation, than he accepted the sovereignty of Brazil; Dom Miguel had scarcely sworn fealty to his niece, than he assumed the crown of Portugal.

When the news of this unexpected perfidy, of which he had himself set the example, arrived in Brazil, and the emperor saw himself deceived by his brother, he could not repress his passion. He tore his brother's portrait to pieces, and kicked the fragments about the palace. Nor did he delay the prosecution of less impotent measures of reprisal; he addressed a proclamation to the Portuguese nation, and sent his daughter to Europe, to be ready to avail herself of any movement in her favour. He could not, however, induce the Brazilians to espouse his personal quarrel, and he was disappointed in the aid he anticipated from England: at the same time that he utterly refused the reconciliation with Miguel, proposed to be negotiated in the tedious embassy of Lord Strangford.

At this period, Pedro seemed disposed to forget his public mortifications in private indulgences. He sought the society of the Duchess of Goyas more than ever, and feeling his home desolate without his wife or favourite daughter, he determined to marry his concubine, and place her on the throne. The Bishop of Rio, who had been for some time in disgrace for not conniving at the excesses of the court, was now conciliated, and every pains taken to reconcile him to the measure. The real friends of Dom Pedro now took serious alarm: and therefore seriously set about counteracting this project, which could only be done by seeking for him another wife. In this object some difficulty was experienced, for his treatment of the first had alarmed the young ladies of the different courts; however, after several fruitless applications, he was accepted by a very amiable and excellent person, Augusta, daughter of Eugene Duke of Leuchtenberg, who, to the great joy of his friends, arrived at Rio in August, 1829, and the nuptials were celebrated with great splendour.

But the mortal struggle was now approaching between Pedro's absolute power and the authority of his chambers. The occupation of his mind in his daughter's cause contributed to estrange him from the affections of the Brazilians, and they dreaded he would again attempt to destroy their legislative authority. When the struggle came, Pedro was deserted by the army; and left indeed without any support. With his characteristic precipitation, he immediately embarked on board an English frigate, and abdicated in favour of his son, Dom Pedro d'Alcantara, then eight years old.

The affairs of his daughter were at this time in a desperate state; the abortive attempts of the patriots of Oporto had altogether failed, and the reign of Dom Miguel was established with the apparent consent of the people so firmly, that little hope remained of shaking it. A gleam had appeared in the unexpected capture and submission of Terceira; but the possession of a small and remote island in the Atlantic would afford but a dim prospect. It proved, however, the harbinger of success. An expedition from thence landed at Oporto, where the arrival of Dom Pedro at this critical time infused fresh hopes, as it seemed to give himself fresh energies. The contest at that town and its vicinity was tedious; but at length, after considerable perseverance and energy, Pedro succeeded in reaching Lisbon on the 28th of July, 1833, established himself there as regent to his daughter, and on the 22d of September she also arrived, and was formally acknowledged as constitutional Queen of Portugal. Thus in the records of history, Dom Pedro will be remembered as a man who, in a brief but extraordinary career, not only abdicated sovereignty twice, but actually (besides once inheriting it) acquired it three

times, first for himself, next for his son, and lastly for his daughter.

Scarcely had he, during a twelvemonth of busy thought and anxious exertions, completed the establishment of his daughter's throne, when he has been suddenly removed by death; his fatal malady is supposed to have been water in the chest. In contemplating his character, all must acknowledge his energy and sagacity; at the same time that they cannot overlook his sensuality, caprice, and violence, and occasional cruelty. In person he was inelegant, low in stature, with limbs rather coarse and robust; his countenance had little intelligence; his face was broad, pitted, and blotched, and covered with enormous whiskers, which he required every military man to imitate. He generally dressed in a splendid uniform, and his private clothes were always new and fashionable. His funeral occupied the greatest part of the night between the 27th and 28th of September, though, by his own directions, only the ceremonies usual at the interment of generals were observed.

The following epitaph has been placed on his tomb, in the church of St. Vicente da Fora:

D. O. M.
PETRUS IV.

Portugaliæ et Algarbiarum Rex, primus Brasiliæ Imperator, ac Brigantiæ Dux—Joan VI. Imperat. ac Regis filius—Patriæ Libertatus Assertor et Vindex. Dum Regnum in filiam carissimam Mariam II. sponte translatum, ejus nomine regerit, obiit maximo omnium Lusitanorum luctu die XXIV. Septemb. An. Dom. MDCCCXXXIV, ætatis suæ XXXVI.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

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JOHN PENN, ESQ.

June 21. At Stoke Park, Bucks, aged 75, John Penn, Esq., LL.D. formerly Proprietary and Hereditary Governor of the province of Pennsylvania in North America.

Mr. Penn was the eldest surviving son of the Hon. Thomas Penn, Esq., (son of the celebrated founder of Pennsylvania,) by Lady Juliana Fermor, fourth daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Pomfret. He succeeded to the family estates, when a minor, on the death of his father, in 1775. In consequence of his maternal descent, he was received as a nobleman at the University of Cambridge, where he was a member of Clare hall, and the degree of M.A. was conferred on him in 1779, and that of LL.D in 1811.

During the American war, the family of Penn endeavoured to act as mediators between Great Britain and her colonies; and having finally settled in England they received in 1790 a grant from parliament of an annuity of 4000*l.* in part compensation of their losses.

In 1789 Mr. Penn pulled down the old mansion at Stoke Park, (which his father had purchased in 1760 of the executors of Lady Cobham,) and erected a new house, from the designs of Mr. Nasmith, and completed by Mr. James Wyatt. It is in the villa style, of the Doric order, and contains a very fine library; a view of it will be found in Neale's Seats. Mr. Penn also erected a column in the park, on which stands a colossal statue, by Rossi, of Lord Chief Justice Coke, who died at Stoke Poges.

In 1796 Mr. Penn published a tragedy, entitled "The Battle of Edington, or British Liberty," which was derived from the history of Alfred, and privately acted at the Haymarket theatre; in the following year, appeared a Reply to the strictures of the Monthly Reviewers on the same production; and a translation of a Letter from Signor Ramieri di Calsaligi to Count Alfieri, on Tragedy. In 1798 he published his "Critical, Poetical, and Dramatic Works," in 2 vols. 8vo.

In the same year he put forth "A timely Appeal to the Common Sense of the People of Great Britain in general, and of the inhabitants of Buckinghamshire in particular, on the present state of affairs;" and in 1800 "Further Thoughts," a continuation of the same. At the general election of 1802, he entered the house of commons as one of the members for Helston: but we believe he was not a member of any other parliament.

In 1802 he printed two volumes of "Poems, consisting of original Works, Imitations, and Translations;" and in 1811, again two volumes of "Poems, being mostly reprints."

Some years ago, Mr. Penn raised many a smile by his employing more than one lecturer gravely to persuade youth of both sexes to enter into the holy bands of matrimony.

Mr. Penn had two brothers, Grenville Penn, Esq. F. S. A. who has distinguished himself by several able critical works, and a life of his great-grandfather, Sir William Penn, the distinguished admiral, and Richard Penn, Esq. formerly M. P. for Lancaster, and not less remarkable for his classical attainments, and wonderful powers of memory. Their sister, Sophia Margaret Juliana, was the wife of the late Hon. and most Rev. William Stuart, archbishop of Armagh.—*Ib.*

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CHARLES WESLEY, ESQ.

May 23. Aged 76, Charles Wesley, Esq. for many years organist to their late majesties George the Third and George the Fourth.

This celebrated musician was born at Bristol, Dec. 11, 1757, the son of the Rev. Charles Wesley, and nephew to the Rev. John Wesley, the founder of the Methodists. His brother Samuel, also a musical genius, was eight years his junior; he died in 1815. His father communicated to a friend the following notice of his early years. He was 2¼ years old when I first observed his strong inclination to music. He then surprised me by playing a tune on the harpsichord readily, and in just time. Soon afterwards he played several others. Whatever his mother sang, or whatever he heard in the streets, he could, without difficulty, make out upon this instrument. Almost from his birth his mother used to quiet and amuse him with the harpsichord. On these occasions, he would not suffer her to play with one hand only; but, even before he could speak, would seize hold of the other, and put it upon the keys. When he played by himself, she used to tie him by his back-string to the chair, in order to prevent his falling. Whatever tune it was, he always put a true bass to it. From the beginning he played without study or hesitation. Whenever, as was frequently the case, he was asked to play before a stranger, he would invariably enquire in a phrase of his own, "*Is he a musicker?*" and if he was answered in the affirmative, he always did it with the greatest readiness. His style, on all occasions, was *con spirito;* and there was something in his manner so much beyond what could be expected from a child, that his hearers, learned or unlearned, were invariably astonished and delighted.

When he was four years old, Mr. Wesley took him to London; and Beard, who was the first musical man who heard him there, was so much pleased with his abilities, that he kindly offered his interest with Dr. Boyce to get him admitted among the king's boys. This, however, his father declined, as he then had no thoughts of bringing him up to the profession of music. However, when he was about six years old, he was put under the tuition of Rooke, a very good-natured man, but of no great eminence, who allowed him to run on *ad libitum*, whilst he sat by apparently more to observe than to control him.

For some years his study and practice were almost entirely confined to the works of Corelli, Scarlatti, and Handel; and so rapid was his progress, that, at the age of twelve or thirteen, it was thought that no person was

able to excel him in performing the compositions of those masters.

On coming to London, he received instructions on the harpsichord from Kelway, and in the rules of composition from Dr. Boyce. His first work, "A set of six Concertos for the Organ or Harpsichord," was published under the immediate inspection of that master; and, for a first attempt, was indeed a wonderful production, as it contained some fugues which would have done credit to a professor of the greatest experience and the first eminence. In 1784, he published "A Set of Eight Songs," in an extremely fine and masterly style.

His subsequent career was one of greater success than incident. He was for some years organist of Surrey Chapel, better known by the name of its minister, the late Rowland Hill. His duties were latterly confined to the old church at Marylebone. It is said that the "ruling passion" was so strong on his death-bed, that he was continually humming Handel's music; and, fancying he had his piano-forte before him, working his fingers on his bed clothes as though he were playing on the instrument, and that even within two days of his decease. He was of a most amiable disposition, a true Christian, and perfectly resigned to the will of his Maker.—*Ib.*

MR. MALTHUS.

The death of this gentleman, which occurred at Bath on Monday the 29th Dec. has been already noticed in most of the public journals; and we have reason to believe, that, at no distant period, some account of his life and writings will be prepared by his friends, more full and comprehensive, and better calculated to satisfy the public expectation than any which the columns of a newspaper could supply. Meanwhile, it cannot be expected that a person of so great celebrity should be suffered to pass away from a scene in which he has acted so conspicuous a part, without some present marks of the feelings with which he was regarded in it; and it would be matter of sorrow to the family he has left, if, while so much has been already said by others to whom he was little known, no friendly voice should be raised to speak of him as he really was, and to prevent, if possible, the continuance of those censures, which passed lightly over him while alive, but which are calculated to aggravate the grief of his family, to whom no consolation can be so precious as the memory of his virtues.

Mr. Malthus had, we believe, just entered his 70th year, but he was in the full enjoyment of all his faculties, and his death was totally unexpected by his friends. He left London about three weeks ago, on a visit to his father-in-law at Bath, in good spirits, and apparently in strong health, anticipating a cheerful Christmas with his children and other members of his family, who were invited to meet him; but Providence had ordained otherwise—the meeting took place, but the joy was not there; Mr. Malthus was taken ill soon after his arrival, with a disorder of the heart, which, in a few days, hurried him to the grave. He has left a widow, and a son and daughter both grown up.

Upon his character as an author, in which he stands most prominent, our observations will be very brief; his principal work has been long known, not only in this country, but in every civilised portion of the globe, and the judgment pronounced upon it by intelligent men generally, has been such as to satisfy the warmest and most zealous of his friends. One or two remarks only we shall venture to make, and these chiefly with a view of placing his literary claims upon a proper basis, and of throwing a clearer light upon the motives and views with which his labours were undertaken. It arose very naturally from his professional duties at the East India College, that, for many years, the studies of Mr. Malthus were chiefly directed to political economy, and especially to the discussion of certain subtle and controverted points of the science, in which an unavoidable ambiguity of language had added greatly to the natural obscurity of the subject, and increased the difficulty of arriving at clear results—viz. the measure of value, the excess of commodities, &c. In this field Mr. Malthus will be always classed with the most distinguished of his fellow-labourers; and we may venture to add, that his "Theory of Rent," and his work, "On Political Economy," are of themselves sufficient to place him in the foremost rank. It is not, however, upon his success in this department, in which he shares the palm with many, but upon his "Essay on Population," published many years ago, that his reputation ought to rest. In this work he stands alone as the expounder and illustrator of a new branch of knowledge, heretofore little thought of or cultivated in any country, but now, by his labours, raised to a degree of eminence in men's minds, corresponding with its vast importance, and brought with great efficacy to bear upon the morals and welfare of mankind. To enquire, as many have done, whether he were really the discoverer of the principle of population on which the Essay rests, is something worse than idle, especially as Mr. Malthus never laid claim to such a title himself: undoubtedly many scattered notices of it may be found in other works, particularly in the "Travels of Mr. Townshend in Spain," which Mr. Malthus was ever ready to acknowledge; but the practical use, and the full developement and application of the principle, are entirely his own. His views were first presented to the public in a single octavo volume, chiefly intended as a refutation of the theory of Condorcet and Godwin, upon the perfectibility of man; in proportion, however, as he reflected upon the subject, its importance was more evident to his mind, and the necessity of a further and clearer exhibition of it became more urgent. That nothing might be wanting, therefore, to the work, he visited, in 1800, every country in Europe then accessible to English travellers, observing carefully all the facts likely to bear upon the subject, inspecting the places, whether cities or villages, where any thing remarkable in the population was to be found, and consulting every public or private document which was calculated to benefit his labours; the fruits of these researches he carefully digested and arranged soon after his return, and, having embodied with them his former work, he gave them to the public in a quarto volume; and it is well worthy of observation, that the system then came from him in so complete and perfect a form, so guarded on every side, so carefully pursued and carried out to all its consequences, as to require little or no alteration afterwards, either from himself or any other person. The work of Mr. Malthus has gone through a great number of editions in this country, and has been translated into almost every language of the civilised world.

We are well aware, indeed, of the different judgments which have been formed of this Essay, and of the calumnies with which the author has been assailed. We know that coldness, harshness, and even cruelty, have been frequently imputed to the most humane and considerate of men, and that a design of degrading the poor has been charged upon a work whose sole motive and tendency was to increase their comforts, and to raise their moral and intellectual condition;—it is a consolation, however, to remember that the most reflecting and cultivated minds in this as well as in every other country, have unanimously adopted and approved both the principle and the reasoning of his work, whilst its most violent opponents and vilifiers have been, with one or two exceptions, either persons who have not read it at all, or who have grossly misunderstood or misrepresented it. Its greatest triumph, however, is, that it has been adopted as a principle of government and legislation; nor can we hesitate to believe, that at no distant period, when the cloud of prejudice and passion in which the subject is

involved shall have dispersed, the humanity of the system will be as apparent to all mankind as its truth.

It has been sometimes said and repeated publicly, since the author's death, that the view Mr. Malthus himself took of the principle of population, was a gloomy one. The remark is true, though somewhat uncharitable, for the fault was in the position of the author, not in his mind. It must be remembered, that at the time when the "Essay on Population" was published, now thirty years ago, he had to deal with a great practical and growing evil in society, of which few persons at that time had observed either the source or the remedy; that there prevailed generally amongst the poor an utter improvidence with respect to marriage and settlement in life; that foresight and frugality, the special virtues of their station, were fast losing ground in their estimation, and that they were recklessly sinking into a state of entire dependence on the poor's rate; while the conduct and opinions of those above them, so far from repressing their error, rather tended to encourage it. With these facts before him, and the consequences strongly impressed on his mind, we cannot wonder that Malthus, having laid down and demonstrated the great law of nature respecting population, should have thought it necessary in the first instance to point out, in all its naked deformity, the sin and misery which would inevitably attend an habitual violation of it; and that under this aspect he himself should have chiefly regarded it. That there is a bright side to this law of nature, is most true; and every benevolent and pious mind will be delighted to dwell upon it. God is good and righteous in all his ways, and they who have read the work of Bishop Sumner upon the "Records of the Creation," will remember how ingeniously and beautifully he has shown, that, in the hands of a gracious Providence, this principle is made subservient to the most beneficial and improving ends, being the great moving cause which excites the best energies of mankind into action, and gives spirit and perseverance to their most valuable labours. In considering this part of the subject, it should never be forgotten, however, that the labours of Mr. Malthus were at first directed against that wild and most unscriptural tenet—the perfectibility of man; and that temperance, frugality, chastity—virtues strictly scriptural and evangelical—were the sole remedies recommended by him. Nor can it be said at present that these gloomy views were unnecessary; notwithstanding all the warnings of the "Essay on Population," the evil it contemplated has now arisen to so great a height as to become almost incapable of remedy; but we believe, firmly, that had it not been for this book of Mr. Malthus, and all the wise and salutary parochial regulations which have sprung from it, the mischief would have been infinitely greater, and our way out of it much more obscure and difficult,—if any way could have been found at all, short of a convulsion of society.

Of his character in a social and domestic view, it would be difficult to speak in terms which would be thought extravagant by those who knew him best, and who, after all, are the best judges of it. Although much conversant with the world, and engaged in important labours, his life was, more than any other we have ever witnessed, a perpetual flow of enlightened benevolence, contentment and peace; it was the best and purest philosophy, heightened by Christian views, and softened by Christian charity. His temper was so mild and placid, his allowances for others so large and so considerate, his desires so moderate, and his command over his own passions so complete, that the writer of this article, who has known him intimately for nearly fifty years, scarcely ever saw him ruffled, *never* angry, never above measure elated or depressed. Nor were his patience and forbearance less remarkable—no unkind word or uncharitable expression respecting any one, either present or absent, ever fell from his lips; and though doomed to pass through more censure and calumny than any author of this or perhaps of any other age, he was rarely heard to advert to this species of injury, never disposed to complain of it, and, least of all to retort it. Indeed, he had this felicity of mind, almost peculiar to himself, that, being singularly alive to the approbation of the wise and good, and anxious generally for the regard of his fellow creatures, he was impassive to unmerited abuse—so conscious was he of his integrity of purpose, so firmly convinced of the truth of the principles he advocated, and so calmly prepared for the repugnance with which, in some quarters, they would be heard.

The most remarkable feature of his mind was the love of truth, and it was also the most influential: it was this which enabled him patiently to investigate, and fearlessly to expose, an inveterate and popular error; and it was this which in his private life, was the parent or the nurse of many other virtues conspicuous in him—justice, prudence, temperance, and simplicity. It is almost unnecessary to add, that in his domestic relations, all these qualities appeared under their fairest form, and with their sweetest influence—all the members of his family loved and honoured him—his servants lived with him till their marriage or settlement in life, and the humble and poor within his influence always found him disposed, not only to assist and improve them, but to treat them with kindness and respect.

His conversation naturally turned upon those important subjects connected with the welfare of society which were his peculiar study; in these he was always earnest, serious, and impressive, producing his opinions in such a clear and intelligible way, as to show that they were the fruit of considerable thought and reflection; but he was habitually cheerful and playful, and as ready to engage in all the innocent pursuits and pleasures of the young, as to encourage them in their literary progress and studies. By his intelligent colleagues at Haileybury, his loss will be long and sincerely felt—few persons knew so well as they how to appreciate his worth, and none had so many opportunities of observing its influence. His good breeding, candour, and gentlemanly conduct, were felt in every thing; and his sound judgment and conciliatory spirit, were not less remarkable in the councils of the college, than his manners and attainments were delightful and improving in their social intercourse and relations. In politics he was a firm, consistent and decided whig, the earnest advocate of salutary improvement and reform, but strongly and sincerely attached to the institutions of his country, and fearful of all wanton experiment and innovations.

Mr. Malthus was a clergyman of the church of England, and during the greater part of his life read prayers and preached regularly in turn with the other professors, in the chapel of the East India College at Haileybury: in these services, and, indeed, in every other ordinance of religion, his manner was uniformly serious and devout; his sermons were calculated to make a strong impression on the minds of the young men who felt and acknowledged their value; and it is now particularly pleasing to record, that they became more earnest and more edifying every year he lived. In religion, indeed, as well as in other things, he was always unobtrusive and unostentatious, but it was easy to perceive the spirit of the gospel had shared largely in forming his character, and that both the precepts and doctrines of Christianity had made a deep impression upon his mind.

In the latter period of his life, his temper and character were subjected to a peculiar trial: the government, by adopting the principles of his work, as the basis of their Poor Laws Amendment Bill, had recalled in a remarkable manner the public attention towards him, and the praise lavished upon him during the discussion in parliament, had only served to connect him more inti-

mately with the measure. The consequence was, that from all quarters a fresh flood of calumny and abuse was poured upon him, which has continued without intermission to the present day; and though he was never consulted about any of the provisions or enactments of the bill, yet every real or supposed defect which was discovered in the construction of it, were without ceremony attributed to him. We verily believe that if the late ministry had remained longer in power, some solid mark of favour or encouragement would have been bestowed upon him or his, as well to vindicate their adoption of his views, as to express their sense of the support he had so long and consistently given to the principles upon which their administration was founded; and further, that it may be a subject of deep regret to them, that, as far as he himself is concerned, the opportunity is lost for ever. At all events, we know well Mr. Malthus himself was never heard to utter the slightest murmur or complaint: with his usual equanimity he bore the neglect of one party and the abuse of the other; and, whatever might have been his apprehensions and feelings respecting the late change in the ministry, as far as regarded the country, he never for a moment spoke of it as affecting, or likely to affect, himself.—*London Athenæum.*

Arts and Sciences.

LONDON SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Mr. Aikin on the natural history and commercial history of cotton.—The word *cotton*, observed the lecturer, has been adopted in modern European languages from an Arabic word, meaning the same thing, and which, when put into English letters would be pronounced *kutun:* in Egypt it is called *gotun.* The Spanish word *algodon* is evidently the Egypto-Arabic word, with the article *al* prefixed. The Germans, who in general avoid intercalating into their language words of foreign origin, call it *Baum-wolle, i. e.* tree-wool. Mr. Aikin then laid before his numerous auditors the most important notices which are to be found in ancient classical authors, respecting the growth of cotton in India and on the coast of Arabia: and the importation of cotton fabrics of various qualities from India to Egypt by the way of the Red Sea. He likewise noticed the establishment of the culture of the cotton plant on the coasts of the Mediterranean—but, though exceedingly interesting, our space calls upon us to pass on to more modern times. Cotton wool was imported by the Genoese and Venetians into England and the Netherlands in the very beginning of the fourteenth century: but the use to which it was applied, except for candle-wicks, is not known. In 1430, fustians were made, perhaps invented, in Flanders—being probably intended as an imitation of the velvets manufactured in Italy. In 1534, several ships from London and Bristol traded to the Levant, and imported, among other articles, cotton wool. It might be expected, therefore, that at this time some cotton fabrics should have been established in England; and this seems at first sight to be confirmed by a statement in Leland's *Itinerary*, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, that cottons were made at Bolton-le-Moors in Lancashire, and in the villages about; as also by the mention in an act of parliament, passed in 1552 (Edward VI.), of Manchester, Lancashire, and Cheshire cottons. In this manner Mr. Aikin came down to the present period; noticing, however, as he went along, the invention of the "spinning jenny" in 1767. This engine draws several threads at once; and as it derives its principal motion from a mechanical first mover, produces them more even than had heretofore been done by hand. It was soon discovered that an improved method of carding the cotton, before it was subjected to the action of the jenny, was essential to the good performance of the machine. This was attempted with some success by Mr. Hargreaves, was very much improved on by Mr. Peel, and was brought to perfection in the carding machine of Mr. Arkwright. Egyptian cotton was introduced in 1823; it is of a long, strong, and silky staple, and has since been improved by the introduction of seeds of the Sea Islands' cotton. The demand for raw cotton in the British market has gone on progressively increasing; the following are the details of the importation of cotton wool for the last year, viz.—

Uplands and New Orleans.	262,885,000lbs.
Sea Islands.	3,500,000
Brazil.	26,540,000
Surat and Bengal.	11,570,000
West Indies.	1,610,000
Egypt.	1,540,000
	303,645,000lbs.

On comparing the above with the importation of 1831, it appears that there is an increase in the last year in the proportion of 303 to 288: but that the quantity furnished from all the above-mentioned countries, except the United States, has diminished. In the year 1832 the whole quantity of cotton spun in Great Britain was 277,260,000 lbs., of which about one-ninth, or 30,325,000lbs., was loss from dirt and waste in spinning, and the produce was 246,935,000lbs. of yarn. Of this quantity 222,596,000 lbs. was spun in England, and was thus disposed of:—Exported in yarn 71,662,000lbs.; ditto in thread 1,041,000 lbs.; manufactured goods 61,251,000lbs.; or about 134 millions of lbs. Besides the above, there were candle-wicks and mixed goods, of which, part were exported, 12,000,000lbs.; supply of home market and stock on hand 70,941,000lbs.; sent to Scotland and Ireland 5,700,000lbs.: total 88,641,000lbs. Therefore, in whole numbers, about 62 per cent of the entire quantities of cotton manufactured in England is exported; and of this 33 per cent is in the state of yarn and thread, and 28 per cent in woven goods. According to MacCulloch, the total value of every kind of cotton goods annually manufactured in Great Britain at present may be estimated at 34,000,000*l*; from which if we deduct 7,000,000*l*. as the cost of the raw material, and 21,000,000*l*. as wages to 900,000 workmen, there will remain for the cost of superintendence, coals, materials of machinery, and profit, 6,000,000*l*. The amount of capital vested in buildings and machinery is computed at 20,000,000*l*.

The lecturer was listened to with great attention.

LONDON ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

Return of Halley's Comet. F. Baily, Esq. in the chair. Several fellows were elected. The translation of a paper by Dr. Olbers on the approaching return of Halley's comet was read. After some preliminary observations, the author proceeds to show that a probability exists of the comet's being seen in February or March next, before its conjunction with the sun. This probability arises chiefly from the circumstance that other comets, in particular that of 1811, have been visible at greater distances from the sun and the earth than Halley's will be in the spring of 1835. Dr. Olbers does not suppose that Halley's comet is so large that, under similar circumstances, it will be so easily seen as the splendid comet of 1811; still it is described by former observers, especially at its appearance in 1682, as having been sufficiently remarkable. Besides, it will be more strongly illuminated by the sun, in the proportion of 8 to 5, than the comet of 1811 was on the 17th of August, 1812, when it was finally observed by Wisniewsky; and, which is an important consideration, the latter comet was seen in July

and August 1812 with very inferior telescopes, whereas telescopes of great power may be employed in observing Halley's comet. In reasoning on the probability of its being visible in February and March next, from the splendour of its appearance in 1682, Dr. Olbers, of course, assumes that it has not since that time sustained any sensible diminution of its mass. Many astronomers believe in the gradual dissipation of the matter of comets; but we have as yet no facts to warrant this conclusion in respect of Halley's comet. In 1607, and at its last return in 1759, it appeared pale and dim, but in 1682 it shone forth with greater splendour; and the diminished appearances of 1607 and 1759 may be explained by its position at those times between the sun and the earth, without supposing its mass to have undergone any change. It ought, however, to be stated that Halley's comet became invisible to Messier in 1759, so early as the 4th of June, when its distance from the sun was only about 1.68 and from the earth 1.42. About the beginning of next March, the comet's distance from the sun and earth will be nearly the same, and = 3.78; but, according to the received theory of light, the intensity of the light of a heavenly body not self-luminous is proportioned to $\frac{1}{R^2 D^2}$ R representing its distance from the sun, and D its distance from the earth. Hence, in the beginning of March, the intensity of the comet's light will be about thirty times less than when Messier lost sight of it; but, at that time, it was close upon the confines of the evening twilight; whereas, in March next, it will still be at a considerable height in the sky, when the twilight has entirely disappeared. There is a very remarkable fact connected with the appearance of Encke's comet unquestionably proved by the experience of 1822 and 1833, to which Dr. Olbers thinks sufficient attention has not been given, viz. that it was visible at a far greater distance from the earth and sun before it had passed its perihelion than after. Should this turn out to be the case also with Halley's comet, the probability of seeing it in the spring of 1835 will be increased.

Notabilia.

Short Sight.—Dean Cowper, of Durham, who was very economical of his wine, descanting one day on the extraordinary performance of a man who was blind, remarked that the poor fellow could see no more than "that bottle." "I do not wonder at it at all, sir," replied a minor canon at table, "for we have seen no more than that bottle all the afternoon."

Walking upon Water.—"Le Voleur" quotes a paragraph from a German paper, which states that a Swedish fisherman has made several experiments with complete success, of walking upon the water, which he does with as much ease as upon land, by means of slight tin shoes. These shoes are made in the shape of a small canoe, and are attached together, so that they can only be separated so far as to ensure the power of walking with ease.

Mdlle. Duchesnois.—The Paris journals announce the death of this eminent actress.

Geology.—A paragraph in the French journals, though not sufficiently explicit to admit of our full understanding of the case, appears to describe a matter of considerable geographical interest—namely, the discovery in a sand-pit, near Chateaudun, of a petrifaction resembling the top of a palm-tree, about 3½ feet in length, and 1½ feet in girth at the base, whence it gradually tapers to the other end—altogether resembling a club. The wood is almost as sonorous as bell-metal; and in the same pit are found petrified bones of animals, and shells belonging, it is said, both to sea and river formations.

Lord Brougham left Paris on the 22d December, for Italy, and is expected to return to England, via Paris, about the 15th of January. It appears that his journey in Italy will not extend further than Genoa. His lordship's last visit was to M. de Chateaubriand, on Saturday the 20th inst.

Spontaneous Burning.—On Thursday the attention of the persons residing opposite St. Mary's church, Oxford, was attracted by the extraordinary appearance of a lad, named Barnes, of Watlington, *who, as he was crossing the road, suddenly burst out into flames.* Several members of the University ran to his assistance, and succeeded in extinguishing the flames, in which attempt their gowns and hands were much burnt. On investigation, it proved that a quantity of phosphorus, which he had in his pocket, had ignited, and thus caused the flames to burst out in several places about his thighs. The lad was taken into Mr. Spiers's, chemist, who rendered him every necessary assistance, so as to enable him to proceed home in a gig with his father.

Swallowing a Decree.—Last week, two bailiffs executing a decree against a county of Roscommon magistrate, at the suit of Mr. Richard O'Keefe, of Galway, were violently assailed, and obliged *to swallow the decree and some other papers of great importance!*—*Con. Adv.*

A Service of Glass.—A superb service of cut-glass is just completed by Messrs. Jones, of Ludgate Hill, for the Pacha of Egypt. It is said to contain every requisite for dinner and dessert that can be conceived and manufactured in glass, and to be the finest specimen of the skill of British manufacturers, in this department, which has yet been produced. The claret decanters are modeled after the Etruscan—those for hock, after specimens of vases found at Herculaneum; and the water-ewers are, in form, like those usually placed in the hands of Hebe by our artists.

An Egg Bath.—A few days ago, a boatman from the Highlands had laid his wherry alongside of the quay at Greenock, and exposed for sale a large cargo of eggs, when a drunken vagabond took it into his head to board the wherry, with what intention it did not appear, but in jumping into the boat, he missed the place for which he aimed, *and went right into the middle of the eggs, where he sunk to the middle.* The Highlander, rendered motionless by his astonishment, was unable to make any effort to seize the offender, till he had, at the expense of some hundreds more of the eggs, worked himself out of the puddle in which he had nearly stuck, and gained the quay. By this time the Highlander had recovered from his stupor, and set off in pursuit of the culprit, who, with his legs and body shining yellow, made his way through various closes and streets, till at last all trace was lost not only of the man, but of the savory traces he had left in his flight.

Hydrographic Paper.—M. Chevalier has examined a paper lately invented, which may be written on with a pen dipped in pure water. He found that it was prepared by soaking the sheets of paper in a solution of sulphate of iron, drying them, and then covering them with finely powdered galls. He states that similar papers may be prepared by using other solutions and powders; thus blue is probably prepared by powdering the paper, soaked in sulphate of iron, with ferrocyanate of potash.

Indian Antiquities.—The following account of the results of a tour made by M. Honigberger, a Russian traveller, through India, is given by a St. Petersburg Journal:—"He has made a large collection of antiquities in marbles, bronzes, and sculptured stone, as well as of plants and other specimens of natural history, which he has left at Lahore to be packed and sent to Europe. M. Honigberger has brought with him some very curious medals, of which two are of gold, and of the size and

weight of a double ducat. One of them, which he found amongst the numerous stone monuments in the environs of Kaboul, is the more remarkable, as it makes us acquainted with the name and portrait of a King Kadphises, which has never appeared either in numismatics or in general history. It bears, on one side, the bust of an aged man, whose features do not show much dignity; the head is bald, without any of the emblems of royalty, and the drapery is simple. It is surrounded by the legend 'Kadphises Basileus,' and there are some other letters, among which M. O. are slightly perceptible. On the reverse is the figure of a naked young man, having some traces of a cap on his head. It is surrounded by an inscription in ancient Pehlvi characters. The other medal represents an Indian prince at full length, on foot, completely armed, and holding in his right hand a species of trident; of the inscription, only the Greek B and O are to be deciphered. On the reverse is a man fully clad, and by his side an animal with horns, probably the Indian sacred cow; the inscription on this face is in Pehlvi characters. M. Honigberger has also three Bactrian medals in silver, a large sized Demetrius, a small Euthydemus, and a small Hormisdas, all in very fine preservation."

Ruins of Athens.—M. de Klentze, the Bavarian architect, appointed by King Otho and the Regency of Greece to review the plan under consideration for the reconstruction of Athens, has made a report to the regency on the subject, in which he proposed to establish regular guards to protect the monuments and relics of antiquity from the devastation to which they were daily subjected. He also proposed the restoration of the monuments, as far as the remaining materials permitted, and offered to direct the works in person as long as he remained in Athens. Every thing was granted, and the necessary funds provided. M. de Klentze therefore, as soon as his political mission was terminated, proceeded to Athens, and commenced clearing the Parthenon. He has found four portions of the famous frieze of the Panathenea, of which some are better preserved than any of those sent to England by Lord Elgin. M. de Klentze has also recommended the clearing of the whole of the Acropolis, and the formation of a museum, which has been approved of, and the necessary sums for some years assigned; so that a sanctuary for the greatest masterpieces of art will soon exist on the most classical spot in the world. A sculptor has been appointed to superintend the restoration of the discovered objects.

Literary Intelligence.

We are happy to see that Mr. Murray is preparing a literary speculation for the future, which promises much in respect to value, interest, rarity, and readableness. We allude to his Prospectus of the forthcoming combined Memoirs of Johnson, which are to be published in a style similar to the works of Byron and of Crabbe. But typographical excellence, or beauty of illustration, is a secondary matter, compared to the literary character of the intended undertaking. When we look to the fulness and completeness of the proposed collection, to the interest and amusement which every page will impart, and to the character of the hero himself, it may be questioned whether the annals of literature do or ever will furnish a parallel to the *first complete and uniform edition of the various Memoirs of Samuel Johnson.* The interest will consist not only in its being the most complete life of a human being ever published, and that being a man who lived as much in his conversation as in his writings: the man himself was remarkable for his strength and his weakness; learning, acuteness, sagacity, and a magnificence of power, which, if it cannot be called genius, produces all its effects, rendered him the intellectual monarch of his age,—while the oddities of his manner, and the superstitions which clouded his understanding, seemed to place him occasionally below the level of ordinary men. His life itself has two great divisions of interest,—his early struggles with the world, and the poverty he underwent without contamination; the latter years of his pilgrimage, when he associated with all who were distinguished in letters, arts, philosophy, or public affairs; so that in his biography we have a sketch of every contemporary of eminence. Lastly, what life had ever such historians, especially if we speak of the entertainment they afford? Saying nothing of himself,—or even of that singular man who has so identified his own name with that of his hero, that we never speak but of Boswell's *Johnson*,—what more amusing reading can be desired than the anecdotical reminiscences of Piozzi, Hawkins, Murphy, &c.; the commentaries of Croker, the illustrative information he has collected from the veteran actors on the scene; besides a body of gossip from various authors, "including numerous valuable private documents now in the possession of the publisher?"

Literature is not all connected with this singular undertaking; we shall have art as well. Independent of the frontispieces and vignettes in the volumes, Mr. Murray proposes to publish separate illustrations of the memoirs, which shall consist of autographs, localities, and portraits. If the views should be fac-similes of the scenes as they appeared at the time, they would have an interest far beyond any arising even from pictorial excellence. On the *portraits* no remark is necessary; they will form, we imagine, a select Reynolds gallery, where we shall see the faces of the characters more vividly and distinctly than we even read their manners in the text.

The quiet noticed in our last still prevails in the literary world; but announcements are peeping out, and there are some of pleasant promise. Mr. Murray is about to publish "Table Talk," by the late S. T. Coleridge; "Oriental Illustrations of the Scriptures, from the Manners, Customs, and Superstitions of the Hindus," by the Rev. Jos. Roberts; "A Visit to Ireland," by the younger Barrow; and Miss Kemble's (now Mrs. Butler) "Travels in the United States, and *Opinions of the Americans*;"—by the by, the change in her name reminds us that she has already expressed a very strong opinion in favour of the Americans. Messrs. Longman, too, we observe, announces "The Gipsy," a romance, and "Edward, the Black Prince," both by Mr. James; a third volume of "The Doctor;" the "Journal of a Visit to Constantinople, and some of the Greek Islands," by Mr. Auldjo; "The English in India;" and a new volume of Poems, by Lady Stuart Wortley. Messrs. Rivington, "An Account of the Writings of Clement of Alexandria," by the Bishop of Lincoln; and a "Life of Bishop Jewel," by the Rev. C. W. Le Bas—and Messrs. Saunders & Otley, Sir Grenville Temple's "Travels in Africa," parts of which have been read with such general satisfaction at the late sittings of the Geographical Society.

An Essay on the Deaf and Dumb—Second Edition—By J. H. Curtis, Esq., aurist in ordinary to his majesty. This is a most important and valuable work. Every thing respecting the ear must be acknowledged to be highly interesting when we consider it in connection with our personal safety, our external relations, and social happiness; and yet to no part of the human structure has so little attention been paid as to the organ of hearing. It is also singular to observe, that, although the knowledge of the ear engaged the study of the ancient anatomists and philosophers, their researches have produced so little in a practical point of view. The public are much indebted to the author of this useful and

learned treatise, and to the medical practitioner it will prove invaluable.

The Fifty-seventh Part of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* has articles whose names are promising,—(the conclusion of) Geography, Geometry, Germany, Gibbon, and Gifford, besides a variety of smaller subjects.

Sir Egerton Brydges has announced a third volume of his Autobiography, with Anecdotes of Mrs. Montague, chiefly literary, and some of Mrs. Carter. Also, a few piquant words on Hannah More—a woman, he asserts, of a most ridiculous vanity and self-conceit.

The Poetical Works of S. Rogers, illustrated by above a hundred Vignettes from designs by Stothard and Turner, are to appear in monthly parts.

The Rev. F. C. Hasenbeth announces a complete Answer to the Rev. G. Stanley Faber's enlarged second edition of the Difficulties of Romanism.

There has been discovered in the library of Count Wallenstadt, a copy of the Tracticus Theologico-Politicus of Benedict Spinosa, which has numerous marginal notes and additions in the hand-writing of the great philosopher himself. Other necessary arrangements are making for publishing this important work, with a lithographic fac-simile of the MS.

M. Von Hammer is engaged in passing through the press, in livraisons, a second edition of his History of the Ottoman Empire, with additions and improvements. We have always thought this work worthy of an English dress.

A complete Bohemian Dictionary, and, we have every reason to believe, a very important philological work, is promised by Dr. Jungmann. He has been employed upon it for thirty years; and it is to be published in parts.

Mr. J. D. Harding announces Sketches at Home and Abroad, by lithograph imitations of original Sketches from Nature.

Oriental Literature.—We are glad to see the works of Confucius (Kong-fou-tseu) and of Mencius (Meng-tseu), the two great Chinese philosophers, are about to appear, by M. M. G. Pallthier, with a translation opposite the original Chinese.

Capt. Alexander, the author of Transatlantic Sketches, has published a new work, entitled "Sketches in Portugal during the Civil War of 1834." He has since departed on a more arduous travel, under the sanction of the Geographical Society, to explore the southeast parts of Africa.

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From Bent's Literary Advertiser.

LITERATURE AND ART.—The Supplement to the Literary Advertiser, for 1834, issued with the present Number, contains lists of the new books and principal engravings published in London, during the past year, with their sizes and prices. The number of books is about 1270, exclusive of new editions, pamphlets, or periodicals, being upwards of 100 more than in 1833. The number of engravings is 73 (including 31 portraits), 15 of which are engraved in the Line manner, 49 in Mezzotinto and 9 in chalk, aquatints, &c.

The following are in the press:—Villeroi, by the author of the "Valley of the Clasone."—English in India, and other Sketches, by a Traveller.—The Book of Revelation, with notes, by the Rev. J. Ashe, A.M.—On the Nature, Treatment, and Prevention of continued Fever, by Dr. H. M'Cormac, Belfast.—Family Prayers, by the author of "Explanatory and Practical Comments."—The Village Churchyard, and other Poems, by the Right Hon. Lady E. S. Wortley.—The Mediator of the New Covenant; a Series of Sermons, by the Rev. J. S. Knox.—Sir Grenville Temple's Travels in Africa.—The Gipsey, a Romance, by the author of "Mary of Burgundy," &c.

In the press, Hector Fieramosca, or the Challenge of Barletta. An Historical Tale: by the Marquess D'Azeglion. Translated from the Italian.

The Pilgrims of Walsingham, a novel, by Miss Strickland, will appear shortly.

In the press, Faustus, a Mystery—The first Walpurgis Night—The Bride of Corinth. Translated from the German of Goethe. By John Anster, LL.D., Barrister at Law.

A Series of Catechetical Lessons, by Rachel Howard, of Ackworth, with 12 engravings in outline, by Zeitter, is nearly ready for publication.

In the press, the Revolutions of the Globe familiarly described: in a series of Letters addressed to a Lady, by Dr. Bertrand.

The author of the "Anti-Spelling Book," is about to publish a new work entitled, the French Language its Own Teacher; being a system to enable the pupil to learn French without the aid of a master.

A new edition of the works of Milton is forthcoming, in monthly parts, with life and copious original and collated notes, by Sir Egerton Brydges, and historical and imaginative illustrations, by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

Mr. O. Rich, the American bookseller, is about to publish Bibliotheca Americana Nova; a catalogue of books relating to America, printed since the year 1700, with an historical and critical account of the origin, nature, author, &c. of each work, noticing many which are extremely rare and valuable; the whole chronologically arranged.

Mr. S. Birch announces, Annals of the Coinage of China: being an account of the origin and progress of the Chinese mint, with engraved specimens of their coins and medals—from the Shin Paou, the shell currency, the Thou, the Poo, or cloth-formed coinage, and the Tseen, or present currency.

A German Tale, descriptive of the age of Rodolph the Second, by Lord Albert Conyngham, is announced for publication, under the title of the Natural Son.

Nearly ready, Popular Statistics and Universal Geography, a companion to all the almanacs, containing the length, population, revenue, &c. &c., of every state in the world.

Mr. Loudon announces a new publication, to be entitled, Arboretum Britannicum, or Portraits from Nature, to a scale of a quarter of an inch to a foot, of all the trees of ten years' growth which endure the open air of Britain, drawn from trees now growing within ten miles of London: with botanical specimens of the flowers and fruit, or seeds of each tree, to a scale of two inches to a foot.

The author of "Essays on the Formation of Opinions," has a work in the press, on the General Principles of Political Representation, and on the vicissitudes in the value of money.

An important work by M. Keferstein has just appeared at Leipsic, on the Physiology of the Earth, Geognosy, Geology, and Palæontology (Fossilogy). The latter part contains a voluminous catalogue, with the Latin names, of all the known fossils of either the animal or vegetable kingdom.

The Life and Times of William III. King of England, and Stadtholder of Holland. By the Hon. Arthur Trevoir, M.A. F.A.S &c.

New editions are printing of Robinson's Theological Dictionary—of Nicholson's Course of Mathematics, and of Phillips's Million of Facts.

A new edition of Dr. Adams' Roman Antiquities is in the press with additions and corrections, edited by Rev. S. R. Major, M.A., of King's College, London.

A Physical Description of the Earth is preparing for publication by Baron Humboldt.

In the press, the Wars of Montrose, by the Ettrick Shepherd.—Also the Picture and the Prosperous Man, by the author of "Exile of Idria."



Yours faithfully
James Smith

ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF "REJECTED ADDRESSES".

From Fraser's Magazine.

JAMES SMITH, ESQ.

Ay! there's the end of it! We all know what Dr. Radcliffe said to Queen Anne, when she asked him what brought on the gout. There sits James Smith, with his foot pressing a soft cushion, his elbows propped by the arms of an easy chair, his hand resting on a crutch, his hair departed from his head, his nose tinged with the colours of the dawn, and his whole man in a state of that repose which indicates that he has had much work in his way while sojourning in this world, and that, like Falstaff, he is taking his ease in his own inn, the Garrick—a club of gentlemen which in a great measure would answer the description given by that worthy knight of his companions in arms, as being principally composed of "gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus—discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons of younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen." Among them sits James Smith, regaling them with jokes, which, if they are not quite as good as those of Falstaff, have at least the merit of being at least as old.

The name which he bears has excited some rather elaborate wit in *Don Juan*—

"'Mongst these were several Englishmen of pith—
Sixteen called Thomson, and nineteen named Smith;"

and so forth. It is, in spite of this and many other jokes of the same kind, one of the most honourable names in the world. It is derived directly from Tubal Cain. As old Verstegan sings, after some far older authority—

"From whence comes Smith, all be he knight or squire,
But from the smith who worked in the fire?"

And what descent can be more noble? The Smith has, however, not been especially famous in our literature; and in the present case is distinguished only by some cleverly hammered out jokes. Whether James or Horace were the principal hammerman, is a question in doubt among the critics who employ themselves in discussing matters of such moment. We incline to those who think that any thing of value in the *Rejected Addresses* is to be attributed to the pen of James. But as Horace (Flaccus, not Smith) remarks, "*grammatici certent*"—we shall not dogmatise on the subject. It is certain that James lays no claim to the novel-writing honours of his brother. With respect to the *Addresses*, he is content to "partake the triumph;" but he has no notion that he is called upon to "pursue the *Gale*"—no, nor the *Reuben*, nor the *Brambletye*, nor any thing that is his—viz. Horace's.

James Smith was an attorney, and is a pleasant, twaddling, pun-making, epigram-manufacturing, extempore-grinding, and painstaking elderly joker. He made one hit, and that was a good one; on the strength of which he has lived ever since, as indeed he deserved to live. We cannot recollect that he wrote any thing in the book line except his contributions to the *Rejected Addresses*, unless he had a hand in such stuff as *Jokeby*, or *Horace in London*. His magazine papers in the *New Monthly* were rather monotonous; and his continual quoting of them for years afterwards has contributed in a great measure towards getting him, so generally as he is, considered to be a bore. But let him have his praise. His single talent was a *good* talent, and there is no reason why he should wrap it up in a napkin. We have already alluded to the universal diffusion of his name among us English folk, and its trite and ordinary sound in our ears. It is perhaps more congruous on that account with the station which he has chosen to hold in our literature. His place there is of the Smiths, Smithish. In his own magazine essays, it was a favourite pastime to represent Mr. Deputy Higgs of Norton Falgate aping the great, and very much disparaged for the parody. To Scott, to Southey, to Wordsworth, to Byron, Smith is what this Norton-Falgatian is to the gentlemen of White's. He is, therefore, well named; and let him not repine at his "compellation," as in former days, when, walking in Oxford Street with Wilson Croker, he observed over a shop door "Mortimer Percy, tailor,"—"Is it not too hard," said James, then fresh from all the honours of the *Rejected Addresses* about him, "that two such grand and aristocratic names should be the lot of a tailor, while two wits and gentlemen are moving about the streets afflicted with the names of Croker and Smith?"

No—the name is right—

And may the Garrick hail with loud acclaims,
For many a year, the gouty jokes of James.

From the Westminster Review.

ALGERINE COMMISSION.

Procès-Verbaux des Rapports de la Commission d'Afrique instituée par Ordonnance du 12 Decembre, 1833. *A Paris, de l'Imprimerie royale*, 1834. Communicated by the Ministry to the Chamber of Peers, and of the Chamber of Deputies.—4to. pp. 539.

Louis Philippe, on receiving the report of the president of the council of ministers, decided on the 7th of July, 1833, "that a special commission should be appointed to proceed to Africa, to collect any important facts which might tend to the information of government relative to the actual state of the country, or the measures indispensable to its future welfare." The members of this commission, Lieutenant-General Count Bonnet, peer of France, president; the Count d'Haubersart, peer of France; Messrs. De la Pinsonnière, Laurence, Piscatory, Reynard, members of the chamber of deputies; De Montfort, maréchal de camp and inspector of engineers; Duval d'Ailly, captain in the navy; were, on their return, to join a more numerous commission, which was carefully to examine the information obtained, and make a detailed report thereon to government. The former commission reached Algiers on the 1st of September, and immediately proceeded on the mission confided to them. They not only visited the environs of the town, but traveled as far as Belida at the foot of the Atlas, and from thence by sea to Oran, Arzew, and Bona. They endeavoured, without success, to disembark at Mustaganim; and several of them landed at Bou-

gie, of which a French expedition from Toulon had lately taken possession. The result of their enquiries and observations having been presented to the president of the council of ministers, the second named commission was instituted by proclamation on the 12th December, 1833. Its members are the Duke de Cazes, peer of France, president; Lieutenant-General Count Guilleminot, peer of France; Baron Monnier, peer of France; M. Duchatel, privy counsellor and member of the chamber of deputies; M. Dumont, do. do.; M. Passey, member of the chamber of deputies; the Count de Sade, do.; M. Baude, do.; Lieutenant-General Bernard, aide-de-camp to the king; Vice-Admiral Ducampe de Rosamel; Baron Volland, intendant militaire.

This new commission, composed of nineteen members, began by carefully examining all the documents brought from Africa by the former one. The *procès-verbaux* of all the sittings were read to them; the French and Moors, then in Paris, and many other persons whose evidence was deemed useful and important, as also several other individuals who had volunteered to communicate certain facts, or give certain necessary explanations on various subjects, were severally heard by them. They then discussed all the questions specified in the instructions furnished by the president of the privy council to the first commission at the period of their departure for Africa; and after forty successive sittings, they drew up a report of all their proceedings, which is divided into two distinct parts. The first contains the discussion of the fundamental points, the evacuation or continual occupation of Algiers, the extent to be given to that occupation, and the form of government most proper to be adopted for the French possessions on the coast of Africa. The second part of the report relates to the civil administration, justice, and finances, and contains the decision of the commission relative to several private questions on which they had previously been consulted. The commission, by a majority of seventeen to two, were of opinion that "France ought to retain its possessions on the northern coast of Africa." They were almost unanimous on this fundamental resolution, but differed on the proper system to be adopted for the occupation and government of these possessions. There were various opinions on this subject; the principal maritime places only might be occupied; or the conquest might be extended, and an expedition sent into the interior to subdue the province of Constantina; or an intermediate system might be fixed upon, a kind of medium where equal advantages could be reaped from the two extreme plans; or the towns now occupied might be retained, and the neighbouring territory gradually extended on every favourable opportunity.

After a somewhat lengthened discussion, it was unanimously agreed on, that in its execution, the system was to allow of nothing absolute; that by economising the resources of the present, the access of future prospects must not be debarred. The government must preserve the fortified towns, as also the territory round those towns, which would easily be defended by troops. Government must also endeavour to extend the authority and influence of France, by combinations in perfect harmony nevertheless with the right of conquest by which the authority of France has been substituted for that of the regency, and guided by the rules of a humane and enlightened policy. The commission having adopted this basis, it remained only to apply it to the different parts of the territory of the regency which are at present in the possession of France. The commission entered into a serious discussion on this important subject, and at length drew up and signed the following resolutions.

"The commission are of opinion:

1. "That, for the honour and interest of France, the possessions on the northern coast of Africa must be retained.

2. "That, in maintaining the right of France to the sovereignty of the entire regency of Algiers, it will be proper for the present to confine the military occupation to the towns of Algiers, Bona, Oran, Bougie, and a certain designated territory in advance of the two former places.

3. "That the territory occupied in front of the town of Algiers, must be protected by a line of military stations, extending from the chain of the Atlas at Belida, or the neighbourhood of that town, to the sea side; on one side in the direction of Cape Matifou, and on the other towards Coleah.

4. "That the territory occupied in front of Bona must also be flanked by a line of military outposts, extending from the extremity of Lake Fekara, passing through Side-Damden to the mouth of the Mafrag.

5. "That the general object of the fortifications to be constructed, is to place the towns and outposts in a state of defence against the attacks of the native hordes; and that works of regular fortification can for the present be dispensed with.

6. "That the effective military force must be reduced on every possible opportunity, and remain limited to 21,000 men, who are to be thus distributed:

For the defence of Algiers and territory.....	12,000
For that of Bona and territory.....	4,000
For that of Oran.....	3,000
For that of Bougie.....	2,000

7. "That it will be necessary also to employ corps of natives as an auxiliary force to the French garrisons, and to compel the native tribes to furnish their share of these troops, which would only be entitled to receive pay during active service.

8. "That all matters which in France are settled by the legislative power, should likewise be so in the French possessions situated on the northern coast of Africa, and in virtue of royal proclamation previously deliberated in the council of ministers; and that, to this effect, a law should be passed to delegate the legislative power in these possessions, to the king in person.

9. "That a governor general, invested with authority and civil power, be appointed to these dominions; that his powers be regulated by royal proclamation sanctioned by the council of ministers, as also by the instructions he will receive relative to the general administration of government.

10. "That the king's orders relative to every part of the service, should be transmitted to him by the secretary of state, president of the council of ministers, only; but in all financial and judicial matters, the governor general should correspond directly with the ministers of those two departments.

11. "That the authority of the governor general, who should reside at Algiers, extending over the whole possession, the commandants of Bona, Oran, and other places,

should be under his immediate orders, and communicate with him alone.

12. "That the civil administration be exercised under the orders of the governor general, and by his administrators residing at Algiers, Bona, Oran, and Bougie, who will severally keep up a correspondence with him.

13. "That the regulations, established in France relative to the division of the civil and military departments, must be observed in fixing the duties of the commandants and their administrators; and that the governor general should have the right of delegating to any of the military commandants of different stations, any portion of his power he may deem requisite.

14. "That the first duty of the governor general should be to guarantee the persons and property of the inhabitants, and liberty of religion; to protect agriculture and commerce; on no account to have recourse to military force, except for defence against the attacks of the natives; but no expedition with intent to extend the occupation beyond the given limits, to be undertaken without a previous order from the king.

15. "That, nevertheless, the governor general should seek by all other possible means to extend the dominion of France over all the parts of the country which are yet unsubdued.

16. "That it will be desirable that the governor general be assisted by a council consisting of the general commandant of the garrison of Algiers, a judicial functionary appointed by the king, the military intendant, and the director of finances.

17. "That a special budget for the government of Algiers should be voted; this budget to detail the total amount of expenditure for the French possessions on the northern coast of Africa."

The foregoing are the official resolutions definitively agreed upon, and fully detailed in the general report of 10th March, 1834.

The next object is to examine the important discussions which have taken place in the numerous sittings.

The first sittings, namely those from 22nd December, 1833, to 23d January, 1834, M. Pichon was introduced, and made the following statement in reply to various questions put to him by the president.

"I resided five months at Algiers. All that I saw of the country and inhabitants during that period has fully convinced me that the word 'colonisation,' at least in the sense given to it in France, is erroneous as far as relates to the French possessions in Africa, inasmuch as the settling of a colony of cultivators in that country is impossible. I am of opinion that for the present it will be better only to persist in the occupation of Algiers, Bona, and Oran, as the most important maritime positions on the coast of Africa. We can try cultivation in a range of country near these points; but, above all, let us not attempt colonising on the plan of the settlements in America. The two countries cannot be assimilated, not only on account of the different nature of the soil, but also the difference of manners and customs of the inhabitants. Any attempt to settle beyond the territories defended by the three places mentioned, would prove fruitless to the inhabitants, and ruinous to France. The surest means of destroying the future prospects of Algiers, would be to attempt to over-extend the territory already in the possession of France, and to continue on the same plan as at present. I will ask one question;—What benefit has been derived from the works executed, and the money employed to colonise those possessions, for these four years past?

"I certainly conceive that our possessions at Algiers will hereafter enable us to command the whole of Africa; but then it must be on the same system that the English govern in India, where they wisely rejected any attempt at colonising, which measure would have finally driven them from that important country. For a century and a half that they have retained possession of that part of the world, they have never suffered their countrymen to settle within the boundaries of the twenty-four districts given up to them. This system is in no way similar to that adopted for settlements in America, and still the analogy is continually insisted on. In Africa you will find warriors accustomed and well trained to war, and who will seek every opportunity of satisfying their propensity, but are naturally uncontrollable. In America the invaders found wandering tribes settled here and there over a vast territory, flying, or submitting to their arms and their civilisation, naturally of a pacific disposition, and willingly submitting to their demands. In Africa the inhabitants are all cultivators or graziers: they occupy and possess small portions of the territory; for instance, the Kabailes live in the mountains which they inhabit, in huts surrounded by a small spot of cultivated ground. The American natives were all huntsmen, and willingly gave up the land."

In the sitting of 25th January, 1834, M. de Damrêmont was examined before the commission. The substance of his evidence was as follows:—

"I am of opinion that government ought not to interfere in the colonising of the country further than to afford every encouragement to persons who may wish to risk their capital in the propagation of industry, or to protect any works executed on the territory of Algiers. The country is too populous to depend on the natives to cultivate the land, and the neighbouring tribes will never contribute to the cultivation of those districts they do not inhabit, unless by sending occasionally a few hands to assist. But when once confidence is fully established, colonists will flock to the country in abundance; and the land owners will be glad to have them settle on their property, or even have no objection to make over certain portions of their property to them on fair terms. To support my opinion, I will state to the commission some information which I collected while at Marseilles, and which may be considered authentic. Several opulent Swiss merchants, established in that city, often intimated to me that if they were certain that these possessions would not be given up, they would purchase land for those of their countrymen, who, finding no means of existence at home, are obliged to quit their native land, and would prefer Algiers to America, on account of the immense distance of the latter country. I will add, as my firm belief, that the commercial portion of the community at Marseilles, who are exceedingly prudent, and very rarely speculate on matters of chance, would become purchasers of portions of the territory of Algiers and Bona the very day that an official communication from government should make known the positive intention of the king's ministers relative to the French possessions on the coast of Africa."

The President.—"What effective force do you conceive would be necessary to keep Algiers and the neighbouring possessions within the limits you have designated?"

M. de Damrémont.—"I think that fourteen thousand men would be sufficient to protect the colonists, afford them complete security, and execute the necessary sanitary works."

In these first sittings, the debates of the commission were frequently interrupted by the necessity of referring to the means which had been employed to obtain power in Africa, which

means were, on several occasions, highly censured, and severe measures adopted to prevent further abuse. M. Pichon is again called to give information on this subject. Interrogated by one of the members as to what he knew relative to the military execution of the tribe of El-Ouffia and their Sheik, by order of the Duke of Rovigo, M. Pichon made the following reply.

"You there remind me of a most unfortunate event which it was totally out of my power to prevent, in spite of my utmost endeavours to that effect. The following were the motives of the Duke of Rovigo's extreme severity on that occasion. Our most distant military post on the left of Algiers, is that called the Maison Carrrée. Part of a small tribe called El-Ouffia had settled within cannon range of this fort; but the greater part had remained in the mountains. On the 5th of April, 1832, the Duke of Rovigo granted an audience to several Arabs, who stated themselves to be deputed by the tribes of the desert to establish a friendly intercourse with us. The general received them with kindness, and made them a present each of a red mantle and fifty francs in specie. They departed satisfied; but on their arrival on the evening of the 6th at the Maison Carrée, they were attacked by some wandering Arabs, who, calling them cowards and traitors to their country, plundered them, and drove them back to Algiers. On hearing this, General Rovigo secretly ordered out 800 men, who proceeded in the night of the 7th to the Maison Carrée. The troops surprised and massacred all they met of the unfortunate tribe, and seized their cattle and the whole of the plundered property in their possession. Several soldiers, I am told, on their return, carried on their bayonets a number of women's ears with jewellery hanging in them.

"Eighteen were made prisoners; and among these was the chief of the tribe, a Marabout; he was tried by a court-martial and condemned, and his appeal was rejected by the *Conseil de révision*. On the eve of the day of execution, which took place on the 19th of April, twelve days after the expedition, several of the neighbouring tribes deputed messengers to solicit the pardon of their countrymen. All the stolen property had been brought back to the general. But in spite of their entreaties, my own, and General Frezel's, and the supplications of the tribe of Krachmas, where the offenders had taken refuge, the pardon was refused, and the unfortunate men executed. In this expedition, neither men, women, nor children, were spared."

These are the kind of things which make the name of Frenchmen hated throughout Europe; and all that their friends in more civilised countries can do to hinder it, is utterly thrown down. Every one of these women's ears was worth a regiment to Wellington; and the murders in the Rue Transnonain were better to the holy alliance than a hundred thousand men. Every man and officer concerned in them ought to go to Gratz and ask for the order of the Holy Ghost. It would be all in the fitness of things.

One of the members of the commission having enquired of M. Pichon if there had not been public rejoicings at Algiers, after the attack on the tribe of El-Ouffia, that gentleman replied that the commissary of police had ordered illuminations to celebrate the victory.

The commission, in its sitting of 24th January, 1834, acknowledged that it would be an act of strict justice to grant an indemnity to all proprietors of land or buildings taken for the public service, and that a similar indemnity should be granted over the whole of the possessions occupied by the French; and that it would be bad policy and unfair to grant it to French claimants and not to natives.

The sanitary measures to be adopted also occupied the commissioners in their early sittings. M. Maurice, proprietor and colonist of Algiers, declared that the German workmen had, as yet, been unable to stand the climate, and whether from intemperance or other causes, mortality had been greater among them than those of any other nations. M. de Damrémont is of opinion that the decrease of the garrison of Bona, in 1832 and 1833, by malady, must not be solely attributed to the climate. In the action between the Turks and the inhabitants, the town was almost totally destroyed, and when the French took possession they were unable to find shelter from the inclemency of the weather. The soldiers were lodged in damp houses, and there was no time to cleanse the town, and empty the cisterns and wells of the dead bodies which had been thrown there by the Turks. A few troops being sufficient to guard this position, it would perhaps have been prudent to have stationed only two battalions there in the first instance; these would have prepared for the reception of others, who then could have been lodged in healthy and dry quarters. A foraging expedition, made at an unsuitable time of the year, with the bad management and insufficiency of hospitals, no doubt greatly contributed to disease among the military; to prevent which, sure means will no doubt be resorted to this year, owing to the experience which has been acquired, and the amelioration effected in the condition of the troops. From the extensive operations of the staff and engineers, it may be inferred that the cleansing of the vast plains around Bona may be effected with little trouble or expense. This measure is of the most urgent necessity.

From the 27th January, 1834, the debates of the commission become animated, and relate more particularly to the colonising question, and without being interrupted by so many unimportant incidents as before. One of the members, in a most vehement discourse, makes the following observations on the policy of Europe with respect to Algiers.

"In France we have nothing to fear. The present state of our finances alone give us cause of uneasiness. Is it at a period when we can with difficulty establish an equilibrium between our receipts and expenditure, when it is impossible to foresee when we shall be able to attain this object, that we ought to think of such exorbitant extraordinary expenses? Take care that an annual deficit be not the most likely produce of our boasted colony. Fortunately we have peace abroad, and have no reason to fear that it will be interrupted for some time to come. But the two hostile principles which divide Europe cannot fail sooner or later to cause a general war. If we persist in retaining our colony, we must make up our minds to be deprived of the aid of 40 millions of francs, and 40,000 men. We must ultimately be obliged to abandon it, and shall not be able to do so without its being attended with serious disadvantage or perhaps opprobrium.

"Have we not fresh in our memory our former foolish

expedition to Egypt? At that period, France was within a hand's breadth of her downfall, through having been deprived of her best general and her best army. The circumstances are not exactly similar, but are of striking analogy. It is evident that the very limited plan of colonising which has been proposed to you, will take more men and money to execute than the author flattered himself in his calculation; but, should it even prove more advantageous than anticipated, it will always be impracticable. The change of system of a minister, the ambition or even interest of a governor, the local influence and the combined efforts of the interested parties, who will not fail to be incessant in urging us to go forward, will, in the end, force our colonising measures beyond the boundary which we would in vain seek to oppose to their further progress."

Another member vehemently opposes these arguments.

"The retaining our sovereignty over Algiers," he says, "according to the person who preceded him, offers neither political, commercial, nor military advantages, or if any, by no means proportionate to the sacrifices they will require. I am on this question of a directly opposite opinion. In sending an expedition to Algiers there were several objects in view. The first was to abolish piracy, and so far the expedition has succeeded to the utmost; but then the future prospects must be insured, there must be the same guarantees then as at present. France has already felt the immense advantages of the stimulus given to trade by the newly acquired security of the Mediterranean. The tonnage of our vessels in 1825, the year which preceded the blockade, amounted to 1,323,179, and in 1832 had increased to 1,796,885; this immense difference must be attributed in part to the general progress of the several branches of commerce, but this progress has been equally important in the Atlantic, and perhaps ought even to have been still more so. Our principal rivers, our richest provinces, join it, and it is through its medium that the trade of our capital is carried on. But the tonnage of the Atlantic in 1825 was 4,370,342, and in 1832, 5,021,284; therefore it increased in the proportion of 1000 to 1149, while that of the Mediterranean increased in the proportion of 1000 to 1357; certainly it must be allowed that the destruction of piracy contributed in part to this advantageous result in the latter. It is very probable that Spain, Italy, and the other states which border on the Mediterranean, have profited still more by the security afforded to trade. In this respect they have infinitely more to gain, for their traders were much more harassed by the pirates than ours; but the prosperity for which they are indebted to us, is refelt on the coasts of France. In 1833, at least according to the official returns of the first quarters, the above mentioned benefit will be still greater. Now, if I am not greatly mistaken, the consequences of the Algerine expedition will not place us in that awkward situation, with regard to the other powers interested in the security of the Mediterranean, which persons would insinuate. The very great extension given to the commercial intercourse of those powers among themselves or with us, will give them fresh reason to desire a continuation of peace. Spain, Italy, Russia, and Austria, will be glad to see a new civilised power established on the northern coast of Africa; new and important interests connected with their own, in the navigation of the Mediterranean and our sovereignty at Algiers, will constitute one of those questions which diplomatists call separate, and which, for the very reason that we perfectly agree with respect to them, although we are at variance with respect to other matters, will be as it were placed in reserve to await a final settlement. I allow that we shall not derive any military advantage from our Algerine possessions, unless our colony be founded on the remodeling or total destruction of the native tribes; or, to be more explicit, be in a continual state of open hostility; and this state of things would necessarily employ a considerable body of troops which might be indispensable in other parts; and this, according to my ideas, is sufficient to determine me to give my assent to no other system of colonising than that founded on a state of peace. But be it as it may, the possession of Oran alone affords military advantages far superior to what it costs us.

The disposition of Spain towards us has always given cause of uneasiness whenever we have been threatened upon our northern frontiers, or upon that of the Rhine. This latter power, after the revolution of July, showed very hostile intentions towards us. Oran and the road of Mers-el-Kebir would be a point well adapted to annoy Spain towards her southern frontier, which would have the effect of drawing from the Pyrenees troops which she might wish to send to attack us in that quarter. If on the contrary we are at peace with Spain, ships of war or privateers might on occasion pass into the roads of Mers-el-Kebir or Carthagena, and cut off our enemies from all communication with the Atlantic and the exterior basin of the Mediterranean. Certainly the expense incurred in the occupation of Oran, does not exceed the value of the guarantees it affords us against Spain in the event of any attempt on the part of that country to molest us. It is impossible to speak of our policy abroad without referring to the state of our affairs at home. Our influence abroad depends solely on the union of the government with the nation. It is in the southern provinces that the revolution of July has the fewest partisans, it is there also that the restoration had the deepest roots. What would not be the effect on the population of these provinces, if the present government were to abandon a country conquered by that we have overturned? The opinion of Marseilles, that metropolis of our Mediterranean coast, possesses vast influence in the south; and on the tranquillity of that city depends that of several whole departments. Marseilles has grown less exasperated, since its speculative views have been directed to the coast of Africa. You cannot expect that a population which is yet but very indifferently inclined towards the present dynasty, will renounce interests and prospects of which they hold exaggerated anticipations. All other considerations apart, this single one, according to my views, ought to be sufficient to induce the government to maintain our sovereignty."

The president then called the minister of marine; the commissioners felt anxious to learn from him the means of communication between the possessions at Algiers and the metropolis, that they might be able to form some idea, from his information, of the expenses likely to be incurred by these communications, and in general of those the occupation of the country would cause to the marine department. The minister replied,—

"That, whatever system be adopted, it will be absolutely necessary to establish regular and frequent communications between the different stations of the French troops. If the restricted system which has been proposed, be finally adopted, and if we be confined to the occupation of the towns we are already in possession of on the northern coast of Africa, the means of communication ought to be as extensive as the restriction is great; for must we not apprehend that, in the event of that moral disease *nostalgia* gaining ground among such of the troops as may be deprived of news from their native land for some time, we should be compelled to frequent changes in our garrisons, which would necessarily involve

immense expense. This remark is particularly applicable to Bona, Oran, and Bougie; Algiers is excepted, for this town, in consequence of its abundant means of communication and extensive resources, may be classed by itself. The minister conceives that Algiers alone will require a frigate and four light vessels, one of them a transport, to carry assistance in case of emergency to any threatened point. At Oran, one stationary vessel, and another to serve as a transport for troops and despatches, besides a third vessel to guard the coasting trade. At Bona, the same as at Oran. At Bougie, one stationary vessel only. The communications with France ought to be established on one point only of the coast of Africa, with which all the lateral stations should communicate; but then each of the above-mentioned places must have the means of communicating directly with France if required. Between Algiers and Toulon, for a garrison of 3,000 men, four steam-vessels ought to ply regularly. Between Bona and Oran, there ought also to be a direct but lateral communication. Steam-vessels will leave Toulon for Algiers and return once in eight days, in order to establish a regular post once a week. The lateral communication will require two steam-boats for each side, one of which to be at the disposal of the governor for particular service. The lateral communication will then require in the whole eight steam-vessels, but will only be kept up eight months in the year, owing to the boisterous weather off the coast of Africa during the other four. These eighteen vessels, the frigate included, carrying in all 2,000 men, at 1,008 francs per man, every article of equipment included, will cost 2,000,000 francs. The expense of the marine for the service of Africa, every item included, will amount to 2,500,000 francs per annum."

The committee then resumed the general question on the subject of colonising.

"Gentlemen," exclaimed a member, "Russia has long been seeking to extend her maritime possessions. The Black Sea is already under her dominion, and she will soon carry her power into the Mediterrancan. England possesses almost all the principal maritime points in the world. Several of the states of Germany, Austria, in fact all nations in Europe, are anxious to extend their dominions and form new settlements. Will France alone neglect so favourable an opportunity of increasing her power in foreign parts, to form a colony, which ultimately cannot fail to flourish? What extraordinary change has of late taken place in her policy? Only a few years back if France had been told that for a few millions of francs she could obtain possession on the coast of Africa of several maritime and military points, with the faculty of extending her power through the interior of the country,—which, gentlemen, among you, would have advised to refuse such advantages? Who even would have hesitated to vote a sufficient sum to endow the country with the very same establishments which we have now the means of obtaining for nothing? Now, we are in possession of some of the most important parts of Africa, and must endeavour to keep them, not by timid or retrograding measures, but by decidedly progressive means. We must advance and extend our possessions, and then colonise them; in so doing we shall gain ascendancy in the country, and the natives will no longer attribute to motives opprobrious to France, the little care we take of our military occupation. In the present state of things in Africa, and by the plans which were submitted to you in a former sitting, there is in my opinion an absolute impossibility of obtaining any real advantages; and if six millions are thus expended annually it will be six millions thrown away. The financial situation of France is perhaps not altogether favourable to the expenses our colonies are at present in need of; but our African possessions will fully compensate for this by the great advantages which there is no doubt they will ultimately produce. The European powers, by their efforts to extend their maritime possessions, set an example which we cannot do better than follow. A member has expressed his desire that the colonising should be limited and almost reduced to the occupation of a few military stations, leaving to time and private speculation to extend the settlements, without the previous assistance of an adequate force. No colony can be established in this manner, and cultivators will never risk their labour beyond the territories protected by the troops."

Another member was altogether of a different opinion.

"We have already," he said, "a sufficient number of maritime stations in the Mediterranean; Toulon, Marseilles, and the different ports in the island of Corsica. Colonies are not indispensable to the prosperity of nations; and in England several statesmen are of opinion that colonies are a burden to the mother country, and if there were a possibility of getting rid of some of them, it would be of the greatest benefit. This member considers definitive occupation prejudicial to the country; and would desire the possession of Algiers only to secure the Mediterranean against the depredations of pirates. He concludes by expressing to the commissioners his full conviction of the non-utility of the expenses at present incurred by our African possessions.

"Another member of the commissioners inclines, and for other motives, to the military side of the question. He does not seem to appreciate the importance of the political side of the question so closely connected with the possessions at Algiers; though he is aware that spreading the military force over the country, far from increasing power, on the contrary weakens it; but this is only the case when largely extended. History informs us that it is useful to a large and powerful nation to be well supported abroad. Without going farther than the Mediterranean, which there is every reason to believe will hereafter become the theatre of most important events, do you think that Malta and Corfu are not of the greatest importance to England; or that the English government are at all disposed just now to relinquish those possessions, although the cost greatly exceeds the profit? Passing events seem to announce a vast ruin at hand, of which the spoils will be eagerly fought for by many contending powers: it may not, perhaps, be impossible for France to obtain on the southern shores of the Mediterranean some particle of the Turkish empire, if it be destined to fall. Spain likewise, in her regeneration and the changes which may accompany it, will perhaps be obliged to make some slight sacrifice to obtain protection and security. Why should not the Balearic Islands be the concession for fresh succours, or the payment of an old standing debt? Well, if we were once in possession of an insular settlement nearer Constantinople, either the Balearic Islands or any other point within the African range, who then would dare contest the equality, perhaps the superiority, of our power in the Mediterranean, even with a force comparatively less? Our ships would find a friendly harbour and well supplied arsenals on almost every point, and within a few hours' sail; with these a check in our naval operations would be very improbable, and at all events of less disastrous nature. I believe that we must not think of keeping Algiers, without carrying our influence into the interior of that country; we must remain, gentlemen, but endeavour to provide some compensation. We can purchase hope, perhaps pay for it in advance on advantageous terms; but we cannot make sacrifices manifestly useless, the inevitable consequence of an occupation restrained as to territory."

The foregoing are the most striking passages of the great work published by the government. From February, 1834, the commission were occupied with very interesting details. It was decided that 3,000 men are necessary for the occupation of Oran; 300,000 francs are awarded for the works of every description to be executed at Bougie in the course of the year 1834; 500,000 francs for those at Bona; the commissioners were of opinion, by a majority of sixteen to eleven, that a military force of 12,000 men of all arms would be necessary for the military occupation of Algiers, with the territories as far as Mount Atlas. In their sitting of the 12th of February, the commissioners heard a very remarkable report on the civil administration of the regency. They were of opinion, that public functionaries in Africa ought not to be allowed to purchase landed property on the territory in the French possession. No functionary should, either by himself or through the medium of a third party, have any commercial transactions, under penalty of being superseded. The commission calls the attention of government to the manœuvres which might be resorted to, to elude these dispositions. In the sitting of 17th February, the Duke de Cazes transmitted some information relative to the formation of the direction of Algiers, which the then president of the council, M. Casimir Perrier, had included in his department. M. Casimir Perrier, absorbed by the multiplicity of affairs, and by occupations of higher importance, greatly neglected this direction; despatches were accumulated in his bureau, and remained unanswered. At his death, the direction of the colony was made over to the minister of war, who in the absence of the president of the council had continued to manage the affairs of the regency; and they finally remained in his department, either as president of the council or minister of war. On the 10th of March 1834, M. Laurence presented a report on the legislation and administration of justice in the regency. In the sitting of 26th March, the commissioners were informed that a national guard actually existed at Algiers consisting of 600 individuals. On one occasion, the entire garrison of Algiers was obliged to quit the boundaries of the city; the national guard was called out, and 400 answered to the call and occupied all the military posts. Here a member made a very curious observation; he wanted the national guard to be content with the title of *Civic Militia*. This suggestion was adopted by the commissioners, who it appears do not love *National Guards*.

The light in which the occupation of Algiers is viewed in England, would perhaps not be very popular in France. The liberal party considers the occupation, as being from the beginning a Bourbon plot to carry 40,000 of the best troops of France to a distant point, and so far help to lay her at the mercy of the foreigner; and it sees with astonishment, that the extreme liberals of France should be the foremost to throw themselves into such a shallow snare. Many religious and chivalrous recollections were also to make part of the war against the misbeliever, and all hostile to the interests of liberty at home. But the great reason for sending the French army to Algiers, was lest it should be found upon the Niemen. The absolutist party in England see all the difficulty that France is involved in; and have much too little regard for her to disturb her in her position. It is generally understood that the tory government had assurances, which would be available for pressing the evacuation; but it will be seen they know better than to claim the bond. The first great man that gets to the head of affairs in France, will probably relieve the *nostalgia* of the army of Algiers, by posting it upon the Rhine.

From Fraser's Magazine.

COLERIDGEIANA.

Subsequently to the printing off our paper containing certain reminiscences of Coleridge,* which belonged both to our personal experience of the man and our perusal of his writings, we were favoured with some documental evidences, every way proper to be made public, to which we are desirous of adding some fuller particulars, by way of annotated detail, touching some things therein merely hinted and suggested, but deserving to be set forth more at large. One document has already surprised the general reader, having gone the round of the papers: it is the poet's will. What had he to leave? a man living, according to all accounts, on benevolence. Verily, his friends did well by him, and nursed his incomings and controlled his outgoings to good uses. By means of an assurance in the Equitable (effected by himself in early life†), the widow and children of Coleridge will come in for the interest of 2665*l*. The means by which this was rendered possible were highly honourable, both to his friends and himself. So far from being the victim of indolence, we have Mr. Gillman's own authority for saying, that Mr. Coleridge was ready to make money in any way through which his talents could be rendered available. We also understand, from a friend of ours, that a relation of his, desirous of taking a course of logic under this great philosopher's direction, found the urbane sage quite willing to undergo the toil of privately instructing him. The task was undertaken without any agreement as to compensation; but, as highly honourable to the young man alluded to, it may be mentioned that, upon his coming into the receipt of fifty pounds unexpectedly, he, without loss of time, and immediately (so as to prevent any other dispoaition of the money, his means being at that time restricted,) made the best of his way to Highgate, and safely lodged the whole amount in the hands of his instructor, as a free-will offering of love. This was doing the right thing; and it is to be hoped, nay, we believe that, in many instances, they who occupied his private time (we mean, other than his Thursday evening colloquies) gave the teacher such recompense of reward as they were able to render. It is also

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* See vol. x. pp. 379—403.

† The reader may judge from this fact of the exaggerations abroad about Coleridge's imprudence. He was as prudent *as his circumstances* and the high task he had set himself permitted.

probable, though no stipulation was ever made before hand, that Coleridge expected (as he might justly) not to be forgotten by his intellectual debtors.

Assuredly, he was the most benevolent of creditors; but that he felt he had a right to payment is evident from a certain aphorism in the *Aids to Reflection*, concerning the duty which disciples ought to observe toward teachers. With these few preliminary remarks we present to our readers the last will and testament of the poet and sage, which they will find no ordinary composition; but a thing, as it were, of life and love, breathing eloquence and truth.

Highgate, Sept. 17th, 1829.

"This is the last will of me, Samuel Taylor Coleridge. I hereby give and bequeath to Joseph Henry Green, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, surgeon, all my books, manuscripts, and personal estates and effects whatsoever (except the pictures and engravings hereinafter bequeathed), upon trust, to sell and dispose of all such part thereof as shall not consist of money, according to his discretion; and to invest the produce thereof, and also all money which I may leave at my death, and that shall be due to me from the Equitable Assurance Office or elsewhere, in the public funds, in the name of the said Joseph Henry Green; and he shall pay the dividends of the stock to be purchased therewith to my wife, Sarah Coleridge, during her life, and after her death pay the same dividend to my daughter, Sara Coleridge, she being unmarried, and as long as she shall remain single. But if my daughter, Sara Coleridge, shall before or at the time of my death have married (unless, indeed, she—which may the Almighty in his mercy forfend!—should be left a widow, wholly unprovided for by her husband's will and property, or otherwise, in which case the former disposition of this testament is to revive and take place,) I then give the dividends of the stock purchased to be equally divided between my three children, Hartley Coleridge, the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, and the aforesaid Sara Coleridge; or if one of these my three children should die, then to be equally divided between the two survivors; and the whole dividend of the stock to be paid to the last survivor. Still, however, it is my will that each of the three, namely, Hartley, and Derwent, and my daughter Sara, should retain the right and power each of bequeathing the third part of the principal, after the death of the last surviving, according to his or her pleasure. And my will is, that notwithstanding any thing herein and before contained, and it is my desire that my friend, Mr. Joseph Henry Green, shall, in lieu of selling my books, have the option of purchasing the same, at such price as he shall himself determine, inasmuch as their chief value will be dependent on his possession of them. Nevertheless it is my will, that in case the said Joseph Henry Green should think it expedient to publish any of the notes or writing made by me in the same books, or any of them, or to publish any other writings of mine, or any letters of mine, which, should any be hereafter collected from or supplied by my friends and correspondents, then my will is, that the proceeds and all benefit accruing therefrom shall be subject to the same trusts, and to be paid to or amongst such persons as shall be entitled to my said personal estate hereinbefore bequeathed. The pictures and engravings belonging to me in the house of my dear friends, James and Ann Gillman—my more than friends, the guardians of my health, happiness, and interests, during the fourteen years of my life that I have enjoyed the proofs of their constant, zealous, and disinterested affection, as an inmate and member of their family—I give and bequeath to Ann Gillman, the wife of my dear friend; my love for whom, and my sense of her unremitted goodness, tenderness, and never-wearied kindness to me, I hope and humbly trust will follow me, as a part of my being, into that state into which I hope to rise, through the merits and mediation, and by the efficacious power of the Son of God incarnate in the blessed Jesus, whom I believe in my heart, and confess with my mouth, to have been the Way and the Truth, and to have become man, that for fallen and sinful men he might be the resurrection and the life. And further, I hereby tell my children, Hartley, Derwent, and Sara, that I have but little to leave them; but I hope, and indeed confidently believe, that they will regard it as a part of their inheritance, when I thus bequeath to them my affection and gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Gillman, and to the dear friend, the companion, partner, and helpmate of my worthiest studies, Mr. Joseph Henry Green. Further, to Mr. Gillman, as the most expressive way in which I can mark my relation to him, and in remembrance of a great and good man revered by us both, I leave the manuscript volume lettered "Artist. Manuscript. Birds (Acharnians, Knights)," presented to me by my dear friend and patron, the honourable John Hookham Frere; who, of all the men that I have had the means of knowing during my life, appears to me eminently to deserve to be characterised as "Οιος πόλ' ἀγαθὸς ὁ φιλόκαλος. To Mr. Frere himself I can only bequeath my assurance, grounded on a faith equally precious to him as to me, of a continuance of those prayers which I have for many years offered for his temporal and spiritual well-being. And further, in remembrance that it was under his (Mr. Gillman's) roof I enjoyed so many hours of delightful and profitable communion with Mr. J. H. Frere, it is my wish that this volume should, after the demise of James Gillman, senior, belong, and I do hereby bequeath the same to, James Gillman, junior, in the hope that it will remain as an heir-loom in the Gillman family.

"On reviewing this my will, there seemed at first some reason to apprehend that in the disposition of my books, as above determined, I might have imposed on my executor a too delicate office; but on the other hand the motive, from the peculiar character of the books, is so evident, that the reverential sense which all my children entertain of Mr. Green's character, both as the personal friend of their father, and as the man most intimate with their father's intellectual labours, purposes, and aspirations, I believe to be such as will, I trust, be sufficient to preclude any delicacy that might result from the said disposition.

"To my daughter, Sara Coleridge, exemplary in all the relations of life in which she hath been placed—a blessing to both her parents—and to her mother the rich reward which the anxious fulfilment of her maternal duties had, humanly speaking, merited—I bequeath the presentation-copy of the *Georgica Heptaglotta*, given me by my highly respected friend, William Sotheby, Esq. And it is my wish that Sara should never part with this volume, but that if she marry, and should have a daughter, it should descend to her; or, if daughters, to her eldest daughter; as a memento that her mother's accomplishments, and her unusual attainments in ancient and modern languages, were not so much nor so justly the object of admiration, as their co-existence with piety, simplicity, and a characteristic meekness; in short, with mind, manners, and character so perfectly feminine. And for this purpose I have recorded this my wish in the same, or equivalent words, on the first title-page of this splendid work.

"To my daughter-in-law, Mary Coleridge, the wife of the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, whom I bless God that I have been permitted to see, and to have so seen as to esteem and love on my own judgment, and to be grateful for her on my account, as well as in behalf of my dear son, I give the interleaved copy of the *Friend*, corrected

by myself, and with sundry notes and additions in my own handwriting, in trust for my grandson, Derwent Coleridge; that, if it should please God to preserve his life, he may possess some memento of the paternal grandfather, who blesses him unseen, and fervently commends him to the great Father in Heaven, whose face his angels evermore behold.—Matthew xviii. v. 10.

"And further, as a relief to my own feelings by the opportunity of mentioning their names, that I request of my executor that a small, plain gold mourning-ring, with my hair, may be presented to the following persons: namely, to my oldest friend, and ever-beloved school-fellow, Charles Lamb; and in the deep and almost life-long affection, of which this is the slender record, his equally beloved sister, Mary Lamb, will know herself to be included. 2. To my old and very kind friend, Basil Montague, Esq. 3. To Thomas Poole, Esq., of Nether Stowey; —the Dedicatory Poem to my Juvenile Poems, and my Tears in Solitude, render it unnecessary to say more than that, what I then, in my early manhood, thought and felt, I now, a gray-haired man, still think and feel. 4. To Mr. Josiah Wade, whose zealous friendship and important services during my residences at Bristol I never have forgotten, or, while reason and memory remain, can I forget. 5. To my filial friend, dear to me by a double bond in his father's right and in his own, Lancelot Wade. 6. To Miss Sarah Hutchinson.

"To Robert Southey and to William Wordsworth my children have a debt of gratitude and reverential affection, on their own account; and the sentiments I have left on record in my literary life, and in my poems, and which are the convictions of the present moment, supersede the necessity of any other memorial of my regard and respect.

"There is one thing yet on my heart to say, as far as it may consist with entire submission to the Divine Will, namely, that I have too little proposed to myself any temporal interests, either of fortune or literary reputation, and that the sole regret I now feel at the scantiness of my means arises out of my inability to make such present provision for my dear Hartley, my first born, as might set his feelings at ease, and his mind at liberty, from the depressing anxieties of to-day, and exempt him from the necessity of diverting the talents with which it hath pleased God to entrust him to subjects of temporary interests; knowing that it is with him, as it ever has been with myself, that his powers, and the ability and disposition to exert them, are greatest when the motives from without are least, or of least urgency. But with earnest prayer, and through faith in Jesus the Mediator, I commit him, with his dear brother and sister, to the care and providence of the Father in Heaven, and affectionately leave this my last injunction—'My dear children, love one another!'

"Lastly, with awe and thankfulness I acknowledge, that from God, who has graciously endowed me, a creature of the dust and the indistinction, with the glorious capability of knowing Him, the Eternal, as the author of my being, and of desiring and seeking Him as its ultimate end, I have received all good, and good alone. Yea, the evils from my own corrupt yet responsible will He hath converted into mercies, sanctifying them as instruments of fatherly chastisement for instruction, prevention, and restraint. Praise in the highest, and thanksgiving and adoring love to the I AM, with the co-eternal Word and the Spirit proceeding, one God from everlasting to everlasting; his staff and his rod alike comfort me!"

The original revised, interlined, and corrected by his own hand, signed by himself, and witnessed by Ann Gillman and Henry Langley Porter.

"*Grove, Highgate*, 2 *July*, 1830.

"This is a codicil to my last will and testament.—S. T. Coleridge.

"Most desirous to secure, as far as in me lies, for my dear son, Hartley Coleridge, the tranquillity indispensable to any continued and successful exertion of his literary talents, and which, from the like character of our minds in this respect, I know to be especially requisite for his happiness; and persuaded that he will recognise in this provision that anxious affection by which it is dictated, I affix this codicil to my last will and testament.

"And I hereby give and bequeath to Joseph Henry Green, Esq., to Henry Nelson Coleridge, Esquire, and to James Gillman, Esq., and the survivor of them, and the executor and assigns of such survivor, the sum (whatever it may be) which, in the will aforesaid, I bequeathed to my son, Hartley Coleridge, after the decease of his mother, Sarah Coleridge, upon trust. And I hereby request them, the said Joseph Henry Green, Henry Nelson Coleridge, and James Gillman, Esquires, to hold the sum accruing to Hartley Coleridge, from the equal division of my total bequest between him, his brother Derwent, and his sister, Sara Coleridge, after their mother's decease; to dispose of the interest or proceeds of the same portion to or for the use of my dear son, Hartley Coleridge, at such time or times, in such manner, and under such conditions, as they, the trustees above named, know to be my wish, and shall deem conclusive to the attainment of my object in adding this codicil; namely, the anxious wish to insure for my son the continued means of a home: in which I comprise board, lodging, and raiment. Providing that nothing in this codicil shall be so interpreted as to interfere with my son Hartley Coleridge's freedom of choice respecting his place of residence, or with his power of disposing of his portion by will, after his decease, according as his own judgment and affections may decide.

"S. T. Coleridge. 2d July, 1830.

"Witnesses,
Ann Gillman,
James Gillman, Jun."

The solicitude which Coleridge here expresses for his son Hartley is deeply touching; and we turn again with considerable interest to this young man's poetical volume, in which so much of his father's peculiar spirit yet breathes and lives. The preface to this book is marked with a spirit of humility which ought to excite interest in favour of the author. The sentiments on poverty, feelingly expressed in some of the sonnets, are exceedingly honourable to him. But how is it that the best poetical productions of late years have met with least success, while volumes of *mediocre* verse have sold by thousands? To his father the book is dedicated in the following sonnet:—

"Father and Bard revered! to whom I owe,
Whate'er it be, my little art of numbers;
Thou in thy night-watch o'er my cradled slumbers
Didst meditate the verse that lives to show
(And long shall live when we alike are low)
Thy prayer how ardent, and thy hope how strong!
That I should learn of Nature's self the song,
The lore which none but Nature's pupils know.
Thy prayer was heard. *I wandered like a breeze*
By mountain brooks and solitary meres,
And gathered there the shapes and fantasies
Which, mixed with passions of my sadder years,
Compose this book. If good therein there be,
That good, my sire, I dedicate to thee."

Connected with the name of his son, we are thrown back to that period in the history of Coleridge's intellect when David Hartley was to him the "wisest of mortal kind." Sir James Mackin-

tosh, in his celebrated lectures, affirmed that Hobbes was the original discoverer of the law of association, while its full application to the whole intellectual system is owing to David Hartley. Coleridge, however, has shown historically that, long before either Hobbes or Descartes, the law of association had been defined, and its important functions set forth, by Melancthon, Ammerbach, and Ludovicus Vives. But the first and fullest enunciation of the associative principle is to be found in the writings of Aristotle, whose positions on this subject are unmixed with fiction. Aristotle delivers a just *theory*, without pretending to an *hypothesis*. He excludes place and motion from all the operations of thought, whether representations or volitions, as attributes utterly and absurdly heterogeneous. His theory is this, *i. e.* every partial representation awakes the total representation of which it had been a part. In the practical determination of this common principle to particular recollections, he admits five agents, or occasional causes: 1st, connection in time, whether simultaneous, preceding, or successive; 2d, vicinity, or connection in space; 3d, interdependence, or necessary connection, as cause and effect; 4th, likeness; and 5th, contrast.

These few explanations we thought necessary to premise, as introductory to the following sportive verses from the pen of Coleridge, here printed for the first time. They were written in pencil on the blank leaf of a book of lectures delivered at the London University, in which the Hartleyan doctrine of association was assumed as a true basis.

ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.

1.—*By Likeness.*

" Fond, peevish, wedded pair! why all this rant?
O guard your tempers! hedge your tongues about!
This empty head should warn you on that point—
The teeth were quarrelsome, and so fell out.—S. T. C.

2.—*Association by Contrast.*

" Phidias changed marble into feet and legs.
Disease! vile anti-Phidias! thou, i'fegs!
Hast turned my live limbs into marble pegs.

3.—*Association by Time.*

SIMPLICIUS SNIPKIN *loquitur.*

" I touch this scar upon my skull behind,
And instantly there rises in my mind
Napoleon's mighty hosts, from Moscow lost,
Driven forth to perish in the fangs of Frost.
For on that self-same month, and self-same day,
Down Skinner Street I took my hasty way—
Mischief and Frost had set the boys at play;
I stept upon a slide—oh, treacherous tread!—
Fell smash, with bottom bruised, and brake my head!
Thus Time's co-presence links the great and small,
Napoleon's overthrow, and Snipkin's fall."

It is proper to state in conclusion, Mr. Coleridge's ultimate opinion, that Hartley's system, as far as it differed from that of Aristotle, is neither tenable in theory, nor founded in fact. Hartley's hypothetical vibrations, in his hypothetical oscillating ether of the nerves, outrages the very axioms of mechanics in a scheme the merit of which consists in its being mechanical. Granting the possibility of a certain disposition in a material nerve; either every idea has its own nerve and correspondent oscillation, or it has not. If the latter be the truth; every nerve having several dispositions, when the motion of any other nerve is propagated into it, there will be no cause or ground present why exactly the oscillation *m* should arise, rather than any other to which it was equally predisposed. But let every idea have a nerve of its own, then every nerve must be capable of propagating its motion into many other nerves; and, again, there is no reason assignable why the vibration *m* should not arise rather than any other *ad libitum*.

But to quit the thorny paths of metaphysics—which we find it possible to do by an easy transition—and by quoting another scrap of Coleridge's playful wit, never before published.

The Three Sorts of Friends.

" Though friendships differ endless *in degree*,
The *sorts*, methinks, may be reduced to three.
*Ac*quaintance many, and *Con*quaintance few;
But for *In*quaintance I know only two—
The friend I've mourned with, and the maid I woo!

" MY DEAR GILLMAN,

" The ground and *materiel* of this division of one's friends into *ac*, *con*, and *in*quaintance, was given by Hartley Coleridge when he was scarcely five years old. On some one asking him if Anny Sealy (a little girl he went to school with) was an acquaintance of his, he replied, very fervently pressing his right hand on his heart, 'No, she is an *in*quaintance!' 'Well! 'tis a father's tale;' and the recollection soothes your old friend and inquaintance.

" S. T. COLERIDGE."

And now for the mysterious conclusion of *Christobell*. Doubtless, what we wrote on this subject in our late number has excited great curiosity. We do now what we had not room to do then—give it entire, as it was originally published in the *European Magazine*. It will, of course, be henceforth a matter of grave dispute whether it is or not the production of Coleridge's pen. Upon this subject we have already said our say; and shall be willing to await the judgment of wiser heads.

" *Christobell.** *A Gothic Tale.*

" Whence comes the wavering light which falls
On Langdale's lonely chapel walls?
The noble mother of Christobell
Lies in that lone and drear chapelle;
And every dawn, ere the sun has shown,
And a tear and a flower are on that stone;
But the tear is dry, the flower is dead,
And the night-wind blows on her silent bed.

A stranger treads o'er the holy mound:
Thrice it hath breathed a moaning sound!
He has lifted thrice his mighty wand;
He has touched the stone with his red right hand;
The light which round the chapel streams,
Bright on his beard of silver gleams;
But shines not on his muffled brow,
Which mortal eye must never know!

The noble mother of Christobell
Is waken'd by the mighty spell;
She seems but as if a wizard's arms

* " Written as a sequel to a beautiful legend of a fair lady and her father, deceived by a witch in the guise of a noble knight's daughter."

Awhile had wrapp'd her in his cell;
As if his cold and earthy touch
Had blighted her beauteous lips too much.
But now returning beauty warms
Her lips and her kindling cheek so well,
She looks like the lovely Christobell.

'Lady, lady, who! who was she,
That met thy child by the old oak-tree?
When not a breese was heard to sigh,
And the yellow leaf waved not which hung so high?
She who told that men of blood
Lured her to the lonely wood?
She who slept by thy daughter's side,
While the grey dog moan'd and the owlet cried?
Is that lady, of soft and sober mien,
Sir Roland's true daughter Geraldine?'

The noble mother of Christobell
Has open'd her dim and hollow eye,
And spirits are thronging from cave and dell
To listen to her lips' reply:
'Merlin, Merlin! I know thee well!
Though a minstrel's cloak is around thee flung,
And a holy hood on thy brow is hung,
The dead and living obey thy spell.
But not till the moon has passed away,
And the bell has toll'd on her bridal day,
Thou wilt know the foe of Christobell.'

* * * * *

The grey dog howls though the moon is bright—
Why sits the lady alone to-night?
Why comes she not at her father's call,
While the noble stranger is in his hall?
That stranger of soft and sober mien,
Sir Roland's fair daughter Geraldine.

But Christobell's brow is cold and damp
As she sits alone by her silver lamp—
That lamp for a maiden's spousal meet,
Which hangs from a smiling angel's feet:
But who comes near with steps so light!
And why is her cheek so lily-white?
For, glist'ring in his mail of gold,
His azure scarf around him roll'd,
She sees her own true knight.

'Christobell, my task is done!
Christobell, my prize is won!
The stars are smiling, the moon is bright,
The bell of our spousal shall toll to-night!'
She does not smile, she does not weep;
Her cheek is like the parting snow
When early roses bud below,
But scarce a blush of crimson keep:
Yet she has taken her lover's kiss,
And the touch of her melting hand is his.

But another eye is on her face,
Another form beside her stands—
That form so ghostly, lean, and tall,
Is it Bracy, the bard of Langdale Hall?
He has touch'd the lamp in its silver vase,
And it brighter burns than a thousand brands;
He calls on saints in their holy place
The spousal of Christobell to grace,
Then joins the plighted lovers' hands.

'Now follow me, Christobell, with speed!
I go at thy lordly father's call,
To strike the harp in his ancient hall,
But thou the mirthful dance shall lead:
Thy own true knight shall be near thy side,
And the matin-bell shall proclaim a bride.'

They follow: but whence is the taper's glare,
That leads them down the lonely stair?

They look his shadowy face upon—
They look, but his silver beard is gone:
His cloak is changed to an azure dye,
And a mirthful gleam is in his eye.
But Christobell's cheek is cold and pale,
For she sees not her lover's shining mail;
He seems but a stripling soft and young,
With a minstrel's harp behind him slung.

With muttered words of grammarye
The bard stalks foremost of the three:
At ev'ry soundless stride he takes,
The base of Langdale's mountain shakes:
The elf-dog starts as he passes by,
But closes again his shrinking eye;
The banner falls from the castle wall
As he strikes the porch of its blazing hall!

* * * * *

Lord Leoline sat in chair of pride,
The white-armed stranger by his side—
O bright was the glance she gave to view.
When back her amaranth locks she threw!
It was like the moon's on the fountain's brim,
When the amber clouds around her skim;
The rubies that on her bosom flamed
Seem'd of her richer lips ashamed:
There never was lovely lady seen
Like the stranger-guest, fair Geraldine!

'Now welcome, welcome Bracy the bard!
Welcome the rites of song to guard!
Sit and waken thy warbling string,
The legend of love and beauty sing.
Well hast thou sped since noontide's hour,
If thou comest from good Sir Roland's tower.'
'Sir Roland greets thee, Lord Leoline!
He greets thee first for his Geraldine;
His heart thy bounty and love receives,
Like dew that drops upon wither'd leaves.
But he asks one pledge thy faith to prove,
He asks for his son thy daughter's love;
And he sends this goblet of crysolite
To grace their feast on the bridal night.'

Lord Leoline from his feast rose up,
And fill'd to the brim the shining cup:
He waved it high with gesture bland,
Then gave it to Geraldine's lily hand;
But the crysolite changed as she touch'd its brim,
And the gem on its sapphire edge grew dim—
The lamps are quench'd in their sockets of gold,
The *hour* is past, and the *bell has toll'd*.

Lord Leoline's hall again is bright
With a thousand lamps of golden light;
And roses, by fairy fingers tied,
The banners and shields of knighthood hide;
While over the roof and over the walls
A curtain of painted vapour falls:
Now pillars of jasper seem to grow
From the green bright emerald floor below,
With garlands of rubies bound.
The sky is purple with meteor fires—
A thousand tongues, and a thousand lyres,
Through the lone chapelle resound.
Where is the white-hair'd bard who spoke
With voice so meek, in his azure cloak?
The sage of eternal might is there,
A meteor wreath'd in his ebon hair;
And there, in his youthful beauty's pride,
The heir of Sir Roland is by his side.

Where is she, with eyes so fair,
Who sat and smiled by the baron's chair?
There sits a dame of royal mien,
But her lips are pearly, her locks are green;

The eider-down hides her speckled breast,
The fangs of the sea-wolf clasp her vest;
And those orbs, once bluer than western skies,
Are shrunk to the rings of a serpent's eyes.

'Witch of the lake! I know thee now.
Thrice three hundred years are gone
Since beneath my cave,
In the western wave,
I doom'd thee to rue and weep alone,
And writ thy shame on thy breast and brow.

'But thou and thy envious friends in vain
Have risen to mock my power again:
The spell which in thy bosom worketh
No holy virgin's lip can stain;
The spell that in thy false eye lurketh,
But for an hour can truth enchain.
Not ev'n thy serpent eye could keep
Its ire near guiltless Beauty's sleep;
The Spirit of Evil could not dare
To look on heav'n—for heav'n is there.
Thy hour is past—thy spells I sever;
Witch of the lake, descend for ever!'

"*March*, 1815, "V."

In regard to Coleridge's alleged imprudence, we have already done something towards correcting the misapprehensions of the public. The following extracts from a letter to Mr. Pringle will show that our opinion is in harmony with the facts as stated by Mr. Coleridge himself.

"At no period of my life have I ever belonged to any party, religious or political; never laboured for any lower purpose than the establishment or maintenance of principles; but though neither Whig nor Tory, I am enough of the latter, I trust, sincerely and habitually to fear God, and to honour the king as ordained of God! as no reflection or derivation from the sovereignty of the *people*, but as the lawful and consecrated symbol and representative of the unity and majesty of the *nation*.

"At my first introduction to the R. S. L., I stated that I received the appointment with glad and grateful feeling, as tending powerfully to confirm me in the hope, that I had not mistaken my vocation,—retrospectively, and prospectively, as a means of enabling me to devote my whole time and strength to the completion of the more important works, for which I regarded all I had hitherto published, *viva voce*, or by the press, but as preparatory discipline.

"Grievously have I been misunderstood, if I have been supposed to plead that poverty of itself, and independent of its causes, as the ground of my application. I avowed it because I know it not only to be a blameless but an *honourable* poverty; not the consequence and penance of vice, improvidence, or idleness, but the effect of an entire and faithful dedication of myself to ends and objects, to the attainment of which I was bound to believe myself peculiarly fitted, and therefore called, in open-eyed and voluntary dereliction of those more lucrative employments equally and at many periods of my life in my power, but in which hundreds of my contemporaries could engage with equal or perhaps greater probability of success."

Equal misrepresentations have got abroad in regard to the poet's occasional use of opium. The origin of this habit he has described himself, in a document which we have now before us. After his return from Germany he had an attack of acute rheumatism; on which occasion he was attended by a Mr. Edmondson, from whom he borrowed a load of medical books, in one of which he found a case similar to his own where a marvellous cure had been performed by rubbing in laudanum—at the same time that a dose was administered inwardly. He tried it, and finding it answer was induced to continue it medicinally from time to time, as he found occasion. "Wretched delusion!" he concludes; "but I owe it in justice to myself to declare, before God, that this, the curse and slavery of my life, did not commence in any low craving for sensation, in any desire or wish to stimulate or exhilarate myself,—in fact my nervous spirits and my mental activity were such as never required it,—but wholly in rashness, and delusion, and presumptuous quackery, and afterwards in pure terror."

Subsequently he laboured under disease of the heart, which was of slow growth, with feeble circulation and oppressed breathing, for which he was compelled at times to take stimulants, *but always under medical direction*. In his general habits he was exemplarily temperate, restricting himself to a bottle of wine in two days.

Coleridge wrote his own epitaph; it is, however, inapplicable to the place in which he was buried: a handsome tablet, erected in Highgate New Church to his memory, bears the following inscription:

"Sacred to the Memory of
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE,
Poet, Philosopher, Theologian.
This truly great and good man resided for
The last nineteen years of his life
In this Hamlet.
He quitted 'the body of this death'
July 25th, 1834,
In the sixty-second year of his age.
Of his profound learning and discursive genius,
His literary works are an imperishable record.
To his private worth,
His social and Christian virtues,
James and Ann Gillman,
The friends with whom he resided
During the above period, dedicate this tablet.
Under the pressure of a long
And most painful disease,
His disposition was unalterably sweet and angelic.
He was an ever-enduring, ever-loving friend,
The gentlest and kindest teacher,
The most engaging home-companion.
'O framed for calmer times and nobler hearts!
O studious poet, eloquent for *truth!*
Philosopher contemning wealth and death,
Yet docile, child-like, full of life and love:'
Here, on this monumental stone, thy friends inscribe
Thy worth.
Reader! for the world mourn.
A light has passed away from the earth.
But for this pious and exalted Christian
'*Rejoice! and again I say unto you rejoice!*'
Ubi
Thesaurus
ibi
Cor.
S. T. C."

This inscription has great merit, and does justice to the memory of the illustrious dead, and to the feelings of the affectionate survivors. An ode on the death of the poet, quite Coleridgeian in the cast of its sentiments and con-

struction, written by Mr. Heraud, has also been put into our hands. We close our paper of notes and documents with this elegiac production.

Ode on the death of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

Fair as the Sabbath morn,
In the seventh heaven's beatitude,
The Eternal Throne before,
A Seraph-Angel stood—
The Angel of a Child new-born,
To whom 'tis given, for evermore,
To see the Father's face;
Then, bowing to adore,
Prayed for his Charge a grace.

"From the highest heaven,
Throughout the seven,
Descend; and, in mysterious wise,
Prepare him through the seven to rise.
Give him will and give him wing,
Give him withal a voice to sing,
And him through each and all up-bring,
Into my presence, triumphing."

Glad heard the Seraph in that realm of Being,
Where every being seeth the All-seeing,
The Sabbath of the Worlds; then down descending
On the next orb, where Will with Will is blending,
Made for the sphere of Consciousness his way,
And gave his plumes free motion and full play.
Three heavens are passed—remain but four—
God speed thee, Seraph, evermore!

And now he meets, in happy season
Meeting him, the seraph Reason;
And soon his cherub-twin embraces,
And both dominions eager traces—
And now upon the world of Knowledge lands,
And his dropt wings hides with his arms and hands.
Six heavens are passed—remains but one—
God speed thee, Seraph, thy flight is done.
And now thy toilsome task commences—
To walk, not fly, befits the Senses;
And there, in swaddling bands embraced,
The Infant in his cradle lies:
Small the room where he is placed,
Small circle for his energies.
But the Seraph-Angel on his eyes
Sheds euphrasy and rue;
Sets wide the portals of his ears,
And makes him feel in every nerve,
Of touch and taste too exquisite;
And from all odours win delight.
But each predestined to subserve
What the poetic mind reverses,
The holy Muses' due.

The Seraph now, one gorgeous eve,
The boy-bard teaches to perceive,
How differed from all other plants
One sacred, though not such to see,
Divine and sovereign for all wants,
And bade him name it Hesmony.
Thus taught to judge, full soon he might
Essay to speculate aright,
And thence, in Contemplation's car,
Seek worlds beyond the furthest star;
Self-conscious still, however far
He soared, and feeling in his heart
No impulse but of his own will;
Yet framing all his travels' chart
By heavenly observations still.
For there was heaven, and there he well
Aye listened to heaven's oracle;
And therefrom he responses gave,
Of power to slay and power to save.
Thus he, while dwelt his body here,
Was versant with another sphere.
What, though the world might do him wrong?
He turned him to the angels' song.
What though the earth consumed in strife?
He lived and loved—all love, all life;
A seraph, like his seraph guard,
Earth might not merit nor reward.
The Seraph stood again before
The throne, and bowed him to adore.
"My task is done; both will and wing
I gave him, and a voice to sing:
And hither, Father, him I bring
Into thy presence triumphing."
And thereupon a chorus blended
Of sacred harps, a Sabbath hymn,
To hail the Poet-Sage attended,
Borne on the plumes of cherubim.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

ANECDOTES OF THE FRENCH PROVINCES.

ST. JOHN OF THE ISLAND.

The monks were cunning caterers. The monastic estate appears to have originally taken for its emblem the green olive of the Scriptures, "planted by the running waters," and to have been bent on accomplishing among the Gentiles the promises spoken to the Jews, by framing a Canaan for itself wherever milk and honey abounded in the land. The progress of unreformed Christianity through heathen Europe was, in fact, marked by the erection of certain caravansaries, wherein the wanderers, its disciples, might set up their rest: judiciously selected in spots where corn, wine, and oil were of almost spontaneous growth—where clear streams supplied the requisite material for their luxurious abstinence—where green pastures afforded herbage for their flocks and herds—where, in short, they were enabled to approximate themselves with ease to heaven, by creating temporal existence where "paradise was opened in the wild!"

In how many lands of wide-spreading Europe do we find the ruined arch and crumbling altar-stone of by-gone conventual splendour, sheltered by lofty groups of forest trees, and scattered upon green and mossy turf, in the heart of some sequestered valley, through whose glossy stream the speckled trout dart gaily beneath the overhanging hazels, and where the remnants of the once fertile orchard lie basking in the sun, the musky fruit still sending forth from its moss-grown stumps an occasional sample of luscious quality. In such retreats, nature still proudly displays her warrant of abundance, till we cease to wonder at the extent of the ruined granaries, threshing-floors, cider-presses, wine-presses, and other offices connected with the extinct establishment. Plenty, as well as peace, seem to have abided with the chartered ascetics of ancient Christendom; and such places as Val-y-Crucis Abbey, in the Vale of Llangollen—Fountains and Furness, in green England—the convents of Laach, in Rhenish Prussia—La Trappe, La Chartreuse, and fifty others in France, are mani-

festly calculated to "draw an angel down" to share their

> "Populous solitude of beds and birds,
> And fairy-formed, and many-coloured things!"

Among the fifty let us, however, especially distinguish a favourite spot—the convent of St. John of the Island. About a stone's throw from the Seine, just where the double branches of the river Juigné pour their abounding waters into the metropolitan stream,—circumscribed by their fantastic course, so as to form a distant land of verdure,—lie a series of beautiful water-meadows, enamelled by an infinite variety of wild flowers, and in part entangled by thickets of underwood, bequeathed to the land by many a stately stem, which had fallen under the axe of the destroyer. On the extreme verge of these, so that the toppling wall of its watch-tower overhangs the sedgy channel of the Juigné, stand the ruins of St. John of the Island,—an ancient Augustine monastery, converted to the service of the Order of Malta, and founded during her mysterious life of repudiation by Isemburge, the Danish wife so unceremoniously ejected from the bosom of Philip Augustus, to make way for fair Agnes of Merania!

And well and wisely did that royal devotee select the site of the dwelling she chose as the refuge of her earthly sorrows—her eternal rest. The monastery which for so many years concealed the tears of Isemburge, and subsequently, for so many centuries, her majestic tomb, lies niched within a verdant solitude, at that period uninvaded by the busy industry of the town of Esonne, or the rival prosperity of Corbeil. The stream which now imparts vitality to so many mills and engines (for the production of flour, floor-cloth, cotton, printed calicoes, and as many and as various items as might figure advantageously in a Liverpool or a Bristol invoice), was then the lonely haunt of the king-fisher, and the abiding place of the red-tit. The neighbouring groves of *Chantemerle* (dating their insignificant antiquity from the reign of the chevalier king, the chivalrous Francis I.) had not arisen to overtop the rustling abele-trees and flowering limes of St. John of the Island. The monastery stood alone in its glory, listening to the ripple of its circumfluent waters as they hurried in busy self-importance, to lose their identity in the Seine. At that period, the harmonious chants rising at day-dawn from its altars, were heard only by the vintagers as they plied their light labours along the *côte*, in the vineyards belonging to the neighbouring religious houses of St. Guénault and St. Exupère: and even when the Grand Master of the Order of St. John held his chapter, three ages later in the monastery, it was still secluded—still intimately linked with the beauty and the solitude of nature.

Even now though surrounded by human habitation, and invaded by commercial industry, how singularly does the place maintain that aspect of loneliness! Overgrown as it is with trees and luxuriant aquatic plants, silent, sad, secluded, the stranger wanders fast beside the ruined church, without dreaming of its vicinage. Having crossed the ruined bridge under which the stream has been widened into a modern canal, the banks of which are adorned with weeping-willows, dahlia beds, and summer-houses such as Batavia herself might envy, we saunter down a sombre avenue of limes, and behold only an ancient portal serving the daily use of an ordinary farm; nor is it till, attracted by shoals of fish, and thickets of alder overgrown by the wild hop, we follow the discursive channel of the brook into the fertile meadows, that we descry, between the lofty trees, the granite skeletons of monastic pomp—the ruined church and monastery of St. John of the Island.

Following the mossy bank, till the waters of the Juigné can be crossed by a plank dedicated to the temporary use of a mill recently erected at one of the extremities of the island, let us now step cautiously among the brambles and elder-bushes springing forth from heaps of rubbish, where strange rustlings and hissings apprise us that we startle some obscene reptiles from a long unmolested retreat, till, entering the *enceinte* of the deserted burying-ground, we look with reverence to the monastic roof; or down, with solemn contemplation, upon the broken grave-stones—some inscribed with quaint German devices—some with abbatial and even episcopal emblems—some uniting with the mitre, crosier, and hour-glass, the ghastly impress of a human skeleton, surrounded by the symbolic insignia of ecclesiastical dignity. At length, having moralised our fill over the site wherein queen, monks, knights—nay, even the memory of its dead, has disappeared—let us learn to invest those desecrated ruins with a new interest, derived from the following record of their modern fortunes.

Previous to the revolution of '89, one of the finest aristocratic residences on the banks of the Seine was the château de Mousseaux, situated some five miles from the confluence of the Juigné, and inhabited by the Duchess of Cossé-Brissac. Of the Duc de Cossé too much is known to posterity, as the lover who succeeded Louis XV. in the arms of the infamous De Barri—as the victim whose gory head was thrown by the triumphant populace at the feet of the royal concubine, as she paraded the terrace of her pavilion at Luciennes; but of the duchess—the serene, the suffering, the solitary, duchess—something remains to be endited. Deserted by a worthless libertine, Madame de Brissac, instead of plunging into the dissipations of the capital, retreated with decent self-respect to her palace on the Seine: finding, or seeking, happiness in the cultivation of its beautiful gardens, and creating those lordly *charmilles* and proud arcades, which, even now, divided and apportioned as they are, create an interest for the adjoining plain—whence labyrinth and quincunx have disappeared, and where the colossal statue of Atlas, once forming the central point of their entanglement, stands in ludicrous isolation in the midst of a homely corn field.

The Duchess de Brissac, although deeply wounded by the neglect of her husband, was not in a position of life to fly to *utter* solitude. She had too many noble relatives, too many admiring friends, to be left alone; and the humility of true

affection suggested that it were better to adorn her residence and enliven her society, in hopes to win back the truant to her presence—to perfect, with his approving suffrage, the charms of her favourite retreat. The best society of the capital was accordingly invited to grace her coterie. At Mousseaux, Boufflers, Arguillons, Choiseuls, Birons, and Grammonts, forgetting their political animosities, daily abounded; all that was fair, young, gay, and graceful, of the court of Marie Antoinette was to be found in the circle of the Duchess de Cossé-Brissac.

But there was one, unhappily, to be found there, whose presence was unconnected with court or courtier—one fair, even among its fairest—one graceful, even among its most accomplished—one ill-fated, even among the most unfortunate of its fore-doomed associates. CLARICE (what other name she had is too ignoble to be recorded), Clarice, the hazel-eyed Clarice, was one of those victims of conventional tyranny, called *demoiselles de compagnie*. Her beauty had proved her bane; for her beauty was the means of making her the inmate of the Château de Mousseaux. Twelve years before, the attention of Madame de Brissac had been attracted, while rolling in her stately coach and six, on a visit to the Countess de la Tour d'Aubray, at St. Germain en Corbeil, by the loveliness of a little dirty, curly-haired brat, hanging to the apron of a woman, who bore on her back a vintage-hod, and with her brown right hand bestowed a sufficiency of cuffs and thumps upon the child, who was too much struck by the fine equipage of the duchess to get out of the way of the trampling horses. Clarice, in short, was slightly injured by the carriage-wheel; and the duchess, having ordered her servants to stop and bestow a small gratuity upon the little sufferer, was eventually so captivated by her artless graces, as to resolve upon her permanent adoption. Regarding her as no higher in the scale of creation than the animals of her menagerie, Madame de Brissac conditioned for, and *ordered home*, the child, as she would have done a clever monkey, or a parrot of handsome plumage, to increase the *agrémens* of the château.

But poor Clarice was unhappily organised for such a position. In defiance of Madame de Brissac's calculations, she had a heart to feel, a soul to reflect, as well as a sweet smile and graceful air, to captivate the admiration of beholders. The first of these superfluous faculties soon made itself apparent in the adoration with which she regarded her benefactress; the second, as she grew in girlhood, developed itself, only too acutely for her happiness, in her mode of contemplating the false position in which destiny had placed her. Admitted, in the loveliness and playful peremptoriness of childhood, to climb the knees and court the caresses of the illustrious visiters of the duchess, she found, as she advanced towards maturity, that every additional day of her life drew her nearer to the menial degree. She was gradually recurring to her real situation in life; and the haughty servants of the condescending aristocrat, indignant at having been obliged to bestow their services on one whose birth was so inferior even to their own, took every occasion to mortify the village *parvenue*. Clarice found she must no longer aspire to the society of the great—that she was not allowed to descend to the society of the little—that she was alone in the world.

Her uneducated mother, with whom, once or twice a year, Clarice was allowed an interview, considered, and assured her, that she was the most fortunate of human beings; inasmuch as "Madame la Duchesse had promised to *marry her*, and give her a *dotation*." But although this absolute mode of settlement in life was the one in use throughout all degrees of French society, from the duke to the artisan, the feelings of Clarice rebelled against being "married" after the fashion so satisfactory to her mother.

"They will give me to the steward's son, or some clerk of Madame la Duchesse's notary," said the high-minded girl, whose notions of independence and refinement had been fostered in the society of lords, ladies, and ministers of state. "And even these half-educated men will be aware that they are doing an honour to the peasant's child, who has been bought upon their acceptance with a dowry. Their friends, their relatives, will receive with scorn the village-girl, whom chance has raised out of the dust; and *there*, no less than *here*, I shall be alone against the contempt of those around me. Why have I not strength of mind to lay aside these fine clothes, and return to the humble station in which I was born? Why cannot I reduce my desires to nature's level? Alas! alas! why, rather, did Madame la Duchesse raise me from my apportioned sphere? Unfitted by my birth for my present situation—unfitted by my present station for the sphere of my birth, the purposes of my Almighty Creator seem to have been wantonly frustrated. Yet, since it is his will to humiliate and chastise me, let me pray, at least, for a more Christian spirit of resignation, to reconcile me to my appointed trials."

But this spirit came not at her call. The rebellious tone of the supplicant who sought, as for her own merits, obtained no favour in the sight of Heaven; while, as she grew in years, Clarice became only more susceptible to the irritations of her situation. At length, a bitter source of evil mingled with the current of her destinies.

Among the habitual and most favoured guests of the château, was a nephew of Madame de Brissac, a younger and orphan son of a sister to whom she had been tenderly attached. The Vicomte d'Arnonville was a model of the best order of the ancient nobility of the unregenerated court of the Bourbons. Young, handsome, brilliant, ignorant, idle, vain, self-complacent, and egotistical, Adolphe possessed the redeeming qualifications of courage, a high sense of honour, and a chivalrous courtesy of demeanour, which became almost a virtue in one so selfish and so indolent. He was in every way endowed to fascinate the admiration of an inexperienced woman; and few were the women of the Court of Versailles whose attention he had not attracted. The young viscount was not, however (for the times), a determined libertine. He was neither a Fronsac nor

a Lauzun; perhaps because his self-love inspired him with a distaste for the incessant embarrassments and annoyances entailed upon the vocation of *un homme à bonnes fortunes*. He allowed himself to be wooed, but was not *always* won; even his gallantry was tinctured with the listless but not uncalculating egotism of his mode of life. It sufficed, therefore, when, shortly after his return from a tour in Italy with his elder brother, the Prince d'Arnonville, he presented himself at Mousseaux, and first beheld the interesting *protégée* of the duchess—it sufficed for his aunt to recommend Clarice to his forbearance, as a young person whom it was her intention to settle respectably in life, for Adolphe to limit his attentions within the bounds of common courtesy. He was more kind, indeed—more considerate—than the generality of those by whom the château was frequented; for the viscount, naturally good-natured, was not in the habit of inflicting pain upon others, unless where his own interests or convenience especially demanded the effort; and he was often at the trouble of opening a door, closing a window, picking up a book, or even going in search of the duchess's white spaniel, for the sake of receiving from Mademoiselle Clarice one of those bright sunshiny smiles with which she involuntarily recompensed his magnanimity.

It was not, however, these commonplace civilities which blinded the eyes of the young *demoiselle de compagnie* to his defects, or induced her to "fancy merit where she saw it not." But the lowly-born was, as we have already noticed, highly and finely organised. She possessed all the instincts of a pure and delicate taste; and the graceful manners of Adolphe d'Arnonville—his refinement of voice and conversation—the playfulness of his wit—his sprightly mode of relating and commenting on the anecdote of the day, rendered his arrival at the château as much a holiday to herself as to Madame de Brissac. In pursuance of the custom of disposing of the unportioned younger sons of the nobility, he had been engaged from his childhood in the Order of Malta, with a view to obtaining the Commandery of St. John of the Island, which, in former days, had been the appanage of his house. But he was not yet received a knight. Certain irregularities of conduct were supposed to have placed a serious obstacle to his preferment; and it was rumoured in the household of Madame de Brissac, that the object of her nephew's deference and assiduity was to cause himself to be nominated heir to her estates, and thus obtain a remission from his uncompleted vows. He was even said to have formed an attachment, rendering the prospects of a life of celibacy insupportable to his feelings.

All this did but augment the interest he had excited in the heart of Clarice. She now saw in him a victim—a victim like herself; and her whole sympathy connected itself with his fortunes. She had good reason to know that Madame de Brissac meditated no such disposal of her property as he was said to anticipate; and from the moment the tale of his passion, and its projects, reached her ear, she could scarce refrain, while she noted the patient devotion of his time to the caprices and exactions of her benefactress, to whisper, "Seek some other mode of exemption from the restraints that await you. Exert yourself elsewhere to secure your happiness. The inheritance of the duchess will never, never afford you a pretext of release from your vows as a knight of St. John."

Clarice had, however, sufficient delicacy to feel that it was not for *her* to seek the confidence of a man of the age and condition of the viscount. He returned, therefore, a frequent guest to the château, still to be the companion of her rides and walks with the duchess. On the river, in the beautiful forest of Lénart, among the lofty groves and *charmilles*, he was constantly by her side. He sang with elegance, talked with brilliancy; the very tone of his voice, and idiom of his discourse, betrayed the man of refinement. If Clarice might be termed a *chef d'œuvre* of nature, Adolphe d'Arnonville exhibited the utmost perfection of art. The commonplaces of life derived a tone of originality from his mode of utterance; the most ordinary actions appeared embellished by his sprightliness; and Clarice fancied she had formed as intimate an acquaintance with the court and courtiers of Versailles, from his frequent descriptions, as if she had passed her life in that region of splendour and futility.

With these sketches, there now began to intermix a thousand details which must have excited strong indignation in the mind of the duchess, even had they not been related with the glowing energy characteristic of the political opinions of her nephew. The fermentation of the revolutionary leaven was beginning to be perceptible even at Versailles. The murmurs of the people had reached even unto the king's chamber; the eloquence of Mirabeau had roused the echoes of respondent Europe; and man was beginning to feel and assert himself man, whether festooned with a blue riband, or with the rags of humiliating penury. All this the viscount related to admiration; sometimes with the bitter sneer of a courtier—sometimes with the angry eloquence of wounded pride. In all cases, the duchess applauded with enthusiasm; and Clarice, though she did not applaud, was approvingly silent; for though her inborn soul was with the triumphs of the people, her heart was with the "*homme de qualité*" by whom those triumphs were held up to hatred or derision.

Meanwhile, the stir and tumult of the kingdom hourly increased; the emigration of the nobility commenced; and the king and queen were held prisoners in their palace of the Tuilleries. But the greater the danger incurred by the intemperate line of conduct pursued by young d'Arnonville, the more obstinate, the more chivalrous grew his adherence to the royal cause. He adopted loyalty as a religion; and probably without anticipating (for who *did*—who *could* anticipate) the fearful outrages consequent on the intoxication of freedom among the emancipated helots of the realm, already he denounced the liberal party as plunderers and assassins. In vain did Clarice, by a few incidental words of remonstrance, attempt to moderate the rash fervour of his zeal. To tell him that he was incurring personal hazard to no good end was but to inflame his anti-revolutionary

ardour; and though she implored him to be prudent for the sake of those who loved him, if not for his own, the terms of the adjuration did not so much as excite his notice.

One circumstance, in all this, afforded some consolation to the *demoiselle de compagnie*. In the general disorganisation which was beginning to confuse and confound all ranks of society, Adolphe was already brought nearer to her. The approximation was scarcely perceptible to any but herself. But *she* felt that he was now glad to secure a submissive companion—a patient auditor of his diatribes; *she* felt that his arm was now offered as her support during their prolonged promenades; since his favourite coteries had been broken up, and his idols dispersed, he was moved to perceive, for the first time, that the large hazel eyes which fixed themselves so sympathisingly upon his own while he related to the Duchesse de Brissac the humiliations of Marie Antoinette, and the afflictions of Madame Elizabeth, were far more expressive than those of the most fashionable beauty of the noble Faubourg. He had not, in fact, conceived that a *roturière* could be so graceful; and began to enquire within himself whether noble blood might not, by some indirect means, flow in the veins of the *Paysanne parvenue*.

At last came the trial of the king; and foremost among those imprudent partisans, whose vehemence endangered his cause, was the Vicomte d'Arnonville. But he endangered not alone the royal cause; his own life was now in imminent peril, and his name on the lists of proscription. His only chance of safety remained in flight. A prudent, or, perhaps, a generous inspiration arrested his steps. The Duc de Brissac was already a captive in the clutch of the Jacobins; as the nearest kinsman of the duchess, as her heretofore assiduous cavalier, he felt, therefore, that he could not do less than offer his services to her protection. Already Adolphe had been compelled to desert his habitation in the now spoliated and confiscated hotel of his brother, the Prince d'Arnonville, in the Rue de Lille. The very atmosphere of the Faubourg St. Germain, where his person was as well known as the towers of St. Sulpice, would have been fatal to him; and he had even some apprehension of making his appearance overtly in the quarter where he might procure a conveyance to Mousseaux. It occurred to him, however, since disguise was now his only resource against detection, to make his way on foot to the village of Berey, under cover of night; and there, having procured the dress of a waterman, to seek a passage in the first return stone-barge or wood-raft making its way up the Seine towards Burgundy; whence it would be easy to gain the shore, at the ferry of Ris or Evry.

The autumn was already far advanced, and Clarice, dispirited alike by the fearful aspect of public affairs, and the impaired health of her protectress, which rendered all agitation perilous, and a long journey impossible, began to shudder as she listened to every shrill blast whistling along the lofty arcades of Mousseaux. The lime-trees were already divested of their leaves; and the reddened foliage of the cloistral-looking avenues of chestnuts fell to the ground in crisp showers with every fresh eddy of the wind. Even the blue waters of the Seine bore against the opposite embankment of Soisy, in curling waves that imparted a chilly, comfortless aspect to the autumnal landscape. Three times since the commencement of the king's trial had the mansion of the duchess been subjected to domiciliary visits on the part of the heads of the revolutionary committee sitting at Corbeil; and, at the first of these, the beauty of the young *demoiselle de compagnie* had attracted the favourable notice of a certain citizen, Marc Antoine Delamarre, the son of an ex-steward of an ex-nobleman of the province of Champagne; who, perceiving that the denunciation of the marquis, his seigneur, might afford a more lucrative return, than even the habitual malversations of his stewardship, had sent his master to the scaffold, and his son into the fiercest ranks of republican convention. But Marc Antoine, though sanguinary and unprincipled, had a heart open as day, or, as his classic namesake, to the influence of the fairer sex. For the sake of the pleading words of Clarice, accordingly, and still more for the sake of her hazel eyes, he had rendered his interrogation of the "aristocrate" of Mousseaux more forbearing than altogether became his functions; on the second visit he had openly avowed to the lovely mediatress the motive of his unwonted humanity, inviting her to desert the cause of the titled fools, who despised her, and become the companion of an honest *sans-culotte;* and, on the third, finding his proposition treated with silent contempt, had burst into a tirade of injurious invective, which unluckily had the effect of rousing all the hitherto repressed energies of his Cleopatra. It was not what he said of herself, or *to* herself, that she resented; but his menaces against Madame de Brissac were accompanied by so gross and groundless a vilification of her character, that the grateful Clarice could no longer subdue her indignation. She knew that whatever might be the corruptions of the court, the life of her benefactress was blameless; and boldly challenging the insolent accuser, excited against herself such a complication of rage and passion, that her danger was now equally urgent, from the love and hatred of her adversary. For that time, however, she was safe. The instructions of Delamarre were not such as to authorise him in the arrest of Madame de Brissac, or her *protégée*. He therefore contented himself with uttering threats for the future.

It was on the day following this frightful scene that Clarice, having escaped from the heated atmosphere of the *boudoir* of Madame de Brissac, to refresh herself with momentary aspiration of purer air, and to collect her thoughts in solitary self-communion, was pacing, with agitated steps, the labyrinth adjoining the river, when she perceived one of the rush-rafts, so common at that place and season, suddenly pause opposite the gardens, and steer towards the shore. A minute afterwards, a man, habited in the vest and broad straw-hat of a fisher of the Seine, leaped on shore; and while the raft was pointed

back towards the current of the stream, she saw him descend into the fosse of the *saut-de-loup* surrounding the park, and having, with great agility, ascended the opposite wall, make his way towards the terrace. Clarice stopped short, and trembled. It was not that for a moment she dreaded to discover Marc Antoine in the person of this mysterious intruder. The eyes of affection have a searching glance; and, in a moment, she had detected the gallant, gay Adolphe, under the sordid weeds of his disguise. When, therefore, he advanced familiarly towards her, and, trusting to the high espaliers of the labyrinth to screen them from observation, drew her arm under his, pressed the trembling hand that lay upon his sleeve, and whispered the tale of his danger—the tale of his devotion—in a tone very different from that of his usual sprightly impertinence, Clarice could scarcely refrain from blessing the misfortunes which seemed to have extinguished the painful inequality between them.

Dear as was young Arnonville to his noble kinswoman, his arrival, though prompted by such generous motives, seemed but to add to her perplexities. An ancient maître d'hôtel of her neighbour the Duchess de Bourbon had been despatched back to Petit Bourg by that considerate friend, to be the guide of her projected flight to the frontier; and she foresaw that a guardian so impetuous as Adolphe would but augment the perils of the journey. Nevertheless she could but gratefully thank his intended services, more particularly when they were again and again pointed out by Clarice to her admiration; and it was finally agreed among them that, on the following evening, the duchess and Clarice, with the viscount disguised as a postilion, should quit the château, *en caléche*, as if for an ordinary excursion; proceed with their own horses as far as Etampes, where their persons were unknown, obtain relays of post-horses, and proceed onward to the coast. This plan satisfactorily arranged, Madame de Brissac related to her nephew the eventful history of the insults they had recently undergone; enlarging with much eloquence upon the passion kindled by Clarice in the susceptible breast of Monsieur Marc Antoine Delamarre; and the burst of rage with which the announcement of his pretensions was received by Adolphe might almost seem to justify the flush of delight and triumph with which every flattering word that fell from his lips was treasured up by his devoted votaress. Mistaking the excitement with which the eventfulness of the times had animated his listless demeanour, for the first expansion of a more liberal frame of mind, she fancied herself becoming dear to him; she fancied that when the deluge of the revolution should subside, all things on earth would be found reduced to the level of nature, and that the frame of society in France could not again renew its artificial distinctions. Never had poor Clarice been so happy as on that evening of consternation; when, seated beside the sofa of Madame de Brissac, with Adolphe at her feet, they formed wild projects for the future, as if their destinies were inextricably interwoven.

But, at a very early hour on the following morning, a new alarm spread through the chateau. A young man employed in the *octroi* of Corbeil, whose appointment had originated in the interest of Madame de Brissac, had been moved by feelings of gratitude to give them furtive information that they were about to be subjected to a fourth domiciliary visit; and that Delamarre, forewarned of their flight, had determined to arrest them. The first idea of Clarice, on obtaining this painful intelligence, was the concealment of Adolphe d'Arnonville; for *his* name was actually on the lists of proscription;—*him* Delamarre would be amply justified in consigning to the hands of the law. Five minutes, however, sufficed to immure him in one of the vaults of the chateau, originally destined to receive the produce of the extensive vineyards formerly attached to the domain; and when at midday Marc Antoine actually made his appearance at the head of his detachment, the poor girl felt satisfied that, whatever calamities might befall herself, the object of her affections was secure.

"Look you, *citoyenne* would-be-aristocrat!" cried Delamarre, seizing the arm of Clarice as she was about to take her station beside the duchess, while the chateau was submitted to the ordinary search for arms and suspected persons, "I have obtained due warning of your projected emigration. If the examination now instituting by my people should afford any shadow of grounds for your arrest,—nay, should it not, but at my own hazard and instigation,—I will consign both you and your mistress to the revolutionary tribunal of Corbeil, which has already sent the decapitated carcasses of so many titled traitors floating yonder into Paris, to rejoice the sight of the good patriots of the Grève. In pity, however, to your youth and folly, I first offer you once more the means of redemption. Be mine, and the old woman yonder may make her way towards her kindred in emigration, without obstruction or hindrance. You call yourself grateful, Citoyenne Clarice. I give you an occasion to save the life of her who from your childhood has fed you, clothed you, loved you,—and yet you hesitate!"

"My poor Clarice!" faltered the duchess, casting a wistful eye upon the young girl, whom she affectioned as a pet and companion, but by no means so dearly as to overcome the selfish terrors of her own heart.

"Decide, young woman," cried Delamarre; "the alternative will not long exist to perplex you:" and, taking a roll of papers from his vest, he proceeded to fill up a blank warrant of arrest with her own name and that of the ex-duchess.

"Grant me but till this hour to-morrow for decision!" cried Clarice, with a look of wan despair, and having already taken a desperate resolution. "Since I must needs part from my generous benefactress, afford me at least one day to gain courage for our eternal separation."

And Marc Antoine, better informed perhaps than she imagined, as to her motives for the request, jerked his papers back into his pocket with a significant smile; and after a moment's communication with the serjeant of the municipal guard, sneeringly announced his acquiescence in the demand of Clarice. He informed her,

with an air half-tender, half-contemptuous, that at the meridian hour of the following day he should return to seek his bride,—or his victim;—and straightway departed, not judging it necessary to acquaint her that three of his men were posted in the premises, to keep due watch over the movements of the chateau.

At nightfall, accordingly, Clarice, satisfied that they were once more secure from observation, ventured forth into the corridors, and, escorted by the old steward, descended the concealed staircase to liberate her beloved prisoner. But, lo! a rude hand was laid upon her shoulder as she placed her key in the stone door of the vault, and a gruff voice thanked her for having yielded a clue to the secret which the citizen Delamarre was so intent on discovering.

Having summoned, by a shrill whistle, his brethren in authority, the serjeant, whose *ruse* was now successful, had little difficulty in forcing the door against the resistance of Adolphe; and the promiscuous discharge of the pistols with which the prisoner had been provided by the care of Clarice, unfortunately produced no other effect than that of inflicting a severe wound upon that generous protectress! The poor girl stood leaning against the wall of the vault, bathed in her blood, and half fainting from weakness, while Adolphe, overpowered by numbers, was captured and heavily ironed. The aid of the servants of the house was requisite indeed to remove her from the fatal spot,—not yet, however, so insensible to all that was passing around her as not to hear with distinctness the parting apostrophe of Arnonville,—"Clarice, dearest Clarice! make no sacrifice you are likely to repent. Let not the danger of your friends impel you into a rash and miserable marriage!"

"He is not indifferent, then, to my fate!" murmured she, as she lay writhing on the bed of pain, awaiting the arrival of the surgeon, who had been summoned to her assistance. "Ah! when I thought he cared no more for me than for the spaniel sporting at his feet, even then I would not for a moment have placed my own happiness in competition with his safety; but now, what would I not do, what suffer for his sake!"

A few hours afterwards, and while yet labouring under the harassing effects of her wound, the immolation of Clarice was completed. She had signed an engagement with Marc Antoine Delamarre to become his wife so soon as her restoration to health might admit; and to accompany him to St. John of the Island, the ruins of which were converted by the Conventional Government into a *poudrière*, or powder-mill, under the direction of their good and faithful servant the Citoyen Delamarre, to whose domicile was assigned the adjoining mansion of the Knight Commander of the Order. Clarice scarcely shuddered when she reflected on the signature to this fatal promise; for, thanks to the promptitude of her self-sacrifice, Madame de Brissac and her nephew were already safe, on their road to the frontier, with the connivance of Delamarre. There had been no farewell interview between Adolphe and his kinswoman and the generous Clarice. The duchess protested that she had not courage to witness the agony which was the price of her redemption from bondage; and Clarice scarcely desired to augment her own misery by the pangs of parting.

* * * * * * * *

A year from that afflicting moment had passed away. Arnonville was fighting with the armies of Condó, Madame de Brissac telling her beads in the gloomy walls of Holyrood; the Château de Mousseaux leveled with the ground; its gardens devastated; its fine woods sold for the benefit of the nation. Blood had been poured forth like water from one end of revolutionised France to the other; whole families were swept away; and the grave-yards of the *Madelaine* and *Les Innocens* of Paris were fattened with the multitudes of dead.

But Clarice still lived,—if life that could be termed which was estrangement from herself. From the day of the duchess's departure, her mind had been never wholly coherent. She was aware, indeed, of the sufferings that had befallen her; but sometimes she appeared to know more, sometimes less than the truth. Yet, by some strange perversity, the passion of Delamarre seemed only to increase with her infirmity. He had consulted the best physicians in her behalf; and received an assurance that the mind disordered in its faculties by the strong emotions of some great crisis, is often, by a second crisis, restored to tranquillity. Clarice was about to become a mother; and it was augured that the strong excitement of her new position might suddenly recall her scattered wits. She was what is termed "harmless;" betrayed her aberration of intellect only by an unmeaning, ill-timed laugh, or some disjointed apostrophe; and Delamarre, still cherishing a hope that she might one day recover and reward his forbearance and assiduity by becoming an affectionate and complacent wife, was too well satisfied to retain the power of gazing upon her delicate and now almost etherial loveliness, to suffer her to be removed to a place of confinement. Two rooms, overlooking the gardens of the abbey, were devoted to her use; and a nurse appointed to watch over her movements.

The time for her deliverance approached, and at length a fair girl nestled in the unconscious bosom of the lunatic. But reason returned not with the formation of this new and potent tie to life and happiness. Clarice laughed as wildly and strangely as ever, when the innocent creature was tendered to her embraces; and when consulted what name should be enregistered as that of her daughter, she answered, with a vacant smile, "Call her Adolphe,—call her Adolphe!"

Delamarre was fortunately not present to witness this disappointment of his expectations with respect to the influence of the birth of his child upon his wife's recovery. For some previous weeks, indeed, he had been compelled to leave the direction of the *poudrière* almost entirely in the hands of his foreman, and absent himself from the island for the execution of other official duties. The Reign of Terror was at its climax; and every day he received rebukes from those in authority, for the mildness with which his crusade against the aristocrats was prosecuted. The names of Brissac and Arnonville were specially enumerat-

ed in the charges brought against his zeal in the good cause; and it appeared that his own sole chance of escape from denunciation lay in increased severity of creed and action. He began to foresee the probability of falling under a sentence such as he had often been the means of fulfilling towards others; and scarcely dared to return to the lofty shades and green meadows of the island-convent. He had seen Clarice indeed but once since the birth of their child.

It was remarkable that, although the invalid by a vague air of restlessness and enquiry demonstrated her consciousness of his absence, she never enquired into the cause. For many months past she had ceased to betray impatience of his attentions, and was evidently imperfectly aware of his identity. She knew him not as the enemy of her benefactress, the captor of her lover,—the husband of her sorrow;—she saw in him only an assiduous friend, ever at hand to obey her summons and assuage her sufferings. She bore with him,—she almost loved him; not, it is true, as Marc Antoine Delamarre, but as the being kindest among those by whose kindness she was now surrounded. Yet among them there was one whose devotion was of no common kind, for the woman selected by Delamarre to watch over his afflicted Clarice—was her mother.

Ten days had elapsed since the birth of the infant, and Clarice was just able to totter round her apartment and look forth anew upon the face of nature. The summer was nearly at an end; but there was still perfume enough in the atmosphere of the gardens, and freshness enough in the foliage of the groves, to gratify her languid eyes. She began to miss something from her accustomed companionship.

"He is not here!" faltered she, gazing mournfully in the face of her mother. "It is not long since he was here. When will he come again?"

"Of whom are you speaking, *ma cherie?*" enquired the old woman.

"Of *him*—of Adolphe!" replied Clarice (for she had acquired a habit of calling every thing and every one that pleased her by the name of Arnonville). "Doubtless they have discovered him—arrested him. He is in the dungeons of Mousseaux; mother, let us go in search of him."

Aware that the poor maniac adverted to her husband, and expecting, from hour to hour, the return of Delamarre, the old woman contrived to pacify her for a time; but towards evening, as she was sitting musing beside the open window, the bells of St. Spire and St. Leonard of Corbeil—then converted into infantry barracks—suddenly rang out, as if in proclamation of some occasion of public rejoicing.

"Something great and good has happened!" cried Clarice, starting up; "I hear at a distance the acclamations of the people! Adolphe has escaped."

"What can have occurred?" ejaculated the old woman; and, putting forth her head from the window, she called aloud to the workmen, who, although the powder-mill was closed at dusk, often loitered about the premises on errands of their own. But no answer! not a soul was stirring!

Again the bells struck up a merry peal; and, excited as she was by the joyous sound, the infirm mother of Delamarre's wife little suspected how glorious were the tidings which produced these public demonstrations. Robespierre was no more—the reign of terror was at an end. The intelligence had just reached Corbeil, and young and old were pouring forth into the streets and market-place, with mutual congratulations.

"She is quiet enough to-night; I will just step down to the offices and enquire the meaning of all this joy and tumult," muttered the old woman to herself, when even her imperfect hearing was startled by the shouts of the distant multitude; and, having uttered an imperative injunction to Clarice not to attempt to quit the apartment during her absence, (the surest mode by which she could have pointed out to the maniac that she was accidentally at liberty), the old woman locked the door and stole down stairs, promising to return in a moment. But the offices to which she repaired were solitary—there was not a single soul on the premises; and having left Clarice musing and melancholy, safe in her nursing chair, the inquisitive old lady assured herself that no harm could arise from her hastening through the cemetery towards the mill at the extremity of the island, to prosecute her enquiries. "The poor child wants so sadly to know the cause of all this bell-ringing," was her apology to herself for her indiscretion; and away she scudded under the trees, enchanted at the prospect of a moment's gossip with *la mère Pinson*, at the mill.

The first object that struck her on arriving there (revealed by the light streaming from the windows, upon the little wooden bridge crossing the Juigné), was the person of her son-in-law.

"*Que diable fais-tu ici?*" was his instant salutation—an invocation which, but for her terror of the violence of her son-in-law, she might have been content to reiterate. "What was *he*, so long absent, doing there at last?"

"I came, at the request of Clarice, to ascertain what was going on," said she, checking herself, "and now let us return to the house."

"At the request of Clarice? Heaven be thanked! She is then sufficiently restored to feel an interest in what is going on around her! For once the doctors were right."

"Not altogether, I fear," faltered the old woman in reply; "our poor child can scarcely yet be said to enjoy the right use of her senses. Yet on such topics——"

"You have not surely left her *alone?*" cried Delamarre, as they were traversing the young plantation of poplars leading to the boundary wall of the cemetery.

"She was so calm, so tranquil, this evening, that I considered——"

"*Did* you leave her *alone?*" persisted Delamarre, in a voice of thunder. "Speak out!"

"I *did* then; but——"

"Infernal fool!" ejaculated the agonised husband, hastening his steps; "how dared you neglect my orders?"

But on reaching the wall of the churchyard leading to the commander's house, a spectacle

was before him that suspended the words of imprecation on his lips.

Extending from the second story of his house to a range of offices—formerly the farm-sheds of the convent, but for some time past serving as a temporary powder-magazine—was a massive but ruinous wall, part of that portion of the Abbey of St. John which was demolished on the ejection of the monks. At the farther extremity was a tower, partly standing at the present day, and said to have been originally used as a prison for recalcitrant brethren of the order; and on the summit of this wall, bending, or rather climbing, her way towards the dilapitated turret, stood Clarice, holding a lighted taper in one hand, and with the other folding closely around her the white draperies of her night-dress. On discovering herself alone, engrossed as she was by the fixed idea of going to deliver Adolphe from his imprisonment, she had escaped by a window, leading to the wall; and, thanks to the aerial lightness of her attenuated figure, and the rash security of her unshrinking steps, had hitherto escaped destruction.

Delamarre perceiving in a moment that a miracle alone could save her, felt, with a sad and sudden conviction, that of such a miracle he was wholly undeserving. He dared not even raise his voice to heaven to sue for its mercy in the preservation of his wife. All he could do was to seize the old woman with imperious violence, and clasp his hands over her mouth, to prevent the utterance of a single outcry, which might be fatal to her child.

The night was dark; and the taper, burning in the hands of Clarice, derived a sort of unnatural brilliancy from the contrast of its gloom; it was still, too, as it was obscure—scarcely a breath of air was stirring among the lime-trees; and Delamarre could distinctly hear the bricks of the ruined wall displaced and falling to the earth at every step hazarded by the poor lunatic. Never had her sweet countenance appeared more lovely to him than now, when irradiated by the strong light of that solitary taper; for her looks were brightened by the sweetest of smiles—she was happy—she fancied herself once more in pursuit of Adolphe.

So entrancing was the perturbation of Delamarre, as he stood with his eyes fixed on that appalling apparition, that even had he not known that the preservation of Clarice depended upon her not being startled, he was incapable of the utterance of a single syllable. His heart was swelling with hope almost to suffocation, for already Clarice had attained more than midway of her hazardous career; and she was now passing over the sheds serving as magazines: which, were she to fall, must necessarily break her descent and diminish her peril. But, mercy of mercies, a new danger now presented itself. The lighted taper! The powder!

Scacely had this fearful notion occurred to Delamarre, when a shock as of an earthquake laid him and his companion prostrate on the earth; while high in air—so high as to be perceptible as far as Choisy on one side and Melun on the other,—rose a burst of impetuous flame, reddening the heavens as with an announcement of the wrath of God,—an announcement spoken in thunders, even as when the Almighty communed on Mount Sinai with the rulers of his people!

Just as poor Clarice attained that portion of the ruins overhanging the magazine, the bells of St. Spire had unfortunately renewed their joyous peals, and her irrepressible start at the sound had proved fatal! Falling upon the very spot used by the workmen for packing canisters of powder, the overthrow of her taper among the particles had ignited them, and the ignition communicated itself to the vast store of barrels in the shed beyond; and, in an instant, the roar of the detonation announced that all was over.

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The blackened and defaced walls of the Church of St. John of the Island still announce the dread event by which their ruin was completed; and, in a gloomy corner of the old cemetery, overshadowed by the drooping boughs of an ancient chesnut-tree, is a small mound—greener than the rest of its turf—which covers the fair corse rescued by Delamarre, after many days' exertion, from the ruins. Horror-struck by the miseries provoked by his own ungovernable passions, Delamarre, immediately after the interment, sent in his resignation of the post of director of the republican powder-mill of St. John of the Island, and departed, with his infant child, to a distant part of the country. When next he was heard of at Corbeil, he was married again—prudently—wisely—and the father of two sons.

And now that the events of the first revolution are forgotten in the hopes and promises of a second, those sons, redeemed from their father's ignominy by the purchase of a *savonnette à vilain*, enjoy titles, wealth, distinction, in the gay circles of the French metropolis. They know nothing of the young sister, who lived not to share with them their father's inheritance; still less of the beautiful—the gifted—the sacrificed Clarice Delamarre—who sleeps in the secluded cemetery beside the waters of the Juigné. In the brilliant coteries of the Faubourg St. Honoré—in the *foyer* of the Italians—at Tortoni's—at the Salon—they sometimes meet the infirm Duc d'Arnonville, who, by the death of his brother, acceded some years ago to that title. Surprised by the eagerness with which the antediluvian libertine fixes his gaze upon them, they naturally attribute his inquisitorial glances to the excellence of their tailors, and of their own taste.

How could it occur to such men, that their importance in the eyes of the favourite of Charles X. might be traced to a little heap of mouldering dust in the cemetery of St. John of the Island?

Press in Switzerland.—In 1817 there were in all Switzerland no more than 54 printing offices and 16 journals; in 1830, there were 71 printing offices and 29 journals; and at present, there are 93 of the former and 54 of the latter.

From the London Athenæum.

Nautical and Hydraulic Experiments, with numerous Scientific Miscellanies. By Col. Mark Beaufoy, F.R.S. &c. Vol. I. royal 4to. Printed at the private press of Col. Beaufoy.

It is now some three or four months since certain gentlemen, known as connected with science in the two universities, and in the metropolis, found themselves each in possession of a goodly quarto volume of 700 and odd pages, superbly printed, illustrated by twenty plates—(among the finest specimens of machine engraving ever executed), and wood-cuts *passim*, and bearing the above title. As he opened this magnificent volume, each read upon the first page of it the following epistle dedicatory—his own name filling up the blank space in it.

* * * * *
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"The *acceptance* of a copy of
Colonel Beaufoy's
Nautical and Hydraulic Experiments,
is most respectfully solicited by the Publisher.

For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.—SHAKSPEARE.

The second and third volumes will be duly forwarded as soon as printed.

"South Lambeth. HENRY BEAUFOY."

Of the munificence of the gift, some idea will be formed when we have described it. The following is the history of the work.

It appears that the attention of Col. M. Beaufoy, the author, and the father of the gentleman who, at his own great cost and charge, has published it—

"had made his first experiments upon the resistance of solids moving through water, before he was fifteen years of age; and he pursued the subject, with unabated zeal, until within a few months of his death. His attention was first drawn to the subject in consequence of his hearing stated one evening by an eminent mathematician, as an axiom generally received by naval mechanics, that '*a cone drawn through the water with its base foremost, experienced less resistance from the fluid than with its apex foremost.*'

"This paradoxical assertion excited young Beaufoy's curiosity, and before bed-time, with the assistance of a neighbouring turner, he ascertained the fallacy of the alleged opinion, by making the experiment in one of the coolers in his father's brew-house, the large bunch of counting-house keys being put in requisition for a motive power."

The impetus was thus given, and the prevailing tendency of the man's thoughts seems strangely enough to have been fixed by it *for his life;*—of that life, so far as it was connected with science, the experiments and calculations recorded in the work before us are the result, and the work itself an appropriate monument erected at the hands of his son. The first experiments of Col. Beaufoy, on the resistance of fluids, were made by attaching different solid bodies to a pendulum suspended over a kind of trough containing water; the pendulum was inclined in each case at the same angle, and loaded, so as to have the same weight, and then being allowed to descend by this weight through the fluid, the angle through which its first oscillation took place, was observed, and this angle was taken as a measure of the greater or less degree of resistance opposed by the fluid to its motion. There are numerous objections to this method of experimenting on fluid resistance; it is very possible that the body best calculated to move through fluid occupying the confined space of the trough, and revolving in a circular arc.* may not be that best calculated to move in a straight line, and through a mass of fluid of unlimited dimensions. And, moreover, the different solids used would have different momenta of inertia, of which their velocities at any instant in free space—and, therefore, their resistances in a resisting space,—would necessarily be functions. Thus, the correct interpretation of experiments on resistance made with the pendulum, would necessarily be very complicated and difficult; and, indeed, in the existing state of science, it would be impracticable. It was probably for these reasons that Col. Beaufoy held none of his pendulum experiments in any estimation; although he seems to have considered them sufficient for showing the *comparative* resistances of the solids tried under similar circumstances. On these experiments we shall make no further remark than this, that they indicate the singular fact, confirmed by other experiments of a far more accurate nature, that increasing the length of a solid of almost any form, by the addition of a cylinder in the middle, exceedingly diminishes the resistance with which it moves, provided the weight in water remain the same; also, that the greatest width of a body moving in a fluid, should not lie in the middle, but nearer to its anterior extremity.

Impressed with the insufficiency of these experiments, and viewing the subject, with justice, as one of *national* importance, Col. Beaufoy appears to have been the founder of a society calling itself 'A Society for the Improvement of Naval Architecture."

"A meeting, in consequence of a public advertisement for that purpose, was held at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, in the Strand, on Thursday, the 14th of April, 1791, to take into consideration the expediency of instituting 'A Society for the improvement of Naval Architecture.' It was attended by a numerous company of noblemen and gentlemen, when it was unanimously agreed:—

"'That the theory and art of ship-building being objects of the first magnitude and importance to these kingdoms, and not so well understood in this country as matters of so much consequence deserve, a remedy for this radical deficiency merited the attention of every well-wisher to the true interests of Great Britain.

"'That the most effectual remedy for this deficiency would be, to concentrate the theoretical and practical wisdom of this country, by the institution of a Society for the Improvement of Naval Architecture.

"'That such a society be instituted, under the direction of a president, vice-presidents, and other officers, and that his royal highness the Duke of Clarence be requested to accept the office of president, and to lay the plan of it before his majesty.'

"This society resolved, by the assistance of their own

* The arcs described varied from 15° to 27°.

nembers, and other gentlemen properly qualified, to nake a series of experiments on the resistance of water, ıpon a much more extensive scale than any which had yet been made in this or any other country.

"A committee of gentlemen was chosen for the purpose of conducting the experiments.

"The Greenland Dock was fixed upon as the largest and most convenient piece of still water for the purpose near London, and they chose the upper end, as there they would be less liable to be disturbed by the general business of the dock; and conceived that the 400 feet run, and 11 feet depth of water, obtained at that part of the dock, were amply sufficient to answer the views of the society.

"Though a committee of gentlemen was chosen, all of whom entertained the most ardent desire to render themselves useful in the business, yet from their professional and other individual concerns, few of them were able to bestow more than their occasional assistance; the whole onus, therefore, of regular attendance, from first to last, and of conducting the process, (for he never absented himself for a single day,) was borne by Colonel Beaufoy; the assistant secretary to the society, Mr. James Scott; and by Captain John Leard, as often as his nautical duties would permit him to attend.

"For some years the calculations were made at Colonel Beaufoy's residence at Hackney Wick, by himself, assisted by his wife, who contributed no inconsiderable share to the progress and success of the experiments; for, favoured alike in person and in mind, being a woman of considerable talent and scientific attainments, besides the usual female accomplishments in which she excelled, she was a good mathematician and practical astronomer, familiar with all the details of the observatory, the calculation of eclipses, &c.; and by method and strict economy of her time, while the domestic arrangements proceeded with perfect regularity, she was never at a loss for leisure in the furtherance of her husband's pursuits. But,

'Pauca decet..... rostque tabellis
Ut bene depictâ floris odore caret,'

"She died in the year 1800, at an early age, after a few hours' illness; an irreparable loss to her husband. He survived her twenty-seven years, and proved the sincerity of his attachment to her memory by not marrying again. A few hours before he died, he spoke of her with emotion, which showed that time had not caused the smallest diminution in his affection for this estimable woman.

"After her decease the calculations were continued by Colonel Beaufoy, in association with the assistant secretary, Mr. James Scott. These calculations were attended with great labour and trouble, and occupied more than ten years subsequent to the final close of the experiments, at Greenland Dock. Colonel Beaufoy verified them for the fifth time shortly before his death.

"That a society, with objects so important, and commenced under such favourable auspices, should have sunk into decay for want of funds, is deeply to be regretted. In consequence of this event the experiments were, for a considerable period, conducted and brought to a conclusion solely at the expense of Colonel Beaufoy.

"At length, however, he had the satisfaction of seeing a perfect copy of the whole of the experiments, with appropriate drawings of the apparatus and solids employed, comprised in two folio volumes. To the first volume of which he appended a notice, that 'this was the only complete copy of the experiments in existence.' It is from this copy that the present publication is taken, without alteration or addition."

Whilst the experiments of the society were thus in the hands of Col. Beaufoy, and undergoing through a long course of years that process of careful verification, and were made the subject of those elaborate calculations, without which he appears to have resolved not to give them to the world, a set of experiments was undertaken in Sweden, having for their object the solution of the same question. These Swedish experiments were conducted under the sanction and at the expense of the society of iron-masters at Stockholm, by Messrs. Lagerhjelm, Farrelles, and Kalestenius, and were tried at Fahl mine in the years 1811, 1812, 1813, 1814, and 1815. Copies of the Swedish experiments were sent to Col. Beaufoy, and he made two ineffectual attempts to obtain, at his own expense, an English translation of them. In the meanwhile his scientific labours terminated. In the year 1827 this public-spirited man descended to the grave, where there is "no work, nor device, nor knowledge." The experiments and calculations to which he had dedicated, with a skill, industry, and perseverance, unparalleled in the history of science, more than thirty years of his life, were not, however, to be lost. His manuscripts were bequeathed to his eldest son, who determined to fulfil his father's wishes, by publishing the whole of them, together with the Swedish experiments, "for the benefit of those who might feel disposed to prosecute the investigation hereafter." In carrying this purpose into effect, he has spared neither labour nor money.*

"The Swedish language is rarely cultivated in England, and consequently it became extremely difficult to meet with a person who could combine the capabilities for translating a mathematical and abstruse work from Swedish into English, with a disposition to undergo the labour of arranging papers,—of superintending the press,—and of preparing, by way of preliminary, exact copies of the original manuscripts for the printer.

"After many fruitless enquiries, and when there appeared no chance of the work being published agreeable to the colonel's intentions, a lucky incident occurred which removed every difficulty."

Difficulties vanish before the energy and perseverance of the Beaufoys. This lucky expedient was no other than the *engaging of a gentleman of university education to learn the Swedish language*, and thus qualify himself for the duties of a translator. In the spring of 1832, when he had succeeded in translating the first volume, this gentleman was sent over to Stockholm to lay the translation before the learned author, Assessor Lagerhjelm—

. ."who, being an excellent English scholar, could satisfy himself that the translator had rendered the Swedish

* Some idea of the expense of the work and the *devotion* of the publisher, may be formed from the following passage in a note which has reference to some trifling errors which he had detected in the work. "At one time the publisher felt disposed to have cancelled the whole edition (1550 copies), and to have reprinted the work; but seeing that he had already paid more than three thousand pounds for what had been done (i. e. to the first volume), he thought it more advisable to adopt the plan of inserting the Table of Corrected Reading—a decision which, under all circumstances, he trusts will meet with the approbation of the reader."

into English according to the true spirit and meaning of the author.

"The assessor was pleased to express himself in terms of warm commendation of his performance, and zealously afforded him every assistance towards the perfection of the undertaking. Not content with loading his English visiter with personal kindness and attention, he interested himself in bringing the object of the reverend gentleman's voyage to Stockholm before the Society of Iron Masters, who, doubtless at Assessor Lagerhjelm's suggestion, most liberally and considerately offered the use of the copper-plates belonging to the original Swedish work, in order to facilitate and diminish the expense of the publication. * * *

"The work will consist of three volumes.

"The first volume will contain Colonel Beaufoy's experiments upon the Resistance of Solids moving through Water, made at Greenland Dock, divided into the First and Second Series, containing the whole of Vols. I. and II. of the original MS.

"The second volume will contain the translation of the first and second volumes of the Swedish Hydraulic Experiments, and also that of the '*Tentamen Theoriæ Resistentiæ Fluidorum constituendæ.*'

"The third volume will contain Colonel Beaufoy's Miscellaneous Papers, chiefly reprinted from Thompson's Annals of Philosophy. These papers are numerous, and treat on astronomy, naval architecture, air, magnetism, meteorology, tides, trigonometry, sound, and other scientific subjects.

"It is possible that these miscellanies may require a fourth volume; but, be that as it may, the second volume will include the translation of the first and second volumes of the Swedish Experiments upon Hydraulics, and will close with Assessor Lagerhjelm's '*Tentamen Theoria Resistentiæ Fluidorum constituendæ.*' If Providence permits, such is the course of publication intended to be pursued. The uncertainty of human life, and the vicissitudes of health and circumstances, may not suffer the fulfilment of the entire work. The object must be, therefore, to make each volume complete in itself.

"The united experiments made by the English and Swedish philosophers have not cost so little as 50,000*l.* sterling; and it would be a melancholy event should fire or accident deprive the world of a body of experiments, which are believed to be unparalleled in extent and accuracy, by any that have been made heretofore upon this particular branch of hydrostatics.

"The number of copies (1500), multiplied as they now will be through the medium of the press, may possibly snatch the labours of these disinterested men from oblivion.

"The whole course of Colonel Beaufoy's life was devoted to the cultivation of science, and spent in the advancement of useful knowledge; yet, in no one instance, did he seek (much less derive) the smallest personal advantage from his scientific occupations. His aim was to be useful in his station,—his ambition was to contribute his mite to the aggregate of human improvement,—and, with the exception of the commencement of the Greenland Dock experiments, the whole of his researches were conducted by himself, and at his sole expense.

"As Colonel Beaufoy's scientific labours were given to the public gratuitously, so, likewise, are these volumes intended for the honour of gratuitous distribution."

Some alteration has taken place in the order of the volumes. The translator engaged by Mr. Beaufoy has gone to Archangel, having become the chaplain of the Russian (British) factory there; and he has thus been prevented from making a second journey to Stockholm, which Mr. Beaufoy considers necessary, to verify his translation of the second volume of the Swedish Experiments. This second volume of the Swedish Experiments is therefore reserved for the third volume of Mr. Beaufoy's work; and his second volume will contain the remainder of his father's experiments on nautical subjects, and the *first* volume only of the Swedish Experiments.

Of the experiments (many thousands in number), which are registered in this volume, only a slight notice can here be given. They were made at the Greenland dock, in the years 1793, 1794, 1796, 1797, 1798; and the object of them was to ascertain the actual *amount* of resistance opposed to the motion of bodies of different dimensions moving in a fluid; one set of experiments being made near the surface, and the other at a mean depth of six feet.

A body floating *at rest* sustains on all sides of it certain pressures, which may be resolved into horizontal and vertical: the vertical pressures are all neutralised by the weight of the body, and are together equal to that weight. The horizontal pressures neutralise one another: those on any portion of one side of the body being exactly balanced by others on a corresponding portion of the other side. If the body be put in motion in any direction (say horizontally), the equilibrium of both these sets of forces is destroyed—the horizontal pressure on that side *towards* which the body is moving is increased, and that on the side *from* which it is moving is diminished: the resistence is the difference of the head and stern pressures; and for both these causes it is *increased*. Also it appears by recent experiments, that not only is the equilibrium of the horizontal forces thus destroyed; but that although the disturbing force is applied wholly in a horizontal direction, the equilibrium of the *vertical* forces is destroyed by it, so that the sum of the vertical pressures is no longer equal to the weight, but is made to exceed it, and cause the floating body to rise out of the fluid. It is remarkable, that in the numerous and varied experiments of Colonel Beaufoy, made as well at the surface as below it, this fact, of which such advantage has since been taken in canal navigation,* did not occur to him; we cannot help viewing this as a great misfortune; the opportunities he had of ascertaining, in the course of his experiments, the nature and law of this vertical disturbance, and his admirable skill, perseverance, and accuracy, as an experimenter, render it a real loss to science, that his attention should not have been directed to this point; and it is more particularly

* It has been ascertained, that when floating bodies are put in motion, by means of a horizontal force, with more than a certain velocity, they *rise* out of the water so as materially to diminish the resisting surface, and, of course, the resistance. Advantage has been taken of this fact in canal navigation; and a barge, which will contain somewhere about 100 passengers, is now actually dragged along a part of the Forth and Clyde canal, at the rate of twelve miles an hour. The Edinburgh and Glasgow passage boats *commonly* travel at the rate of nine miles an hour. Mr. Challis has, in the last number of the Cambridge Philosophical Transactions, endeavoured to account for the elevation of a sphere drawn horizontally through a fluid, by investigations derived from the general equations of fluid motion.

to be regretted, because the question is one affecting, in some degree, the valuable results contained in the volume before us, especially those made near the surface in the years 1793, 1794, 1795. Of the effects of this vertical disturbance several instances are mentioned. We are told, that where the heads were obtuse, and the velocities considerable, the water would not unfrequently rise so as to flow over the top of the body; and that, in some cases, "the water thus collecting on its fore part, the body would dive down to the bottom of the dock, then overset, and tumble out the ballast." Another example of this disturbance in the *vertical* equilibrium is presented in some experiments made with two bodies, in both of which the solid content is the same, and the angle which the surface opposes to the fluid is the same; but, in the one case, it divides the fluid laterally; and in the other, the body, in order to move, must displace it vertically; the resistance in these cases is essentially different, as may be seen by comparing the experiments in pages 139 and 155. The experiments made in 1796, 1797, 1798, were principally at a considerable depth beneath the surface, and here (except in respect to the conductor,) the same source of error could not exist; these experiments constitute, by far, the most valuable part of the work. It is impossible, within our limits, to give any thing like an accurate notion of the important practical results deducible from these experiments. The following are, nevertheless, some of them:—When a floating body passes from a state of rest to a state of horizontal motion, there results evidently, as we have before stated, an *increase* of the pressure upon its head, and a *diminution* of that on the stern. The *sum* of increase, and this diminution, constitute the whole resistances. Now, in the work before us, there is detailed a very ingenious method by which these two pressures have been (we believe for the first time,) separated, and their amount separately measured. The bodies experimented upon were each composed of three pieces, a head-piece, a body, and a tail-piece, capable of being separately attached to one another, or varied in any way, so that to the same head-piece and body might be attached a different tail-piece, &c. Attaching in this manner to the same head-piece and body triangular tail-pieces of different lengths, it was found, that the whole resistance diminished as the length of the tail-piece increased, until it exceeded a certain length, or the angle, which terminated it, was less than a certain angle, then (the effect of friction being deducted) any farther increase of length or acuteness of the tail-piece produced no alteration in the resistance. Now, since, before this limit was attained, an increase in the length of the tail-piece—the head, &c. remaining the same—diminished* the resistance, it was concluded, that the stern pressure upon the body was less diminished by its motion, as its tail-piece was longer; and since, beyond a certain limit, this effect ceased, it was concluded, that *there* this diminution of the stern pressure by the motion did not take place at all, and that the stern pressure was the same as though the body were at rest. Thus, a body with such a stern end as this would have no resistance offered to it, but that upon its head; and, the head resistance being thus ascertained, if this head-piece be combined with any other stern, and, from the whole observed resistance, that ascertained to be due to the head be subtracted, the remainder will be the stern resistance. Thus, the amounts of the *two* resistances may, in any case, be correctly ascertained, and the result admits of easy verification by joining a head and stern, whose respective resistances have been determined *independently*. Verifications of this kind established the truth of the method; and, for every experiment, we have the head and stern pressures given us in the tables *separately*.

It was found that the head resistance varied according to a law which was somewhat less than that of the square of the distance, deviating more as the velocity was greater, also, that the stern pressure follows nearly the same law—a fact which remarkably verifies the theorem so recently introduced into the theory of fluid motion by Professor Moseley, and first, we believe, demonstrated by him as a *general* principle of hydrodynamics. Among the most remarkable results of these experiments, and one of great practical importance, is this, it is proved incontestibly that the resistance upon a body is diminished, *cæteris paribus*, by increasing its length. Thus, if a sphere be cut into hemispheres, and then separated by a cylinder, the solid thus formed will move through a fluid with greatly less resistance than the sphere itself would. It required, for instance, a weight of 6285 pounds to move a sphere at the rate of 13,527 feet per second through the water, and only 4971 to move, with the same velocity, a body compounded of its two hemispheres and an intervening cylinder. It may be presumed, that in both these cases the head resistance was the same, and that the cylinder produced its effects by diminishing the stern resistance—and probably, by allowing time for the first deflexion of the fluid at the head to be overcome, and thus facilitating the influx into the space which the moving body, as it advances, continually leaves behind it. On the same principle, a cube was found to move with less resistance than a square plain, having the same area with one of its sides, and a cylinder with less resistance than a circular area of the same dimensions with one of its sections.

Some of the experiments we have before stated to have been made at the surface, and others at different depths beneath it. Now, in reference to these, it was observed, that, deducting the effects of friction, there was, in all cases, more resistance to a body moving at the surface than to the same body immersed. This remarkable fact is probably to be assigned to the same cause—the greater facility of influx behind—the moving the fluid now pouring into the space left by the body as it advances from above as well as from below and sideways, and its influx being accelerated by the superincumbent weight.

To ascertain the effect of curved lines on the

* We see here a reason for the elongated forms of fishes.

resistance, two bodies were formed precisely of the same dimensions and form, except that the head of one was triangular and the other elliptical, the extremities of both being at the same distances from the thickest part; the body with the elliptical head was found to move with greatly less resistance than the other.

Friction on the same body was found to vary according to a law somewhat less than that of the square of the velocity; in different bodies it was found to depend very greatly upon the *nature* of the surfaces used—a fact to which sufficient attention does not appear to be paid: even the slime which collects in a very short time on the surface of a body floating at rest, is sufficient to produce a very sensible alteration in this respect; and for the amount of friction on perfectly smooth surfaces, by no means a sufficient allowance appears to be commonly made. These experiments clearly show it to be quite possible that ships built in every other respect alike, may differ very greatly in their rates of sailing, by reason only of a slight difference in the smoothness of their bottoms.

In concluding the lengthened notice which we have thought due to this important work, we have only to express our obligations to the publisher for the munificent gift he has laid on the altar of science. By the time his work is completed, it will, it is reported, have cost, together with the experiments it records, a sum of 60,000*l*., the value of thirty years of assiduous labour not being counted in this estimate. There is a munificence and devotion about this gift which have, we believe, no parallel in the history of science. Experiments and calculations, equally laborious and expensive, may have been made elsewhere, but they have been made by societies of men, and at the national expense. We believe it to be characteristic of the wealth, the genius, and the enterprise of the British nation, that so noble, so national a work has here sprung from the patriotism, the scientific ardour, and the private resources of an individual.

THE SULTAN.—The learned and enlightened Sultan of Turkey has presented to the widowed mother of the late gifted and lamented Mr. Arthur Lumley Davids a splendid diamond ring, by the hands of J. H. Mandeville, Esq. (recently Minister of Legation at Constantinople), in return for a copy of the English grammar, presented to his highness by the author (Mr. Davids), and dedicated to him by special permission. In forwarding the ring to Mr. Mandeville by his Reis Effendi, the sultan requested it might be delivered to Mrs. Davids, as a testimonial of his approbation of the immense labour and great research exhibited in her son's extraordinary work, and of his regret at the too early loss of such a genius, who died of spasmodic cholera three weeks after the publication, and within the same time of the completion of his majority. From an immense mass of manuscripts left behind him, his mother intends selecting many for the press, to which she has already written the preface. He was her only son.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

NOTES ON NATIONALITIES.

BY A TRAVELLER.

"I hate the French," says the one-legged sailor of Goldsmith, "because they are slaves, and wear wooden shoes." This sentiment is not extravagantly portrayed, for there are a great many people whose patriotism is a horse of the same colour; and in these individuals I dare affirm the wooden shoes come in for a greater share of hatred than the slavery: such a perversity governs the passions of men, that they seldom love or hate one another for the right reason. I know not whether Beranger had the above expression in view when he penned his ironical *Anglomane*, but the introductory couplet furnishes quite a pendant to Jack's unsophisticated antigallican speech—

"Quoique leurs chapeaux soient bien laids,
G—d dam moi! j'aime les Anglais."

Which I propose to translate—

John Bull you wear a shocking bad hat,
But, sacré! I don't dislike you for that.

Leaving it very plain that he thinks it fair not to like a man who ensconces his caput in a felt of outlandish proportions. Some of these antipathies have been conquered on both sides, but the two nations have their own modes of thinking still. All men were sent into the world for the same end, yet it seems they will think differently on points where one would suppose they were made to agree. We know that mankind differ, and we have a thousand ingenious reasons to account for these differences, but I am not aware that I recollect a satisfactory one.

Human nature, according to the oft-repeated maxim, is the same every where. Now general maxims I hold to be worth very little: they are commonly either false or insignificant. It is true that all men have the same passions, but it is not true that they universally assume the same modes of operation, or lead to the same results, or exhibit the same moral phenomena in their progress and effects. It is a dangerous error to trust altogether to this crude principle in our calculations upon the conduct of men. When Augustine Iturbide returned to Mexico from his banishment, doubtless he expected the result would be an exact copy of Napoleon's return from Elba, on the strength of the popular maxim; but what was the consequence? Napoleon regained a throne, and Iturbide was shot for a runaway. Such are the miscalculations of those who confide in general maxims, and do not make proper distinctions.

Leaving this, however, for the moralist or the metaphysician to explain, I will only remark further, that let men differ as they will in their modes of thinking, they appear to be aiming at the same point,—they all wish to think right. All nations, however rude or savage, have some idea of a quality which they praise under the name of virtue, goodness, justice, or the like, although their habits may exhibit some points which strike our eyes as contradictions to such an idea. The South African who lives by plundering the flocks and herds of his neighbour, has certain notions of property

which do not precisely tally with the code of laws in which we glory. A Caffre chief was once put to his catechism by one of the missionaries. "What is the chief end of man?" asked the divine. "To steal cattle," was the ingenious reply.

Now the honest missionary, who looked, I dare say, for some refined theological subtilty in answer to his query, was much shocked at this strange answer, and fell straightway into some very dismal surmises as to the morals of a people who made such an open profession of thieving; yet do you think the Caffre might not be an upright man after his own fashion? In the matter of quadrupeds, to be sure, he is not a text for our handling, but in other respects he might be just, and veracious, and beneficent,—in short, an honest man, in spite of his kill-cow principles.

It is equally clear that the French may be a good sort of people in spite of their wooden shoes. The anecdote perhaps is yet remembered of the Englishman in a coffee-house who refused to sit at the same table with his neighbour because he never ate mustard with his beef. This difference alone completely occupied his mind, and under the impression thus created, he looked upon the mustard-avoider as a being of a distinct species. The thing was natural: in comparing other people with ourselves, we are struck vastly more by the differences than by the resemblances. How many there still remain among us, who in imagining a Frenchman, do not consider the thousand characteristics which he has in common with themselves, but think only of fiddling, frog-eating, and *parley voo!*

But let all that pass; my purpose is to specify a few national peculiarities rather than to account for them. Are the English more humane than the French, or the reverse? The French are allowed to be the more polite, and as politeness is the outward expression of good feeling, it follows that the French exhibit more external evidence of humanity. This, however, is not the question, as it is possible to do the most disagreeable things in the politest manner in the world. The French avoid sanguinary punishments, and their juries have the greatest aversion to convict capitally. The disregard of human life in street accidents seems to be vastly greater in London than in Paris, or indeed than in any other city. Not even in the Toledo of Naples, where the whole city is out of doors, and horses and carriages are perpetually driving through the dense mass of population, is it possible to witness the hundredth part of those occurrences which meet the eye in the London journals under the title of "Cab and Omnibus Nuisance," or "Accident from furious driving."

A Frenchman is more cheerful than an Englishman—that is, in company, for a Frenchman appears to be miserable when left alone. On this point the Englishman has certainly the advantage, as he is not dependent upon others for enjoyment. Nevertheless, the sociality of the Frenchman appears the more amiable: give him salad, soup, and chatter, and he wants nothing more to fill up the day. The Frenchman makes a parade of his feelings: the Englishman studies to conceal them. The one affects the enthusiast, and the other the stoic. A Frenchman does not forget that the world is looking on him even *à l'article de mort.* How many smart sayings were prepared for utterance at the last moment by those who fell by the guillotine during the reign of terror! The *perruquier* who, a few weeks since, committed suicide, because, according to his own account, he had calculated all his chances, and found he could never be so great a man as Napoleon, was perhaps quite sincere in his grief; but was it not genuine French vanity, the ostentation of feeling, that induced him to make this display? The grief alone did not cause the suicide, but the opportunity of making it known to the world in this very striking and theatrical style was so tempting.

Another incident of a kindred complexion is still more recent. A little girl kills herself in the regular charcoal way, because she feared her parents did not love her! But mark the desire for exhibition and effect even in a child. This little creature had taken the pains to learn to write, solely for the purpose of leaving behind her a letter explaining her motives! She might have done this orally to her parents, her relatives, and acquaintance; but this was not sufficient, the world must know it, and a suicide would not be regularly sentimental without a letter. Here again we have the *coup de théâtre.*

Are mankind ever likely to lose their national characteristics? New systems of policy reconcile those who have been accustomed to regard each other as hereditary enemies. The intercourse of travelling and trade, a more liberal interchange of thought by literary intercourse, the reciprocal adoption of foreign customs, and other similar causes, are in action, and not without effect. The Italians drink beer, the French are convinced that the *trottoir* may have its advantages over the *totalité de la rue;* yet is there any disappearance of what constitutes the real distinctions? Are not our neighbours the same in substance that they ever were? The age of chivalry is past among them, and a little alteration in outward behaviour may be remarked, yet they are in substance the men of the *fronde*, of Louis XIV., of the revolution, and of the empire. Political circumstances have brought in the dynasty of the grocers; yet a Frenchman is a Frenchman still.

It has been remarked that, in times of great political excitement, the French theatres are the most crowded, while the reverse is true in the case of the English. A Frenchman is every thing in a crowd, he is nothing alone: only persuade him that *tout le monde* will do this or that, and he is ripe for it at once. Under this excitement there is no excess, good or bad, of which he is not capable. But *sauve qui peut* is a sound that puts his self-possession to flight. Look at a French crew in a shipwreck; what panic, insubordination, blind precipitancy, confusion, and despair! How different from the cool presence of mind which an English sailor preserves in the same circumstances! It is here that the individual is every thing. How many a British ship has foundered at sea, and gone down with every man at his post!

Why is John Bull so notorious a grumbler? Why does he grumble at home and grumble abroad?—grumble at his meat, and grumble at his drink?—grumble at sunshine, and grumble at rain?—grumble at Hardy's dishes, and at the vintage of Ai?—and at roast beef and heavy wet?—grumble at the fog and smoke of London, and at the sky and landscape of the Campagna Felice?—grumble at quick time, grumble at common time, and grumble against time?—for he confesses to all this, honest man! Is it that John cares more for his personal comfort than other people, or that he only wishes to make a show of this super-serviceable egotism?

Fogs, rain, and raw winds, keep the English within doors: hence their occupations and amusements have a fire-side character: but the French and Italians are an out-of-door people; they are of the air, airy. An Italian must have sunshine as a fish must have water; his nature must be changed ere he can live without it. Yet there are strange contradictions here. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," appears to be the motto of the Italians, yet this sensual people produced Dante and Galileo, Tasso and Buonarrotti.

A little girl of my acquaintance at Florence surprised me one day in a pensive mood.

"What are you doing here all alone?"

"I was thinking of something."

"Think! Holy Virgin! *you* think! a *giovanotto* without wife or child! What can you have to think about?"

Now there spoke the true Italian, for without wife or child, which, according to Corporal Trim, are the only things that can make a man sorrowful, one may sit in the sunshine all day, and practise that "sweet do-nothing," which is the *summum bonum* with these people; and while he can do this, no Italian it seems can imagine an inducement to subject himself to the labour of thinking.

Englishmen are proud, Frenchmen are proud, but the Italians are not proud. I must make an exception in the case of the Romans. "*Sono Romano Io*" is an expression that comes forth as majestically as "*Je suis Français moi*," or "Do you know, sir, I am an Englishman?" But the Roman pride is different from that of the two others: an Englishman's or a Frenchman's pride rests quite as much upon what his nation *is*, as on what it *has been*, but a Roman is proud only of the past, for how can a Roman be proud of any thing present except the *materiel* of which his city is composed, and which of course is not the work of his hands? The populace, however, may still believe, for aught I know to the contrary, that the eternal city yet gives laws and legions to the world, since the regular clap-trap at the theatre is the expression, "*Roma invincibile sempre sara.*"

The old caricatures of meagre, starveling Frenchmen are, after all, not without truth. It is impossible to mistake their faces for English—there is a thin, unsubstantial, soup-and-salad appearance about them, which contrasts strikingly with the roast-beef robustiousness of the sturdy *insulaires*. Any one who has seen a French regiment under arms must have been surprised too at the diminutive stature of the soldiery; they are mere boys in height. The newspapers recently furnished us with an account of a decently tall recruit being sent home as unfit for a soldier on account of his height. Some ingenious reason was invented for this, but the true cause was, his comrades could not bear to be reminded of their diminutive looks by comparison with him. If you ask a French officer, he will endeavour to persuade you that short men are selected from choice, because they move quicker, and every thing with the French soldiery depends on celerity of movement!—so reluctant is a Frenchman to allow his inferiority in any thing. Napoleon's victories have cost the male population three quarters of an inch of their altitude. The English are an inch taller than the French, but the Yankees are taller still, for they are on an average nearly an inch taller than the English.

The politeness of the Parisians is less the expression of any real amiability of feeling, than a consciousness that it behoves them not to lose sight of the fact that *Paris est le centre du bon gout.* In truth, they are for ever obtruding upon your notice the substance of the old inscription in front of the Louvre—

> "Earth no such folks, no folks e'er such a town
> As Paris is—sing derry derry down."

One is surprised to remark the interest which old people among the French retain to the last for the amusements and pursuits of their youth. It is common to see aged and gray headed men as hotly engaged in discussing theatrical affairs as the most hair-brained youngsters of seventeen; and it is quite amusing to note the nicety of their criticisms upon the coiffure of Mademoiselle Mars, or the twirls of Taglioni's toe, when, from the marks of time upon their visages, you would imagine they had little to think of but to make up their accounts for the other world. In scientific pursuits it is the same; the chemist, the geologist, the naturalist, will debate with one foot in the grave, about acids, and strata, and genera, and species, with all the ambitious heat and dogmatism of youth. The Italians have much the same characteristic. Canova, in his last sickness, was told by his physician that he could live but two or three months longer—"*Dunque non faro piu Venere*" was his reply. What a sad reflection, that he should "make no more Venuses!"

What is the main object in life of a Frenchman?—*Faire claquer son fouet.* Of an Italian?—*Dolce far niente.* Of an Englishman?—To be comfortable. The others know not what manner of thing comfort is; they have no word for it, as they have no word for home. What is comfort? It is not pleasure, though it is pleasant—all languages have a word for that. It is the agreeable sensation we have of the absence of some particular distress, or annoyance, or incommodity. A fire in cold weather is comfortable; dry clothes, after we have been wet to the skin are comfortable; sunshine, after fog or rain, is comfortable—in short, all comforts, properly so called, seem to belong to the ungenial climate of the north, because the discomforts are sufficiently numerous to give rise of necessity to the correla-

tive term. There is, therefore, a physical reason for the existence of the thing, and a philological one for the existence of the word, among the people of the north exclusively.

Many people find it difficult to account for the difference between the English and the inhabitants of southern Europe, as to temperance in drink. Wine countries, say some, are proverbial for temperance. England produces no wine, therefore the English are not temperate. It is true that in the south of Europe drunkenness is uncommon, but if England produced wine, the habits of the people would nevertheless, I am of opinion, be much the same on this point as they are at present; though wine may be less hurtful than spirit or malt liquor. The truth is, the desire for strong liquors, so common to all northern nations, is owing to peculiarities in their climate and food, rather than the lack of vineyards. These peculiarities are the coldness and moisture of the air, and the use of animal food. Under the soft and genial sky of the south, the native feels no want of that internal stimulant to fortify him against the severity of the elements. His food consists wholly or in a great measure of vegetables—he performs little labour: in both cases you find a reason for his refraining from strong drink.

On the contrary, the inhabitant of the north finds himself perpetually exposed to the unfriendly action of cold and moisture, and the necessity of cordial drinks to counteract their influence seem a part of his constitution by nature. The soil he cultivates is less productive; he labours more, and requires more solid and nourishing aliment than the native of the south. Animal food is not only a provocative to drink, but, to a certain degree, renders strong liquors necessary to help its digestion. All the northern nations among whom animal food has been common have ever been addicted to the use of strong drink. Beer and mead constituted the nectar of the Scandinavians long before the art of distillation was discovered, or the juice of the grape had been carried into the north. The Tartars, who subsist upon animal food, and can procure neither spirit, wine, nor beer, in the pressure of their necessity for a beverage agreeing with their victuals, will brew an intoxicating liquor from milk: so difficult it is for a flesh eater to be a water drinker.

People have speculated much on the influence of literature upon society. It appears to me that they run the scent the wrong way. We are told that literature forms the manners of a people. This is a mistake. Manners create literature, and not literature manners. The Italians are not sensual and dissolute because Boccaccio wrote licentious tales, but Boccaccio gave free descriptions of free manners already existing. The Voltaires, the Diderots, and the D'Alemberts did not bring about the French revolution by their writings, according to the vulgar belief; for as Lord Byron truly remarked, the encyclopedists might have written their fingers off without producing a revolution, had not the remote causes previously existed in the social and political institutions of the country. The literature of any age or country will always reflect to a certain degree the manners and opinions current at the time, but the causes which mould a national character lie deeper than in the pens of individuals who sit in their closets to write, for the amusement of those who sit in their closets to read.

The most polite, good-natured and amiable among the Italians are the Tuscans. The politeness of the Parisians is, in a great degree, mere grimace; but the civility of the Florentines is the expression of much real kindliness of feeling. The Romans are notoriously surly and suspicious, in comparison, let it be understood, with the other Italians. The Neapolitans exhibit great extremes: nothing can be more cringeingly servile than the behaviour of some, nothing can exhibit more impudent effrontery than the behaviour of others. They are utterly devoid of any sense of that quality with which we are so familiar by the name of *impertinence*. A fellow will pick your pocket while you are buying an orange of him in the street, and if caught in the act he will laugh in your face, and expect a continuance of your custom as if nothing had happened. A cicerone whose services you decline will dog you, nevertheless, the whole day long, though you threaten to knock him down an hundred times; he pursues you round every corner, follows you into every shop, thrusts himself, covered with tatters and dirt, into the faces of your companions, male or female: no place is sacred from his intrusion: you may thrust him out of your bed-chamber, and he will continue to lie in wait at the door.

The impudence of a Neapolitan coachman may be considered as the beau ideal of that quality for which this class of worthies has been long celebrated. It is quite a perilous enterprise for a stranger on his first arrival at Naples to venture into the Largo del Castello, a place where jarvies most do congregate: he cannot take a step without having a whip cracked in his face with the cry of *a carroz! a carroz!* for such is the way these fellows beat up for custom: they sit upon the boxes, and horsewhip every gentlemanly-looking person that comes within the reach of their whiplash. They may put out your eyes, but any one of them would be astonished should you refuse to employ him on that account. Whenever I have been passing down a narrow street and chanced to espy an empty carriage a-head, I have always been certain that the driver would stretch his vehicle across the street from wall to wall, shutting up all passage, unless I chose to walk into the door of the carriage, which he took care always to hold open for the purpose. A stout stick was commonly my only means of raising the embargo.

"What a blundering fellow is that brother waiter of yours," said I one day to the attendant of a *café* in Florence.

"True, true," he replied; "but what else can you expect from him? he is a Roman!"

These antipathies, for they are nothing more, are not, however, so strong as they were during the middle ages. The Romans are slothful in comparison with the Tuscans, yet their intellect is regarded as not at all inferior by the other Italians. It is remarkable, notwithstanding, that Rome has given birth to so few men of genius, and Florence to so many. What great names of

modern times belong to Rome? I can recollect not one. Even going back to classical ages, I can call to mind only Julius Cæsar. But Florence, "little Florence," has had for her sons Dante, and Michael Angelo, and Galileo, and Macchiavelli, and a host of others, if others need be named after these.

Different nations charge one another with being proud. John Bull formerly laughed at his neighbour across the channel for the airs he gave himself on account of *le grand monarque*, and latterly for the same behaviour on the score of *le grand empire*. It is true the Frenchman has always been a great propagandist, but is the excess of pride really so much on his side? Is not John Bull quite as self-satisfied as his neighbour? Has he not engrained this feeling into the very idiom of his vernacular tongue, being sure thereby to remind himself by contrast of his own accomplishments, when he speaks of taking "French leave," drinking "Dutch courage," "walking Spanish," and the like? It is very easy for him to apply the epithets of boastful and vain-glorious to the French, the Spaniards, or the Americans, when they take the liberty to praise themselves in a style which he thinks not to be in the best taste; but if he were aware of the truth, he would know that he is apt to crow in as high a note as any fowl there is flying. National pride is not a difficult thing to discover in any quarter, for all nations have something to be proud of.

National pride or vanity gives rise to strange misnomers. "Merry England" and "Notre belle France," are household words in the two countries, while all the world knows that England is not merry nor France beautiful. But *ad ogni uccello suo nido é bello;* even the Dutch believe that paradise was situated somewhere upon the Zuyder Zee. These things, after all, only prove that the people are attached to their respective homes; and to complain of others for their expressions of national pride and self-esteem, is to complain of the proper and natural operation of things.

National antipathies appear to have exhibited themselves in ancient times pretty much the same way as at present, in incorporating opprobrious expressions with the vulgar language. The Roman literature has made us familiar with the *Punica fides*, but had we Punic authority instead of Roman, doubtless the charge of mendacity would lie as strongly the other way.

The Americans are proud,—prouder than the English or French, just as a child is prouder than a man. This I say not in their disparagement, but the contrary: the thing is perfectly natural, and is an indication of the right sort of character. What hopes can we entertain of a man who has no pride? Who can be worse off than he who cares nothing for what is said of him? The Italians, generally speaking, as I have said before, have no national pride. You may abuse his country, and government, and social institutions, and men and women, and all things therewith connected, moral, political, mechanical, or metaphysical, to the face of a Neapolitan, and he will make no gainsaying or denial: what does he care? He is not proud, and, not valuing your praise, he will not study to deserve it. Here is the secret: did he feel any concern for what others say about him, he would strive to amend his condition.

"Ahi! serva Italia, di dolore ostello!"

Now, there is not a people in the world more sensitive to the opinions of others than the Americans; no people are so solicitous to know what is said, and thought, and felt respecting them by other nations. Nothing can be written of them in an European journal, that is not copied into their newspapers and read by every man in the republic: be it praise or blame, the interest is of the same degree. No people are more elated with praise, and none more sensibly feel the malice of their detractors. This is good evidence of a sound and healthy moral feeling among them. It is false that they are possessed with a blind and indiscriminate admiration for every thing good and bad in their institutions: *experto crede*, they are sensible that all political institutions are imperfect, and that they have yet much to learn. Proud let them be; it will do them good, for he who values the good opinion of the world will study to deserve it.

The English are, in a manner, full and satiate of glory; they have a literature and a history to which nothing need be added. Their island is filled with people, and the four quarters of the earth bear witness to their renown. America is in her infancy, and has all these objects yet to struggle for. The Englishman may afford to be very calm when the intellectual character of his countrymen is depreciated, for he knows that Shakspeare and Newton cannot be stolen from him. He may honour with a disdainful smile the imputation that is hazarded against their bravery, for he is conscious that, if Waterloo and Trafalgar are not sufficient, there are Blenheim and Ramillies, Cressy and Agincourt. The Englishman may therefore be forgiven if he is apathetic on many points where the blood of one belonging to a younger nation, with a fortune and fame yet to be made, would be up with becoming promptitude and spirit.

But, after all, does it in reality become John Bull to take such frequent occasion of charging Brother Jonathan with being *thin-skinned?* John himself altogether stoical and silent when travellers in England write saucy or stupid books? His country, it is true, is so well known that the absurd misrepresentations of foreigners have less effect abroad than in the case of America; yet, when assailed, we find he never hesitates to take up the cudgels with becoming wrath. We have not yet forgotten how severely Puckler Muskau and D'Haussez were taken in hand by the reviewers, for their fancy sketches of men and manners in England; yet these gentlemen, the reader may rest assured, never made a fiftieth part so near an approach to the graces of Mendez Pinto, as that ingenious race of romancers beginning with nobody remembers whom, and ending with Mrs. Trollope, whose work, says the equally ingenious and ingenuous "Quarterly Reviewer," "is just the book we have long desired to see." Much good may it do him.

In spite, however, of the inventions of a multi-

tude of travellers of questionable motives, and of the exertions of reviewers and journalists, whose motives are un-questionable, I think I may safely affirm that the endeavours to breed an ill feeling between the two nations have been hitherto unsuccessful,—at least on the other side of the Atlantic. In the first place, the Americans are a people not easily made angry; they are touchy, they are sensitive, as I have already remarked, but they are too shrewd, too prudent, too calculating, to make a serious business of being angry without knowing a sufficient cause for it, and what good will it do them in the end. Travellers may paint them as Yahoos, but ere they wax warm upon it, they sit down and consider whether Gulliver has many believers now-a-days. Individuals on whom the whitewash of philanthropy is not yet decently dry, may fling slavery in their teeth, but they are aware that the world knows to whom they are indebted for the institution, and that it is a thing not to be got rid of in an instant. Jokes may be uttered against them, but they know that the hardest joking breaks no bones. In short, they are sensible that all men must pass for what they are worth,—that truths must be put up with, and lies may go for what they will fetch:—that if they have a tender spot they must allow themselves to be touched there as well as elsewhere, being well persuaded of the good sense of Don Quixote's remark, that "it would be absurd if the inhabitants of Reloxa should knock every man on the head who asked them what time of day it was."

On this subject they exercise more discrimination than probably the English give them credit for; they distinguish between the writer of an abusive work and the great body of the English people, to whom they believe such works are addressed ineffectually. The most recent publication of this sort that has attained any notoriety, is one in which they are severely handled, yet the *malus animus* of the whole work is so apparent, that it can influence none but those who have a previous bias toward such an influence. This they are aware of, and here lies the pith and marrow of the subject; if the English quarrel with the Americans it must be their own fault, for the Americans do not wish to quarrel with the English. Why *should* these two nations quarrel? No two people in the world have better opportunities of understanding each other, and what is the synonym to *quarrel* but *misunderstanding?*

The perversity which certain people display in catching at every thing that can be turned to the discredit of the Americans is surely a most un-English feeling. The prosperity of that nation can reflect nothing but honour on the English character, for the substance of their social and political institutions belongs to the mother country. Englishmen may persuade themselves that they have neither part nor lot in the matter; but the truth is, that the fate of their brethren in the west, whether for weal or woe, is of no small practical importance to them. In spite of the declaration of independence, either of the two parties may say, with a modification of the old maxim —"Anglicus sum, nil Anglici a me alienum puto."

The condition of the Irish in America is peculiar. Other emigrants, as the English and the Scots, disperse throughout the country, settle upon farms, or dive into the wilderness. But the Irish herd together in the large cities. Other emigrants become incorporated with the native population, get rich, and lose their nationality. The Irish keep themselves separate from the Americans, and swarm together by thousands in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, where they exercise the same instinct that may be remarked among the Jews in the European cities, that of selecting the most filthy, confined, and incommodious quarters for their residence. Here they are content to vegetate rather than go into the country, cultivate farms, and become thriving landholders. Nothing can induce them to separate, and each of the large American cities seems destined to have its Irish quarter, where broken heads and the brogue are to be perpetuated from generation to generation.

The largest number of the Irish is at New York, where their turbulence is at times quite formidable. At Boston the proportion is small, yet there are sufficient numbers to render it necessary at times for the citizens to look sharply after them when their festivities wax boisterous. They agree perfectly well with the Americans, but their disposition to brandish the shillelah among themselves is what the salt sea has not been able to wash out of them.

"Cœlum, non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt."

The Bostonians have found that the best method of cooling their courage on these occasions is a dose of cold water "fresh and fast applied," and their fire-engines have been found singularly efficacious in quelling a riot among these heathen.

The people of Great Britain, in fine, have greater inducements to wish well to the Americans than any other nation on the globe, for surely no two people are more alike. The time is past when men can be made to believe that the human race deteriorates on the other side of the Atlantic. They are the same people in all the essentials of character with those of their fatherland; their conduct is marked with the same courage and enterprise, the same old Saxon stubbornness and energy.

The English are perhaps not aware how much interest the present condition of their country excites in America. The Americans are far better informed respecting the political institutions of Great Britain than the English people are respecting those of America. The gentlemen of the London newspapers not unfrequently knock matters out of joint in transatlantic politics, after a fashion which, if imitated by one of their class in America in touching upon English affairs, would spoil him as a political oracle as long as it was remembered. The journalists, indeed, on this side the water, have a way of their own in looking through the right or wrong end of the telescope, according as they point it to this quarter or to that, which is quite striking to one who knows how the land really lies. These directors of the press witness the broken heads that enliven the scene at the English hustings, hear of riots, rick-burnings, agitations, Irish murders and

massacres, and the whole diablerie of disaffection and misrule; all these pass before their notice, and they make nothing more of them than every-day occurrences; but if they hear of a bloody nose at an American election, they cry out "the republic is at an end!"

From the Asiatic Journal.

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF MR. SALT.*

The reputation of the late Mr. Salt, from his travels in the East, from the respectability which his scientific zeal and liberal hospitality imparted to the character of British-consul-general in Egypt, and above all, from the curious fruits of the researches he made and encouraged in that country, gives him a fair claim to be ranked amongst those individuals, in whose peculiar history their country feels an interest, and whose memory it desires to cherish.

Mr. Salt was the son of a respectable medical practitioner at Lichfield, who had a numerous family. Henry, the eighth and last, was born in that city on the 14th June 1780. He was, when a boy, of an amiable disposition, volatile, and of quick feelings, though easily checked, and particularly pleasing both in person and manner. His sister, the Countess de Vismes, says that, "like most boys, he never learned any thing but what he was obliged to do;" Mr. Halls, his biographer, however, though he has no doubt "that this was the case as far as school-studies were concerned," states that, "from his earliest years, he was excessively fond of reading, and of acquiring desultory knowledge," which is confirmed by the report of another sister. Being the youngest child and a favourite, he was rather spoiled in his juvenile days. His opportunities of instruction at school seem to have been limited under a master whose ignorance he was able to expose to derision. He was then "a very idle boy, full of spirits and fun, and the ringleader in every frolic." This turn and his good disposition rendered him popular amongst his school-companions, one of whom he saved, at some risk, from drowning. Whilst at school, he suffered a severe attack of the ague, after his recovery from which, his spleen was found to be diseased, which was the cause of many painful attacks of illness during his life, and of his death thirty-six years after. His education was completed under Mr. (now Dr.) Harwood, at Lichfield, and, having been led to select portrait-painting as a profession, he received lessons in drawing from Mr. Glover, the water-colour painter, and was sent to London, in 1797, at the age of seventeen, to finish his education as an artist under Mr. Farington, a landscape-painter: a choice strangely injudicious.

At this period, Mr. Halls, his biographer and relative by marriage, became first acquainted with Salt, whom he describes as, at that time, "a tall, thin, and somewhat ungain-looking young man, of insinuating address and frank and pleasing manners." From Mr. Halls, he received considerable aid in acquiring the rudiments of the art he studied, the difficulties of which, arising from error in the choice of instructors, sometimes drove him almost to despair. He was admitted as a student into the Royal Academy; but he gained no honorary distinction there; the place was ill-regulated then, and his dislike to it was so great, that, years after, in passing Somerset House, he acknowledged an involuntary shudder at the unpleasant feelings he had experienced within its walls.

Mr. Halls considers that Salt's professional progress, under Mr. Farington, was, upon the whole, satisfactory, though, when he quitted him, he was deficient in the management of oil-colours. Thus, although his father had expected that, at this period, his son would be in a condition to provide for his own subsistence, the young artist, without the practical knowledge of portrait-painting, without adequate resources, and perhaps in debt, was in a situation which became every hour more desperate. His father, at length, consented that he should be placed under Mr. Hoppner, whose pupil he became in 1800, and remained so for about a year and a half, being treated by him more as a friend than a pupil.

Mrs. Salt, his mother, died in 1801; soon after which he was attacked by a malignant fever, which nearly proved fatal to him.

When he quitted Mr. Hoppner, he commenced painting portraits; but the impediments he had encountered, added to the precarious nature of the profession, led him to form the resolution of abandoning his profession as soon as an opportunity offered. Besides the causes just assigned for his ill success, Mr. Halls adds another. He had been sent to the metropolis at an early age, without guide or guardian, and being controlled by strong passions and an ardent imagination, joined with an affectionate disposition and great liberality, he was continually falling into indiscretions. The irregularity and wildness of his conduct appeared in his "devotion to the gentler sex," from whence, Mr. Halls says, "arose some of the defects and many of the most laudable and prominent virtues of his character." With this temperament, it is not wonderful that, at the age of twenty, he became deeply enamoured with a young lady of beauty, whose death in 1800 plunged himself into deep affliction: although time and youth enabled him to surmount it, he never ceased to speak of the object of his early affection with grief and regret, and her image seems to have haunted him for years after.

From his habits of procrastination and (not criminal) dissipation, he at length resolved to extricate himself. "It is time," he says, in a letter to Mr. Halls, "to rouse myself from this infantile slumber, so disgraceful to my age, and exert the energy of my mind, the strength of which has not yet been tried."

In 1801 or 1802, Lord Valentia, who was intimately acquainted with the family of the Butts, Mrs. Salt's relations, communicated to young Salt, who had been introduced to him by the Rev. T. S. Butt, his uncle, his intention of visiting India; whereupon Salt solicited his lordship to take him as his secretary and draughtsman. The

* The Life and Correspondence of Henry Salt, Esq., F. R. S., &c. By J. J. Halls, Esq. Two vols. London, 1834. Bentley.

proposal was agreed to; and this may be regarded as his entrance into that course of pursuit which led to public notice and employment. Lord Valentia seems to have been from this moment a warm and steady friend of Mr. Salt throughout life.

He was now about twenty-two, with all his bodily and mental faculties in full vigour. He had greatly improved himself in some essential branches of education in which he had been deficient, and the prospect of seeing the world, and of quitting a profession which promised so little, banished depression from his mind, and filled it with energy, hope, and ardour. They embarked in June 1802, and reached Calcutta in January 1803.

By the patronage of Lord Wellesley, Mr. Salt had opportunities of exercising his professional talents at Calcutta; and after visiting the Upper Provinces, he accompanied Lord Valentia to Ceylon, from whence they proceeded to Madras, and at Mangalore embarked on board a company's cruizer waiting to convey them, by the governor-general's command, to the Red Sea, with the view of exploring its western coast, and of endeavouring to ascertain whether a commercial intercourse could not be opened with Abyssinia. They were obliged, however, to return to Bombay, whence they proceeded in another cruizer to the Red Sea, in December 1804.

The details of this expedition are already before the public; it is, therefore, sufficient to glance at its most prominent incidents as respects the history of Mr. Salt.

At Mocha, Lord Valentia took into his service Nathaniel Pearce, who was afterwards left in Abyssinia. In June 1805, Mr. Salt was despatched by Lord Valentia on a mission to the Ras, or chief, of Tigre, which, in spite of his youth and inexperience, and the risk and difficulties he incurred, he executed with vigour, judgment, and intrepidity. His published Journal of this expedition contains some interesting particulars.

His lordship and suite then proceeded to Suez, and thence traveled to Cairo and Alexandria, where Salt visited the objects of art, made sketches, &c., and in October 1806 they returned to England.

At this period, Salt, though still young, frolicksome and eccentric, had acquired some sedateness and solidity of character, as well as a knowledge of the world and of society, which, joined to his great colloquial powers, rendered his conversation highly entertaining. The writer of this notice, who occasionally came in contact with him at this period, and who well remembers the subjects of their conversation and the charm of it, can bear testimony to the truth of Mr. Halls' statement. With the characteristic ardour of his temper, and the love of distinction, he was eager to grasp every means of forwarding his views of honourable ambition. His biographer says that, "in his serious moments, he frequently observed to me, it should go hard with him, if, before the close of his life, he did not obtain some respectable niche in the temple of fame."

He was, in 1809, gratified by being employed as the bearer of a letter and presents from his majesty to the court of Abyssinia, being directed at the same time to make enquiries respecting the trade of the country by sea and by caravans with the interior of Africa, and to obtain all the facilities he could for European commerce with the Red Sea.

Before his departure upon this rather perilous expedition, Salt, who entertained a notion, not uncommon, though never verified, of the practicability of the spirits of departed persons "revisiting the glimpses of the moon," signed, in conjunction with Mr. Halls, whose opinion did not coincide with his friend's, the following curious contract: "It is hereby mutually promised by the undersigned, that, in case of the death of either of the parties, the spirit of the deceased shall, if permitted, visit the survivors, and relate what he may be able to impart of his situation." On the return of Mr. Salt, they both agreed that this was an indiscreet act, though it was merely a silly one, and the paper was burnt. This incident would not have been worth mentioning, but for a strange circumstance thus related by Mr. Halls:—

"The subject was never again alluded to, nor do I recollect that I ever thought of it again till a long time after he had gone out as consul-general in Egypt; but at this period, though I had received no intelligence that could tend to call him to my remembrance, nor to induce me to recollect our former compact, I experienced an apparent vision, of so vivid a nature, that, though convinced of its fallaciousness, I can scarcely, even now, persuade myself that it was an illusion.

"I fancied then that I was lying awake in my bed-room reflecting upon events with which Salt was in no respect connected. It was broad day-light, and I saw every thing in the apartment most distinctly, when a figure glided by the foot of the bed, undrew the curtains, on the side next the window, and Salt stood before me. He took my hand in his, which felt cold and lifeless, and looked earnestly in my face. His countenance was calm, but appeared deadly pale; and there was a bloated and unearthly look about it, that at once convinced me he was no more. I felt awed, but not alarmed, and exclaimed, 'Salt, you are not among the living.' He shook his head mournfully, which was his habit on any melancholy occasion, and replied, 'I have come to you according to our promise.' I then asked, 'How is it with you?' He answered, 'Better than might have been expected.' He again pressed my hand, fixed his eyes stedfastly upon me, and his image faded from my view.

"I instantly sprang from my bed, and ran to my watch. It was exactly five minutes past five, and the morning was the 5th of May. I took up a pencil, and wrote, on a piece of paper that lay on the table, the hour and the date. I then examined the room and the door, which I found fast locked, according to my usual habit, on the inside; and, having satisfied myself no one could have entered, I returned to my bed, and, in spite of the perturbed state of my spirits, fell into an undisturbed sleep.

"When I awoke, I began to consider the whole business as a mere dream; but, on going to the table, I found the paper where I had left it. I afterwards mentioned the circumstance to the Earl of Mountnorris, who also took down the date; but I did not think much more of the matter till about six weeks subsequently, when news was brought from Egypt, that, after a severe illness, Salt had died at about the time the event occurred to me.

"The report of his death, however, proved groundless, though it was perfectly true that at that period he had been so dangerously ill as to be given over. It is almost

needless to add, that he did not die till about eight years afterwards: but I confess, had his death happened at the time of the event, it would have gone far towards establishing the belief, in a mind certainly not superstitious, of the existence of a supernatural agency; yet, under all the circumstances of the case, how very possible was it, that the apparent vision might have exactly tallied with the reality, and yet nothing miraculous have occurred!"

Although he left England in March 1809, it was October before he reached Aden. At this place he made excursions, and met with some antiquities. His hazardous ascent, by himself, of a steep craggy rock, at this place, crowned with some ancient Turkish towers, is noticed by Mr. Halls as a proof of Mr. Salt's innate hardihood of character. "Nothing," he remarks, "can be more characteristic of the natural structure of Salt's mind than the whole of this incident: wherever he had any great object to accomplish, he seldom stopped to consider the difficulties or the dangers by which his progress might be impeded."

The political state of Abyssinia rendered the mission of Mr. Salt an office of great peril and difficulty. He at length entered the country by way of Massowah, where he was joined by Pearce, and, after suffering extortions and incurring risk of life from the lawless chiefs in the interior, he arrived, without any untoward accident, at Chelicut, the residence of the Ras of Tigré, a wise, prudent, valiant, and amiable character, who would not hear of Mr. Salt's proceeding to Gondar, since the distracted state of the provinces, and the enmity of a rival chief, would have ensured his ruin. The envoy was, consequently, obliged to deliver the presents to the ras, and, after an excursion into the interior, to return to the coast, which he did by the way of Axum, in order to re-examine its antiquities. He was treated during his residence at Chelicut with great kindness by the ras, who, amongst his presents to him, included two MSS., one an account of the true doctrines of the Abyssinian faith, since translated.

On his return-voyage, Mr. Salt touched at Bombay, and received great attention from his old friend Governor Duncan and Sir James Mackintosh, and reached England in January, 1811. Notwithstanding the obstacles the mission encountered, the result, in a mercantile point of view, is stated to have been "productive of considerable advantage." The subsequent disorganisation of the kingdom, however, rendered all future attempts to establish commercial relations with it nearly hopeless. Mr. Salt received £1,000 for his services, and the satisfaction they gave the government had no inconsiderable influence in subsequently procuring him his post in Egypt.

On his arrival in England, he entered into communication with the late Dr. Alexander Murray, the editor of Bruce's Travels, a gentleman of considerable acquirements as an oriental linguist, whose letters, in the work before us, contain some curious remarks upon Abyssinian literature and history, and demonstrate the little faith to be reposed in the work of Bruce:—in short, setting the question as to his veracity, which has been recently defended by Major Head, at rest for ever.

The reputation of Mr. Salt, his extensive connection with literary and political characters, and the exertions of warm friends of rank, procured him, with difficulty, in 1815, the appointment of British consul-general in Egypt, with a yearly salary of £1,700, on the resignation of Major Misset. Previous to his departure to the scene of his duties, he formed an acquaintance, with a view to a matrimonial engagement, with a young lady of high respectability and great personal attractions and accomplishments, at Lichfield. But the description of the country he was going to, drawn with honourable fidelity by Salt himself, induced the lady to break off the proposed connection.

He reached Alexandria in March, 1816, traveling by way of Paris and Geneva across the Simplon into Italy, visiting Venice, Bologna, Florence, Rome, and embarking at Naples for Malta. His letters describe, in vivid colours, the high enjoyment which the scenery in this tour had afforded to one so qualified to relish its beauties. The productions of the Italian masters, too, were not without their interest to an artist.

Mr. Salt appears, the moment he set foot in Egypt, to have commenced, with characteristic ardour, the object recommended to him by Sir Joseph Banks, a collection of the antiquities of that interesting country, which were fast disappearing under the *improvements* of the pasha, whose clumsy machines for leveling the ground, as well as the ignorance of those who used them, pulverised the hardest substances. Being soon upon good terms with the pasha, he had few impediments to contend with, arising from the prejudices of the government authorities. "The pasha," he says, "is a sensible, and, for a Turk, an extraordinary man, and were he not hampered by the prejudices of those around him, we should soon see a different state of things in Egypt. He has taken all the produce of the country into his own hands, and is himself the greatest manufacturer and merchant in the state. His revenue is enormously increased, and yet, though the merchants cry out, they are all making money, and fresh European adventurers are daily flocking into the country. The French influence is at a low ebb, and the English proudly predominant; so that I have continual applications from those foreigners who have no consul of their own, to be permitted to rank themselves under our banners. In fact, the pasha will scarcely attend to any other remonstrances but those which I present: a truth so generally admitted, that the merchants, in all emergencies, apply for my good offices in their favour."

In 1817, Mr. Salt's father died, which event put him in possession of about £5,000, an acceptable addition to his resources, which were much cramped by the insufficiency of his salary to meet his expenditure. The extraordinary exertions and outlay of money incurred by him in the prosecution of his researches and collections, did not, in his opinion and that of his biographer, meet with the reward the sacrifices and services deserved. This is a subject which forms a rather important

feature in the biography of Mr. Salt, to which we shall hereafter advert, premising that, as we pretend to no particular acquaintance with the facts, we shall take them entirely from the work before us.

About two years after his arrival in Egypt, he and Mr. Burckhardt jointly undertook the removal of the gigantic head of the younger Memnon from Thebes. They employed in this work Belzoni, who had been introduced by Burckhardt to Mr. Salt, who was struck with his manly appearance, and his insinuating address, and engaged him to accomplish the opening of the temple at Ipsambul. Belzoni was then out of employ, and, with his wife, in difficulties. Mr. Salt, it is stated, felt compassion for his misfortunes, and acted towards him with liberality, which is consistent with his general character. The engagement between the parties seems to imply, what Mr. Salt asserted, that Belzoni acted merely in the capacity of a paid agent.* Mr. Salt, however, in the documents he sent to England, from whence the two articles written in the *Quarterly Review* of 1818 were compiled, and, in his private letters, did ample justice to the merits of Belzoni, speaking of his achievements in terms of warm enthusiasm. Belzoni, however, claimed the entire credit of the discoveries he made whilst thus employed by Mr. Salt; who, when he heard of this claim, remarked, in a letter to Lord Mountnorris (August 1818), 'as to his monopolising the credit of these discoveries, I have no objection to it, for I have only the merit of having risked the speculation and paid the expenses;" and in another letter, he says, respecting Belzoni's work, "why should I object to his copying and publishing? It was he that made the discovery, though with my money, and surely he deserves to be remunerated." The letters from whence these extracts are taken were written after the "unworthy treatment," as Mr. Halls leniently terms it, with which Belzoni repaid the kindness or Mr. Salt, and, as he justly adds, they "certainly display any thing rather than an hostile disposition towards that individual." It was not until October, 1821, after Belzoni's work had been some time published, that, provoked by the insidious attacks in that work and through other channels, Mr. Salt was induced to draw up an account of the real circumstances of the case, entitled "A Plain Statement of Facts," not for publication, lest it might injure Belzoni, but for the information of his friends. He therein states that Belzoni was employed by him and Mr. Burckhardt, to bring down the head; that he (Salt) furnished him with some thousand piastres to excavate and buy antiquities on his (Salt's) account; that the instructions were signed by himself and Mr. Burckhardt; that the firmaun of the pasha describes Belzoni as "a person employed by Mr. Salt;" that he (Belzoni) could not have procured permission to work on his own account; and a copy of a letter is subjoined, from Belzoni, which admits his being a mere agent. Mr. [illegible] ment, Belzoni was satisfied, at what he received (£[illegible]), consented to undertake another exp[illegible] Mr. Salt's exclusive expense. He was then provided with another firmaun, describing him as in Mr. Salt's employ, and was actively employed in his service from February to October, 1817, every possible expense, as well for personal accommodation as for researches, being defrayed by Mr. Salt. The valuable discoveries made during this period are well known. Upon the visit of Mr. Salt to Thebes, in November, 1817, Mr. Salt says, Belzoni began to address him in rather an ambiguous style on the subject of remuneration, when he was told by Mr. Salt that he should have £25 a month clear of all expenses, from the time of his quitting Alexandria until his completion of the work he had begun, with any articles he (Mr. Salt) could spare. With this he appeared satisfied; but a few days after, in the presence of several English travellers, upon some remark from Mr. Salt, Belzoni broke out into violent terms, declared he had never been employed by him; that he had been working for the British nation, &c. From this time altercations became frequent; Belzoni brought forward pretensions to which Mr. Salt could never accede, and exhibited an unfounded jealousy of the latter's assuming all the merits of the discoveries, estimating the value of the articles discovered at £20,000. At length, Mr. Salt brought the matter, as he supposed, to an amicable and final arrangement, by allowing Belzoni £500, several articles of value, and a share in whatever sum the British museum should give for the celebrated sarcophagus, above £2,000. Belzoni was afterwards permitted by Mr. Salt to dig on his own account, and subsequently, in 1818, took employment again under Mr. Salt, for which he received 1,500 piastres, without producing a single article. At their last settlement in May, 1819, he was paid more than the sum due to him, and was permitted to take some articles of value from Mr. Salt's collection.

After this statement, which is consistent with itself and with circumstances, we can only regret that Belzoni should have acted so little in accordance with what was due from him to his benefactor. But Mr. Beechey observes, that "he was, on some points, more than half mad, and this was decidedly one of them."

The splendid character of the discoveries made by Belzoni, "under the auspices and at the expense" of Mr. Salt, (to use the phrase inserted in the last agreement, at the instance of Belzoni), was, indeed, calculated to dazzle the discoverer. The first great exploit was the removal of the Memnon's head from Thebes to Alexandria, and thence to its present site in the British museum: a specimen of Egyptian art which, Mr. Halls observes, "for grandeur or style, may be fairly placed on a par with most of the best productions of Grecian sculpture." The details of the process of removal are familiar to the reader. The next undertaking was opening the magnificent temple at Ipsambul, buried under a bed of loose sand, fifty feet deep, a work of such difficulty that probably nothing but the personal strength and

* Messrs. Salt and Burckhardt paid all the expenses of bringing down and embarking the head, and gave Belzoni 2,000 piastres (£50); the whole expense was about £350.

persevering spirit of Mr. Belzoni, as Mr. Halls remarks, could have overcome it. The native labourers refused to work, and Belzoni himself, with the aid of Mr. Beechey and Captains Irby and Mangles, effected the operation by dint of hard labour. When the building was opened, their efforts were rewarded by a specimen of Egyptian skill, which proves that the arts "descended from Ethiopia, the style of the sculpture being, in several respects, superior to any thing that has yet been found in Egypt." The next great discovery was that of the alabaster sarcophagus, in excavating the tombs of the kings. In a letter from Mr. Salt to Lord Mountnorris, he notices the errors committed in the great French work on Egypt, as respects the tombs of the kings.

"Every thing they have done from the king's tombs (he says), which is all that I have yet closely compared, is exceedingly bad, especially in what belongs to the colours, which are most perversely contrary to those in the originals. In design they have made errors almost as palpable, especially a ludicrous one in the celebrated judgment scene, where some figures are walking up steps, and another standing in front of Osiris with a pair of scales, while above is represented a boat with a pig in it, apparently driven away by a monkey. Now in the corner of this plate, to the left as you look at it, the French have represented four flying birds with human heads (like cherubs), which they conjecture, most *happily*, to be the souls of the blessed after passing through the ordeal of judgment; and from it have built up in the body of the work (*vide* Dissertation on the Kings' Tombs) a beautiful theory. But unfortunately it happens, on examining these said cherubs with a light, that they prove to be gazelles' or goats' heads reversed (rather a common representation in the tombs), the horns being mistaken for birds' legs, the ears for their tails, and the neck, where it is cut off, for their wings; which puts a most conclusive bar to their reasoning, and will remain for ever as an unlucky instance of their vaunted accuracy."

The colour of the figures in the new tomb seems to have operated magically upon Mr. Salt, who considers that "it throws a new light on Egyptian colouring, and is, without comparison, the finest monument of ancient art, as respects painting, that exists. The scale of colour on which they painted is that of using pure vermillion, ochre, and indigo; and yet they are not gaudy, owing to the judicious balance of the colours, and the artful management of the blacks. It is plain that they worked on a regular system, which had for its basis, as Mr. West would say, the colours of the rainbow, as there is not an ornament, throughout the dresses of the figures, where the red, yellow, and blue, are not alternately mingled, which produces an harmony that is really, in some of the designs, delicious." Mr. Beechey, it appears, speaks of these paintings in a strain of similar enthusiasm; and as both these gentlemen were educated as artists, and had an excellent eye for colour, it seems unlikely, as Mr. Halls remarks, that they should have been deceived, though he confesses his inability to understand how "delicious and harmonious effects could be produced by any artful arrangement of strong and unbroken colours, without the aid of reflexes, or the intervention of varied tints." He admits, however, that the ancient Egyptians, in very early ages, had made considerable progress not only in the first principles of colour, but also in design, composition, and drawing; though they seem to have been entirely ignorant of chiaroscuro and the art of breaking their colours.

Another person, whose enterprise was encouraged by the pecuniary aid of Mr. Salt, was Captain Caviglia, an Italian, navigating a merchant vessel under the British flag. He is described by Mr. Salt as "a gentleman with whose amiable character is blended an ardent enthusiasm for antiquarian research." He had long desired to explore the antiquities of Egypt, and especially the pyramids, and, in conjunction with two other persons, he examined the "well," as it is termed, in the chamber of the Great Pyramid, which he traced with extraordinary perseverance, and cleared throughout the whole of the passages to the great apartment in the centre of the pyramid. No important result flowed from this discovery, the expense of which was partly borne by Mr. Salt. Captain Caviglia then directed his attention to examining the ruined mausoleums in the vicinity of the pyramids, which Mr. Salt was of opinion stood on a burying-place for the ancient kings of Egypt, anterior as well as subsequent to the construction of the pyramids, connected with the city of Or or Heliopolis, before the seat of empire had been transferred to Memphis. These edifices contain specimens of painting, sculpture, and painted bas-reliefs, which are highly curious, considering their antiquity in connection with their freshness, high-finish, and occasional elegance of form and boldness of outline. The last and most arduous of Captain Caviglia's undertakings was that of denuding the lower part of the sphinx to its base, which was covered by the sand, whereby he revealed a temple, and granite tablet and altar, on a regular platform in front of the figure, whose paws stretched fifty feet in advance. This singular discovery has been pretty fully detailed in several publications: a finished memoir on the subject, with illustrations, was drawn up by Mr. Salt, and as the sands have resumed their dominion over relics which it cost so much toil and expense to reveal, the memoir must be curious, and it is to be hoped that it will be published.

After Mr. Salt's return from Upper Egypt, towards the end of 1819, he married the daughter of Mr. Pensa, a respectable merchant of Leghorn. The lady was about sixteen, and a strong recommendation she possessed in Mr. Salt's eyes was her resemblance to the object of his first love. The match appears to have been sudden and hasty, but it proved a happy one.

Mr. Salt's health, at this period, was declining, though he was but thirty-eight; yet he survived his wife several years: she died in childbirth in 1824. On the day of his wedding, he was suddenly attacked by the internal malady he had contracted, which kept him for several weeks on the verge of the grave. In 1820, he obtained leave of absence to revisit England, but was unable to avail himself of it, on account of the apprehended rupture with Russia, and the unsettled state of Turkey, which rendered his presence in Egypt indispensable. He expresses in his letters

a warm sympathy for the cause of the Greeks, and accuses the European nations, and particularly Russia, with exciting the Greek population to arms, and then treacherously abandoning them to the Turks.

The events in Mr. Salt's history, during the year 1824, severely tried mind and body. Besides the loss of his wife and child, the death of his friend, Mr. Lee, the consul at Alexandria, was a sad shock to him, and increased his official toils. Rallying all his fortitude and philosophy, however, busying himself in archæological researches, writing in confirmation of the Champollion theory of phonetic hieroglyphics (as far as respects the interpretation of proper names), and looking forward to the enjoyment of a moderate pension at home, he was enabled to endure his severe losses, and the mortification which his negociation with the Museum occasioned him, with firmness.

In August, 1827, he suffered another and a severe attack of his old malady. He partially recovered, but in October, internal hemorrhoids reduced him to a very low state, and on the 30th he expired, at Dessuke, a village on the Nile, to which he had removed. Upon a *post-mortem* examination, his spleen was found to be in a very advanced state of gangrene: the rest of the body was perfectly healthy.

Mr. Salt left one child, a daughter. We subjoin the following conclusion of Mr. Halls' summary of his friend's character:—

"By his zeal in embracing every opportunity his situation afforded of discovering and of studying the buried antiquities of Egypt, as well as by his liberal encouragement of every undertaking that promised to throw light on the remote history of that interesting country, he has not only enlarged the boundaries of human knowledge, but has acquired for himself no despicable portion of reputation and renown.

"His strenuous and persevering exertions in the cause of literature and research, have reflected credit on his country, and have greatly tended to remove the impression entertained by foreigners, that our official agents abroad are apt to make their public station entirely 'subservient to their private interest.' The firmness and prudence of his character, his amiable disposition and general suavity of behaviour, gave him an unusual ascendancy over the vigorous mind of the able ruler of Egypt, who rarely refused granting any favour required at his intercession. When taking his rides in Cairo and the vicinity, the Pasha would often stop his horse at the consul's door, and pay him the distinguished compliment of entering with him into long and familiar conversation. In fine, by his judicious conduct, liberality, and hospitality, Mr. Salt obtained the affection and esteem of every one around him, and has left a reputation among the European residents and the natives of the country which will not speedily be forgotten.

"Mr. Salt was in stature about six feet high, well-proportioned, and with somewhat of dignity in his manners and general deportment. His countenance was manly and open, and its habitual expression remarkably pleasing and intelligent, though at times it could assume an aspect of great sternness and determination. It formed, indeed, the complete index to a mind which overflowed with good-will and charity to his fellow-creatures, and was equally distinguished by firmness and placability."

A long account of the transactions with the trustees of the British Museum, respecting the purchase of the Egyptian antiquities, is appended to the work.

It appears that, stimulated by the recommendation of Sir Joseph Banks, before adverted to, Mr. Salt freely expended his own private funds in the collection of antiquities. The Memnon's head was gratuitously presented, by him and his partner in the undertaking, to the Museum. Although the trustees, influenced, it is stated, by Sir Joseph Banks, who had changed his opinions on the subject, were averse to receiving any more Egyptian relics, yet, having incurred already much expense, and obtained some valuable specimens, Mr. Salt was anxious that the Museum should take them, and offered the entire collection "at a fair valuation," to be settled by any person the government might appoint. In a list Mr. Salt forwarded in a private letter to his friend Mr. Hamilton, he placed a rough calculation of their *supposed* values opposite the chief articles, which appear to have been rather extravagant. The priced list was submitted, incautiously, to Sir Joseph Banks and others, who, considering it as an official document, and the prices intended as a standard, raised an outcry against Mr. Salt as "a Jew,"—"worse than Lord Elgin," &c. To obviate misapprehension, he wrote to Sir Joseph, offering at once, without any condition, the whole collection to the Museum, stating that, should the trustees reimburse him, wholly or in part, his expenses (amounting, with interest, to about £3,000), he should receive it as an obligation. In a letter to a friend (Mr. Bingham Richards), Mr. Salt says: "it may be right to tell you in confidence, that I hope to get £4,000 from government, or otherwise I shall feel myself aggrieved: should it be £5,000, I shall be highly satisfied."

Three years having elapsed without any reply from the Museum, Mr. Salt repeated, in May, 1822, the "unconditional" offer of his collection (excepting the sarcophagus, which was subject to the contingent claim of Mr. Belzoni), leaving the remuneration entirely to the liberality of the trustees: the collection had now, after some difficulties raised by Belzoni about the sarcophagus, been deposited in the Museum. In September, 1822, a resolution of the trustees was forwarded to Mr. Salt's agent in England, expressing their desire "that Mr. Salt should appoint some person on his own part to make a valuation of the Egyptian collection," and declining the alabaster sarcophagus, "on account of the very high value put upon it by Mr. Belzoni:" this person having stated that purchasers were ready to give £3,000 (he had estimated its value originally at £20,000), and the trustees valuing it, according to Mr. Banks's statement, at "considerably under £1,000."

After much delay and annoyance from Belzoni, Mr. Richards, the agent of Mr. Salt, in February, 1823, received an offer from the trustees of £2,000 for the collection, excluding the sarcophagus, which he thought himself authorised to accept.

Mr. Halls remarks that "the smallness of the sum which had been offered and accepted for a collection so admirable in its kind, and which had been assembled with so much risk and expense, certainly excited no small degree of sur-

prise and dissatisfaction in the personal friends of Mr. Salt, and in all those who felt anxious for the credit of our great national institution." It must, however, be recollected that (as was pointed out to Mr. Richards by Mr. Yorke, a friend of Mr. Salt), "the value to be put on these articles, on behalf of Mr. Salt, was a mixed consideration, inasmuch as he probably could never have acquired them, or been in the way to do so, had it not been for the public character with which he had been invested by the British government."

The sarcophagus being placed at Mr. Richards' disposal, that gentleman communicated with Mr. Brown, of Trinity College, Cambridge, who held Belzoni's power of attorney, stating his readiness to treat with his purchaser. The communication was strangely delayed in its passage to Cambridge, and did not reach Mr. Brown till Belzoni had gone upon his African expedition, from which he never returned. No purchaser appeared, and Mr. Brown knew of none. Mr. Salt wrote to authorise the offer of the sarcophagus to Belzoni or to any one for £2,000, or even £1,500. Efforts were made to induce the trustees (some of whom were favourable) to spare the nation the disgrace of losing this curious relic of antiquity. The trustees *seemed* to offer £2,000; but Mr. Richards declined to take less than £3,000 without Mr. Salt's authority (the letter sanctioning the sale of it for £1,500 had, by some mischance, not yet reached him); and the negociation ended, to the mortification of Mr. Salt, who wrote an angry letter to his friend, desiring him to throw the sarcophagus into the collection for nothing. Mr. Soane had, however, offered £2,000, and became, as is well known, the proprietor of this superb article.

Mr. Halls considers the whole transaction a discreditable one to the Museum, which got the collection for half the sum expended in making it, without considering the toil, judgment, and risk. He makes no allowance, however, for the consideration already hinted at, namely, the facilities derived by the collector from his official functions.

This notice has extended to some length. We have, therefore, but little space to devote to a criticism of the work. Mr. Halls has performed his task with a strong natural bias in favour of his friend, but with an evident impression that he has been impartial. It is much to be regretted that he should not have deemed a selection of the letters sufficient; he seems to have printed all he could get, consequently many which possess no interest or utility whatsoever as biographical materials. These redundant epistles, with a want of succinctness in the style of the narrative, which is rather flat, have most unnecessarily spun out the work. With these drawbacks, it is nevertheless no unacceptable accession to our stock of biography.

Matthews being asked what he was going to do with his son, (the young man's profession was to be that of an architect,)—"Why," answered the comedian, "he is going to *draw houses*, like his father."

From the Eclectic Review.

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF CAREY.

1. ***A Discourse occasioned by the Death of the Rev. William Carey***, D. D., of Serampore, Bengal. By Christopher Anderson, Edinburgh. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Edinburgh, 1834.
2. ***Tenth Memoir respecting the Translations of the Sacred Scriptures into the Oriental Languages.*** By the Serampore Brethren. With a brief Review of their various Editions from the Commencement in the Spring of 1794. 8vo. Second Edition. Edinburgh, 1834.

It is not a subject for the pencil,—but we can picture to ourselves no human being in an attitude of mind partaking more of moral grandeur, no human intellect more sublimely occupied in the view of the angels, than William Carey, the obscure village schoolmaster, conceiving the project of going forth, single-handed, to make an inroad into the very heart of the kingdom of darkness, in the distant East. While yet a youth, struggling with penury, his mind was first visited with that strong impression of solicitude for the salvation of the heathen, which it would be impiety to ascribe to any other source than the immediate suggestion of Him who had designed and separated him for the work. If there is such a thing as a call from Heaven, conveyed, not by audible sound or by vision, but by an internal impression of which the reason, not the imagination, is the subject,—if there is any propriety in speaking of being moved, on any occasion, by the Holy Ghost, such language will most appropriately describe the formation of the strong, heroic purpose in the mind of young Carey. Among other branches of elementary knowledge which he was employed in teaching to his village pupils, he was particularly fond of geography; and, as he pointed out to them the different countries on the map, or globe, he was led to mention the *religion* professed by the inhabitants. Going over this repeatedly,—and having occasion to reiterate, "These are pagans, and these are pagans,"—it occurred to him:—"I am now telling these children as a mere fact, what is a truth of the most melancholy character." This led to a train of deep and anxious meditation, the result of which he afterwards imbodied in the form of a tract entitled, "Enquiry into the Obligations of Christians to use means for the Conversion of the Heathen." This was written before he had received any encouragement to cherish his noble project, although, owing to his innate modesty combined with poverty, it was not published until the year 1792. The train of thought by which the solemn sentiment first awakened, was matured into a fixed resolution and conscientious principle of action, is thus interestingly described by Mr. Anderson.

"It seems as though it had been the commission of our blessed Lord to his apostles, which, of itself alone, set all in motion. He had said Go—Go and teach all nations, and again, Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. The extent of this commission was manifest, and though, perhaps, scarcely a single individual upon earth at the moment arrogated less to himself than Carey, the obligation was felt by him to be imperative. He sat down—patiently examined into all that had been accomplished, first by the apostles themselves, and then by others down to his own day; and

ıfter this took a minute survey of the existing state of he world. Dividing it into the four quarters of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, he ascertained as exactly as ıe could the extent of every country, the number of its nhabitants, and their religion. At the conclusion, his stimate was this—that there were then living in the vorld about seven hundred and thirty-one millions of ıuman beings,—of these he calculated that seven millions were Jews; thirty millions belonging to the Greek ınd Armenian churches; forty-four millions were protestant Christians; one hundred millions Roman Catholics; one hundred and thirty millions Mahometans; and herefore, four hundred and twenty millions still in pa-an darkness. An estimate as we now know to have ıeen below the truth.

" Of the heathen, he entertained no desponding idea; hey appeared to him as capable of receiving knowledge .s ourselves, having in many places discovered uncommon genius; in others, a tractable disposition; but his conceptions of other parties were at once just and de-ıressing. The vices of the Europeans had been conveyed to the heathen, and had sunk them lower still—he Christians of the Greek and Armenian churches were more vicious than the Mahometans themselves—he Georgian Christians, near the Caspian, maintained hemselves by selling their neighbours and relations, and ven their children, for slaves to the Turks and Persians —the members of the Greek church were extremely gnorant, and papists in general almost as much so, and ery vicious. 'Nor,' said he, 'do the bulk of the Church of England much exceed them, and many errors nd much looseness of conduct are to be found amongst issenters of all denominations. The Lutherans in Den-ıark are much on a par with the ecclesiastics of Eng-ınd, and the face of most Christian countries presents dreadful scene of ignorance, hypocrisy, and profligacy. 'arious baneful and pernicious errors appear to gain round in almost every part of Christendom; the truths f the gospel, and even the gospel itself, are attacked, nd every method that the enemy can invent is employ-d to undermine the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

" Such was the state of things, in our world, accord-ıg to Carey's estimation; and with this general, though loomy outline, every dispassionate and intelligent Chris-ıan will agree, when he is reminded that the picture was rawn between the years 1785 and 1791; and, therefore, ears before the existence of any missionary efforts in ıis country, when the church at large lay in a state of ad repose.

" Turning, however, again to the heathen world; there ere impediments in the way. Their distance from our hores, their barbarity, the danger of being killed, the ifficulty of subsistence, and their language was unnown! But before his spirit, these mountains were but plain.

" If distance was talked of, he literally fixed his eye n the mariner's compass, or on the ships that had gone ut on voyages of discovery, but, above all, on such pas-ages of the Divine word as this, 'Surely the isles shall ait for me, and the ships of Tarshish first, to bring my ons from far, and their silver and their gold with them, nto the name of the Lord thy God.' Commerce, he elieved, would subserve the spread of the gospel, and ıat there would be a very considerable appropriation of ealth to that purpose.

" As to the barbarity of the heathen—this, he thought, ould be an objection only to those whose love of ease endered them unwilling. This was no objection to the postles, nor, in modern times, to such men as Elliot or Brainerd; nor even to commercial men, who braved all uch barbarity, for the profits arising from a few otter kins. After all, this uncivilised state of the heathen he egarded as an argument *for* preaching to them, not *gainst* it. 'Can we hear,' said he, 'that they are without the gospel, without government, without laws, without arts and science, and not exert ourselves to introduce among them the sentiments of men and of Christians?'

" In regard to the *danger of life*, he thought that whoever went, must put his life in his hand, and not consult with flesh and blood; our duty as creatures and as Christians loudly calling upon us to venture every thing.

" As to the difficulty of procuring subsistence, this would not be so great as at first sight. 'The Christian minister would at least obtain such food as that on which the natives subsisted, and this would only be passing through what he had virtually engaged to do, by entering on the ministerial office. The Christian minister was in a peculiar sense not his own. He engages to go, where God pleases—to do or endure whatever he commands. He virtually bids farewell to friends, and pleasures, and comforts.' 'It is inconsistent,' said Carey, 'for ministers to please themselves with thoughts of a numerous auditory, cordial friends, a civilised country, legal protection, affluence, splendour, or even a competency. The slights and hatred of men, and even pretended friends—gloomy prisons and tortures, the society of barbarians of uncouth speech—miserable accommodation in wretched wildernesses, hunger and thirst and nakedness, weariness and painfulness, hard work, and but little worldly encouragement, should rather be the objects of their expectation.' 'I question,' said he, 'whether all are justified in staying here, while so many are perishing in other lands. Sure I am, it is entirely contrary to the spirit of the gospel, for its ministers to enter upon it from interested motives, or with great worldly expectations. On the contrary, the *commission* is a sufficient call to them to venture all, and, like the primitive Christians, go every where preaching the gospel.'

" As for the difficulty of acquiring a *foreign tongue*, having mastered several languages already, he made nothing of this objection; but fully satisfied that the *prophecies* respecting the increase of Christ's kingdom were *true*, and the *commission* of the Saviour was still *obligatory*, his mind was loaded with a sense of the importance of all these principles. Thus, when he began to be about thirty years of age, having made known his views through the medium of the press; in the summer of 1793, he gave to all he had said the force of his own example, by embarking for India."

From the Discourse before us, and an article which has appeared in a provincial journal, we obtain the following particulars relating to the birth and early life of this admirable man, the protestant Xavier.

William Carey was born at Hackleton, in Leicestershire,* on the 17th of August, 1761. The circumstances of his parents were extremely narrow, and he had few advantages of education, except those which his own active and enquiring mind obtained for him. He was brought up as a journeyman shoemaker; and a boot made by him is still preserved by one of his friends as a relic. It was about the year 1779, when he was in his eighteenth year, that young Carey became the subject of a decided religious change. Up to that time, he had discovered no piety, and had even ridiculed religious people. The conversation of a fellow-apprentice, the occasional ministry of the Rev. Thomas Scott, the Expositor, and the perusal of the " Help to Zion's Travellers," by

* The article in the Liverpool Times states, that he was born at Paulersbury, in Northamptonshire; but this we presume to be a mistake.

Robert Hall the elder, are stated to have been the means of his conversion. Mr. Scott was not aware of having been instrumental in producing this happy change in Carey's mind, until he learned it from a message conveyed to him from the venerable missionary himself, through Dr. Ryland, more than forty years after. "He heard me preach only a few times," Mr. Scott wrote in reply, "and that, as far as I know, in my rather irregular excursions; though I often conversed and prayed in his presence, and endeavoured to answer his sensible and pertinent enquiries, at Hackleton. But to have conveyed a *single* useful hint to such a mind as his, may be considered as a high privilege and matter of gratitude."

The change in young Carey's sentiments and feelings soon became visible to his family, in his altered conduct and conversation, and was the subject of wonder. "For some time he stood alone in his father's house." At length he asked and obtained leave to introduce family prayer. "When in his nineteenth year," says his sister, "my dear brother used to speak (on religious topics) at a friend's house in the village, when he came to see us. I recollect a neighbour of ours, a good woman, the first Monday morning after he had spoken before a few friends, came in to congratulate my mother on the occasion; when with some surprise my mother said: 'What! do you think he will be a preacher?' 'Yes,' our friend replied, 'and a great one too if he lives.' My father felt a great desire to hear him, if he could go *undiscovered*. In this, he was afterwards gratified, though unknown to my brother or any one at the time. We could tell he was gratified, although he never discovered any thing to us like praise. In a few years, I hope, God gave him the desire of his heart, in bringing his two sisters to see a beauty in religion. Then we were dear indeed to each other."

In 1783, Mr. Carey united himself to the baptist church at Olney, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Mr. Sutcliff. By this church, agreeable to the practice which then obtained among that denomination, he was, in 1785, called to the work of the ministry. In the following year, he removed to Moulton, a village four miles from Northampton; and he was ordained pastor over the infant baptist society in that village in 1787. Even there, his whole income being much below £20 a year, he taught a village school for his support. In July 1789, he removed to Leicester, and in May 1791, was ordained to the pastoral charge of the baptist church meeting in Harvey Lane, over which the late Robert Hall afterwards presided for so many years. Here his ministry was so successful, that the number of members in the church was doubled during the short time he was their pastor. He introduced among them the practice, first adopted by some ministers at Nottingham, upon Mr. Sutcliff's suggestion, in 1784, of spending an hour on the evening of the first Monday in every month, in social prayer for the revival of religion and the success of the gospel, which has since become so general; and these meetings powerfully contributed to cherish the fine spirit which they discovered, when he announced his resolution to dedicate himself to the work of evangelising the heathen. "No," said they, "you shall not *go*,—we will *send* you: we have long been calling upon God, and he now calls upon us to make the first sacrifice."

The circumstances which decided him upon going out to India, are thus stated in an article already referred to.

"About the year 1793, a gentleman of the name of Thomas, who had visited Bengal, and there seen the wretched superstition and ignorance of the Hindoos, and the destructive influence of their sanguinary, sensual, and monstrous superstitions on their religious feelings, morals, and happiness, being himself strongly impressed with the vast importance of introducing the religion of Britain into the extensive and populous regions subjugated by her arms and ruled by her governors, greatly strengthened by his conversation the desire which had been for some time growing in Dr. Carey's mind to see a strenuous effort made for the religious improvement of the heathen world. In consequence, Dr. Carey and Mr. Thomas communicated with Andrew Fuller, Dr. Ryland, and other leading members of the baptist denomination, on the subject; and after much discussion a society was established for that purpose, which commenced its labours with between £13 and £14, as the whole amount of its disposable funds! With no better pecuniary prospects than these, but with a firm and unbending faith, and a determination not to be deterred by difficulties, Dr. Carey agreed to go out to India, and there to support himself as far as possible by his own exertions, whilst he qualified himself for his missionary duties.

"The circumstances under which he quitted England were singular and interesting. From the first, his wife had refused to embark in what appeared so hopeless an undertaking; and after every entreaty had failed to change her determination, Dr. Carey and Mr. Thomas (who went out with him) were compelled to sail without her. After they had proceeded a short distance on their voyage, the captain of the East Indiaman by which they had taken their passage, came to Mr. Thomas, and told him that he had received an anonymous letter, informing him that there was a person on board who was proceeding to India without a licence from the company. As the regulations of the East India Company, in reference to persons going out to India, were at that time singularly rigid, and it is well known that the directors were peculiarly averse to any attempts of a missionary character, the captain added, that he was satisfied this letter must refer to Mr. Thomas. This surmise afterwards proved to have been unfounded; but as the captain seemed to be greatly alarmed by the apprehension of the consequences to himself, if Mr. Thomas insisted on the engagement into which he and the captain had mutually entered, he was, at length, induced to yield to the entreaties of the captain, and he and Mr. Carey were put on shore, the vessel immediately proceeding on its voyage. This event was, at the moment, a severe disappointment: but having learnt that a Danish vessel was to leave Deal for Calcutta in two days, they took courage, determining to avail themselves of that interval, short as it was, to revisit Mrs. Carey, and urge their plea in favour of her accompanying them. A difficulty occurred in the want of funds for the increased charge of a passage by the ship in question, and of the expenses of traveling, which they were thus unexpectedly exposed to. This difficulty, however, was surmounted by Dr. Rippon, who still survives, having promptly lent them £100 which he had on hand; and by the late Mr. Abraham Booth borrowing, for their use, a like sum from his friends. Thus furnished, they hasted down to Mrs. Carey, having barely time to accomplish this object. To their great grief, however, she again turned a deaf ear to all their entreaties, and they, with heavy hearts, took, as they thought, a last

irewell, and left her. When they had proceeded two niles from the house, Mr. Thomas insisted that they hould turn back and make one more attempt. Mr. Carey objected, entreating his companion to spare his eelings, and not to allow them to be further harrowed y perseverance in a hopeless effort. Mr. Thomas seem-d, however, so resolutely bent on his renewed effort, hat at length they did turn back; again used every ar-ument that could suggest itself, but apparently with as ittle success as before, till at length, moved by her hus-and's tears and entreaties, Mrs. C., turning to her sister, vho stood by, said that if her sister would accompany ier, but not else, she would consent to go. The sister vas then appealed to, and at length, though apparently vith great reluctance, they both yielded. Not a moment vas now to be lost. The wife, the sister, four children, nd as much of their clothes and furniture as was in-lispensable for the voyage, were hurried off to Deal. On heir arrival there, the vessel was descried under sail, vith scarcely the possibility of their overtaking her. The attempt however was made, and, by dint of persever-ng labour, they approached the ship, on which the cap-ain backed his sails, and received them all safe on board, onveying them, at length, to their destination.

"On their arrival in India, Dr. Carey and Mr. Thomas mmediately proceeded to act upon the intention they ad avowed on quitting their own shores, of receiving o further pecuniary aid from the friends of the mission han might be necessary for their existence. In pursu-nce of this determination, therefore, they both engaged hemselves in a secular employment, which enabled them, y constant intercourse with the natives, to become amiliar with their vernacular language. Although Mr. Carey, who had obtained the superintendence of an in-ligo factory, at a considerable distance in the interior, vas thus far removed from the observation of the ruling uthorities in Calcutta, his frequent conversations with he natives on the subject of religion were soon reported here: he was immediately called to account, and, on his dmitting that his design was to evangelise the heathen, e was told that the residence of missionaries in India, f any denomination, would not be tolerated; and that e must forthwith re-embark for England. This cruel nd impolitic proceeding drove Mr. Carey to seek refuge n the Danish settlement of Serampore, about 13 miles rom Calcutta, where he was joined, in January 1800, by Ward, Marshman, and others; all of whom, except Dr. Marshman and his son, who joined his exertions to theirs ome years afterwards, have entered into their rest."

We gather some further particulars from Mr. Anderson.

"Carey had been on board of an English vessel, in vhich he intended to have gone to India, but was pre-ented. Had he then thus proceeded, such was the feel-ng at the time, that it is more than probable he would ave been immediately sent home again. But Providence roviding a more secure passage for him on board of the Princess Maria, a Danish East Indiaman, he took up his bode at Bandell, an old Portuguese town, in the province f Bengal. He afterwards removed to Mudnabatty, be-ween Malda and Dinagepore, till, in the close of 1799, one of those trivial incidents, as they are called, though ctually links in the chain of providence, fixed him down, vith his brethren Marshman and Ward, at Serampore. This small Danish settlement of about six square miles, as proved the 'little sanctuary,' where he and his bre-hern have been preserved, amidst all the 'times that ave passed over them, and over' India. Their settling lown here has been ascribed, in part, to so trivial an in-ident as the substitution by the compositor, of *one letter* or another, a *p* instead of a *b*: and the omission of a *t*, whether by design or inadvertently. Upon Marshman and Ward, &c., landing, 'government,' says Dr. Carey, refused to permit the (American) captain to trade, unless he produced the passengers at the police office, (who had, either by the mistake of the printer or by design, been published in the newspaper as *papist* [instead of baptist] missionaries) to enter into an agreement to return to Europe, or get the company's leave to reside in the country. I wrote to some gentlemen of my acquaintance to interest themselves in the business, which they very kindly did, but in vain. The report of papist missionaries made government fear that they were French emissaries, as I heard this week. A standing rule of government was enforced in this instance, to our great distress at that time,—though perhaps it may eventually turn out for the furtherance of the gospel.' Of course, on proper explanation, all fear died away, though this trivial affair explained the importance of a secure abode, and Danish ground being chosen, there they were to live, till their residence became as pleasing to the eye of the British government as that of any men in India."

An interesting record of Mr. Carey's feelings and unshaken faith soon after reaching the scene of his future labours, is preserved in a letter dated in the spring of 1794, when he was, as yet, all alone in the mission.

"When I first left England," he writes, "my hope of the conversion of the heathen was very strong; but among so many *obstacles* it would utterly die away unless upheld by God; having nothing to cherish it, but many things to obstruct it for now a year and nineteen days, which is the space since I left my dear charge at Leicester. Since that time, I have had hurrying up and down—a five months' imprisonment with worldly men on board the ship—five months spent in learning the language, my moonshi not understanding English sufficiently to interpret my preaching—my colleague separated from me—long delays respecting my expected settlement—few opportunities for social worship—no woods to retire to, like Brainerd, for fear of tigers: not fewer than twenty men in the department of Dayhutta, where I am, having been carried away by them from the salt-works this season—no earthly thing to depend on. Well, I have God, and his word is sure; and though the superstitions of the heathens were a million times more deeply rooted, and the examples of Europeans a million times worse than they are—if I were deserted by all, and persecuted by all, yet my hope fixed on that sure word will rise superior to all obstructions, and triumph over all trials; God's cause *will* triumph, and I shall come out of all trials as gold purified in the fire."

Upon his arrival in India, the first language to which Mr. Carey turned his attention was the vernacular tongue of the people among whom he lived and died. But he soon perceived that the Sanskrit was the grand root of oriental literature, the key to all its treasures; and by the year 1796, he had begun to study both that language and the Hindoostanee. In Jan. 1800, he removed to Serampore, and in the following year was appointed professor in the new Government College of Fort William. Early in the same year, the Bengalee New Testament was finished at the mission press. This translation of the sacred scriptures into the vernacular tongue of at least twenty-five millions, had been commenced by Mr. Carey as early as the spring of 1794; Mr. Thomas having, however, previously accomplished a translation of part of the New Testament. By the close of 1796, the translation of the New Testament was completed for revision. In July 1800, the Gospel by Matthew began to be distri-

buted among the natives. At length, after being nine months in the press, the first edition of the Bengalee New Testament, (8vo, 900 pages) consisting of 2000 copies, was issued on the 7th of Feb. 1801. This was followed, in 1802, by the Pentateuch in the same language, and in 1803, by the Psalms and other portions of the Old Testament. A small impression of the Gospel of Matthew in Mahratta, was issued in 1805; and a second edition of the Bengalee New Testament in 1806. In 1809, the New Testament in Orissa, and in Sanskrit, were completed at press; and some portions of the Old Testament in Orissa had been issued, besides an edition of the Mahratta New Testament, of the Hindostanee New Testament, and the four gospels in Persian, when, on the 11th of March 1812, the printing office was destroyed by fire!

The circumstances which so greatly facilitated the translation of the Scriptures into the cognate dialects, after Mr. Carey had surmounted the first difficulties of acquiring the vernacular language and the sacred tongue of India, have been fully explained in our defence of the translations against the base and ignorant calumnies of Dubois. The assembling of so many learned pundits from all parts of India in the college of Fort William, threw into the hands of Dr. Carey a living polyglot apparatus such as he could not otherwise have obtained: and the overruling hand of Divine Providence was strikingly manifested in the whole business. But how extraordinary must have been the energy of the mind which could grasp so vast a plan, and direct the movements of the subordinate instruments employed in this great work, upon which his soul was bent! Of Dr. Carey's indefatigable industry,—an industry the more extraordinary under the relaxing effects of a burning climate, the description of a single day affords a striking specimen. It occurs in a letter dated June 1806, and is given as an apology for not writing more frequently. At this time, he spent three days of every week at Calcutta, and the following describes one of his Calcutta days.

"I am extremely loth to let this opportunity pass without dropping a line, and yet scarcely can find time to write to any one. I give you a short view of my engagements for the present day, which is a specimen of the spending one half of the week. I rose this morning at a quarter before six, read a chapter in the Hebrew Bible, and spent the time till seven in private addresses to God, and then attended family prayer with the servants in Bengalee. While tea was getting ready, I read in Persian with a moonshi, who was waiting when I left my bed-room; read also before breakfast a portion of the Scripture in Hindostanee. The moment breakfast was over, sat down to the translation of the Ramayuna from Sungskrit, with a pundit, who was aslo waiting, and continued this translation till ten o'clock, at which hour I went to college, and attended the duties there till between one and two o'clock. When I returned home, I examined a proof-sheet of the Bengalee translation of Jeremiah, which took till dinner-time. I always, when down in Calcutta, dine at Mr. Rolt's, which is near. After dinner, translated, with the assistance of the chief pundit of the college, the greatest part of the eighth chapter of Matthew into Sungskrit. This employed me till six o'clock. After six, sat down with a Telinga pundit, (who is translating from the Sungskrit into the language of his country,) to learn that language. At seven I began to collect a few *previous* thoughts into the form of a sermon, and preached in English at half-past seven. About forty persons present, and among them one of the puisne judges of the Sudder Dewany Adawlut. After sermon I got a subscription from him of 500 rupees, (£63 10s.) towards erecting our new place of worship; he is an exceedingly friendly man. Preaching was over and the congregation gone by nine o'clock. I then sat down and translated the eleventh of Ezekiel into Bengalee, and this lasted till near eleven, and now I sit down to write to you. After this I conclude the evening by reading a chapter in the Greek Testament, commending myself to God. I have never more time in a day than this, though the exercises vary. This is Thursday; to-morrow evening I return to Serampore. We have then a conference with our native brethren: after which brother Marshman and I revise the Ramayuna till eleven. At six the next morning we begin again till eight. After breakfast and family prayer—revisal of proof-sheets and translations, and preparing for Sabbath. After tea, family consultations, and the temporal concerns of the mission till near midnight. Lord's day, exercises are various. Monday—the Ramayuna till breakfast. After which, proof-sheets and translations till tea-time. After this a lecture on some *science* till nine. Tuesday at six, the Ramayuna. At seven, social prayer-meeting for the success of the gospel in Hindoostan. After breakfast the same course as on Monday, till four. Then to Calcutta. Thus at present I spend my time."

From his early youth, Dr. Carey discovered a fondness for botanical studies; and in his rural walks with his younger sister, he would often point out to her with vivid delight the beauty exhibited in the phenomena of vegetation. This admiration for nature accompanied him to the East; and his delight in the works of God has been considered as conducing in no small degree both to his health, and to that fine flow of spirits for which he was distinguished.

"Rising before five in the morning, he rode out for an hour, and after this was to be found among his trees and plants. In process of time his garden became perhaps the first private garden belonging to any European in India; and when Dr. Roxburgh retired to this city, where he died, he said that government could be at no loss in the meanwhile by committing the keys of the Government Botanic Gardens to Dr. Carey. The consequence of this was, the publication of the *Hortus Bengalensis*, or catalogue of the plants growing in the Honourable East India Company's Botanic Garden at Calcutta, which he printed at Serampore in 1812. The manuscripts of Roxburgh were also in part committed to his care, which he edited; *The Flora Indica*, first in two volumes, in 1821—24; and again in three volumes, from the Serampore press, in 1832. I shall only add here, that in the botany of India, two trees and an herb bear his name—the *Careya arborea*,—*spherica*,—and *herbacea*. The first of these, the Saul tree, is one of the woods of which Indian ships are built, and it was given by Dr. Roxburgh as a token of his respect, so long ago as the year 1797. Drawings of the *Careya arborea* and the *Careya herbacea* may be seen in Roxburgh's fasciculus of the plants of Coromandel.

The *Agricultural and Horticultural Society of India* owes its origin to Dr. Carey, the prospectus he published, dated 'Mission-House, Serampore, 15th April, 1820.' being the cause of its formation. What is rather singular, when the first meeting was called, no one appeared save Dr. Marshman and another gentleman; but nothing daunted, they considered the society as formed, on the

14th of September, 1821, and calling another meeting on the 21st of the following month, the plan was soon patronised by the Marquis and Marchioness of Hastings. Of this institution, of which Dr. Carey was for some time the secretary, the governor-general is now the patron, and in 1830, 20,000 rupees, say about 2,000*l.* was voted by government to be bestowed in premiums for the most successful cultivation of sugar and tobacco, silk and cotton.

"Nor was it to the vegetable world only that he directed his leisure moments, if leisure he ever knew; though he but seldom referred to these subjects when writing to his Christian correspondents. Now and then, however, he would glance at them, and in the present instance, you will observe the reason. 'I have for a long time,' says he to Dr. Ryland, so long ago as 1811, 'been describing the birds of Asia, and have already accomplished almost one half of them, and some of the quadrupeds, and a few of the insects. I shall, perhaps, publish them in a series of papers in the Asiatic Researches, but have not yet determined. I have but little time to spare for these pursuits, for which I have a strong natural inclination; but I also find it very expensive, as nothing can be done without books and animals, as well as correspondents in different countries. These, I have in a good measure, but yet the work goes on very slowly. I notice this, because you mention a wish that our brethren might know something of natural history and geography. I certainly wish so too, and to show that I do, I make this attempt to fill up this department.'

"In a few words, besides his valuable lectures on divinity, lectures on astronomy and geography, as well as natural history, and in Bengalee as well as English, were delivered by him for many years." pp. 27—29.

But his aptitude for acquiring languages was Dr. Carey's most wonderful natural endowment. Before he left this country for India, he had contrived, amid the pressure of poverty and the constant engagements of his school and pastoral office, to make himself sufficiently master of *six* languages, besides his native tongue, to read the Bible in each; viz. Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, Italian, and Dutch. His knowledge of the last language was acquired, without the intervention of one elementary book, through some Dutch quarto obtained from an old woman. In December, 1811, we find him writing to his friends Fuller, Sutcliff, and Ryland, in the following terms.

"I have of late been much impressed with the vast importance of laying a foundation for Biblical criticism in the East, by preparing grammars of the different languages in which we have translated, or may translate, the Bible. Without some such step, they who follow us will have to wade through the same labour that I have, in order to stand nearly on the same ground that I now stand upon. If, however, elementary books are provided, the labour will be greatly contracted, and a person will be able in a short time to acquire that which has cost me years of study and toil.

"The necessity which lies upon me of acquiring so many languages, obliges me to study and write out the grammar of each of them, and to attend closely to their irregularities and peculiarities. I have, therefore, already published grammars of three of them, namely, the *Sungskrit*, the *Bengalee*, and *Mahratta*. To these I have resolved to add grammars of the *Telinga*, *Kurnata*, *Orissa*, *Punjabee*, *Kashmeera*, *Gujuratee*, *Nepalese* and *Assam* languages. Two of these are now in the press, and I hope to have two or three more of them out by the end of next year.

"This may not only be useful in the way I have stated, but may serve to furnish an answer to a question which has been more than once repeated, 'How can these men translate into so great a number of languages?' Few people know what *may* be done until they *try*, and *persevere* in what they undertake.

"'I am now printing a Dictionary of the Bengalee, which will be pretty large, for I have got to page 256 quarto, and am not near through the first letter. That letter, however, begins more words than any two others.

"To secure the gradual perfection of the translations, I have also, in my mind, and, indeed, have been long collecting materials for *An Universal Dictionary of the Oriental Languages, derived from the Sungskrit.* I mean to take the Sungskrit, of course, for the groundwork, and to give the different acceptations of every word, with examples of their application in the manner of Johnson, and then give the synonyms in the different languages derived from the Sungskrit, with the Hebrew and Greek terms answering thereto; always putting the word derived from the Sungskrit term first, and then those derived from other sources. I intend always to give the etymology of the Sungskrit term, so that *that* of the terms deduced from it in the cognate languages will be evident.

"This work will be great, and it is doubtful whether I shall live to complete it; but I mean to begin to arrange the materials, which I have been some years collecting for this purpose, as soon as my Bengalee dictionary is finished. Should I live to accomplish this, and the translations of Scripture in hand, I think I can then say, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.'" pp. 32, 33.

For a complete list of Dr. Carey's literary labours, and of the publications issued from the Serampore press, we must refer the reader to pp. 37—44, and 57—61, of the highly interesting memoir noticed at the head of this article. The entire Scriptures have been printed in six of the languages of India, besides that stupendous work of Carey's beloved and inseparable companion in labour, Dr. Marshman, the Chinese Bible; the New Testament has been printed in twenty-three languages, and portions of the Scriptures in ten others. In few words, "God most graciously prolonged the years of his servant, until he lived to see more than 213,000 volumes of the divine word, in forty different languages, issue from the Serampore press."

There are some other traits in the character of this admirable man, mentioned by Mr. Anderson, which must not be passed over. Speaking of his "enlarged humanity," Mr. A. remarks, that "long familiarity with the miseries of Hindooism has hardened by degrees the heart of many a European in his day; they never could the heart of Carey."

"His exertions unquestionably first led to the prevention of infanticide, and that of persons devoting themselves to death at Saugur island in the mouth of the Hooghly; and though the immolation of widows on the funeral pile went on, it was through his influence that the Marquis of Wellesley left a minute, on his retiring from the Indian government, declaring his conviction that suttees *might, and ought to be abolished.* The truth I believe to be this, that previously to the return of the marquis in 1805, or thirty years ago, Dr. Carey submitted three memorials to government, the first relating to the exposure of infants in the northern parts of Bengal, the others to Saugur island and the inhuman practice of suttee. The two first evils were soon and very easily abolished, but of the latter, Carey and his brethren never lost sight. In 1817 the valuable document, drawn up in examination of the Shastras of highest authority, to prove

that it was decidedly contrary to the law of Munoo; and which, after being laid before Mr. Harrington, the first judge of the chief native court of justice, was deposited for preservation in the library of Serampore College, may be adduced in proof. In 1822 also a powerful article against this dreadful custom was inserted in the quarterly 'Friend of India,' which, after abundant proofs and many arguments, closed in these expressive words of Scripture, 'If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou say, Behold we knew it not, doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it? and He that keepeth thy soul, doth not He know it? and shall not He render to every man according to his works?' After this the *Samachar Durpun*, or Serampore, Bengalee, and English newspaper, lent all its powerful aid, till on the 4th of December, 1829, 'the burning or burying alive of the Hindoo widow,' was declared by the governor-general in council to be *illegal*, a day never to be forgotten in India. There have been other individuals who lent their aid; but surely if the blessing of them that are ready to perish come upon the heads of any, then Carey and his companions must come in for their share.

"I only add, that in the attempt to establish a *leper* hospital in Calcutta, Dr. Carey, it is well known, took an active part. The Benevolent Institution, in the same city, for the education of the indigent and neglected Portuguese children, was established by the senior Serampore brethren in 1809, and has continued under their management to the present day. They were the first who commenced the education of the Hindoo *female*, and schools for boys have long been formed at their stations scattered over India." pp 40—42.

Disinterestedness and Christian generosity were prominent features in the character of Carey and his brethren. The total amount of the sums raised by their exertions, and consecrated by them to their great enterprise, it would not be easy to estimate; but Mr. Anderson states, that since the year 1827, between £7000 and £8000 sterling have been devoted by the Serampore brethren to those great undertakings in which, through life, they have been employed. But we hasten to notice the concluding scene of the life of the venerable father of the mission, which was extended until within two months and a week of his seventy-third year. God gave him to see, in that foreign land, the climate of which is so trying to a British constitution, not only his children's children, but even the third generation; for it is now some years since Dr. Carey became a great-grand-father.

For rather more than a month before his decease, Dr. Carey had been confined to his couch, reduced to a state of extreme weakness, but with no disease but a gradual decay of nature. He suffered no pain, continued to sleep at night, and, being laid on his couch, remained comparatively at ease all the day,—understanding what he heard, but unable to speak;—his mind in the most placid and tranquil state;—having not a doubt, and as he often told his venerable colleague, Dr. Marshman, not a wish left unsatisfied. His weakness, however, gradually increased, until he became, at last, almost unconscious of what was passing around him.

"The last sabbath of his life," writes Dr. M. to Mr. Anderson, "June 8th, I visited him about noon, eighteen hours before his decease, and found him lying on his couch by the side of the table, in his dining room above stairs, placed there for the sake of the air. He was scarcely able to articulate, and after a little conversation, I knelt down by the side of his couch and prayed with him. Finding my mind unexpectedly drawn out to bless God for his goodness, in having preserved him and blessed him in India for above forty years, and made him such an instrument of good to his church; and to entreat that on his being taken home, a double portion of his spirit might rest on those who remained behind: though unable to speak, he testified sufficiently by his countenance how cordially he joined in this prayer. I then asked Mrs. Carey whether she thought he could now see me. She said, yes, and to convince me, said, 'Mr. Marshman wishes to know whether you now see him?' He answered so loud that I could hear him, 'yes I do,' and shook me most cordially by the hand. I then left him, and my other duties did not permit me to reach him again that day. The next morning, as I was returning home before sun-rise, I met our brethren Mack and Leechman out on their morning ride, when Mack told me that our beloved brother had been rather worse all the night, and that he had just left him very ill. I immediately hastened home through the college, in which he has lived these ten years, and when I reached his room, found that he had just entered into the joy of his Lord,—Mrs. Carey, his second son Jabez, my son John, and Mrs. Mack, being present." p. 63.

"It is an interesting fact," says another of the Serampore brethren, "that the very last thing in which our dear doctor appeared to take any interest, was the *mission*; and it must gratify our friends at home not a little to know, that his last thoughts respecting it were thoughts of gratitude, thanksgiving, and praise. It was about the 22d of last month, that we received the delightful news of the deep and increasing interest that our friends at home are taking in the cause of God among us in this dark idolatrous country. The large contributions that had been made for the cause, and particularly the noble offering for Chirrapoongee—the many prayers that were continually ascending in our behalf to the God of missions—and the many cheering letters that brought this information, were all like cold water to a thirsty soul. When brother Mack took these letters and read the most important of them to the dear old man, as he was able to hear them, his heart revived, his strength seemed to return; and the whole day he was filled with gratitude to God and to his dear people, for the goodness thus manifested to the cause that he loved. I went in to see him shortly after brother Mack had left him, and I shall never forget how the aged saint raised his emaciated hands to Heaven, and expressed his delight, though he was then so weak that we could scarcely distinguish what he wished to say—he could only speak in the lowest whisper. This was the last thing in which he took an interest. The last chord that vibrated in his heart was gratitude to God and his people on behalf of the mission. Very soon after this his mind began to wander. But this was still uppermost even in his incoherent thoughts. Often in his delirium he was anxious to get to his desk that he might write a letter of thanks to his friends at home, and particularly to that friend who has contributed so liberally for Chirra. In that part of the mission he always took a deep concern. He bore the half of the expense of the station himself to the last, notwithstanding all his losses. And he lived to see it in a very prosperous state, before he was taken to his great reward. Indeed it was one of the most consoling circumstances connected with our dear doctor's removal, that he has left the mission in a more peaceful and prosperous state than he could have done at any previous period of its history. The little church that he at first formed has branched out into *six and twenty* churches *now* connected with the mission, in which the ordinances of the gospel are regularly administered! Often did he exclaim in astonished thankfulness, 'What has God wrought!'" pp. 58, 59.

We are happy to learn that an authentic memoir of the life and labours of this great and good servant of Christ, is in preparation. In the mean time, this brief and imperfect outline will, we hope, be acceptable to our readers. Mr. Anderson will forgive our having made such free use of his Discourse, which we cordially recommend to the perusal of our readers; the more so, as whatever profits arise from the sale will be devoted to the printing of the sacred Scriptures in the language of India. Mr. Christopher Anderson is already advantageously known to our readers, both as an able writer and as a zealous advocate of the claims of Ireland and the Irish language. He now comes forward as the friend of India, and announces a work on the subject of that vast empire and its languages which we anticipate with interest.

CAPTAIN ROSS'S CHRONOMETERS.

When Captain Ross was about to start from London, in the year 1829, on his voyage, an eminent chronometer maker in Cornhill requested him to take out with him four of his best made chronometers, in order to ascertain their goodness by subjecting them to the trial of the intense climate of the north. Captain Ross accordingly took the chronometers out with him, and in order to guard against casualities, the owner of the instruments took the precaution to insure them at Lloyds, they being of great value, but he did not deem it necessary to insure, as we understand, to the full amount for which they were even then saleable at home, not considering that the hazard of losing them was very great. The long unaccounted for absence of Captain Ross, without any communication being had with him for nearly four years, excited, as is well known, great alarm for the safety of himself and crew, and indeed left but little doubt on the public mind that they had perished. In these circumstances, the period having elapsed without hearing any thing of the property insured, when by law the owner is entitled to the sum insured, the chronometer maker claimed and received of Lloyd's the amount of the insurance on his instruments, which were given up by all parties as lost. Since then, Captain Ross happily returned in safety, and with him the four chronometers, which proved in the severe trial to which they had been submitted, to be of an all but perfect construction, as to the regulation of time, and of course, their value, now considering all those adventures, and their avowed goodness, is scarcely to be named. It is not to be wondered then, that the original owner should be most desirous to possess them again, but unfortunately for him, other owners are now substituted, for Lloyd's have claimed the chronometers as being now their property, having paid the sum insured on them long since, and Captain Ross has accordingly handed over the instruments to them.

In vain has the maker offered to return the amount insured with interest, for so great is the estimation in which the chronometer's are held by Lloyd's, that on no condition would the establishment part with them to other hands.

From the London Metropolitan.

THE STORY OF A CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

I hate all pain
Given or received; we have enough within us,
The meanest vassal as the loftiest monarch,
Not to add to each other's natural burthen,
Of mortal misery; but rather lessen,
By mild reciprocal alleviation,
The fatal penalties imposed on life.

BYRON.

This is the age of luxury. At no period of the world's history, in no country, under no system whatsoever, have elegance and comfort been so generally diffused through a civilised community, as at the present time through every part of the British dominions. To witness the innumerable contrivances for the attainment of it, one might believe that personal convenience was the sole aim and end of existence. Human ingenuity, though taxed every day for this purpose, appears inexhaustible; not only the various stores of creation, but the elements themselves lend their aid for the furtherance of the one great object. A self-adjusting couch receives the frame, exhausted perhaps by the pursuit of pleasure, and an air-cushion supports the gouty limb entailed by intemperance upon the victim of turbot, turtle, and champagne. A wealthy patient complains to her physician of the injurious pressure of her bed of down, and forthwith the bed of down, floating upon the limpid wave, yields to every movement of the sufferer, and converts that which had been a source of pain, into one of alleviation. To attempt a catalogue of inventions would, however, be a task far exceeding both my powers and limits. I would only call the attention of my readers to a few simple but important facts, of which, in the midst of luxury, refinement, and indulgence, we are all of us but too apt to lose sight.

We cannot take even a cursory view of the progress of civilisation, without feeling a rational pride in the many triumphs of that superior intelligence with which we are endowed; but let us not forget that some evil is ever attendant upon good, that these *agrémens*, these conveniences so desirable, of a social state, involve a certain portion of misery and mischief which ought to lower the tone of our exultation. If in the height of prosperous ease, individuals or classes cease to regard the means by which it is achieved—the hands which labour that they may indulge in selfish indolence—the expenditure of health and strength, even of life itself—the toils and privations endured by the many for the benefit of the few—then does civilisation become a curse instead of a blessing, and a temporary banishment to a savage state, wherein the basket-maker is exalted above the prince, would be a just punishment and a salutary lesson.

The burden of this world's sorrow falls, alas! principally upon the poor operative: his labour is severe, and scanty his reward. The ox truly is muzzled that treadeth out the corn; the hand that weaves the web of silk to deck the children of affluence, is too often fain to draw over shivering nakedness the rags of niggard poverty. It is

painful in the extreme, to a mind of any feeling, to reflect that comforts and luxuries must be purchased at such a price; that the wheels of the mighty mechanism of social life cannot move without the risk, often the certainty, of crushing a multitude beneath their pressure. Let us take a glance at the number of avocations essential to our present state of civilisation, which have been ascertained beyond a doubt to be not only deleterious, but deadly, and we shall see that such is the fact. Foremost in the list we may place those who, working in the pernicious minerals, such as lead and quicksilver, become liable to paralysis, cholic, and distortion of the joints; secondly, those employed in cutlery; [Dr. Knight, in the north of England Medical Journal, states that out of eighty fork-grinders, exclusive of boys, there was not a single individual thirty-six years of age. They usually die at the ages of twenty-eight or thirty-two. The grinder's disease is a slow but fatal consumption:] thirdly, all those whose employments are carried on in an atmosphere confined or impure, and suffer thereby more or less; fourthly, those whose employments injure by acting upon the skin; fifthly, those whose employments produce dust, odour, or gaseous exhalations; sixthly, those whose occupations expose them to wet and steam, or who are obliged to bear great variations of temperature; but when I add that about two hundred different employments have been enumerated, which have an influence upon human health, it will be sufficiently evident that I cannot attempt to describe one tenth part of them.

In these examples it will be urged, both the labour and the risk are voluntary, consequently neither individuals are, nor society at large is, censurable for the injury sustained; and this, if we leave out of the question the hard law of necessity, it is true: there are, however, other cases where the same plea cannot be advanced, where the labour is compelled before either mental or bodily powers are sufficiently matured to admit either of remonstrance or resistance;—I mean in the instance of the factory-child and the infant chimney-sweeper;—the former has obtained the protection of the law, but the latter, equally oppressed and yet more degraded, is still suffered to languish in a horrible, soul-debasing, life-destroying bondage.

When we consider the nature and magnitude of the evil, it is difficult to conceive how, in a country like our own, boasting superior enlightenment, and certainly in many instances distinguished by a spirit of liberality and humanity, two such foul blots, as the impressment of seamen and the use of climbing boys, can have been so long tolerated. As an act of barbarity, neither a Nero nor a Domitian, nor any other *amateur* in the art of torturing, whose name disgraces the pages of history, could have devised a cruelty more atrocious than that of compelling a helpless, naked infant, to ascend a dark, intricate funnel, filled with a suffocating atmosphere, and probably in a state of ignition, at the risk of life and limb, and at the sacrifice of every comfort, every decency, to which human beings have a natural right to lay claim. Let government enforce, and that promptly, that other means be resorted to for the cleansing of chimneys, and inflict a severe penalty on all who shall set such mandate at defiance. There are spies and informers sufficiently vigilant to find such delinquents, and give notice of the introduction of a climbing-boy into a dwelling-house, with equal precision as that evinced by them in the detection of smuggled silk or French brandy. If the total abolition of the system be found impossible, if the safety of the public requires that human hands should, on some occasions and in some places, be used instead of machinery, let it be under such restrictions as shall render the practice comparatively harmless. Better, far better, that every chimney in every town and city of the realm were leveled with the ground, and that, like the denizens of primeval wilds, we cooked our victuals upon embers whose smoke issued through some hole or crevice in the roof of a hut of the rudest construction, than that a repetition of miseries and enormities, such as I am about to narrate, should be incurred.

This subject, and I must think it an important one, both on the score of morals and humanity, must be again brought under the consideration of parliament; the following particulars will not therefore, I trust, be deemed ill timed. A daily attendance at the infirmary of one of the principal prisons of the metropolis formed, during several years of my life, the most painful portion of a rather extensive medical practice. It was in the winter of 18—, that I was requested to examine a patient in one of the wards appropriated to sick prisoners; my patient, who had been committed on a charge of robbery, was a young man, apparently about eighteen or nineteen years of age, and had been a chimney-sweeper. It needed but a few questions on my part, to ascertain the nature of the case; it was that malignant disease known to the faculty by the name of chimney-sweeper's cancer, and here it was exhibited in its most aggravated character, just admitting of a chance that immediate operation might save the life of the sufferer; but to this, when proposed to him, he offered an obstinate resistance, with the same spirit of resolute endurance which had prompted him to conceal all symptoms of the disease, until it had arisen to a height all but incurable. Neither threats nor entreaties could overcome his sullen refusal. Approaching dissolution had no terrors for him, and he seemed to take a pleasure in baffling every effort of those who wished to save him, as if rejoicing in the only species of freewill it was in his power to exercise. He uttered no complaint; the attenuated state to which he was reduced, alone betrayed the horrible progress of disease. There was something in his very stubbornness which, contrary to its usual effect upon me, commanded my respect, while the aspect of so much misery, garbed though it was in debasement and crime, called forth the deepest compassion. I soon became convinced that nothing could be done but by gentle measures. If the poor wretch had any of the better feelings pertaining to our nature, lurking beneath the mass of vice with which I supposed his soul encrusted, it must be through that alone that we should obtain any influence

over him. The event proved that I was right. I requested that he might be given over entirely to my management, and my representations at length drew from him an assent; not given direct to myself, but reluctantly, and, as it were, with the shame of the vanquished, imparted to the nurse who had charge of that ward. If the doctor had set his mind upon it, he might e'en do as he liked, he was a good gemman, and did not think any shame in talking to a poor sweep; for himself, it mattered not whether he lived or died, nor did he care the value of a brass farthing about pain; it was not that—by —— it was not!

No time was to be lost; on the following day the operation was performed. My patient evinced throughout, the same unshrinking courage with which he had previously borne the ravages of the disease. I had entertained many fears as to the result, so malignant was the state that the malady, from neglect, or rather concealment, had attained; but in due process of time the symptoms were so favourable, that a perfect cure might be reasonably expected. During my attendance upon this unhappy prisoner I learned—and the lesson might be an useful one to any man—that human nature may occasionally be found not all depraved, even where the aspect of things is the most unpromising. The poor creature was sensible of kindness—probably the first he had ever experienced from a fellow being—and so far as he could show gratitude, circumstanced as he was, it was manifested. Of a mood dejected, even gloomy, his haggard features would lighten up with a gleam of satisfaction when I approached his bed, and a tear would sometimes glitter in his sunken, melancholy eye. Docile and unrepining, he now strictly conformed to every thing required of him, only still spending the long dull hours without speaking, apparently in a sort of apathetic dream; but it was not so, there was more of thought, of mind, in his reverie than a common observer would have given him credit for. He had received during his illness, some visits from a clergyman, whose exemplary life is a sufficient guarantee for his good intentions, but whose zeal rather outstripped his judgment. I saw my patient a few minutes after one of these visitations.

"Mr. —— is a good man, sir," he said to me; "and talks very nicely. I know that I am a great sinner, or I should not have been here. I have been thinking over many bad things I have done in my life; but Lord bless you, if Mr. —— knew all, he would not lay so much blame to me. How could I have godliness like to *he*, that has *book-larnen?* Let him be a sweep, and me a parson; let him have my hardships, and me his house, with a warm bed to lie in, and a good dinner every day of the week, and nothing to do but to *larn vartue*, and see who'd be the sinner then. Ah, sir, if Mr. —— knew what a life I have had of it, and what lives the like of us lead!"

This was uttered with a deep sigh, and followed by a profound pause, as if the poor man felt the impossibility of expressing by words the extent of his misery, and that of his unfortunate caste. This silence I afterwards succeeded in breaking, and drew from him, not always in the language in which I shall give it, but in a slang vocabulary, of which I have introduced only occasional characteristic samples, the following particulars of his dismal history.

"The first thing I can recollect, perhaps I was about from four to five, but I have nothing certain to go by, was walking with my mother in a narrow street, somewhere near a big church—I have often thought it must have been St. Martin's. The weather was cold, and the lamps in the streets and shops were lighting up. My mother was crying, and I cried too, because I was cold and hungry, and because she cried. Well, presently, she bid me sit down on a door step, and gave me an apple to eat, and told me to be a good boy, and not cry; that she was going a little farther on, and would come back again soon with some bread she was going to buy in a shop. I recollect it well; how should I forget the last words I ever heard my mother speak, almost the last kind words I was to hear in my life! So I sat quiet, and left off crying, and was still eating my apple, when a man with an empty sack across his shoulder, came up to the step where I was a sitting. He was all over soot from head to foot, but as I was used to see the like of *he*, so he did not fright me. He asked me what I sat there for, and when I said I was waiting for my mammy, he said if I would go with him, I should have as many apples as I could eat, and bread and butter with sugar on it, and that mammy knew where he lived, and would come for me. He took me by the hand, and away we went. To a little chap like me, a small bit of road might seem vast, so the distance we went might be no great matters; but our way that night was not up the same street I had been used to go with my mother, which made it seem still longer, and I was tired before we reached the man's home, which was up a court. How many times since have I walked up that court with legs far more weary, and a sadder heart, than I carried there on that first night! In the house where he took me, I saw a set of little fellows, some of them not much bigger than myself, and all black like the man, who I soon found was their master; some were eating their bit of supper, others, who had done theirs, were out in a slip of a yard at the back, sifting soot, which I then thought a nasty sort of play, far worse than making dust pies in the street, which my mother had often scolded me for. I was not long of learning, that what they were about was any thing but pastime.

"It began to grow late, my mother did not come for me, as the man had promised, nor had I any apples, or sugar-bread and butter given me, only a little dry bun, so I cried again more bitterly than ever, and made for the door, that I might go home, but the cruel man who had enticed me, whisked me back into the room, and fetching me a cuff on the side of the head, said I was a d——d ill-conditioned whelp, and bade me leave off howling. I crept, sobbing, into a corner, and durst not move again till a great fat woman, who was the master's wife, took me down into a cellar, where some of the lesser boys were stretched out asleep, and showing me a bundle of dirty sacks upon the floor, told me I

must lay there till morning, and mind not to make a noise and a crying in the night, or the man would come and whip me. Hungry and weary, I did as I was bid; I laid my head on the soot-bags, and for many years after, sir, *them* was my only bed.

"I was waked in the morning by something stirring near me. I opened my eyes, and was frightened to find all strange about me, and to see two little boys a pulling at the sacks I was lying on; all but them two had gone away long afore. Again I fell to crying for my mammy, which brought the fat woman down stairs to scold me, and drive me up into daylight. She told me I was so naughty, my mammy would have nothing more to do with me, so I need not cry for her; but if I would promise to be good, she would give me some breakfast. Ah, sir! it was but too true, I never heard of my mother again. I have often, when I grew older, thought of this, and wondered if indeed my parent did give me up to so much misery, or if she went back to the door step on that unlucky night, thinking to find me there. I have heard of parents selling their children to the trade for a few shillings; my mother was indeed ill to do in the world, but though she would beat me sometimes, and call me names, she used at others to set me on her knee, and stroke my head, and kiss me. I do not like to think that she was so *unnat'ral*.

"By degrees I got used to the people I was to live with and their ways; I went with the boys in the yard, and rolled in the soot; and when, on the third day, the master told me he would make a man of me, and teach me to climb like Bill and Tom and the rest of them, poor witless child that I was, I thought it would be a fine thing, and was as pleased as if I had been told I should ride in a coach. He dressed me in a little flannel jacket, a pair of leather breeches, and let me keep on my old shoes; then I and another of us not much bigger followed the master to a house hard by, where I was to try climbing for the first time.

"I was keen enough of beginning; I crept in as well as another at the mouth of the chimney, but when they told me I must scramble up, holding by my hands and knees, to the top, and when the soot began to shower down into my eyes and almost choked me, I hallooed out that I could not go up any farther. I recollect the master damned me, and said it was the way with all at first, but he'd soon cure me, and make as good a hand of me as the best on 'em. 'Hark ye, Sam,' says he, 'my little lad, if you get up to the top, there's a plum bun and a crown-piece in the chimney-pot for *he* as gets it; if you don't, Jem will.' To have a whole crown-piece of my own, to buy apples, or what I liked with, and a plum-cake too, besides the fear of Jem's getting them, for he was close behind me, made me do what nothing else would, so I got up somehow or other, and all of a hurry to get the bun and the money, I shoved the chimney-pot, which I warrant was loose and rotten, as I've seen a many since, down into the yard. I set up a loud cry, for I thought my cake and crown-piece had gone, and the master and the rest of 'em below, fancied that I had fallen with it, a thing no ways uncommon, since the very jacket I had upon my back had belonged to a boy, called Dick Struthers, who was smashed to pieces, with a rotten chimney-pot he was a sweeping, which fell with him in Bateman's Buildings. I often heard Jem, who was *partikilar* kind with him, tell of it, but I was too young to mind it then. The master cried out, with a great oath, 'Why Dick's jacket has the luck on't.'

"When I came down I ran into the yard, thinking to find my cake and money, but there was nothing but the broken pieces of the pot; so they all set up a great laugh at my expense; and the master kicked me and cuffed me, for the mischief I had done, and I tumbled over the broken pot, which cut me on the brow till the blood ran down into my eye, but nobody cared for that, they only laughed the more; and when I cried and rubbed, with my black fingers, my eyes, which were smarting with the soot that had got into them, and when I felt at my poor sore knees and elbows, which were all grazed and bleeding, they said I must go home to my mammy; but I had no home, no mother, which they knew well enough, so they jeered me. Ah, sir! it ayn't no use to tire you with the like o' this, it was only the beginning of the hard life I have led, for we poor sweeps have no pleasure and no holiday, like other children, barring the May week, which makes Tom-noodles of the most of us: howsomever, I got used to it, and went on so till I was growñ too big to climb, and, bad as it was, I will say this, I've seen them as has fared worse."

It may be well here to mention, that most of the details which follow were given by the prisoner in answer to various interrogations put to him by myself, which are omitted, in order that the chimney-sweeper's narrative may proceed uninterruptedly.

"The soreness of my knees was long a great trouble to me. I never went up a chimney for many a day, that I did not come down with the blood streaming down my legs and arms, and not only with the skin off, but pieces of the flesh knocked out; I have the scars yet, but still up I must go with the sores all open, and running like an ulcer. The master would not hear of our using pads, which some of the trade allow; he said that a boy was never fit for nothing until the places got hardened with practice, and though I could have hollaed with the pain, I durst not for my life, for fear of the *hiding* I should get from him. I'm crippled, and *knapped-kneed:* did you never notice, sir, there's scarce a sweep to be seen, who is not stiff o' the knee joint, owing to the soreness which never goes off, till the knee becomes in a manner hard and stiffened; then we get lamed often with *parging*, sitting o' this way all a twist, stopping up holes to keep the smoke from coming out, with our legs bent under us. I've *parged* many a time till I couldn't straighten myself properly for hours after, and had cramps at night that were like as if a body was braying my legs with a mallet. A many little fellows, *partic'lar* if they're weakly children in the back or joints, grow lame and crooked. from carrying loads of soot, that would break the back of a jackass.

"The master was a hard man with his boys;

ne worked us early and late, and nothing would satisfy him. Often and often have I gone out by four or five o'clock of a cold winter's morning, aye earlier than that, when the fog was so thick I could not see my way, or the pavement all *slipping* with ice, and my chilblains, which the main of us always had in cold weather, paining me so I could scarce walk. I recollect once, it was *partic'lar* hard on me—master had an order for one of his boys to go and sweep a chimney in ——— square. It was to be done early, between four and five, they said, that the servants might have time after to get their work out of hand before the family was up, and because there was to be a grand dinner that day. Well, master sent me; he was bidden go himself to see all rightly done, but as it was the Christmas week,* when the trade is always the busiest, he would not go, but charged me to be *partic'lar*, so I was, and you'll hear the upshot on't. It struck the half hour by ——— clock just after I rang at the door bell the first time; so I waited, thinking as they had given us such strict orders to be early, that I should soon be let in. I never *feel'd* a rawer morning; the icicles were hanging every where, and my feet froze to the step as I stood, for my shoes were so bad they were almost the same as nothing. As nobody answered, I rang again, something harder, and then continued to wait, shivering, and so numb I could hardly keep myself from falling. The cold frosty fog hurt my eyes dreadfully, for they were all along, from the very first, as sore as any thing could be, with the soot getting in, and had a constant running at the corners. It was so dim, and the fog so thick, I could not see the figures on the clock-face, but I'm sure it was full ten minutes that I kept ringing, till I began to think every body in the house must be dead. I sat down upon the door-step, for I couldn't stand no longer, my feet had no feeling in them, and tried to wrap myself in the bit of cloth we carry with us, and twisted my back about my naked legs, and so I went on, sometimes giving a pull at the bell, though I thought it was to no purpose, till the clock struck five. Well, then, I rang the last time, and presently the bolts were drawn, and the lock turned, and the door opened, but I did not think to have been d——d to hell, as I was, for a good-for-nothing lazy scamp, and threatened with my master's being told of my insolence for not coming as I was ordered; but this was what I got from the footman, who *ought* to have been up to let me in, but who slept through all my ringing, and now laid the blame on me, because he knew that folks would be readier to blame the poor friendless sweep than the saucy *sarving*-man. I told him that I had been ringing there for the last half hour, till I was nearly froze to death. He said it was a swinging lie, and it was a pity I had not been quite froze, for what mattered the likes of me. Well, I said nothing, for I saw that it wouldn't be of no use, since my gentleman was in such a towering passion, and determined that the fault should fall on me. When I got into the kitchen matters did not mend, nothing was ready for me to begin on, so another quarter of an hour full was lost. At last I got done, but, before all was finished and the soot cleaned away and me paid, the gentleman of the house, who was, they said, an uneasy body, and uncommon strict that them as *did* for him should be punctual to a minute, came down stairs in his dressing-gown, and much as the footman had *jawed* it, he beat him, giving it to them right and left, and sure enough Mr. *varlet*, or whatever he called himself, spoke smooth as could be then, for he knew his swagger would not go down with his master. He said that him and the maids had all been up full an hour a waiting for the lazy monkey of a sweep, and that it would only be a just punishment to let the master chimney-sweeper know what an idle vagabond was eating his bread and ruining his custom. So the gentleman's anger all turned upon me; he wouldn't hear me speak a word in my own defence, but refused to pay me, telling me that my master should hear of my misconduct, and that he would pay *him*. Well, I took up my brush and sack in silence, and thought, as I walked off with them, how hard it was to be abused as I had been for other folks' ill-doings; and somehow or other it came all of a sudden into my head to wonder why I had ever been born, and I wished that my life was over.

"I had that morning as many as twenty jobs on hand, so that I did not get home till near ten o'clock, and then as soon as I had eaten something I went out again with the journeyman, and *did* for him till between four and five in the evening. Before I had got through all, and we set out home, I was so tired out, I could scarcely crawl under the load I had to carry, and I had a misgiving of what was a brewing for me when I did get home. The *gemmen* had been as good as his word; my master had been sent to and told of my insolence and neglect, as they were pleased to call it. He was in one of his worst humours, but I was almost too much worn out to mind any thing that might happen. 'So,' says he, 'you've been *slying* this morning, you—[we forbear to insert the epithet,] have you?' I told him the plain truth, how I had been there in proper time, but could not get in. He knew them sort of gentry well enough, but I believe it was all along of his ill-humour—he snatched my brush from my hand, and beat me about the head all round the yard, kicking me at the same time, till I was so spent with trying to get out of his way, and so stunned and dizzy with the blows, that I sunk down among the bags of soot

* The Christmas week, that season of general festivity and indulgence, especially to the young, who, returning to the homes of their fond parents, revel in all the luxuries and privileges of holiday-time, augments tenfold the misery and toil of the hapless chimney-sweeper. It is the custom in the metropolis to leave all chimneys unswept until the Christmas week, that they may be the better prepared, after so recent a cleansing, for the hard duty they are to perform during that time of feasting and blazing hearths. Who troubles his head with the thought that this unreasonable practice inflicts the cruelest suffering upon so degraded a being as a sooty-faced, blear-eyed, deformed climbing boy? Selfish gratification must be obtained at whatever cost to others.

the boys was sifting, and them screening me, he gave over.

"That was a *black* day with us. Master had scarce turned his back on me, when Jacob Noaks, one of our journeymen, came home all of a flurry with the news about Jem. Poor Jem! he was as sharp a lad as ever took brush in hand; nothing could match him for climbing, and as merry a fellow as is to be found in the *profession*. Poor Jem! I think I see him now, dressed out as a lady, as he always liked to be, in the May week, with a fine lace cap on his head and a fan in his hand. Well, it happened o' this manner. He had been sent about eleven in the morning to —— street in the Strand, where there was a foul vent wanted sweeping. About two in the afternoon, Jem not coming back afore, as Jacob had expected, to go out with him, upon his, Jacob's, account, he goes to the house in the Strand. This ay'n't Jacob's story, mind ye, but came out afterwards by them as was present; so when he gets to the house he finds a bricklayer there, just a-going to make a hole in the wall right into that chimney. So says he, 'What are you *a'ter?*' And the people of the house tells him, 'Why there's your boy went up between eleven and twelve this morning, and he ayn't come down yet, so we think he has stuck; we hear a noise, but we can't rightly make out what he says, only he seems to be in pain and trouble; so the mason's here going to set him at liberty.' 'Oh d—— him,' says Jacob, 'I suppose he's taken a lazy fit. I've seen scores of them that would lie sulking in the flues all day long if one would let 'em, and many's the boy I've haul'd down by the heels that wouldn't have stirred an inch, either up or down if I had'nt made him, and many's the pail of water I've heaved down from the top right upon them. Leave it to me, and I'll have him down in no time. Why it would be all over the town that our boys can't sweep a foul vent without a bricklayer at their heels.' 'Nay,' said the bricklayer, 'but it a'n't likely that *ere* lad would lie there sulking, as you say, more than two hours, if he could come down. We'd better just move a brick or so, and set him at liberty; one does not know what may come of it; my life on't the poor chap's sticking, and can't come out.' 'O yes, to be sure, Mr. ——,' says the woman of the house, who just then came to them, '*you* will be for taking him out that way of course, not caring a fig about spoiling my walls. Humph! it's more than the obstinate monkey's worth, that it is; but I say let the man have his own way, they know best how to manage their own boys.' 'Ay, ay, ma'am,' says Jacob, 'I'll have him out in a jiffy. Holla, you there, what's keeping you?' shouts he to poor Jem, who they all heard groaning in the chimney;—'what are you about, I say?' 'I'm stuck —I can't come down,' Jem answers. 'What you've got your arms down alongside of you, ha'n't you, and be d——d to you. It's all the boy's carelessness, ma'am,' says he to the mistress; 'he's got himself jammed wilh his arms alongside of him, but he knows how to right himself if he will.' He then called to Jem again, bidding him come down, sometimes with threats and swearing, sometimes persuading like, but it would not do; so says he, 'I'll lay a brass farthing to a crown-piece the young scamp's sulking after all.' So he hollows to him again at the top of his throat, 'If you don't come down, I'll get a barrel of gunpowder, and blow you and the vent to the devil.' 'I'll tell you what,' says the bricklayer, 'it's no use my stopping here, since we a'n't to break into the flue, but you'd better get another of your boys to go up *a'ter* him, for it's my opinion something more than sulking's a-keeping him.'

"Jacob's an obstinate fellow, never liking to do any man's bidding but his own; but they all cried out, master and mistress and all, to get another boy to go up after Jem; so he got one and a set of ropes, and he took one on 'em and gave an end to the boy, and says he, 'Go you up the chimney, and when you get at him, fasten the rope round his foot.' So he did, and Bill came down, and they both pulled as strong as they could, till the rope broke. Well, Bill went up again with another rope, and fastened it round both ankles, and the other end they knotted fast to an iron bar, the bricklayer had brought with him, and used it as a lever, but after about ten minutes that rope broke too. While they were a pulling at it, poor Jem was heard to cry out, 'Oh God! oh God!' as if the very life were being pulled out of him; so the master of the house and the bricklayer both said it was high time to fall to work, and they broke through into the chimney a largish hole, and Jacob put his head in, and called again to Jem, 'Do you hear, sir?' but got no answer, so then he began to be frightened, and sure enough he had cause, for poor Jem was got out, (after having been up in all near four hours,) quite dead! His shirt was torn to tatters, one arm and hand was all crushed and bloody, and his right hip dislocated. All this, you mind, came out before the coroner, just as I have told it.

"Poor Jem! he was long missed amongst us. I was never sorrier for nobody, except the little lass that died, it might be, a year after *he*, and she and me drew together from the first. She was a desolate *creatur*, for her stepmother, our master's wife, treated her worse than a *nigger*. Little Nan, or as she was mostly called by the boys Jacky, was a child of her first husband by his first wife, so belonged, as one might say, to nobody. The mistress she could never please, and the master swore that she should not eat the bread of idleness in his house; so, *female* as she was, he taught her to climb. She was uncommon little of her age, which made her handy for small flues, such as ovens and coppers, and the like, which is often less than nine inches square, and she had far more wit and sense than the boys that was her size. Often and often have Nan and I lain side by side at night upon the soot we had gathered in the day, with our sacks over us to cover us from the cold, for she was a shivery *creatur* still; and many's the time I've sifted her share of the soot, when she was tired with her day's work. She had always a bad cough when the cold set in; and I used to think the soot getting down her throat made it worse.

They'd say it was a hard word to use, but I always shall fancy that climbing, which was little fit for *she*, was the death of her. She fell into a waste as they called it, and before she died was nothing but skin and bone. She used to creep into a nook when they'd let her be quiet, and lie there; and if any thing would please her it was when I went slily up to her with an orange in my hand, or an apple, which I used to buy with the few pence that were given me, instead of playing at chuck-farthing with the boys. Poor thing! she had a constant dryness, and them things did her the most good. 'Sam,' she used to say, 'when I get well again, you and me'll run away, and hide in some place a great way off, where nobody sha'n't find us, for I can't climb no more, and daddy'll beat me if I don't.' She gave me a half-penny with a hole in it to keep for her sake, and that very night she died."

Here the prisoner paused—the recollection of this companion in toil and privation, this young sister in affliction, called up emotions far more powerful than I had yet seen him exhibit. He turned away his head to hide a starting tear, which he stealthily wiped with the back of his emaciated hand.

"It was about that time," continued he, "I got the worst burned that ever I did while I was in the trade, though I have been up scores of chimneys, where I have been burnt more or less. Master was sent for one day, it might be five, or half after, to send a journeyman and one of his boys to the ——— tavern, because a chimney had took fire, and they were a-cooking a great dinner, and every thing was at sixes and sevens, and the kitchen folk half crazy. Master went himself, and took we with him, much against my will, for I know'd what it was to go up a chimney all a-blaze, and if I did not get my arms and legs burnt, to have a bucket of water heaved down upon me from the top, which is the way they often take to keep the flames down, and I almost choked with the steam and smother. When we got there I never saw such a taking as the folk was in; there was a kettle of soup standing in one place, a fish-pan in another, a joint of meat in another, and fine sauces and *vegables* all covered thick with the soot that had fallen into them, and a great lord or parliament man expected, and all the other quality that was a-giving him the dinner, and nothing like to be ready. Master put his head up, and says he, 'I think it 'll do. Sam can get up fast enough.' 'Yes,' cried the cook, a big fellow, that could scarce walk across the floor for fat, 'why I'd go up myself for five shillings, which you'll get for the job, you know,' turning to the master. 'Would ye?' says he; 'then by God I'd like to give ye five shillings out of my own pocket. No, no, I a'n't such a born idiot as to let my boys stand fire for a matter of five shillings. Why didn't ye have it done in proper time, when it wanted sweeping? It's your own fault that it's on fire at all—all along of your stinginess; but I've a great mind to give information at the fire-office. Come, Sam, I a'n't a-going to stand *argufying* here. I wouldn't have such a sin on my conscience as to let one of my boys go up a burning chimney for a beggarly crown-piece; why it's against the law of the land.* Half a guinea, *gemmen*, or we budge.'

"Well, they agreed as to terms; but I refused to go up. I saw what it was like to turn out: never was a fouler chimney, or one worse a-fire. Then they all fell on me, and master dragged me and kicked me, and almost thrust me up, though a deal of fire, far too much, was in the grate; and I said so, but they told me there had been trouble enough already. The very first step I took burned me, but up I went, while the red hot flakes kept falling quite thick, and the heat of the chimney was scorching; I never felt nothing so dreadful. Look, sir, (here the prisoner showed several scars upon his legs,) these I got there, and I shall carry them with me to the grave. I roared out with the pain, and told them I couldn't go no farther, and just then a great shower of soot fell down into the grate, and the fire that was in it soon set it all in a blaze, so then they were forced to let me come down, and other means was taken to get it extinguished; I a'n't sure but the people of one of the fire offices got a notion of it, and so came. My burns were so bad I minded nothing else. They put rags dipped in oil upon them, and I limped home, but they was shocking painful for more than a fortnight, and when the fire was out they turned into open sores.

"I went on in this way month after month, and year after year, until I was fifteen—so at least I supposed. I had stuck so often, and given so much trouble during the last year, that the master said I mustn't climb no more, except upon a pinch, so I became what is called in the trade a master-boy; that is, I used to go out with a younger boy, and help him what I could, and see that he did his work clean. I was stunted, and little of my years, or I should have given over climbing sooner. This was a change for the better; but I say it with shame, I sometimes abused it. Knowing what I had done myself, and what I had borne, I did not see why others should fare better, and I was spiteful and harsh with them as was under

* There is a positive prohibition of this practice, and an enactment of penalties in one of the acts of parliament, but that it is continually infringed, the fact, that master chimney-sweepers are in the habit of detaining one or more of their boys at home on Sundays to be in readiness in case of a chimney being on fire, sufficiently proves. The subjoined paragraph, taken from the Evening Mail of Jan. 20, 1834, also corroborates the charge.

"*Death by Burning.*—Last week one of those melancholy cases occurred which have been unfortunately too common in the history of chimney-sweeping. A little boy had ascended a chimney, though the fire was not removed from the grate below, but merely covered with a girdle, which it was supposed would be a sufficient protection to the poor child. The soot fell down in great quantities on the girdle, and in a little time it ignited. In spite of every effort the blaze communicated to the chimney, which was soon in one mass of flame, whilst the poor child was pent up in the midst of it. After a considerable time he succeeded in getting down, but when he did so, he was in a frightful condition, *the flesh being literally roasted on his bones*, though he was still living. He was speedily conveyed to the hospital, where he lingered some time in a state of excruciating agony."—*Belfast News Letter.*

me—I say it with shame and sorrow—too often. Well, I got out of favour with master; he would have it that I cheated him of some money I had to receive for him, but if it is the last word I have to speak, I never took a farthing that was his, and I know he wanted to rid himself of me, for he had more than enough of hands about that time; so after I had served him as master-boy about a year and a half, he cursed me for a thief, bade me go about my business, and never darken his doors again.

"What was I to do? I was turned out into the streets with only six shillings and sixpence in my pocket: all I had in the world, all I had been able to save out of the money got at chance times at houses we swept for. I used to have an odd sixpence given now and then, when I had been climbing—for gentry, tender of heart, often pities the poor little sweep—but the journeymen always took from us what they chose, and used to win the rest from us at gambling, when they cheated, but we durst not complain; and sometimes we gave them halfpence to bribe them not to tell the master when we did amiss, or neglected to sift the soot. Then for some months past, sir, I know it was a bad thing, but I had taken too much to liquor. I felt the cancer a-coming on, and had done earlier than that, though I did not know what it was; and a dram always dulled the pain, I thought. Well, there was I, turned into the streets with them few shillings, and the poor rags I had upon my back. Of any other trade I knew no more than the babe unborn. It was in the summer time, and I did better than if it had been winter, lying out at some street-end where there was new building going on, and where there was no pavement, and I might sleep upon the rubbish unmolested; but my six shillings and sixpence did not last long. I tried in many ways to earn an honest penny: but my sooty clothes, and my unhandiness, and every thing, was against me, and wherever I applied for a job they were full of hands still, and did not want an interloper like me. So I says to myself, I must either starve, or beg, or steal, no matter which, for I'd better rot in a jail than die like a mangy dog in the streets.

"Often have I stood longing at the shop-doors of the bakers, or at the windows of the cooks' shops, with hunger eating away my very heart; but though hundreds went away with full hands and full bellies, no morsel came to me, and I have many a time picked up a mouldy crust, or a bone, or a small matter of cold *vegables*, that had been thrown into the kennel, and eaten it as greedily as a dog. I sometimes asked charity, but few people gave *me* their pence, for neither my way of asking, nor my look was taking, like beggars. I heard the same answer from them all, 'Go and work.' Ah, sir, they did not know that the very sweepers of the crossings would not let me come amongst them. I belonged to none but my own trade, and they had thrust me out.

"I recollect one day that I was on the look out for any thing that might turn up for me, in Covent Garden market, a lady was buying something at one of the stalls. She was talking very angrily, and beating about the bush to get something of the *vegable*-woman lower than was asked, and so she dropped by chance something out of her purse among the litter. I saw it fall, but she did not. It was a sovereign. I waited till she and the woman had done squabbling, and she had paid, and was putting her purse into her pocket. 'Ma'am,' says I, 'you've lost something out of your purse, ha'n't ye?' and I held the sovereign *a-tween* my thumb and finger. 'Yes,' says she, 'that *ere* sovereign's mine you've just picked up,' and then she fell to counting her money in a flurry, looking at me all the while, as if she thought I'd gotten more than that. So says I, 'Ma'am, if I'd been the rogue you're taking me for, you would not have got your sovereign back at all, but I hope you'll consider, and give a trifle.' 'Give you a trifle, indeed!' says she, 'for being commonly honest! I wonder you ay'n't ashamed to ask it.' 'Well, ma'am,' says I; 'if you was in want like me, mayhap you'd not be ashamed to ask a trifle from them as has plenty.' 'Go and work,' says she. 'If I *had* been at work,' says I, 'you'd have lost your sovereign; but I can't get no work.' 'That's an old story,' says she; 'nobody can't get no work that's too lazy to do it. You've no business to be lounging about the streets in this way; it's for no good, I'll warrant.' 'Nor you neither, ma'am,' says I, for I was ill vexed. 'What an insolent fellow!' she cried, in a passion. 'I've a great mind to give information of him at Bow Street.' Well, thinks I, as I turned on my heel, if this is all I get for being honest, I might as well turn rogue. That bit of gold might have been in my pocket now, and nobody no wiser; but I must starve, while the likes of *she* has more than enough.

"Times did not mend with me, sir, but grew worse and worse, and the very clothes on my back were getting so ragged I could scarce keep them together. I was a disgrace to be seen in a decent street. I often turned it in my mind, if I should not try to get into a hospital, on account of my complaint; but I had a dislike from the first to the operation, so I fought on as well as I could, picking up a few pence here and there in charity. I never shall forget one as relieved me about that time. I was stopping a few minutes near a coach-stand, in Oxford Road, when one of 'em was called, and presently an old lady came out of a shop, very feeble like, and leaning on a young miss's arm, who helped her as tenderly as if she had been an infant. So I goes up to the coach just as the waterman was putting up the step, and asked a trifle of them as was inside. 'Be off,' says the waterman, 'is that your manners, to trouble quality?' 'O grandmamma!' says the sweet young miss, 'I must give that poor man something, he seems very poor.' 'Do, my dear,' says the old 'un; 'but remember, he may be a common beggar.' So she puts the beautifullest hand into a little purse, and pulls out a shilling, and gives it me. 'Stay,' says she, 'you *do* look *very* poor, here's another.' May God Almighty bless her for ever, and for evermore!

"And now, sir," proceeded the prisoner, after having given a few moments to a silent but grateful remembrance of the fair and benevolent creature who had relieved his necessities, "I am going

to tell you the whole truth; yes, all as it happened about the great sin I committed; I will not hide nothing, if it be the last word I have to speak—it will be the truth. My poor rags had got so bad I was ashamed even to beg, for I couldn't look nobody in the face; so one evening when it was beginning to be dusk, I was walking up Drury Lane; two gentlemen was meeting, both with umbrellas up, which made them jostle, and one of the umbrellas caught in something that was hanging outside of a salesman's door, and pulled it down: it was all the work of the moment. Well, it was a blue cloth jacket that fell, and I saw it, and the devil surely tempted me; for what did I do but click it up and off with it before any body saw, except a boy standing at the shop-door, who was so surprised at what I did, that he stood stock still and stared at me; and then when he did come to his senses he runs in and gives the alarm, but I was off by that time clean out of sight. I felt very ill troubled in my mind, and fancied, as I hurried along the streets, that every body behind was a coming after me; and if a body looked hard at me, I was sure they knew more than I liked, and I did not feel easy till I got into the fields quite out, Paddington way, and then I sat down in a nook and began to look at the jacket I had stolen. It was not very much worn, only in places, and soiled and greasy in spots, and was trimmed round the collar and down the fronts with black silk braid. This made it too noticeable for me to wear, so I set myself to work to rip it all off as fast as I could. While I was a-doing this I felt a tap on my shoulder from behind. I started, and a cold shiver ran through me just as if I had felt the hangman's rope put about my neck. I turned my head, and there were two men standing close beside me, 'What!' says he as tapped me, 'don't ye know me, Sam?' I then looked full at him, and sure enough it was Joe Pringle, who had been a master-boy a little afore myself, but who had been turned off as I had been, but had not gone quite so empty handed, having carried some of the mistress's money with him. 'Who'd have thought of finding you here, Sam?' He told me that he saw that times had gone against me, he saw it in my face; but says he, with a nod and a laugh, pointing to what I was about, 'you've *larned* the way I see to mend your fortune.' 'You're out there,' says I, with a wicked lie in my mouth to cover a still greater sin, 'this here jacket was given me by a *gemman*, so I'm ripping off the braid, which is unfit for the likes of me. 'Oh!' says he, with a wink at the other chap, 'I'm glad to hear that the quality are grown so generous all of a sudden, ar'n't you, Bob?' and they both laughed; 'but, Sam, you want a pair of pantaloons to match the jacket, and then I guess you'd be a proper *swell*.'

"It's useless to tell over again to you, sir, their bad talk. By degrees they let me into a little of their goings on, said I was a pigeon-livered fellow to be starving as I told them I was, while there were ways and means for a man's helping himself. They were both of them well fed and well dressed; I could not but compare them with myself; I had never heard much talked about sinfulness and the like, and I began to think that to take a small matter from them as had more than enough, was, as they said, quite *nat'ral*. We all three went and got something to drink together, and then they persuaded me, making me first swear not to 'peach, to go with them to a place where some more of their *kiddies* was used to meet. Well, sir, I went; they plied me with liquor, but drunk as I was, my flesh *creeped* on my bones to hear what they and them said, as I found there was a-plotting. It was nothing less than housebreaking, and was to be done on the next night. Joe had joined their gang a matter of two years afore, with Bob Hockley, another of our trade. They were now both of them old stagers, quite hardened, and boasted of their cleverness in thievery. Well, it was too late for me now to be off; I had gone too far for that. I did not set much by my life, how should I? still the thought of what I was a-doing, and the job we were in hand with, made me mortal sick when I took the oath to be one of them.

"It was beginning to be morning before we broke up, and I reeled out into the street, for I was by that time main drunk. Well, I didn't get on far when the curb-stone at the corner tripped me up, and I fell. How long I had lain I can't justly say, when I heard somebody cry out, for I was beginning to come to myself, 'My eye, father, if there ay'n't the very chap as *nabbed* the gentleman's jacket, and if he bayn't lying in it in the kennel.' So I looked about me, and there stood two Jews, an old and a young un, with bags across their shoulders, both a-staring at me; and as I attempted to get up and make off, they seized hold of me, and called to a watch who was just a-going off his beat, and afore I well knew what had happened, or what was like to happen, they had hauled me through the streets and we were at the door of the police office. I was bewildered, but still I kept a sort of notion clear through it all that the stealing of an old jacket from a salesman's door was not a hanging matter, and that I could but go to prison. Think then, sir, what I felt when I found that the charge was far more serious?

"The magistrate began to put questions to me about the jacket, and how I came by it. I answered with the same story I had told Joe Pringle, and swore that I never saw the Jews before in my life, though I began to remember too well the face of the younker. Then he asked me if I knew of any money in the pocket of the jacket. I said there was none, for I forgot at the moment that Joe had lent me a sovereign to get some decenter clothes with, and that I had put it into the pocket of the jacket, because my breeches pocket was too worn and ragged to hold it. I said it hesitating, for the stern manner of the justice dashed me. They fell to examining the pockets closely, and found the sovereign; but this did not satisfy them, the pockets was both turned inside out one after another, and what, sir, do you think they found slipped through a small hole in the lining, right down from the pocket on the right side, so as to be out of sight? Never was the like seen before; what, sir, but a ten pound Bank of England note, all worn round the edges

where it had been folded. If I had been knocked down with a butcher's axe I could not have been more done up than I was at that moment, and just then comes another slap. Somebody cries out—it was one of the runners who had been handling the sovereign for some time—'Its a bad un! clear enough.' So thinks I it's all up with me now; and I hardened myself all at once, and wouldn't give no answer when they put it to me where I got it; I thought it would be a dirty trick to 'peach, though Joe had used me so shabbily, for it now came across me how he had advised me not to break the sovereign, or buy the things till about evening, when I was to give him back the change I got out of it. They made nothing out of me, but I stuck to it that I knew nothing of the note.

"Well, while this was a going on, up drives a hackney-coach, and out jumps a gentleman, followed by a servant girl. They had been fetched, I found, to swear to the note and jacket. The *gemman* claimed the jacket as soon as he *seed* it, and pointed out at once that the braid had been all ripped off, for there was the mark where it had been sewn; and the note he also claimed, for he said he recollected well having written his name in small at one corner on the back, when he received that and some others. This was his story. He had lodged for some months at No. —, Marchmont Street, Brunswick Square: recollected breaking a fifty pound Bank of England note into tens, which he put, as he always did, into his waistcoat pocket. Well, he went that day to make some purchase for a friend in the country, and having bought the article, he takes out one of the tens to pay the bill, when all at once he changed his mind; and as it was for a friend that he was a buying the things, he says to the shopman, 'I'll pay the bill when the articles are sent home.' So the man said it was quite right, and he put, as he believed, the note back again into the waistcoat pocket; and when the bill and the things comes home, he pays the man, as he thinks, out of the very same ten he had taken out afore, and thinks no more of the matter. Nor does he for weeks and weeks. So the jacket, he said, began to be the worse for the wear he gave it, for he liked rowing upon the river in a boat he and some other young chaps had got; and to make it worse, a fellow spills a lot of oil over it, but as he was about to cast it, he said he didn't so much care. So he gives it to the *sarvant* maid of the house to give to any poor body she had a fancy to relieve. Well, it might be a matter of two months in all since he broke the note, the fifty I mean, he began to cast up how the five tens had gone, and he couldn't clearly make out, for he had been paid some money since, which had gone too; but he began to think that one of those tens was a missing, and had never been spent by him. So he turned it in his mind, and all of a sudden it comes across him that he had not put that note back into his waistcoat pocket as he should have done, in the shop, but by mistake, or not thinking what he was about, had put it into the pocket of the jacket, for he then recollected having pulled at a large knot in the lining at the bottom, while his hand had hold of the note, and kept working at it till at last he pulled it quite out, so it was, you see, plain that the note had made its way, bit by bit, through the whole he had then picked. He looks to the waistcoats he used to wear with that jacket, but there was no hole in none of their pockets, so this made all clear that it was the jacket: but what was gone with it, that was next to be thought of. The *sarvant* girl was asked, and she confessed having made a penny of it by selling it to the clothes-man. So both of them goes to *he*, and then the whole comes out; it was the jacket as had been stolen that evening, barely an hour before they came. Sir, all this went hard against me," continued the prisoner, "still the bad sovereign, and the set I had leagued with that gave it me to pass, was the worst part of it, and I could say nothing about that. So I was *reg'larly* committed; and now, if it please God I live to get well, and stand my trial, it's like enough I may swing for that as I never was guilty of, or get sent out of the country, but, barring the gallows, nothing can be worse than the time I've had on it here, in no country whatever."

Thus did my poor patient conclude his melancholy narrative. It would be difficult, indeed, to imagine a lot more hopelessly wretched. From the cradle until the age of manhood not one solitary gleam of this world's prosperity had fallen across his path. In every sense the victim of circumstances, guilt in him was not the precursor of misery, bringing with it a just punishment, but its natural result. Misery had driven him to the commission of crime. This was a case for the interposition of mercy, and with pleasure I record that mercy was not withheld. Upon a representation being made of the peculiar circumstances attending it, in the proper quarter, punishment was rendered as light as it was consistent with justice, and when the poor penitent was finally released from prison, some humane persons stepped forward to rescue him, by a timely aid, from a repetition of the evils he had endured, and while administering pecuniary assistance, endeavoured to purify his mind from the moral taint long habits of degradation and neglect had engendered.

This, alas! is but one instance among many. With little variation, the story of this individual is the history of the fraternity to which he belonged, for it is a well-known fact, that the bands of pick-pockets and house-breakers infesting our populous cities, are constantly recruited from the ranks of chimney-sweepers out of employment. Outcasts unfit for every occupation, excepting that which at a certain age invariably discards them—thrown, in a state of utter destitution, upon society to rob and steal, and finally to become the victims of those laws necessity has compelled them to violate.

A sheet of tissue paper is now exhibiting at Colton, Devon, measuring in length nearly two miles, and in breadth three feet six inches.—*English paper.*

From Loudon's Magazine of Natural History.

SOME ACCOUNT OF WALTON HALL,

THE SEAT OF CHARLES WATERTON, ESQ.

BY JAMES STUART MENTEATH, ESQ.

"The birds, . . .
Securely there they build, and there
Securely hatch their young."

Having often wished to visit Walton Hall, my wish was not long ago gratified. In consequence of an invitation from its kind-hearted owner, Mr. Waterton, I lately partook of his hospitality.

A few observations, hastily made, that occurred during my visit, may perhaps not be uninteresting to the readers of the *Magazine of Natural History*.

Walton Hall, a place that must, like Shelborne, be ever dear to the lover of ornithology, from the many attractive objects it presents in the way of that engaging pursuit, is situated in the parish of Sandal-Magna, about four miles from Wakefield, in the county of York. This district of country forms part of the great coal formation of Yorkshire. The soil usually overlaying the coal stratification is a clay, which, being of a stiff tenacious texture, is unfriendly to the better kinds of herbage, unless it be extensively drained, and well mixed with calcined limestone; but the clayey soil of the park of Walton rests immediately upon a thick stratum of the coal sandstone, which, mouldering down, yields it a due proportion of silicious earth, and makes it an excellent soil for the growth of the richer species of grasses. Trees of nearly all kinds flourish luxuriantly upon it. Among these, especially, the sweet Spanish chestnut, one of our most valuable trees, and in the present day far too little encouraged as forest timber, is this year profusely laden with fruit, not much inferior to that which is imported from the south of Europe.

The climate is equally favourable with the soil for the growth of the delicate kinds of vegetation. The vine grows on walls in the open air, and scarcely ever fails to bear each season tolerable grapes; this year there has been an abundant crop of as fine grapes as those raised under glass. The sweet-water and black Hamburgh vines are the only varieties that have been cultivated.

Walton Hall stands upon an island included in a small lake well stocked with fish, and has been the residence of the Watertons time out of mind. The present elegant Grecian mansion occupies the site of an ancient castellated house, which, encircled by water, and accessible only by a drawbridge, must have been, before the use of cannon, an impregnable strong-hold. During the civil wars of Cromwell and Charles I. this family, stanch adherents to the house of Stuart, defied Old Noll's vengeance, and gallantly kept its forces for some time at bay, though the venerable castle was reduced almost to a heap of ruins.

All that now remains to tell the tale of its former chivalry is an ivy-clad tower. This tower will be visited with no small interest and curiosity by the ornithologist. The days of rapine and violence having happily passed away, never, we hope, to return, this tower, by many ingenious devices and contrivances, has been made a commodious and undisturbed habitation for many a family of the feathered race. In a snug corner, thickly grown over with ivy, can be seen in any day of the year, a pair of common white owls taking their nap; and, at night, the ears of the admirer of such music may enjoy their nocturnal serenades.

——"From yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign."

During the breeding season, every movement of this industrious couple may be overlooked from the windows of the hall, as they flit to and fro to cater for their hungry young family. Though the owl finds in this tower an unmolested haunt, the pretty starling, the blackbird, the thrush, the wild duck, the wood pigeon, "sweet sequestered bird," and several others, reposing a confidence in the humane owner which is never abused, resort to this delightful retreat, either to enjoy the shelter or to bring up their young.

Leaving the venerable tower and its inhabitants to enjoy that quiet which nothing disturbs, let us enter the hospitable mansion. Its doors are ever open to the poorest visiter who craves a view of its rare and curious collection of objects of natural history; and nothing is allowed to be offered to any domestic who attends; in this Mr. Waterton sets a noble example to others, who suffer their servants to receive money.

Among the most choice of the rarities of this collection none are more interesting than the birds.

"Their plumage, neither dashing shower,
Nor blasts that shake the dripping bower,
Shall drench again or decompose;
But, screen'd from every storm that blows,
It boasts a splendour ever new,
Safe with"

the amiable wanderer, who, often at the hazard of his life, and suffering dangers by land and water, while exploring the wilds of South America, got them together.

It would be idle to attempt a description of these treasures. That delightful book, the *Wanderings*, which, like White's *Natural History of Selborne*, is in almost every hand, has already rendered the reader familiar with them all; and it has also acquainted us with many a hairbreadth escape of its author, that one ignorant of the daring resolute character of Mr. Waterton almost hesitates to believe: but those who have known him from his early youth to manhood can bear testimony to the strict veracity that has ever characterised him, and can recount not a few of his dangerous feats of prowess and of daring. Few at his time of life are his equals in climbing a rope or a tree: this activity of body and steadiness of nerve give him infinite advantage over most of our modern naturalists in examining the nests of many birds, placed in almost inaccessible situations, and in thereby ascertaining important facts relative to their habits and character.

During the present summer, no less than eleven times this dauntless naturalist was let down the frightful beetling precipice of Flamborough Head, whence

> "The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
> Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark,
> Diminish'd to the cock; her cock, a buoy
> Almost too small for sight;"

in order that he might collect the eggs of the guillemot, the puffin, and the cormorant, and likewise examine their mode of hatching and other habits. I was informed by Mr. Waterton, that he has ascertained several interesting circumstances touching these sea fowl, and it is to be hoped that he will send the results of these curious observations to the *Magazine of Natural History*, whose pages are already much indebted to his pen, for contributing some of the most delightfully composed and valuable papers for which it is distinguished; every one must regret he does not appear oftener as a contributor in it.

To return to the objects in the museum. The fierce ill-looking cayman or crocodile, on whose back Mr. Waterton fearlessly mounted, while his men were dragging the monster of the deep from his native element; the snake of gigantic size, which nearly cost the intrepid traveller his life, when he grappled with it; splendidly beautiful plumaged species of birds; and numerous other animals, are seen, preserved in such a manner as to give them an appearance of life, which one can see in no other museum of natural history. The art of preserving birds and animals is amply detailed in the *Wanderings*, a detail that I should recommend all bird stuffers and keepers of museums to study and follow; and, above all, I would call upon them to visit Walton Hall, and see the art carried to the highest perfection.

Among these interesting objects, none interests more the observer than the "nondescript" animal, concerning which so much has been affirmed only from conjecture. Under what genus it is to be classed, Mr. Waterton best knows; as yet he has not disclosed it: only one individual, we believe, has been intrusted with its habits, manners, and character.

On leaving the house, and its island, and its old ivied tower, we next enter upon the park. This piece of ground embraces almost 300 acres, surrounded by a high wall to keep out the poacher and other intruder. As no gun is ever fired within its precincts, that

> ——— "clamour of rooks, daws, and kites,
> The explosion of the levell'd tube excites,"

is never heard, nor any dog suffered to disturb its peace, it may easily be supposed it will be the favourite resort of many kinds of birds. Abounding in extensive woods and groves, and an ample space of water, every fowl can suit its own taste for a sheltering-place, for a haunt to build its nest, and rear its little brood; all those birds which elsewhere suffer from the gamekeeper's ruthless gun and trap, and from those whom the bird-stuffer employs to take them prisoners, receive protection within the walls of Walton Park. The owl is an especial favourite. Besides our slumbering two friends, whom we left in the old ivied tower in the island, eleven pairs of others occupy holes in the trees, and other comfortable dormitories, purposely contrived and fitted up for their dwelling-places. It is not a little curious to observe, that, if these "wanderers" of the night be offered an unmolested habitation, a pair are not long in finding it out, and taking possession of it. Mr. Waterton, from his careful and accurate examination of the habits of the owl, has clearly exculpated it from the false charges and foul calumnies, aspersing its spotless reputation, of being the destroyer of young pigeons and their eggs. The same friendly turn he has done for the starling. Both these birds often are indwellers of the pigeon cote, not from a preference of it to any other harbour, but because the destroying hand of man has left them scarce another spot to retire to, and to breed up their young.

Many other calumnies heaped upon others of the unoffending birds and animals, when closely scrutinised, will no doubt be found to rest on equally untenable grounds as those affecting the character of the poor owl and starling.

No animal is more wronged and sinned against, than the harmless but much slandered hedgehog. The rook equally comes in for his share: though we verily believe that both will be found most useful servants of man. The former has often been unjustly criminated by the gamekeeper, as being a depredator of his game; and by the farmer as milking his cow: the gardener, who joins in the hue and cry against this inoffensive animal, will find the hedgehog a valuable assistant in clearing his gardea of many insects, noxious to his plants and interests. The rook will be found equally useful to the husbandman, as the destroyer of the eggs, the worms or larvæ, and the caterpillars, of insects hurtful to his root and grain crops.

The rapacious birds also find a home in Walton Park, and a friend in its proprietor. The raven is now and then seen, though but rarely, as the hand of the enemy has fallen heavily upon this noble bird. Great flights of the carrion crow, every evening of the year, may be seen repairing from all directions for their roosting-place in its woods; magpies in equal numbers may likewise be seen taking up in them their sleeping-quarters; different varieties of hawks resort for the same purpose, and here their "aeries build."

Some might suppose, from the presence of so many birds of prey, that no game would be found in the park: it is quite the reverse; game abounds in it. In 1833, a wood pigeon built in a tree four feet below that of a magpie; both lived in the greatest harmony, hatched their eggs, and reared their young. Many similar instances of the rapacious birds and the others living here peaceably together might be adduced. The pheasant, the partridge, the woodcock, in their season, and the hare, are very numerous. Were it not for the shelter they meet within the walls of the park, Mr. Waterton believes tha: they would have been ere this rooted out of his district of country, as some species of birds, such as the larger variety of woodpecker and others, have been.

The pheasant receives every attention. Except for about four months of the year, he can provide himself with food by living upon the beech mast, the sweet chestnut, acorns, and other sorts of food. To provide him with winter provisions, Mr. Waterton plants a quarter of an acre with the thousand-headed cabbage, which is sown in April, and transplanted in June. This cabbage the pheasant eats voraciously in the winter time. Beans are preferred to any kind of grain, as being less pilfered by the smaller birds.

The grasshopper,

——— "saltitans per herbas,
Æstatis est chorista,"

whose sweet summer song was unceasingly heard, is now silent and scarce ever heard; this insect is a dainty repast of the pheasant.

Besides the hedgehog and the rook, the jay and the woodpecker come in for their share of proscription by the gamekeeper, to swell his murderous calendar to produce to his squire. Those last two birds, he affirms, on no just grounds, prey upon his game, by pilfering eggs, and by other acts of villany. It may be truly asserted of the beautiful woodpecker, that he is never seen to alight on a tree, unless it be in a state of decay: in that condition, the decayed wood abounding in insects, which are rapidly hastening its final decomposition, the woodpecker is attracted to it to prey upon them, and pick them out from the rotten wood. While a tree is sound, he is, we firmly believe, never seen to settle upon it.

Though the park has not been above two or three years quite enclosed by high walls, its complete privacy and security have attracted a small family of herons to form a colony on some of the aged oaks that overhang the lake: this year there have been four nests, all of which have been hatched, and some able-bodied youngsters have been sent out to swell the rising population of the heronry. The herons repay their kind landlord's assiduous care of them by destroying numbers of the water-rat, that infest all our waters, and even houses.

Being on the verge of that range of country which the nightingale visits in its annual migrations, Walton Park has generally the enjoyment of the mellifluous notes of one or two of these heavenly musicians, who, each

——— "in his evening bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring.
. . . . . .
And sings the drowsy day to rest."

When the season of the sere and yellow leaf draws on, the migratory birds, all knowing the moment when to forsake for a time their loved homes, flock into Walton Park, as a place of refuge after their long voyage. Among this assemblage are seen the woodcock, the fieldfare with its inseparable dear fellow traveller the redstart, and several others, emigrants from distant lands. Such are a few of the daily and occasional inhabitants of the woods and groves of Walton Park.

Notwithstanding several pairs of wood pigeons breed in the confines of the park, when winter sets in, immense numbers flock in to feed on the beech mast. These appear to have come from foreign countries.

If the land birds of all kinds and dispositions receive an invitation, and find a true friend in Mr. Waterton, no less so do the water birds; and that most beautiful of all the British birds, the kingfisher, which may be considered as the link which unites these two classes together.

The lake, abounding in a variety of fish, which we have described as encircling the hall of Walton, is the continual and occasional resort of many of the waterfowl. The wild duck, the widgeon, the teal, the coot, are seen on its pleasant waters in great numbers. The wild duck is a continual inhabitant of the lake. Several pairs hatch and bring up their young. But during the winter season great flocks of them migrating from the frozen north, as well as of the widgeon and of the teal, pass their inclement season here.

Though the wild ducks are seen on the waters during the daytime, at nightfall they repair to the sea-side, the shores of which are distant nearly a hundred miles, for their supper; and, by return of dawn, these active travellers, far surpassing, in speed of wing, the rapidly moving locomotive steam-engine, are seen on the bosom of the lake, quietly pruning and careening their plumage. The widgeon, feeding like geese on the grasses and aquatic plants, does not go so far for his nightly meal. If, however, he be undisturbed, he will feed during the daytime.

Not unfrequently the wild goose and the wild swan take up their abode in severe weather in the lake.

The seamew is also not an unfrequent visiter: the abundance of eels and other fish tempts the voracious cormorant to leave the stormy ocean, and pass his winter pleasantly at Walton. This bird usually travels with his mate; and it is interesting to observe the loving couple, an example of conjugal affection to human kind, fishing and diving in company. Tired with the sports of the deep, and finding an unmolested landing-place on the island, they often rest themselves from their labours on its pretty shores, within a gunshot from the windows of the hall.

An instance of the humane and paternal care and solicitude Mr. Waterton evinces for the comfort of his feathered family, during winter, had nearly escaped me. He encourages the growth of ivy around the stems of his trees, which not only shelters many a poor starved benumbed bird, when the storm rages, but offers it an agreeable place for its nest in the spring.

From these few and hastily collected observations while visiting Walton Hall, it will appear that Mr. Waterton possesses the finest and most extensive zoological garden in the kingdom, or perhaps in Europe. Here roaming unconstrained and at free liberty, every bird and animal can be examined in its true character. In possession of a powerful telescope, which is often used, Mr. Waterton watches and examines the habits and movements of his varied feathered population. Almost constantly abroad, nothing escapes him.

The perfect seclusion of the park enables him

to experiment harmlessly on his subjects. In the spring of 1833, he made a carrion crow hatch two rook's eggs, a magpie those of a jackdaw, and the daw those of the pie.

In concluding these very imperfect remarks on Walton Hall, I am sure that every one who, like myself, has shared the hospitality and enjoyments of a visit to this second White of Selborne, will join with me in these words of the Latin poet:—

——"Hinc tibi copia
Manabit ad plenum benigno,
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu."

——"Here to thee shall plenty flow,
And all her riches show,
To raise the honour of the quiet plain."

Closeburn Hall, Nov. 22, 1834.

[The following particulars have been derived from another source:—

"Walton Park consists of 260 acres. The wall around it is, for above a mile, 10 feet high; the remainder of it, 9 feet at the lowest part. There is no public road or footpath through this park, and no gun is ever allowed, upon any score, to be fired in it. The park abounds with fine timber; and Mr. Waterton, in laying out some new grounds about twenty-six years ago, did every thing that love for birds could suggest, to make them come and settle there. This protection to the birds enables them to perform their daily functions without fear and trembling.

"In the centre of the park is a sheet of water, of 24 acres in extent; upon which, in winter, from 2000 to 3000 wild fowl may sometimes be seen. In the lake is a rock; and on this rock stands Walton Hall; now a modern building, but in times long gone by, a place of strength."]

From the Autobiography of Sir Egerton Brydges.

Having no library within reach, I live upon my own stores, which are, however, more ample perhaps than were ever before possessed by one whose whole estate was in his inkstand.

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

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

My thoughts are with the dead; with them
I live in long past years;
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears;
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with a humble mind.

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

From the British Critic.

LIFE OF ROWLAND HILL.

Life of the Rev. Rowland Hill, A. M. By the Rev. Edwin Sidney, A. M. Baldwin. 1834. pp. 443.

The character with a portraiture of which this volume presents us, has called forcibly to our remembrance the *Arlecchino* of Goldoni's best comedies. Not the motley magician of the English pantomime, with his piebald face and wand of lath, but the adult baby of the Italian stage, who, in the full organisation of adolescence, and with the complete developement of bodily powers, retains all the simplicity, all the inclinations, and all the ignorance of childhood; who makes love to his mistress and cries for barley sugar in the same breath; who fondles his own nurslings as if he himself were still unweaned; and who in the closing passages of life has not any need of reduction to a *second* infancy. Even with the marvellous lack of judgment which such a description implies, there is much which we cannot forbear from regarding with a certain degree of fondness; and, whenever we are most inclined to indulge an ambiguous smile, we are checked by a recollection that this superlative imbecility is accompanied by proportionate innocuousness.

How far this inability to be wise, this *nolle altum sapere*, is compensated by a negation of absolute evil, we need not here stop to enquire. To do so, indeed, would be to involve ourselves in the very obscurest portion of metaphysics, to moot the question of first principles; and this is a task from which we may readily be excused. The reader may determine for himself, and draw his own conclusions from the biography of Rowland Hill.

Rowland Hill, sixth son of Sir Rowland Hill, baronet, of Hawkstone, in Shropshire, was born, August 23d, 1745. As a child he was full of pranks and drolleries; and it was not until he quitted the paternal roof, and was considered sufficiently old to be entered at Eton, that he received "the first beams of spiritual light," and was "converted" by an elder brother. After undergoing that process, young Rowland entered as a pensioner and soon afterwards became fellow commoner at St. John's College, Cambridge; but unhappily neither during term nor vacation was he likely to receive much encouragement. His religious sentiments were greatly disapproved at home; and at the university "he was such a marked and hated person, that nobody belonging to the college ever gave him a cordial smile, except the old shoe-black at the gate who had the love of Christ in his heart."

"Piety and Zeal," however, soon introduced him to the acquaintance of Mr. Berridge, under whose ministry at Everton he sat every Sunday, taking care to return in time for College Chapel. Fired by the precepts of this "excellent but eccentric old clergyman," the energetic Rowland commenced preaching in Cambridge and its vicinity; and having met with some opposition in his course, he took an opinion from George Whitefield, who strongly urged him not to give way nor to look back; but, after his own example at Oxford, to proceed in his happy career, till he should

obtain the distinction of being hissed and hooted in the streets, and reproached, and counted as dung and offscouring. "Never," says the veteran, "did we prosper so much as at that season."

Mr. Edwin Sidney honestly admits that this advice "was scarcely consistent with the submission which Hill had promised as an undergraduate," or, as he might express himself in more plain speech, that by adopting it he violated his matriculation oath. But it was in "unison with his desires," and *therefore* he obeyed it. He continued accordingly to preach, much to the benefit of his hearers, at Chesterton, where "no other harm was done than the windows broke;" at the castle, where there was "a little mobbing;" at Grandchester, where "many were drunk," and the orator himself "was confused;" "in a barn for the first time with much comfort," although some gownsmen "gnashed with their teeth."

These infringements of academical discipline met with strenuous condemnation from his father and mother, and were threatened by the university authorities with a refusal of testimonials and even of a degree. Nevertheless, under the auspices of Whitefield, he maintained his perseverance unshrinkingly; notwithstanding "there were also those of the same religious principles as his own, who considered his irregular course as not the *best preparation* for his degree or future ministry." At length, in 1769, he proceeded B. A.; and then prepared, although not without grief, to quit "his little flock at Cambridge." True it is that he left the sheep under a pastoral guidance which doubtless is still fresh in the remembrance of many of our readers. Among other lay-preachers whom Mr. Berridge had countenanced and established, was "an individual well known by the familiar appellation of Johnny Stittle, an eccentric, uneducated, but naturally gifted man, perfectly devoid of the fear of any human being." Johnny Stittle is described as follows by his patron; "he is a wonderful man indeed; somewhat lifted up at present, I think; but his master will take him by the nose by and by." Whether this prognostic was or was not fulfilled we are quite unprepared to decide; but not one of those who have ever heard Johnny Stittle is likely to forget his nose.

On Mr. Hill's application for orders, six bishops refused their consent, and the plea which they advanced does not seem altogether unjustifiable. They rested upon "his irregularities while at Cambridge, and his disinclination to promise in future to confine himself to the rules of the church;" of which church he nevertheless sought to partake the communion, the honours, and the emoluments. His deviations from the establishment, however, never led him into any quarrel with either the articles or the liturgy; for both of which he professed unbounded admiration.

During the interval in which his profession continued to be thus undecided, he was chiefly occupied in itinerant preaching, and supported himself as well as he was able on the very scanty allowance to which he was restricted by his father's displeasure. Nor was poverty the only cross to which he had to submit. At Stowey he was encountered by "pans, shovels, horns, bells, dirt, and eggs." At Putsham some of "the congregation stood serious, some scoffed at a distance, and others threw stones." At Melscomb he found people "unaffected and inattentive," so that it was "a miserable, dry, humbling time." At Bridgewater he preached to "a decreasing congregation." At Wotton-under-Edge, he was saved from a stone by a Gloucestershire disciple, who arrested the arm preparing to throw it, at the same time bluntly declaring "If thee dost touch him, I'll knock thy head off!" At Cheltenham, he found it "miserable work to preach to the rich." At Marlborough he met a very "rude and rebellious" congregation, who laughed at and pelted him. In the summer of 1772, he undertook a revival of Whitefield's ministry in London. That remarkable man was then dead, but Rowland Hill addressed his followers in the Moorfields Tabernacle, and in the Tottenham Court Road Chapel. Meanwhile Captain Joss and Butcher Hogg were equally active in the same cause in Gloucestershire; and the latter wrote to Mr. Hill, urging him not to spare himself, and setting so good an example of self-devotion, as to assure his correspondent, in a monitory epistle, that he prayed to kill himself "in crying aloud to poor sinners; and if I am not hoarse and weak for two or three days after the sabbath, I think I have been barren and dead."

Having written himself M. A. at Cambridge in 1773, Rowland entered upon a Christian courtship of Miss Tudway. We need not dwell upon the love-letters which his biographer has thought it edifying to print; they are perhaps equally good with most of the same ware; although it may be doubted whether many *promessi sposi* have written as boldly as did Hill when he informed his betrothed "Remember this, that Mary Tudway is as bad as she can be, she is utterly undone." He was married on the 23d of May, 1773; and on the following June 6th, was ordained Deacon, by Dr. Wills, the *aged* bishop of Bath and Wells. His title was the curacy of Kingston in Somersetshire; and, notwithstanding that he had continued his mountebank circuits up to the very moment at which he presented himself for episcopal examination, he was ordained "*without any promise or condition whatever.*"

The Archbishop of York, however, was on the alert; and when Rowland offered himself as a candidate for priest's orders, he was informed that his perpetual irregularity forbade his admission to any higher grade than that which he had already obtained. To follow him in all his rambles is manifestly out of our power; in spite of bilious attacks, and horseponds, and addled eggs, and vituperations, he persisted in his "field campaigns;" encouraged by the recollection of other faithful ministers who had endured similar martyrdoms. One anecdote, which greatly delighted him, concerned a follower of Whitefield.

"Harris used to relate of himself, that being once on a journey through Wales, his mind was agitated by great temptations to desert his Master's cause, when he said, 'Satan, I'll match thee for this'—and 'so I did,' he used to add; 'for I had not ridden many miles before I came to a revel, where there was a show of mountebanks, which I entered, and just as they were commencing, I jumped

into the midst of them, and cried out 'let us pray,' which so thunder-struck them that they listened to me quietly, while I preached them a most tremendous sermon, that frightened many of them home.' "—p. 101.

It was about this time that one of the most notorious secular incidents of his life occurred; it has often been incorrectly related, but it loses nothing of unction when reduced to the bare fact.

"His courage, at all times remarkable, often awed his most violent opposers, and on one occasion frightened away two or three highwaymen, which probably gave rise to the foolish story of his taking a robber into his service. He was riding in a phaeton somewhere near London, accompanied by Mrs. Hill, when they were attacked in the dark by either two or three men, who violently demanded their money. They had a few minutes previously made a successful attack upon a Mr. Whitefoot, his assistant, who preceded them in a gig. When they came to Mr. Rowland Hill, and he used to laugh heartily as he told the story, he set up such a tremendous unearthly shout, that one of them cried out, 'we have stopped the devil by mistake, and had better be off'—on which they ran away and left him and his lady in peaceable possession of the road. He used to say, 'I stood up in the carriage and made all the outrageous noises I could think of, which frightened the fellows out of their wits, and away they scampered.' "—p. 114.

The "usefulness" of Mr. Hill's preaching was "somewhat diminished" during the year 1775, by an ugly habit which he had acquired of mixing politics with divinity; and so violent was the language in which he denounced the American war from the pulpit, "that hints were given him of its being noticed." He engaged also in not a very gentle controversy with the Wesleyans. But we hasten over these minor episodes to the greatest event in his life, the foundation of the Surry chapel. The first stone of that building was laid on June 24th, 1782, and Hill's avowed design was to erect a pulpit "open to pious ministers of all denominations and of every country;" or, if we may so say, to become the conductor of a theological *omnibus*. Within twelve months, the building was sufficiently completed to be opened for public worship; but it had been "*erected on a marshy foundation*," and a serious accident had nearly occurred from the pressure and alarm of the crowd which attended the opening meeting, and believed that the walls were giving way. Mrs. Hill was forced from her seat by the general rush, "and fell in the chapel yard, but she providentially escaped any serious bruises."

Hill had now become attached to a regular congregation, and had a settled residence. The trustees of the Surry Chapel paid him £300 a year, out of which "he boarded the supplies who occupied the pulpit during his absence in the summer. The two *foreign* pulpits in which he most delighted were those of Mr. Cadogan at Reading, and of Mr. De Courcy at St. Alkmond's, Shrewsbury. In his own chapel he was especially fond of procuring assistance from Mr. Venn, (who, as Mr. Edwin Sidney has remarked, "in occupying Surry Chapel pulpit, forgot the due observance of ecclesiastical discipline and order," and committed "an act of irregularity contrary to canonical rules,"), or of any eminent Welsh minister who happened to be in London, and who would undertake to officiate in his native tongue. All of these sons of Cadwallader, as Fluellen tells, were "of one reasonings, save the phrases is a little variations;" or, as Hill himself describes the "Welsh manner," they "bawled out very good things till they could bawl no longer."

In 1798, Hill made "a gospel tour" in Scotland, where a hearer states, that "during some of his sermons the eternal world appeared to be next door." When he preached at Edinburgh on the Calton Hill to at least 10,000 people, "every person seemed deep in thought," and "the old women looked out of their doors and exclaimed, eh, sirs, what will become of us now!" On his way southward, when he arrived at Rotherham, he encountered some bodily peril; for a madman rushed upon him with a drawn sword, and struggled hard to reach him till he was disarmed. Before he arrived at home he was a little indisposed, and his horses fell lame; yet to this progress were his horses indebted for their distinctive names. "I once asked him," says Mr. Edwin Sidney, "why he called his carriage-horses *Order* and *Decorum?*" "Oh," he answered, "they said in the north, 'Mr. Hill rides upon the backs of Order and Decorum,' so I called one of my horses *Order* and the other *Decorum*, that they might tell the truth in one way if they did not in another." It should not be omitted that his favourite cream-coloured saddle-horse was named "Bob."

These horses sometimes, however, excited scandal among his followers; and some notion of the license permitted in Surry Chapel may be attained by the subjoined anecdote.

"Once an impudent fellow placed a piece of paper on the reading desk, just before he was going to read prayers. He took it up, and began—'The prayers of this congregation are desired—umph—for—umph—well, I suppose I must finish what I have begun—*for the Rev. Rowland Hill, that he will not go riding about in his carriage on a Sunday!*' This would have disconcerted almost any other man: but he looked up as coolly as possible and said—'If the writer of this piece of folly and impertinence is in the congregation, and will go into the vestry after service, and let me put a saddle on his back, I will ride him home instead of going in my carriage.'[a] He then went on with the service as if nothing had happened."—p. 120, 121.

When advanced in years Mr. Hill was exposed to danger by some untoward accidents. On one occasion, "Bob," unconscious of the precious burthen which he carried, fell upon his master in a steep and stony road; and, if the disposition of the steed had not been equally placid with that of the rider, the latter, perhaps, would have suffered more injury than was occasioned by the fracture of two ribs. A few years afterwards, Mr. Hill severely hurt one of his legs by tumbling through an open trap-door in the flooring of his chapel; and the wound yielded so slowly to surgical remedies, that, although he preached only once within six weeks after the fall, and then was seated, he was thought to have hurt himself by the exertion. In 1831, after attending a meeting

[a] "I once told him this story, and asked him if it was true—'Aye, that it is,' he said, 'true enough—you know I could not call him a donkey in plain terms out of the reading desk.' "

at Exeter Hall, he grazed his shin against the steps of his carriage; neglect increased inflammation, and tended much to impair his strength, so that the ladies of Surry Chapel presented him with a chair, by which he was freed from inconvenience in the pulpit. His death, however, did not occur till April 2, 1833, when he gently yielded to the infirmities of a protracted old age. The latest evidence of sensibility which he evinced was by a very marked approbation of some lines which had ever been among his favourite compositions, and which at the awful moment of departure were repeated by an attendant. We utterly disclaim all intention of scoffing; but to our ears the following miserable jingle, sounds far more like presumptuous and canting doggrel, than like a consolatory Christian hymn; and we earnestly protest, in our own case, both on the score of sober piety and of sound criticism, against the employment of any such viaticum.

"And when I'm to die,
Receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot tell why;
But this I can find,
We two are so join'd,
That He'll not be in glory and leave me behind."

As a fair specimen of Mr. Sidney's style we may take his description of Rowland Hill's person, and of the general character of his religious views.

"The person of Mr. Rowland Hill is well known to the public. He was rather above the middle height in stature, and when young was remarkably thin, though wonderfully strong and active. His countenance was expressive of the complexion of his mind, and the play upon his lips, and piercing look of his small grey eyes, denoted both intelligence and humour. When between fifty and sixty years of age, his fine upright figure, combined with a high-bred, gentleman-like deportment, caused him to be the subject of general admiration; and when the weight of eighty years rested on his head, his erect form was not bowed down, nor was the vigour of his mind in the slightest degree impaired. A few years ago, a gentleman in a country town followed a crowd into a chapel, not the least knowing who was to be the preacher: on returning home, he said—'I have seen a man with *such a commanding air* as I never witnessed before—who can it be?' It was Mr. Rowland Hill; and this was the effect his appearance produced on all who saw him in his latter days; and, as Johnson said of Burke, if any person had merely chanced to take shelter with him from a shower, he would have gone home and said, 'I have seen an extraordinary man.'

"In his theological opinions, Mr. Rowland Hill leaned towards the tenets of Calvin, but what is called Hyper-Calvinism he could not endure. In a system of doctrine he was the follower of no man, but drew his sermons fresh from a prayerful reading of the Bible, and happy would it be for all ministers if they followed his example. By faith, and earnest entreaty for divine teaching, he let down his vessel into the wells of salvation, and the water came up clear, unpolluted by human traditions, unflavoured by dogmas, and unadulterated by the muddy conceits of man's fancied discoveries. He was for drawing together all the people of God wherever they could meet, and was willing to join in a universal communion with Christians of every name. When on one occasion he had preached in a chapel where none but baptised adults were admitted to the sacrament, he wished to have communicated with them, but was told respectfully, 'You cannot sit down at *our* table'—he only replied calmly, 'I thought it was the *Lord's* table.' "—p. 409—411.

Much of the contemporary credit of Rowland Hill arose from his *facetiæ;* perhaps on account of a very prevalent, although a very false notion, which ought long since to have been counteracted by numberless instances to the contrary, in some of the best and ablest of human kind, that lightsomeness of heart is inconsistent with genuine piety, or at least that the two are rarely found in union. From the anecdotes which Mr. Sidney has preserved, and which we therefore suppose are the choicest specimens of his deceased kinsman's powers of humour which he has the means of furnishing, we do not attribute to him the possession of highly pungent wit; but it would be unjust not to recollect that the twinkle of the eye, the shake of the head, and the richness of the tone, upon which so much of the effect of repartee depends, are now wanting, and that what remains of Yorick, alas, is no more than a *caput mortuum.*

To a lady, who once asked him to get her son made Poet Laureate, he replied, that he could as soon get him made Archbishop of Canterbury.

"One evening after dinner, his servant said, 'Sir, a foreign gentleman wishes to speak to you.' 'Well, show him in,' said Mr. Hill; and there entered a tall mustachoed man, who addressed him with,

"'Meester Hill, I have heard you are a wonderful great goot man—can do any ting.'

"'Mercy on us! then I must be a wonderful man indeed.'

"'Yes, sare, so you are a very wonderful man; so I call to ask you to *make my ambassador do his duty by me.*'

"'Sir, I can assure you I have not the honour of knowing him.'

"'Oh, sare, but he regard a letter from you.'

'"Sir, I can have no possible influence with him, and cannot take the liberty of writing to him on a subject about which I know nothing.'

"'But sare, I will tell you.'

"Finding his applicant inclined to be pertinacious, he concluded the business by saying,

"'Well, sir, you may give my compliments to the ambassador, and say that *I advise him to do his duty:* and that will do as well as writing.'

"'Very goot, sare—goot day.' "—p. 233.

In an angry controversy between a clergyman and a dissenter at one of his own missionary dinners, in which he was appealed to for a decision, "he put on one of his arch looks and said, 'Well, I declare I must say you are both equally wrong; and I was just thinking that if you were tied together by the tail, like two cats, and thrown over a forked stick, you would scratch each other's eyes out.' " One day, when a number of persons took shelter in his chapel during a shower of rain, he interlarded his sermon with the following *jeu d'esprit:* "Many people are greatly to be blamed for making their religion a *cloke,* but I do not think those are much better who make it an *umbrella.*"

"He used to tell the following droll story of what he said on one occasion:—'His Royal Highness the Duke of ——— was in the chair, and kindly desired me to sit next him. A man absolutely had the bad taste to spin out his dull tiresome *oratory* for more than an hour. Some of the people, tired to death, as well they might,

went away. His royal highness whispered to me—'Really, Mr. Hill, I do not think I can sit to hear such another speech as this; I wish you would give one of your good-natured hints about it.' It was my turn next; so I said, 'May it please your royal highness, ladies and gentlemen, I am not going to make either a long or a *moving* speech. The first is a rudeness; and the second is not required to-day, after the very *moving* one you have just heard—so *moving*, that several of the company have been *moved* by it out of the room—nay, I even fear, such another would so *move* his royal highness himself, that he would be unable to continue in the chair; and would, to the great regret of the meeting, be obliged to *move* off.' This tickled his royal highness and the assembly, and we had no more long speeches that day.'" —p. 210, 211.

Finally, on sending some trifling present to Mrs. Hannah More, he addressed her "in a playful and lively spirit," and "indulged his humourous vein by imitating the style of Sternhold and Hopkins:"

> "With this my love doth come to you:
> My love it is both sure and true,
> And eke the same, likewise, also,
> Unto your household it doth go."

What man among us could subside quietly in the grave if he knew that idle trifles such as these were to be posthumously blazoned on hot-pressed foolscap by the zeal of some dolt-headed executor! So guileless and benevolent a spirit as that which animated Rowland Hill, while living, is little likely to have created *enemies*, but those who regard his memory have good reason to pray, with the Spaniard, that it be preserved from his *friends*. He, in truth, deserves a better tribute than he has here received from Mr. Edwin Sidney: and we heartily wish that his many virtues and attaching qualities had been recorded by a discriminating biographer; by one whose judgment was capable of deciding what ought to be omitted as well as what ought to be commemorated.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

Correspondance de Victor Jacquemont, avec sa Famille et plusieurs de ses Amis, pendant son Voyage dans l'Inde, 1828-1832. 2 vols. Paris. 1833.—*The same translated.* 2 vols. London. 1834.

M. Jacquemont was, we understand, the son (born in 1801) of an apothecary in Paris, who, having shown considerable aptitude for what is called natural knowledge, was, on the recommendation of Baron Cuvier, appointed by the administration of the French Jardin des Plantes to travel into Central India for the purpose of investigating its natural history, and collecting specimens of zoology, botany, mineralogy, &c. During this mission, which extended from August, 1828, when he sailed from Brest, to September, 1829, when he landed at Calcutta, and thence to December, 1832, when he died at Bombay, he wrote a series of letters to his family and friends, which they have rather indiscreetly published, and which have been, we are informed, received with more approbation than we can think them—*in any respect*—entitled to.

It is singular enough that about the time when Mr. Burnes was employed in his travels in Central Asia, of which we gave an account in our last number, M. Jacquemont should be traversing parts of the same region, and that the results of their respective labours should be produced almost simultaneously. It is impossible, however, to imagine a stronger contrast than these works exhibit; and we can boldly and conscientiously pronounce that, in every respect *but one*, the comparison is in favour of our countryman. Jacquemont is, we admit, a livelier writer than Mr. Burnes: the epistolary form—the variety of persons to whom his letters are addressed—and a very loose versatility of topics, are naturally more *amusing* than the orderly and accurate style of narrative employed by Mr. Burnes; but in all other respects—in all the solid and valuable qualities which inspire esteem for the man or confidence in the traveller—he is infinitely superior to his French competitor.

M. Jacquemont is, indeed, the personification, the *beau ideal*, of a literary coxcomb of the modern French school. Clever, having *some* acquaintance (we, as yet, possess no means of judging how *much*) with the inferior sciences, and a loose smattering of popular literature, his letters are in general lively and entertaining enough, but disfigured by such frequent vanity, vulgarity, and impiety, as would, in our opinion, counterbalance all their literary merit, were that ten times greater than in fact it is. For much, however, of what is blameable in the work we must not too severely censure Jacquemont personally: he wrote in confidence to his nearest relatives, and *perhaps* did not intend that his letters should ever be made public—at least he is not responsible for their publication; but we confess that it adds considerably to the regret and alarm which we already felt as to the state of moral feeling in France, to find that a family, which seems otherwise amiable and respectable, should, for the sake of either notoriety or *profit*, have betrayed to the public the confidential letters, in which this giddy young man not only takes unwarrantable liberties with the characters of gentlemen—and, what is infinitely worse, of *ladies*—into whose society he was admitted, but exhibits *himself* as having lived a professed atheist, and died with no more sense or hope of an immortal soul than one of the baboons of his own zoological collection.

We dare say that, if the truth could be known, it would turn out that this profession of atheism was mere swagger. We have always doubted whether there could be such a thing as a *sane* atheist; but a *naturalist-atheist* would assuredly be a monster. If there be any one study more than another which teaches that

> "Arguit, in *fabro*, non in *se*, machina mentem,"

it is that of the mechanism of nature; and Jacquemont's atheism was probably, like his incredulity on several other topics, either utter thoughtlessness, or (which is more likely) the silly affectation of passing for an *esprit fort*. For this reason, and for more serious considerations suggested by his early death, we shall say

no more on this part of the character which he has drawn of himself, and which his family have had the lamentable indiscretion to publish. We shall have but too much room for censure on less offensive topics; but before we arrive at them we have two or three observations to make on the preliminary part of the work.

It appears, from the preface to the translation, (for the original edition does not condescend to give us one syllable of explanation relative either to Jacquemont or his mission,) that in June, 1828, Jacquemont came to London to make some preparatory arrangements for his expedition. The *translator* taxes the French editor with something like ingratitude for not having acknowledged the civilities and assistance which Jacquemont received on this occasion from some individuals in London; but we are not quite sure that the French editor has not, in this single instance, acted with discretion. The chief assistance that Jacquemont received in London was a packet of letters of recommendation to sundry persons of consideration in India, and seeing (as our readers will by-and-by) how very unpleasant—even to those of whom he means to speak most civilly—must be Jacquemont's indelicate revelations of their social and domestic life, the French editor may have thought that he conferred a favour on the givers of those letters in not making them publicly responsible for their result. *We* honestly confess we never should have forgiven *ourselves* if we had had the misfortune to have introduced Jacquemont to any one of the ladies of whose names he makes such familiar, and we think indelicate, use.

The translator next reproaches the court of directors—the "merchant kings" as he sneeringly—the "*Vieilles Perruques*," as Jacquemont insolently calls them, of Leadenhall-street—with some illiberal reluctance—some "fastidious delays"—to give M. Jacquemont the necessary permission to travel in their territories. Now, when we recollect some former French missions, which, *as is now avowed*, cloaked aggressive projects against our Indian empire, under scientific and diplomatic pretences—when it is notorious that the most powerful of the native princes, Runjeet Sing, has actually *French* officers in his service who have disciplined his troops in European tactics, even to the degree of receiving the word of command in *French*—we should have thought the court of directors highly blameable if they had, without some previous enquiry, opened India to this new mission. The delay, however, so far from being vexatious, or even "fastidious," must have been wonderfully *short*, for Jacquemont's whole stay in England was less than three weeks. His special patrons first announced his mission to the Asiatic Society on the 19th June: the permission of the directors is dated the 25th June; and the recommendation of Jacquemont, as a member of the Asiatic Society, (by one of whom this complaint seems to be made,) did not take place till the 28th June; so that the *tardy* consent of the "*Vieilles Perruques*" was granted within a week after the *first* steps, and three days *before* the *next* steps taken by his zealous friends in the Asiatic Society. We shall see, by-and-by, that Jacquemont abused the indulgence thus, we will say, *too readily* afforded him; and the court of directors, instead of being the objects of reproach, might, with more reason, complain of those (whoever these were—for that does not appear) who so inconsiderately recommended a person of whom they seem to have known nothing, and whose indiscretion—if he tells the truth—might, on more than one occasion, have produced very deplorable consequences.

Before we arrive with M. Jacquemont at Calcutta, we must notice a curious incident that took place on his passage out. Soon after they had left the Cape of Good Hope, the French brig-of-war, the *Zélée*, in which he was a passenger, fell in with an English merchant-ship, into which—after the stranger had hailed them *in English*, which was heard and known to be English—(she must therefore have been so close that every seaman must have seen she was a merchantman)—into which vessel, we say, the captain of the French man-of-war, in a paroxysm of terror, fired his *whole broadside of round and grape*—and so near were the ships, that Jacquemont says the broadside was fired at the moment that they thought the stranger was about to board them.*

This seems to us one of the most wanton and unjustifiable attempts at wholesale murder that we ever read of: but our readers will be anxious to know what damage was done—how many innocent lives were lost by this atrocious discharge of "round and grape" at so short a distance. We are happy to inform them that only one spar and one sail were so much as touched; and but one man was wounded: a wonderful escape—but more wonderful still, when it is added that the one sufferer was a *French* sailor, wounded on board *their own* ship, in firing *their own* cool and well-directed broadside. Although we are unwilling to recur to the subject of Jacquemont's impiety, we cannot refrain from extracting the consistent conclusion of this remarkable story, which we hope is not characteristic of the French navy in general. The wounded man was so badly hurt that amputation of the arm became necessary, and his life was in danger—the rest Jacquemont shall tell in his own words.

"The priest, whom we have on board, of course availed himself of our man's amputated arm yesterday, to go and *puzzle* him with salutary thoughts on life and death. But, being informed of what was going on by M. de Melay, who had seen his reverence going on tiptoe towards the hospital door, I went immediately, and caught him in the *very fact of frightening the poor devil*. He understood me directly, and sheered off as soon as he perceived me. I have advised the wounded man's friends not to quit his bedside, but to keep the *curé*, as they call him, at a distance; if he insists, they will receive him with a good broadside of slang."—vol. i. p. 66.

* Such is Jacquemont's own story. But we are assured, as this sheet is passing through the press, by a gentleman recently arrived from India, that the blame of this affair rested not indeed solely, but chiefly, with Jacquemont himself, who volunteered to act as interpreter, but unluckily misunderstood and misreported the answer of the English captain: but this, if true, would be no justification of the French commandant, who should rather have believed his own eyes than Jacquemont's ears.

This M. de Melay was the royal governor of Pondicherry: M. Jacquemont also was on board in an official capacity; and both held appointments under a sovereign who then bore the title of *Most Christian King*—and who at least was *a Christian King!* The whole affair is in perfect consistence! Their broadside wounds their own man, and their public functionaries insult the discipline of the ship and the religion of the state! But it is time to turn our attention more directly to Jacquemont himself.

It is said by one of our essayists that, if you wish to discover a man's character, you should get him to talk of himself, because you may generally conclude that he is really the very reverse of whatever he may represent himself to be. This is literally true of Jacquemont, for *à force de se préconiser* as the most modest—the best natured—the politest and most fascinating of mankind, he convinces you that he was one of the most impudent, conceited, ill-bred, and tiresome coxcombs that ever inflicted their impertinence on society. Let us prove our assertion out of his own mouth.

We will begin with his début in Calcutta:—

"The company was assembled in Lady William Bentinck's drawing-room. I was once more her *chevalier*, and sat next to her at dinner, that being of course the place of honour. Every thing around was royal and Asiatic: the dinner completely French and exquisite, delicious wines served in moderation, as in France, but by tall servants with long beards, in white gowns with turbans of scarlet and gold. Lord William asked me to take wine, a compliment which I immediately returned, by begging the honour of taking wine with my fair neighbour, who was conversing with me on a variety of agreeable topics, and offered to act as cicerone. To give our appetites time to revive for the second course, an excellent German orchestra, led by an Italian, performed several of the finest symphonies of Mozart and Rossini, and in a most perfect manner. The distance from which the sound proceeded, the uncertain light flickering between the columns of the neighbouring room, the brilliancy of the lights with which the table was illuminated, the beauty of the fruit which covered it in profusion, and the perfume from the flowers by which its pyramids were decorated, and perhaps also the champagne, made me find the music admirable. *I experienced a sort of intoxication*, but it was not a stupid intoxication. I chatted with Lady William in French on art, literature, painting, and music, while I answered, in *a regular English speech*, the questions put by her husband concerning the internal politics of France. I did not avoid showing, in my opinions, all that might excite disapprobation, employing, however, to express it, the *most modest forms*, which a lad of sixteen in England considers himself entitled to dispense with." [What impudent dogs these *English* are!] "Returning to Lady William's drawing-room to take coffee, of which I *drank five or six cups without perceiving it, I found myself complimented by every one enough to turn my head.* You will imagine that I did not fail to engage the physician, who is still young, in conversation, on the *novelties in physiology*; for I had no opportunity, in the general conversation, of speaking on subjects connected with my own profession of naturalist, and I wished to *show myself in character* before the hour of departure."—Vol. i. pp. 277—279.

Can there be a more perfect picture of the mingled astonishment and assurance of an impudent and vulgar person, admitted *for the first time* into good company, and painfully labouring to appear at ease! The *immediate return* of *Lord* William's compliment by asking *Lady* William to take wine—the *intoxication* produced by such *unusual* phenomena on a dinner-table as lights, fruits, flowers, and champagne—the chatting *in French* to Lady William on *art*—and *besides art*—on literature, painting, and music—which we suppose are not arts—the set speeches *in English* to her husband—the *five or six cups* of coffee drank without knowing what he did—the being complimented thereupon by every body to a degree *to turn* HIS *head*; and finally the crowning the whole by entertaining the mixed and admired audience of ladies and gentlemen by a *physiological* discussion with the doctor, for the purpose of "*showing himself in character*," are all traits of the highest comic. The last, in particular, is almost equal to that other ingenious *savant*, M. Thomas Diafoirus immortalised by Molière, who, wishing "*to show himself in character*" to Mademoiselle Angélique, invites her and her friends to a *physiological* discussion—"à venir voir l'un de ces jours, pour vous divertir, la dissection d'une femme sur quoi je dois raisonner!"

Our next extract, however, must excite more serious feelings, and will temper our amusement at his folly with something approaching to disgust at his effrontery. Before we produce it, we think it proper to premise, that Lady William Bentinck is not more distinguished for her high rank and personal accomplishments, than for her *piety* and exemplary moral conduct in all the relations of life. We owe this preliminary tribute to an amiable lady, whose name we should not have been induced by any consideration to have quoted, if it had not been already obtruded on all Europe in this publication, and if the anecdotes in which she is mentioned had not been extensively circulated in our own periodical literature, without that censure of Jacquemont's ingratitude and impertinence which they so richly deserve.

"Lady William Bentinck is religious, *or rather endeavours to be so.*"—Vol. i. p. 99.

"For a week I was overwhelmed with attentions [at the governor-general's country house]. *There was no Lady William for any one but* ME. I spent several long days with her—*tête-à-tête—chatting about* GOD—*she for, I against*—of Mozart—Rossini—painting—Madame de Staël; of happiness and misery; and of LOVE in reference to both—of *all things*, in short, which require, if not intimacy, at least a *great deal of confidence* and *reciprocal esteem especially on the part of a woman*—English too—religious and strict, with a man—*young*, a BACHELOR and a—FRENCHMAN!"—p. 114.

This last word was utterly superfluous!—Is there a man in Europe but a *Frenchman* who could have penned such a passage even in the most confidential private letter?—is there a father in Europe, except a Frenchman, who would have sanctioned the publication of such a letter from a recently deceased son? Another passage, though not so flippant, is to our feeling—and, must be, we have no doubt, to that of Lady William Bentinck—still more offensive; for he would

have us believe that these alleged discussions '*for and against* God" had a serious effect on her ladyship's mind.

"I," says he, "am no better for her attempt to convert me, whilst *she*, I really fear, is not quite so sure of the truth of her doctrine as she was before."*—Vol. i. p. 38.

We shall see, as we proceed, so many proofs of the mendacious vanity of the man, that we cannot help doubting even his most ordinary statements; but anecdotes so inconsistent as the foregoing with the character of *any* English woman, and most especially with that of Lady William Bentinck, we reject at once, on the internal evidence, as well as on the general character of the witness.

There are some other ladies treated with, if it be possible, still greater impertinence, and the passages, if quoted, would give our readers a still worse opinion of Jacquemont: but we refrain from doing so, because we are unwilling to revive or prolong the pain which they and their friends must have felt, at finding their names so cruelly, and, we can have no doubt, so causelessly insulted by the visions of such incredible vanity. He does not, indeed, dare to impute any positive levity of conduct, but it must be very mortifying to English women to find their unsuspecting good-nature and innocent urbanity to a stranger,—introduced to them by their husbands and fathers,—mistaken by the disgusting coxcomb himself, and trumpeted to the world as having something of a more sentimental and tender character. But if we entertained—which we do not—the slightest doubt of the *falsehood* of all such insinuations, it would be removed, by observing that M. Jacquemont was, or affected to be, under a similar delusion with regard to every *man* whom he happened to meet. A few specimens of this *Admirable Crichton* will amuse our readers and enable them to form their own opinion—if it be not already settled—of the ingenious and ingenuous author; and it is in a special degree worthy of admiration, that it was not merely in the polished circles of Calcutta, and under the bright and favouring influences of Lady W., or Lady G., or Miss P., that he was thus astonishingly successful. His attraction was not *fashion*, but *fascination*—it was equally powerful over both sexes and in all situations. There was no *lip* in *his* magnetism—and in the camp of the horrid desert, or the hut of the snowy Alp—in the quarters of the ensign, or in the palace of the rajah, we find him exercising the same omnipotent power. In this respect Jacquemont's work is a real curiosity, and we think it right to exhibit at some length the most marvellous portrait of personal vanity which has ever been produced to our eyes.

"My manners, which I have left natural, and have not made stiff, as it is perhaps expedient to do with the English of the common class, have had the good fortune to please. I have spoken of all things to the best of my ability, and without affectation. Some, perhaps, have liked me [*m'ont aimé*] on that account; all have shown me [*m'ont prodigué*] attention. Very seldom, I think, has a Frenchman had such extensive and *universally agreeable* intercourse with the English. I forgot that I *knew the language very little*;*—I spoke like a Frenchman. They were *infinitely pleased with my want of pretension, my genuine simplicity*, and *my unaffected manners*. My academic dignity from London has been of no use to me, any more than my official title from Paris; and *no* MODESTY *can prevent me from saying, that it is on my own personal account* [*pour moi et à cause de moi*] that every one has been so kind and hospitable. Wherever I went, I tried to pay in ready money, by giving some interest and a little diversity to the tiresome monotony of English [life]; talking, in fact—whenever I thought the folks fit to taste that pleasure so little known among the English."—Vol. i. p. 113.

This—for one who is obliged to make an effort to shake off even for a moment his natural *modesty*—is pretty well. We may by and by say a word or two on the severe judgment against English manners with which he thinks it necessary to contrast and set off the superior fascination of his own: at present, we shall confine ourselves to specimens of his "*genuine simplicity*" and "*want of pretension*."

"I know not," he says, "how it is that I inspire *such confidence in* these people [the English society at Calcutta], that they *open their hearts to* ME upon points about which they are afraid to speak to each other after years of acquaintance."—p. 85.

And again:—

"The English have *nothing which resembles what we call society*, and are almost universally destitute of that facility which we learn in it, of talking gracefully about nothings, and without dulness on serious subjects. We thus have an immense advantage over them, when we can lead them to a somewhat general conversation, the subject of which is sufficiently familiar to allow us *gradually to take the greatest share in it*, and to give it its tone. It is to this artifice that I owe most of my success in what they call their *society*."—p. 281.

That is, the artifice of having all the talk to himself—a practice which does not usually produce such astonishing *success in society*. He proceeds:—

"A Frenchman has much greater facility in entering into an Englishman's friendship than another Englishman. They are like bodies similarly electrified, which repel each other. WE are decidedly more amiable than they—much more affectionate; and I see that *all who are worth any thing* are CHARMED with my manners."—p. 102.

But such is his extreme and *obstinate* modesty, that eighteen months' experience did not entirely enlighten him as to the exact source of all this fascination. Of the *fact* of course he can have no doubt, but he is not quite so clear as to the *cause*.

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* This is our own version—the translator having, as we shall hereafter more fully show, mistaken this and several *other* idiomatic passages.

* Jacquemont, in one of his French letters, introduces one of his own *English* after-dinner speeches, which shows him to have been any thing but accurately skilled in our language; but he had previously travelled in the United States of America, and affected, when he arrived in Calcutta, both to speak and write English—with what justice our readers will see at p. 429.

"I am not yet," he writes from the Himalaya in 1831, "accustomed to the *singular attraction which I exercise over the English*—its effects often astonish me!"—p. 334.

In another passage he gives us a kind of arithmetical measure of his own good qualities. In stating to his brother the narrowness of his allowance of 6000 francs per annum, he adds,—

"I estimate myself not according to money, but according to MY OWN *personal good and amiable qualities*. By the vulgar method, I should require at least 150,000 francs per annum to maintain the position which I occupy with my 6000 francs, and should still probably remain beneath it."—p. 121.

Or, in other words the "personal good and amiable qualities" of Monsieur Victor Jacquemont are to those of ordinary men in the proportion of rather more than one hundred and fifty to six. This, however, must only be understood as of the relative merits of Jacquemont and an *Englishman*. With a *Frenchman*, the difference, though great, is not so enormous:

"If a thousand of *my countrymen* were to come into this country with *double* or *triple* what I brought, they could not probably succeed in getting into even tolerable society; by a peculiar [*unique*] favour I have obtained a dispensation from riches, and my relative poverty has only added to the gratification of my *amour propre*."—p. 168.

That is—to *any* Englishman I stand in point of personal merit at one hundred and fifty to six,—to an *ordinary* Frenchman at about two or three to one—but *one Frenchman in a thousand* might, perhaps, be equally successful! And what places the truth of these calculations beyond all doubt is, that it is the English themselves—arrogant and selfish as, on all *other* occasions, they are—who assign to M. Victor Jacquemont this exalted place in the scale of human nature.

Nor, after he has left the artificial order of society, where men may be estimated by money, does *he* find that he is at all depreciated; he is, if we may venture to pursue his own allusion, a kind of Spanish dollar, which is current all the world over. He writes—

Encamped at Moneah.—"I have the happiness to *please every distinguished person that I have met.*"

Encamped at Sinniput.—"Welcomed as I every where am, though an entire stranger, because I always bring the most honourable recommendations, *I am soon after caressed* for *my own sake.*"

From Delhi.—"My letters of introduction always procure me a very flattering reception, but I should consider myself singularly unlucky indeed, if I did not find out in the evening that it is for *my own sake* that I am thus welcomed. *My manners* immediately force English stiffness to unbend, and *I* metamorphose into *bonnes gens*—that is, into *Frenchmen*—all the English with whom I spend even twenty-four hours."

This would be very flattering to our national pride, if we could entirely believe it—to be within twenty-four hours of *perfection*, would imply a very advanced state of civilisation; and he, that in the lesson of one day can become a Frenchman, must be already very near the summit of human excellence; but our modesty—awakened by the contagion of Jacquemont—is afraid to indulge in such presumptuous hopes, particularly when we recollect that in those passages in which he evidently speaks with the greatest enthusiasm and sincerity—we mean those which dilate on *his own* transcendent qualities—he seldom fails to enhance them by some very injurious comparisons with the dull, unhappy English—dull and unhappy, at least, when not instructed and enlivened by his vivifying presence. But, as we before hinted, it is not the English alone who are subject to his charm.

"Wade [the English resident] writes me word from Loodiana, that Runjeet Sing has written to him about me, and that of *all European lords* he had seen, no one pleased him so much as *I* have done."—vol. ii. p. 9.

And then, lest it should be supposed that this was an unauthorised report of Captain Wade's, Jacquemont prudently confirms it by his own authority—

"He [Runjeet] *proves* it by his attention to me."—*ib.*

Runjeet Sing, it is well known, writes and acts to every European he sees exactly as he did to M. Jacquemont—but all the commonplaces of oriental civility passed for honest tributes of personal admiration with this happiest of men.

Then his thoughts recur to the countless number of *dear friends* whom he has left scattered along the lines he has traveled, like little Poucet's pebbles in the forest—"whose friendship shows itself in his absence in a thousand ingenious ways,"—but he thinks it necessary explicitly to add—

"*I owe it all to myself.* I am the real architect of my fortunes. I do not allude to the 5000 rupees which I have collected in my strong box, [he however looked, as we see, to the main chance,] but to *the honourable reputation I enjoy with every one.*"—vol. ii. p. 74.

His friends in France were, it seems, astonished, and somewhat incredulous, at the accounts he had given of the amiability of the English; but he apprises them that they have read his letters too hastily—that he meant not to say that the English were amiable in general, but only made so by his means and under his influence.

"You say," he writes to his father, "that since the English are so amiable to me they must be very different in India from what they are at home—there may be something in that—but *I take to* MYSELF *the greatest part of the merit of this kind of* MIRACLE."—vol. ii. p. 242.

"How singular is my fortune with the English! They assume to *me* an *expression of kindness in spite of themselves* as it were, and probably *for the first time in their lives!* Your friendship for me, my dear Zoé, would enjoy the MIRACLES I thus and without effort operate."—vol. ii. p. 260.

When a man gets to the performance of *miracles*, we think it high time to submit at once to his supremacy, and we therefore here close our feeble and imperfect exhibition of M. Victor Jacquemont's innumerable and indescribable virtues and accomplishments, as testified by the best informed and most unprejudiced of all witnesses—M. Victor Jacquemont himself.

Is not all this very surprising?—We talk of the march of mind and of the lights of the age—but has there appeared, since letters were invented

uch an extravagant tissue of personal vanity?—
The only thing that we recollect at all like it is
he strange Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini;
ut here is a French *savant*, selected by his go-
ernment as a man of *science* and *discretion*—
ioted in his own family, even to ridicule, for *ex-
essive modesty*—who makes his first appearance
n the world in higher flights of extravagant ego-
ism than the crack-brained Italian did, even after
e had astonished the world by the still unrivaled
roductions of his art!

As to M. Jacquemont's scientific qualifications
or, or success in, the mission on which he was
mployed, we can pronounce no opinion; for,
trange to say, amidst the vast mass of letters,
nd the great variety of topics which he intro-
luces, there is scarcely an allusion to his scientific
ursuits. We are told that his *collections* were
arge, and for aught we know they may be found
o contain some very valuable articles,—but we
onfess that we do not anticipate much addition
o natural knowledge from his own scientific es-
ays. He seems not to have been of a discrimi-
ating or analytical turn of mind, and is miserably
eficient in the first elements of induction. We
hall give a few specimens. Happening to have
ine weather during the first two thirds of his voy-
ge, he frequently and decidedly expresses a total
isbelief in storms—a slight gale off the cape only
onfirmed that opinion:—

"Two days after our departure, we encountered off he Cape of Tempests and as we doubled it, the gale ren-ered a matter of course by poetical tradition. It drown-d a few of our fowls, and that was all. You know that lecidedly there are no tempests. The longer I am afloat, he more I am convinced that they are only a happy fic-ion of poets. The word is hardly known to seamen, nd they never make use of it. The maximum of the pocies, speaking prosaically—that is, sticking to the ruth—is a very strong wind: it breaks a mast or two, nd drowns nobody. It is not terrible to look at; it is nly *vexigeneux* [engendering vexation], disagreeable, nd ugly. The picturesque in it is very rare."—vol. i. p. 61.

This letter was closed at the Isle of Bourbon, n the 3d of February, but on that very day week, his *Parcus deorum cultor* was destined to re-eive, like Horace, (but not, we are sorry to add, with so good a result,) a lesson from the angry eavens. On the 10th February began a hurri-ane, which was attended with the most appal-ing appearances and the most calamitous results oth ashore and afloat; the *Zélée* was blown out f the roads, and leaving Jacquemont, and, what was worse, all her officers—except one lieutenant nd one midshipman—on shore. This event cured im of his presumption about storms; but he does ot seem to have drawn from it the better and nore extensive lessons with which it was pregnant. Before he has even landed in India, he had formed a decided opinion on the insalubrity of the mode f life prevalent there amongst the English:—

"I am fortifying myself in a devout love of abstemi-ousness, which, I have no doubt, will cause me to enjoy perfect health in India, amid *hepatitis*, *fevers*, dropsies, nd disorders without number, which afflict the rich Eng-ish, who commit excesses at table *seven hundred and wenty times* a year."—p. 77.

To this subject he frequently recurs—and re-peats his censure of the perilous absurdity of the English mode of life—or we should rather say of *death*—for "the English for the most part die," as he tells us, "from not following a regimen similar to his."—(p. 122.) Nor is it at Calcutta only that this mortiferous system prevails; in all the remote stations, even up to the Himalayah, he regrets that his excellent and hospitable friends were—in spite of *his* precept and example—digging their own graves by those habits which cannot fail to produce, as this sapient oracle warned them, "*hepatitis, fever, &c.;*" and we cannot doubt that he would have given us a similar account of the deleterious habits at Bombay, but that unfortu-nately—just as he reached that presidency, he himself—*died* of "*hepatitis and fever;*" and it so happens, that, at the last account we have seen from India, all the numerous friends to whom he had predicted early death—the Bentincks, Wades, Kennedies, Halls, &c.—were—every man of them—alive to lament his loss, and what they may pro-bably consider a not much lighter misfortune—the publication of his letters. A pretty conclusive refutation of his medical hypothesis.

It is to the same presumptuous and thoughtless style of reasoning that we attribute those violent *boutades* against the English character in general, which contrast so strongly with his panegyrics on every *individual* Englishman he encounters. He had imbibed, it seems, from the old apothecary his father—who, for aught that appears, had never been in England, nor even spoken to an English-man—the idea that the English were "stiff—proud—harsh—unamiable—with little natural af-fection," and "no idea whatsoever of the charms of *society*." M. Victor Jacquemont comes amongst them, and finds them to his infinite surprise, in every instance, and *without one single excep-tion*—hospitable—kind—amiable—affectionate—social, and in short, the exact reverse of his preconception. How does this phenomenon strike the mind of our philosopher? If his father, hot from a history of Siam, had told him that all the elephants in India were *white*, while he had found, on the contrary, that every elephant, wild or tame, which he had seen, was, without a sin-gle exception in some thousand specimens, *brown*, would not a reasoning naturalist have suspected that the apothecary, who had never been in India and never perhaps had seen an elephant, except *one* in the *Jardin des Plantes*, might be mistaken, and that the real colour of the animal was cer-tainly *brown?* Not so Jacquemont! In spite of the evidence of his own senses, he continues to be of his original opinion; but not being able otherwise to reconcile his father's *theory* with his own *experience*, he comes to this rational and scientific conclusion, that, although it is indisput-ably true that all elephants are naturally white, yet it invariably and '*miraculously*' happens, that *whenever a Frenchman approaches one of these animals he instantly becomes brown;*—or, to come to Jacquemont's point—all Englishmen are naturally *brutes*, but under the bewitching in-fluence of a Frenchman, they miraculously change their natures, and become the most civilised and amiable of mankind.

The following, though not quite a corollary of

the former proposition, is nearly allied to it. He sneers at the multitude of native servants which every lazy Englishman requires, and he contrasts that with *his own personal activity and simplicity*. "I shall," he says, p. 119, "have but *six* servants, while an English captain of infantry" [a vastly inferior animal to M. Jacquemont] "would have *five-and-twenty*." And again—"An English ensign has a table in his tent, as well as chairs; for my part, I will eat kneeling or standing." (p. 123.) Now mark the sequel of this boast. We turn over a few pages, and we find that, in the pride of his heart, he acquaints his father (vol. i. p. 316), that he never has less than *fifty* attendants, exactly double what he had before ridiculed in an English captain of infantry; and he subsequently tells us that he had "chairs and a table, and not less than *sixty* attendants." And here we cannot but express some little wonder at the kind of state in which this worthy appears to have traveled. His allowance from his own government was originally but 6000 francs—*i. e.* 240*l.* a-year—about the same as the pay of an *English ensign* in India—and he frequently complains that the subsequent additions to his income were not available to him. How then were the expenses of his escort, and other services of that nature, defrayed? Was the Indian *government* at any charge for Jacquemont's journey?—We hope not. Lord William Bentinck has—as M. Jacquemont and better authority than M. Jacquemont's tell us—attempted a system of economy so strict as to occasion great dissatisfaction in our Indian army. We can have no objection to any safe and reasonable economy, but one instance (amongst many others that have reached us) mentioned by Captain Archer in his amusing "Tours in Upper India" (vol. i. p. 226), seems to us so unfeeling and so inhuman as to be almost incredible—the suppression of the *convalescent establishments* in the hills. We therefore hope it will turn out that—whatever Lord W. Bentinck may have thought fit to do with his own personal resources—the country which is so straitened in its finances as to be obliged to deny its own military servants the means of health and the chances of life, has not been put to any expense in furthering the mission of a *toad-eater!* We beg our French translator (if we are to have one) not to mistake this for *frog-eater*, and misrepresent it as a national reflection; we use it in its popular acceptation of a *sycophant*—a part which Jacquemont seems to have played with Lord William Bentinck; and if only such a trifle as twenty pounds has been expended from *the public purse* upon Jacquemont, we shall consider it as in principle a most reprehensible and unjustifiable misappropriation.

In the same strain as that last quoted, M. Jacquemont frequently censures the English for their harsh, not to say, inhuman treatment of the poor natives:—

"The English treat them like dogs and beasts of burden, the labour of which these poor devils in truth perform. For some days I imitated cold English *hauteur*, but returned afterwards into my natural character of a good-natured fellow."—vol. i. p. 316.

Now, let us give a few sketches of the "*good-natured* fellow in *his natural* character:"—

"I have formed an escort as I could wish, of people accustomed to wait on officers, and to be harshly treated by them; and I am already so much modified by the contagion of example, that I will suffer no relaxation of discipline. A man [even the benevolent Jacquemont himself] is degraded, and brutalised, by living among such debased beings."—vol. ii. p. 133.

Again—

"An ill-tempered fellow on the road having called me '*you*' this morning instead of '*your highness*,' I was forced to give him a very severe lesson in politeness. I had fully as much right to do so as the Parisian philanthropist would have in boxing the ears of a rustic for *thee* and *thouing* him. I ought to be the more jealous about etiquette as the simplicity of my equipment, the hard life I lead, the privations and fatigues I endure along with my people, my dress of common stuff proper for this kind of life, and every thing in me and around me, tempt them to depart from it. 'My lord,' therefore, is not sufficient for me; I must have 'Your majesty,' or, at least, 'Your highness.'"—vol. ii. p. 213.

And again—

"I ascended them [the Snowy Mountains] twice, at the interval of a day—being stopped, on the first occasion, by the superstition and above all by the stupid cowardice of my men, much below the point which I had purposed reaching. I should in the same manner have been thwarted in the object of my second expedition, if, to the first promises encouraging them to follow, I had not added *threats of chastisement*, to be inflicted on those who refused to march. One only—my gardener, the most stupid and timid of the Hindoos—remained faithful to me; the rest of the band, squatting in the sun, on a rock which pierced the mantle of snow upon which we had been marching for two hours, became perfectly mutinous, and called back my poor gardener. . . . I darted like a stone upon the rock of revolt, and made an active use of the *bamboo*. The traitor whose voice I had recognised calling the gardener paid for all, and *very dearly* too. The least weakness on my part—a half measure—would have been the most dangerous of all measures. The culprit being besides the most active, the most robust, and habitually the most evil-intentioned of all, I gave it him so *heartily on his shoulders* from the first that he would not have been able to reply, had he made the attempt. As these poor devils, notwithstanding their piteous and humble condition, are of *high caste*, and essentially military, I really did not know how the others would take this lesson. Rajpoots, and mountaineers though they are, they took it as true Hindoos—that is, joining their hands and asking pardon."—vol. ii. pp. 210, 211.

All this Jacquemont relates with a view of exhibiting the effect of his own courage, firmness, and decision, over the intimidated Hindoos. Intimidated they no doubt were by the unjustifiable violence of such an assault, but we are much mistaken if Jacquemont did not owe his impunity to the character in which he traveled as the friend and *protégé* of the governor-general, who, we dare say, will be very sorry to learn how grossly and cruelly his patronage was abused. But Jacquemont, as we have just seen, pretends that these poor people were used to this treatment from British officers, and that he was forced to follow their example. We however know that, though individuals may have hasty tempers and exhibit occasional harshness, such are not the general characteristics of the treatment of the natives by British officers; and we happen, singularly enough, to have at hand a parallel case of

disobedience on the part of the natives to an English traveller in these mountains; but we shall see how differently it was dealt with. Capt. Mundy, in his very interesting "Pen and Pencil Sketches in India," informs us that a similar difficulty happened to him at the very outset of his excursion into the Himalaya—

"Our native servants at first took fright at the cold; and some of them refused even to enter the hills."

This, we see, was a much more serious disobedience than that of the servants of Jacquemont, who only refused to climb one particularly snowy summit on one particular occasion—whereas Captain Mundy's men were disposed absolutely to desert his service before there was any difficulty, and on a mere apprehension. Let us see then how an English staff-officer, the aide-de-camp of the commander-in-chief, behaved on such an occasion. We hear of no bamboo—no assault—no constraint: on the contrary, the more obstinate were allowed to depart, and

"the others were *persuaded* by the promised *advantages* of additional *warm raiment* to accompany us; and though they sometimes looked sufficiently miserable, yet they did not suffer in their health by the unwonted change of climate."—*Mundy*, vol. i. p. 238.

Indeed, the whole spirit of Captain Mundy's book—its unaffected simplicity—its accurate details—its brilliant descriptions of scenery—its slight, but able sketches of manners—and, above all, its modest tone and gentleman-like spirit, afford a very striking and a very agreeable contrast with the confused and often unintelligible statements, and the eternal egotism of Jacquemont. It is remarkable, too, that we find in Captain Mundy's volumes—though his journey had no scientific objects, and he pretends to no scientific character—ten times the number of facts in natural history that can be extracted from Jacquemont. Indeed, in the whole of the Frenchman's work there is scarcely an allusion to the peculiar objects of his mission: all that we recollect is, that he sent his cousin Zoé a primrose, which bloomed, he says, at a height which, in the European Alps, would have been above the line of eternal snow; he talks also of having seen one animal which he *hopes* may be a new species of a well-known genus; and he mentions that he had made a journey in search of a bed of shells, at a great elevation in the Himalaya—but with what result we have yet to learn. He talks, too, very vaguely, of having four times passed over snowy ridges higher by 700 metres than Mont Blanc; again, of having crossed mountains 18,300 feet high; and he adds, that in a five days' march, his lowest encampment was at the height of 14,000 feet (p. 265)—but not a hint of how these heights were ascertained; nor do we find any allusion to barometers or barometrical calculations, except in the description of the hurricane at Bourbon, when he says that his barometers were blown out to sea in the *Zélée;* and on one occasion, in Cashmere, he mentions in a cursory way his having had recourse to logarithms for ascertaining the height of that valley.

It is true that Jacquemont says that he reserves all his scientific observations for his official reports—and *there* they may have been entered—and *there* we may hereafter find them; but it certainly is singular, that a professed *savant* should have written such a mass of letters under such peculiar circumstances, without affording the slightest indication of any thing that has even the colour of science. We prejudge nothing; and certainly M. Jacquemont's discoveries, whatever they may be, will have lost none of their *éclat* by any premature disclosure to his private friends.

But whatever he may turn out to have been as a man of science, he was assuredly, notwithstanding his pretensions, a very ordinary *traveller*. He seems to have had very little enterprise, and we did not think it possible that, writing so much, he could have given us so little information concerning the features of the country or the manners of the people. In truth, he saw, felt, and described nothing, but in its relation to *himself;* and India was to him an immense mirror, which reflected nothing but his own image.

We before hinted that some of his proceedings might have had very serious consequences. On one occasion, particularly, he—shamefully, if he speaks truth—abused the protection which was afforded him. Our readers will recollect Lieutenant Webb's being stopped at the Nitee pass, in 1819, by the Chinese Tartars, and with what patience and propriety he submitted to the local authorities. We know, also, that several other British officers were induced by similar motives to check their enterprise and curiosity. But M. Jacquemont was restrained by no such consideration, and boasts that he made a hostile and wanton inroad upon the Chinese territory.

"My little army, for it was truly an act of hostility I was committing against his *tea*-ifying majesty of Pekin, exceeded sixty men, six of whom, reckoning myself, were fighters. By rare good luck, I found Chinese vigilance at fault on the frontiers; and the unexpected arrival of my caravan, in close column, surprised the people of Behar so much that they fled on my approach, instead of offering any opposition. I encamped peaceably in a chosen spot, and next day received in my little tent the visit of a Chinese officer, who commands a turret of sandstone, fortified with two leather guns, at no great distance. He came to complain. I transformed him into the accused; put a multitude of questions to him without allowing him to speak, except in answer to them; then dismissed him and his staff with a nod, after I had sifted him to the bottom. I designedly put on a threatening look, and commanded my people to do the same, in order that such demonstration might suffice: The Beharites had no idea of a double-barreled gun, still less of a percussion one.

"It was on that day that I encamped so high as sixteen thousand feet. During the night, some horsemen came to lie in ambush near my camp; however, I had intimation of their arrival, and of their small numbers. Not caring at all for them, I commenced my examination at day-break, followed by six servants at most. The Tartar-Chinese cavalry immediately got into motion, following my steps, but at a respectful distance. I commanded one of them to approach; and the fellow doing so without alighting to speak to me, I laid hold of him by his pig-tail and threw him off his horse. This comes, my friend, of living a year in India: a man thinks himself very sincerely insulted by every act

which is not servile. Here I was wrong, for the poor devil of a Beharite was ignorant of Indian etiquette. But I saw only one thing—the colour of his skin; and, forgetting the differences of places, I took his ignorance for deliberate insult: *inde iræ*. His comrades had galloped away. The poor man remounted his nag with a good deal of trouble, and joined them as quickly as he could."—pp. 265—268.

And this insolent outrage was, in fact, still worse than it even at first sight appears; for it was not merely an outrage—it was a deliberate abuse of the confidence which the British authorities had placed in him, and might have produced retaliatory measures of plunder and bloodshed on our own frontier.

"My being a Frenchman is far from disadvantageous to me: an Englishman could not have undertaken the journey which the *French lord* has just terminated so fortunately. *The government forbids English subjects to approach the Chinese frontiers*, in order to avoid the trouble of the complaints which violations of territory might excite. Being free from this restraint, and persuaded that my little caravan would march in these deserts like a conquering army, I fearlessly ran my chance."—p. 298.

We must here observe, that not only was his personal conduct unjustifiable in violating the orders of the government under whose protection he traveled, but his attendants must have been persons supplied to him by the British authorities in consequence of Lord William Bentinck's commands. He goes on—

"Several times I found, in much greater numbers than my retinue, people assembled from all the villages around, to stop my progress; sometimes on the summit of a mountain, sometimes in a narrow defile, which a single man might have defended against thousands, sometimes on the banks of a torrent. I never hesitated to push forward without paying attention to their injunctions; and I had very seldom occasion to use any of these good people roughly, in order to disperse their astonished companions. Notwithstanding their bold appearance before the engagement, I never saw in them any signs of resistance by open force; but they endeavoured to famish me, in order to force me to retire; they did not dare positively to refuse to sell me provisions, but laid a very high price on them, and the farther I advanced the more they increased it. At length I adopted the resolution which I ought to have taken in the first instance. I dictated the price myself, on a very liberal scale, and warned them that, if they did not submit to it, I would plunder the village, and carry off their cattle: a menace which was sufficient for my purpose, and which I had never occasion afterwards to repeat."—pp. 298, 299.

Again—

"They endeavoured to stop my progress by the excessive price they put upon the provisions of which my caravan stood in need. Their refusing them altogether, which they should have done as faithful Chinese subjects, would have been compelling me to plunder their villages, and take by force what I required; but their circumspection preserved them from such a measure. I, however, considered the excessive dearness of their consent as a refusal, and reformed the prices by my own authority, still leaving them very high. I added the formal threat of plunder, if my camp was not well provisioned on these conditions; and I was allowed to want nothing."—pp. 314, 315.

All this would be very bad—and Lord William Bentinck would have much to answer for in having enabled him to commit such aggressions—but, to say the truth, we do not believe one word of it—he and his attendants might, perhaps, have pulled a solitary Chinese off his horse, but that he could have marched and countermarched, and *taken* the "town of Behar," &c., and threatened to plunder villages and lay the country under contribution, and defy and repel its whole population—passes and defiles where children rolling down stones would be as formidable as artillery—we do *most entirely disbelieve*—nay, we have our suspicions about his ever having visited Behar at all; for it was on this expedition that he asserts that he had *four times* traversed ridges higher by 3500 feet than the summit of Mont Blanc (p. 257), and in regions, according to his account, hitherto unexplored by any European—yet not a syllable do we find of explanation or description of his line of march, nor of local features—no mention of time—no note of any observations—not a word of what he did—or felt—or suffered—or saw—except only the account we have just quoted of his personal scuffle with the inhabitants of Behar. Nor is this very suspicious silence to be attributed to haste or negligence. He loves to tell the tale of his invasion of *China*, as he complaisantly calls it—he repeats it to at least *five* different correspondents—to his cousin Miss Zoé Noiset (p. 217)—to his brother (p. 265)—to M. Elie de Beaumont, a naturalist (p. 291)—to M. Dunoyer, a man of letters (p. 294)—to M. de Tracy, a politician (p. 307)—but in all these repetitions we cannot discover any allusion to either *time* or *place*, by which we can trace whence he departed—in what direction he marched—how far he went—or by what line he returned. *Le vrai n'est pas toujours vraisemblable.* His statements *may* be true, but they look to us very improbable; and we suspect the whole journey may be a fable, or at least an exaggeration, suggested to Jacquemont's mind by seeing on the maps of India a track laid down from the Sutledge to the village of Behar: for it is a very remarkable fact, that with all his lofty pretensions to activity and enterprise, we cannot find, on a careful examination of his journeys, that *he went one mile in any direction where there is not a regular line of route laid down on the ordinary maps.*

After this, as we believe, imaginary capture of Behar, he made another hostile excursion into Chinese Tartary, in which he states that he proceeded to a fort called *Dunker—which he took.* About this capture of *Dunker* we have still more serious doubts than about that of Behar. In the first place, we observe, that in *two* letters written to M. Beaumont, in a third to M. Dunoyer, and a fourth to M. Tracy, all expatiating on his personal prowess at *Behar*, and all subsequent to the supposed capture of *Dunker*, there is no allusion whatever to any such event; and, though he boasts that he extended his excursion very far to the northward, and though Dunker is the most northerly point of his track—he does not so much as mention its name, but designates his extreme position by the quotations of the latitude of 32°

10′. The whole and *sole* mention of the capture of the fort of Dunker is, in a subsequent letter to his father, in these loose terms:—

"Assisted by three servants, I literally took the fort of Dunker, in Spiti, which you will find somewhere astride on the 32d degree of latitude."—p. 315.

Considering the loquacious vanity with which he repeats all his other personal exploits, it is strange that this one, performed on the extreme verge of his Himalayan excursions, should not have been more particularly explained. After all, he *may* have visited Behar and Dunker—other persons had previously done so, and there are routes to both laid down in the maps—but it must be regretted that he should have slurred over so loosely and obscurely these the two most interesting, because the most remote and least known, portions of his travels.

But we have still more distinct grounds for doubting his accuracy in such matters. He occasionally hazards an assertion which we can detect, amidst the studied (as it would seem) obscurity of his movements, to be unfounded, as, for instance, when he writes to M. de Tracy—

"I proceeded as far as the mountains *above* the source of the Jumna; I also *approached those of the Ganges*."—p. 241.

And to M. de Beaumont—

"I went *to* the sources of the Jumna, and *near those of the Ganges*.'—p. 291.

And to M. de Tracy—

"On the 12th April I visited the sources of the Jumna—I also *approached those of the Ganges*, and ascended *considerably* above them on the eternal snows of the colossal chain that separates India from Thibet."—p. 247.

Now, it is certain, that this story thus solemnly repeated three times over—of his *approach to the sources of the Ganges*—is, in the meaning he wishes to convey, utterly false. He never was higher up the Ganges than Hurdwar, a town as easy of access as Delhi—if, indeed, he was ever so far—for, though the map prefixed to his book traces his route to Hurdwar, his verbal narrative does not mention and seems to negative his having visited it. But be that as it may, it is certain that he never ascended the *Bhagarutee*, the sacred branch of the Ganges, which, as our readers know,* descends from the mysterious Gangotree, which the Hindoos revere as the *sources* of the holy river. On the contrary, he took a different, much easier, and more frequented route, by Dehra, towards the sources of the *Jumna*; and although one of his letters is dated but one day's journey from Jumnotree, we cannot help doubting whether he had the courage and perseverance to accomplish the last stage of this perilous pilgrimage, which, however, many English gentlemen, and at least one English lady, have performed. We observe that in his letter to the most respected of his correspondents, M. de Tracy, he does not say that "*he visited the shores of the Jumna*," but only that he "*proceeded as far as the mountains above the source of the Jumna*." If he did reach scenes, which we are told by other travellers far exceed the most stupendous magnificence of the European Alps, is it not strange that he should give no account whatsoever of those very remarkable scenes? nor, indeed, does he so much as mention the fact itself, till more than a month after, when he says, in the cursory manner we have quoted, "I have visited the sources of the Jumna.' The reader who will refer to Mr. Fraser's travels, or to our article referred to in the foot note, will think that such a scene would deserve some more distinct notice. But whether Jacquemont actually went up to the sources of the *Jumna* or not, it was his approach to *them* which gave him the only pretence he had for saying that he approached *the sources of the Ganges*—which, taking their rise on opposite sides of mountains covered with eternal snow, are at a comparatively short but utterly impassable distance from those of the Jumna. Jacquemont's assertion is exactly as if a traveller who had visited the sources of the Aveiron in the valley of Chamouni, should boast that he had approached the sources of the *Po*—some of which rise on the opposite side of Mont Blanc—distant only a few leagues in a direct line, but a journey of ten days or a fortnight by any practicable road.* When we find M. Jacquemont thus equivocating to some and *lying* to others of his most respected correspondents, we conclude that he is not more trust-worthy when he is *palavering* to his cousin Zoé and his brother Porphyre. We ought, however, in fairness to add, that there is one circumstance which might account for his omission of all local description, and which renders it possible that he may have visited the sources of the Jumna and the interior of the Himalaya, though he says nothing of the natural features of either; namely, —that Jacquemont, selected by the Parisian *savans* for this remarkable mission, had the strange qualification of being so *shortsighted* as not to be able to distinguish an object at more than a few yards distance:

"My sight has certainly grown shorter within the last

* See Quarterly Review, vol. xxiv. p. 127, for Mr. Fraser's interesting account of the sources of both the Ganges and the Jumna. We should also beg leave to refer our readers to Captain Skinner's "Excursions in India." He visited both Jumnotree and Gangotree, and his work is a most interesting delineation both of manners and scenery. We can give the same praise to Captain Archer's "Tours in Upper India;" but both these officers impair the ease of their narratives and the pleasure of their readers by the occasional affectation of a kind of literary merit which is—like many of M. Jacquemont's pleasantries—quite out of place. Captain Skinner's quotations from Shakspeare, and Captain Archer's efforts to be facetious, have, we beg leave, with great respect for their talents, to say, the very contrary effect of what they intend. Their books are very clever, and with these slight blemishes very amusing—without them would be delightful.

* Captain Skinner, who seems to have possessed extraordinary courage, activity, and strength, was fourteen days in traversing the shortest practicable line between Jumnotree and the *sources of the Ganges*. The toil of the journey was immense, but was amply repaid by the magnificence of scenery to which M. Jacquemont does not even allude.

year: I only take off my spectacles to read and write, and even with them I do not see far enough to make use of my carbine. The range of my fowling-piece [from thirty to fifty yards] is just the same as that of my eyes; so I have left my carbine at Sharunpore.'—p. 207.

This really may be the cause not only of the extraordinary absence which we have noted of all local description, but of the very egotistical complexion of his letters. When a man cannot see what other people are about, he must naturally be a good deal occupied with himself. But, after making all allowances of this kind, we must repeat that M. Jacquemont was evidently by no means an adventurous traveller. He indeed promises—agreeably to his national proverb—"*Monts et merveilles;*" but the *monts* he never very willingly climbs, and the only *merveille* he thinks it worth while to produce is *himself*. He writes from the other side of the Himalaya:

"I shall return to India by the Burunda Pass, through what the Indian and European public improperly term the great chain of the Himalaya. The Burunda Pass scarcely exceeds fifteen thousand feet in elevation. This will be *mere child's play* to me, who have reached, four times, an elevation of eighteen thousand three hundred, and eighteen thousand six hundred feet."—p. 286.

"*Child's play!*" very well! but what was the result? He did *not* attempt the Burunda or any other of the difficult passes of the chain. This adventurous and curious explorer of the Himalaya returned *as he had gone*, by the valley of the Sutledge, along a road over a considerable portion of which he confesses he was luxuriously "carried in a kind of arm-chair."—p. 239.

He has, as we have seen, and in many more places than we have quoted, indulged himself in reflections on the over-attention of the English officers to their comforts, and extols his own superior hardihood. The following refutation of both these assertions is amusing. At Dehra, where he sojourned a short time, he complains grievously of the excessive severity of the climate and the desolation of the scene, but he nevertheless endures all these hardships with unabated strength and courage.

"At Dehra the lightning struck a tree under which my little tent had been pitched. Two of my people were in it with me, and both were for some instants paralysed in the left side. On the heights of *Missouri*, which overhang the valley of Dehra, the space around me was strewed with the splinters of a blasted rock; whilst, chilled with cold and wet, I made my anxious and slender repast. It seems in truth that they are aiming at me from on high. The two first shots have not touched me; but I must beware of the third."—pp. 206.

How grand! On the receipt of this letter Zoé no doubt assembled all the young ladies of Arras, and Porphyre all the students of the *Pays Latin*, to admire and sympathise with the magnanimous sufferer. Now hear how one of these effeminate English deals with exactly the same place in the same season of the year, Captain Mundy's visit to the heights of Missouri being in April, 1828, and M. Jacquemont's in April, 1830.

"*April 15th.*—Thermometer in our tents at Deyra 82° —At 4 A. M. this morning, my friend and myself started on an expedition to the two mountain stations, Llandowr and Missouree. Mr. Shore was kind enough to send two capital ghoonts (mountain ponies) for us to Rajpore, a village at the foot of the mountains, seven miles from Deyra. We galloped on our own horses to this place, where we found the rough little brutes, with two guides, awaiting us. We immediately mounted upon the well-padded saddles and commenced the ascent, being duly cautioned by the men to lay the bridle on the necks of our ponies, and allow them to rest when they pleased... The journey is certainly a nervous one for beginners, for though we have both rambled through the Alps, we have been rather accustomed to trust to our own feet than ride in mountainous expeditions. . . . . .We reached the little half-built colony without accident, and breakfasted with Major Brutton of the Eleventh Dragoons, who commands the depot of European invalids. . . . After inspecting the several buildings, and enjoying the most splendid view of the snowy range, the beautiful Doon, (Valley of Dehra,) the mountains beyond it, and in the dim distance beyond them the wide-spreading plains of Hindostan, we remounted our ghoonts, and set off for Missouree, which is somewhat lower than, and three miles distant from, Llandowr. Among the various and beautiful trees and shrubs of these mountainous regions, I was delighted to recognise many old English friends. The oak and the rhododendron are the largest timber trees; and of the latter, which in Europe and America is a mere shrub, the beams of the Llandowr houses are formed. At this period they are covered with a luxuriant crimson flower, and their stems, as well as those of the oak, are thickly clothed with a long and hoary moss. During our descent I also discovered the cherry, pear, barberry and raspberry, which are unknown in the plains. Missouree is situated on a table-hill, and is less wooded than Llandowr: but it has greatly the advantage in point of space. We called upon Major Young, who resides here, and he obligingly furnished us with directions for hunting tigers in our progress through the Doon towards Simla. The descent we found infinitely more fatiguing than the ascent, but our nerves grew callous in proportion to our fatigue; though we were obliged to dismount in a few bad places. At Rajpore we found our gig, *and drove into Deyra just in time to dress for dinner.* It was a good day's work. We rode twenty-six miles, nineteen of mountain equitation, and drove seven miles."—*Mundy's Sketches*, vol. i. pp. 185.

Thus we see that, in circumstances of such suffering and horror, that the magnanimous Jacquemont saw reason to suspect that the *vengeance of offended heaven* was specially aimed at *him*, these *bêtes* of English, with an "awkward affectation of *manliness*" (vol. i. p. 92), seek for health and pleasure, and after a good day's sport, *drive home in their gigs to dress for dinner.* We cannot now, for the last time, mention Captain Munday's lively and interesting work* without requesting our readers not to judge it by the short and mutilated extracts we have made. We think it fully equal to Jacquemont's in point of amusement, and vastly above it in every other respect; and there is one very curious circumstance connected with the two works which we must notice, though we cannot explain. Captain Mundy's tour was made in 1828 and 1829, and his book published in London in 1832. Jacquemont died in the beginning of 1832, and never could have seen Captain Mun-

* Pen and Pencil Sketches of India. By Captain Mundy, late aide-de-camp to Lord Combermere. Second edition. 2 vols, 8vo. London, 1833.

dy's volumes; yet there are some remarkable passages in Jacquemont's letters which seem *identical* with facts stated by Captain Mundy. Any reader who will take the trouble to compare Jacquemont's account of the robbery in his tent, (vol. i. p. 214;) of the fall of his horse over a precipice, and his being caught in a tree half way down, (p. 350;) and of the residence, court, and person of the Rajah of Nahun, (p. 352,) with Captain Mundy's relation in similar words of similar accidents and circumstances occurring in the same neighbourhood—any person, we say, who will make the comparison, will, we think, see a strong similitude. Jacquemont could not have seen, as we have said, Captain Mundy's book, and it is impossible to believe that his editor can have interloped such passages; yet the coincidences are curious. We are almost induced to suspect that, as Captain Mundy's adventures were of course well known at Simla, near which place they occurred, and where Jacquemont made two or three long visits as the guest of Captain Kennedy the resident there, the Frenchman may have heard the stories, and, with his usual accuracy and modesty, thought himself justified in repeating them for the amusement of his domestic circle, as having occurred to himself. It would be strange that circumstances so nearly resembling each other should have occurred to two different travellers and so nearly in the same neighbourhood.

We will pursue no further our hostile criticism on M. Jacquemont, though we are far from having exhausted the topic. We now turn to the more agreeable task of saying, that, with the drawback of his monstrous vanity and the partialities and inaccuracies which such extravagant egotism must produce, his letters are amusing, and, where his personal and national prejudices do not interfere, show considerable tact and discrimination. There is a great deal of tautology, and the same story is sometimes tediously repeated, but that is the fault not of himself, but of the form in which he writes, as he is obliged to repeat the same events to different correspondents. By the omission of some of these duplicate letters, and of those passages which offend religion and delicacy, (and these might easily have been removed,) the book would have been an agreeable, though very loose, gossip on the state of Indian manners and society. Jacquemont seems to have had a good deal of conversational pleasantry, and the art of telling a story agreeably, though there are every where traces of effort and affectation. Of course our limits will not allow us to give many specimens of qualities which are in their nature rather diffuse; but, as an example, we shall select a passage which we think is in his best style:—

"A few broken legs, and shattered shoulders, are so much a matter of course in Indian hunting, that none is ever undertaken without a surgeon. As for hunting lions and tigers, it is (for gentlemen I mean) a most harmless amusement, since the game is never sought on horseback, but only on an elephant. Each hunter is perched, like a witness in an English court of justice, in a strong and lofty box, fastened upon the animal's back. He has a little park of artillery near him; namely, a couple of carbines and a brace of pistols. It sometimes happens, but very seldom, that the tiger, when brought to bay, leaps on the elephant's head, but that does not concern us; it is the affair of the conductor (mahout), who is paid twenty-five francs a month, to run the risk of such accidents. In case of death, the latter has at least the satisfaction of a complete revenge, for the elephant does not play the clarionet unconcernedly with his trunk, when he feels he has a tiger for his headdress: he does his best, and the hunter assists him with a ball point-blank. The mahout is, you see, a sort of *responsible editor*. Another poor devil is behind you, whose duty is to carry a parasol over your head. His condition is still worse than that of the mahout; when the elephant is frightened, and flies from the tiger, which charges him and springs on his back, the true employment of this man is to be eaten in the gentleman's place. India is the Utopia of social order for the aristocracy: in Europe, the poor carry the rich upon their shoulders, but it is only metaphorically; here it is without figure. Instead of workers and consumers, or governed and governors—the subtle distinction of European politics—in India there are only the carried and the carrying, which is much clearer."—pp. 194, 195.

This, although the pleasantries are rather too elaborate, is lively enough—the best hit, however, that of the "*responsible editor*," will be lost upon those readers who are not versed in the modern practice of the French courts in the trials of newspaper libels.

At Loodiana, on the banks of the Sutlege, M. Jacquemont was introduced to two ex-kings of Cabul,—Shah Zeman, who had been blinded as well as dethroned, and Shah Soojah, his brother, who had also been dethroned, but escaped with his eyes still about him into the Himalaya mountains. The adventures of Shah Soojah, who, after having been twice dethroned, is now a third time a king, are of the most romantic character. They have been recorded by himself in Persian, and translated and published in the Calcutta journals. Of the two brothers M. Jacquemont says:

"There are two ex-majesties here, who preserve the title, and before whom I did not appear without taking off my shoes; these are Shah Zeman and Shah Shaudjah his brother, formerly kings of Cabul, Afghanistan, and Cashmere; and great sovereigns twenty years ago. The British government sent them a magnificent embassy, and sought their alliance, at the period when the presence of General Gardanne, at Tehran, raised some suspicion in the cabinet of Calcutta with regard to the views, generally not very pacific, of your friend, *the great man*, as Courier used to say. Mr. Elphinstone, the British ambassador, disputed for a fortnight with the grand master of the ceremonies, and the chamberlain of Shah Shaudjah, about the etiquette of his presentation to the king. The latter agreed at last to exact from Mr. Elphinstone only thirty-nine bows; while he himself, the king, would show his nose at the window, the ambassador remaining with his whole suite in the court-yard, at a distance of three or four hundred paces.

"His ex-majesty has the most magnificent black beard I ever saw; and I found him a very gracious personage. *A pensioner on British generosity, to which, in truth, he has no claim*, [we must be allowed to smile at the coolness of *Jacquemont* in this description,] Shah Shaudjah lives here in freedom, but under the surveillance of the British political agent, my present host. By this officer I was conducted to a private audience of the shah, with whom I spent an hour, conversing about Cashmere, whither I am going, and where he formerly

made war, from Cabul, his country,—from his mountains, of which he spoke to me with affecting eloquence. Do you recollect that the women broke open the doors of the *hotel Sinet*, to see the Tunis envoy's handsome secretary? I know not what they would do if Shah Shaudjah went to Paris; the national guard would not be sufficient to preserve public order, he is so handsome! The old emperor, Shah Zeman, who had his eyes put out, spends his time in devotion, which, however, does not prevent his having a large seraglio. He related to me his pilgrimage to Mecca, which he undertook after he became blind."—vol. i. pp. 372, 373.

Of Runjeet Sing M. Jacquemont gives the following account. It corresponds, as to essentials, with the portraiture of Burnes, and supplies some amusing *traits* which our countryman's gravity feared perhaps to introduce.

"*Lahore, March* 16, 1830.—I have several times spent a couple of hours in conversing with Runjeet, *de omni re scribili et quibusdam aliis*. His conversation is like a nightmare. He is almost the first *inquisitive* Indian I have seen; and his curiosity balances the apathy of the whole of his nation. He has asked a hundred thousand questions of me about India, the British, Europe, Bonaparte, this world in general, and the next, hell, paradise, the soul, God, the devil, and a myriad of others of the same kind.

"This pattern of an Asiatic king is, however, no saint: far from it. He is bound by neither law nor honour, when his interests do not enjoin him to be just or faithful; but he is not cruel. He cuts off the nose, ears, and a hand of very great criminals; but he never puts any to death. He is passionately fond of horses, quite to madness; and he carries on a murderous and expensive war against a neighbouring province, in order to obtain a horse which has been refused him either as a gift or a purchase. He has great bravery, a somewhat rare quality amongst the princes of the east; and although he has always succeeded in his military undertakings, it is by perfidious treaties and negotiations alone that, from a simple country gentleman, he has become absolute king of the Punjab, Cashmere, &c., and is better obeyed by his subjects than the Mogul emperors in the zenith of their power. A shiekh by profession, a sceptic in reality, he every year pays his devotions at Umbritsir; and, what is very singular, these devotions are paid at the tombs of several Mohamedan saints; yet these pilgrimages offend none of the puritans of his own sect.

"He is a shameless scoundrel, and cares not a bit more about it than Henri III. formerly among us. It is true that between the Indus and the Sutlege, it is not even a peccadillo to be a scoundrel. But what horribly offends the morality of these good people is, that the king, not content with the women in his own seraglio, often fancies those of others; and what is worse, those which belong to every body. In spite of the mystery which the orientals, even of the lowest class, throw over their intrigues, whether purchased or not, Runjeet has often exhibited himself to the good people of Lahore, mounted on an elephant, with a Mussulman courtesan."—vol. i. pp. 395—400.

M. Jacquemont says that it was only after his entrance into the Punjab that he fully appreciated the benefit of British rule in India. Before he even reached Bengal, however, he had found out that "the colossal magnitude of English sway was a blessing;" that "the British colonial institutions were admirable, as seen at the cape," and "those of the French execrable as exhibited at the Isle of Bourbon" and Pondicherry; at all which places he touched on his way thither. In p. 244, vol. ii., he remarks,—

"It is evident that it is not by physical force that the English keep under the immense population of these vast regions. The European army consists of only 20,000 men; that is all. The principle of their power is elsewhere. It is in the respect with which their character inspires these nations."

Even the mode in which we have obtained our paramount sway in India, for which we have been so often and so largely abused by foreigners, appears neither unjust nor wonderful in the eyes of M. Jacquemont. He remarks (p. 233)—

"In France, we consider as an hypocritical farce the excuse of *necessity*, alleged by the English, for the prodigious aggrandisement of their Asiatic dominions; nothing, however, is more true, and certainly no European government was ever more faithful to its engagements than that of the Company."

We believe it may be truly asserted, that in all the wars in which the British have been engaged in India, the native potentates were, more or less, the aggressors. Ambition is, in their eyes, as in the eyes of more civilised nations, a godlike virtue—"super et Garamantes et Indos proferet imperium." It is true that the Company have generally indemnified themselves for the expenses of wars, thus forced on them, by extension of territory, so as at once to reduce the strength of their adversaries, and augment their own; but their policy and their interest are and have been essentially pacific. Even the most successful wars, followed by acquisitions of territory and even of money, such as those waged against Tippoo, have not ultimately enriched their treasury; whilst some hostilities, even when prosecuted to a glorious termination, such as the late war with the Burmese, have entailed upon them ruinous expense. It must be confessed, no doubt, that territory has often been acquired in a more questionable way, by compelling the native princes, to whom we have supplied subsidiary troops, to cede portions of their possessions in payment of the military entertained for their protection and defence; but this has, in almost all instances, been the consequence of the non-payment of the stipulated subsidy, arising out of the vicious mismanagement of the native princes themselves; and has generally, if not always, been necessary to protect their subjects from extortion and oppression. Jacquemont, in bearing testimony to the general moderation of the Company's policy, adds a remarkable instance of the wanton bad faith, ingratitude, and folly, by which these princes provoke the reluctant interference of the English.

"The Indian princes have *obliged* the Company to absorb them all into its power, one after the other. They have all succumbed, in the rashest, the most stupid enterprises against the Colossus, *which would have left them in peace, had they not madly provoked* its interference. Thirty years ago, the English drove the Mahrattas out of Delhi, where they found, imprisoned in a fort, a blind old man, whose long life had been but an uninterrupted series of misfortunes. This was Shah Allum, the descendant of Timour. He had never reigned but by name. The English leave him his vain title, and pay him all the honours formerly enjoyed by the Mogul emperors. They give him a magnificent pension (four millions of francs);

guaranteeing this title, these honours, and these advantages, to his family. What use do you think he once made of the guns which have been given him for form sake to fire a salute whenever he leaves his palace? *He fired them at the English troops.* In less than five minutes the imperial palace was attacked, and the guns retaken. Well! such are the Indian princes. They are all like children, who cannot be trusted with a razor in their hands; not the princes only, but the whole population, which is utterly destitute of reason and moral sense." —vol. ii. pp. 97—98.

It must be recollected, too, that these native governments are themselves a series of fluctuating *usurpations*—that *our* territorial appropriations have seldom invaded long established rights, and, what never can be said of the change of native dynasties, have been always attended by decisive advantage to the mass of the people who have thus come under our sway.

But where, it will be said, is this system to end? The answer is, on the Indus to the west, as it has already ended on the Irrawaddy to the east. The north is barricaded by the Himalaya Mountains, and the south is guarded by the sea. Beyond these limits of Hindooism no indemnities can be found. If we cannot defend India, thus defined, out of her own resources, we must abandon her. M. Jacquemont gives it as his opinion (p. 217, vol. ii.), that "the sway of the British in India, though it may last centuries, may be terminated in a day." In this we must all agree with him. It is impossible that a people differing in blood, complexion, language, manners, and religion, from conquerors, who neither domesticate themselves among them during their stay, nor stay longer than they can help, can ever cordially like such intruders. Our superiority in arms first compelled them to submit, and the general justice and humanity of our government have certainly gone very far to reconcile them to our dominions. But the *prestige* of our superiority is now, we fear, rapidly evaporating before the entire freedom of the native, as well as the European press—the diffusion of English education —the multiplication of half castes—and the increasing numbers of European settlers and adventurers of all descriptions. The late fanatic insurrection within a few miles of Calcutta, and the long continued Cole war at no great distance from it, are pregnant instances of the decay of that moral ascendancy which Europeans once exercised over the native mind.

M. Jacquemont is, however, of opinion that "the British power in India will never perish by foreign aggression; and in this opinion also we are inclined to agree with him. Yet, although the probabilities are that any western power which might invade India would be ultimately repulsed, prudence requires that a watchful eye should be kept on the movements not only of the Russians, but of others. What has been done may be done again. As to Russia, there can be little doubt that, supposing her to have *fully attained and secured* certain older as well as nearer objects, she might, without difficulty, land an army on the southern and eastern shores of the Caspian. She has already steam-vessels on that inland sea; and, by the Volga, troops might be embarked almost at the gates of Moscow, and conveyed, with little trouble or expense, to Astrabad on the south, or the Bay of Balkan on the east coast of the Caspian. From either or both those points the occupation of Khiva, which M. Mouraviev was sent to reconnoitre in 1820, would not be difficult; for the distance does not exceed two hundred or three hundred miles, across a region which is called indeed a desert, but in which Tartar camps and villages are found frequently interspersed; forage is procured for camels, the ships of the desert—and water at a depth of only eighteen feet; a country in which the Khan of Khiva, in 1831, maintained a large army for several weeks, according to Lieutenant Burnes, and which, in fact, has never opposed any serious obstacle to the progress of an invader, either on the side of Persia or Tartary. From Khiva, on the Oxus, the route is open upon, and along, the banks of that river to Bokhara, also reconnoitred by the Russian embassy under M. Mayendorff, in 1820: whence the road to Cabul has again and again been traversed by conquering armies. This is one route. The other, from Asterabad to Cabul, by Herat, presents no physical obstacles whatever. Both routes might be undertaken in combination and at the same time. From Cabul to the Indus there is no difficulty.

"The Russians," M. Jacquemont remarks, "might present themselves in force on the banks of the Indus almost without meeting any obstacle on their route. They would march at their ease through Persia, and it is beyond doubt the Afghans would spontaneously swell the number of any army marching to the conquest of India. . . . . Runjeet Sing, the ruler of Punjab, will promise, sign, swear all that is asked, and will then consider himself quite free to act according to his fancy. If he thinks that by aiding the Russians, they will succeed in driving the British from India, he will most certainly assist them, being well persuaded that these new comers will not be able to maintain their conquest, and that then his own time will come to attempt gaining possession of India. And such," he adds, "is the stupidity of the Indian princes, that they would either forsake the British government, or act against it, the moment a Russian army crossed the Sutlege. Yet what other nation in Europe would have left the vanquished in India so fair a portion?"—vol. ii. p. 202.

Turkey as well as Persia may now, we fear, be said to be quite at the mercy of the czar. Whilst Persia could oppose his advancing armies in front, and Turkey attack them in the flank and rear of their line of operation, an attempt upon India could never have been hazarded; but our recent diplomacy has cleared the way. We can *now* suppose various circumstances of the European world, under which the scheme of Napoleon for the invasion of India might be revived by the cabinet of St. Petersburgh, in whose minds the missions of Messrs. Mouraviev and Mayendorff to Khiva and Bokhara sufficiently show that the project has never been abandoned as entirely impracticable. Yet, with common precaution on our part, it never could succeed. Armies of horse and foot, accompanied by field artillery, might be transported from Moscow to the Indus, and a Russian army advancing through Persia, Tartary, and Afghanistan might, and probably would, have its numbers rather

augmented than thinned in its progress; but if we had a few strongly fortified posts on the banks of the Indus, the Sutlege, and other Punjab rivers, how can an army, unprovided, as a Russian army must be, with a battering train and a sufficiency of siege ammunition, either take such posts or leave them in the rear? At present, we have no fortification of strength beyond Agra, whence all military supplies are furnished even to the troops on the Sutlege; but when the Indus shall be open, as it soon must be, to Bombay, no time should be lost in erecting a fortress on its banks which might bid defiance, not only to all native attacks, but to any which could be made with "*matériel*" to be brought from Europe. The line of the Sutlege, from the Himalaya mountains to the Great Indian Desert, (so far at least a desert that no large body of men ever has passed it,) is a very strong line of defence—not exceeding one hundred miles in extent—in a country in which an invading army from the north could not long subsist, especially during the intense heats of summer, but in which our native and seasoned European troops could easily maintain themselves if protected and provided with *munitions de guerre et de bouche*.

So much for Indian politics, as to which we perhaps have said more on this occasion than may seem to be called for by the value of M. Jacquemont's decisions on any subject—or even of his reluctant testimony to the excellence of our administration in that vast empire.

Of his opinions concerning his own country we shall offer a specimen. Of the July revolution he received the first news with great enthusiasm, but seems to have been surprised, as well as displeased, with the subsequent account of the results of that fraudulent insult on common sense.

"What blunders the Chamber of Deputies committed in the first week of last August! I see by the English papers that M. de Lafayette has resigned the command of the national guard, which proves that there is discord in the camp of our friends. But now that we have returned to the famous legal order, how can we sweep off the peers by an ordinance? Peyronnet would cry out from his prison, 'set me at liberty, since you have infringed the new charter, as I did the old!'"—p. 109.

And subsequently—

"My letters last winter expressed the enthusiasm with which the revolution inspired me, and the bitter regret I have sometimes felt at being so far from France at that memorable period. Since then my opinion concerning those great events has much changed. It has been modified, like your own, in proportion as I saw so many base, absurd, and ignoble consequences proceed from so noble a principle. I see many people speak in the tribune of the events of the great week, as being their handiwork—as if they had fired a gun in the streets with the working mechanics, and as if it was not solely by the muskets of these mechanics that the revolution was achieved."—p. 173.

We can have no great faith in his appreciation of our own national prospects, but as a specimen of the opinion of the radical youth of France it may be worth quoting:—

"However, the thing [a revolution] is brewing in that quarter [England]. You and I are destined to see the shell burst. The abolition of the rotten boroughs will do no more good there than did Catholic emancipation in Ireland. That which the Irish most wanted before all—especially before the equality of political rights—was potatoes to eat: emancipation has not put a single one more into their mouths. What the English people now want is bread. They have the simplicity to believe that a reformed parliament will give it them: an error which they will soon rectify when they come to put their new electoral laws to the test. I would not exchange the lot of France for the next thirty years for that of England."—pp. 210, 211.

On the whole, it is observable that, as Jacquemont recovered from the first vulgar intoxication of his reception at Calcutta, he grew better—his vanity became rather less obtrusive—his prejudices less obstinate—his affectation moderated—his views enlarged—and his natural good sense developed. He might, we think, had he lived, have realised the old observation, that a young Frenchman is the most intolerable, and an old Frenchman the most agreeable of social men. His deathbed letter to his brother is affecting—the very circumstances of the case, of a young man dying, placidly and unrepining, (just as he had successfully completed what he thought a splendid mission,) amidst strangers—and in a distant land—are of themselves sufficient to touch any heart; but ours is pained still more deeply, when we see that the pangs of early death and the prospect of a stranger-grave were not alleviated by the hopes of immortality—of meeting in another world those friends whom he loved in this, and of foreseeing, beyond that stranger-grave, a re-union of an affectionate family in the bosom of their common Father.

We must now make a few observations on the translation which we have *generally* employed in our extracts, but which is frequently incorrect. We seldom think it worth while to make remarks on the translation of such books as these, when they express with any thing like accuracy the meaning of the author. But this translator has advanced rather higher pretensions. He has prefixed an introduction to the work, in which, as from the critical chair, he pronounces a high panegyric on M. Jacquemont and his writings, a somewhat pompous eulogy on the taste and discrimination of Jacquemont's friends and *sponsors* in London, and a censure on the illiberality of others who were not quite so forward in patronising a person whom they knew nothing about. This obliges us to observe that we think the translator a very inadequate authority, and that, before he passes such decided opinions, it would be as well that he understood a little more accurately the language of the book which he undertakes not only to translate but to panegyrise. We shall amuse our readers with a few specimens of this writer's qualifications for his task.

We begin with an instance or two not of ignorance but *bad faith*. Jacquemont, *amusing* himself at the expense of the chaplain of the ship, (whom, as we have seen, he taught the sailors to insult in the performance of the most solemn of his duties,) says, that the poor man was obliged to hear '*les plus belles* impiétés.'—vol. i. p. 24. But lest this should shock English readers at the outset, the translator renders it—in complete con-

radiction to the sense and to the writer's feelings —'the most *dreadful* impieties.' A similar instance is where Jacquemont, describing his travelling library of three small volumes, one of which is Tristram Shandy—calls it '*la pièce de résistance!*'—*the solid dish!* The idea of *Tristram Shandy* being any man's *solid dish* is too ludicrous, and therefore our honest translator softens it into "Tristram Shandy is a feast of itself." We note this trifle the rather because the mention of Tristram Shandy in this letter, dated 19th December, 1828, led, as we apprehend, to a little subsequent *embarras* in M. Jacquemont's respectable family. We have seen that M. Jacquemont had a young female cousin residing at Arras, Mademoiselle Zoé de Noizet, and we find that in July, 1831, Jacquemont learned, by a letter from his fair cousin, that, after his example, she had been endeavouring to perfect herself in the English tongue, and for that purpose had undertaken—of all the books in the world—to translate *Tristram Shandy*. Jacquemont, who in the interval had probably so far improved his English as to be able to see the drift of Tristram Shandy, is exceedingly surprised at the choice which poor Miss Zoé had made, and he writes to her to express, as decently as he can, that it is altogether an *improper book* for her purpose. He had, no doubt, totally forgotten the style in which, two years and a half before, he had talked of Tristram Shandy; but what wonder that the poor girl and the poor girl's friends thought that if she were to learn English, no book could be more proper than that which her clever literary cousin had taken with him all the way to India as his *solid dish?* We, however, can easily imagine Zoé's perplexity in endeavouring to discover, in the obscure and filthy sensualities of Sterne, the moral meaning which had recommended the book to the *savant*. But it is clear that to this hour the learned family of the Jacquemonts have not discovered their error; for however indifferent they might be about Lady W. and Lady G., they would not, knowingly, exhibit their young relation in so ridiculous a light. Nor do we think the *savant* himself ever knew very much about English literature, which he so confidently talks of, for we find him saying, so late as May, 1831—

"That he has no appetite for his dinner if he has not *Locke or Sterne*, or some other illustrious dead, to bear him company at table."—vol. ii. p. 72.

We need hardly suggest, that no man who had ever read and understood a page of any of Locke's works, would have classed him with the author of "Tristram Shandy." In truth, Jacquemont knows no more about Locke than dear Zoé did of Sterne. And although he talks of his great proficiency in English—and of the set speeches which he made in that tongue to Lord William Bentinck on his first arrival—we find that even after having spent *six* months in the society at Calcutta, where, he says, he spoke nothing but English, he can make no better attempt at our language than the following:—

"Conclude from this chapter, if you will, *that I am, perhaps, a too great admirer of the foretold lady, and that it is high time for me to depart with the occasions of meeting her often.*"—vol. i. p. 144.

But we must return to our translator. The preceding examples are of wilful though trifling misrepresentations; what follows is pure ignorance:—

"I have always had but little faith in the theory which accounts for the trade-winds constantly blowing from the same quarter. You may just as well give the same reason to explain why your daughter is dumb."—vol. i. p. 23

This grave incoherent nonsense about a dumb daughter and the trade-winds is in the original a pleasant allusion to a passage in Molière, which has become a *proverbial* expression for any inconclusive reasoning:—*Voilà justement ce qui fait que votre fille est muette.* (*Médecin Malgré lui*, a. ii. s. 6.)

When Jacquemont is describing the discomforts of his mode of living in the mountains, the translator makes him eat "a *careful* repast," the very reverse of the truth, for the repast was a miserable *improvisation*—the original expression is "*soucieux*"—and the meaning—an *anxious* and scanty meal.

The *Zélée*, in getting out of the harbour of Rio, runs foul of a merchantman, and a good deal of damage is done; "but no matter; the French *agent* will pay the damage," p. 27. Poor Jacquemont, instead of this matter of fact *platitude*, meant a sly political joke—"Le *contribuable* français est là qui paira les avaries"—i. e. "The poor French tax-payer will have to pay the damage"—as if an Englishman should have said, "Our ignorant captain has caused the damage, but *John Bull*, '*le contribuable Anglais*,' must pay for it."

These mistakes are only ludicrous; but some are more serious. In the account of the strange affair between the *Zélée* and the English merchantman, the translation says the *Zélée* was worked in a particular manner, "so as not to wait for his (the Englishman's) broadside," vol. i. p. 62. This would imply that the English ship had a *broadside* to fire, and that the conduct of the French captain had so much of an excuse. The original expresses directly the contrary—"Immédiatement après une bordée à boulets et à mitraille, et tandis qu'on rechargait toutes les pièces d'un bord, le navire manœuvrait de manière à ne pas faire attendre sa *seconde* bordée." "Immediately after the first broadside of round and grape, and while they were re-loading the guns, the [French] ship was manœuvred *so as not to delay her* SECOND *broadside*."

Another very serious mistake occurs in the version of Jacquemont's impertinence about Lady W. Bentinck, which we have already alluded to. The translator makes Jacquemont say that "Lady William's attempt to convert him had failed, and that he even feared that she was a little *less sure of her aim* than she was at first." —p. 88. This is quite inoffensive, and would only imply that she began to doubt whether she should succeed in converting him. But the real meaning is, as we have rendered it, that she not only failed to convert him, but had herself become a little less confident in her own belief—*sûre de son fait*—than she was before.

The following version also contradicts the meaning of the original. Jacquemont calls the Hindoostanee "*a contemptible patois*, not worth learning"—"*the language of the court and courtiers.*"—p. 90. It surprises one that the language of *court and courtiers*, generally considered the most correct and polite, should, in this instance, be a "*contemptible jargon.*" The French is, "*de cour et des courtiers,*"—i. e. "*lawyers and brokers.*"

The following passage must perplex an English reader:

"In half an hour Shah Mohammed dismissed his court; and I retired in procession with the resident. *The drums beat in the fields* as I passed before the troops with my dressing-gown of worked muslin. Why were you not present to enjoy the honours conferred upon your progeny?"—vol. i. p. 190.

Again—

"At Lahore, I lived in a little palace of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments; a battalion of infantry was on duty near me; *the drums beat in the fields* when I put my head out of doors; and when I walked in the cool of the evening, in the alleys of my garden, fountains played around me by thousands."—vol. ii. p. 216.

One cannot conceive how drums *beating in the fields* can have any thing to do with the honours paid Jacquemont in the *cities* of Delhi and Lahore; but the French phrase, *Les tambours battirent aux champs quand je passais*, means no more than that when he passed the guard was turned out, and the drums *beat a salute.*

In the same way, when Jacquemont tells a story of a poor Swiss professor, who, having proved that the history of William Tell was a fable of the eleventh century, was condemned to death for having overturned a belief which is one of the dearest heir-looms of a Swiss peasant; the translator makes him add that, "'*fortunately being contumacious*,' he escaped with his life."—p. 290. One wonders why, if the error was so criminal, the being *contumacious* in it should have procured a mitigation of the punishment. The explanation is that *absent* offenders are condemned as "*contumaces*"—and Jacquemont meant to say, that being fortunately *absent*, he was condemned in effigy only, and so his life was saved.

We suppose these instances, selected at random, from the first half of the first volume, will satisfy our readers as to the qualifications of the translator in the niceties of the French idiom; and that they will agree in our opinion, that it would have been as well if, instead of criticising other people, he had employed himself in learning his own business.

Fodder.—One of the most simple and valuable discoveries in agriculture is, to mix layers of green or new cut clover with layers of straw. By this means the strength of the clover is absorbed by the straw, which, thus impregnated, both horses and cattle eat greedily, and the clover is dried and prevented from heating. This practice is particularly calculated for second crops of clover and rye grasses.

From the London Metropolitan.

JAPHET IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.

Continued from page 315.

"I beg your pardon, Newland," said the major, returning from his dressing-room, resplendent with chains and bijouterie; "but I must have your Christian name."

"It's rather a strange one," replied I; "it is Japhet."

"Japhet! by the immortal powers, I'd bring an action against my godfathers and godmothers; you ought to recover heavy damages."

"Then I presume you would not have the name," replied I, with a knowing look, "for a clear ten thousand a year."

"Whew! that alters the case—it's astonishing how well any name looks in large *gold* letters. Well, as the old gentleman, whoever he might have been, made you compensation, you must forgive and forget. Now where shall we go?"

"With your permission, as I came to town in these clothes, made by a German tailor—Darmstadt's tailor by-the-by—but still if tailor to a prince, not the prince of tailors—I would wish you to take me to your own: your dress appears very correct."

"You show your judgment, Newland, it *is* correct; Stultz will be delighted to have your name on his books, and to do justice to that figure. *Allons donc.*"

We sauntered up St. James's Street, and before I had arrived at Stultz's, I had been introduced to at least twenty of the young men about town. The major was most particular in his directions about the clothes, all of which he ordered; and as I knew that he was well acquainted with the fashion, I gave him *carte blanche.* When he left the shop, he said, "Now, my dear Newland, I have given you a proof of friendship which no other man in England has had. Your dress will be the *ne plus ultra.* There are little secrets only known to the initiated, and Stultz is aware that this time I am in earnest. I am often asked to do the same for others, and I pretend so to do; but a wink from me is sufficient, and Stultz dares not dress them. Don't you want some bijouterie? or have you any at home?"

"I may as well have a few trifles," replied I.

We entered a celebrated jeweller's, and he selected for me to the amount of about forty pounds. "That will do—never buy much; for it is necessary to change every three months at least. What is the price of this chain?"

"It is only fifteen guineas, major."

"Well, I shall take it; but recollect," continued the major; "I tell you honestly, I never shall pay you."

The jeweller smiled, bowed, and laughed; the major threw the chain round his neck, and we quitted the shop.

"At all events, major, they appear not to believe your word in that shop."

"My dear fellow, that's their own fault, not mine. I tell them honestly I never will pay them; and you may depend upon it I intend most sacredly to keep my word. I never do pay any body, for the best of all possible reasons, I have no money; but then I do them a service—I make them fashionable, and they know it."

"What debts do you pay then, major?"

"Let me think—that requires consideration. Oh! I pay my washer-woman."

"Don't you pay your debts of honour?"

"Debts of honour! why I'll tell you the truth; for I know that we shall hunt in couples. If I win I take the money; but if I lose—why then I forget to pay; and I always tell them so before I sit down to the table. If they won't believe me, it's not my fault. But what's the hour? Come, I must make a few calls, and will introduce you."

We sauntered on to Grosvenor Square, knocked, and were admitted into a large, elegantly furnished mansion. The footman announced us—"My dear Lady Maelstrom,

allow me the honour of introducing to you my very particular friend, Mr. Newland, consigned to my charge by my Lord Windermear during his absence. He has just arrived from the continent, where he has been making the grand tour."

Her ladyship honoured me with a smile. "By-the-by, major, that reminds me—do me the favour to come to the window. Excuse us one moment, Mr. Newland."

The major and Lady Maelstrom walked to the window, and exchanged a few sentences, and then returned. Her ladyship, holding up her finger, and saying to him as they came towards me, "Promise me now that you won't forget."

"Your ladyship's slightest wishes are to me imperative commands," replied the major, with a graceful bow.

In a quarter of an hour, during which the conversation was animated, we rose to take our leave, when her ladyship came up to me, and offering her hand, said, "Mr. Newland, the friendship of Lord Windermear, and the introduction of Major Carbonnell, are more than sufficient to induce me to put your name down on my visiting list. I trust I shall see a great deal of you, and that we shall be great friends."

I bowed to this handsome announcement, and we retired. As soon as we were out in the square, the major observed, "You saw her take me on one side—it was to *pump*. She has no daughters, but about fifty nieces, and match-making is her delight. I told her that I would stake my honour upon your possessing ten thousand a year; how much more I could not say. I was not far wrong, was I?"

I laughed. "What I may be worth, major, I really cannot say; but I trust that the event will prove that you are not far wrong. Say no more, my dear fellow."

"I understand—you are not yet of age—of course have not yet come into possession of your fortune."

"That is exactly the case, major. I am now but little more than nineteen."

"You look older; but there is no getting over baptismal registries with the executors. Newland, you must content yourself for the two next years in playing Moses, and only peep at the promised land."

We made two or three more calls, and then returned to St. James's Street. "Where shall we go now? By-the-by, don't you want to go to your banker's?"

"I will just stroll down with you, and see if they have paid any money in," replied I carelessly.

We called at Drummond's, and I asked them if there was any money paid in to the credit of Mr. Newland.

"Yes, sir," replied one of the clerks; "there is one thousand pounds paid in yesterday."

"Very good," replied I.

"How much do you wish to draw for?" enquired the major.

"I don't want any," replied I. "I have more money than I ought to have in my desk at this moment."

"Well, then, let us go and order dinner; or perhaps you would like to stroll about a little more; if so, I will go and order the dinner. Here's Harcourt, that's lucky. Harcourt, my dear fellow, know Mr. Newland, my very particular friend. I must leave you now; take his arm, Harcourt, for half an hour, and then join us at dinner at the Piazza."

Mr. Harcourt was an elegant young man of about five and twenty. Equally pleased with each other's externals, we were soon familiar: he was witty, sarcastic, and well-bred. After half an hour's conversation he asked me what I thought of the major. I looked him in the face, and smiled. "That look tells me that you will not be his dupe, otherwise I had warned you: he is a strange character; but if you have money enough to afford to keep him, you cannot do better, as he is acquainted with, and received by, every body. His connections are good; and he once had a very handsome fortune, but it was soon run out, and he was obliged to sell his commission in the Guards. Now he lives upon the world; which, as Shakspeare says, is his oyster; and he has wit and sharpness enough to open it. Moreover, he has some chance of falling into a peerage; that prospect, and his amusing qualities, added to his being the most fashionable man about town, keeps his head above water. I believe Lord Windermear, who is his cousin, very often helps him."

"It was Lord Windermear who introduced me to him," observed I.

"Then he will not venture to play any tricks upon you, further than eating your dinners, borrowing your money, and forgetting to pay it."

"You must acknowledge," said I, "he always tells you beforehand that he will never pay you."

"And that is the only point in which he adheres to his word," replied Harcourt, laughing; "but, tell me, am I to be *your* guest to-day?"

"If you will do me that honour."

"I assure you I am delighted to come, as I shall have a further opportunity of cultivating your acquaintance."

"Then we had better bend our steps towards the hotel, for it is late," replied I; and we did so accordingly.

On our arrival we found the table spread, champagne in ice under the sideboard, and apparently every thing prepared for a sumptuous dinner, the major on the sofa giving directions to the waiter, and Timothy looking all astonishment. "Major," said I, "I cannot tell you how much I am obliged to you for your kindness in taking all this trouble off my hands, that I might follow up the agreeable introduction you have given me to Mr. Harcourt."

"My dear Newland, say no more; you will, I dare say, do the same for me if I require it, when I give a dinner. (Harcourt caught my eye, as if to say, "You may safely promise that.") But, Newland, do you know that the nephew of Lord Windermear has just arrived? Did you meet abroad?"

"No," replied I, somewhat confused; but I soon recovered myself. As for Tim, he bolted out of the room. "What sort of a person is he?"

"That you may judge for yourself, my dear fellow, for I asked him to join us, I must say, more out of compliment to Lord Windermear than any thing else; for I am afraid that even I could never make a gentleman of him. But take Harcourt with you to your room, and by the time you have washed your hands, I will have dinner on the table. I took the liberty of desiring your valet to show me in about ten minutes ago. He's a shrewd fellow that of yours, where did you pick him up?"

"By mere accident," replied I; "come, Mr. Harcourt."

On our return we found the real Simon Pure, Mr. Estcourt, sitting with the major, who introduced us, and dinner being served, we sat down to table.

Mr. Estcourt was a young man, about my own age, but not so tall by two or three inches. His features were prominent, but harsh; and when I saw him, I was not at all surprised at Lord Windermear's expressions of satisfaction, when he supposed that I was his nephew. His countenance was dogged and sullen, and he spoke little; he appeared to place an immense value upon birth, and hardly deigned to listen, except the aristocracy were the subject of discourse. I treated him with marked deference, that I might form an acquaintance, and found, before we parted that night, that I had succeeded. Our dinner was excellent, and we were all, except Mr. Estcourt, in high good humour. We sat late—too late to go to the theatre, and promising to meet the next day at noon, Harcourt and the major took their leave.

Mr. Estcourt had indulged rather too much, and after their departure became communicative. We sat up for more than an hour; he talked of nothing but his family

and his expectations. I took this opportunity of discovering what his feelings were likely to be when he was made acquainted with the important secret which was in my possession. I put a case somewhat similar, and asked him whether in such circumstances he would waive his right for a time, to save the honour of his family.

"No, by G–d!" replied he, "I never would. What! give up even for a day my right—conceal my true rank for the sake of relatives? never—nothing would induce me."

I was satisfied, and then casually asked him if he had written to Lord Windermear to inform him of his arrival.

"No," replied he; "I shall write to-morrow." He soon after retired to his own apartment, and I rang for Timothy.

"Good heavens, sir!" cried Timothy, "what is all this—and what are you about? I am frightened out of my wits. Why, sir, our money will not last two months."

"I do not expect it will last much longer, Tim; but it cannot be helped. Into society I must get, and to do so, must pay for it."

"But, sir, putting the expense aside, what are we to do about this Mr. Estcourt? All must be found out."

"I intend that it shall be found out, Tim," replied I; "but not yet. He will write to his uncle to-morrow; you must obtain the letter, for it must not go. I must first have time to establish myself, and then Lord Windermear may find out his error as soon as he pleases."

"Upon my honour, Japhet, you appear to be afraid of nothing."

"I fear nothing, Tim, when I am following up the object of my wishes. I will allow no obstacles to stand in my way, in my search after my father."

"Really, you seem to be quite mad on that point, Japhet."

"Perhaps I may be, Tim," replied I, thoughtfully. "At all events, let us go to bed now, and I will tell you to-morrow morning, all the events of this day."

Mr. Estcourt wrote his letter, which Tim very officiously offered to put into the post, instead of which we put it between the bars of the grate.

I must now pass over about three weeks, during which I became very intimate with the major and Mr. Harcourt, and was introduced by them to the clubs, and almost every person of fashion. The idea of my wealth, and my very handsome person and figure, ensured me a warm reception, and I soon became one of the stars of the day. During this time I also gained the entire confidence of Mr. Estcourt, who put letter after letter into the hands of Timothy, who, of course, put them into the usual place. I pacified him as long as I could, by expressing my opinion, that his lordship was on a visit to some friends in the neighbourhood of his seat; but at last he would remain in town no longer. You may go now, thought I, I feel quite safe.

It was about five days after his departure, as I was sauntering, arm in arm, with the major, who generally dined with me about five days in the week, that I perceived the carriage of Lord Windermear, with his lordship in it. He saw us, and pulling his check-string, alighted, and coming up to us, with the colour mounting to his forehead with emotion, returned the salute of the major and me.

"Major," said he, "you will excuse me, but I am anxious to have some conversation with Mr. Newland; perhaps," continued his lordship, addressing me, "you will do me the favour to take a seat in my carriage?"

Fully prepared, I lost none of my self-possession, but, thanking his lordship, I bowed to him, and stepped in. His lordship followed, and saying to the footman, "Home—drive fast," fell back into the carriage, and never uttered one word until we had arrived, and had entered the dining-parlour. He then took a few steps up and down, before he said, "Mr. Newland, or whatever your name may be, I perceive that you consider the possession of an important secret to be your safe-guard. To state my opinion of your conduct is needless; who you are, and what you are, I know not; but," continued he, no longer controlling his anger; "you certainly can have no pretensions to the character of a gentleman."

"Perhaps your lordship," replied I, calmly, "will inform me upon what you may ground your inference."

"Did you not, in the first place, open a letter addressed to another?"

"My lord, I opened a letter brought to me with the initials of my name, and at the time I opened it, I fully believed that it was intended for me."

"We will grant that, sir; but after you had opened it, you must have known that it was for some other person."

"I will not deny that, my lord."

"Notwithstanding which, you apply to my lawyer, representing yourself as another person, to obtain sealed papers."

"I did, my lord; but allow me to say, that I never should have done so, had I not been warned by a dream."

"By a dream!"

"Yes, my lord. I had determined not to go for them, when in a dream I was ordered so to do."

"Paltry excuse! and then you break private seals."

"Nay, my lord, although I did go for the papers, I could not, even with the idea of supernatural interposition, make up my mind to break the seals. If your lordship will recollect, it was you who broke the seals, and insisted upon my reading the papers."

"Yes, sir, under your false name."

"It is the name by which I go at present, although I acknowledge it is false; but that is not my fault—I have no other at present."

"It is very true, sir, that in all I have now mentioned, the law will not reach you; but recollect, that by assuming another person's name——"

"I never did, my lord," interrupted I.

"Well, I may say, by inducing me to believe that you were my nephew, you have obtained money under false pretences; and for that I now have you in my power."

"My lord, I never asked you for the money; you yourself paid it into the banker's hands, to my credit, and to my own name. I appeal to you now, whether, if, after you so deceived yourself, the law can reach me?"

"Mr. Newland, I will say, that much as I regret what has passed, I regret more than all the rest, that one so young, so prepossessing, so candid in appearance, should prove such an adept in deceit. Thinking you were my nephew, my heart warmed towards you, and I must confess, that since I have seen my real nephew, the mortification has been very great."

"My lord, I thank you; but allow me to observe, that I am no swindler. Your thousand pounds you will find safe in the bank, for penury would not have induced me to touch it. But now that your lordship appears more cool, will you do me the favour to listen to me? When you have heard my life up to the present, and my motives for what I have done, you will then decide how far I am to blame."

His lordship took a chair, and motioned to me to take another. I narrated what had occurred when I was left at the Foundling, and gave him a succinct account of my adventures subsequently—my determination to find my father—the dream which induced me to go for the papers—and all that the reader has already been acquainted with. His lordship evidently perceived the monomania which led me, and heard me with great attention.

"You certainly, Mr. Newland, do not stand so low in my opinion as you did before this explanation, and I

must make allowances for the excitement under which I perceive you to labour on one subject; but now, sir, allow me to put one question, and beg that you will answer candidly. What price do you demand for your secrecy on this important subject?"

"My lord!" replied I, rising with dignity; "this is the greatest affront you have put upon me yet; still I will name the price by which I will solemnly bind myself, by all my future hopes of finding my father in this world, and of finding an eternal Father in the next, and that price, my lord, is a return of your good opinion."

His lordship also rose, and walked up and down the room with much agitation in his manner. "What am I to make of you, Mr. Newland?"

"My lord, if I were a swindler, I should have taken your money; if I had wished to avail myself of the secret, I might have escaped with all the documents, and made my own terms. I am, my lord, nothing more than an abandoned child trying all he can to find his father." My feelings overpowered me, and I burst into tears. As soon as I could recover myself, I addressed his lordship, who had been watching me in silence, and not without emotion. "I have one thing more to say to you, my lord." I then mentioned the conversation, between Mr. Estcourt and myself, and pointed out the propriety of not making him a party to the important secret.

His lordship allowed me to proceed without interruption, and after a few moments' thought, said, "I believe that you are right, Mr. Newland; and I now begin to think that it was better that this secret should have been entrusted to you than him. You have now conferred an obligation on me and command me. I believe you to be honest, but a little mad, and I beg your pardon for the pain which I have occasioned you."

"My lord, I am more than satisfied."

"Can I be of any assistance to you, Mr. Newland?"

"If, my lord, you could at all assist me, or direct me in my search——"

"Then I am afraid I can be of little use; but I will give you the means of prosecuting your search, and in so doing, I am doing but an act of justice, for in introducing you to Major Carbonnell, I am aware that I must have very much increased your expenses. It was an error which must be repaired, and therefore, Mr. Newland, I beg you will consider the money at the bank as yours, and make use of it to enable you to obtain your ardent wish."

"My lord——"

"I will not be denied, Mr. Newland; and if you feel any delicacy on the subject, you may take it as a loan, to be repaid when you find it convenient. Do not, for a moment, consider that it is given to you because you possess an important secret, for I will trust entirely to your honour on that score."

"Indeed, my lord," replied I, "your kindness overwhelms me, and I feel as if, in you, I had already *almost* found a father. Excuse me, my lord, but did your lordship ever—ever ——"

"I know what you would say, my poor fellow: no, I never did. I never was blessed with children. Had I been, I should not have felt that I was disgraced by having one resembling you. Allow me to entreat you, Mr. Newland, that you do not suffer the mystery of your birth to weigh so heavy on your mind; and now I wish you good morning, and if you think I can be useful to you, I beg that you will not fail to let me know."

"May heaven pour down blessings on your head," replied I, kissing respectfully his lordship's hand; "and may my father, when I find him, be as like unto you as possible." I made my obeisance, and quitted the house.

I returned to the hotel, for my mind had been much agitated, and I wished for quiet, and the friendship of Timothy. As soon as I arrived I told him all that had passed.

"Indeed," replied Timothy, "things do now wear a pleasant aspect; for I am afraid, that without that thousand, we could not have carried on for a fortnight longer. The bill here is very heavy, and I'm sure the landlord wishes to see the colour of his money."

"How much do you think we have left? It is high time, Timothy, that we now make up our accounts, and arrange some plans for the future," replied I. "I have paid the jeweller and the tailor, by the advice of the major, who says, that you should always pay your *first bills* as soon as possible, and all your subsequent bills as late as possible; and if put off *sine die*, so much the better. In fact, I owe very little now, but the bill here, I will send for it to-night."

Here we were interrupted by the entrance of the landlord. "O Mr. Wallace, you are the very person I wished to see; let me have my bill, if you please."

"It's not of the least consequence, sir," replied he; "but if you wish it, I have posted down to yesterday," and the landlord left the room.

"You were both of one mind, at all events," said Timothy, laughing; "for he had the bill in his hand, and concealed it the moment you asked for it."

In about ten minutes the landlord re-appeared, and presenting the bill upon a salver, made his bow and retired. I looked it over, it amounted to £104, which, for little more than three weeks, was pretty well. Timothy shrugged up his shoulders, while I ran over the items. "I do not see that there is any thing to complain of, Tim," observed I, when I came to the bottom of it; "but I do see that living here, with the major keeping me an open house, will never do. Let us see how much money we have left."

Tim brought the dressing case in which our cash was deposited, and we found, that after paying the waiters, and a few small bills not yet liquidated, that our whole stock was reduced to fifty shillings.

"Merciful heaven! what an escape," cried Timothy; "if it had not been for this new supply, what should we have done?"

"Very badly, Timothy; but the money is well spent, after all. I have now entrance into the first circles. I can do without Major Carbonnell; at all events, I shall quit this hotel, and take furnished apartments, and live at the clubs. I know how to put him off."

I laid the money on the salver, and desired Timothy to ring for the landlord, when who should come up but the major and Harcourt. "Why, Newland! what are you going to do with that money?" said the major.

"I am paying my bill, major."

"Paying your bill, indeed; let us see—£104. O this is a confounded imposition. You mustn't pay this." At this moment the landlord entered. "Mr. Wallace," said the major, "my friend Mr. Newland was about, as you may see, to pay you the whole of your demand; but allow me to observe, that being my very particular friend, and the Piazza having been particularly recommended by me, I do think that your charges are somewhat exorbitant. I shall certainly advise Mr. Newland to leave the house to-morrow, if you are not more reasonable."

"Allow me to observe, major, that my reason for sending for my bill, was to pay it before I went into the country, which I must do to-morrow, for a few days."

"Then I shall certainly recommend Mr. Newland not to come here when he returns, Mr. Wallace, for I hold myself, to a certain degree, after the many dinners we have ordered here, and of which I have partaken, as I may say, *particeps criminis*, or in other words, as having been a party to this extortion. Indeed, Mr. Wallace, some reduction must be made, or you will greatly hurt the credit of your house."

Mr. Wallace declared, that really he had made nothing

but the usual charges; that he would look over the bill again, and see what he could do.

"My dear Newland," said the major, "I have ordered your dinners, allow me to settle your bill. Now, Mr. Wallace, suppose we take off *one-third* ?"

"One-*third*, Major Carbonnell! I should be a loser."

"I am not exactly of your opinion; but let me see—now take your choice. Take off £20, or you lose my patronage, and that of all my friends. Yes or no ?"

The landlord, with some expostulation, at last consented, and he receipted the bill, leaving £20 of the money on the salver, made his bow, and retired.

"Rather fortunate that I slipped in, my dear Newland; now there are £20 saved. By-the-by, I'm short of cash. You've no objection to let me have this? I shall never pay you, you know."

"I do know you *never* will pay me, major; nevertheless, as I should have paid it to the landlord had you not interfered, I will lend it to you."

"You are a good fellow, Newland," said the major, pocketing the money. "If I had borrowed it, and you had thought you would have had it repaid, I should not have thanked you; but as you lend me with your eyes open, it is nothing more than a very delicate manner of obliging me, and I tell you candidly, that I will not forget it. So you really are off to-morrow ?"

"Yes," replied I, "I must go, for I find that I am not to make ducks and drakes of my money, until I come into possession of my property."

"I see, my dear fellow. Executors are the very devil; they have no feeling. Never mind; there's a way of getting to windward of them. I dine with Harcourt, and he has come to ask you to join us."

"With pleasure."

"I shall expect you at seven, Newland," said Harcourt, as he quitted the room with the major.

"Dear me, sir, how could you let that gentleman walk off with your money ?" cried Timothy. "I was just rubbing my hands with the idea that we were £20 better off than we thought, and away it went, like smoke."

"And will never come back again, Tim; but never mind that, it is important that I make a friend of him, and his friendship is only to be bought. I shall have value received. And now, Tim, we must pack up, for I leave this to-morrow morning. I shall go down to ———, and see little Fleta."

I dined with Harcourt; the major was rather curious to know what it was which appeared to flurry Lord Windermear, and what had passed between us. I told him that his lordship was displeased on money matters, but that all was right, only that I must be more careful for the future. "Indeed, major, I think I shall take lodgings. I shall be more comfortable, and better able to receive my friends."

Harcourt agreed with me, that it was a much better plan, when the major observed, "Why, Newland, I have a room quite at your service; suppose you come and live with me ?"

"I am afraid I shall not save by that," replied I, laughing, "for you will not pay your share of the bills."

"No, upon my honour I will not; so I give you fair warning; but as I always dine with you when I do not dine elsewhere, it will be a saving to you—for you will *save your lodgings*, Newland; and you know the house is my own, and I let off the rest of it; so, as far as that bill is concerned, you will be safe."

"Make the best bargain you can, Newland," said Harcourt; "accept his offer, for depend upon it, it will be a saving in the end."

"It certainly deserves consideration," replied I; "and the major's company must be allowed to have its due weight in the scale; if Carbonnell will promise to be a little more economical———"

"I will, my dear fellow—I will act as your steward, and make your money last as long as I can, for my own *sake*, as well as yours. Is it a bargain? I have plenty of room for your servant, and if he will assist me a little, I will discharge my own." I then consented to the arrangement.

The next day I went to the banker's, drew out £150, and set off with Timothy for ———. Fleta threw herself into my arms, and sobbed with joy. When I told her Timothy was outside, and wished to see her, she asked why he did not come in; and, to show how much she had been accustomed to see, without making remarks, when he made his appearance in his livery, she did not by her countenance express the least surprise, nor, indeed, did she put any questions to me on the subject. The lady who kept the school praised her very much for docility and attention, and shortly after left the room. Fleta then took the chain from around her neck into her hand, and told me that she did recollect something about it, which was, that the lady whom she remembered, wore a long pair of ear-rings of the same make and materials. She could not, however, call to mind any thing else. I remained with the little girl for three hours, and then returned to London—moved my luggage, and installed myself into the apartments of Major Carbonnell.

The major adhered to his promise; we certainly lived well, for he could not live otherwise; but in every other point, he was very careful not to add to expense. The season was now over, and every body of consequence quitted the metropolis. To remain in town would be to lose caste, and we had a conference where we should proceed.

"Newland," said the major, "you have created a sensation this season, which has done great honour to my patronage; but I trust next spring, that I shall see you form a good alliance, for believe me, out of the many heartless beings we have mingled with, there are still not only daughters, but mothers, who are not influenced by base and sordid views."

"Why, Carbonnell, I never heard you venture upon so long a moral speech before."

"True, Newland, and it may be a long while before I do so again; the world is my oyster, which I must open, that I may live; but recollect, I am only trying to recover my own, which the world has swindled me out of. There was a time when I was even more disinterested, more confiding, and more innocent, than you were when I first took you in hand. I suffered, and was ruined by my good qualities; and I now live and do well by having discarded them. We must fight the world with its own weapons; but still, as I said before, there is some good in it, some pure ore amongst the dross; and it is possible to find high rank and large fortune, and at the same time an innocent mind. If you do marry I will try hard but you shall possess both; not that fortune can be of much consequence to you."

"Depend upon it, Carbonnell, I never will marry without fortune."

"I did not know that I had schooled you so well; be it so—it is but fair that you should expect it; and it shall be an item in the match if I have any thing to do with it."

"But why are you so anxious that I should marry, Carbonnell ?"

"Because I think you will, in all probability, avoid the gaming table, which I should have taken you to myself had you been in possession of your fortune when I first knew you, and have had my share of your plucking; but now I do know you, I have that affection for you, that I think it better you should not lose your all; for observe, Newland, my share of your spoliation would not be more than what I have, and may still receive from you; and if you marry and settle down, there will always be a good house and a good table for me, as long as I find favour with your wife; and at all events, a friend in

need, that I feel convinced of. So now you have my reasons; some smack of the disinterestedness of former days, others of my present worldliness; you may believe which you please." And the major laughed as he finished his speech.

"Carbonnell," replied I, "I will believe that the better feelings predominate—that the world has made you what you are; and that you have been ruined by the world, you would have been disinterested and generous; even now, your real nature often gains the ascendancy, and I am sure that in all that you have done, which is not defensible, your poverty, and not your will has consented. Now, blunted by habit and time, the suggestions of conscience do not often give you any uneasiness."

"You are very right, my dear fellow," replied the major; "and in having a better opinion of me than the world in general, you do me, I trust, no more than justice. I will not squander *your* fortune, when you come to it, if I can help it; and you'll allow that's a very handsome promise on my part."

"I'll defy you to squander my fortune," replied I, laughing.

"Nay, don't defy me, Newland, for if you do, you'll put me on my mettle. Above all, don't lay me a bet, for that will be still more dangerous. We have only spent about four hundred of the thousand since we have have lived together, which I consider highly economical. What do you say, shall we go to Cheltenham? You will find plenty of Irish girls, looking out for husbands, who will give you a warm reception."

"I hate your fortune and establishment hunters," replied I.

"I grant that they are looking out for a good match, so are all the world; but let me do them justice. Although, if you proposed, in three days they would accept you; yet once married, they make the very best wives in the world. But recollect we must go somewhere; and I think Cheltenham is as good a place as any other. I do not mean for a wife, but——it will suit my own views."

The last observation decided me, and in a few days we were at Cheltenham; and having made our appearance at the rooms, were soon in the vortex of society. "Newland," said Carbonnell, "I dare say you find time hang rather heavy in this monotonous place."

"Not at all," replied I; "what with dining out, dancing, and promenading, I do very well."

"But we must do better. Tell me, are you a good hand at whist?"

"Not by any means. Indeed, I hardly know the game."

"It is a fashionable and necessary accomplishment. I must make you master of it, and our mornings shall be dedicated to the work."

"Agreed," replied I; and from that day every morning after breakfast till four o'clock, the major and I were shut up, playing two dummies, under his instruction. Adept as he was, I very soon learnt all the finesse and beauty of the game.

"You will do now, Newland," said the major one morning, tossing the cards away. "Recollect if you are asked to play, and I have agreed, do not refuse; but we must always play against each other."

"I don't see what we shall gain by that," replied I; "for if I win you'll lose."

"Never do you mind that, only follow my injunctions, and play as high as they choose. We only stay here three weeks longer, and must make the most of our time."

I confess I was quite puzzled at what might be the major's intentions; but that night we sauntered into the club. Not having made our appearance before, we were considered as new hands by those who did not know the major, and were immediately requested to make up a game. "Upon my word, gentlemen, in the first place, I play very badly," replied the major; "and in the next," continued he, laughing, "if I lose, I never shall pay you, for I am cleaned out."

The way in which the major said this only excited a smile; he was not believed, and I was also requested to take a hand. "I'll not play with the major," observed I, "for he plays badly, and has bad luck into the bargain; I might as well lay my money down on the table."

This was agreed to by the other parties, and we sat down. The first rubber of short whist was won by the major and his partner; with the bets it amounted to eighteen pounds. I pulled out my purse to pay the major; but he refused, saying, "No, Newland, pay my partner; and with you, sir," said he, addressing my partner, "I will allow the debt to remain until we rise from the table. Newland, we are not going to let you off yet, I can tell you."

I paid my eighteen pounds, and we recommenced. Although his partner did not perhaps observe it, for he was but an indifferent player, or if he did observe it, had the politeness not to say any thing, the major now played very badly. He lost three rubbers one after another, and with bets and stakes, they amounted to one hundred and forty pounds. At the end of the last rubber he threw up the cards, exclaiming against his luck, and declaring that he would play no more. "How are we now, sir?" said he to my partner.

"You owed me, I think, eighteen pounds."

"Eighteen from one hundred and forty, leaves one hundred and twenty-two pounds, which I now owe you. You must, I'm afraid, allow me to be your debtor," continued the major, in a most insinuating manner. "I did not come here with the intention of playing. I presume I shall find you here to-morrow night."

The gentlemen bowed, and appeared quite satisfied. Major Carbonnell's partner paid me one hundred and forty pounds, which I put in my pocket book, and we quitted the club.

As soon as we were in the street, I commenced an enquiry as to the major's motives. "Not one word, my dear fellow, until we are at home," replied he. As soon as we arrived, he threw himself in a chair, and crossing his legs, commenced:—"You observe, Newland, that I am very careful that you should do nothing to injure your character. As for my own, all the honesty in the world will not redeem it; nothing but a peerage will ever set me right again in this world, and a coronet will cover a multitude of sins. I have thought it my duty to add something to our finances, and intend to add very considerably to them before we leave Cheltenham. You have won one hundred and twenty-eight pounds."

"Yes," replied I; "but you have lost it."

"Granted; but as in most cases I never mean *to pay* my losses, you see that it must be a winning speculation as long as we play against each other."

"I perceive," replied I; "but am not I a confederate?"

"No; you paid when you lost, and took your money when you won. Leave me to settle my own debts of honour."

"But you will meet him again to-morrow night."

"Yes, and I will tell you why. I never thought it possible that we could have met two such bad players at the club. We must now play against them, and we must win in the long run; by which means I shall pay off the debt I owe him, and you will win and pocket money."

"Ah," replied I, "if you mean to allow him a chance for his money, I have no objection—that will be all fair."

"Depend upon it, Newland, when I know that people play as badly as they do, I will not refuse them; but when we sit down with others, it must be as it was before—we must play against each other, and I shall *owe*

the money. I told the fellow that I never would pay him."

"Yes; but he thought you were only joking."

"That is his fault—I was in earnest. I could not have have managed this had it not been that you are known to be a young man of ten thousand pounds per annum, and supposed to be my dupe. I tell you so candidly; and now, good night."

I turned the affair over in my mind as I undressed—it was not honest—but I paid when I lost, and I only took the money when I won—still I did not like it; but the bank notes caught my eye as they lay on the table, and——I was satisfied. Alas! how easy are scruples removed when we want money! How many are there who when in a state of prosperity and affluence, when not tried by temptation would have blushed at the bare idea of a dishonest action, who have raised and held up their hands in abhorrence, when they have heard that others have been found guilty; and yet, when in adversity, have themselves committed the very acts which before they so loudly condemned! How many of the other sex, who have expressed their indignation and contempt at those who have fallen, who, when tempted, have fallen themselves! Let us therefore be charitable; none of us can tell to what we may be reduced by circumstances; and when we acknowledge that the error is great, let us feel sorrow and pity rather than indignation, and pray that we also may not be "*led into temptation.*"

As agreed upon, the next evening we repaired to the club, and found the two gentlemen ready to receive us. This time the major refused to play unless it was with me, as I had such good fortune, and no difficulty was made by our opponents. We sat down and played till four o'clock in the morning. At first, notwithstanding our good play, fortune favoured our adversaries; but the luck soon changed, and the result of the evening was, that the major had a balance in his favour of forty pounds, and I rose a winner of one hundred and seventy-one pounds, so that in two nights we had won three hundred and forty-two pounds. For nearly three weeks this continued, the major not paying when not convenient, and we quitted Cheltenham with about eight hundred pounds in our pockets; the major having paid about one hundred and twenty pounds to different people who frequented the club; but they were Irishmen, who were not to be trifled with. I proposed to the major that we should pay those debts, as there still would be a large surplus: he replied, "Give me the money." I did so. "Now," continued he, "so far your scruples are removed, as you will have been strictly honest; but, my dear fellow, if you knew how many debts of this sort are due to me, of which I never did touch one farthing, you would feel as I do—that it is excessively foolish to *part with money.* I have them all booked here, and may some day pay—when convenient; but, at present, most decidedly it is not so." The major put the notes into his pocket, and the conversation was dropped.

The next morning we had ordered our horses, when Timothy came up to me, and made a sign, as we were at breakfast, for me to come out. I followed him.

"Oh! sir, I could not help telling you, but there is a gentleman with——"

"With what?" replied I, hastily.

"With your *nose*, sir, exactly—and in other respects very like you—just about the age your father should be."

"Where is he, Timothy?" replied I, all my feelings in 'search of my father,' rushing into my mind.

"Down below, sir, about to set off in a post-chariot and four, now waiting at the door."

I ran down with my breakfast napkin in my hand, and hastened to the portico of the hotel—he was in his carriage, and the porter was then shutting the door. I looked at him. He was as Timothy said, *very like* me indeed, the *nose* exact. I was breathless, and I continued to gaze.

"All right," cried the ostler.

"I beg your pardon, sir——," said I, addressing the gentleman in the carriage, who perceiving a napkin in my hand, probably took me for one of the waiters, for he replied very abruptly, 'I have remembered you;' and pulling up the glass, away wheeled the chariot, the nave of the hind wheel striking me a blow on the thigh which numbed it so, that it was with difficulty I could limp up to our apartments, when I threw myself on the sofa in a state of madness and despair.

"Good heavens, Newland, what is the matter?" cried the major.

"Matter," replied I, faintly. "I have seen my father."

"Your father, Newland, you must be mad. He was dead before you could recollect him—at least so you told me. How then, even if it were his ghost, could you have recognised him?"

The major's remarks reminded me of the imprudence I had been guilty of.

"Major," replied I, "I believe I am very absurd; but he was so like me, and I have so often longed after my father, so long wished to see him face to face—that—that—I'm a great fool, that's the fact."

"You must go to the next world, my good fellow, to meet him face to face, that's clear; and I presume, upon a little consideration, you will feel inclined to postpone your journey. Very often in your sleep I have heard you talk about your father, and wondered why you should think so much about him."

"I cannot help it," replied I. "From my earliest days my father has ever been in my thoughts."

"I can only say, that very few sons are half so dutiful to their fathers' memories—but finish your breakfast, and then we start for London."

I complied with his request as well as I could, and we were soon on our road. I fell into a reverie—my object was to again find out this person, and I quietly directed Timothy to ascertain from the post-boys the directions he gave at the last stage. The major perceiving me not inclined to talk, made but few observations; one, however, struck me. "Windermear," said he, "I recollect one day, when I was praising you, said carelessly, 'that you were a fine young man, but a *little tête montée* upon one point.' I see now it must have been upon this." I made no reply, but it certainly was a strange circumstance that the major never had any suspicions from this point—yet he certainly never had. We had once or twice talked over my affairs. I had led him to suppose that my father and mother died in my infancy, and that I should have had a large fortune when I came of age; but this had been entirely by indirect replies, not by positive assertions: the fact was, that the major, who was an adept in all deceit, never had an idea that he could have been deceived by one so young, so prepossessing, and apparently so ingenuous as myself. He had, in fact, deceived himself. His ideas of my fortune arose entirely from my asking him, whether he would have refused the name of *Japhet* for ten thousand pound per annum. Lord Windermear, after having introduced me, did not consider it at all necessary to acquaint the major with my real history, as it was imparted to him in confidence. He allowed matters to take their course, and me to work my own way in the world. Thus do the most cunning overreach themselves, and with their eyes open to any deceit on the part of others, prove quite blind when they deceive themselves.

Timothy could not obtain any intelligence from the people of the inn at the last stage, except that the chariot had proceeded to London. We arrived late at night, and, much exhausted, I was glad to go to bed.

From the United Service Journal.

TRADITIONS OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

NO. III.

We have this month the satisfaction of presenting to our readers the first portion of a narrative, which comprehends not only some striking historical details, but a good deal of stirring adventure. The original is contained in a series of letters addressed by the author to his sister, with which we have taken no other liberty than here and there to alter an expression, and to omit the customary head and tail pieces of epistolary communications. We do not know whether there be any members of the old 71st regiment now alive, but if there be, the name of the writer, which we are requested to conceal, will be no secret to them. For ourselves we lament that any restrictions in this respect should be imposed on us, where none, we are quite sure, can be necessary. But all men have their prejudices.

On the 21st of April, 1776, the Frazer Highlanders—then numbered as the 71st regiment of the line—embarked at Greenock on board of a fleet destined for North America. The battle of Bunker's Hill having been by this time fought, and the last hope of an amicable arrangement between the mother country and the colonies laid aside, it was deemed advisable, by those at the head of affairs, to send over without delay as large a force as possible; and as there were but few old corps disposable for service, even regiments, which, like our own, had not yet completed their first drill, were directed to hold themselves in readiness. I had then the honour to rank as a lieutenant in the 71st, having, like most of my brother officers, raised men for my commission; and am, therefore, enabled to speak with confidence both as to the condition of the regiment and the temper and feelings of the men composing it. The latter were excellent, nothing, indeed, could be superior; for the recruits, having been collected chiefly from the lands of their chief, were, with few exceptions, young, able-bodied, and full of attachment to their superiors, whom, for the most part, they followed from motives of hereditary affection. But the former was, according to the criterion of the horse guards, bad enough. As a battalion, indeed, we knew nothing. Not only were we ignorant of the most common field-movements, but the very manual and platoon exercise was strange to us; yet we obeyed the order of embarkation with the highest satisfaction, and looked forward to what might rise out of it without a shadow of distrust.

For some time after clearing the Frith of Clyde, no occurrence befel worthy of being recorded. A large convoy always moves slowly; and as our fleet consisted of upwards of a hundred sail, including store-ships, transports, and a due allotment of men-of-war, we made no exception to the general rule. Nevertheless both officers and soldiers turned even delay to good account, and bore it with philosophic equanimity. The greater portion of every fine day was devoted to giving the men some knowledge of such portions of their duty as could be explained to them on board of ship. In the first place they were trained to obey the word of command when uttered in English—a language of which, when they first joined, they knew nothing. In the next place, they were taught to face, and wheel, and even to march, to handle their arms with gracefulness, and to fire; while occasionally an attempt was made to deploy from such a column as the narrow quarter-deck of a transport would admit of, into such a line as was compatible with a rolling sea. I must confess that the result of the latter manœuvre was generally to set both men and officers laughing, and that, after repeated trials, it was laid aside.

We had accomplished, according to the skipper's reckoning, the better half of our voyage, when the heavens became black with clouds, and a furious storm set in. How it fared with other vessels we could not tell, for we were driven before the wind with a rapidity which caused us from hour to hour to calculate on foundering, till every trace of convoy and partners was lost. The misery which we endured during the continuance of that gale I shall never forget. Indifferently provisioned at the best, and crowded even in fine weather, our condition throughout three days and nights, of closed hatches and cold stoves, may be imagined but cannot be described. At last, however, the fury of the elements became exhausted; and the heavy rolling swell which always succeeds a tempest wore itself out; so that the men began again to emerge, like ghosts out of their graves, from between decks. But such a change in their appearance! Pale, filthy, and sick with long confinement and the motion of the vessel, their mothers would have scarcely recognised the fine young Highlanders whom they had brought into the world; nor were the youths themselves by any means disposed to think that, in ushering them into a state of so much trouble and annoyance, their mothers had done right. But the sorrows of a recruit are seldom very deep seated. A few fine days brought back their accustomed light-heartedness, and the bagpipe, though blown by a half-starved piper, soon put metal again into the heels of many a half-starved dancer.

We were now alone in the middle of the Atlantic. Of the fleet not a vestige could be descried, and as far as the eye could reach over the wide ocean, there appeared nothing like a sail between us and the horizon. No apprehensions were, however, excited by that circumstance, for, except with the colonies, England was not yet at war; and even America could be said to be rather in a state of commotion than of open rebellion. Still when, on the second day, after the return of fair weather, a vessel hove in sight, our commanding officer considered it prudent to load the four pieces which encumbered our deck, and to fill the men's pouches with musket ammunition. This done, we held our course, and as they still edged towards us, the lapse of two hours or something more brought us within eye-shot of each other. She proved to be one of our late consorts, filled, like our own ship, with a detachment of troops. Our greetings, so soon as a communication was established, were cordial enough. Something like a consultation likewise was held between the senior officers in each vessel, as to the course which it would be judicious to follow; and they agreed that they could not do better than bear up for Boston, that being the port to which, when we quitted Greenock, the expedition was understood to be directed.

Time passed, and on the 16th of June, almost two months from the date of our embarkation on the Clyde, the look-out seamen, from the mast-head, greeted our ears with the joyful tidings of land on the larboard bow. Every soldier who has been long pent up on board of ship knows with what delight such an announcement is received. We strain our eyes in the direction pointed out, and if there be nothing else to reward the exertion, we fancy in every cloud, or even in the line of the horizon itself, that we behold the forms of a coast. And as the ship moves on, and the land breeze meets us, we perceive, or persuade ourselves that we perceive, perfumes, in comparison with which all the odours of Ara-

bia would be, under other circumstances, counted tame. Nor, in minor matters, are there many grievances more vexatious, than that the night should close in without giving to persons so circumstanced a full prospect of the shores to which their wishes pant. On the present occasion, however, we had not to complain on that score, for the breeze, though light, was favourable; and bore us along, if not as rapidly as our impatience desired, yet, as the event proved, too much so for our ultimate satisfaction.

The shores of North America are, in almost all directions, singularly low and uninteresting, and the point towards which we were steering differed little in this respect from other portions of coast; for the land hung for some time cloud-like over the water, and when it did assume a definite form, it was that of low sand-hills loosely covered with pines. This, however, gradually changed its character, till Cape Cod, with its sharp promontory, had been left behind; after which the rocks and islets, which lie scattered in beautiful disorder through Boston Bay, rose one by one into view. By and by Long Island pushed itself forward, like an advanced guard to the town, which covered, in a somewhat straggling manner, the tongue of a peninsula; and, finally, we found ourselves under a dying breeze, and with a tide running strongly against us, in the centre of Nantucket Roads. There, at the distance of three quarters of a mile from a redoubt or battery that protected the island, we cast anchor; happy in the assurance that ere four-and-twenty hours should have run their course, we should be snugly settled beside our comrades on terra firma.

It had been remarked by some of us, while the vessel held her course, not without surprise, that matters were not altogether in the condition which we had expected to witness in such a place as Boston Bay. No light cruisers had met us as we approached the cape, nor, as far as we could discern, were there any symptoms of a fleet either in the inner or the outer harbour. When we looked again to the telegraph station, we could discover no movement indicating the vigilance of those who kept it, or denoting that a strange sail was in sight. The might of the battery also slumbered, and our ensign received no salute. This was curious enough, for the customs of the service required that, in time of war, no vessel should cast anchor in a British roadstead till her name should have been made known, and the object of her coming notified. Still we could not doubt that we were in a British roadstead, nor were plausible answers wanting, as often as any, more curious than the rest, ventured to ask why so unsatisfactory a course should have been pursued. But our anxiety, if such it may be called, was not destined to be of very long continuance. Our sails were clewed up; our anchor plunged heavily into the water; the cable was veered out, and the vessel swung head to the tide,—when a solution to such misgivings as might yet linger in the minds of the most incredulous was not very agreeably afforded.

The men were clustering in the forecastle, and the officers leaning over the taffrail, with glasses turned towards the town, when a flash from the battery on the island, followed by an instantaneous report, caused us to look up. We had scarce done so, when a ball, after touching the water once or twice in its course, buried itself in a swell of the sea, just under our stern. We stared with astonishment one upon another, for the signal—if such it was—had been very awkwardly managed; but ere a word had been exchanged, another and another gun was fired, the shots from which passed some ahead, some far over, and one right through the shrouds, so as to cut away several of the ratlins. "This is a rough reception," said our commanding officer; "and devil take me if I don't see into it." The sentence, however, was as yet incomplete, when the whole mystery received its solution. "By G—d," exclaimed the skipper, "that is no union jack,"—and no union jack was it, sure enough. The thirteen stripes with the thirteen stars ornamented the flag-staff—a piece of coarse bunting having been slowly run up while the cannon were firing; and we were taught to our sorrow that we had laid ourselves in a position which admirably suited us to act as a mark for the inexperienced of the enemy's gunners to practise upon.

Thick and fast came now the shot, against which we had nothing in the world to oppose; for our miserable 4-pounders were too light to make an impression even on a fieldwork, and our distance from the shore was too great to permit of musketry being made available. Neither were our chances of escape at all satisfactory. The breeze had died wholly away, so that our sails, had we hoisted them, would have hung useless as gossamer-webs from the masts; while the run of the tide gave us the comfortable assurance that, in the event of our cable being cut, we should be carried directly ashore, under the very muzzles of the guns which now played upon us. To lie, on the other hand, where we were, was to become consenting parties to our own destruction; for, having got the range, the Yankees struck us either in the hull or rigging, at almost every discharge. Under such circumstances, the commandant gave orders that the cable should be cut, and the chances taken (and desperate indeed they were) that the ship might drift round the point, and so escape into the open sea; but no such good fortune attended us. We drifted, it is true, so soon as the cable parted, but it was not to a place of safety; for there were numerous sand-banks in the channel, and on one of these we struck. If our plight had been evil before, it was now a thousand times worse. We lay exposed to the enemy's battery; and merciless was the accuracy with which the people who manned it took advantage of our untoward situation.

As yet very few lives had been lost. Repeatedly the ship was hulled, and our mainmast, severely wounded in two places, threatened, should a third shot take effect, to go by the board; yet only three men had fallen, of whom one was a sailor. Though galled and annoyed, therefore, we did not think of surrendering; when, suddenly, a numerous flotilla, consisting of schooners, launches, and row-boats of the most formidable size, put off from the town. Onwards they came, and our glasses soon made us aware that they were all crowded with men; nor did many minutes elapse ere ample proof was given that most of the craft had cannon. They took up a position in line exactly abaft our beam; and while the shore battery raked us from stem to stern, they poured whole volleys of round and grape across our quarter. Our commandant, so far from giving way under this accumulation of evils, seemed to take courage from it. He caused the ship's guns to be traversed aft, and answered the enemy's salute with admirable spirit, though, as the event proved, to but little purpose. But such a combat could not long be maintained. Seeing that our fire produced no visible effect, and perceiving that his men began to fall fast around him; warned also by the skipper, that the transport was so riddled as to render it impossible for her to float after the tide should have turned, Colonel Campbell reluctantly gave the word to strike: and our flag, which had hitherto floated both at the peak and from the mainmast head, was, with inexpressible

mortification, hauled down. We shrugged up our shoulders as we gazed on one another, and felt that we were prisoners.

I cannot pretend to describe what were my own sensations, far less the sensations of others, after this humiliating ceremony was gone through. Had we suffered our present fate, under almost any other circumstances; had we been taken in the field, or fallen with some town or fort, there would have been this at least to console us, that to such a destiny all soldiers are liable, and that all ought to be prepared for it. But to run, as it were, with eyes open, into the lion's mouth; to be taken through our own negligence, or rather through the negligence of those whose duty it was to have provided against the possible occurrence of such a misfortune; and, above all, to become captives at the very outset of our career, ere an opportunity had been afforded of striking one blow for freedom; these were reflections which brought with them no comfort. We hung down our heads, like men who had disgraced themselves; for though we were all conscious that nothing had happened which either courage or skill could have averted, even that consideration went for nothing under the painful excitement of the moment.

Our flag was lowered, yet even the poor recompense of an immediate exemption from personal danger was not afforded. Whether the smoke which, in a dead calm, rolled off heavily from the ship, obscured us, or whether, as in the bitterness of our chagrin, we were inclined to believe, the enemy saw, without regarding, our condition, I cannot tell; but for several minutes after all opposition on our part had ceased, they continued their fire. Shot after shot struck us, till there arose at last a wild cry, in which all ranks participated, that it would be better to perish like men, with arms in our hands, than thus stand idly to be mowed down by those who seemed determined to give no quarter. "Out with the boats!" was now heard from various quarters. "The island is not far off; let us make a dash at the battery; and if we cannot carry it, let us at all events sell our lives as dearly as we can." But the utter hopelessness of such an attempt did not escape Colonel Campbell's consideration. He therefore exerted himself to soothe his irritated followers, and sending most of them below, continued himself to walk the deck with the utmost composure.

When a fortress or a ship surrenders, it is in accordance with the laws of war, that all arms, stores, and military implements contained in it, shall be handed over, exactly as they are, to the conquerors. Of this we were well aware; nor, when we hauled down our flag, was there the slightest intention on the part of any one on board to contravene the custom. But furious, at what they regarded as a wanton disregard of the dictates of humanity, our soldiers no sooner found themselves below, than they ran to the arm-racks. In five minutes there was not a musket there of which the stock was not broken across. The belts, cartouch-boxes, and bayonets, likewise were caught up, and all, together with the fragments of the firelocks, were cast into the sea.

Had Colonel Campbell been aware of what was going on, he would have doubtless put a stop to it; for he was a strict disciplinarian as well as a man of rigid honour; but the work of destruction went forward so rapidly, that long ere a whisper reached him there remained nothing further to be done. When, however, the enraged soldiers made a movement to throw the cannon likewise overboard, he withstood them; nor would he permit a particle of the spare ammunition in store to be injured. But his fair dealing in this instance was wasted; he saved the ship's guns, it is true, but he did not succeed in creating a belief among the Americans that he was not a party to the destruction of the men's muskets.

The enemy had continued their cannonade about a quarter of an hour, and several of our comrades had fallen under it, when they seemed to have discovered all at once, that our colours were not flying. The firing accordingly ceased; and a boat pushing ahead of their line, approached within hail to demand whether we had surrendered. We replied of course in the affirmative; upon which a signal was hung out for the flotilla to advance. The whole moved forward till they surrounded us on all hands, and sending their boarders over the chains, our decks were crowded with people, whose dress and language equally gave proof that they belonged to no regular service, naval or military. Such a cut-throat looking crew never indeed came together, except under the bloody flag of some fierce rover. There were landsmen in round frocks, with carving-knives stuck by their sides in place of daggers; there were militia men in all manner of dresses, armed with long duck-guns; and there were seamen—hardy and brave I do not doubt—but as ferocious in their bearing as if piracy were their profession, and life and death matters of no importance where interest came in the way. The latter were chiefly equipped with pistols and cutlasses, which they brandished with an air of insolent triumph, as uncalled for as it was unbecoming.*

Upon the scene which followed I gladly draw a veil, for it was such as I cannot think of without disgust. Irritated by the destruction of our arms, and indignant at what they were pleased to term our presumption in resisting a foe so superior, the miscreants forgot what was due, not so much to us as to themselves. They loaded us with scorn and insults,—stripped us of every valuable,—threatened to tie up the officers to the gratings,—and beat the men with the flats of their swords: indeed, in more than one instance it occurred that the edge of the cutlass was used, and that severe, if not dangerous wounds, were inflicted. Finally, they drove us, like a herd of oxen, on board of their small craft, and sent us, without a single article of baggage, to be towed in the schooners into Boston. This done, they plundered the transport of every thing contained in it, whether of public property or belonging to individuals; and finding on examination that it would not float, they summed up all by setting it on fire.

As there was a strong tide against us, and the schooners overloaded with heavy cannon went much by the head, our progress towards the landing place proved slow; indeed the sun had set some time ere we gained the extreme edge of the Long Wharf. To say the truth, we experienced little mortification at the circumstance. Though not without curiosity as to the appearance of a town in which we had anticipated a very different reception, we were content to postpone its gratification, rather than become in open day, objects of impertinent remark to the rabble, who, we could not doubt, were assembled to greet us. Nor were we deceived in this expectation. The whole extent of the wharf was crowded with men, women, and children, all on foot to witness the arrival of the British prisoners, and all anxious to testify by their hootings and yells, how cordial was the abhorrence in which they held us. Through that crowd we were marched, our guards, as it appeared to us, being more anxious to exhibit the trophies of their own valour, than to protect the captives from insult; and having passed

* A British account, truly!—*Ed Mss.*

several streets, some of them tolerably capacious, we arrived ere long at a massy building which we were given to understand was the common jail. Into it the officers were thrust; while the men were moved off to a meeting-house hard by, where, under the close surveillance of a military guard, they passed the night.

People circumstanced as we then were, are not generally inclined to indulge much in conversation; though there were four of us together, the tenants of one small apartment, little of the spirit of companionship reigned among us. If our feelings were not precisely the same, there was nothing in the manner of one which contrasted in a remarkable degree with that of another. When we spoke at all it was in brief sentences,—from which all that could be gathered was, that we were equally miserable,—and even the important question, though occasionally broached—namely, how it behoved us to act relative to our parole, received that night slender consideration. It is worthy of remark that our captors took no pains to lighten our sorrows, or to reconcile us to our fate. We saw no one from the moment of our incarceration except the jailer, and neither supper nor beds were offered to us.

In this comfortless manner the night wore away, what little sleep any of us obtained being snatched upon the bare boards; but the morrow brought with it a change of circumstances considerably for the better. As if ashamed of the conduct of his subalterns, Colonel Thomas Crofts, the governor of the place, sent his aide-de-camp to assure us, that nothing but the lateness of the hour at which we arrived would have induced him to permit our being lodged in prison even for a single night; and that he was now ready either to release us on the customary terms, or to transfer us to a more commodious as well as respectable place of safe-keeping. We were at the same time invited to become his guests at breakfast; and offered every accommodation in the way of money and apparel of which we might stand in need. Now, as ours was not a situation in which it would have been prudent to indulge anything like bad humour, we agreed to gulp, as well as we could, the treatment of the past night; and followed without hesitation his well-bred messenger to the governor's quarters. But the subject of parole required further consideration, and both the aide-de-camp and his chief were too considerate to insist on a hasty determination.

The kind of reception which met us on our first arrival in Boston, had been such as to impress us with an unfavourable opinion of the American character: the behaviour of Colonel Crofts, and of the gentlemen attached to his household, went far to remove it. The former was not only hospitable and kind, but thoroughly well-bred. He apologised for the rudeness to which we had been subjected, and accounted for it by explaining, that we had fallen into the hands of privateersmen and other desperadoes, over whom his control was much more nominal than real. He hinted, indeed, that the breaking of the arms by our men was not quite fair, though he at once gave credit to our assertion that the officers had no hand in it; and he wound up all by alluding to the benefit which the republican cause had obtained, by the removal, from among its enemies, of so many gallant soldiers. In a word, he exerted himself so much to purpose, and made himself so agreeable, that whatever reserve it had been our purpose to maintain gradually melted away; and we were, before the conclusion of the meal, as completely at our ease, as if our acquaintance had been of a year's standing.

Among other topics of conversation it was natural that allusion should be made to the circumstances which led to our capture. We learned that General Howe, unable to maintain himself in Boston, had withdrawn so long ago as the preceding April. He had, however, stationed a cruiser in Nantucket Sound in order that stragglers from England and elsewhere might not run into danger. But the cruiser, overpowered by the fire of the same battery which had done us so much damage, had been forced off the coast only three days previous to our arrival; and as we unfortunately came up ere another had come to relieve her, we ran head foremost into the toils. This was but poor consolation to us; neither were we made happy by the narrative which the governor gave, of the views, both political and military, which marked the opening of the contest. Nevertheless we all felt, from the tone assumed by our host, that he spoke it out of no unworthy disposition to annoy. Whatever our sentiments might be in reference to others, towards himself our respect was undiminished.

All this was as it was meant to be, and the governor, seeing that he had made an impression, which was certainly not diminished by an offer to find out and to restore our private baggage, proceeded to speak on the subject of our future treatment. "It can be a matter of no moment to me," said he, "whether you avail yourselves of the indulgence of parole or not; for we have many depôts in which you can be safely kept: but for your own sakes I earnestly advise that the offer be not refused. Consider that you are at least two hundred miles from the nearest British post,—that of your recapture by force of arms there is not the most distant probability,—and that if you determine on keeping yourselves in a condition to attempt an escape whenever an opportunity shall offer,—you will lay me under the disagreeable necessity of treating you with a degree of restraint which I should be very unwilling to apply. No doubt it is mortifying to find your professional career cut short, just as the prospect of gathering laurels had opened; but the evil is without remedy, and a wise man always bends to events which he finds himself unable to control."

There was so much truth in these remarks, that, in spite of a half-formed determination to the contrary, we agreed to be guided by them. We gave our word of honour that we would not attempt to pass beyond a certain distance out of Boston, till the privilege of parole should be withdrawn, or an exchange of prisoners effected; and we became, in consequence, as much masters of our own time as was consistent with a moderate degree of surveillance. Besides, the kindness of Colonel Crofts did not end here: he caused excellent quarters to be assigned to us in the houses of certain families who were suspected of a leaning in favour of the royal cause; and he issued orders that our wants should be duly attended to, and the utmost respect paid to our persons. Here then, we were, prisoners at large, in a town famous, above all in the New World, for its hostility to the English, yet well treated both by the civil and military authorities; and with a fair prospect of spending our days among them till a war, just begun, should be brought, one way or another, to its close.

Of the manner in which my days were spent during many weeks of compulsory inaction, I kept no record. A captive among entire strangers, to whose habits and notions I found it impossible to assimilate my own, time rolled over my head as unsatisfactorily as possible; indeed, there were moments when I heartily repented that I had been cajoled into the acceptance of my parole, and pondered upon the best method of having the indulgence withdrawn. But my comrades, on all such occasions, withstood me, while they argued with great justice, that the

measure could tend only to alarm the suspicions of the enemy, and of course to bring down harsh usage upon the whole body of prisoners. Meanwhile we found what amusement we could in wandering over the town, and visiting the positions of Bunker's Hill, Breeds Hill, Dorchester, Charleston, and other points rendered memorable as the scene of recent operations. Among these, nothing struck us more forcibly than the site of the encampment which the Americans first occupied after the skirmish of Lexington. Many huts were yet standing in regular lanes or streets which crossed one another at right angles; and it was easy to perceive, that the same ingenuity which they were in the habit of excercising in the construction of their rude dwellings in the woods had been applied by the rebel heroes to the formation of their bivouac. We were forced to admit, while examining their lines, that in the use of the spade and the pickaxe—implements of war not less formidable than the musket and the cannon—our men would be no match for an enemy so skilful.

In this manner a whole month wore itself out, and listless indifference was beginning to mark the bearing of some, when an event befel which so far stood us in stead, that it furnished us, for a while, with a subject of conversation. On the 17th of July, the British officers on parole received each a card from the governor, requesting the honour of his attendance at a specified hour on the morrow, in the Town Hall. As rumours were already afloat touching the decided step that had been taken at Philadelphia, we were not without a suspicion as to the purport of this meeting; and we hesitated for a while, as to the propriety of giving the sanction of our countenance to a proceeding which we could not but regard as traitorous. Curiosity, however, got the better of scruples, which, to say the truth, were not very well founded; and it was resolved, after a brief consultation, that the invitation ought to be accepted. Accordingly, at the hour appointed, we set out, arrayed in the full dress uniform of our corps, and became witnesses to a spectacle which excited even in us feelings it would not, perhaps, be very easy to be defined. As we passed through the town, we found it thronged in all quarters with persons of every age, and both sexes. All were in their holiday suits, every eye beamed with delight, and every tongue was in rapid motion. King street, Queen-street, and the other streets adjoining the council chamber, were lined with detachments from two battalions of infantry, tolerably well equipped; while in front of the jail, a brigade of artillery was drawn up, the gunners standing by their pieces with lighted matches; nor, to do them justice, was there any admixture of insolence in the joy which seemed to animate all classes. Whether our lengthened residence among them, and the anxiety which we displayed never wantonly to offend their prejudices, had secured their esteem, or whether they considered it beneath the dignity of a grave people standing in a position so critical, to vent their spleen upon individuals entirely at their mercy, I do not know; but the marked respect with which we were treated both by soldiers and civilians could not be misunderstood. The very crowd opened a lane for us up to the door of the hall, and the troops gave us, as we mounted the steps, the salute due to officers of our rank.

On entering the hall we found it occupied by functionaries, military, civil, and ecclesiastical; among whom the same good humour and excitement prevailed, as among the people out of doors. They received us with great frankness and cordiality, and allotted to us such stations, as enabled us to witness the whole of the ceremony, which was as simple as the most republican taste could have desired. Exactly as the clock struck one, Colonel Crofts, who occupied the chair, rose, and silence being obtained, read aloud the celebrated Declaration, which announced to the world that the tie of allegiance and protection which had so long held Britain and her North American colonies together, was for ever separated. This being finished, the gentlemen stood up, and each repeating the words as they were spoken by an officer, swore to uphold, at the sacrifice of life, the rights of his country. Meanwhile the town-clerk read from a balcony the Declaration of Independence to the crowd; at the close of which, a shout, begun in the hall, passed like an electric spark to the streets, which rang with loud huzzas, the slow and measured boom of cannon, and the rattle of musketry. The batteries on Fort Hill, Dorchester Neck, the Castle, Nantucket, and Long Island, each saluted with thirteen guns—the artillery in the town fired thirteen rounds, and the infantry, scattered into thirteen divisions, poured forth thirteen volleys—all corresponding to the number of states which formed the Union. What followed may be described in a few words. There was a banquet in the council chamber, where all the richer citizens appeared—where much wine was drunk, and many appropriate toasts given. Large quantities of liquor were distributed among the mob, whose patriotism of course grew more and more warm at every draught; and when night closed in, the darkness was effectually dispelled by a general and what was termed then a splendid illumination. I need not say that we neither joined, nor were expected to join, in any of the festivities. Having sufficiently gratified our curiosity, we returned to our lodgings, and passed the remainder of the evening in a frame of mind, such as our humiliating and irksome situation might be expected to produce.

From the date of this banquet, during many, many days, our existence was like the Caspian—a sea without a tide. It is true, that the inhabitants were, after their own fashion, kind and hospitable; and that intelligence of the successes obtained by the royal arms elsewhere excited, from time to time, a faint hope that the war might roll southward, and restore us to freedom. But as week after week, and month after month stole by without bringing about the accomplishment of our wishes, we learned to feel how just is the observation of the wise man, "that hope deferred maketh the heart sick." For my own part, I became at last so desperate, so thoroughly reckless of consequences to myself and others, that I cannot tell what mad scheme I might have tried, had there not occurred at length a change in our mode of treatment, which put us, without any co-operation of ours, on our mettle. It was this:—

The winter of 1776, a season particularly severe in the latitude of Connecticut, had passed away, and the spring of 1777 was considerably advanced, when an officer of the garrison, with whom I had formed an acquaintance, made his appearance one morning at an unusually early hour, in my quarters. It was not difficult to make out, from the embarrassment in his manner, that he was the bearer of unpleasant news; and, as a matter of course, my curiosity was sharpened. I begged him to speak out; assured him, that whatever his message might be, I should never think of attributing to him any feeling but that of friendship, and declared my willingness to endure any hardships, provided only they would assure me of deliverance from the life of horrible monotony which I was now leading. My acquaintance seemed to derive great consolation from this avowal. "Then, my dear fellow," said he, "the orders of which I consider myself

unfortunate in being the bearer, will suit your fancy to a tittle. I am commanded to inform you and your brother officers, that your parole is withdrawn, and that you must make ready for an immediate march into the interior, where the accommodation afforded you will not, I am afraid, cause you to think lightly of Boston. This is very hard both upon you and us; but we are not to blame. Your chiefs have behaved with the most unjustifiable harshness to such of our officers as have fallen into their hands. Washington has remonstrated to no purpose; and now he is determined, though sorely against his principles, to try the effect of retaliation. In a word, I am sorry to tell you that one hour only will be afforded to pack your baggage, at the expiration of which you must quit this place under the care of an escort."

I assured the American officer that I not only did not lament my fate, but that I rejoiced in it; and having cordially shaken him by the hand, I ran to inform my friend Captain Menzies, with whom I principally lived, and consult with him as to what was best to be done.

For some weeks previous to this announcement, a similarity of feeling—an uneasiness under restraint which amounted almost to desperation—had brought Captain Menzies and myself into closer habits of intimacy than were kept up by others of our companions in misfortune. Menzies shifted his quarters, indeed, so as to be near me; and many an hour of the night we whiled away in concocting plans of escape, which as yet we had not found it practicable to realise. We had, however, gone so far as to provide ourselves with disguises; with sailors' dresses, rough jackets and trowsers, such as were worn by fishermen along the coast, and would therefore, we trusted, some day or another, do us good service. Havresacks also had been procured, in which a change of linen and provisions might be stowed away; and, above all, we had purchased, with a view of guarding against the worst, clasp-knives, with blades six inches in length. As we had repeatedly worn our seamen's garb already, we calculated on being able to do so now without exciting suspicion; and we accordingly, under the pretext of a desire to save our uniforms, packed them up in our trunks. In like manner, under the plea of disinclination to disturb our wardrobe on the march, we bestowed one or two light articles in our havresacks; and having some loose cash in our pockets, we trusted to the chapter of accidents for the purchase of provisions.

Yet there was a serious difficulty in our way after all: how should we manage to conceal from our comrades the resolution which we had formed? and if we did not conceal it, how could we possibly expect to carry it into effect? As the event proved, however, we had in this case taken fright very unnecessarily; for at the expiration of an hour the escort arrived; and we learned, little to our regret, that the men were gone no one knew whither, while the officers, separated into parties, were marched off by separate routes into the interior.

Our progress out of Boston partook somewhat of the passion for display which characterised the mode of our arrival; that is to say, we passed through the principal streets, surrounded by about sixty soldiers, and accompanied by not fewer than three officers, one of them a captain. Our baggage followed the column in a car, into which eight or ten knapsacks were likewise thrown; and we received, as we went along, greetings more or less kind from those with whom we hod associated. But we were scarcely beyond the Neck, ere a new arrangement took place, the whole of the escort, except half a dozen privates, a serjeant, a corporal, and a lieutenant, quitting us, and returning to the town. We were not sorry for this; partly because we judged that it would be easier to elude nine than sixty pair of eyes; partly because the captain being an old acquaintance, the idea of dealing unfairly by him went somewhat against the grain. Not that we should have scrupled, circumstanced as we were, to deceive him if we could; but it is better, in such cases, to deal with utter strangers, more especially if they chance to be, as our new commander was, brutes of the first order; for a brute of the first order he was. Prying, inquisitive, full of bluster and the lowest slang, he tormented us throughout the whole day's march with his conversation; which, whether it took the tone of insolent superiority, or of pretended commiseration and personal regard, was alike distasteful to us. But there is no such thing as rebuking into silence your thoroughbred Yankee; so we kept our temper as well as we could, and trudged on without appearing to feel either his compliments or his insults.

As it was nine o'clock before we started, our march that day carried us only to Lexington, a pretty village, built round a large green or common, in which were a church, an inn, and a blacksmith's forge. The inn was immediately taken possession of by the lieutenant; who, having assigned to us a chamber up stairs, and planted a sentry before the door, proceeded to make arrangements with a view to his own comfort. We had been struck, as we pursued our march, with the perfect familiarity which appeared to exist between him and his men: we were now to learn that a similar line of conduct was expected from us. After having been absent a few minutes, he returned, bringing with him the serjeant and corporal, both of whom he informed us, as well as himself, intended to favour us with their company at supper. It would have been quite useless and very impolitic to decline this arrangement, so we met the proposition with a ready acquiescence; and leaving it to the officer to order what viands he chose, we made up our minds to bear with patience whatever trial of temper might be further inflicted on us. The consequence was that an amply supply of coarse food was speedily furnished, and liquor in proportion, with a due accompaniment of pipes and tobacco following hard upon its heels, we saw with dismay that we were fairly set in for a night of carousing and debauchery.

As yet no opportunity had offered of holding even a moment's private conversation together; and Menzies and I were in consequence without any knowledge of each other's sentiments; but a glance, as the debauch went forward, sufficed to convince me that his thoughts ran in the same channel with my own. I accordingly pretended to relax from my usual coldness of manner, and took part by degrees in the conversation, such as it was, which our companions brought forward. Menzies did the same; and the Americans, gratified by what they regarded as a compliment to their powers of pleasing, became more and more loquacious every minute. Their stories were without number; each being more marvellous than that which preceded it. They had seen sights and performed exploits such as no other human being ever saw or ever could have performed; and in exact proportion to our astonishment was the satisfaction which they derived from describing them. Neither were they backward in their potations: they drank, they sang, they smoked, they boasted; and finding that we kept our temper even in the latter case, they became extravagant in their protestations of personal affection.

I need not say that, in submitting to all this, we had only one object in view—and we accomplished it. Carefully avoiding ourselves to drink, we plied them with

liquor, which, though its operation was slow, began at last to take effect. We watched it with intense interest; and after witnessing every gradation in the stages of drunkenness—from that of the quarrel, to maudlin sentimentality—we were in the end gratified by seeing them drop, one by one, on the floor.

It was now past midnight; and the silence which prevailed elsewhere gave notice that the people of the house, and probably the troops on duty, were all fast asleep. Scarce venturing, however, to hope that success would thus early attend us, we sat perfectly still for several minutes, at the expiration of which we rose softly and buckled on our havresacks. This done, Menzies passed on tiptoe towards the door, into the staple of which, so as to keep the latch from being lifted, he quietly thrust a knife. Meanwhile I stole to the window, and threw it open. The night was as dark as pitch; so dark indeed, as to render fruitless every endeavour to ascertain how far we were from the ground. There was not a star in the heavens; and over the village swept a low moaning wind, the sure prelude to a storm. In some respects all this was in our favour: the excessive darkness would help to baffle pursuit were we fairly in flight, and the wind would probably drown whatever noise we might make in descending. But to descend in total ignorance both of the spot which was to receive us and of the position of the sentinels, whom we could not doubt the officer had planted, was what we should have hesitated about doing had a less urgent necessity driven us on. All considerations of personal inconvenience, were, however, swallowed up in the dread of losing an opportunity; so, being nearest to the post of danger, I determined first to take the leap, let the consequences be what they might.

There was a sort of bench or low table in the window recess, upon which I prepared to mount; I laid my arm heavily upon it, and immediately a broken leg, which I had not observed, gave way, and it fell with a heavy crash; it fell, too, as bad luck would have it, upon the ankle of the lieutenant, who, roused by the force of the blow, sat up with a volley of oaths, and stared wildly round him. "Now then," thought I, "all is over: the miscreant cannot fail to observe that the window is open, even though he may not see that we are awake"—for we had both sunk into chairs, and laid our heads against the wall, when the crash occurred, and to close it would only confirm the suspicion which the circumstance must excite. What was to be done? Instinctively my hand grasped my knife—though whether I should have used it or not I cannot pretend to say; but before the blade could be drawn, the sentinel outside challenged, as if just roused out of a doze.

Heavens, what were then my feelings! The joyful prospect, which a moment ago danced before my eyes, had vanished; escape now was out of the question; and, what was worst of all, such precautions would henceforth be taken as to render the occurrence of a second opportunity impossible. Yet the event proved that we had laid upon Dame Fortune more than she was entitled to carry. So completely were the officer's senses confused, that he neither saw the open window nor paid the slightest regard to the broken table, except by kicking it aside; after which he muttered an oath or two in answer to the sentry's challenge, and stretching himself at full length along the floor, again closed his eyes. Once more we breathed, though it was faintly; and having paused what we judged to be a sufficient time to permit his slumber to be resumed, we returned, with all possible caution, to our former occupation.

I felt this time that we had not a moment to lose; so I mounted the ledge of the window, while Menzies stood close by in readiness to follow. To swing myself at full length by the hands was the work of one instant; and the next—though not without an increased pulsation at the heart—I let go my hold. A heap of rubbish received me as I fell, and a part of it giving way under my right foot, I became at once aware that my ankle had sustained an injury. But we were not in circumstances which would sanction any one in paying heed to trifles; so, having ascertained that the limb was not broken, I stood till Menzies should arrive. He was not tardy in following the example which I had set. Having ascertained, by the rustling noise, that I had reached the bottom, he threw himself after me; and falling more equally than I, he escaped unhurt. Now then was our flight begun in real earnest. The common was traversed, the church left behind, the high road abandoned, and we ourselves soon lost in the mazes of the forest. O.

From the London Quarterly Review.

Specimens of the Table-Talk of S. T. Coleridge. London, 1835. 2 vols. 12mo.

The editor of Spence's Anecdotes says in his preface, "The French abound in collections of this nature, which they have distinguished with the name of *Ana*. England has produced few examples of the kind, but they are eminently excellent. It may be sufficient to name Selden's Table-Talk, and Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson." These Anecdotes of Spence, after having, while in MS., furnished much amusement and instruction to the literary antiquaries of the last generation, took their place at once, on being published *in extenso*, among the most valuable parlour-window books in this or in any other language. That volume, rich in the fire-side gossip of Pope, Swift, and Bolingbroke, may be said to bring us down almost to the commencement of Johnson's reign as the great master and retailer of literary anecdotes and reminiscences. In its perusal we feel ourselves at home with the members of the Scriblerus Club, and are even carried back, by their unstudied communications among themselves, to a personal familiarity with the worthies of the preceding cycle. To this source we owe more than half of the little that we do know of the personal manners of both Milton and Dryden. Of Boswell we need say nothing, except that his book, in many other respects unrivaled, has this great and almost entirely peculiar advantage, that it presents its talkers, in the strict sense of the word, *dramatically*. Every saying is rendered doubly interesting by our knowledge of the time, the place, the occasion, and of the person or persons addressed. In almost every other point of view as unlike Dr. Johnson as one man of great faculties and great virtues can be to another, Mr. Coleridge must be allowed to have been his legitimate successor as the great literary talker of England. Had he been fortunate to find a faithful chronicler twenty or thirty years ago, we have no doubt the ultimate record of his conversational wisdom and ingenuity would have occupied many goodly volumes well worthy of fully sharing in the popularity of Boswell. As it is. we have much reason to be

thankful that, during the last four or five years of his life, a young and affectionate kinsman, possessing the learning, the taste, and the feeling which qualified him to understand and appreciate his rich talk, happened to reside in his immediate neighbourhood, and kept a journal in which he commonly set down, before going to bed, what fragments he had been able to carry away.

It will be the natural wish of every reader that Mr. Henry Coleridge had at least tried to give more of a dramatic shape to his record. But all the same time, all who had the pleasure of Mr. Coleridge's acquaintance are well aware that his forte was more in monologue than dialogue; that he, on almost all occasions, lectured rather than conversed; his illustrations expanding and multiplying as he proceeded, not from the quickening collision of another mind, but the onward self-evolved excitation of his own. As respects his latter intercourse with his nephew, more especially, we can conceive that we may not have lost much by the omission of what may be well called *the stage directions*, so useful and entertaining in the case of Boswell. We are afraid that during the short period over which the present diary extends, the state of things was such, that we may but too completely fill up every blank by one melancholy formula—*place*, Mr. Coleridge's bed-room—*time*, night—*present*, the poet in his arm-chair, physically worn and exhausted by a day of pain, but refreshed and invigorated by the recent entrance of his dear young friend, to whom it is a sort of necessity of his nature that he should unburthen himself of some of the innumerable trains of thought and reflection that have been occupying him, as far as bodily sufferings might permit, since their last meeting. We hope other friends will be now encouraged to task their memories, and produce some reminiscences of those earlier days as to which it would be so agreeable to have more of the Boswellian sort of accompaniment. How delightful, for instance, is almost the solitary communication furnished to these volumes by another relative, Mr. Serjeant Coleridge, who places the old man before us as stopping short one Sunday morning as he entered the churchyard on Richmond Hill, and exclaiming, "I feel as if God had given man fifty-two springs in every year!"

Johnson's eulogy of Burke is in every body's recollection; viz. that if a barber's boy had stopped for ten minutes under the same shed with him during a shower of rain, he would have said, on going away, "That is an extraordinary man." Assuredly the same thing may be said with quite as much truth of Coleridge. The affluence of his mind could never be repressed, and such was the catholic humanity of his heart, the pure charity which mingled with every play even of his imagination, that no child of Adam ever seemed to him unworthy, we do not say of frank and kindly communication merely, but of the treatment of an equal. How completely, when once fairly in talk with any human being, no matter how lowly in condition, how deficient in education, he seemed to forget the intellectual gulph that separated himself from his auditor, we need not remind any one that knew any thing of his habits. When he carried it so far as not merely to adorn and embellish subjects of which *his* barber's boys might be supposed to have some feeling and comprehension, but to harangue them (as he often did) on topics and in a style which must to them have been like heathen Greek, the effect was at once so quaintly ludicrous and so gently amiable, that we cannot but wish some specimens of it had been preserved, as far as such things ever can be preserved by a mere record of words. The parties addressed, however incapable of fully understanding his drift, were always cheered and delighted with the evident kindliness of his whole spirit and intentions—while "he held them with his glittering eye," the cordial childlike innocence of his smile, the inexpressible sweetness of his voice, and the rich musical flow into which his mere language ever threw itself, were subsidiary charms that told even upon the dullest and the coldest. Had it been possible that such a man should ever have taken up the trade of a demagogue, either in the pulpit or on the hustings, what power must have been his! The more unintelligible his strain, the greater of course, so the watchwords were skilfully chosen, would have been its potency.

Those who are acquainted in general with what the course of Mr. Coleridge's personal history had been, and who are told *in limine* that the present work is made up of the confidential conversation of the sick-room in which he so lately breathed his last, but who never happened to meet with the man himself, will perhaps be agreeably surprised when they find that it contains no trace of murmuring, in as far as his own fortunes in the world were concerned. Upon the great political events of the few last years he indeed expresses himself occasionally—as what man of understanding and honesty has not been often heard to do?—in the language of regret and mournful anticipation. Once or twice, perhaps, he has allowed some fling of virtuous indignation to escape him with regard to the immediate actors in these miserable doings. But, with these exceptions, the whole book is radiant with the habitual benignity, charity, and hopefulness of the man; and indeed, even as to the excepted topics, he had so accustomed himself to trace external events to *remote* causes, and to rely on that Power which *can* and *will* bring good out of evil, that his general tone of feeling, as to the apparently guiltiest of our political culprits, was that of compassion; and that we much doubt if he ever seriously did believe that the constitution of England had been irretrievably undone.

The equanimity with which this record shows Mr. Coleridge to have looked back upon a life which any worldly person must have called eminently unfortunate, will not, as we have intimated, surprise any one who had the honour and privilege of his acquaintance. He was, in the first place, well aware that the main source of all his external mishaps was in himself—and this indeed he has plainly told us in one of the most interesting pages of his *Autobiographia Literaria*, a work which, however absurdly so named, as it is any thing rather than a narrative of the incidents of his own career, does nevertheless deserve to

be reprinted, not only on many other accounts, but for the vivid glimpses which it affords us of his intellectual habitudes, and the prevalent moods of his mind.

"NEVER," says the autobiographer, "PURSUE LITERATURE AS A TRADE. With the exception of one extraordinary man, I have never known an individual, least of all an individual of genius, healthy or happy without a *profession*, i. e., some *regular* employment, which does not depend on the will of the moment, and which can be carried on so far *mechanically*, that an average quantum only of health, spirits, and intellectual exertion are requisite to its faithful discharge. Three hours of leisure, unannoyed by any alien anxiety, and looked forward to with delight as a change and recreation, will suffice to realise in literature a larger product of what is truly *genial*, than weeks of compulsion. Money and immediate reputation form only an accidental and arbitrary end of literary labour. The *hope* of increasing them by any given exertion will often prove a stimulant to industry; but the *necessity* of acquiring them will in all works of genius convert the stimulant into a *narcotic*. Motives by excess reverse their very nature, and instead of exciting, stun and stupify the mind."—vol. i. p. 223.

And again:

"It would be a sort of irreligion, and scarcely less than a libel on human nature, to believe that there is any established and reputable profession or employment, in which a man may not contrive to act with honesty and honour; and doubtless there is likewise none which may not at times present temptations to the contrary. But woefully will that man find himself mistaken, who imagines that the profession of literature, or (to speak more plainly) the *trade* of authorship, besets its members with fewer or with less insidious temptations than the church, the law, or the different branches of commerce. . . . . Let literature be an honourable *augmentation* to your arms, but not fill the escutcheon!"—*Ibid*, p. 230.

We are well aware that, after Mr. Coleridge's opinions and habits were formed, it would have been extremely difficult to find any (properly so called) professional situation for him, unless he had chosen to take orders—and why he never did so we are altogether uninformed. He himself, in the very chapter from which we have been quoting, says of the church, that it presents to every man of learning and genius a walk of life in which he may cherish a rational hope of being able to unite the widest schemes of literary utility with the sirictest performance of professional duties. "There is," he says, "scarce a department of human knowledge without some bearing on the various critical, historical, philosophical, and moral truths, in which the scholar must be interested as a clergyman: no one pursuit worthy of a man of genius which may not be followed without incongruity." No doubt the motives that withheld the learned and devout churchman, who thus thought, from the service of the altar, must have been powerful—as little that they were honourable to his feelings; but who can cease to regret that Coleridge's life was not cast into the same happy course as that of Crabbe or Bowles? After all, if there was not, there assuredly ought to have been, some means of adequately providing for such a man, after his name and character were fixed and determined, either in some great metropolitan institution, or within the walls of one or other of our universities. If ever those magnificent national establishments are reformed to any good or real purpose, it will be from within, by the act of their own proper authorities; and we feel assured that, in any plan of internal reform likely to proceed from the eminent persons who at present guide their councils, a leading feature would be that of providing a greater number of stations in which men who have really distinguished themselves in science or literature might find honourable retirement and shelter for the evening of their days. We well know that Cambridge was proud of her Coleridge: he was almost worshipped there among both young and old;—his last visit, in particular, called forth a display of feeling which can never cease to be remembered, to their honour, by all who witnessed the scene.

Meanwhile, as Mr. Coleridge himself did not complain, we may spare ourselves the pain of any further comments on the dark and melancholy circumstances in which this great light of his time and country, this beautiful poet, this exquisite metaphysician, this universal scholar, and profound theologian, was permitted to pass so many years of his life. We shall not even be tempted to go beyond a mere allusion to the fact, that the only reduction of the pension list, which the late whig government ventured upon, was one which deprived ten meritorious men of letters, with Coleridge at their head, of a pittance of 100*l.* per annum, which had been accorded to them by King George IV.—the one reduction, we verily believe, which could not have been demanded or approved of by a single tax-payer of these kingdoms, whig, tory, or radical. Hear the dying poet's own comment on this and all other such mischances:—

COMPLAINT.

"How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
Honour or wealth with all his worth and pains!
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains.

REPROOF.

"For shame, dear friend! renounce this canting strain!
What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?
Place—titles—salary—a gilded chain?
Or throne of corses which his sword hath slain?
Greatness and goodness are not means but ends!
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man?—Three treasures, Love, and Light,
And Calm Thoughts, regular as infant's breath;—
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death."

Coleridge was, in truth, a high as well as a humble spirit, and he, no question, had a noble pleasure and pride in his belief—whether altogether well-founded or not we have some doubts—that he inherited not only this serene scorn of mere worldly distinctions, but a gallant indifference to immediate literary popularity, from the greatest of his poetical predecessors. We suspect that he might with more justice have compared himself on both of these heads to some of his own illustrious contemporaries, than to one at least of the immortal names to which he alludes

in a chapter of his *Autobiographia* already quoted by us. He there says:

"The men of the greatest genius, as far as we can judge from their own works or from the accounts of their contemporaries, appear to have been of calm and tranquil temper, in all that related to themselves. In the inward assurance of permanent fame, they seem to have been either indifferent, or resigned, with regard to immediate reputation. Through all the works of Chaucer there reigns a cheerfulness, a manly hilarity, which makes it almost impossible to doubt a correspondent habit of feeling in the author himself. Shakspeare's evenness and sweetness of temper were almost proverbial in his own age. That this did not arise from ignorance of his own comparative greatness, we have abundant proof in his sonnets, which could scarcely have been known to Mr. Pope, when he asserted, that our great bard 'grew immortal in his own despite.' Speaking of one whom he had celebrated, and contrasting the duration of his works with that of his personal existence, Shakspeare adds:

"Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I once gone to all the world must die;
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And *tongues to be* your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead:
You still shall live, such virtue hath my pen,
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouth of men.

"In Spenser, indeed, we trace a mind constitutionally tender, delicate and, in comparison with his three great compeers, I had almost said, *effeminate;* and this additionally saddened by the unjust persecution of Burleigh, and the severe calamities which overwhelmed his latter days. These causes have diffused over all his compositions 'a melancholy grace,' and have drawn forth occasional strains, the more pathetic from their gentleness. But no where do we find the least trace of irritability, and still less of quarrelsome or affected contempt of his censurers. The same calmness, and even greater self-possession, may be affirmed of Milton, as far as his poems and poetic character are concerned. He reserved his anger for the enemies of religion, freedom, and his country. My mind is not capable of forming a more august conception, that arises from the contemplation of this great man in his latter days: poor, sick, old, blind, slandered, persecuted.

'Darkness before, and danger's voice behind,'—

in an age in which he was as little understood by the party *for* whom, as by that *against* whom he had contended; and among men before whom he strode so far as to *dwarf* himself by the distance; yet still listening to the music of his own thoughts, or if additionally cheered, yet cheered only by the prophetic faith of two or three solitary individuals, he did nevertheless

'Argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bore up and steer'd
Right onward.' "—*Autobiographia*, vol. i. pp. 32—35.

As we shall not be so superfluous as to attempt any orderly arrangement in an article on *table-talk*, we may as well quote here what Coleridge said, across the fire, nearly twenty years later, on the characteristics of Chaucer and Shakspeare:—

"I take unceasing delight in Chaucer. His manly cheerfulness is especially delicious to me in my old age. How exquisitely tender he is, and yet how perfectly free from the least touch of sickly melancholy or morbid drooping! The sympathy of the poet with the subjects of his poetry is particularly remarkable in Shakspeare and Chaucer; but what the first effects by a strong act of imagination and mental metamorphosis, the last does without any effort, merely by the inborn kindly joyousness of his nature. How well we seem to know Chaucer! How absolutely nothing do we know of Shakspeare!"—*Table-Talk*, *March* 15, 1834.

We cannot read the numerous fragments of delicious criticism on Shakspeare which are scattered over these volumes, as well as the Autobiographia, without remembering with sorrow that Coleridge's Lectures on Shakspeare, delivered before Schlegel's, and in the opinion of those who heard them at least as good as the enlightened German's, have never been collected and printed. Are they hopelessly lost? We know that one friend and admirer of our poet employed with his consent, a skilful short-hand writer to take notes of the whole course, and imperfect as these must no doubt have been, still they could scarcely fail to furnish most valuable materials for an editor such as H. N. Coleridge. We are sure Mr. Frere would be happy to place the MS., if now in his possession, at the disposal of one so well qualified to use it for the honour of the deceased, and the instruction of the world. But let us return to our extracts.

"I cannot in the least allow any necessity for Chaucer's poetry, especially the 'Canterbury Tales,' being considered obsolete. Let a few plain rules be given for sounding the final è of syllables, and for expressing the termination of such words as *oceäne*, *nation*, &c. as dissyllables,—or let the syllables to be sounded in such cases be marked by a competent metrist. This simple expedient would, with a very few trifling exceptions, where the errors are inveterate, enable any reader to feel the perfect smoothness and harmony of Chaucer's verse. As to understanding his language,—if you read twenty pages with a good glossary, you surely can find no further difficulty even as it is; but I should have no objection to see this done:—strike out those words which are now obsolete, and I will venture to say that I will replace every one of them by words still in use out of Chaucer himself, or Gower his disciple. I do not want this myself; I rather like to see the significant terms which Chaucer unsuccessfully offered as candidates for admission into our language,—but surely so very slight a change of the text may well be pardoned even by black-letterati for the purpose of restoring so great a poet to his ancient and most deserved popularity."*—*Table-Talk*, *April*, 1833.

* Our poet has elsewhere this beautiful passage on a cognate subject:—"In the days of Chaucer and Gower our language might be compared to a wilderness of vocal reeds, from which the favourites only of Pan or Apollo could construct even the rude Syrinx; and from this the *constructors* alone could elicit strains of music. But now, partly by the labours of successive poets, and in part by the more artificial state of society and social intercourse, language, mechanised as it were into a barrel-organ, supplies at once both instrument and tune. Thus even the deaf may play, so as to delight the many. Sometimes (for it is with similes as it is with jests at a wine-table, one is sure to suggest another) I have attempted to illustrate the present state of our language, in its relation to literature, by a press-room of larger and smaller stereotype pieces, which, in the present Anglo-

Something like what Mr. Coleridge here recommends for the popularisation of this great old poet has just been attempted by Mr. Charles Cowden Clarke, in a couple of small volumes, entitled "The Riches of Chaucer;" and notwithstanding this affected title, and a preface in which we find the venerable cockney school revived in all its glory, the editor appears to have acquitted himself of his task as regards the text of Chaucer, and the selection of glossarial notes, with considerable tact. Would that some really ripe and good scholar would undertake an annotated edition of the whole of Chaucer. We have no even tolerable edition of any of his writings except the Canterbury Tales; and great as Tyrwhitt was in more departments than one, much progress has been made in all of them since he wrote, and in none of them more than in the illustration of the old English tongue, especially by bringing to bear upon its obsolete forms the living commentary of comparatively unmixed Teutonic dialects. On the structure and varieties of his mother tongue we have never perhaps had a more admirable critic than has been lost to us in Mr. Coleridge.

To proceed with our *Ana*:—

"It may be doubted whether a composite language like the English is not a happier instrument of expression than a homogeneous one, like the German. We possess a wonderful richness and variety of modified meanings in our Saxon and Latin quasi-synonymes, which the Germans have not. For "the pomp and *prodigality* of heaven," the Germans must have said "the *spendthriftness*." Shakspeare is particularly happy in his use of the Latin synonymes, and in distinguishing between them and the Saxon."

—We wish Mr. Coleridge had worked out this last idea. We think it quite just; and feel, to give but one example, how admirably the bare simple strength of Saxon monosyllables is made to contrast with and heighten the effect of the most gorgeous Latin *sesquipedalia* in

"The multitudinous sea incarnadine,
Making the green one red."

Again he says:—

"Shakspeare is of no age. It is idle to endeavour to support his phrases by quotations from Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, &c. His language is entirely his own, and the younger dramatists imitated him. The construction of Shakspeare's sentences, whether in verse or prose, is the necessary and homogeneous vehicle of his peculiar manner of thinking. His is not the style of the age. More particularly, Shakspeare's blank verse is an absolutely new creation. Read Daniel, the admirable Daniel, in his "Civil Wars," and "Triumphs of Hymen." The style and language are just such as any very pure and manly writer of the present day, Wordsworth, for example, would use; it seems quite modern in comparison with the style of Shakspeare. Ben Jonson's blank-verse is very masterly and individual, and perhaps Massinger's is even still nobler. In Beaumont and Fletcher it is constantly slipping into lyricisms.

"I believe Shakspeare was not a whit more intelligible in his own day than he is now to an educated man, except for a few local allusions of no consequence. As I said, he is of no age, nor, I may add, of any religion, or party, or profession. The body and substance of his works came out of the unfathomable depths of his own oceanic mind; his observation and his reading, which was considerable, supplied him with the drapery of his figures."—*August* 19, 1832.

What striking words are those of our table-talker; "how absolutely nothing do we know of Shakspeare!" He is indeed the immortal enigma of literary history: there is hardly a poetaster of his period of whom we do not know more than of the greatest genius that ever England or the world produced; and he lived and wrote in the same town with the brightest galaxy of wits, and scholars, and statesmen, that ever adorned any period of English history. He walked every day the same streets with the Cecils, the Bacons, the Raleighs—his eternal dramas were acted before two of the most accomplished sovereigns that ever sat on the English throne—nay, he was without a doubt the most popular dramatist of that splendid time—and yet there is not the shadow of evidence that any one of those of his contemporaries whose names can be said to survive, with the single exception of Ben Jonson, ever was within the walls of the same private chamber with Shakspeare. Surly Ben's well known disparaging sentence about his book learning, and the general but vague tradition of his sweet and gentle temper—these are absolutely the only traces that we have of Shakspeare as he personally moved among and impressed his fellow mortals in the London of Elizabeth and James I. Not one jot of his private conversation, not one scrap of his private correspondence—had been thought worthy of preservation. The first account of his life was the weak and credulous one by Rowe, published nearly a hundred years after his death. For all that we can discover, Shakspeare was actually—popular as his dramas were, not a whit a more important *individual* in the eyes of his contemporaries than any Buckstone or Moncrieff among the modern playwrights is now in our own:—

"For men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit;
Which, when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The loves that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall."———*Troilus and Cressida.*

It is common to say that Shakspeare was unconscious of his own greatness. The sonnet re-

Gallican fashion of unconnected, epigrammatic periods, it requires but an ordinary portion of ingenuity to vary indefinitely, and yet still produce something, which, if not sense, will be so like it as to do as well: perhaps better, for it spares the reader the trouble of thinking; prevents vacancy, while it indulges indolence; and secures the memory from all danger of an intellectual plethora. Hence of all trades, literature at present demands the least talent or information; and, of all modes of literature, the manufacturing of poems. The difference, indeed, between these and the works of genius is not less than between an egg and an egg-shell; yet at a distance they both look alike."—*Autobiographia*, vol. i. p. 39.

ferred to by Coleridge in a preceding extract is only one of many among those extraordinary and mysterious pieces that may be referred to as utterly destructive of that theory. Nor could he, who at an early period of his career so estimated himself, be unconscious of the prodigious extent to which his genius had expanded and strengthened as its exercise advanced. He could not look back from Macbeth, Lear, Othello, to his juvenile poems, his sonnets, his Love's Labours Lost, Two Gentlemen of Verona, and so forth, without a thorough consciousness that his had been always a growing mind. But then comes the grand puzzle of all. It seems to have been pretty well ascertained by Chalmers that Othello, which we agree with Mr. Coleridge in considering as the very highest triumph of his dramatic art, was also its last effort: that he produced it in 1611, at the age of *forty-seven*, and that immediately afterwards he withdrew from the stage, from literature, from London, we had almost said from the world, contented to linger on the remaining five years of his life in his native village, *oblituseque suorum obliviscendus et illis*, never once dreaming even of an edition of his works; nay, leaving many of the best of them to be printed for the first time seven years after his death. We can only account for this by the presumption that, great as Shakspeare was, and felt himself to be, he had in his mind an ideal of art far above what he supposed himself ever to have approached in his own best dramas. How surely is modesty the twin-grace with daring in the structure and development of every truly great mind and character!

We may take this opportunity, though somewhat irregularly, of noticing a strange little volume which lately issued from the press, entitled "Citation and Examination of Wm. Shakspeare, &c. before the worshipful Sir Thomas Lucy, Knight, touching Deer Stealing, 19th Sept. 1582, now first published from original papers: to which is added a conference of Master Edmund Spencer with the Earl of Essex, touching the state of Ireland." This performance is, as every reader will soon discover, from the pen of Mr. Landor, and like almost every other work of that pen, it presents a perplexing mixture of the quaint and the beautiful in its language, of the absurd and the profound in its meaning. The *citation and examination of Shakspeare* does not on the whole appear to us worthy of being classed with the best of Mr. Landor's efforts, though nothing can be more exquisite than some detached passages in the course of the dialogue. The *conference* between Essex and Spenser, again, seems to us an almost unrivaled specimen of Mr. Landor's purest and happiest vein,—that peculiar power of interweaving satire and pathos which forms the inimitable charm of many of his imaginary conversations. We propose ere long to review the various works, in verse and prose, which this author has produced since we last made him the subject of an article; but in the mean time are tempted to quote a few sentences from his epilogue to the *conference*, being an account of the circumstances under which one Jacob Eldridge, a lawyer's clerk, and native of Stratford-on-Avon, was employed by the Earl of Essex to act the part of a Gurney on that occasion; together with particulars of the funeral of Spenser, at which Eldridge attended within a few month after the *conference* took place. This fictitious Jacob, writing to a friend in Warwickshire, says:—

"Now I speak of poets, you will be in a maze at hearing that our townsman hath written a power of matter for the playhouse. Neither he nor the booksellers think it quite good enough to print: but I do assure you, on the faith of a Christian, it is not bad; and there is rare fun in the last thing of his about Venice, where a Jew, one Shiloh, is choused out of his money and his revenge. . . . .

"Master Greene may overrate him; but Master Greene declares that if William goes on improving and taking his advice, it will be desperate hard work in another seven years to find so many as half a dozen chaps equal to him within the liberties. Master Greene and myself took him with us to see the burial of Master Edmund Spenser in Westminister Abbey on the 19th of January last. The halberdmen pushed us back as having no business there. Master Greene told them he belonged to the queen's company of players. William Shakspeare could have said the same, but did not. And I, fearing that Master Greene and he might be halberded back into the crowd, showed the badge of the Earl of Essex. Whereupon did the serjeant ground his halberd, and say unto me, 'That badge commands admittance every where: your folk likewise may come in.' Master Greene was red-hot angry, and told me he would bring him before the *council*. William smiled, and Master Greene said, "Why! would not you, if you were in my place?' He replied, 'I am an half inclined to do worse —to bring him before the *audience* some spare hour.' At the close of the burial service all the poets of the age threw their pens into the grave, together with the pieces they had composed in praise or lamentation of the deceased. William Shakspeare was the only poet who abstained from throwing in either pen or poem, at which no one marveled, he being of low estate, and the others not having yet taken him by the hand. Yet many authors recognised him, not indeed as author but as player; and one, civiler than the rest, came up unto him triumphantly, his eyes sparkling with glee and satisfaction, and said consolatorily, 'In due time, my honest friend, you may be admitted to do as much for one of us.' 'After such encouragement,' replied our townsman, "I am bound in duty to give you the preference, should I indeed be worthy.' This was the only smart thing he uttered all the remainder of the day; during the whole of it he appeared to be half lost, I know not whether in melancholy or in meditation, and soon left us."—*Citation*, &c. pp. 278—281.

We have really very little doubt that this scene is such an one as might have occurred after Shakspeare had written half his tragedies. Mr. Landor adds, in the capacity of editor, the following very characteristic note:—

"He has been amused, in his earlier days, at watching the first appearance of such few books as he believed to be the production of some powerful intellect. He has seen people slowly rise up to them, like carp in a pond when food is thrown among them; some of which carp snatch suddenly at a morsel, and swallow it; others touch it gently with their barbe, pass deliberately by, and leave it; others wriggle and rub against it more disdainfully; others, in sober truth, know not what to make of it, swim round and round it, eye it on the sunny side, eye it on the shady; approach it, question it, shoulder it, flap it with the tail, turn it over, look askance at it, take a pea-shell or a worm instead of it, and plunge again

their contented heads into the comfortable mud; after some seasons the same food will suit their stomachs better. The editor has seen all this, and been an actor in it, whether at Chantilly or Fontainebleau, is indifferent to the reader; and it has occurred to him that Shakspeare and Spencer were thrown among such carp, and began to be relished (the worst, of course, first) after many years."—*Ibid.* pp. 250, 251.

We must indulge ourselves with a few more of Coleridge's *Shakespeariana*. We have seldom met with more profound truth, conveyed in the simplest language, than in the first of these sentences:—

"Men of humour are always in some degree men of genius; wits are rarely so; although a man of genius may, amongst other gifts, possess wit, as Shakspeare."

Consider, along with this high estimation of *humour*, our poet's judgment elsewhere as to the talent of *mimicry*.

"The talent for mimicry seems strongest where the human race are most degraded. The poor, naked, half-human savages of New Holland were found excellent mimics: and in civilised society, minds of the very lowest stamp alone satirise by *copying*."—*Autobiog. Lit.*, vol. i. p. 79.

The reader of the next paragraph will feel how true is the remark that it requires a poet to criticise poetry.

"In Shakspeare one sentence begets the next naturally; the meaning is all inwoven. He goes on kindling like a meteor through the dark atmosphere; yet when the creation in its outline is once perfect, then he seems to rest from his labour, and to smile upon his work, and tell himself that it is very good. You see many scenes and parts of scenes which are simply Shakspeare's disporting himself in joyous triumph and vigorous fun after a great achievement of his highest genius."—*Table-Talk*, 1833.

"Remark the use which Shakspeare always makes of his bold villains, as vehicles for expressing opinions and conjectures of a nature too hazardous for a wise man to put forth directly as his own, or from any sustained character."—*Ibid.*

On Shakspeare's villains there is, by the way, a subtle passage in the *Autobiographia*, which we must place in juxtaposition with this fragment of the *Table-Talk*.

"'We shall be as gods in knowledge,' was and must have been the *first* temptation; and the co-existence of great intellectual lordship with guilt has never been adequately represented without exciting the strongest interest, and for this reason, that *in this bad and heterogeneous co-ordination we can contemplate the intellect of man more exclusively as a separate self-subsistence, than in its proper state of subordination to his own conscience, or to the will of an infinitely superior being.* This is the secret charm of Shakspeare's male characters in general. They are all cast in the mould of Shakspeare's own gigantic intellect; and this is the open attraction of his Richard, Iago, Edmund, &c. in particular."—vol. ii. pp. 266, 267.

It is curious that, after all, the very worst of Shakspeare's villains (we do not speak of his ruffians) is his last, Iago. It is in the same piece, too, that he has given us the most dignified of his lovely women, and the most essentially generous and ideally chivalrous of all his heroes. Well may Coleridge say,—

"I still think the chronological order the best for arranging a poet's works. All your divisions are in particular instances inadequate, and they destroy the interest which arises from watching the progress, maturity, and even the decay of genius."—*Table-Talk, March*, 1834.

His own earlier definition of *genius* is probably in the recollection of many of our readers:—

"To carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood; to combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty with the appearances, which every day for perhaps forty years had rendered familiar,

'With sun, and moon, and stars, throughout the year,
And man and woman;'

this is the character and privilege of genius, and one of the marks which distinguish genius from talents."—*Autobiog. Lit.*, vol. i. p. 85.

But along with this it is well to keep in view a truth which he has briefly expressed in one of the volumes now before us, viz:—

"Genius must have talent as its complement and implement, just as in like manner imagination must have fancy. In short, the higher intellectual powers can only act through a corresponding energy of the lower."

We shall now put together a few of his *obiter dicta* on general literature. Coleridge could sometimes be a stern, and even cruel critic, (for example, witness the case of poor Maturin,) and he had some early prejudices which warped his judgment as to one or two of our own best and greatest poets, especially Pope; but, with rare exceptions, he brought to the consideration of literary works, whether old or new, not only great shrewdness and subtlety of thought and observation, but a most genial and generous tone of feeling.

DON QUIXOTE.

"When a man mistakes his thoughts for persons and things, he is mad. A madman is properly so defined. Don Quixote is not a man out of his senses, but a man in whom the imagination and the pure reason are so powerful as to make him disregard the evidence of sense when it opposed their conclusions. Sancho is the common sense of the social man-animal, unenlightened and unsanctified by the reason. You see how he reverences his master at the very time he is cheating him."

DRYDEN.

"You will find this a good gauge or criterion of genius, whether it progresses and evolves, or only spins upon itself. Take Dryden's Achitophel and Zimri—Shaftesbury and Buckingham; every line adds to or modifies the character, which is, as it were, a building up to the very last verse;—whereas in Pope's Timon, &c., the first two or three couplets contain all the pith of the character, and the twenty or thirty lines that follow are so much evidence or proof of overt acts of jealousy, or pride, or whatever it may be, that is satirised. In like manner compare Charles Lamb's exquisite criticisms on Shakspeare with Hazlitt's imitations of them.

"Dryden's genius was of that sort which catches fire by its own motion; his chariot wheels get hot by driving fast."

FIELDING.

"How charming—how wholesome—Fielding always is! To take him up after Richardson is like emerging from a sick-room heated by stoves into an open lawn, on a breezy day in May."

JOHNSON.

"Dr. Johnson seems to have been really more powerful in discoursing, *viva voce*, in conversation than with his pen in hand. It seems as if the excitement of company called something like reality and consecutiveness into his reasonings, which in his writings I cannot see. His antitheses are almost always verbal only; and sentence after sentence in 'The Rambler' may be pointed out, to which you cannot attach any definite meaning whatever. In his political pamphlets there is more truth of expression than in his other works, for the same reason that his conversation is better than his writings in general."

SCHILLER.

"The young men in Germany and England who admire Lord Byron, prefer Goethe to Schiller; but you may depend upon it, Goethe does not, nor ever will, command the common mind of the people of Germany as Schiller does. Schiller had two legitimate phases in his intellectual character; the first as author of 'The Robbers,' a piece which must not be considered with reference to Shakspeare, but as a work of the mere material sublime, and in that line it is undoubtedly very powerful indeed. It is quite genuine, and deeply imbued with Schiller's own soul. After this he outgrew the composition of such plays as 'The Robbers,' and at once took his true and only rightful stand in the grand historical drama—'The Wallenstein;' not the intense drama of passion—he was not master of that—but the diffused drama of history, in which alone he had ample scope for his varied powers. 'The Wallenstein' is the greatest of his works; it is not unlike Shakspeare's historical plays, a species by itself. You may take up any scene, and it will please you by itself, just as you may in 'Don Quixote,' which you read *through* once or twice only, but which you read *in* repeatedly. After this point it was that Goethe and other writers injured by their theories the steadiness and originality of Schiller's mind; and in every one of his works, after 'The Wallenstein,' you may perceive the fluctuations of his taste and principles of composition. He got a notion of re-introducing the characterlessness of the Greek tragedy with a chorus, as in 'The Bride of Messina,' and he was for infusing more lyric verse into it. Schiller sometimes affected to despise 'The Robbers' and the other works of his first youth; whereas he ought to have spoken of them as of works not in a right line, but full of excellence in their way. In his ballads and lighter lyrics Goethe is most excellent. It is impossible to praise him too highly in this respect. I like 'The Wilhelm Meister' the best of his prose works. But neither Schiller's nor Goethe's prose style approaches to Lessing's, whose writings, for *manner*, are absolutely perfect."

SCOTT.

"Dear Sir Walter Scott and myself were exact, but harmonious, opposites in this; that every old ruin, hill, river, or tree, called up in his mind a host of historical or biographical associations, just as a bright pan of brass, when beaten, is said to attract the swarming bees; whereas for myself, notwithstanding Dr. Johnson, I believe I should walk over the plain of Marathon without taking more interest in it than in any other plain of similar features. Yet I receive as much pleasure in reading the account of the battle in Herodotus as any one can. Charles Lamb wrote an essay on a man who lived in past time: I thought of adding another to it on one who lived not *in time* at all, past, present, or future, but beside or collaterally.

"When I am very ill indeed, I can read Scott's novels, and they are almost the only books I can then *read*. I cannot at such times read the Bible: my mind reflects on it, but I cannot bear the open page."

BYRON.

"How lamentably the *art* of versification is neglected by most of the poets of the present day: by Lord Byron, it strikes me, in particular, among those eminent for other qualities.

"Upon the whole, I think the part of *Don Juan*, in which Lambro's return to his home, and Lambro himself, are described, is the best—that is, the most individual thing in all I know of Lord B.'s works. The festal abandonment puts one in mind of Nicolas Poussin's pictures."—*7th June*, 1834.

BASIL HALL.

"The possible destiny of the United States of America—as a nation of a hundred millions of freemen—stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, living under the laws of Alfred, and speaking the language of Shakspeare and Milton—is an august conception. Why should we not wish to see it realised? America would then be England viewed through a solar microscope—Great Britain in a state of glorious magnification! How deeply to be lamented is the spirit of hostility and sneering which some of the popular books of travels have shown in treating of the Americans! They hate us, no doubt, just as brothers hate; but they respect the opinion of an Englishman concerning themselves ten times as much as that of a native of any other country on earth. A very little humouring of their prejudices, and some courtesy of language and demeanour on the part of Englishmen, would work wonders, even as it is, with the public mind of the Americans.

"Captain Basil Hall's book is certainly very entertaining and instructive; but in my judgment his sentiments upon many points, and more especially his mode of expression, are unwise and uncharitable. After all, are not most of the things shown up with so much bitterness by him mere national foibles, parallels to which every people has, and must of necessity have?"

MARRYATT.

"I have received a great deal of pleasure from some of the modern novels, especially Captain Marryatt's 'Peter Simple.' That book is nearer Smollett than any thing I remember. And 'Tom Cringle's Log,' in Blackwood, is also most excellent.'

Our readers will expect a few specimens of the Table-Talk on ancient literature. Here are a few—the shortest we could hit upon—and some of the best:—

"The old Latin poets attempted to compound as largely as the Greek; hence in Ennius such words as belligerentes, &c. In nothing did Virgil show his judgment more than in rejecting these, except just where common usage had sanctioned them, as omnipotens and a few more. He saw that the Latin was too far advanced in its formation, and of too rigid a character to admit such composition or agglutination. In this particular respect, Virgil's Latin is very admirable and deserving preference. Compare it with the language of Lucan or Statius, and count the number of words used in an equal number of lines, and observe how many more short words Virgil has.

"I cannot quite understand the grounds of the high admiration which the ancients expressed for Propertius, and I own that Tibullus is rather insipid to me. Lucan was a man of great powers; but what was to be made of such a shapeless fragment of party warfare, and so recent too! He had fancy rather than imagination, and passion rather than fancy. His taste was wretched to be sure; still the 'Pharsalia' is in my judgment a very wonderful work for such a youth as Lucan was.

"I think Statius a truer poet than Lucan, though he is very extravagant sometimes. Valerius Flaccus is very pretty in particular passages. I am ashamed to say I

have never read Silius Italicus. Claudian I recommend to your careful perusal, in respect of his being properly the first of the moderns, or at least the transitional link between the Classic and the Gothic modes of thought.

"I call Persius hard, not obscure. He had a bad style; but I dare say, if he had lived, he would have learned to express himself in easier language. There are many passages in him of exquisite felicity, and his vein of thought is manly and pathetic.

"*August* 15, 1833.—I consider the two works of Sallust which have come down to us entire as romances founded on facts; no adequate causes are stated, and there is no real continuity of action. In Thucydides, you are aware from the beginning that you are reading the reflections of a man of great genius and experience upon the character and operation of the two great political principles in conflict in the civilised world in his time; his narrative of events is of minor importance, and it is evident that he selects for the purpose of illustration. It is Thucydides himself whom you read throughout under the names of Pericles, Nicias, &c. But in Herodotus it is just the reverse. He has as little subjectivity as Homer, and, delighting in the great fancied epic of events, he narrates them without impressing any thing of his own mind upon the narrative. It is the charm of Herodotus that he gives you the spirit of his age—that of Thucydides that he reveals to you his own, which was above the spirit of his age.

"When I was a boy, I was fondest of Æschylus; in youth and middle age I preferred Euripides; now, in my declining years, I admire Sophocles. I can now at length see that Sophocles is the most perfect. Yet he never rises to the sublime simplicity of Æschylus—simplicity of design, I mean—nor diffuses himself in the passionate outpourings of Euripides. I understand why the ancients called Euripides the most tragic of their dramatists; he evidently embraces within the scope of the tragic poet many passions—love, conjugal affection, jealousy, and so on—which Sophocles seems to have considered as incongruous with the ideal statuesqueness of the tragic drama. Certainly Euripides was a greater poet in the abstract than Sophocles. His choruses may be faulty as choruses, but how beautiful and affecting they are as odes and songs! I think the famous Εὐίππου, ξένοι, in the Œdipus Coloneus, cold in comparison with many of the odes of Euripides, as that song of the chorus in the Hippolytus, Ἔρως, Ἔρως, and so on; and I remember a choric ode in the Hecuba which always struck me as exquisitely rich and finished—I mean where the chorus speaks of Troy and the night of the capture.

"There is nothing very surprising in Milton's preference of Euripides, though so unlike himself. It is very common—very natural—for men to *like*, and even admire, an exhibition of power very different in kind from any thing of their own. No jealousy arises. Milton preferred Ovid, too; and I dare say he admired both, as a man of sensibility admires a lovely woman, with a feeling into which jealousy or envy cannot enter. With Æschylus or Sophocles he might perchance have matched himself.

"In Euripides you have oftentimes a very near approach to comedy, and I hardly know any writer in whom you can find such fine models of serious and dignified conversation."

We now proceed to extract some half-dozen of Coleridge's remaks on subjects connected with the actual business of life—men and manners in general:—

I.—"A philosopher's ordinary language and admissions in general conversation or writings, *ad populum*, are as his watch compared with his astronomical time-piece. He sets the former by the town-clock, not because he believes it right, but because his neighbours and his cook go by it."

II.—"Men of genius are rarely much annoyed by the company of vulgar people, because they have a power of looking *at* such persons as objects of amusement, of another race altogether."

III.—"If a man is not rising upwards to be an angel, depend upon it he is sinking downwards to be a devil. He cannot stop at the beast. The most savage of men are not beasts; they are worse, a great deal worse."

IV.—"One mistake perpetually made by one of our unhappy parties—and with a pernicious tendency to Antinomianism—is to confound sin with sins. To tell a modest girl, the watchful nurse of an aged parent, that she is full of *sins* against God is monstrous, and as shocking to reason as it is unwarrantable by Scripture. But to tell her that she and all men and women are of a sinful nature, and that, without Christ's redeeming love and God's grace, she cannot be emancipated from its dominion, is true and proper."

V.—"How deep a wound to morals and social purity has that accursed article of the celibacy of the clergy been! Even the best and most enlightened men in Romanist countries attach a notion of impurity to the marriage of a clergyman; and can such a feeling be without its effect on the estimation of the wedded life in general? Impossible!—and the morals of both sexes in Spain, Italy, France, &c. prove it abundantly."

VI.—"To resolve laughter into an expression of contempt is contrary to fact, and laughable enough. Laughter is a convulsion of the nerves; and it seems as if nature cut short the rapid thrill of pleasure on the nerves by a sudden convulsion of them, to prevent the sensation becoming painful. Aristotle's definition is as good as can be; surprise at perceiving any thing out of its usual place, when the unusualness is not accompanied by a sense of serious danger. *Such* surprise is always pleasurable; and it is observable that surprise, accompanied with circumstances of danger, becomes tragic. Hence farce may often border on tragedy; indeed, farce is nearer tragedy in its essence than comedy is."

We have left ourselves little room for what occupies a very considerable portion of these most interesting volumes—namely, politics; we mean politics in the largest sense of that word, including, of course, political economy, and popular education:—

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

"*July* 8, 1833—I am clear for public schools as the general rule; but for particular children private education may be proper. For the purpose of moving at ease in the best English society—mind, I do not call the London exclusive clique the best English society; the defect of a public education upon the plan of our great schools, and Oxford, and Cambridge, is hardly to be supplied. But the defect is positively visible in some men, and only negatively in others. The first *offend* you by habits and modes of thinking and acting directly attributable to their private education; in the others, you only regret that the freedom and facility of the established and national mode of bringing up is not *added* to their good qualities."

"One constant blunder of these New-Broomers or Broughamers, these Penny Magazine sages and philanthropists, in reference to our public schools, is to confine their view to what schoolmasters teach the boys, with entire oversight of all that the boys are excited to learn from each other and of themselves, with more geniality even *because* it is *not* a part of their compelled school knowledge. An Eton boy's knowledge of the St. Law-

rence, Mississippi, Missouri, Orellana, &c., will be generally found in exact proportion to his knowledge of the Ilissus, Hebrus, Orontes, and so forth; inasmuch as modern travels and voyages are more entertaining and fascinating than Cellarius; or Robinson Crusoe, Dampier, and Captain Cook than the Periegesis. Compare the *lads* themselves from Eton and Harrow, &c. with the *alumni* of the New-Broom Institution, and not the lists of school-lessons, and be that comparison the criterion."

INFANT SCHOOLS.

"*July* 24, 1832.—I have no faith in act of parliament reform. All the great, the permanently great, things that have been achieved in the world, have been achieved by individuals working from the instinct of genius or of goodness. The rage now-a-days is all the other way; the individual is supposed capable of nothing; there must be organization, classification, machinery, &c., as if the capital of national morality could be increased by making a joint stock of it. Hence you see these infant schools so patronised by the bishops and others, who think them a grand invention. Is it found that an infant-school child, who has been bawling all day a column of the multiplication table, or a verse from the Bible, grows up a more dutiful son or daughter to its parents? Are domestic charities on the increase amongst families under this system? In a great town, in our present state of society, perhaps such schools may be a justifiable expedient and choice of the lesser evil; but as for driving these establishments into the country villages, and breaking up the cottage home education, I think it one of the most miserable mistakes which the well-intentioned people of the day have yet made."

MALTHUSIANISM.

August 12, 1832.—Is it not lamentable—is it not even marvellous—that the monstrous practical sophism of Malthus should now have gotten complete possession of the leading men of the kingdom? Such an essential lie in morals—such a practical lie, in fact, as it is too! I solemnly declare that I do not believe that all the heresies, and sects, and factions, which the ignorance, and the weakness, and the wickedness of man have ever given birth to, were altogether so disgraceful to man as a Christian, a philosopher, a statesman, or citizen, as this abominable tenet. It should be exposed by reasoning in the form of ridicule. Asgill or Swift would have done much; but like the popish doctrines, it is so vicious a tenet, so flattering to the cruelty, the avarice, and sordid selfishness of most men, that I hardly know what to think of the result."

NEGRO EMANCIPATION.

"It is very strange that men who make light of the direct doctrines of the Scriptures, and turn up their noses at the recommendation of a line of conduct suggested by religious truth, will nevertheless stake the tranquillity of an empire, the lives and properties of millions of men and women, on the faith of a maxim of modern political economy! And this, too, of a maxim true only, if at all, of England or a part of England, or of some other country—namely, that the desire of bettering their condition will induce men to labour even more abundantly and profitably than servile compulsion,—to which maxim the past history and present state of all Asia and Africa give the lie. Nay, even in England at this day, every man in Manchester, Birmingham, and in other great manufacturing towns, knows that the most skilful artisans, who may earn high wages at pleasure, are constantly in the habit of working but a few days in the week, and of idling the rest. I believe Saint Monday is very well kept by the workmen in London. I think tailors will not work at all on that day, the printers not till the afternoon, and so on. The love of indolence is universal, or next to it."

COLONISATION.

"*May* 4, 1833.—Colonisation is not only a manifest experiment, but an imperative duty in Great Britain. God seems to hold out his finger to us over the sea. But it must be a national colonisation, such as was that of the Scots to America; a colonisation of hope, and not such as we have alone encouraged and effected for the last fifty years, a colonisation of despair."

MACHINERY.

"The wonderful powers of machinery can, by multiplied production, render the *arte facta* of life cheaper, but they cannot cheapen, except in a very slight degree, the immediate growths of nature, or the immediate necessaries of man. A coat and a pair of shoes are as dear now as ever they were, perhaps dearer, and no discoveries in machinery can materially alter the relative price of beef and mutton. Now the *arte facta* are sought by the higher classes of society in a proportion incalculably beyond that in which they are sought by the lower classes; and therefore it is that the vast increase of the mechanical powers has not cheapened life and pleasure to the poor as it has done to the rich. In some respects, no doubt, it has done so,—as in giving cotton [qu. *silk*?] dresses to maid-servants, and penny gin to all. A pretty benefit truly!"

NATIONAL DEBT.

"What evil results to this country taken at large from the national debt? I never could get a plain and practical answer to that question. As to taxation to pay the interest, how can the country suffer by a process under which the money is never one minute out of the pockets of the people? You may just as well say that a man is weakened by the circulation of his blood. There may, certainly, be particular local evils and grievances resulting from the mode of taxation or collection; but how can that debt be in any proper sense a burden to the nation, which the nation owes to itself, and to no one but itself? It is a juggle to talk of the nation owing the capital or the interest to the stockholders; it owes to itself only. It is really and truly nothing more in effect than so much money or money's worth raised annually by the state for the purpose of quickening industry."*

CORONATION OATH.

"*March* 12, 1833.—Lord Grey has in parliament said two things: first, that the coronation oaths only bind the king in his executive capacity; and secondly, that members of the house of commons are bound to represent in their votes the wishes and opinions of their constituents,

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* Here the editor quotes in his note, and we willingly follow in part his example, a splendid passage from one of the Table-talker's early essays in "The Friend:"—

"A great statesman, lately deceased, in one of his anti-ministerial harangues against some proposed impost, said: The nation has been already bled in every vein, and is faint with loss of blood. This blood, however, was circulating in the mean time through the whole body of the state, and what was received into one chamber of the heart was instantly sent out again at the other portal. Had he wanted a metaphor to convey the possible injuries of taxation, he might have found one less opposite to the fact in the known disease of aneurism, or relaxation of the coats of particular vessels, in a disproportionate accumulation of blood in them, which sometimes occurs when the circulation has been suddenly and violently changed, and causes helplessness, or even mortal stagnation, though the total quantity of blood remains the same in the system at large."

and not their own. Put these two together, and tell me what useful part of the constitutional monarchy of England remains. It is clear that the coronation oaths would be no better than Highgate oaths. For in his executive capacity the king *cannot* do any thing, against the doing of which the oaths bind him; it is *only* in his legislative character that he possesses a free agency capable of being bound. The nation meant to bind *that*."

PRINCIPLE AND EXPEDIENCY.

"*March*, 1834.—Oh, for a great man, but one really great man, who could feel the weight and the power of a principle, and unflinchingly put it into act! See how triumphant in debate and in action O'Connell is! Why? Because he asserts a broad principle and acts up to it, rests all his body on it, and has faith in it. Our ministers, true Whigs in that, have faith in nothing but expedients, *de die in diem*. Indeed, what principles of government can they have, who in the space of a month recanted a life of political opinions, and now dare to threaten this and that innovation at the huzza of a mob, or in pique at a parliamentary defeat?" —

REFORMED HOUSE OF COMMONS.

"*April* 9, 1833.—I have a deep though paradoxical conviction that most of the European nations are more or less on their way, unconsciously indeed, to pure monarchy, that is, to a government in which, under circumstances of complicated and subtle control, the reason of the people shall become efficient in the apparent will of the king. As it seems to me, the wise and good in every country will in all likelihood become every day more and more disgusted with the representative form of government, brutalised as it is and will be by the predominance of democracy in England, France, and Belgium. The statesmen of antiquity, we know, doubted the possibility of the effective and permanent combination of the three elementary forms of government, and perhaps they had more reason than we have been accustomed to think.

"You see how this house of commons has begun to verify all the ill prophecies that were made of it; low, vulgar, meddling with every thing, assuming universal competency, flattering every base passion, and sneering at every thing noble, refined, and truly national! The direct and personal despotism will come on by and by, after the multitude shall have been gratified with the spoil and the ruin of the old institutions of the land."

1794 *and* 1834.

"Thirty years ago and more, Pitt availed himself, with great political dexterity, of the apprehension which Burke and the conduct of some of the clubs in London had excited, and endeavoured to inspire into the nation a panic of property. Fox, instead of exposing the absurdity of this, by showing the real numbers and contemptible weakness of the disaffected, fell into Pitt's trap, and was mad enough to exaggerate even Pitt's surmises. The consequence was a very general apprehension throughout the country of an impending revolution, at a time when, I will venture to say, the people were more heart-whole than they had been for a hundred years previously. After I had traveled in Sicily and Italy, countries where there were real grounds for the fear, I became deeply impressed with the difference. Now, after a long continuance of high national glory and influence, when a revolution of a most searching and general character is actually at work, and the old institutions of the country are all awaiting their certain destruction or violent modification, the people at large are perfectly secure, sleeping or gamboling on the very brink of a volcano."

Such were the sentiments expressed but a few months ago on some of the most important points of our national condition and prospects, by a wise, learned, and patriotic man, who looked earnestly at the busy word from "his loophole of retreat," and whose opinions may not perhaps be the less worthy of consideration because they were not influenced by the crowded, and therefore, in too many cases, fanatical atmosphere of clubs and meetings. They agree very much with the general results of our own observation and reflection. Yet we cannot permit ourselves to give up for lost a cause in defence of which some of the best and greatest of our countrymen have once more undertaken to assume the responsibility of office. The symptoms of a re-action among that class of the community in whom the main and ultimate direction of public affairs is now *de facto* vested, may have been unconsciously exaggerated on this occasion, but that such a re-action has been for some time going on, and is still in progress, there can be no doubt in any sincere mind; and based, as it must necessarily have been in its origin, not on passion but reflection, that it should not continue more and more to develope itself, we can hardly prevail on ourselves to think at all probable. Had Mr. Coleridge been alive now, we are inclined to believe he could not have failed to admit that there had opened upon us some glimpses at least of a better destiny than he ventured to anticipate in March and April last,

"When death was with him dealing."

We ourselves happened to have several long conversations with him on these momentous subjects, not many months before his illness confined him to his chamber; and then, in the open air, walking by the sea-side, his tone of prediction was undoubtedly more hopeful than the reader of his sick-bed *talk* might be likely to conjecture. We think it right to record that he more than once expressed his belief that, under the circumstances in which the Reform bill had placed the country, there was much more likelihood of good than of evil results from extending still further the electoral suffrage. The great mischief, he always said, had been placing too much power in one particular class of the population, the class above and below which attachment to our old institutions in church and state is most prevalent.

BASSO-RELIEVO. The marble basso-relievo of the holy family by Michael Angelo, bequeathed by the late Sir George Beaumont to the royal academy, has recently been placed in the council-room of the academy, and forms its chief ornament, with its pedestal inscribed "Michael Angelo, 1505," surmounted by his bust. In this favourable situation the light falls from the left, showing the more finished parts to advantage, and causing those less perfect to become masses of shadow, having, at a distance, all the effect of a rich picture in *chiaroscuro*. This beautiful work of art was entirely lost till accident discovered it in 1822, at which time Sir George Beaumont was in Rome. His good taste instantly led him to become its possessor, and it was purchased for him by his friend Canova, the sculptor, for 1500*l*. It soon became evident that it would have produced a much larger sum had it been more generally known, as many of the most tasteful of the English nobility were at that time in Rome.

RISE OF THE ROTHESCHILDES.

On the approach of the republican army to the territories of the Prince of Hesse Cassel, in the early part of the French Revolutionary wars, his serene highness, like many other petty Princes of Germany, was compelled to flee. In his passage through the imperial city of Frankfort on the Maine, he paid a hasty visit to one Moses Rotheschilde, a Jewish banker of limited means, but of good repute both for integrity and ability in the management of his business. The prince's purpose in visiting Moses was to request him to take charge of a large sum in money and jewels; amounting in value to several millions of *thalers;* a coin equal to our late three shilling pieces. The Jew, at first, point blank refused so dangerous a charge; but, upon being earnestly pressed to take it, at the prince's own sole risk; nay, that even a receipt should not be required, he, at length, consented.

The money and jewels were speedily, but privately, conveyed from the prince's treasury to the Jew's residence; and, just as the advanced *corps* of the French army had entered through the gates of Frankfort, Moses had succeeded in burying it in a corner of his garden. He, of course, received a visit from the republicans; but, true to his trust, he hit upon the following means of saving the treasure of the fugitive prince, who had placed such implicit confidence in his honour. He did not attempt to conceal any of his own property; (the whole of his cash and stock consisting of only *forty-two thousand thalers*, or six thousand pounds sterling;) but, after the necessary remonstrances and grumblings with his unwelcome visiters, and a threat or two that he should report them to the general-in-chief, from whom he had no doubt of obtaining redress, he suffered them to carry it all off.

As soon as the republicans had evacuated the city, Moses Rotheschilde resumed his business as a banker and money-changer; at first, indeed, in an humble way, but daily increasing and extending it by the aid of the Prince of Hesse Cassel's money. In the course of a comparatively short space of time, he was considered the most stable and opulent banker in all Germany.

In the year 1802, the prince, returning to his dominions, visited Frankfort in his route. He was almost afraid to call on his Jewish banker; apprehending that, if the French had left any thing, the honesty of Moses had not been proof against so strong a temptation as he had been compelled from dire necessity to put in his way.

On being introduced into Rotheschilde's *sanctum*, he, in a tone of despairing carelessness, said, "I have called on you, Moses, as a matter of course; but I fear the result. Did the rascals take all?"

"Not a *thaler;*" replied the Jew, gravely.

"What say you?" returned his highness. "Not a *thaler!* Why, I was informed that the *Sans-culottes* had emptied all your coffers and made you a beggar:—I even read so in the gazettes."

"Why, so they did; may it please your serene highness," replied Moses: "but I was too cunning for them. By letting them take my own little stock, I saved your great one. I knew that as I was reputed wealthy, although by no means so, if I should remove any of my own gold and silver from their appropriate bags and coffers, the robbers would be sure to search for it; and, in doing so, would not forget to dig in the garden; it is wonderful what a keen scent these fellows have got! they actually poured buckets of water over some of my neighbour's kitchen and cellar floors, in order to discover, by the rapid sinking of the fluid, whether the tiles and earth had been recently dug up! Well, as I was saying, I buried your treasure in the garden; and it remained untouched until the robbers left Frankfort, to go in search of plunder elsewhere. Now then, to the point: as the *Sans-culottes* left me not a *kreutzer* to carry on my business; as several good opportunities offered of making a very handsome profit; and as I thought it a pity that so much good money should be idle, whilst the merchants were both ready and willing to give large interest; the temptation of converting your highness's *florins* to present use haunted my thoughts by day and my dreams by night. Not to detain your highness with a long story, I dug up the treasure, and deposited your jewels in this strong box; from which they have never since been moved: I employed your gold and silver in my business; my speculations were profitable; and I am now able to restore your deposit, with five per cent. interest since the day on which you left it under my care."

"I thank you heartily, my good friend," said his highness, "for the great care you have taken and the sacrifices you have made. As to the *interest* of five per cent, let that replace the sum which the French took from you; I beg you will add to it whatever other profits you may have made. As a reward for your singular honesty, I shall still leave my cash in your hands for twenty years longer, at the low rate of two per cent interest per annum, the same being more as an acknowledgment of the deposit, in case of the death of either of us, than with a view of making a profit by you. I trust that this will enable you to use my *florins* with advantage in any way which may appear most beneficial to your own interest."

The prince and his banker parted, well satisfied with each other. Nor did the gratitude and good will of his serene highness stop there; on every occasion in which he could serve his interest he did so, by procuring for him, from the princes of Germany, many facilities both for international and foreign negotiation. At the Congress of Sovereigns, which met at Vienna in 1814, he did not fail to represent the fidelity of Moses Rotheschilde, and procured for him, thereby, from the Emperors of Russia, Austria, and other European potentates, as well as from the French, English, and other ministers, promises, that in case of loans being required by their respective governments, the "honest Jew of Frankfort" should have the preference in their negotiation.

Nor were these promises "more honoured in the *breach* than in the *observance*," as those of princes and courtiers are proverbially said to be. A loan of 200 millions of francs being required by the French government to pay the Allied Powers for

the expenses they had been put to, in the restoration of the Bourbons, one of old Rotheschilde's sons, then residing at Paris, was intrusted with its management. The same was accordingly taken at 67 per cent, and sold to the public in a very few days at 93! thereby yielding an immense profit to the contractor. Other loans followed with various powers, all of which turned out equal to the most sanguine expectations of this lucky family.

Our *English* Fortunatus, whose reputation for wealth and sagacity is such, that, by a discreet use of his *wishing cap*, he can at will change the destinies of the nations of Europe, or play at battledore and shuttlecock with their crowns and sceptres, was, during the war with France, a small cotton manufacturer in Manchester. Leaving that town for the capital, and assisted by his father and brothers, Solomon Moses Rotheschilde commenced business as an English and foreign bill and stock broker. By his immense resources and connections, he was soon enabled to carry all before him; but the bargains which he was enabled to make by his early information of the escape of the Emperor Napoleon from the Island of Elba, that is, twenty-four hours before the British ministry had received intelligence of the event, placed him at once at the top of the tree as a *negociant* and loan contractor.

Mr. Rotheschilde's manners and character have often been described: he is immensely rich, and is well entitled to the appellation of *millionaire*, being reputed to be in the absolute personal and *undivided* possession of *seven or eight millions sterling!* His brothers, likewise,—viz: Baron Andreas Rotheschilde, the present great banker of Frankfort, and Baron Rotheschilde of Paris, are in the possession of immense wealth; so that it is no wonder that kings and their ministers are proud of their acquaintance, seeing that, independently of occasional loans and accommodations, they are well aware that no throne nor government can stand long which has the misfortune to have the wealth and influence of the *three Rotheschildes* arrayed against them.

Our Rotheschilde is reputed to be a very charitable man; and those who know him intimately, affirm that he well deserves that character, both in regard to Jews and Gentiles. Nor is Mrs. Rotheschilde less so; many, though unostentatious, acts of kindness to the poor, being well known respecting her. Mr. Rotheschilde's manner of evincing kind feelings towards Solomon Herchel, the grand rabbin of Duke's Place, has something in it which is both singular and whimsical; when any good speculation is afloat, Mr. Rotheschilde deposits, on his account, a certain sum proportionate to *his own* risk, and whatever *per centage* or profits accrues therefrom, is carried by him to the rabbin, to whom he gives a full, true, and particular account, even to the utmost fraction! The *millionaire*, on such occasions, invariably dines with the Levite; and the day is usually passed by the two friends in innocent hilarity and pleasing conversation.

From the London Quarterly Review.

Wanderings in New South Wales, Batavia, Pedir Coast, Singapore, and China; being the Journal of a Naturalist during 1832, 1833, and 1834. By George Bennett, Esq., F.L.S., Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. London. 2 vols. 8vo. 1834.

If our readers are as weary of new novels as we confess ourselves to be, they will thank us for pointing out a book of travels, which carries one rapidly and pleasantly over a wide diversity of sea and land; presents many objects of natural history, and traits of social peculiarity, well calculated to excite and gratify our curiosity; and is distinguished by a merit now exceedingly rare among writers of this once rough-spun class, namely, freedom from the slang and cant of sentiment. Mr. Bennett sometimes, no doubt, treats of serious subjects in too light a vein; but we acknowledge that, as his offences in this way are not numerous, we are willing to overlook them on account of the satisfaction which results from the absence of pseudo-poetical raptures about nothing. Most recent travellers seem to have been bit with the ambition of rivaling those overgrown babies, male and female, honourable and right honourable, who record the ecstacies of "what they call their minds" in the gilded pages of the annuals. We do not pretend to class Mr. Bennett, on the whole, with such authors as Captain Basil Hall and Sir Francis Head; but he has, in common with them, what must be felt as among their chief excellences—a manly temperament, and a thorough scorn of puerile rhetoric.

We are told little or nothing of Mr. Bennett's own condition or personal objects—and in this omission we acknowledge another wholesome deviation from the prevalent fashion. We infer, however, that he has been employed for some years as a surgeon in the merchant service; and are hopeful that his literary adventure may stimulate many of the well-educated gentlemen who in these piping days of peace are content with such employment, to improve the opportunities which their mode of life affords for the extension of natural science in almost all its departments. Humbly as their position may be thought of, we are of opinion that it is in their own power, by so doing, to elevate it very effectually in general estimation. The number of persons destined for this branch of the medical profession, who can afford to cultivate and expand their minds by extensive travel at their own charges, is extremely limited. A few voyages in a merchant ship afford a very good succedaneum, and may serve to fill up not only pleasantly, but in every sense of the word profitably, those years which hang the heaviest on the spirits, as well as the purse, of the young practitioner, whether in town or village. No professional man, it must be remembered, is so effectually fettered to the spot, after he has once settled himself in life, as he who labours in this honourable walk. The lawyer has his long vacation, and usually contrives, in these days of steam-boating, to refresh himself with an annual excursion, either to another of his majesty's kingdoms, or to some interesting part of the continent.

But a week after he has been bawling himself hoarse in the noisome atmosphere of Westminster Hall, he may be detected in eating *pâtés de chamois* on the Simplon, or dancing reels in the Hebrides, or gliding in a *carriole* amidst the gloom of a Norwegian forest; nay, by skilful management, he may re-appear at Michaelmas with a budget of good stories from Moscow or Constantinople—or even bring back with him from Jerusalem a legitimate claim to the style and title of *Hadgi*. Even the parish clergyman may occasionally command a furlough, and enlarge and strengthen his attachment to his own country and calling by a few months' perambulation of less favoured regions. But the country doctor is a complete fixture; nay, it is considered as the most hazardous thing in the world, even for the first rate physician or surgeon of London, to absent himself for a fortnight on end, even at the dullest season of the year, from the habitual scene of his exertions. We believe a Halford or a Brodie would no more dream of spending an August at Töplitz or Baden, than a Pemberton or a Follett of passing a winter at Washington or St. Petersburgh. In short, patients are apt to regard and resent it as a positive injury, when they are compelled, by the absence of a first confidant, to make their delicate discoveries to a second. On every account, then, the young Æsculapian, if he has any ambition to "survey mankind with extensive view," ought to make *carpe diem* his motto.

Mr. Bennett's title page has this defect—that it does not prepare us for finding a considerable portion of his book occupied with observations made neither in New South Wales, nor Batavia, nor China, but on ship-board, while far enough from any land whatever. This part of the work is, however, about the most interesting; and no wonder—for here he has had time and opportunity to test his first-sight impressions by subsequent remark and experiment, much more largely than with respect to any of the announced scenes of his "Wanderings." The mass of facts which he has brought together concerning the oceanic birds, in particular, appears to be highly curious. We shall not, however, in this place, consider critically what additions he has made to the materials of science strictly so called—we mean as to the addition of species, if not of genera, to the zoological system; but afford the general reader some specimens of the style in which he describes those incidents of his life at sea which he has turned to solid account in the technical sections of his Appendix.

We begin with a paragraph or two on that well known phenomenon which has so long perplexed and divided our philosophers,—the peculiar phosphoric light given out by the ocean, more especially and more brilliantly in tropical regions, during the absence of the sun's rays. Mr. Bennett had one splendid opportunity of witnessing this effect when traversing the bay of Manilla. He thus writes:—

"The wake of the vessel is one broad sheet of phosphoric matter, so brilliant as to cast a dull, pale light over the after-part of the ship; the foaming surges, as they gracefully curl on each side of the vessel's prow, are similar to rolling masses of liquid phosphorus; whilst in the distance, even to the horizon, it seems an ocean of fire—and the distant waves, breaking, give out a light of inconceivable beauty."—vol. i. p. 36.

"It must not be for a moment conceived that the light described as like to a sea of 'liquid fire,' is of the same character as the flashes produced by the volcano, or by lightning, or meteors. No: it is the light of phosphorus, as the matter truly is, pale, dull, approaching to a white or very pale yellow, casting a melancholy light on objects around, only emitting flashes by collision. To read by it is possible, but not agreeable; and, on an attempt being made, it is almost always found that the eyes will not endure the peculiar light for any length of time, as headaches and sickness are occasioned by it."—p. 38.

Having stated his concurrence in the opinion, that this brilliant appearance is mainly occasioned by shoals of the molluscous and crustaceous tribes, but that it may often be accounted for merely by the *débris* of dead animal matter with which sea-water is loaded—our author gives us the result of a practical experiment of his own on the 8th of June, 1832, after a large shoal of fish had been observed:—

"Late at night the mate of the watch came and called me to witness a very unusual appearance in the water, which he, on first seeing, considered to be breakers. On arriving upon the deck, this was found to be a very broad and extensive sheet of phosphorescence, extending in a direction from east to west as far as the eye could reach: the luminosity was confined to the range of animals in this shoal—there was no similar light in any other direction. I cast the towing-net over the stern of the ship, as we approached nearer the luminous streak, to ascertain the cause of this extraordinary and so limited phenomenon. The ship soon cleaved through the brilliant mass, from which, by the disturbance, strong flashes of light were emitted; and the shoal (judging from the time the vessel took in passing through the mass) may have been a mile in breadth: the passage of the vessel through them increased the light around to a far stronger degree, illuminating the ship. On taking in the towing net, it was found half filled with *pyrosoma atlanticum*, which shone with a beautiful pale greenish light—and there were also a few small fish in the net at the same time: after the mass had been passed through, the light was still seen astern until it became invisible in the distance, and the whole of the ocean then became hidden in darkness as before this took place. The scene was as novel as it was beautiful and interesting, more so from having ascertained, by capturing the luminous animals, the cause of the phenomenon."—vol. i. p. 39, 40.

Of the length to which albicores, bonitos, sharks, and dolphins will follow a ship, Mr. Bennett gives us many striking instances. One albicore having been wounded on the back by some sharp instrument, leaving a noticeable scar, first caught his attention on this voyage, 3° north latitude, and he continued to recognise it almost daily as far as latitude 11° south—a distance of eight hundred and fifty miles. The length of aerial voyages accomplished by the huge albatross and other oceanic birds is even more extraordinary. In reviewing Earle's residence at Tristan d'Acunha, a few numbers back, we extracted some curious details as to the habits of the albatross when on shore; but that writer said nothing of the real life on the wing. Mr. Bennett says:—

"It is pleasing to observe this superb bird sailing in the air in graceful and elegant movements, seemingly

excited by some invisible power—for there is rarely any movement of the wings seen, after the first and frequent impulses given, when the creature elevates itself in the air—rising and falling as if some concealed power guided its various motions, without any muscular exertion of its own—and then descending and sweeping the air close to the stern of the ship, with an independence of manner, as if it were 'monarch of all it surveyed.' It is from the very little muscular exertion used by these birds that they are capable of sustaining such long flights without repose."—p. 45.

The largest albatross shot by Mr. Bennett during this voyage measured fourteen feet, but we have seen distinct accounts of specimens reaching across the wings to full twenty feet. He proceeds to say:—

"When seizing an object floating on the water, they gradually descend with expanded or upraised wings, or sometimes alight, and float like a duck on the water while devouring their food; then they skim the ocean with expanded wings, as they run along for some distance, until they again soar in mid-air, and recommence their erratic flights. It is interesting to view them, during boisterous weather, flying with, and even against, the wind, seeming the 'gayest of the gay' in the midst of howling winds and foaming waves.

"To watch the flight of these birds used to afford me much amusement, commencing with the difficulty experienced by them in elevating themselves from the water. To effect this object, they spread their long pinions to the utmost, giving them repeated impulses as they run along the surface of the water. Having, by these exertions, raised themselves above the wave, they ascend and descend, and cleave the atmosphere in various directions, without any apparent muscular exertion. How then, it may be asked, do these birds execute such movements? The whole surface of the body in this, as well as, I believe, most, if not all, the oceanic tribes, is covered with numerous air-cells, capable of a voluntary inflation or diminution, by means of a beautiful muscular apparatus. By this power, the birds can raise or depress themselves at will; and the tail, and great length of the wing, enable them to steer in any direction. Indeed, without some provision of this kind to save muscular exertion, it would be impossible for these birds to undergo such long flights without repose as they have been known to do; for the muscles appertaining to the organs of flight, although large in these birds, are evidently inadequate in power to the long distances they have been known to fly, and the immense length of time they remain on the wing, with scarcely a moment's cessation.

"When several species of the albatross, as well as petrels and other oceanic birds, are about the ship at the same time, no combats have been seen to take place between them; but on the death of one, the others soon fall upon and devour it."—vol. i. pp. 46, 47.

Another great source of amusement was shark-fishing—of which sport Captain Hall's enthusiastic details must be in every reader's recollection:—

"The capture of one of these voracious animals often beguiles a tedious hour during a long voyage. Its struggles, when brought on deck, are very great, but a few severe blows on the nose soon disable it from further exertion. When seizing any object the animal turns on the side, not (as is generally supposed) on the back. The shark, judging by an European palate, is not good eating: the fins and tail are very glutinous, and are the portions most relished by the seamen; when dried, they form an article of commerce to China, where they are used in soups. . . . I have seen several sharks and bonitos about the ship at the same time, but I never observed the former degrees to molest the latter.

"Attending the shark is seen that beautiful little fish, the *gaste rosteus ductor*, or *pilot-fish*; which first approaching the bait returns as if to give notice, when, immediately after, the shark approaches and seizes it. It is a curious circumstance that this elegant little fish is seen only in attendance upon the shark. After the shark is hooked, the pilot-fish still swim about, and for some time after he has been hauled on deck; they then swim very near the surface of the water, and at that time I have seen them taken by a basket from the chains of the ship. When the shark has been hooked and afterwards escapes, he generally returns, and renews the attack with increased ferocity, irritated perhaps by the wound he has received."—vol. ii. p. 266.

The shark, Mr. Bennett says elsewhere, is more wary of taking the bait when unaccompanied by the pilot-fish; he will then come close, and withdraw again, several times before he ventures to seize it; but when the little pilot is in company, *it* hazards the first advances to the rancid beef or bacon, reconnoitres carefully, and at length reports the result at head-quarters, upon which the huge monster is seen at once to plunge onward, and makes his snap at the bait without hesitation.

"That which is termed muscular irritability, and which is met with in all cold-blooded animals, is well exemplified in the shark, which perhaps possesses it to a greater degree than other kinds of fish. I have seen a shark transfixed with a harpoon after it had been hooked, so as to cause the viscera to protrude; it was hoisted on deck, when, after a quarter of an hour had elapsed, the lower part was separated from the upper—the detached lower portion for a long time displayed great powers of vitality;—when the head and upper portion were afterwards thrown into the water, the pectoral fins were moved as in the action of swimming. How long this irritability continued I cannot say, (but from other instances that I had seen I should consider for a long period,) as it soon went astern of the ship. I have frequently seen the animal hauled on deck, the whole of the viscera extracted, and the body when thrown overboard, swim for some distance in this mutilated state. Again, a shark has been hung up with the abdomen ripped open, the whole of the viscera extracted, and the head detached; yet symptoms of vitality, or rather muscular irritability, remained for three hours from the time of its removal from the water; and this frequently occasions the spectators to consider that the animal is in a state of suffering. It is only in the cold-blooded animals that we meet with this to such an extent; in the warm-blooded animals it occurs, but in a very slight degree."—*Ibid*, pp. 270—272.

Blumenbach, in his Manual of Natural History, says,—"The extraordinary strength of the reproductive power in several amphibia, and the astonishing facility with which the process is carried on, depend, if I mistake not, on the great magnitude of their nerves and the diminutive proportion of their brain. The former parts are, in consequence, less dependent on the latter: hence *the whole machine* has less powers of motion, and displays less sympathy; the mode of existence is more simple, and approaches more nearly to that of the vegetable world than in the warm-blooded classes; but on the contrary, *the parts* possess a greater individual independent vitality. In consequence of this latter endow-

But . . . operate on one part, or on . . . immediately affect the whole . . . y, as in warm-blooded animals; . . . s that we are enabled to explain . . . enacity of life which is displayed . . . s circumstances in this class—as, . . . e, how frogs still continue to jump . . . r the heart has been torn out, and tur- . . . e lived for months after the removal of the whole brain from the cranium. The long-continued power of motion in parts which have been cut off from the body, as in the tail of the water-newt and blind worm, is to be explained upon the same principles."

The length of time during which this irritability exists in snakes has given rise to the opinion of the vulgar, that "if a snake is killed in the morning, it will not not die before sunset." Among numerous instances of such irritability even in the warm-blooded class, the human heart, for some little time after death has taken place, may be stimulated to perform its natural action by being punctured; and in a limb after amputation, the muscles are excited to contract by the plunge of a scalpel. Of the effects of galvanism we need say nothing.

Among other marine objects discussed in this chapter, we find "the Guinea-ship" of our old navigators—called, in the dialect of modern sailors, the "Portuguese man-of-war"—that beautiful molluscous animal the *physalia*, of which Lamarck enumerates four species, all inhabiting the tropical seas, but some of them seen occasionally in high latitudes during the summer months. They are, of course, more readily discerned in calm weather than in strong breezes, and have then a strong resemblance to a miniature vessel resting on the surface of the waters—whence their popular names, ancient and modern. The vulgar notion that the animal has the power of voluntarily collapsing its bladder-sail, and sinking to the depths of the ocean, when danger approaches, appears to have been for ever disposed of by our author's observations. He found several thrown on the shore of New South Wales in tempestuous weather, the bladder portion still remaining inflated; and while at sea he frequently landed them on deck from his hand-net in the same condition. The inflated membrane is evidently meant merely to keep the creature buoyant on the surface, while its long tentacula are extended below in search of prey. The bladder is of a light azure hue, streaked with delicate sea-green, and the most brilliant crimson—nothing can be more beautiful; but the long purple appendages below are dangerous instruments. They twine themselves instantly round their natural prey, or the hand of the rash captor, and inflict pungent and intolerable pain by means of their acrid exudation. Mr. Bennett appears to have subjected himself to a day of great agony by one of these experiments. For what purpose a similar property has been affixed to certain vegetable tribes is one of nature's mysteries.

On the "flying-fish" Mr. Bennet bestows several interesting pages; and he seems to have successfully combated the notion of Cuvier, that "the animal beats the air during its leap, alternately expanding and closing its pectoral fins." Our author says, "the structure of a fin is not that of a wing: the pectoral organs of the flying-fish are simply enlarged fins, capable of supporting, perhaps, but not of propelling, the animal."

"In fish, the organ of motion for propelling them through the water is the tail, and the fins direct their course; in birds, on the contrary, the wings are the organs of motion, and the tail the rudder. The only use of the extended pectoral fins in the fish is for the purpose of supporting the animal in the air, like a parachute, after it has leaped from the water by *some power* which is possessed even by the whale. From the structure of the fin, I cannot consider it at all calculated for repeated percussions *out of the water;* while in that fluid it continues its natural action uninjured; but it soon dries when brought into contact with the air, and the delicacy of the membrane between the rays would very readily become injured, were the organ similarly exerted in that medium. The greatest length of time that I have seen these *volatile* fish on the *fin* has been thirty seconds by the watch. . . . Their usual height of flight is from two to three feet; but I have known them come on board at a height of fourteen feet; and they have been well ascertained to come into the channels of a line-of-battle ship, *i. e.* as high as twenty feet and upwards. But it must not be supposed that they have the power of elevating themselves in the air, after having left their native element: on watching them I have often seen them fall much below the elevation at which they first rose from the water, but never in any one instance could I observe them raise themselves above that height: I therefore regard the elevation they take to depend on the power of the first spring or leap they make on leaving their native element."—vol. ii. p. 31.

The flight of these animals has often been spoken of as if it resembled that of birds; but our author says,—

"I cannot perceive any comparison—one being an elegant, fearless, and independent motion—whilst that of the fish is hurried, stiff, and awkward. Its repeated flights are merely another term for leaps."

Mr. Bennett laughs at the common talk about the severe *persecution* to which these poor things are exposed: he says they are no worse off than any other branch of the animated creation; but surely he himself paints their situation, when he saw a great shoal of them near the Cape Verd group, in December, 1832, as rather more distressing than is usual with either birds or fishes—pursued through the waves by a host of bonitos, and whenever they rose into air, pounced on by a flock of gannets and boobies. The sight of this double *chasse*, says the philosophical surgeon, "afforded much amusement and interest to those who beheld it."—(p. 35.)

But we must now get ashore, and attend Mr. Bennett in some of those "Wanderings in New South Wales" which occupy more than half of his book. He seems to have made good use of the time which his captain's stay at Sydney enabled him to bestow according to his own inclinations—in short, to have performed several long and laborious journeys to different points of the colony; exploring, to the best of his ability, the manners of all classes of its inhabitants, rational and irrational. On colonial politics he does not say much; and here we shall follow his

example. It is, however, his well-considered opinion, after all that he saw and heard, that convicts should no longer be sent to New South Wales otherwise than "for the purpose of being employed on the public works," and that free emigration ought to be strenuously encouraged. We are much inclined to believe that the time is come when the society of this colony should be delivered, if possible, from further influx of moral pollution, and a new penal settlement established on some other part of that vast continent. The population of the existing colony is now a large one; and it is the duty of government to give it the best chance of entirely shaking off the lamentable taint of its original formation, which it can scarcely be expected to do so long as a constant succession of fresh blackguardism is infused into the system. Who can doubt that this is a country which *must* make a great figure in the world, either for good or for evil, before three generations more shall have passed away? or contemplate without alarm the existence of a powerful nation born and reared amidst such a moral atmosphere as at present shocks every new visitant of Sydney, and is but too apt to corrupt and harden the whole being of any one who protracts his residence there? We believe that, if it were consistent with our feelings of duty to lay before our readers a detailed picture of real life, as it exists even among the upper classes of society in that colony, of the domestic crimes and tragedies which have been brought to light there even within the last few years; it would be readily allowed that no fiction could surpass the horrible truth of such a statement. The exceptions are, we well know, many; and we consider them as among the most honourable exceptions in the world; but the prevalent tone of that society in which incidents that we might particularise *could* have taken place, must be something quite beyond the reach of an unsophisticated English imagination.

But to waive these grave matters; the common stories about the extreme severity of labour in the penal *gangs* are considered by Mr. Bennett as gross and wilful exaggeration. He saw a farm-servant, who had for some misdeed been spending six weeks in one of the "iron gangs," on the day of his return to his usual employer's establishment. His fellow servants immediately remarked how much he had improved in appearance since he left them; and on being weighed, it turned out that the man had gained twenty pounds in the course of his unhappy six weeks.

What sort of convict makes the best shepherd? We venture to say no man could have guessed the fact, it is *the London pick-pocket!* He is the laziest of animals, and in that fine climate the shepherd's is the most indolent existence possible.

The surgeon gives us many painful and disgusting details about the aboriginal savages of this region, but has not, we think, added much to the stock of valuable information. He evidently contemplates their utter disappearance at no very distant date; and, in truth, we see no reason to differ from him on this head. These scarcely human tribes must go, almost as surely as the wild animals, their sport and prey. All attempts at civilisation have utterly and completely failed; they appear, indeed, to be very many degrees below even the worst of the New Zealanders; we mean morally and intellectually, for, as to physical structure, the New Zealanders are a very handsome race, these among the most hideous of all the living caricatures of humanity. They have, however, like all degraded human beings, their share of cunning; and we could not but smile at Mr. Bennett's account of his meeting with one of them, who took his black coat for an indication of the clerical profession, and immediately advanced a claim for a shilling, on the ground that government gives an annual grant of five hundred pounds for the promotion of Christianity in this quarter, of which, by conversing for a few minutes with the stranger "white feller" in the said black vestment, this shrewd "black feller" considered himself to have fairly earned a portion. Mr. Bennett explained the gentleman's mistake, and was curious to hear what his notion of a clergyman might really amount to. The answer brought out his pregnant definition:—

"He white feller belonging to Sunday, get up top o' waddy, pile long corrobora all about debbil, debbil, and wear shirt over trowsel."

He retails elsewhere an old but not a bad story of General Macquarie's attempt to induce the natives to cultivate the ground, by a distribution of seeds and implements:—

"Among the packets of seed sent for distribution were some which contained fish-hooks: these, together with the seeds, were given by the governor to the sable monarch, King Bungaree. Some time after the governor enquired of him whether the seeds had yet come up? 'Oh, berry well, berry well,' exclaimed Bungaree, 'all make come up berry well, except dem fish-hooks; dem no come up yet.'"—p. 338.

Wherever men can be compared with women, we are pretty sure to find the moral advantage with the latter; and here, it seems, is no exception to the rule. Mr. Bennett has one short story, which we shall allow to speak for itself—dismissing some flourishes with which, unlike himself, he introduces it:—

"A female of one of the aboriginal tribes in the Murrumbidgee country cohabited with a convict named Tallboy, who, becoming a bush-ranger, was for a long time sought after by the police for the many atrocities he had committed, but always eluded pursuit. This female concealed him with true native ingenuity, and baffled his pursuers—she would fish and hunt for him, whilst he remained secluded in the retreat she chose. She often visited the stock-keepers' huts at the different stations, and whatever provisions she received from them were immediately conveyed to the unworthy object of her devoted attachment. Although many knew she was privy to his concealment, yet it was found impossible to elude her vigilance; neither promises of rewards—enough to excite the cupidity of any individual, but one in whom a higher feeling was paramount—nor threats, could induce her to acknowledge that she was acquainted with his place of concealment. The brute, however, manifested no kindred affection, but would frequently beat and ill-use her. Whilst she administered to him the refreshing cup of kindness, he bestowed on her misery in return. Shortly after he had, in one instance, given way to his natural brutish disposition, by ill-treating the being who

had done so much for him—he was on the verge of discovery—indeed had himself given up all hopes of escape: when she again saved him, by engaging to point out to the police his place of retreat, and led them away, under that pretence, in a contrary direction, affording her paramour time and opportunity to seek out a safer asylum. When she arrived with the police at the spot where she had informed them he last was, he of course was not there, and a strict search in the vicinity was equally unsuccessful: she then left them to continue their pursuit, pretending to know nothing further respecting him. At last he was captured by venturing out too boldly during her absence, was tried, condemned, and expiated his offences on the scaffold at Sydney. She wished to follow him, on hearing he was a prisoner, but that was impossible; so, reclaimed by her tribe, she was obliged to become an unwilling wife of one of the blacks.

"This unfortunate female was ordered by her husband, whose word is law, to follow him at a time when she was rendered incapable by illness: on her hesitating, he, with savage barbarity, struck her with his tomahawk over the head and legs so severely, that she fainted from loss of blood. She was found lying on the ground, and taken to the house of a settler residing on the banks of the Murrumbidgee river, and every kindness and attention shown her; but after lingering, suffering severe mental and bodily anguish, she expired."

The *dingos*, or native dogs of New South Wales, are the wolves of the colony—they breed in the holes of rocks, attain great size and strength, commit grievous ravages among the herds and flocks of the settlers, and are hunted by whole packs of European dogs. The cunning of these animals, and the agony they will endure without any external indication of suffering, are favourite subjects with our author, and we must spare room for one or two of his anecdotes:—

"One had been beaten so severely, that it was supposed all the bones were broken, and it was left for dead. After the person had walked some distance, upon accidentally looking back, his surprise was much excited by seeing master dingo rise, shake himself, and march into the bush, evading all pursuit. One, supposed dead, was brought into a hut, for the purpose of undergoing 'decortication;' at the commencement of the skinning process upon the face, the only perceptible movement was a slight quivering of the lips, which was regarded at the time as merely muscular irritability: the man, after skinning a very small portion, left the hut to sharpen his knife, and returning found the animal sitting up, with the flayed integument hanging over one side of the face.

"Another instance was that of a settler, who, returning from a sporting expedition, with six kangaroo dogs, they met a dingo, which was attacked by the dogs, and worried to such a degree, that finding matters becoming serious, and that the worst of the sport came to his share, the cunning dingo pretended to be dead. Thinking he had departed the way of all dogs, they gave him a parting shake and left him. Unfortunately for the poor dingo, he was of an impatient disposition, and was consequently premature in his resurrection, for before the settler and his dogs had gone any distance, he was seen to rise and skulk away, but, on account of the rough treatment he had received, at a slow pace; the dogs soon re-attacked him, when he was handled in a manner that must have eventually prevented any resuscitation taking place a second time.

"These instances may account for the fact why skeletons of the animals are not found in places where they have been left supposed dead. I have more than once been taken where one had been *killed*, as I desired to have a skeleton, but no remains of the beast were visible; and crows and hawks do not devour animals, bones and all, in this country.

"The Australian dog never barks; indeed, it is remarked by Mr. Gardiner, in a work entitled The Music of Nature, 'that dogs in a state of nature never bark; they simply whine, howl, and growl: this explosive noise is only found among those which are domesticated.' Sonnini speaks of the shepherds' dogs in the wilds of Egypt as not having this faculty: and Columbus found the dogs which he had previously carried to America to have lost their propensity to barking. The barking of a dog is an acquired faculty—an effort to speak, which he derives from his associating with man." vol. i. p. 235.

In this, of course, as in every book about New South Wales, the kangaroo claims right to fill a considerable space. The chase, by no means a very safe amusement, of the "old man kangaroo," as the blacks call the full-grown male, seems to have found great favour with Mr. Bennett, and he sketches some scenes which, as he himself says, might have deserved to be immortalised by the pencil of a Landseer. We content ourselves, however, with one or two of his lighter pages. An Irishman of his acquaintance had a favourite dog, who rashly pursued a large kangaroo into a water-pool, and was ducked almost dead for his pains:—

"Pat, in a great rage at the threatened death of his dog, would have shot the kangaroo, but his gun missed fire; he then entered the water-hole 'to bate the brains of the baste out' with the but-end of the gun; but the 'baste,' not fancying to be thus treated, turned from the soused and now senseless dog to his more formidable adversary, and a struggle took place, in which the man was often thrust under water, and victory was promising much in favour of the kangaroo, when some of Pat's companions fortunately coming to his assistance, attacked and killed the animal with clubs, and rescued him in almost an insensible condition. I asked him how he felt when the beast hugged him; he replied, 'Not very comfortable—he tumbled me about famously; they are mighty strong bastes, and don't seem to like being meddled with.' Indeed, many persons when alone are afraid to face a large 'old man' kangaroo. A man, recently arrived in the colony, was sent after cattle; he returned in great terror, having come suddenly on the ranges upon a kangaroo, as 'large,' he said, 'as a horse.' I asked him the colour of the animal; he replied, that he did not *recollect* it; he only wished to get away from the beast, and, running down the hill, was glad when he saw the animal *warn't* following him. It is probable, when he went down one part of the range, the animal, equally, if not more frightened, descended another."—vol. i. pp 286.

"The part of the kangaroo most esteemed for eating is the loins; but the tail, which abounds in gelatine, furnishes an excellent and nourishing soup: the hind legs are coarse, and usually fall to the share of the dogs. The natives (if they can be said to have a choice) give a preference to the head. The flesh of a full-grown animal may be compared to lean beef, and that of the young to veal: they are destitute of fat, if we except a little occasionally between the muscles and integuments of the tail. The colonial dish, called a *steamer*, consists of the flesh of this animal dressed with slices of ham. The liver, when cooked, is crisp and dry, and is considered a substitute for bread."—*Ibid.* p. 289.

The passion of the aborigines for hunting kangaroos, opossums, and so forth, appears to be inextinguishable, but to be much more intimately

connected with the cravings of the stomach than with any of the nobler stimulants of the chase. The moment the kangaroo is killed, the struggle begins, not, as in an English field, for the brush, as a trophy, but for a limb, to be forthwith broiled (with the hair on) and devoured. Nay, in many cases, they do not even wait for any application of fire, but, tearing the animal joint from joint, knock off the end of a bone *instanter*, and begin sucking the marrow before it has time to get cold. No abundance of beef and potatoes seems to damp in the smallest degree these ancestral appetites; and no new artificial habits strike deep enough to interfere with their immediate indulgence when opportunity is afforded. A friend of our author observed a native woman, well clothed, and of really decent appearance, engaged in some domestic offices in the plentiful kitchen of a farmer on the Murrumbidgee. He expressed his satisfaction at what he saw, but was assured that, though she had just risen from a capital dinner, if she discovered an opossum on the top of a tree, she would instantly strip herself to the skin, and mount seventy or eighty feet into the air, rather than lose the chance of securing such a *bonne-bouche*.

We find it still more difficult to sympathise with these people in that rage for the flavour of pounded moths, which collects whole tribes of them as often as the proper season comes around, upon certain masses of granite, not far from the Been Station on the Tumat. Captain Cook was astonished, when at Thirsty Sound, with the profusion of butterflies—"the air absolutely crowded with millions of myriads of them for three or four acres together;" and Captain King, in his Survey of Australia (vol. i. p. 195), describes much the same scene at Cape Cleveland: "the stem," he says, "of every grass tree (*xanthorrhea*), which plant grows abundantly on the hills, was covered with butterflies, and on their taking wing, the air appeared as it were in perfect motion." We presume the two captains were not scientific enough to distinguish a butterfly from a moth, and that they both refer to the same species of insect, called by the natives *bugong*, of the grand annual capture and cookery whereof the present author had an opportunity to be an eye-witness.

"The bugong moths collect on the surfaces and also in the crevices of the masses of granite in incredible quantities; to procure them with greater facility, the natives make smothered fires underneath those rocks, and suffocate them with smoke, at the same time sweeping them off frequently in bushels-full at a time. After they have collected a large quantity, they proceed to prepare them, which is done in the following manner:—

"A circular space is cleared upon the ground, of a size proportioned to the number of insects; on it a fire is lighted, and kept burning until the ground is considered to be sufficiently heated, when, the fire being removed, and the ashes cleared away, the moths are placed upon the heated ground, and stirred about until the down and wings are removed from them; they are then placed on pieces of bark, and *winnowed* to separate the dust and wings mixed with the bodies: they are then eaten—or placed in a wooden vessel, and pounded into masses or cakes, in colour and consistence resembling lumps of dough made from smutty wheat mixed with fat. The bodies of the moths are large, and filled with a yellowish oil, resembling in taste a sweet nut. These masses will not keep above a week, and seldom even for that time; but by smoking they are able to preserve them for a much longer period. The first time this diet is used, violent vomiting and other debilitating effects are produced; but after a few days they become accustomed to its use, and then thrive and fatten exceedingly upon it.

"These insects are held in such estimation among the aborigines, that they assemble from all parts of the country to collect them from these mountains. The crows also congregate for the same purpose. The blacks (that is, the crows and aborigines) do not agree about their respective shares—so the stronger decides the point; for when the crows enter the hollows of the rocks to feed upon the insects, the natives stand at the entrance, and kill them as they fly out, and afford them an excellent meal, being fat from feeding upon the rich bugong. So eager are these feathered blacks after this food, that they attack it even when it is preparing by the natives; but as the aborigines never consider any increase of food a misfortune, they lie in wait for the crows, with waddies or clubs, kill them in great numbers, and use *them* as food.

"The quantity of moths which may be collected from one of the granite groups it is calculated would amount to at least five or six bushels. The largest specimen I obtained measured seven-eighths of an inch, with the wings closed, the length of the body being five-eighths of an inch, and of proportionate circumference; the expanded wings measured one inch and three quarters across; the colour of the wings dark brown, with two black ocellated spots upon the upper ones: the body filled with yellow oil, and covered with down.

"When the natives about the Murrumbidgee river heard, on my return, that I had visited the 'bugong mountain,' they expressed great delight, and wished to see what I had collected. On showing them the few insects I had, they recognised them instantly; but I thought there was a feeling of disappointment at their curiosity only, not appetites, being gratified by my little entomological collection."—vol. i. pp. 270—274.

We have stayed so long with Mr. Bennett at New South Wales, that we must make short work with the rest of his "Wanderings." He gives a full and livelier description of Macao, its inhabitants, Portuguese, English, and Chinese, than we have elsewhere met with; and of Canton itself he furnishes sundry sketches which will also reward the reader's attention. We were amused with the following *note*:—

"The brilliancy of the Chinese colours for painting, &c., has often been very highly extolled as being superior to the European. What surprise must it create, then, when we are informed that the colours used are of English manufacture, and the Chinese artists are eager for, and anxiously inquire after *them*! This reminds me of the gross ignorance displayed by one of our countrymen who purchased an elegant London clock in a shop at Canton, at a high price, to take to England as a specimen of China manufacture. But do not we see these follies committed by our countrymen almost every day at Paris?"—vol. ii. p. 61.

To be sure we do; and we have no doubt much use is made of English colours, as well as English clocks and watches, in China: but that the Chinese artists have some colours of their own which no European skill has as yet rivaled, is a fact as well ascertained as any in the world.

At Macao the two *lions* that principally occupied Mr. Bennett's leisure hours were the public

museum of rare animals, fossils, weapons, &c. &c., collected at the general expense of the English residents, and the aviary in the private gardens of one of our countrymen, a venerable gentleman of the name of Beale, who had spent forty years in this distant region, and spared no cost to assemble a vast population of Chinese, Javanese, and Indian birds, which appeared to occupy the whole attention of a considerable establishment of servants, and to be kept altogether in a style that would have done honour to the taste and munificence of any sovereign prince in the world. The recent change in the affairs of the East India Company must, as Mr. Bennett regrets to observe, put an end ere long to the *English Museum*—nor is it likely that, under any future circumstances, an individual resident will be found either disposed or enabled to rival the useful and elegant collection of Mr. Beale. Our author gives two amusing chapters to this old gentleman's aviary: we must be contented with extracting a single specimen of them—he is talking of the *mandarin duck*:—

"A drake was stolen one night, with some other birds, from Mr. Beale's aviary; the beautiful male was alone taken; the poor duck, in spite of her quacks during the distressing scene, was left behind. The morning following the loss of her husband the female was seen in a most disconsolate condition: brooding in secret sorrow, she remained in a retired part of the aviary, pondering over the severe loss she had just sustained.

"Whilst she was thus delivering her soul to grief, a gay, prim drake, who had not long before lost his own dear duck, which had been accidentally killed, trimmed his beautiful feathers, and, appearing quite handsome, pitying the forlorn condition of the bereaved, waddled towards her; and, after devoting much of his time and all his attention to the unfortunate female, he offered her his protection, and made a thousand promises to treat her with more kindness and attention than her dear, lost drake. She, however, refused all his offers, having made, in audible quacks, a solemn vow to live and die a widow, if her mate did not return. From the day she met with her loss, she neglected her usual avocations; her plumage became ragged and dirty; she forsook her food and usual scenes of delight.

"Some time had elapsed, when a person, accidentally passing a hut, overheard some Chinese of the lower class conversing together. One said, 'It would be a pity to kill so handsome a bird.' 'How, then,' said another, 'can we dispose of it?' The hut was noted, as it was immediately suspected that the lost mandarin was the subject of conversation. A servant was sent, and, after some trouble, recovered the long lost drake by paying four dollars for him. He was then brought back to the aviary in one of the usual cane cages.

"As soon as the bird recognised the aviary, he expressed his joy by quacking vehemently and flapping his wings. An interval of three weeks had elapsed since he was taken away by force; but when the forlorn duck heard the note of her lost husband, she quacked, even to screaming, with ecstasy, and flew as far as she could in the aviary to greet him on his restoration. Being let out from the cage, the drake immediately entered the aviary—the unfortunate couple were again united: they quacked, crossed necks, bathed together, and then are supposed to have related all their mutual hopes and fears during the long separation.

"One word more on the unfortunate widower, who kindly offered consolation to the duck when overwhelmed with grief. She in a most ungrateful manner informed her drake of the impudent and gallant proposals made to her during his absence;—it is merely supposition that she did so; but at all events the result was, that the recovered drake attacked the other the day subsequent to his return, pecked his eyes out, and inflicted on him so many other injuries as to occasion his death in a few days. Thus did this unfortunate drake meet with a premature and violent death for his kindness and attention to a disconsolate lady. It may perhaps be correctly written on a tablet over his grave—'*A victim to conjugal fidelity!*'

Since we are on the chapter of ducks, we may notice here our author's diverting account of the *duck-boats* at Whampoa and elsewhere in the neighbourhood of Canton. As is well known, the owners and their families inhabit the upper part of these vessels, while their innumerable flocks of feathered creatures are accommodated in the hold. Mr. Bennett was fortunate enough to inspect some of them just after the rice harvest had been gathered, which is the season of joy for the broad-bills, as they are then at liberty to fatten upon the rich gleanings of the paddy-fields.

"On the arrival of the boat at the spot considered proper for feeding the quacking tribe, a signal of a whistle causes the flock to waddle in regular order from their domicile across the board placed for their accommodation. When it is considered that they have gorged sufficiently, another signal is made: immediately upon hearing it, they congregate and re-enter the boat. The first duck that enters is rewarded with some paddy, the last is whipped; so that it is ludicrous to see the last birds (knowing by sad experience the fate that awaits them) making efforts *en masse* to fly over the back of the others, to escape the chastisement inflicted upon the ultimate duck."—vol. ii. p. 115.

Mr. Bennett had the good luck to sail, on his return from Canton to Macao, in company with Mr. Davis, the accomplished orientalist, then chief superintendent of the Honourable East India Company's establishment; and he appears to have owed much valuable information to that enlightened gentleman's conversation. But we have perhaps given as much space to this book as the nature of its contents may seem to justify—so we must now close our extracts with the surgeon's account of the mode in which the Chinese and Japanese produce those dwarf trees, which we mentioned in our last number when reviewing Messrs. Fischer and Meylan:—

"The Chinese procure the dwarf orange trees, laden with fruit, by selecting a branch of a larger tree upon which there may be a good supply of fruit: the cuticle being detached from one part of the branch, is plastered over with a mixture of clay and straw, until roots are given out, when the branch is cut off, planted in a pot, and thus forms a dwarf tree laden with fruit. Other means are adopted to give the trunk and bark an appearance of age; and these, with the dwarf bamboos and other trees, must certainly be regarded as the principal Chinese vegetable curiosities."

In Mr. Bennett's volumes, if our reader has been at all amused with what we have exhibited in this article, he may depend on finding a great deal more of at least as interesting matter: he will, in particular, be well entertained with the author's history of a favourite *Ungka ape*, which partook his cabin with him during his last voyage from Sincapore to London. This creature seems

to have been about the most intelligent and amiable specimen of the *turpessima bestia* hitherto recorded: he regularly dined with the doctor's mess, and was on intimate terms with most of the passengers—but more especially—which, indeed, will surprise none who have observed the manners of animals—with a child on board, whom it attended almost like a nurse. Ungka liked every thing in the way of eating and drinking that passes current among men—except only wine; but if he had any relish for tobacco, Mr. Bennett does not mention it. Some few years ago, however, a captain in the Company's naval service brought to this city an animal of (we believe) the very same species, who not only took snuff habitually, but indulged himself with a pipe or two every day after dinner, filling the bowl for himself, and even lighting it very knowingly. This little gentleman, too, was quite free from the Mahometan prejudice against the juice of the grape. A friend of ours visiting him the first week after his arrival in Cheapside, found him in the act of finishing his mutton chop and potatoes, and about to begin his usual pipe, with the accompaniment of some Madeira negus. He was sold for the high price of 500*l.*, but died very soon afterwards.

There are two or three monkeys now in the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park, whose passion for snuff affords much amusement to the visiters. They seem to rub it zealously into their eyes and ears, as well as their nostrils, and, after some minutes of triumphant sneezing and snorting, to enjoy the narcotic influence of the Nicotian weed, with the calm contentment of an old fashioned philosopher.

APPARITION OF MARSHAL NEY.

Some days after the execution of Marshal Ney, M. Bellart gave a grand *soirée*. Every one appeared to forget—and perhaps such was the case with himself—the event by which the name of the magistrate of 1815 had obtained so painful a celebrity.

In the course of the evening, and at the moment when the society was the most animated, a guest presented himself, and gave his name to the servant, in an unconcerned manner, viz., M. Maréchal Ainé. The domestic, whether from want of recollection, or from ignorance, threw open the folding-doors of the saloon, and announced M. Le Maréchal Ney!

It is impossible to describe the stupefaction that this cry occasioned among the guests—or to depict the electric tremour of the most indifferent, and the dismay and wild stare of the host. It appeared as though the whole assembly were astounded and struck dumb by the dread of seeing some horrible apparition. The panic was soon, however, dispelled by the entry of the ominous, but harmless M. Maréchal Ainé, although the gaiety which had reigned before his arrival, could not be restored—every countenance bore the stamp of a painful inward feeling—the *salons* were deserted at an early hour, and M. Bellart was left alone with his *souvenirs*, and perchance with his remorse.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

DANA'S BUCCANEER.

We have always respected, nay, admired, America and the Americans. Indeed, it would not be easy to hold cheap a whole world, and that a new one; if not spick and span fresh from nature, certainly teeming with novel and bold forms of life. After all, however, there is but one world on this earth good for much, and that is the world of the English language. Germany, and Italy, and France, and Spain, and Holland, and the Netherlands, and a few other countries, are all well enough in their way; but the outlandish lingos spoken there, if they do not altogether separate them from our sympathies, and nothing can do that with such capacious hearts as ours, greatly cool the warmth of our feelings, and to our ear carry with them an alien and estranging sound. This may be very unlike what might be expected from philosophers and citizens of the world; but we are far from laying any claim to such a character, and are a set of sturdy, prejudiced, bigoted, home-and-race loving Scotsmen. True that the people of Great Britain and Ireland were originally of various breeds; but we are all one now in the broad sense of one, and our twenty millions and upwards, all linked by the ties of kindred, are, or ought to be a band of brothers. We have our quarrels, and animosities, and feuds; even, alas! to the shedding of blood; but let any other nation wage war with us, and it will know once more what is the power and majesty of union. Now the Americans are Englishmen, and Irishmen, and Scotsmen; Jonathan is but John Bull, or Pat, or Saunders, under a somewhat different climate and a somewhat different form of government; and we look on the Atlantic but as the royal road connecting our islands and his continent, on which we pass to and fro, without crossing or jostling by wind or steam, and keep it up; may it be for ever, that friendship which, with those living at the other end of the highway, is an old inheritance bequeathed to them by the pilgrim fathers; and with us here a possession received from our blood relations on their frequent and welcome visits to this their ancestral land. As for national jealousies and the like, why, such feelings are natural and far from unbecoming; they spring on both sides from a proud consciousness of our own worth, and some occasional suspicion on the one side, that the mother has not forgiven, or at least forgotten the disobedience of her rebellious child—on the other, that the child, since she threw off her allegiance, has ceased to love the parent who was once also her queen. But all that is too absurd to be deeply rooted; and we firmly believe that there is a strong, a sacred attachment still between them whom so many things unite; and who are divided, though not much, indeed but nominally, only by the sea. May peace be between us while time endures; and though we should be unwilling to go to war with any body, yet if the American navy must have a brush with the French, and our national honour or interests demand or justify it, may a British squadron appear to windward, and the victory be to the stars and stripes, with or without the aid of the

leopards, not to the tri-color. No fear of that, for we know by proof the metal of American ships and American seamen, and they alone are worthy of sailing in the same line of battle with a fleet of that power, who so long has held the dominion of the seas.

"But hollo! my fancy, whither dost thou go?"

We had no intention of speaking about American ships and seamen, but of American poems and poets. Do our friends write as well as they fight? To say so would be to flatter them, we fear, far beyond the truth, but we see no reason to doubt, that the time may come when they will do so. Meanwhile, they fire away, both in prose and rhyme, with great spirit. To resume the image we have just laid down, with a view of getting rid of it, their small craft are equal to our own. They have a fine frigate or two afloat, and we should not wonder to see them construct, live oak is not wanting, if not a first rate a two-decker. The Bryant is at present their finest vessel, but the Dana is of the same class; and the two working together to windward, might, at this moment, be supposed in the sunshine but one gleam of sail.

Having with some difficulty dismissed that image, let us go to work on this volume of selections from the American poets; and first let us take a glance over the Editor's Introductory Remarks. They are well written, and prove him to be a man of talents; but he has forgot, if he ever knew it, the homely adage, "cut your coat according to your cloth;" and pronounces a panegyric on the peculiar and characteristic features of American poetry, which is far indeed from being supported by its face as reflected in this mirror.

"It has been asserted that no American poet has, as yet, produced a continued poem, capable of arresting attention, and entitled to rank among the leading poetic efforts of other countries. This is, in some degree, true; but if we look into the peculiar circumstances of that country, we shall observe the true causes which have operated to produce this result. We shall perceive, from examining the situation of the American people, that it is less attributable to a dearth of poetic talent, than to a combination of circumstances prejudicial to its developement; and we shall perhaps conclude, from an inspection of the specimens here collected, that American intellect is not incapable of producing poetry of a very high order; and of adapting its energies to the successful prosecution of even the most difficult enterprises of imaginative genius. We need not advert to their advancement in every branch of knowledge that can be rendered *profitable* by application to *practical* purposes—their success in the different professional departments, and their multitude of inventions and improvements in the mechanical arts; but we maintain that, when called forth by the necessary excitements, competition, the prospect of distinction, and a suitable reward, their talents would prove (as in some brilliant instances they have proved) equally successful in every department of literature. But, amid the cares of gain, the noise, the bustle, the distractions of agricultural, commercial, and political pursuits, which so universally, and, in some measure, necessarily, engage the undivided attention of the population of this new country—and with boundless resources, which daily afford new fields for speculation, and new channels for every species of active enterprise, polite literature can scarcely be expected to be cultivated, except as a matter of taste or amusement.

"We cannot, therefore, reasonably expect that, in such leisure moments as are snatched from constant and perhaps laborious occupations, and without a sufficient incentive of either rivalry, fame, or emolument, the American poet should, in many cases, produce poems requiring long, continued, and all-engrossing mental exertion. But even under these circumstances, the Americans have exhibited considerable poetic talent, and—not to mention living authors—Hopkins, Dwight, Barlow, Humphreys, Trumbull, Freneau, Sewell, Linn, Lathrop, Prentiss, Boyd, Clifton, Isaac Story, Allen, Osborn, Spence, and Brainard, have produced some performances which would be an honour to the poetical literature of any country.

"It is not the intention of the editor of this work, in the confined limits allotted to an introductory preface, to enter on a history of American poetical literature, or to point out its distinguishing characteristics, and the many circumstances which variously affect the American and British poet. This would occupy a volume; and that the ignorance which prevails on this subject might be left without excuse, it should be undertaken. At the same time, he would express the hope that these specimens will not be uninteresting of the poetry of a country, where the elements of visible nature afford altogether a different local habitation for the poet's thoughts. The wide prairie, with its 'wild flock, that never needs a fold'—the 'world of lakes,' with its bright expanse of waters—the high-roads of the future commerce of the world, where the navies of the earth might struggle for disputed possession, but where now,

'With tawny limb,
And belt and beads in sunlight glistening,
The savage urges on his skiff like wild bird on the wing;'

the interminable wood, with its savage inmates and aboriginal population, where

'The forest hero, train'd to wars,
Quiver'd, and plumed, and lithe, and tall,
And seam'd with glorious scars,
Walks forth amid his reign to dare
The wolf, and grapple with the bear'—

the legendary lore and romance of Indian life—the savage exploits of Indian warfare—the characteristics of their different tribes—the fierce valour of the Peguods, the terror and scourge of the early colonists—the number and strength of the Mohecans, Pokanokets, and Narragansetts, and the mystic superstitions of the Iroquois. The tide, again, of emigration, rushing with all the indomitable force of human enterprise into the hitherto impregnable fastnesses of nature's wild domains, to haunts where stood the Indian hamlet—

'Look now abroad—another race has fill'd
These populous borders—wide the wood recedes,
And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are till'd;
The land is full of harvests and green meads;
Streams numberless, that many a fountain feeds,
Shine disembower'd, and give to sun and breeze
Their virgin waters; the full region leads
New colonies forth, that tow'rd the western seas
Spread like a rapid flame among the autumnal trees.'—

Such themes as these, it is hoped, will be found more than an adequate exchange for the tamer beauties of a less luxuriant and various climate, and an over civilised and cultivated land. Moreover, the great modifying principles of human sentiment are not the same. The constitution of the American government, customs and whole polity—the manners and individual views of attainment, and all that moulds social character and gives form to the commerce of life—those, too familiar to be dwelt on, must needs operate largely on the mind in all

its varying occupations, and still most in poetry which so largely exhibits the features of the moral man.

"Such poems have been generally chosen (with due regard to their real merit) as were thought most likely, by their descriptive powers, to convey, through the medium of common associations, forcible and faithful impressions of the striking characteristics of the New World—the leading external features, and the internal operations of habits and institutions, on the moral character. In these selections will be felt and seen, the living spirit, the moving realities, and the striking natural features of America, more vitally preserved, and perceptibly true and characteristic, than in all the tours and sketches that have teemed from the press, on this topic, that at present engages so large a share of public attention; and that this praise is not the mere utterance of editorial partiality, will, it is trusted, be amply borne out by the contents of this work."

Now, we ask the clever editor what he would be at? "It has been asserted," he says, "that no American poet has as yet produced a continued poem capable of *arresting attention*, and entitled to rank among the *leading poetic efforts* of other countries." To speak plainly, and not after that absurd fashion, America has produced no great poem. Our friend says, "this is in some degree true;" but he should not speak nonsense. Joel Barlow's Columbiad has picturesque passages—but it is mortal dull. What follows is acute enough; but the critic carries his argument too far; for genius has devoted itself to poetry under circumstances even less favourable and fostering than in America—and achieved far greater triumphs. He "maintains" that, when called forth by the necessary excitements, American talents will be as successful in every department of literature, as in the professional departments and the mechanical arts. Why, any man may maintain any thing; but what we wanted from an editor of such a volume as this was not prophecy of the future—but a fair appreciation of the poetry already in existence. His pompous folly is here incredible. He says it would occupy a volume to point out the distinguishing characteristics of the American poetical literature, and the many circumstances which variously affect the American and British poet. Heaven forefend he should ever write such a tome! For the little he has said—as we hinted above—is humbug. American poetry, so far from being conversant familiarly or awfully with prairies, lakes, and woods, is provokingly barren of such imagery; and as for the "savage inmates and aboriginal population," though we quoted from Bryant, a year or two ago, some fine stanzas in which they were spoken of well, they seldom make any figure in American poetry, and when they do, are a set of foolish feathered failures. Campbell's Outalissi is worth them all many million times over—as their own best critics have confessed; and where our editor may have met with them we do not know, but certainly it was not in his own volume of Selections—"the fierce valour of the Pequods, the number and fatal strength of the Mohecans, Pokanokets, and Narragansetts, and the mystic superstitions of the Iroquois." Then he talks magnificently of the tide of emigration rushing with indomitable force into hitherto impregnable fastnesses; and of the great modifying principles of human sentiment, and so forth, all which, he declares with brazen-faced assurance, gives a character to American poetry distinguishing it remarkably from European. Fudge! There is nearly an utter, and a very woful, absence of all such characteristics; and when he says triumphantly, towards the close of his short preface, "that in these selections will be felt and seen the living spirit, the moving realities, and the striking natural features of America, more vitally preserved, and perceptibly true and characteristic than in all the tours and sketches that have teemed from the press," he utters a gross untruth—and he knows it. This may seem severe language, but he who practises deception must feel the knout. Let him repent, and cancel the preface, and we hope the public will soon buy the whole edition.

We remember some years ago having been greatly struck, in specimens of the American Poets—a collection in three volumes, which some consummate villain has stolen from us, with "The Buccaneer," by Richard H. Dana. It is included in this volume, and we pronounce it by far the most powerful and original of American poetical compositions. The power is Mr. Dana's own; but the style—though he has made it his own too—is coloured by that of Crabbe, of Wordsworth, and of Coleridge. He is no servile follower of those great masters, but his genius has been inspired by theirs, and he almost places himself on a level with them by this extraordinary story; we mean on the level on which they stand in such poems as the Old Grimes of Crabbe, the Peter Bell of Wordsworth, and the Ancient Mariner of Coleridge. The Buccaneer is not equal to any one of them, but it belongs to the same class, and shows much of the same power in the delineation of the mysterious workings of the passions and the imagination.

The opening is very beautiful.

THE BUCCANEER.

"The island lies nine leagues away,
Along its solitary shore,
Of craggy rock and sandy bay,
No sound but ocean's roar,
Save, where the bold wild sea-bird makes her home,
Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

"But when the light winds lie at rest,
And on the glassy, heaving sea,
The black duck, with her glossy breast,
Sits swinging silently;
How beautiful! no ripples break the reach,
And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

"And inland rests the green, warm dell;
The brook comes tinkling down its side:
From out the trees the sabbath bell
Rings cheerful, far and wide,
Mingling its sounds with bleatings of the flocks,
That feed about the vale amongst the rocks.

"Nor holy bell, nor pastoral bleat,
In former days within the vale;
Flapp'd in the bay the pirate's sheet:
Curses were on the gale;
Rich goods lay on the sand, and murder'd men;
Pirate and wrecker kept their revels then.

"But calm, low voices, words of grace,
Now slowly fall upon the ear;

A quiet look is in each face,
Subdued and holy fear:
Each motion's gentle: all is kindly done—
Come, listen, how from crime this isle was won."

Twelve years are gone since the king of this isle was Matthew Lee. Dana, with forceful touches, describes the murderer a dark, low, brawny man, with thick set brows, and small gray eyes. High cheek-bones he had too, we warrant him, and his face was broad across them, and hard, like hammered brass. Fierce both in mirth and toil;

"Yet like a dog could fawn, if need there were,
Speak mildly, when he would, or look in fear."

We have sat in condemned cells with a good many murderers of merit. All their eyes were gray, their voices soft, several had a lisp, and one, the cruelest of cut-throats, 'likewise a burr. They had all courteous manners; and, though with villanous low foreheads, did not seem to be deficient in understanding; while all of them were men of tolerably good education, and appeared to like reading the Bible.

How many murders Matt committed before he attained to the sole sovereignty of the island, we are not told; but the most lucrative is thus darkly hinted at in a few dismal lines.

"Amidst the uproar of the storm.
And by the lightning's sharp, red glare,
Were seen Lee's face and sturdy form;
His axe glanced quick in air.
Whose corpse at morn is floating in the sedge?
'There's blood and hair, Matt, on thy axe's edge."

"'Nay, ask him yonder; let him tell,
I make the brute, not man, my mark.
Who walks these cliffs, needs heed him well!
Last night was fearful dark.
Think ye the lashing waves will spare or feel!
An ugly gash!—these rocks—they cut like steel.'

"He wiped his axe; and, turning round,
Said with a cold and harden'd smile,
'The hemp is sav'd—the man is drown'd,
Wilt let him float awhile,
Or give him Christian burial on the strand?
He'll find his fellows peaceful 'neath the sand.'"

Matthew Lee was extravagant, his waste was greater than his gain, and he said to himself, "I'll try the merchant's trade." So he set sail in a well-manned and deep-laden vessel, resolved, by way of change, to circumvent, rather than to kill. But the sea has a way and a will of his own, and one night took high in dudgeon the laughing blasphemies of skipper and crew of the Fair Trader. So he woke his waves till

"Their white tops, flashing through the night,
Gave to the eager straining eye
A wild and shifting light."

The good ship having sprung a leak, and the pumps being choked, Matt had nothing else for it but to lighten her by throwing the cargo overboard to the devil, whom he heard riding on the blast.

"The sea has like a plaything toss'd
That heavy hull the livelong night.
The man of sin—he is not lost:
Soft breaks the morning light.
Torn spars and sail,—her cargo in the deep—
The ship makes port with slow and labouring sweep.

"Within a Spanish port she rides.
Angry and sour'd, Lee walks her deck.
'Then peaceful trade a curse betides?—
And thou, good ship, a wreck!
Ill luck in change!—Ho! cheer ye up, my men!
Rigg'd, and at sea, we'll to old work again?'"

What that old work was you can guess. But you cannot guess his next crime. Hitherto the tale has been told by glooms and flashes, that alternately strew darkness and light on the character and life of the Buccaneer. But now we have a more continuous and sustained strain, and we cannot help noticing the fine effect of the lyrical transition from the port of Spain to the condition of that country, and a tale of tears arising out of it, soon to be a tale of blood. We must, in justice to the poet, give the passage entire.

"A sound is in the Pyrenees!
Whirling and dark, comes roaring down
A tide, as of a thousand seas,
Sweeping both cowl and crown.
On field and vineyard thick and red it stood.
Spain's streets and palaces are full of blood;—

"And wrath and terror shake the land;
The peaks shine clear in watchfire lights;
Soon comes the tread of that stout band—
Bold Arthur and his knights.
Awake ye, Merlin! Hear the shout from Spain!
The spell is broke!—Arthur is come again!

"Too late for thee, thou young, fair bride;
The lips are cold, the brow is pale,
That thou didst kiss in love and pride.
He cannot hear thy wail,
Whom thou didst lull with fondly murmur'd sound—
His couch is cold and lonely in the ground.

"He fell for Spain—her Spain no more;
For he was gone who made it dear;
And she would seek some distant shore,
At rest from strife and fear,
And wait amidst her sorrows till the day
His voice of love should call her thence away.

"Lee feigned him grieved, and bow'd him low.
'Twould joy his heart could he but aid
So good a lady in her woe,
He meekly, smoothly said.
With wealth and servants she is soon aboard,
And that white steed she rode beside her lord.

"The sun goes down upon the sea;
The shadows gather round her home.
'How like a pall are ye to me!
My home how like a tomb.
O! blow, ye flowers of Spain, above his head—
Ye will not blow o'er me when I am dead.'

"And now the stars are burning bright;
Yet still she looks towards the shore
Beyond the waters black in night.
'I ne'er shall see thee more!
Ye're many, waves, yet lonely seems your flow,
And I'm alone—scarce know I where I go.'

"'Sleep, sleep, thou sad one, on the sea!
The wash of waters lulls thee now;
His arm no more will pillow thee,
Thy hand upon his brow.
He is not near, to hush thee, or to save.
The ground is his—the sea must be thy grave.

"The moon comes up—the night goes on.
Why in the shadow of the mast,

Stands that dark, thoughtful man alone?
Thy pledge, man; keep it fast!
Bethink thee of her youth and sorrows, Lee:
Helpless, alone—and, then, her trust in thee!

"When told the hardships thou hadst borne,
Her words were to thee like a charm.
With uncheer'd grief her heart is worn.—
Thou wilt not do her harm!
He looks out on the sea that sleeps in light,
And growls an oath—'It is too still to-night.'

"He sleeps; but dreams of massy gold,
And heaps of pearl. He stretch'd his hands.
He hears a voice—'Ill man withhold!'
A pale one near him stands;
Her breath comes deathly cold upon his cheek;
Her touch is cold. He wakes with piercing shriek.

"He wakes; but no relentings wake
Within his angry restless soul.
'What, shall a dream Matt's purpose shake?
The gold will make all whole.
Thy merchant's trade has nigh unmann'd thee, lad!
What, baulk thy chance because a woman's sad?"

"He cannot look on her mild eye—
Her patient words his spirit quell.
Within that evil heart there lie
The hates and fears of hell.
His speech is short; he wears a surly brow.
There's none will hear her shriek. What fear ye now?

"The workings of the soul ye fear;
Ye fear the power that goodness hath;
Ye fear the Unseen One, ever near,
Walking his ocean path.
From out the silent void there comes a cry—
'Vengeance is mine! Lost man, thy doom is nigh!'

"Nor dread of ever-during woe,
Nor the sea's awful solitude,
Can make thee, wretch, thy crime forego.
Then, bloody hand—to blood!
The scud is driving wildly over head!—
The stars burn dim; the ocean moans its dead.

"Moan for the living—moan our sins,—
The wrath of man, more fierce than thine.
Hark! still thy waves!—The work begins—
He makes the deadly sign.
The crew glide down like shadows. Eye and hand
Speak fearful meanings through that silent band.

"They're gone. The helmsman stands alone;
And one leans idly o'er the bow.
Still as a tomb the ship keeps on;
Nor sound nor stirring now.
Hush, hark! as from the centre of the deep—
Shrieks—fiendish yells! they stab them in their sleep.

"The scream of rage, the groan, the strife,
The blow, the gasp, the horrid cry,
The panting, stifled prayer for life,
The dying's heaving sigh,
The murderer's curse, the dead man's fix'd still glare,
And fear's and death's cold sweat—they all are there!

"On pale, dead men, on burning cheek,
On quick, fierce eyes, brows hot and damp,
On hands that with the warm blood reek,
Shines the dim cabin lamp.
Lee look'd. 'They sleep so sound,' he laughing said,
'They'll scarcely wake for mistress or for maid.'

"A crash! They've forced the door,—and then
One long, long, shrill, and piercing scream
Comes thrilling through the growl of men.
'Tis hers!—O God, redeem
From worse than death thy suffering, helpless child!
That dreadful cry again—sharp, sharp, and wild!

"It ceased,—With speed o' th' lightning's flash,
A loose-robed form, with streaming hair,
Shoots by.—A leap,—a quick, short splash!
'Tis gone!—There's nothing there!
The waves have swept away the bubbling tide,
Bright-crested waves, how proudly on ye ride!

"She's sleeping in her silent cave,
Nor hears the stern, loud roar above,
Or strife of man on land or wave.
Young thing! thy home of love
Thou soon hast reach'd!—Fair, unpolluted thing!
They harm'd thee not!—Was dying suffering?"

Murder she could not shun—but the sea received her unpolluted. Dana did right in saving her from violation—the sin of rape was on their souls, though her body was free from its stain—and pity is the more profound when not disturbed by horror. Why waxes Matthew Lee's dark face so white? He shudders in superstition. A spirit was it—who heard any tread on deck—any splash in the sea? But that fit is gone, and he is indecent on the dead.

"And then the ribald laughed. The jest,
Though old and foul, loud laughter drew.
And words more foul came from the rest
Of that infernal crew.
Note, Heaven! their blasphemy, their broken trust!
Lust hardens murder—murder panders lust."

No formal description is any where given of the crew—but we feel that they were judiciously chosen—and that they were not men to be afraid of ghosts. Not when at their cups—yet who knows but that each murderer in his birth had a visit every night from the night-mare; and that sleep lashed them all—naked—each bloody-hand by himself—with her cat-'o-nine tails, to hell! But now they are all broad awake, and have work to do, e'er they sit down to sup, and curse, and sing. They had murdered all below—except the white war horse, who used to carry the drowned lady's lover and her lord. Shall they cut his throat too? No. Let him have a swim. So overboard with him alive along with the dead bodies.

"Now slowly up they bring the dead
From out that silent, dim-lit room.
No prayer at their quick burial said—
No friend to weep their doom.
The hungry waves have seized them one by one,
And, swallowing in their prey, go roaring on.

"Cries Lee, 'We must not be betray'd.
'Tis but to add another corse!
Strange words, 'tis said, an ass once bray'd.
I'll never trust a horse!
We'll throw him on the waves alive! He'll swim;
For once a horse shall ride—we all ride him.'

"Such sound to mortal ear ne'er came
As rang far o'er the waters wide;
It shook with fear the stoutest frame—
That horse is on the tide!
As the waves leave or lift him up, his cry
Comes lower now—and now 'tis near and high.

"And through the swift wave's yesty crown
His scared eyes shoot a fiendish light,
And fear seems wrath. He now sinks down,
Now heaves again to sight,
Then drifts away; yet all that night they hear
Far off that dreadful cry.—But morn is near.

"O, hadst thou known what deeds were done,
When thou wert shining far away,

Would'st thou let fall, calm-coming sun,
Thy warm and silent ray?
The good are in their graves; thou canst not cheer
Their dark, cold mansions. Sin alone is here.

"'The deed's complete! The gold is ours!
There, wash away that bloody stain!
Pray who 'd refuse what fortune showers?
Now, lads, we'll lot our gain.
Must fairly share, you know, what's fairly got!
A truly good night's work! Who 'll say 'twas not?'

"There's song, and oath, and gaming deep—
Hot words, and laughter—mad carouse:
There's nought of prayer, and little sleep,
The devil keeps the house!
'Lee cheats!' cried Jack. Lee struck him to the heart.
'That 's foul!' one mutter'd. 'Fool! you take your part!'

"'The fewer heirs the richer, man!
Hold forth thy palm, and keep thy prate!
Our life, we read, is but a span.
What matters soon or late?
Death comes!' On shore, and ask'd how many died?
'That sickness swept near half,' said Lee, and sigh'd.

"Within our bay, one stormy night,
The isle's men saw boats make for shore,
With here and there a dancing light
That flash'd on man and oar.
When hail'd, the rowing stopt, and all was dark.
'Ha! lantern work!—We'll home!—They 're playing shark!'

"Next day, at noon, towards the town,
All stared and wonder'd much to see,
Matt and his men come strolling down.
The boys shout, 'Here comes Lee!'
'Thy ship, good Lee?' 'Not many leagues from shore
Our ship by chance took fire.'—They learnt no more.

"He and his crew were flush of gold.
'You did not lose your cargo, then?'
—'Learn, where all 's fairly bought and sold,
Heaven prospers those true men.
Forsake your evil ways, as we forsook
Our ways of sin, and honest courses took!

"'Wouldst see my log-book? fairly writ,
With pen of steel, and ink like blood!
—How lightly doth the conscience sit!
Learn, truth 's the only good.'
And thus with flout, and cold and impious jeer,
He flod repentance, if he 'scaped not fear."

Matt is now rich, and resolves to lead a life of pleasure on shore. We are not told whether he took a ready-made house, or built a new one—nor does Mr. Dana tell us whether its site had a southern or a northern aspect—only

"That riot reigns within,
And brawl and laughter shake that house of sin."

Matt is merry—or fain would be so—for the jolly dog

"Remorse and fear now drowns in drink."

Why, in such a case there was nothing else for it. But remorse is a perfect sand-bank that swallows the sea. He can drink a gallon of Glenlivet or Cognac without turning a hair. His head, however, can be made to swim at last—and his heart to quake—and then, Lord pity him! how he stares! He calls that singing! He has volunteered a solo of groans—set on four flats for the first bar or two—and then on a dozen sharps at the fewest. *Da capo.* Such laughter is really too bad—and his pals call it the devil's howl. But he is a great man nevertheless.

"Matt lords it now throughout the isle,
His hand falls heavier than before,
All dread alike his frown or smile,
None come within his door,
Save those who dipp'd their hands in blood with him;
Save those who laughed to see the white horse swim.

This very night last year was the night of that massacre, and the murderers must needs celebrate their anniversary. "Bring us women, bring us wine!" Was that the cry? No—no—they cannot now be pestered by the popinjays—besides, the pretty polls might prate and peach. So the party consists wholly of males and murderers. 'Tis now the very hour—the very minute—the captain kens by his gold chronometer—that the white horse was made to walk the plank—and was drifted away on the flowing foam, while far-off was heard that dreadful cry!—See! see! a red light on the waters. What may it mean? Matt's gray eyes are enlarged in green light—and burn as if they would set fire to his thick-set brows.

"Not bigger than a star it seems:
And, now, 'tis like the bloody moon:
And, now, it shoots in hairy streams
Its light!—'Twill reach us soon!
A ship! and all on fire!—hull, yards and mast!
Her sheets are sheets of flame!—She's nearing fast!

"And now she rides, upright and still,
Shedding a wild and lurid light
Around the cove, on inland hill
Waking the gloom of night.
All breathes of terror! Men in dumb amaze
Gaze on each other 'neath the horrid blaze.

"It scares the sea-birds from their nests.
They dart and wheel with deaf'ning screams;
Now dark,—and now their wings and breasts
Flash back disastrous gleams:
O sin, what hast thou done on this fair earth?
The world, O man, is wailing o'er thy birth.

"And what comes up above that wave,
So ghastly white?—a spectral head!
A horse's head!—(May heaven save
Those looking on the dead,—
The waking dead!) There on the sea he stands—
The spectre-horse!—He moves; he gains the sands!

"Onward he speeds. His ghostly sides
Are streaming with a cold, blue light.
Heaven keep the wits of him who rides
The spectre-horse to-night!
His path is shining like a swift ship's wake;
He gleams before Lee's door like day's gray break.

"The revel now is high within;
It breaks upon the midnight air.
They little think, 'midst mirth and din,
What spirit waits them there.
As if the sky became a voice, there spread
A sound to appal the living, stir the dead.

"The spirit-steed sent up the neigh.
It seem'd the living tramp of hell,
Sounding to call the damn'd away,
To join the host that fell.
It rang along the vaulted sky: the shore
Jarr'd hard, as when the thronging surges roar.

"It rang in ears that knew the sound;
And hot flushed cheeks are blanched with fear.
And why does Lee look wildly round?
Thinks he the drown'd horse near?

He drops his cap—his lips are stiff with fright.
Nay, sit thee down!—It is thy banquet night.

"'I cannot sit. I needs must go:
The spell is on my spirit now.
I go to dread—I go to wo!'
O, who so weak as thou,
Strong man!—His hoofs upon the door-stone, see,
The shadow stands!—His eyes are on thee, Lee!—

"Thy hair pricks up!—'O, I must bear
His damp, cold breath! It chills my frame!
His eyes—their near and dreadful glare
Speak that I must not name!'
Thou'rt mad to mount that horse!—'A power within,
I must obey—cries, "mount thee, man of sin!"'

"He's now astride the spectre's back,
With reign of silk, and curb of gold.
'Tis fearful speed:—the reign is slack
Within his senseless hold:
Nor doth he touch the shade he strides—upborne
By an unseen power. God help thee, man forlorn!

"He goes with speed: he goes with dread!
And now they're on the hanging steep!
And now! the living and the dead,
They'll make the horrid leap!
The horse stopt short:—his feet are on the verge.
He stands, like marble, high above the surge.

"And, nigh, the tall ship yet burns on,
With red-hot spars and crackling flame.
From hull to gallant, nothing's gone,
She burns, and yet's the same!
Her hot, red flame is beating, all the night,
On man and horse, in their cold, phosphor light.

"Through that cold light the fearful man
Sits looking on the burning ship.
Thou ne'er again wilt curse and ban.
How fast he moves the lip!
And yet he does not speak, or make a sound!
What see you, Lee,—the bodies of the drown'd!

"'I look, where mortal man may not—
Into the chambers of the deep.
I see the dead, long, long forgot—
I see them in their sleep.
A dreadful power is mine, which none can know,
Save he who leagues his soul with death and wo.'"

It is not now a stormy night, but a serene, and the last, low, melancholy ray of the waning moon shines towards him—but he sees but the ship. The night wears away, and the burning vessel grows less and less bright as the gray dawn returns.

"The spectre steed now slowly pales;
Now changes like the moonlit cloud;
That cold, thin light, now slowly fails,
Which wrapt them like a shroud.
Both ship and horse are fading into air,
Lost, mazed, alone, see Lee is standing there!"

The morning is fresh and fair, and beauty and happiness are circling in the air, floating on the sea, and wandering to and fro along the shore. But Lee is blind and deaf, and stirs not more than a stone.

"The hot sun beats upon his head,
He stands beneath its broad, fierce blaze,
As stiff and cold as one that's dead:
A troubled dreamy maze.
Of some unearthly horror, all he knows,
Of some wild horror past, and coming woes."

Evening comes, "the gull has found her place on shore" the sun sinks, all is still but the ocean's weary roar, and

"There stands the man unblest."

He looks round as if hoping to see his mates, but they come not; he finds power to walk homewards; and

"As he his door-stone past, the air blew chill.
The wine is on the board; Lee take thy fill."

Not a single soul in the house. Whither they have all gone he knows not, nor asks, but gone they are, and he never sees the face of one of them again in this world. 'Twas no vision of his own—the vision of the white horse from the sea, and of the fiery ship. They too saw it, they too heard it shriek, and the murderers, whom no fear of human law could appal, have drowned or hanged themselves, or have fled away from that intolerable island to wander over the unhaunted spots, if such there be, of some central wilderness beyond reach of the sea. "Lee, take thy fill of wine!" And he drinks despair. But there are some human hearts, Christopher North verily believes with Richard Dana, nor despair nor remorse can break. And if unbroken, however shook, sin will continue to have her dwelling there, and leave open the door, day and night, for the entrance of crime.

"He walks within the day's full glare
A darken'd man. Where'er he comes,
All shun him. Children peep and stare;
Then, frighted, seek their homes.
Through all the crowd a thrilling horror ran.
They point and say, 'There goes the evil man!'

"He turns, and curses in his wrath
Both man and child; then bastes away
Shoreward, or takes some gloomy path;
But there he cannot stay:
Terror and madness drive him back to men;
His hate of man to solitude again.

"Time passes on, and he grows bold,
His eye more fierce, his oaths more loud,
None dare from Lee the hand withhold;
He rules and scoffs the crowd,
But still at heart there lies a secret fear;
For now the year's dread round is drawing near."

Do the islanders, whose hands are clean, at least of blood, see the spectre-horse and spectre-ship? We know not. But they see Lee's eyes, and, full of horror as they are, they know that he is not insane. The day is come, and will he celebrate a second anniversary?

* * * * *

"He swears; but he is sick at heart;
He laughs; but he turns deadly pale.
His restless eye and sudden start,
These tell the dreadful tale
That will be told; it needs no words from thee,
Thou self-sold slave to fear and misery.

"Bond-slave of sin, see there—that light!
'Ha! take me, take me from its blaze!'
Nay, thou must ride the steed to-night!
But many weary days
And nights will shine and darken o'er thy head,
Ere thou wilt go with him to meet the dead.

"Again the ship lights all the land;
Again Lee strides the spectre-beast;

Again upon the cliff they stand,
This once thou'lt be released!
Gone horse and ship; but Lee's last hope is o'er;
Nor laugh, nor scoff, nor rage, can help him more.

"His spirit heard that spirit say,
'Listen!—I twice have come to thee.
Once more—and then a dreadful way!
And thou must go with me!'
Ay, cling to earth as sailor to the rock!
Sea-swept, suck'd down in the tremendous shock.

"He goes! So thou must loose thy hold,
And go with death; nor breathe the balm
Of early air, nor light behold,
Nor sit thee in the calm
Of gentle thoughts, where good men wait their close.
In life or death where look'st thou for repose?"

In our abridgment the tale has seemed allmost all one uninterrupted series of guilt and misery; but sweet and soothing imagery is sometimes very skilfully introduced for relief's sake, and sometimes, too, touches of tenderness that may awaken tears. We are brought at last almost to pity Matthew Lee—for at last he feels his sin with all the repentance in his power—he is very miserable—and "misery is a sacred thing"—even the misery of a murderer.

"Who's yonder on that long, black ledge,
Which makes so far into the sea?
See! there he sits, and pulls the sedge,
Poor, idle Matthew Lee!
So weak and pale? A year and little more,
And thou didst lord it bravely round this shore.

"And on the shingles now he sits,
And roll the pebbles 'neath his hands;
Now walks the beach; then stops by fits,
And scores the smooth, wet sands;
Then trics each cliff, and cove, and jut, that bounds
The isle! then home from many weary rounds.

"They ask him why he wanders so,
From day to day the uneven strand?
—'I wish, I wish that I might go!
But I would go by land;
And there's no way that I can find, I've tried
All day and night!'—He look'd towards the sea and sigh'd.

"It brought the tear to many an eye,
That, once, his eye had made to quail.
'Lee, go with us; our sloop rides nigh;
Come! help us hoist her sail.'
He shook.—'You know the spirit horse I ride!
He'll let me on the sea with none beside!'

"He views the ships that come and go,
Looking so like to living things.
Oh! 'tis a proud and gallant show
Of bright and broad spread wings,
Flinging a glory round them, as they keep
Their course right onward through the unsounded deep.

"And where the far off sand-bars lift
Their backs in long and narrow line,
The breakers shout, and leap, and shift,
And send the sparkling brine
Into the air; then rush to mimic strife.—
Glad creatures of the sea! How all seems life!—

"But not to Lee. He sits alone:
No fellowship nor joy for him.
Borne down by wo, he makes no moan,
Though tears will sometimes dim
That asking eye. O, how his worn thoughts crave—
Not joy again, but rest within the grave.

"The rocks are dripping in the mist
That lies so heavy off the shore.
Scarce seen the running breakers!—list
Their dull and smother'd roar!
Lee hearkens to their voice.—'I hear, I hear
You call.—Not yet!—I know my time is near!'

'And now the mist seems taking shape,
Forming a dim, gigantic ghost,
Enormous thing! There's no escape;
'Tis close upon the coast.
Lee kneels, but cannot pray. Why mock him so?
The ship has clear'd the fog, Lee, see her go!

"A sweet, low voice, in starry nights,
Chants to his ear a plaining song.
Its tones come winding up those heights,
Telling of wo and wrong;
And he must listen till the stars grow dim,
The song that gentle voice doth sing to him.

"O, it is sad that aught so mild
Should bind the soul with bands of fear;
That strains to soothe a little child,
The man should dread to hear!
But sin hath broke the world's sweet peace unstrung,
The harmonious chords to which the angels sung."

He often sits now, in a state of stupor, on some stone, within the savage sea-roar; and it might seem, to look at him, that he were more than half-dead—insensate now to the misery within as to the heat or cold, the sun, or the spray. But the doomed night comes that is again to bring the pale horse. An ass once brayed articulate speech—quoth Matt—and a horse may tell tales—and so saying, he showed him overheard. And odd enough, the identical animal does tell tales, and to Matt's feelings, beats Balaam's charger all to sticks.

"'Twice have I come for thee,' it said.
'Once more, and none shall thee behold.
Come! live one, to the dead.'"

The apparition of the ship again faintly illumines, and for the last time, the bay. Formerly she showed wide sheets of flame and shafted fire.

"But now she rolls a naked hulk, and throws
A rushing light; then, settling, down she goes."

"And where she sunk up slowly came
The spectre-horse from out the sea.
And there he stands! His pale sides flame.
He'll meet thee shortly, Lee.
He treads the waters as a solid floor;
He's moving on. Lee waits him at the door."

Matt is loth to mount—but mount he must—the night is black—but the horse is white—and

"Within that horrid light he rides the deep."

He goes by water to fire—and there is an end of the poem. We hope you like it—for we do very much; but our page is done—our candle burned out—our pen a blunt nose—and you must be your own critic. There is room and radiance but for the ultimate stanza.

"The earth has washed away its stain.
The seal'd up sky is breaking forth,
Mustering its glorious hosts again
From the far south and north.
The climbing moon plays on the rippling sea,
O! whither on its waters rideth Lee?"

No creature alive so loth to die as a candle

Thou hast no need thus to tremble on the brink of expiration, O innocent—yea, useful wick! Thy whole life has been spent in pouring lustre on peace. For rueful though the tale and ghastly, on which we have been poring in Dana's pictured pages, our heart all the while has been calm in its profounder depths, and from the stillness of its own regions has been listening to the rage of the wicked subsiding into sullenness, just like the rage of the sea. But the sea after storm is not long sullen—he soon grows serene—and is revisited by shadowy stars; whereas the wicked are to the last restless—and with moanings of misery disappear in the blind hollow of night.

Blickering yet! Nay resuscitated by the saveall—and absolutely showing off in a series of small blazes! We never use an extinguisher without a sigh. A natural death shalt thou be allowed to die. There—thou art dead. The change from light to darkness brings a change over the spirit of our dream. We have crossed the Atlantic—and are sitting with Bryant and Dana at a Symposium. "Christopher North in America." On our return to Europe we shall sell our journal to our good friends, the Blackwoods, for a ransom. But the question now is—how we are to find our way to bed? We must make up our minds to see death on the pale horse in our dreams. Dana! farewell.

Critical Notices.

A Voyage round the World; including Travels in Africa, Asia, Australia, and America, &c. &c.; from 1827 *to* 1832. By James Holman, R.N. F.R.S. &c. (Vol. II.) Smith & Elder.

The first volume landed our blind traveller at Rio Janeiro, and left him when he had just completed a trip to the gold mines, in company with Captain Lyon. The second opens with an account of his descent into one of the principal mines, and of his journey back to Rio; and narrates the results of his residence (can we say observation?) at this tropical city, until his departure in his majesty's brig Falcon for the Cape of Good Hope. It was intended in the voyage to call at Tristan d'Acunha; but the ship was obliged to pass the island in a fog, and sail direct for the Cape. Here, as in other places, the sad deprivation of our traveller, his reputation, and the singular task he had imposed upon himself—together, we suspect, with his cordial good feeling, and the gentle dependent manner of the sightless—procured him much attention; and, after traveling through the south and south east part of the colony into Caffre Land, he started for the Mauritius. His stay here was brief; for, taking advantage of the offer of a passage in a king's ship, he sailed for Madagascar and Mozambique; where the volume leaves him.

The reader who has perused Lieutenant Holman's works, or thought at all upon the nature of his achievements, will no doubt have been surprised, not only at his accomplishment of the journeys he has undertaken, but at the information and amusement contained in his books. By further thought and examination, the riddle is solved. What human being could throw an obstacle in the way of a blind man? Nay, how few exist who would not assist him to the utmost of their power? Traces of this are frequently met with, not merely in the connections he forms on shore, but in the more useful sea-friends he finds or makes,—for instance, all the voyages narrated in the present volume were prosecuted on board king's ships, where a common traveller could never have found admission. The matter and composition of his publications, if narrowly scanned, explain all points of wonder except the personal resolution and migratory spirit of the man. The character of the books bears the impress of the author. They do not deal in picturesque description, in sketches of external manners, or in the reflections such things excite. But if they lack their general brilliancy and force, they have none of their frequent vagueness. Unless a man looks upon nature and society with learned eyes, his observations are often too general to be distinct, or too common-place to be interesting. Deriving his information from others, Lieutenant Holman tested all that he received. Unless the ideas conveyed to him were specific and distinct, he at once perceived their uselessness: if the things he was told had no interest for him, he might judge they would have none for others. Hence the real and informing nature of his work; although it must be admitted, that at times there is a matter-of-fact air about it which has somewhat of the minuteness of a catalogue. We make this observation because we think it is the truth; and because it fitly introduces a passage which touchingly exhibits the amiability of the author, and apologises for his occasional dryness.

"There is a spirit of consolation in all things, if we only understood the moral alchemy by which it is to be extracted. The very calamity which condemns me to enquire and think, where others see and comprehend at once, has drawn around me an amount of attention to which I could not, otherwise, presume to lay claim. This is the end to which all writers, particularly travellers, direct their labours. When there is any point of value in a work, even if it bear as small a proportion to the worthless as Falstaff's bread did to his sack, it is put forth in vain if circumstances do not assist in procuring it a hearing. It is truly observed by Dr. Johnson, that the contemporary age employs itself in detecting an author's faults, and that posterity engages all its ingenuity in seeking after his beauties. The blemishes of a book, if I may be allowed to distort a fine thought of Shakspeare's into prose, are buried in the writer's grave, and all that is good in it lives after him. Without any pretension to the favour of the public beyond that which the anomaly that exists between my situation and my pursuits confer upon me, it would almost appear that this fate of authorship has been nearly reversed in my case. My readers, knowing the difficulties against which I have to contend, would seem to have forgotten every thing but the merit of perseverance under circumstances so adverse and repelling. I am too proud of this indulgence, even though I owe it to an accident, not to endeavour, as I proceed with my work, to deserve the kind thoughts of those who feel any pleasure in my narrative. But, anxious as I am that its intrinsic worth, whatever that may be, should increase as I advance, it must be evident that equivalent sources of interest are not always at my command; for the interest of a record of travels will inevitably vary the nature of the different subjects as they arise.

"In a work of imagination, the author is clearly responsible for the failure of his design; but in a relation of facts, the author is responsible only for his treatment of them. The novelist who invents impossibilities, or constrains his plot to produce effect, is censurable in the first degree: so too, the traveller or historian who misstates the character of a nation, the aspect of a country, or the moral and physical condition of any fraction of the great community: but he is not accountable for the individual attractions of the subject; he must take men, their customs and their localities, as he finds them; and if he discharges his office with fidelity, he performs all

that can be required at his hands. If the readers of these pages will but bear this distinction in memory, they will make for occasional weariness that excuse upon which alone I desire to rely. It is impossible to travel from Dan to Beersheba, without finding some barren spots: so, as the record of travels is but the reflection of the fluctuating varieties of soil and climate, usages and customs, government and national peculiarities, my journal, if it be faithful, which I can answer for, so far as my opportunities have reached, must exhibit a similar inequality of interest. Asking some indulgence on this score, I resume my narrative."

A Portuguese governor at Mozambique:

"We did not reach the ship until half-past five, when, after taking a hasty dinner, we proceeded to the government house; where we received such a description of his excellency's dinner that we had no reason to regret our absence. However, he made many apologies to Captain Lyons, for his cook, and the want of proper servants; and it must be owned that he did not complain without good reason, for out of the six that attended, there were only two who were fit to appear in the presence of civilised society, being scarcely one degree removed from a state of nudity, their whole attire consisting of a short coarse cloth tied round the loins, in the same manner as that usually worn by slaves; and it spoke little for the delicacy of the governor, to allow his daughters to be so attended, especially in the society of British officers, in a public dining-room. His excellency's domestic arrangements were, however, entirely exempt from all attempts at elegance; and the following specimen will afford a pretty correct notion of the ornamental part of the appendages. The sideboard was illuminated with four candles, stuck in—what think you, gentle reader?—do your sensitive nerves tremble with apprehension, of some violation of taste or fashion? What will you say, when I tell you that four claret bottles supplied the place of candelabras? How will you you be shocked when I add, that it was a barbarous indifference, and not by any means the exigency of necessity, that occasioned this want of comfort in the governor's appointments, for he could have been amply supplied with household comforts, for the mere trouble of an application in the proper quarter; but he was an easy man, who cared for nothing, beyond the accumulation of wealth, and of which he had acquired a very competent share, through his profits on the slaves that had been exported from his government, where he had been resident four years, and from which he was at this period in daily expectation of being relieved. It might be imagined that his daughters ought to have conducted their father's household in a more civilised fashion; but when we consider how much the mind is debased by association, we shall cease to wonder that young people, sprung from such a father, and so waited upon, should have few elegant ideas."

The most interesting parts in the book, on account of their novelty, are the chapters devoted to Madagascar. This fertile and slave-producing island, under the sway of Radama—a sort of Czar Peter in a small way—seemed to be in a fair train for improving; but Mr. Hastie, the British resident, and tutor to the monarch, died; and his royal friend seeking consolation in the bottle, shortly followed him; so that a reaction has taken place.—*Spectator.*

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Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia.—Fall of the Roman Empire, comprising a View of the Invasion and Settlement of the Barbarians. By J. C. L. De Sismondi. Vol. II. London: Longman & Co. 1834.

The celebrated author of this work has, by it, supplied a most important and valuable addition to our historical literature, comprising within small bounds, a clear, grave, and accurate view of the longest and most universal of all the convulsions to which the human race has been exposed. The period he embraces extends to eight centuries, dating its commencement from the reign of the Antonines, when mankind seemed to have reached the highest point of prosperity, down to the almost total dissolution of all the old established associations of men, and to the re-construction of society from its very foundations. This period, commencing from the third century, and reaching to the close of the tenth, may here be viewed by the light and guidance of one who has devoted many years to the study of the revival of European civilisation, as well as to the overthrow of ancient culture. He states, that fifteen years have elapsed since he attempted to trace the course of the terrible revolution referred to, in a series of lectures pronounced before a small audience at Geneva. Encouraged by the interest he then excited, he preserved the vast picture, under the idea that at some future day he might exhibit it in one of the capitals of the world of letters. But advancing years warn him no longer to reckon on the possibility of oral instruction; and therefore, in the present form, he submits the information collected in the lectures spoken of. To Dr. Lardner's truly national work these volumes are a precious addition. No ordinary time or means have hitherto been necessary to obtain that which is here brought together. So that henceforward any person may, without other help than Sismondi's two neat volumes, come to a correct understanding of one of the most important and distinct, as well as dark, periods of time. The earlier half of the middle ages appear to our eyes as a chaos, but the author draws from it the most valuable reflections; one of which is, that the waters that once covered the earth may overflow it again. All that we possess at this day was possessed by the Roman world. The matters embraced and suggested by these volumes are therefore mighty: nor could any one handle them with greater power than the author, who has made them the theme of long study and deep research.

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The Autobiography of Jack Ketch; with fourteen Illustrations, from Designs by Meadows. London: Clarton. 1835.

Talent, of which this volume contains undeniable proofs, both as respects author and illustrator, will not of itself render a book good or pleasant. Taste is also requisite, and this we think sadly violated in the handling, as well as the choice of the subject before us. From the portrait of the autobiographer, facing the title-page, all through to the end of the volume, one feeling of disgust has pervaded our perusal of it. Scenes of low and horrible amount cannot, when unrelieved by appeals to the nobler and finer sympathies of humanity, be regarded as instructive, even although they may be faithful. There is, to be sure, an amiable character introduced in Catherine, but it is a most improbable thing that any such being could be the wife of Ketch. The descriptions of the horrible events crowded into the work are made to be more revolting than necessary, even to their due effect, by a laborious use of extravagant phraseology. Take as a specimen the following passage:—

"I could not bear that look; but collecting all my force, thrust my antagonist from me, and dashed the knife into his throat—once, twice, and again the third time. My victim fell heavily to the earth, the blood gushing and rolling around him in frothy and bubbling profusion. I looked up, and the very heavens seemed to be, nay, were, rent asunder, and mingled blood and fire streamed with a hissing sound in the firmament!"

And this is no solitary example, but characteristic of the best portions of the book. There is, instead of a solemn lesson taught by such details, nothing but unutterable shudderings belonging to sights of butchery.

We observe that the author threatens the world with a publication of "The Ketch Papers," should the present work be favourably received: for be it known, that this autobiography comes down only to the period when Jack becomes a "finisher of the law." But we long not for them.

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Three Years in the Pacific, containing notices of Brazil, Chili, Bolivia, Peru, &c. in 1831, 32, 33 *and* 34. By an officer of the United States Navy. 2 Vols. 8vo.*

This is one of the cleverest and most unpretending books we have read for a long time past. The author is a sensible, plain, straight forward, matter of fact man, who sees every thing with a cool, unprejudiced eye; has attached himself to facts, and divested his narrative of all political bias, and all vain theories. His object seems to have been the elucidation, by facts, of the social progress in South America, since those countries have shaken off the domination of Spain. There is much vigour in his descriptions, and the most delightful lucidity. The information he gives is in a great part new, although so much has already been published concerning the South American states. As in a commercial point of view these countries must interest us highly, the work before us is one of great and general utility. That it will be extensively read there can be no doubt, and we can assure our readers that, far from consisting of mere dry details, it is full of picturesque, animated, and highly interesting descriptions and anecdotes. To ourselves, it proved so attractive, that we read both volumes through at a single sitting, thereby depriving ourselves of sleep for a whole night.—*Court Magazine.*

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Bowers's Naval Adventures †

"Five and thirty years' service and a lieutenant still! Marry, but this is the hardest of all fates, and in a land too where a sailor fills the throne! Lieutenant Bowers is as genuine a tar as we could wish to become acquainted with. He has all the characteristic marks of the true sailor about him, that is to say, a seaman from choice, and the love of adventure. His style is highly creditable to his talents and acquirements, and will surprise those who, like ourselves, will have learned to comprehend the extent of the attention which he was under the necessity of devoting to very different matters."—*London Monthly Review.*

Fine Arts.

STUMP-LITHOGRAPHY AND ZINCOGRAPHY.

A new mode of multiplying the *original* works of great artists, is valuable in proportion to its ease and effectiveness. Originality is a quality justly prized in a work of art. We prefer an original to a copy, as we should an author's own words to a translation; we have the artist's ideas developed in his proper style. The real lover of art would not exchange the slightest scrap of an etching by REMBRANDT, or of a sketch by any other fine painter, for the most finished engraving from one of their pictures. Etching was the only means open to the old painters of multiplying their designs; and it had these two objections—it required a considerable degree of mechanical skill and labour, and it obliged the artist to adapt his style to the material, so that his hand was not so apparent. The discovery of lithography gave to every artist who could handle a crayon or a pen the means of multiplying his sketches without altering his style. He had only to draw upon stone instead of on paper, and the printer did the rest. This facility has been made available to the production of *original* sketches by continental artists to a great extent; but British painters, who are less practised in the use of the crayon, have made comparatively little use of lithography for this purpose—which is one of its greatest advantages—and it has been chiefly employed by draughtsmen and copyists. This is in some degree accounted for also by the fact that many eminent artists, besides being so weak as to fancy that they would be descending from their dignity by having recourse to lithography, entertain the notion that by multiplying their sketches they would lessen the value of their finished pictures; which is certainly not paying their more elaborate works a very high compliment.

The success that attended the publication of his Sketches by Prout, has turned the attention of other talented artists to lithography as a medium for multiplying their works. John Lewis, whose scenes in Spain formed a prominent feature of the last water-colour exhibition, is about to publish lithographic fac-similes of his sketches of the Alhambra, made by Harding, Gauci, and others, under his direction, and partly by himself. By no other means could he have produced such perfect imitations of his first sketches: and by working on the stone himself, he is enabled to give, not only the precise effect he wishes, but his own peculiar touch.

Harding, whose fame is based upon his lithographic drawings, and whose practice as a draughtsman has combined with his original talent to give him an unrivaled mastery as a finished sketcher from nature, is also engaged in multiplying a selection from his "Sketches at Home and Abroad," in a style of lithography at once novel and beautiful in effect, and easy and rapid in execution; and in which he may boast of having produced the first successful attempt. We have called it stump-lithography, by way of distinguishing it from the crayon and pen-and-ink styles. It is an extension and improvement of the chalk manner, by introducing the use of the stump in blending and softening the tints. The effect is to combine something of the rich velvet smoothness of mezzotint, and of the purity and delicacy of aquatint engraving, with the vigour and crispness of crayon and the sharpness and decision of the ink touches. Thus every variety of texture as well as gradation of tint can be produced in one drawing. This style is susceptible of the utmost freedom of handling; and the ease and rapidity by which effects may be produced is surprising, and would alone entitle it to attention. Besides being a new feature in lithography, too, it extends its advantages to those artists who are unaccustomed to the use of the crayon in finished drawing, or are averse to the labour of working with the point. The specimen we have seen is remarkable for clearness and transparency of tint, brilliant effect, and a mellowness of tone that has rarely been seen in lithography. There is less than we should have expected of that smokiness which is in a degree inseparable from the use of the stump; neither is there such an appearance of smudginess as is observable, in the attempts at producing tints by rubbing, in some of Harding's Drawing-Books: in those he tried to accomplish with the ordinary chalk what is now produced with a softer material.

This mode of lithography has been often tried, but never successfully until now. The French could come no nearer than a coarse and smudgy mezzotint, produced by rubbing the tints of a drawing, after it was completed with the crayon, into one black smear, and then scraping out the forms in white and accenting the dark parts with touches of ink. But little labour was thus saved, and the effect was most disagreeable. In this new style, the stump is either used alone, in skies and distances, or is only applied to those touches of crayon which require blending into a mass; while in other parts, as the fore-

* Published by Carey, Lea, & Blanchard.

† Will be published immediately in Waldie's Select Circulating Library.

grounds for example, the crayon touches may remain in their original crispness.

To Hullmandel belongs the credit of having matured this new mode of lithography, which he first essayed twelve years ago. He has been greatly assisted, however, by Harding; who, perceiving the advantages promised by this addition to the powers of lithography, and being anxious to avail himself of them, went hand in hand with him in his experiments.

We have this week also seen a specimen of zincography, in which the defect of scratchiness, that we pointed out in the plates to Loudon's *Arboretum*, and which belonged to the material, as we suspected, is entirely avoided,—thus proving that for ordinary purposes zinc is as good as stone. Zincography only differs from lithography in the substitution of the zinc plates. These plates are granulated as the stones are; the same greasy chalk, or ink, is used for drawing; and the process of printing is the same. The advantages of zinc are, that the plates are much more portable and also cheaper than stone. Zinc also imbibes grease more greedily than stone; and, therefore, not only does the slightest touch print, but the plates consequently yield a much greater number of impressions than stone. These are points of preference, which for slight and ordinary chalk sketches, pen-and-ink drawings, and writings, render it superior to stone: but in the case of delicate and elaborate drawings its drawbacks would seem to more than counterbalance its advantages. Zinc does not appear to be susceptible of that deep grain so necessary for drawings to be highly wrought; and the cold leaden hue of the metal, so different from the pure warm neutral tint of the stone, makes it difficult for the artist to perceive the precise value of the tint he is producing. Unless these defects can be removed, it will be impossible to attain on zinc that perfect union of depth and delicacy which Lane has become so famous for producing on stone. Moreover, all the impressions we have hitherto seen from zinc have a dead and dull look; the dark tints are heavy and *muzzy*, producing a monotonous effect, very different from the variety and transparency of tint and brilliant effect of the finest specimens of Lane and Harding's lithography. This defect appears to be inseparable from the metallic substance.

Zincography is not a new discovery. Senefelder, the inventor of lithography, employed it; and sold his process to more than one person in London, where it was made trial of fourteen years ago. But zinc was abandoned for stone, on account of its defects, and that at a time when the difficulties of lithography were much more formidable, and its beauties far less conspicuous than now. As an adjunct to stone, as steel is to copper, zinc, however, is now likely to be extensively used for ordinary purposes, and where great numbers of impressions are required: the lithographers are all availing themselves of its advantages.

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PICTORIAL PERIODICALS.

The embellishments of Allan Cunningham's edition of the Works of Burns, are now published separately, for the benefit of those who wish to ornament other editions. The *Landscape Illustrations of Burns*, will be completed in three parts, the first of which is before us. It contains Nasmyth's portrait of Burns,—which Allan tells us is the best and truest likeness of the poet, though it is too tame; a pretty view of the "clay biggin," where he was born, by Stothard; his monument, and three ornamental landscapes, by D. O. Hill,—who, with an ambition to emulate Turner, shows a poetical perception of nature, and power to do justice to it: witness the sun-light in the view of Lincluden College, and the stream and the distance in that of the Braes of Ballochmyle. His foregrounds, however, are very artificial; and he dresses up the dark and wild trusses of Scotia in the style of the trim foliage of Beulah Spa.

The popularity of George Cruikshank's *Scraps and Sketches*, and the success of Alfred Crowquill's imitations of them, has induced another anonymous etcher, who styles himself A Graver, to put forth a series of "facetious designs," as he complaisantly terms them, under the title of *Farcicalities*. They have neither the humour and point of the inimitable Cruikshank, nor the artist-like skill of Crowquill. Indeed, the graver does not hit off the comic points either of character, costume, or incident successfully. The only merit of the *Farcicalities* is in the punning titles; the best of which is "Ancient and modern *bill*-men,"—a group composed of a couple of soldiers armed with the weapon called a bill, a bill-sticker and placard-bearer.

Notabilia.

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Agricultural Museums.—Much interest has been excited, and much utility is likely to be derived from the institution of agricultural museums; one on an extensive scale has been opened in Edinburgh by a Mr. Lawson, and several others exist in Great Britain. A mere catalogue of the names of the numerous and diversified productions of the wonderful globe we inhabit, could afford little interest; but in these museums short descriptions or notices respecting the properties of such as are most important are added, and the synopsis thus becomes useful. Mr. Lawson fitted up extensive apartments, and stocked them at great expense; they were first opened to the public in October, 1833; in the course of the season, the collection was inspected by upwards of two thousand individuals; it has since been greatly added to, possessing more than two thousand specimens of the various objects which interest the agriculturist, whether the produce of the soil, or the implements by which it is cultivated. Mr. L. has added a series of models; among these we notice in the catalogue "A shower machine for flower beds and fruit bushes, traps for vermin," &c.

To Extinguish Fires.—To extinguish fires one of the first objects should be the exclusion of all fresh, and the confinement of all burnt air; *suffocate* the flames, remembering that burnt air is as great if not a greater enemy to combustion than even water, the one, till again mixed with oxygen, can never support flame; therefore do not open doors and break windows, but shut all tight, stopping the tops of chimneys with wet rags, blankets, &c., and thereby confine a considerable quantity of burnt air.

Marl.—It is recommended in the Quarterly Journal of Agriculture, that marl be calcined before it is used; a hint for our Jersey farmers.

Itch Insect.—Drawings of the itch insect on a greatly magnified scale, have been laid before the French Institute. It has its forelegs strongly developed, while its hind quarters are comparatively feeble; it is thus enabled to burrow under the cuticle, and to make a road for itself as it proceeds.

Greek Antiquities.—The celebrated Bavarian architect, Von Klenze, has obtained from the Greek government an annual grant for the preservation of the antiquities of that country. Under his direction searches are making in the ruins of the Acropolis at Athens, and invalid soldiers are posted to protect them from injury. The modern fortifications of the Acropolis have been demolished, but the ancient works left. By this, it is hoped, these fine relics of art may be preserved from the dangers of a bombardment. The Parthenon will be cleared in three or four years; after which the Propylea and Erichtheon will be explored. Unfortunately M. Von Klenze cannot remain long in Greece, but must return shortly to Munich, to complete the numerous works begun there under his direction.

GRAND UNDERTAKING.—According to the last accounts from Alexandria, the barrage of the Nile is going on with the greatest activity. Upwards of 12,000 labourers are at work upon the two branches of Damietta and Rosetta, and the number will be further increased. Thus will be accomplished on this land of antiquity one of the most colossal undertakings ever attempted by human industry, and from which the prosperity of Egypt will become unbounded, by mastering the father of rivers, and regulating its inundations. This great work will be completed by the projected iron rail-road from Cairo to Suez.—*London paper.*

RELICS.—A very interesting little casket of relics has been sent us, by Mr. J. Doubleday, of Great Russell Street—a sort of *multum-in-parvo* memorial of the houses of lords and commons—the box itself is made from a beam of the painted chamber, with a brass escutcheon formed out of the relics of the chandelier of the house of lords—it contains an impression of the old seal of St. Stephen's chapel, from a charter of the time of Richard the Third, cast in lead from the roof of the building lately destroyed—and the authenticity of the materials is supported, by the order from the office of woods and forests, for their delivery, which has been offered for our inspection.

PORTRAIT OF COPERNICUS.—The original portrait of the famous astronomer, Copernicus, has been discovered at Dantzic, in moving a cabinet of curiosities and natural history.

HEBER'S LIBRARY.—The sale of the fourth part of Mr. Heber's library was concluded on Wednesday, and realised between seven and eight hundred pounds.

LAFITTE'S PICTURES.—The sale of M. Lafitte's pictures has terminated advantageously; the prices given were, generally speaking, rather high. The fine painting of the Virgin, by Andrea del Sarto, was knocked down at 42,000 francs (nearly 1,700*l.* sterling).

TURKISH JEST.—The khojah one day stole into a garden, and began to plunder it; he filled a sack with the turnips and carrots, and then began to thrust them into his bosom. In the midst of his work he was surprised by the proprietor, who furiously ran up, and seizing him, exclaimed, "What do you want here?" The khojah, at first quite confounded, at length mustered courage, and said, "A very violent blast of wind caught me up, whirled me through the air, and tumbled me down here." "Very well," said the gardener; "but (pointing to the vegetables) whence came these?" "Why," said the khojah, "the wind was so exceedingly violent that it tossed me about, and to steady myself I grasped these in my hand." "Good again," said the gardener; but can you tell me who filled this sack?" "Ah!" replied the khojah, "I was just considering how that question should be answered when you came."

HYDRO-OXYGEN MICROSCOPE.—The light which is used for the hydro-oxygen microscope is produced by the mixture of the two gases, which are ignited and projected upon a piece of lime, producing light of extraordinary brilliancy; this is the radiant, and the rays which flow from this point are collected by means of lenses, and condensed upon the objects. This light of overpowering brilliancy was first used by Messrs. Carey & Cooper, London. Some idea may be formed of the immense power of the illuminating lens, when the fact is known that various living objects are magnified from ten thousand to two millions.

IMPROVED METHOD OF TUNING PIANO FORTES.—Among the recent new inventions announced in Paris, is an improved method of tuning pianos, which is so simple that a person with a tolerable ear may tune the instrument himself. This is effected by means of a piece of mechanism formed of pressure screws, so that the large tuning key will be no longer wanted, and be superseded by one small enough to go into a lady's work box; and it is formed on such a principle, that the tone may be ascertained with the greatest nicety, and no risk of breaking the strings is incurred.—*Athenæum.*

DR. JOHNSON'S TOUR.—The original manuscript of Dr. Johnson's "Tour in Wales," which is the property of Archdeacon Butler, of Shrewsbury, is now in possession of Mr. Murray, of Albemarle Street. In this age of autographs it is a great literary curiosity.

MAGNA CHARTA.—A splendid illuminatod copy of Magna Charta is now in the market, which is stated to have been put together at a cost of five hundred guineas, the binding alone having cost fifty.

LIBRARY AT ALTHORP.—The library at Althorp occupies a suite of apartments on the ground floor, of which the entire length, from the extremity of the first apartment, called the long library, to that of the fifth, or last apartment called the Gothic library, cannot be less than two hundred and twenty feet. These rooms are filled to the very ceiling, and cannot contain fewer than sixty thousand volumes, now that the books have been removed thither from the mansion in St. James's place. They must have cost Lord Spencer considerably more than 200,000*l.* His lordship does not even mention his library in his last will; but the present earl, who was deeply and most affectionately attached to his father, although he does not appear to have devoted much time to the study of bibliography, is determined to preserve this imperishable monument of the fine taste and learning of his excellent parent entire.

POMPEII—*Naples, January.* The excavations at Pompeii have again produced very important discoveries. In the house called that of Ariadne a magnificent sacrarium has been found. The niche for the image of the tutelary divinity is at the back. On the sides are paintings of a Leda and a priestess, who is in the act of offering a sacrifice, assisted by a girl, who has the sacred utensils in her hands. Some ornaments, in a very elegant and delicate style, of a yellow colour on a red ground, are introduced as borders in the intervals of these representations.

In the house called that of Dædalus, the walls of a garden have been discovered. They are covered with magnificent landscapes. The first gives the prospect of a temple—which is extremely interesting on account of its details, and which seems to be dedicated to Apollo, whose statue stands near the entrance. On one side is a pond in which many wild ducks are swimming; and on the other a river in which are seen some cows. The second landscape is a delicious marine view in Sicily. Polyphemus is on the shore. Galatea, seated on a dolphin in the midst of the waves, seems to be listening to the singing of the Cyclops.

A combat of wild beasts in an amphitheatre is painted in large dimensions. A majestic bull is running from a lion which pursues him, but a tiger, more swift, has already seized him under the belly. Meantime a courageous *bestiarius* strikes with his lance a wild boar upon the snout, from which the blood spouts up. A little further off, a second huntsman has laid at his feet a bear, in whose body a spear remains, while another bear is flying in terror. Two stags are standing still, as if contemplating the destruction of their enemies. The compartments between the landscape and the hunting-piece are filled with figures of helmets, drums, and two small palms. The top of the wall is finished with some cornices of stucco, of elegant workmanship, and painted with various colours, which produce a wonderful effect.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, *Feb.* 24.—Sir Henry Halford, Bart., President, in the chair. An interesting paper, by Dr. Macmichael, on the Harveian preparations, preserved in the museum of the college, was read. The preparations, which were exhibited in the gallery, consist of six large boards, upon which are laid the various blood vessels and nerves, carefully dissected from the human

body; in one of which the semilunar valves of the aorta are still distinctly to be perceived. They are supposed to have been made by the immortal discoverer of the circulation himself, or at least under his immediate inspection; and were presented to the college, in 1823, by the Earl of Winchelsea, the direct descendant of Harvey.

British Museum.—The receipts of this institution during the year 1833 have amounted to 23,220*l.*, including the parliamentary grant of 16,844*l.*; the expenses have been 19,484*l.*; leaving in hand a surplus of 3736*l.* Among the receipts is 462*l.* for the sale of museum publications, being 262*l.* more than the estimate. During the year, 2359*l.* was expended in the purchase of books and manuscripts, including 425*l.* for the price and framing of Egyptian papyri; 1840*l.* for antiquities and coins, with cabinets; and 1026*l.* for purchases in natural history. The estimated expenditure for the year 1834, will require a parliamentary grant of 17,017*l.*, the institution being provided with funds to cover the difference between that sum and the total estimated expenditure of 22,777*l.*

The number of persons admitted to view the British Museum has been more than doubled since 1831; it was in that year 99,912; in 1832, 147,896; and in 1833, 210,495. The number of visits to the reading rooms, for the purpose of study or research, was 46,800 in 1832, and 58,800 in 1833. The number of visits, by artists and students, to the galleries of sculpture, for the purpose of study, was 4740 in 1832, and 4490 in 1833. The number of visits to the print-room was about 4400 in 1832, and about 2900 in 1833.

New Mode of Embalming the Dead.—The public journals have already spoken of the new method of embalming, by which Dr. Tronihina, of Palermo, preserves a dead body for two months, free from any symptom of corruption. It has been said, that, without opening the body, he prepared a corpse in less than two hours, according to his method, and delivered it to the university, in order to remove every doubt of the efficacy of his proceeding. A letter from Palermo, of the 24th of May, confirms the result of the experiment upon a subject which had been embalmed two months and four days, and was in perfect preservation. Externally, a small incision, about half an inch in length, was observed in the neck; the face was rather dried, and also the toes, which seemed to be hard, and of a brownish colour; the pupils of the eyes were covered with a darkish wrinkled skin; the rest of the body retained its natural colour, and the perfect pliability of all the limbs. On opening the skull, the blood issued as red and as fluid as from a person just dead; the dura mater was white and shining; the mass of the brain beneath so fresh, that it could scarcely have been believed to belong to the dead: externally, it was gray, as usual; internally, throughout, white; and the veins as visible, red, and defined, as in a quite fresh brain. On opening the chest and abdomen, the heart and lungs where in the same natural state; and the intestines, which first turned black immediately after death, were precisely those that were in the best state of preservation—white, soft, shining, inodorous, though they contained some fluid matter which should have promoted their corruption. The liver, kidneys, &c. were quite fresh. The attentive silence with which all the spectators (about 500. persons, in the dissecting-room of the university) had regarded the examination was intermingled with true Italian vivacity, by long and repeated *evvivas* to the doctor.

Sweeps.—The chimney of a house in Devonshire Street, Lisson Grove, was found to be on fire, the other day; and a sweep, in the same neighbourhood was sent for to extinguish the flames. For this purpose he descended the flue from the roof; but when about half-way down, he stuck so fast that he found it impossible to move. His cries brought assistance; when it became necessary to break a hole in the chimney with pickaxes, &c. Full three quarters of an hour elapsed before he was released from his perilous and dreadful situation: he was found nearly suffocated, his clothes were on fire, and his person burnt in several places. Medical assistance was promptly procured, and he is now in a fair way of recovery.

Shocking Accident.—There is not, perhaps, on record, an accident attended by a more providential escape from instant death than the one we are about to speak of, which occurred at Pontefract, on the evening of Thursday, the 18th ult. A workman and a boy about fourteen years of age, an apprentice to Mr. Bevitt, iron founder, were engaged in making some alterations in a pump, in a well newly made, about twenty-three yards deep. The boy was holding a candle, and looking up to the mouth of the well at the moment that a pair of smith's tongs fell from the top. The tongs were, as usual, of iron, and one of the handles perforated the leather peak of the boy's cap, and entered just above the eyebrows, passing through the socket and the palate-bone into the mouth, opposite the second molar tooth, slightly wounding the tongue, through the muscles and skin, the iron appearing three inches below the under jaw, having just reached the sternum. In this situation was the poor boy, (with the tongs standing two feet above his head,) until the arrival of two medical men, several attempts having been made, in the interim, by the workmen to withdraw the iron tongs, but without effect. In the presence of the medical men, and by an immense force, they were extracted, and the lad appeared quite relieved. He afterwards walked nimbly up stairs to bed, and the proper dressings were applied, and since that time no untoward symptom has appeared. The eye seems to have sustained little injury.—*Doncaster Gazette.*

Serpent Stone.—Mr. Bennet, Jr. of Weymouth, has in his possession what has been sought after with the most persevering research by naturalists, but hitherto without success, the *head and shoulders of a fossil ammonite*, (serpent stone) in a wonderful state of preservation. The discriminating characteristics of the animal are as perfect as if taken from a recent subject, and present a specimen unique, and as beautiful as it is rare, of this interesting species, considered by many philosophers as an inhabitant of a former world, and at the present time totally extinct. The discovery will be of infinite importance in completing the class, genera, and species of this family, heretofore dubious for want of the desideratum now fortunately obtained.

Malthus.—The celebrated clergyman Malthus, recently dead at Bath, and the founder, or rather perfecter of a theory which has produced a greater sensation than all that has been written by other political economists, is scarcely cold in his grave before new aspirants come forward to claim a portion of the laurels which adorned his reputation. No greater compliment could be paid to the truth and profundity of the doctrines he advanced, however unpalatable and humiliating they may be to our vanity and pride. It now appears that Malthus, like Fulton, obtained his first notions from other writers, viz. Sir Matthew Hale, Ortes, an Italian, Townsend, several French writers, Moeser, a German, &c. &c.

Louis Philippe.—We take the following from the Spectateur of Dijon:—"A letter from Charolles states that on the 27th ult., towards the end of a patriotic dinner given in the town, at which a great many officers of the national guard were present, M. Vitrier, the clerk of a notary, wearing the uniform of the corps, rose, and brandishing his sabre, proposed in a loud voice, the following audacious toast—'*A celui qui plongera un poignard dans le sein de Louis Philippe!*' and, strange to say, not a single person present protested against this gross outrage. The public at large, however, are filled with indignation against the whole party, and the Procureur du Roi has instituted an enquiry into the matter."

Sisters of Charity.—The Lyons Journals give the following singular account of a rebellion by the Sisters of Charity attached to the Hospital of the Hotel Dieu in that city. One of the sisters was condemned to be expelled from the house for disobedience of the orders of the administration. The rest conceiving that the sentence was unjust, resolved to oppose its execution, and would not suffer the delinquent to depart. In the evening of the 31st ult., the Commissioner of Police went to enforce the order of expulsion. He, however, was immediately surrounded by the whole sisterhood, who attacked him with the two most cutting feminine weapons—their tongues and their nails. They even sounded the tocsin, and called the fevered patients of the house to their aid, so that the commissary was glad to escape from their clutches, leaving the refractory sisters and their *protégée* in possession of the field of battle.

Mrs. Siddons.—The London Courier furnishes the following hitherto unpublished statement from Mrs. Siddons, as her reasons for not having left more private details in her memoirs.

"The retrospect of my domestic life (made up of sicknesses, sorrows and deaths,) is too painful to my feelings to dwell upon; too sacred, also, and delicate for general communication. That of a less private nature, and of brighter events, would associate me with persons too august, too noble, and too illustrious, for me to presume to mingle them with the private details of so inconsiderable a person as myself; so that nothing remains for me to communicate, except mere common-place, and events already partly known. When I am laid low, however, even this imperfect sketch may perhaps have some interest for those very few persons who still survive to remember me; and by a very few, alas! can I or my particular qualities be at this time recollected."

Theatrical coloured Flame.—The Journal des Connaissances Usuelles gives the following processes for producing various coloured flames at theatres: flame of a red tinge, like carmine, is produced by burning three parts of alcohol with one of the nitrate or hydrochlorate of strontium. Red, the same proportion of cinnabar and alcohol; sulphate of soda with alcohol will produce the same light at a less intensity. Orange colour is obtained by the combination of alcohol with hydro chlorate of calcined soda. Yellow, by alcohol and nearly all the hydro-chlorates, in proportion of one of the first to three of the last. An emerald green, with alcohol and nitrate of copper; green, with alcohol and hydrochlorate of copper; blue, with alcohol and boracic acid.

Bellini.—Bellini, author of the music of the Puritani, has just been created a Knight of the Legion of Honour.

Campbell.—Campbell, the Poet has been for some time at Algiers studying the manners of the Arabs—preparatory, it is said to a poem which he has in contemplation; an announcement which all lovers of literature will be delighted to hear. It seems he has been enjoying, with all a poet's ecstacy, the novelties of Algiers and the splendour of its neighbouring scenery, which he has frequently explored in his rides among the hills, amid the magnificence of the lofty palm and banana, and the luxuriance of the vine, the fig-tree, and the myrtle. He is recovered from his illness, which was the effect of severe cold, and he returns by way of Tunis, Sicily, Greece, and Italy, to England, in the end of the month of May.—*Caledonian Mercury.*

British Surgery.—From the report of the proceedings of the institute of France, we learn that of fifty-seven members, forwarded by the competitors for the monthly legacy, the commission had decided that that of B. Phillips, Esq., of Wimpole-street, was entitled to the first plate. The subject of his essay was "a mode of curing aneurismal tumours, without ligature or the knife, by passing through the sac, one, two, or more, threads of silk."—*Medical Gazette.*

Illegitimates.—For the first time, a return was made in the last census of the number of illegitimate births occurring in Great Britain. There were 20,039 of them in the year 1830, in the proportion of 41 males to 40 females; as compared with legitimate births, they are reckoned as 1 in 18 for the whole of England and Wales. The minimum of illegitimate births is in Middlesex, and the maximum in Wales.—*Ib.*

Steam-Carriage.—M. Asda's steam-carriage departed yesterday from the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, and took its route through the Rue de la Paix, the Rue de Rivoli, and the Champs Elysées to Neuilly, where the ingenious proprietor was introduced to the king by Col. d'Houdetot, who after his majesty had minutely examined the construction and machinery, in all its details, entered the carriage, which ran a space of 1,600 metres in eight minutes. The king and queen congratulated M. Asda on the success of his invention, and presented him with a gold snuff-box ornamented with their initials, in testimony of their satisfaction. The carriage, in returning, took twenty-two minutes to run from the king's palace at Neuilly to the Place de la Concorde.

Homicide by a Physician.—A case was tried last week before the Correctional Chamber of Paris, involving a serious charge of homicide by imprudence. A medical man was called in to a child, three years and a half old, which was suffering under fever. A prescription was written, in which it was intended to order for a lavement eight grains of *sulphate of quinine*, with a few drops of laudanum. But the prescriber having just previously been engaged in a warm conversation with a medical friend concerning *acetate of morphine*, inadvertently wrote down that potent drug instead of the quinine in the prescription. The apothecary who dispensed it did nothing towards rectifying the error, except reducing the quantity to five grains. Scarcely was the lavement administered, when the child experienced a sinking sensation; the skin became of a violet hue, and was covered with large drops of perspiration. Convulsions ensued, and death with great agony in a few hours. The Court severely censured the apothecary for making up a prescription so palpably incorrect; but, owing to the mitigatory circumstances, the accused prescriber was let off with a fine of 600 francs, and costs.—*Medical Gazette.*

An Orthographical Sculptor.—The following is a genuine copy of a letter presented to the committee appointed by the Dublin Society for erecting a bust of the late Mr. Kirwan, the naturalist, who had been President of the Society:—

"To the Committee appointed to see Mr. Kirwan's bust dun by the Dublin Library Society. Plase your Honours, I seed no advertisement in the Freeman's Journald till yesterday, wherein I observed that all statuaries should send in their proposials for doing a bust of one Mr. Kirwan, what died lately in the toun. Now there's not a man in Dublin what could doo it cheaper nor neiter than I myself, and why? because I ave a boy that is just grown a man, and out of his time, named Tim, and can work as well as myself; and if your Honours wants to see any of my work, go any day to James' Church, where yule see a head stone whats lately put up over one Mister Banks, with death on one side, and Time with his our glass and sigh on the other. I did Death, and Tim did Time, and I defie any man to do them better. If your Honours intend to employ me, send to me at No. 23, Patrick's-close, one pair back, and if I or Tim be out, Misses Casee will take in any messuage."

Mr. Barrow no longer Mr. Barrow.—We have much pleasure in stating that the worthy secretary of the admiralty has been created a baronet, not only as a reward for his long public services, but as a distinction justly earned by his eminent literary and scientific ac-

quirements. To the honour of his majesty be it told, that it was altogether unsolicited.

Mr. Southey.—We have also reason to believe that the same distinction has been offered to Mr. Southey.

Dr. Robert Morrison.—Died on the 1st of August, at Canton, this most eminent of Chinese scholars. He had resided for many years at Macao and Canton as a protestant missionary; and to his learning and industry the world is indebted for the *Horæ Sinicæ*, the *Dictionary of Chinese*, and other works of great interest and value.

Fine Arts.—One of the most exquisite productions of modern art is a colossal group, modeled at Rome by a young French sculptor of the name of Itex, representing Cain after his sentence of reprobation, surrounded by his wife and children,—a work displaying the highest imaginative powers, and no less remarkable for knowledge of the art. This admirable work has now been twelve months in Paris, exciting universal admiration; but, unfortunately, the young sculptor has received no commission from government (and in France private patrons are rare) to embody his majestic design in marble. This effort will probably be left to the patronage of some English amateur. The group is of about the dimensions of the Laocoon, and is disposed somewhat after the *form* of Carew's Vulcan and Venus.

President of the United States.—Sir Edward Thomason has had the gratification to receive a letter from his excellency the President of the United States, expressing, in the most complimentary terms, his approbation of Sir Edward's medallic work, illustrative of the Holy Scriptures. The president has also done Sir Edward the honour to present him with a splendid portrait of himself, painted by the celebrated American artist, Colonel R. E. W. Earl. The president is painted in the military costume of the Revolution, as most appropriate, he being the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States. On the back-ground of the picture is represented a distant view of the city of Washington, and on the scabbard of the sword is inscribed the celebrated sentiment given by the President, at the Jefferson birth-day dinner on the 13th of April, 1830—"The Federal Union must be preserved."—*Athenæum.*

Louis Philip's Patronage of the Fine Arts.—Louis Philip has lately sat to Gerard for his portrait, which is finished, and has been placed in the Louvre. Connoisseurs, however, say, that the artist has not treated the subject with his usual success, for though the portrait is a likeness, there is a stiffness and awkwardness about it, which have an unpleasing effect. The *artists*, in reference to this portrait, notices as a remarkable circumstance, that it is placed in the Louvre quite in an opposite direction to that where the portraits of Louis the Eighteenth and Charles the Tenth were hung. The King of the French patronises the fine arts to a greater extent than ever. When Duke of Orleans, he had a very fine collection of paintings, by Horace, Vernet, David, and various other modern artists, besides many of the old masters.

Quicksilver versus Steam Power.—The Earl of Dundonald, (better known as Lord Cochrane,) was examined, last session, before the commons' committee, on steam navigation to India. His lordship, among other matters, said he had projected "a substitute for steam," as well as "a new mode of propelling vessels." The substitute for steam is quicksilver; and he employs it "to produce power by exhausting one vessel and compressing air in another, thus forming an atmospheric *plenum* and a *vacuum*, which will produce the same effect as the plenum and vacuum formed by the generation of steam and its condensation. This plan, (superseding the necessity of carrying coals) he added, is peculiarly adapted to agitated water, like the sea. The plan may be wholly worked without fuel. The evidence and papers are too long for extract, but his lordship concludes this part of his evidence with stating, that "vessels filled with quicksilver apparatus might be provided with sails of the usual kind; there would be no smoke nor any fire, and there need be no indications from their external appearance that they are equipped in any other manner than as sailing vessels. As to the method of propelling *without paddle wheels*, (his lordship says) I should be happy to lay it before the committee, were my patent right secured."

Discoveries in India.—A French paper states, that a Russian traveller, M. Honigberger, who recently travelled through India, has made some curious discoveries. Besides a collection of antiques in marble, bronze, and sculptured stone, M. Honigberger has brought home some rare medals, two of which are of gold. One of these medals, which he found among the stone monuments, in the environs of Kabúl, may be regarded as an important discovery, as it bears the effigy *of* a king (Kadphises) with whose name, Europeans have hitherto been unacquainted; nor has it been mentioned in history; on the obverse is the bust of an old man. His head is bald, and there is no emblem of royalty about him. The head is surrounded by the legend "Kadphises Basileus," and some other letters are perceptible, but not very distinctly. The reverse exhibits the figure of a naked youth, whose head bears some remains of a cap. There is an inscription on this side, in ancient Pehlevi characters. Another medal which the traveller has brought with him, represents an Indian prince at full length, who has in his right hand a species of trident. The reverse bears the effigy of a man, by whose side is an animal with horns, supposed to be the Indian sacred cow. The other portion of M. Honigberger's collection consists of Bactrian medals in silver, a large size Demetrius, a small Euthydemus, and a small Hormis-das, all of which are in tolerable preservation.

Effect of Fear on a Tiger.—A correspondent transmits to us the following curious anecdote, which was extracted from a letter received from India:—During the dreadful storm and inundation in Bengal, in May, 1833, the estates of a Mr. Campbell, situated on the Island of Saugur, at the entrance of the river Hoogly, suffered so greatly, that out of three thousand people living on his grounds, only six or seven hundred escaped, and these principally by clinging to the roof and ceiling of his house. When the house was in this close crammed state, with scarcely room in it for another individual, what should come squeezing and pushing its way into the interior of the house but an immense tiger, with his tail hanging down, and exhibiting every other symptom of excessive fear. Having reached the room in which Mr. Campbell was sitting, he nestled himself into one of the corners, and lay down like a large Newfoundland dog. Mr. Campbell loaded his gun in a very quiet manner, and shot him dead on the spot.—*Examiner.*

Tapestry of the House of Lords.—On Friday, John Ware, the porter at the house of lords, who was charged at this office, a fortnight ago, with having feloniously obtained possession of a portion of the tapestry which formerly hung against the north wall of that building, appeared before Sir F. Roe, and was fully cleared from any imputation of dishonesty. It appeared Major M'Arthur's servant had no doubt acted very improperly in disposing of the tapestry without the knowledge or consent of his master, Major M'Arthur, but it appeared that he considered it of no value whatever, and sold it as he would have disposed of an old coat, or any other worn-out article. Sir F. Roe, therefore, agreeably to the pledge he had previously given, directed that the tapestry should be restored to Mr. Thorn. Mr. Thorn then expressed, through his solicitor, every desire to meet the wishes of the government by treating for the sale of the tapestry, and was willing to take from the government 300*l.* less for the tapestry than he considered he could make by it if he were

to exhibit it in public, or sell it to a private collector of valuable relics. A negotiation was entered into between Mr. Thorn and the gentlemen who have acted on behalf of government. Nothing, however, was decided.

Charles X.—The negotiations of the agent of Charles X, charged to purchase the grand domain of Nachod, situated on the frontier of the county of Glatz, encircling the magnificent castle of Ratiborschutz, with all its treasures of the fine arts of Italy, are still in progress. This domain belonged to Wallenstein, and latterly to the Prince of Picolomini. The exiled monarch is in a state of great activity, and his countenance is serene. The arrival of several strangers of distinction *has restored some hope to him and his attendants, who imagine that the ministerial crisis in two great states may exercise an influence advantageous for his cause*, and bring about, if not immediately and ostensibly, at least indirectly, a desirable amelioration.—*German paper.*

M. Thiers.—The reception of M. Thiers, as member of the French Academy, drew the crowd of curious folk from the chamber of deputies, and other scenes of usual interest, to the institute. So great was the crowd, that several of the illustrious were shut out. The *Garde de Sceaux* in vain endeavoured to get in; and M. Persil was, as usual, heard inveighing against the irreverence of the *press* for his person. M. Thiers rose at length, and indulged in a panegyric of the academy, which he chiefly lauded as contributing to that noble French *unity*—the peculiar characteristic and principal glory of the country. If the true object of human society be to unite together multitudes of men, to make them think, talk, and act as one individual, how magnificent must it be to behold thirty millions of men following the same law, using the same tongue, and marching together with the same step to the same end. He concluded by a touching allusion to Casimir Perier and Cuvier, both carried away in the pestilential time of the cholera. A comparison between the fates and the happiness of men of science and statesmen afforded the orator some happy phrases; and he terminated by giving his preference to the palms of Cuvier over those of Perier.

Billington and Catalani.—On the retirement of Mrs. Billington and Grassini, the first with her great powers totally unimpaired, Catalani burst forth like a meteor to the amazement and delight of the musical world. On looking back, we can only compare the sensation she excited, to that caused by the first appearance of that master-spirit of instrumentalists, Paganini. Lord Mount Edgecumbe does, indeed, bear his testimony against her "outrageous displays of execution," and adds an anecdote so droll, that there is no resisting it. It is given in a note to the opinion of a late noble statesman, who, hearing a remark "on the extreme *difficulty* of some performance, observed that he wished it was *impossible*."

"This *bon mot*," says Lord Mount Edgecumbe in a note, "has been given to Dr. Johnson—but I have reason to know it was said by the noble lord alluded to, of whom a similar one is recorded, confirming his distaste for music. Being asked why he did not subscribe to the ancient concerts, and it being urged as a reason for it, that his brother, the bishop of W*******'s did, 'Oh!' replied his lordship, 'if I were as deaf as my brother, I would subscribe too.'"

Steam Navigation upon the Danube.—Very gratifying accounts have recently been received of the progress of steam navigation upon this noble river. Under the auspices of the Austrian government, the whole region from Presburgh to the Black Sea, and even to Constantinople, a distance of *fifteen hundred miles*, has lately been opened to the influence of steam. This project was first undertaken by Count Szechengi, a Hungarian nobleman of great fortune and very enlightened mind, who, in quest of mechanical information, has made several journies to this country. Unlike the majority of the Hungarian nobles, the count has exhibited the most enthusiastic devotion to the improvement of his country, by the introduction of the useful arts, and his operations for improving the navigation of the Danube have been upon a scale so vast, as to entitle him to the appellation of the Bridgewater of the German States. After expending great sums from his private fortune, he has at length received assistance in his plans from the Prince Metternich. The most active exertions are accordingly to be made for the removal of the only formidable interruption which exists to the navigation of the Danube, the rocks at the rapids between Moldava and Glendova.

New Ball Projector.—A French agriculturist of the name of Billot, who has assiduously cultivated the mechanical arts, has invented a machine which will discharge two thousand balls, each eight ounces in weight, per minute, or one hundred and twenty thousand in an hour, and this without the slightest intermission. The action of this formidable machine may be arrested or continued at will; the balls are discharged from four different muzzles, which may be directed upon objects at a less or greater distance from each other, or they may be brought to bear simultaneously on one and the same point. Billot's machine, however, is not capable of carrying such balls a greater distance than one hundred metres (about one hundred and ten yards,) but he asserts that he can improve it, so as to impel the same balls a distance of four hundred and fifty yards, and with a velocity scarcely inferior to that imparted by gun-powder. In this case, he adds, that he will be obliged to increase its weight from eighty to three hundred and ten pounds. He does not employ either air, spring, or combustible matter in this new projectile; and his name is of some note among the French mechanics as the inventor of the two new levers, which are to be seen in the collection of the "Société d'Encouragement" at Paris.—*U. S. Journal.*

Africa.—At a recent meeting of the London Geographical Society, it was stated that it had been ascertained that some of the nations of the interior of Africa were comparatively in a state of civilisation, and that the governments under which they existed were stable. Lines of investigation had by the expeditions of various travellers, been marked out on the tract now sought to be more fully explored, from the east, the west, and the south; it was an expansion of those lines that was required; it was breadth in the future researches that must be given to those lines, and the angles contained between them must be filled up. The continent of Africa had already been penetrated 1,400 miles north from the Cape of Good Hope. The countries farther north were found to be the farthest advanced in the arts of civilised life. At the distance of 1,400 miles from the cape the arts of smelting iron and copper, and of carving in ivory, were known. Commerce had penetrated in that direction nearly 1,400 miles, and a trade to the amount of £1,600 had been carried on in one expedition, though under the disadvantage of the commodities of trade having been conveyed in wagons, and not by water.

Fossil Remains.—Some remarkable fossil remains have just now been discovered in Germany, at Sagan, Leignitz, about 120 miles from Berlin. One specimen is about two feet, of a large horn (probably of the ancient *Rhinoceros lopterkinus* of Cuvier,) and was imbedded at about the depth of twenty feet in a yellow sand. Another occurred near Soran, where a beautiful *Lepidopterolite* has been found at the depth of eighteen feet. The impression of the butterfly on the flotz is perfect; and it belongs to no living genus—resembling a moth more than a butterfly. A description in German, and an engraving of this interesting creature has appeared.—*London Lit. Gaz.*

Steam Engines.—Alluding to the statements which have appeared in some recent numbers of the Athenæum, relative to the condensation of steam, we are requested by a known correspondent to state, that an apparatus has been

constructed for the purpose of condensing the waste steam that would be otherwise blown off and lost, from boilers of marine engines, and thereby producing, by a very simple arrangement, a sufficient supply of fresh water for culinary purposes, and that a further supply can be procured from the same source, for occasionally filling the boilers with fresh water. It is stated that the apparatus in question answers the purposes required extremely well, and is not liable to objection on account of bulk or weight.

Fine Arts: Portraiture.—From the last Number (XIII) of the Repertory of Patent Inventions, &c. we observe that a patent has been sealed for a newly invented machine or apparatus, by means of which a perfect facsimile of the human countenance can be immediately produced, or the exact copy of a bust or sculptured figure, or of a living or other subject, taken. Another patent, of some interest to the literary, *alias* scribbling world, is for an improvement in steel or metallic pens; so that we may all become (a consummation devoutly to be wished) better writers.

Literary Intelligence.

The most important works which start with 1835, are two Dictionaries; one by Mr. Charles Richardson, the other by Mr. James Knowles, each possessing some distinctive feature of its own, although the palm must be yielded without hesitation to the first named work.

One of the novelties of the season is Mr. Colburn's improved edition of the Modern Novelists; a publication which is to consist of revised and illustrated editions of some of the best works of fiction, in a handsome shape, and at a moderate price. The external appearance of the first number is attractive; the printing and paper beautiful, and the execution of the engravings superior. The subject chosen to begin with is Pelham; one of the most successful works of the author, and in point of character the most unique and distinctly marked. The mixture of the dandy and the philosopher, the combination of the Benthamite and the man of a coterie, are new, yet true; and the lighter passages exhibit some of the most sparkling and successful satire of Edward Bulwer. Of course these observations apply to the gay; of the grave we think as we have always thought.

Besides the novel itself, we are presented with an introductory preface, which gives an account of the circumstances that turned Mr. Bulwer's mind to authorship, as well as of his first attempts, and his unsuccessful anonymous negotiation with a "celebrated publisher." Mortimer, or Memoirs of a Gentleman, the original tale on which Pelham was founded, follows the Preface; and is certainly one of the most singular curiosities of letters. We do not speak of its merit, but of the perfect germ which it exhibits of all this writer's qualities. The opening passages are those of Pelham, almost word for word; there is the accidentally foiled elopement of his mother; and, though not so full or so skilfully applied, the sarcasms on the system of education pursued at our public schools and colleges. In short, in this story of some five-and-thirty pages, we have in the lighter parts glimpses of his sparkle, his brilliancy, his satire, and even of his eloquence; in the serious, we see his exaggeration, his substitution of incidents for events, of devils for villains, and of startling and improbable charges for the truth and consistent development of a well-studied and natural course of action.

The sixth number of Social Evils and their Remedy, contains the best of the Rev. C. B. Tayler's tales we have yet read. The title is "Live and Let Live, or the Manchester Weavers;" the subject a strike, or rather a succession of strikes; the chief characters, a selfish unionist leader, who neglects his family for the paper and the pot-house—a weaver, who is a religious man and a teacher at a Sunday-school—and his friend, a deist, an influential man in strikes, but rational, and who is finally converted by Abel Cooper. In the introductory address, there is a little sinking of tone with regard to political economy, if compared with the author's former denunciations; and in the story itself he has consented to borrow some facts from Mr. Babbage, illustrative of the worldly evil of strikes.

The Annual Biography and Obituary, for the past year, contains eight-and-twenty memoirs, besides the usual brief notices of persons who had any kind of claim upon the public attention. The reading of the "Lives" is easy, and from the well-known character of the individuals, possesses a kind of personal interest; and the shorter "Deaths" have great variety.

The fourth volume of the History of England (in Lardner's Cyclopædia) is "continued from Sir James Mackintosh." It commences with the Spanish preparations for the invasion, and ends with the death of James the First. There is much specificality, and apparently a good deal of research, in this anonymous successor of Sir James. His style is neat, and his narrative distinct, without being very striking; but he has scarcely attained the mental height necessary for the historian.

A work has been published by the Rev. J. G. Lorimer, of Glasgow, called "The Past and Present Condition of Religion and Morality in the United States of America; an Argument not for Voluntary, but for Established Churches." It abounds in quotations from American writers, intended to show "the real religious state of the country."

There is to be published soon at Paris a Hieroglyphic Grammar, which, it is expected, will contain the conclusions established by Champollion himself and his learned coadjutors, and present the whole science of phonetic interpretation in a systematic and intelligible form, with rules clear and simple, and illustrated by plain and certain examples.

Mr. James Fennell, the writer of many interesting articles on natural history in the various periodicals devoted to that science, is preparing a work in which he proposes to display Shakspeare's knowledge of Natural History, Medicine, Chemistry, and other sciences.

Mr. Valpy has announced, in monthly volumes, a new and illustrated edition of Pope's Works; to be edited by Dr. Croly, with a new Life, Notes, and Critical Observations on each Poem.

Ancient Chronicles.—A Chronicle of the eleventh century has, it is stated, been brought to light, after having been supposed lost. It is the original MS. of the Cronique de St. Bavon; and has been found at Mechlin.

In the Press.

The Pilgrims of Walsingham, or Tales of the Middle Ages, an Historical Romance, by Agnes Strickland; the period that of Henry VIII.

A Journal of a Seven Years' Residence in New South Wales, by J. W. Ord, Esq., author of "England," a poem.

John Murray announces "A Tour to the Prairies," by Washington Irving; Specimens of the Table Talk of the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge, a History of Architecture, by the author of "Anastasius;" Barrow's Visit to Iceland; Laborde's Journey through Arabia Petrea; Excursions to the extreme southern and western settlements of the United States, by G. W. Featherstonhaugh; Scenes in Spain, by a Citizen of Louisiana; the Life and Correspondence of General Wolfe, edited by Dawson Turner and Robert Southey, Esq., and numerous new editions of standard works.

Sir Grenville Temple's Excursions in the Mediterranean, are nearly ready for publication in London.



From Fraser's Magazine.

COMTE D'ORSAY.

Comte D'Orsay, who stands opposite, was first ntroduced to the literary readers of these realms n the correspondence of Lord Byron, where he s designated as a *Cupidon déchainé*, and des-ribed as the ideal of a Frenchman before the evolution—that is to say, as a French gentleman, he breed of whom, gradually diminishing for nany years, has been at last pretty well ex-inguished by Louis Philippe, who certainly does ıot make any absurd pretensions to figure in the :haracter. His lordship was so kind as, in ınother letter, to describe Comte d'Orsay as one who seemed to have all the qualities requisite to ıave figured in his brother-in-law's ancestor's nemoirs—by which he means the memoirs of Count Grammont, perpetrated in or of the days of Charles II. by "Antonio Hamilton."

A dozen of years, wo for the time! have passed ıince these letters of Lord Byron were written; ınd the comte is nearer to that bourne from whence no traveller returns by what Tacitus would call "*ingens spatium humanæ vitæ.*" We nay freely translate the passage for the benefit of ıll concerned:

Believe me, dear comte, that twelve years do not pass,
And leave not some signs as they go;
They may fly with the wings of the hawk—but, alas!
They are marked by the feet of the crow.

But still the comte is in fine preservation, and nay be seen in all places where fine fellows do congregate as the observed of all observers. Hang it! after all, as Dr. Morriss (*i. e.* John G. Lockhart) says of old Potts, five-and-thirty is the very prime of life, and they know nothing of it who maintain the contrary. We appeal to several of the fairest judges in France or England.

The history of the comte, and his adventures n various courts, from that of William IV. or Charles X. to any other you would please to nention, in any quarter of London or Paris—in treet or rue, in place or square, whether St. ames's or Red Lion—has been written by so nany illustrious authors, especially of the heb-omadal press, that we willingly excuse our-elves from entering upon it here. He is the son f General Comte D'Orsay, commonly called, we elieve, Beau D'Orsay and brother of the beauti-ul Duchess of Guiche. As for the antiquity of ıis race, that is sufficiently indicated by its hav-ng given the name to the Quay D'Orsay; and when we recollect that Henry IV. and Louis XV. re (or were) content with being patrons only of ridges across the Seine, it is no small glory to hare with Voltaire the honour of being predo-ninant over a whole quay on its side. Our ıusiness with him is as an author. And yet we lo not know well how to inform our readers what ıe has written. He has most cleverly caricatured ınd peppered with *bon mots* all and sundry people who have come near him: the only Lord Byron hat ever gave the least idea of how the man eally looked, is by the comte. But where is his ook that his lordship took so much interest in? Where is the Journal, the extraordinary production, which gave "a most melancholy but true description of all that regards high life in England?" Where is the book which "a young Italian lady of rank, *tres instruite* also," namely, Guiccioli herself, was delighted with? Where is the Journal, of which Lord Byron says he never could have described what it attempted so well? To this effect, "Il faut etre Français."

Il faut être donc un de nos collaborateurs. Comte D'Orsay must send the Journal and its *continuation* to us; and having made him this proposition, we conclude by requiring the attention of all our male readers to the exquisite sketching of Croquis, our lady readers will need no bidding to look at what is under the hat of our Alfred, than whom, "since his majesty of the same name, there has not been a more learned surveyor of our Saxon society."

And so adieu—we shall no more say
About the whiskers of Comte D'Orsay.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

WILLIAM PITT.

PART II.

All the great questions of politics return periodically in England. For the wants, wishes, and passions of all generations are the same, and the liberty of England gives them all a tongue. The established church, the duration of parliament, the admission of Roman catholics to the legislature, the purification of the elective franchise, have all revolved through the circle of debate in successive times, since the days when England first had a constitution, the days of Elizabeth. They, or topics similar to them, will revolve while England possesses a constitution. But this arises less from the necessity of things than from the nature of debate. An English legislature has never existed, and never will exist without a conflict of parties. The new titles of faction are but a shifting of the oldest appellatives of party. There will always be found in a free legislature a body of men to whom freedom is a cloak for ambition; power is all in all; a ruined country over which they can rule, is better than the noblest national prosperity of which they have not the rule, that they may have the plunder. The political physiognomy of those men is known. Chiefly poor, and chiefly profligate in their personal lives, they have nothing to lose in property, and nothing to hurt in conscience. They are thus sent into the field prepared to accomplish the most violent change, by the most desperate means. This faction is small, cautious, and obscure, but it forms the *nucleus* of the revolutionary mind of the nation. It has a wonderful power of expansibility. It can sink altogether from sight, but when the hour for its evil is come, it is the cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, that distends over the whole political horizon, and pours down in a hurricane. This was the spirit of the American Revolution. Neither wrongs inflicted, nor rights denied, unfurled the banners of revolt beyond the Atlantic. It was the fury of a faction for power, inflaming

the passion of a populace for change. This was the spirit of the French Revolution. Neither domestic tyranny nor foreign insult sacrificed the king on the bloody altar raised to democracy. It was the fury of a faction for power, inflaming the passion of a populace for change. But in England, the character of the nation, grave, firm, and decorous, compelled this spirit to assume another shape. It never dared, as in America, to throw off the mask, and start from the supplicant into the revolter. It never possessed either the force or the effrontery, as in France, to exhibit its naked impurity before the people, and with the torch of a profane philosophy in one hand, and the cup of massacre in the other, lead off the new dance of death, secure of seeing every class and condition of man whirling after it in its grim festivity. Here, always vulgar, feeble, and obscure; nurtured among the lower haunts of the commonwealth, it has always found it politic to lurk under the various disguises of imposture, diffident of its means. It has appealed to the young, by their natural distaste for the wisdom of old institutions, to the generous by their scorn of political corruption, and to the patriotic by their zeal for the honour of the country. Thus, nearly every public man of decided ability commences his career by the adoption of a cause which his whole after life is employed in resisting. Thus we find men of the most powerful understanding, and the most patriotic views, the Chathams, Burkes, and Pitts, forced perpetually to contend against the imputation of having deserted principles, which they never held, of being traitors when they had only been betrayed, and of adopting for the bribes of office, the resistance to objects into which they could have been even ensnared only by the subtlest artifices of faction.

But in this decided and contemptuous judgment, we distinctly disclaim all idea of involving the body known by the general name of opposition. The changes of the public councils from year to year may throw into its ranks men incapable of political deviation. Some of the greatest names of our history have been numbered among the opposers of the cabinet for the time being; and it has been said, with a just knowledge of the English government, that the country might as well exist without a cabinet, as without an opposition.

Pitt had till now distinguished himself only as a subordinate. He had been content to follow the topics thrown out by the leaders of the house. But he had felt his powers, and he was now to lead. The first public question in which he thus advanced alone was parliamentary reform. There is strong temptation in the topic; it has always abounded in strong points of declamation, and it has always enlisted the popular feelings on the side of the orator. Of all the questions that have ever come before a senate, it is capable of the broadest colouring and the simplest tamperings with fact. But these were not the merits which won Pitt to its advocacy. The alleged venality of parliament during the long dictatorship of Walpole, its submission under the leaden sceptre of the Pelhams, and its apathy under the shifting of power from hand to hand of the Hollands, Grafton, and even Chatham himself, had roused popular contempt, and roused even more, the alarm of honest men and true patriots for the final fall of the legislature. From the accession of the first George to the commencement of the American war, in 1775, parliament had nearly abandoned all its influence in the government of the state. It was turbulent from time to time, but all its activity was impressed from without. The nation had begun to look upon it as a bed of justice, a French parliament, where the king alone was awake. But these were the feelings of quiet times, and the evil was endured. When the American war came to counsel the nation to look into its resources, whether of liberty or power, the singular adherence of parliament to Lord North generated a new order of suspicion, embittered by a new order of resentment. Exaggerated accounts of public disaster, acting upon feelings unused to disaster of any kind, turned all eyes upon the conduct of that legislature, from which they were constitutionally taught to expect defence. They looked in vain. The aspect of the war was darkening day by day, the arms of England were tarnishing in every quarter of the globe, allies were turning into neutrals, neutrals into open enemies. The star of the empire was palpably going down; but the minister and the parliament were still as firm allies as ever. The cry of indignant alarm rang from corner to corner of the land, but within the walls of the legislature all was confidence. Remonstrance was the language of every portion of the people; but the minister answered it by a majority. To drive Lord North from power now became the universal object; but before they could seize the criminal they must storm the stronghold. The apathy of parliament was attributed to its corruption, its corruption to the form of choosing its members; and men of the highest sincerity pledged themselves to a measure, whose avowed purpose was purifying the legislature, at once to rescue it from national odium, to restore it to constitutional energy, and to make it an instrument of national rights, instead of being a rampart of ministerial ambition.

It is not our desire to palliate the failings even of Pitt, though his fame is the fame of his country. Like inferior men, he was open to the errors of political inexperience, and had to learn from time the lessons that time alone can teach. In this zeal for parliamentary reform of a senator of twenty-three, much must be allowed alike to the ardour of youth, the temptations of party, and the rashness of immature knowledge. But those are not the charges brought against his memory. He is accused, in the bitterest tones of party, with abandoning his views. Let that be his panegyric,—let it be told to his honour that, when he saw the necessity for the change at an end, he gave up the change; that when parliament had, by the force of circumstances, resumed its full activity, he did not obstinately persevere in the regimen which was fit only to rouse it from a state of torpor; in fact, that in the midst of the French revolution he did not revolutionise England. Ten years had made the whole distinction. Before that period, brief as it was, popular

opinion made but a slight impression upon the legislature; after that period popular opinion threatened to become the tyrant of the legislature. The influence which was nearly dormant in the time of Lord North, menaced the constitution with overthrow in the time of the Pitt ministry. The fall of monarchy in France had removed the barrier between the populace and power; the republican spirit of France propagated republicanism in every kingdom of Europe. Was this a time to add to the popular predominance in England? The old bugbear had been the preservative; it was quietly laid in its grave. The new destroyer was democracy; was it folly to meet the evil with new weapons; to reject the insidious compromise between personal popularity and national downfall; to curb the license of the multitude as steadily as of old, the domination of the minister? This was the head and front of Pitt's offending, and for this, undying honour be to his grave. Hating corruption, he not less hated tumult; kindling the vigour of the legislature, he would restrain its violence; the champion of true liberty, he taught Englishmen to scorn the labours of revolution.

In 1782 the Rockingham cabinet was formed. The premiership had been first offered by the king to Lord Shelburne; but that nobleman declining it, and stating that, *for the present*, the Marquis of Rockingham alone could fill the situation, his majesty assented. Shelburne and Fox were named the secretaries of state, Lord John Cavendish was chancellor of the exchequer, Lord Camden president of the council, Conway commander-in-chief, Keppel first lord of the admiralty, and Dunning chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster. Thurlow was continued chancellor.

On the 7th of May, 1782, Pitt brought forward his motion for parliamentary reform, having been appointed for this purpose by the general meeting of the friends of reform at Richmond House. His speech recapitulated the alleged grievances of the representation. He declared that his object was simply to bring back parliament to its original system, and, by offering a reform at once moderate and substantial, relieve the state from those decays which threatened to destroy "the most beautiful fabric of government in the world." He pressed heavily on the palpable difference between the public opinion and the votes of parliament during the American war, and argued that this hazardous anomaly was to be rectified only by restoring purity of election. He enumerated boroughs which had lost all connection with the principle of constituency, places without trade, population, interest in the country, or any stake to entitle them to the distinction of sending representatives to parliament. At the same time he admitted, that "the corruption of which he complained was the natural effect of the wide limits of our empire, and of the broad and great scale upon which its operations were conducted; it had grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength, but it had not decayed with our decay. It had supported a late administration against all the consequences of a mischievous system and a dismembered empire." He concluded by moving for a commitee to examine into the state of the representation. The motion was lost by 161 to 141.

The sweeping measure which has so lately passed in parliament renders this topic new once more. We have not come to its actual working yet, for no instantaneous change can be wrought upon the mind of England. We must speak of it still in theory: the future generation alone may feel the weight of its penitential practice. Examining it in the dispassionate light of a problem in political philosophy, and casting aside the prejudices alike of its advocates and its opponents, we can alone come to the true conclusion. The only legitimate objects of a change in the representation can be, to render the elector less corrupt, and the representative more efficient. Thus the question divides itself into two—the corruption outside the doors of parliament, and the inactivity within. Has Lord John Russell's bill met the first evil? All men of honesty and honour will acknowledge instantly, that the corruption of the elector is at once a personal crime and a public injury; for it implies in the elector a breach of conscience, and in the representative a readiness to take the bribe which he gives. He who buys will naturally sell. The dealer in corruption advertises himself. But has the reform bill increased or diminished the facility of electoral corruption? It has increased that facility on an enormous scale. By the ten-pound qualification, it has expressly lowered the whole elective franchise, and lowered it to a class peculiarly corrupt and *agitating*—the little shopkeepers. It is a principle of common sense, that the higher the qualification, the less liable to corruption. If the voters of a county were confined to a thousand gentlemen of a thousand a year each, they would be less accessible by corruption than a thousand of a hundred a year each, from the obvious circumstances, that they would be more conspicuous objects in the eye of their neighbours, have more character to lose, possess higher habits, and, even if they were inclined to sell themselves, would be less within the power of purchase, from the higher amount of their price. If the franchise were lowered from a hundred to ten pounds, it would fall constantly into a lower class, more easily purchaseable, from their being less marked by society in their proceedings, and from the smaller sum necessary for their purchase, the increase of their numbers not being in any degree a set-off against the decrease of the bribe. If the franchise were, again, lowered to five shillings or five farthings, it would at each descent sink into a still inferior class, more capable of corruption, and at a still cheaper rate. Of course, in these remarks, it is not meant to say that a poor man may not have as proud a spirit and as pure a conscience as a rich one. We speak not of the individual exception: we take society on its broad scale, and there we are fully entitled to pronounce, that poverty and obscurity are strong temptations to the readier ways of gain.

And this principle runs through every portion of the state. Why are members of parliament required to produce a qualification, three hundred a year in land for the borough member, and six hundred for the county member? Certainly not

for the absurd object, in a country essentially commercial, of excluding all but the agricultural interest;—certainly not of restricting the care of the constitution to the wisdom of the country gentlemen; but for the purpose of securing a house exempt from the actual wants which make corruption easy and acceptable. Property in land was justly deemed the best standard for this purpose, as being the most secure. The sum now appears small; but three hundred a year, even a hundred years ago, was equal to twice the sum now, and was a considerable fortune. The opulence of commerce floats and fluctuates, the landed property was permanent, and formed a solid ground of character. The clear intention of the law was, that men entirely and permanently above personal necessity should alone constitute the legislature.

But it is asserted that every man has a *right by nature* to a vote. No more than he has a right by nature to the British constitution, or the empire of China. A province in the moon would be as much the natural result of being born with two arms and two legs. All political rights are *conventional*. Man, by nature, has a right to nothing but what he can earn by his labour. Society is even so far from giving an enlargement of his natural right in this most essential instance, that it restricts the right. The savage in the wilderness has a right to all that he can hunt, fish, or till. The man of society is narrowed in all those rude privileges, his labour is put under guidance, his products are limited, his enjoyments are ruled, according to the general uses of the community. The whole revolutionary theory on this head is one successive blunder. In fact, when man has once coalesced with his fellow-men, all natural rights are rapidly extinguished. They are exchanged for one of more import than them all, but wholly growing out of his new association, the *right of being protected*. But this protection argues no right to civil office. On the contrary, society in all instances where wisdom has made the laws, enforces the demand of a qualification. The lawgiver knows that man is not, by nature, fit for power. He demands, therefore, that he shall exhibit his acquired fitness, before power can be entrusted to his hands. Prior to Lord John Russell's bill, that fitness was required in this country in various shapes, arising from various circumstances of life and history; in some instances, descent from a line of freemen, in others an apprenticeship of a certain number of years, implying regular habits and approved character; in others, purchase, which implies property, the chief stake required, and wisely required, for the security against the betrayal of trust, a negligence to public interest, or an abuse of power. All these are now merged in one, the ten-pound qualification; too low to constitute property, too high to let in what its authors call natural right; and after thus sinning against both principles, abolishing the whole system of securities derived from location, birth, industry, and character.

The new theory of parliament is equally a blunder. It pronounces the two houses "the great council of the nation, the supreme deliberative assembly, &c.; and its purpose is especially to make the house of commons the source of all government, the very head of active authority in the state." This is, in every point, a gross constitutional error. The king and his ministers are the "'great council of the nation." The parliament is simply the guardian of the constitution. The king and his ministers, having in their hands all the questions of policy, the making of war and peace, the greatest of all, with every other function of public rule, are the only *government*. Whatever body in the state possesses the *initiative* in public questions, is essentially the government. The business of the house is not to govern, but to guard. Our ancestors had too much the advantage of their posterity, to conceive the monstrous proposition, that the promptitude, secresy, or deliberation essential to the conduct of an empire, could be found in an open assembly of three hundred, or of six hundred and fifty-eight, more than in an assembly of as many millions. Its office is, therefore, not to originate measures of exigent counsel, but to check their invasions of national liberty; not to tyrannise, by absorbing the whole power of the state, but to *stand between the nation and tyranny*, let it come from what quarter it will, and with equal vigilance, whether from the cabinet or the multitude. And for this purpose it possesses one branch of power, and but one, the command of the national purse. Without money nothing can be done; and the minister who fails to justify his measure to the house, is thus instantly stopped in his career. It is true that, practically, to prevent subsequent disputes, the opinion of the house is asked in a variety of public affairs before their execution. But this is merely matter of ministerial convenience. The cabinet are not enjoined to make these communications, to ask this advice, to awake these debates. They may act, in the infinite majority of public transactions wholly on their own responsibility. The judgment of the legislature cannot anticipate, it must follow; it cannot prohibit, it can only punish. The king in council is the primary agent, the parliament is only a check on the minister if he comes to them for supplies; or, if he should not, a tribunal to impeach him for his negligence, incapacity, or treason.

The true office of parliament being thus defined, the only question at all times can be, on which side the danger of the constitution is most imminent. Two centuries ago, it was menaced most from the throne, and Charles, reigning for eleven years without a parliament, was, though a mild and even a reluctant despot, a despot in the full sense of the constitution. Yet we see with what terrible energy the power of the populace distended itself, even in those times of hereditary veneration for the throne. Under Charles the constitution slept. Under the parliament it was brought from its slumbers only to be torn to pieces. Under Cromwell it was completely lost to sight, buried, to all human view, in a returnless grave.

Time obliterated the lesson, and popular fears and popular oratory, for the hundred years that followed, could see no enemy but the prerogative. They were in perpetual terror of being crushed

by the little pinnacle of power above their heads, while they walked fearlessly on ground every foot of which was charged with the materials of explosion. The French republic at length showed the power of the populace, and the fears of all who were honest in their zeal for the constitution, fixed themselves in that gigantic shape, which starting up from beneath their feet, grew hourly, until its height overtopped all the ancient forms of authority, and menaced universal change. The war saved us. The wisdom of Pitt in that war raised a barrier, which the proud foot of Jacobinism dared not overleap. The clamours of conspiracy were extinguished in the magnanimous voice of the nation, called to buckle on its armour, and contend for the final stake of human kind. In that hour of general European difficulty, England, the true Achilles of a more authentic history, and a nobler time, forgetting all her injuries, all the discontents and slights of false friends and jealous rivals, saw nothing but the common cause, grasped the spear and shield, given by a higher than human hand, and springing on the last rampart of Europe, by her single shout restored the victory.

The point on which the wisdom of Lord John Russell's bill turns, is whether England is now in more peril from royal or from popular domination. A mob may be as much a tyrant as the most unbridled despot of Tartary. Whether was the English king or the English populace advancing more rapidly to illegal power? What man in his senses can hesitate to say, that the rapid increase of popular influence during the last twenty-five years has totally thrown the prerogative into the shade; that the true enemy which national freedom had to dread was the sovereignty of the populace; and that the reform bill, by giving that populace an extraordinary addition to its influence over the parliament, has actually to that full extent hazarded the safety of the constitution? If we are to choose between tyrannies, let us have the tyranny of a monarch; the rigid rule of a Peter or a Nicholas, rather than the sanguinary license of a Jacobin Club and a Robespierre; the iron sceptre of a fictitious divine right, rather than the capricious fury of popular passion, cupidity, and revenge, making a law of its will, and the anarchy of the million administering its wrath in the *nistralade* and the guillotine.

The present state of the representation in Great Britain and Ireland will be the clearest evidence of the formidable growth of this new authority.

ENGLAND.

In England, 40 counties return 144 members—the number of registered voters in 1832 being 344,564. Cities and boroughs, amounting to 185, return 227 members—the number of registered voters in 1832 being 274,649. Total, 471 members, and 619,213 voters.

WALES.

In Wales, 12 counties return 15 members—the number of registered voters in 1832 being 25,815; 14 districts of boroughs return 14 members—the number of registered voters in 1832 being 11,309. Total, 29 members, and 37,124 voters.

SCOTLAND.

In Scotland, 30 counties return 30 members—the number of registered voters in 1832 being 33,114; 76 cities and boroughs return 23 members—the number of registered voters in 1832 being 31,332. Total, 53 members, and 64,446 voters.

IRELAND.

In Ireland, 32 counties return 64 members—the number of registered voters in 1832 being 60,607; 34 cities and boroughs return 41 members—the number of registered voters in 1832 being 31,545. Total, 105 members, and 92,152 voters.

Thus in Great Britain, while the members for counties are but 189, the members for cities and boroughs are 364! The case is stronger still with respect to England, the most influential portion of all. There the county members being scarcely more than one-half the members for the towns, or 144 to 227! But even this view hardly shows the extent of the hazard. The population of the counties but slowly increases, while that of the towns is accumulating with hourly rapidity; the county population is, from its nature, nearly stagnant in point of political impulses, while the town population is perpetually urged to political movements, is constantly employed in speculations on public affairs, and from its habits of trade and manufacture, and its closer state of intercourse and communication, possesses tenfold the applicable power, and political excitability, and condensed force of the remaining population.

This is the true evil of the coming time, and the unanswerable argument against the measure. We are aware of the crowd of inferior objections urged, and justly urged, against its immediate working, its exclusion of nearly all but men of vast landed property, or furious demagogues, from parliament; thus shutting the doors upon nearly the whole class who once made the lights of the legislature, the Pitts, Burkes, Sheridans, Foxes, and every man who has but knowledge and genius to offer as his claims; its setting up the representation as a prize for the most extravagant popular charlatanry, until no man can enter parliament but with a pledge and without a character; its actually binding parliament down by the resolutions of every election rabble, and transferring all deliberation from parliament to the roarers of the hustings. All are present evils, and of a dark dye; but the great overwhelming evil is to be felt only in the course of years; the utter absorption of the whole power of parliament by the population of the towns, establishing a direct republican influence as the paramount authority of the house of commons, converting that house into a house of delegates, stripping the constitution on that side of all power, and, through the breach, invading the crown, the peerage, the cabinet, and all the few feeble remaining bulwarks of the monarchy.

Pitt had now evidently taken the lead of the patriotic party. Foiled in his attempt to obtain the reform of the electors, his next effort was to obtain the reform of the representative. This was now to be done only by restraining the term

of his power, and thus compelling him to return more frequently to his constituents. On the 17th of May, within ten days after his speech on reform, he powerfully sustained Sawbridge's motion, for "shortening the duration of parliaments." It was lost by a majority of 149 to 61. Still he was not exhausted. Within a month he came forward again, in support of Lord Mahon's bill for "preventing bribery and expense at elections." This he pronounced to be no innovation, but a restoration of the old constitutional practice and principle. Pitt has been named an apostate for his subsequent resistance to similar measures. But the ground of his change has been already assigned. He was no more an apostate than the man who lights a fire on his empty hearth is an apostate for extinguishing it when a barrel of gunpowder is brought into the room. What was safe in 1780 might be ruinous in 1790. It is observable, in honour of his sincerity, that his adoption of the subject must be exonerated from all personal motives, by the circumstances of his position. He was not, on the one hand, a factious tribune haranguing for place. He was not, on the other, a falling minister throwing out a lure for popular support. Attached to Lord Shelburne by personal regard, and to the ministry by public views, he was not labouring to float into possession on the wreck of their popularity. Politically hostile to Lord North and the opposition, whom he had strongly contributed to overthrow, he could look for their combination as little as he had reverenced their power. The ministry were in the full tide of their influence. No reverses had shaken them. They stood on a height altogether beyond the desultory shock of a young orator, yet known to the country only by name. Every argument is on the side of the assertion, that in those efforts Pitt was perfectly sincere, that he laboured to achieve a service for his country, and that he had no thought beyond achieving a service for his country.

But the position of his antagonist was more questionable. That antagonist was Fox. The later worshippers of that remarkable man must have looked back with astonishment at the versatility of his principles. He boldly pronounced the bill an attempt to draw an unnatural line of separation between the constituent and the representative. Was the house to lend itself to a system for circumscribing the few remaining privileges of the electors? "Nothing could more enhance the natural independence of English electors more than the power of *obliging their friends*." As to the expenses of the candidates, he "was not fond of recurring to those times when representatives were paid for their trouble by those they represented. That house was then of little or no weight in the government of the country. And those arguments which referred to such ancient usages could be of no other use than to put the house in mind of its ancient insignificance." On this occasion Pitt succeeded by 60 to 59. But an important clause being rejected in the committee, the bill was withdrawn.

Pitt's official life was now to begin. The Rockingham cabinet contained jarring elements. The clear, dexterous, and accomplished mind of Shelburne already contemplated supremacy. The loose, but powerful genius of Fox, scarcely enduring a rival, disdained to suffer a superior. The character of the Marquis of Rockingham, supine but estimable, and conciliating yet dignified, restrained open jealousies; but his death, in July 1782, dissolved the cabinet at once, and gave its quarrels to the world.

The king instantly renewed the offer of the premiership to Lord Shelburne. It was accepted. Fox and Lord Cavendish angrily threw up their offices. Conway openly charged Fox in the house with disappointed ambition. Fox, thus forced to explain, declared that the motive for his resignation was the appointment of Lord Shelburne as first lord of the treasury, instead of the Duke of Portland, the natural successor of the Marquis of Rockingham in the confidence of the whig party. This acknowledgment brought down a storm of reprobation, in which Pitt led the way. He charged Fox "with hazarding the honour of the government for personal motives, and the safety of the country for pique. With the phrase of 'measures and not men' perpetually on his lips, he had acted on the principle of 'men and not measures.' He had thrown up office to embarrass the minister the moment he found that he could not degrade him, and rather than narrow the extravagance of his ambition, he had abandoned the sincerity of his principles, and when he found that he could not rule the government with unbounded sway, under the mask of another, he adopted the daring resolution of flinging it down and standing forth in the attitude of an assailant." Thus began the open conflict between those two eminent men, which lasted until they were in their graves.

Pitt was now presented to the nation as a minister. The resignation of Fox and Lord John Cavendish made way for new appointments, and Pitt was named chancellor of the exchequer, at twenty-three. Thus, scarcely beyond boyhood, he rose at once to the most difficult office of the state, to the conduct of the whole finance of the empire, and the leadership of the house of commons. None of the chief statesmen of the century had obtained power at his age, nor had obtained it but through the gradations of office. Godolphin, Oxford, Bolingbroke, Walpole, Pelham, Chatham, North, and Fox, had all served in subordinate offices. Pitt alone stood in the foremost rank at his first step, and every subsequent hour of his life justified his sense of his unrivaled talents, and the proud prognostics of his country.

The reign of the Brunswick line was characterised by a feature new to English government. Their predecessors had retained a large portion of individual power. The Brunswick reign was the reign of ministers. Realising for the first time the true theory of the constitution, that all power should be responsible for its acts, the acts thenceforth originated with those who were personally responsible. Thus the hazardous collision of the national feelings with the royal privilege of impunity ceased to exist, and the fall of a cabinet was the substitute for a revolution. Yet the personal inclinations of the monarch mus-

always be of high importance, and it was remarked that during the long reign of George III. in all his feelings the most *constitutional* of monarchs, no cabinet was able to stand its ground against the personal impressions of the king. The Rockingham cabinet was forced upon him, and it was on the point of perishing even before the death of its premier; it was extinguished within a year. The Fox cabinet of 1806 was forced upon him; it too was on the point of perishing before the death of Fox, and it too was extinguished in a year. The king's displeasure against Fox was among the most prominent causes of his exclusion during a whole life of the public display of great abilities, and unwearied appetite for power. The king's personal respect sustained Pitt against the early difficulties of his ministry, successive majorities in parliament, and the loudest outcry of party through the nation. His personal attachment upheld Lord North in his ministry, and protected him when out of it. The gentleness and good-nature, added to the unquestionable integrity of Lord North's character, endeared him to the sovereign; and this regard he seems to have extended to the members of his cabinet. A little anecdote exhibits this disposition in its most graceful point of view. Early in the period when the fall of Lord North's ministry was inevitable, the king received Lord George Germaine in his closet for the purpose of giving up the seals of his department. Germaine was a man of elegant manners and striking abilities, a powerful debater, and possessing great weight in the cabinet. The stain fixed on his character by the battle of Minden, and the sentence of the court-martial which followed, had been partially cleared away by his parliamentary distinctions, if not still more advantageously by the gradual public acknowledgment, that his disobedience on that memorable day had arisen much less from personal timidity than from disgust at the arrogance of his German commander. Lord George's resignation of the American secretaryship was the first direct omen of the breaking up of the ministry, and the interview was marked by unusual emotion on both sides. The king, after expressing his regret for the disastrous state of the cabinet, and his sense of Lord George's services, asked, "if there was any thing he could do, to express his sense of them, which would be agreeable to him."—"Sir," was the answer, "if your majesty will raise me to the dignity of the peerage, it will form at once the best reward to which I can aspire, and the best proof of your approbation of my past exertions in your affairs." "By all means," the king replied, "I think it very proper, and shall do it with pleasure." The conversation continued, in the course of which Lord George requested that the creation should be of a viscounty, for if raised only to the barony, "his own secretary, his own lawyer, and his father's page, would all take rank of him." The king, struck with this curious combination, enquired into the particulars. "The first," said Lord George, "is Lord Walsingham, who was long under-secretary in my office, when Mr. De Grey. The second is Lord Loughborough, who has been always my legal adviser. The third is Lord Amherst, who, when page to my father, the late Duke of Dorset, has often sat on the braces of the state coach that conveyed him, as lord-lieutenant of Ireland, to the Parliament House in Dublin." The king smiled, and added, "What you say is very reasonable; it shall be so, and now let me know what title you choose?" Lord George asked permission to take the title of Sackville, as having been compelled to renounce his family name for the estate of Drayton left to him by Lady Betty Germaine. "I quite approve of that idea," said his majesty, "and if you will state to me your title, I shall write it down myself, before we part, and send it directly to the lord chancellor." The king immediately placed himself at a table, took the pen and ink lying upon it, and having committed the viscounty to paper, asked him what barony he chose. Lord George answered, Bolebrook, in Sussex, as being one of the most ancient estates belonging to his family, and contiguous to Buckhurst, the original peerage conferred by Queen Elizabeth on his ancestor, the first Duke of Dorset. When the king had written the name, he rose, and with the kindest expressions, mingled with concern, ended the interview. The character of George III. was so often charged with harshness and impatience, that it is only justice to a sovereign estimable in every point of view, to give a trait which exhibits so much personal urbanity and royal condescension.

On the accession of the Fox ministry in 1806, the caricaturists amused themselves with depicting the sudden change of the whig costume for the dress of the levee. The same metamorphose had amused the public fourteen years before. When the house of commons met for the despatch of business, on the change of administration, every eye was turned with wonder to the treasury bench. Lord North had so long kept possession, that to the rising race of members it had seemed his by inheritance. But a new tribe were now masters, and it was equally difficult and ludicrous to discover the members of the old opposition in the new equipment of office. At that period it was the custom for ministers to attend in full dress. On one side Lord North and his friends were scarcely to be recognised in their opposition dishabille, great coats, frocks, and boots. Still more astonishment was excited by the spectacle of the old file of opposition throwing off their usual habiliments, and instead of the ancient blue and buff, which often bore signs of long service, and in the instance of Fox, was remarkable for its negligence, flourishing in lace and embroidery; with silk, swords, and hair powder. The change was the subject of frequent pleasantry in the house, but a remark of Lord Nugent's one night threw it into universal laughter. Just as the new ministry had first made their appearance, it happened that his lordship's house in town had been broken into, and robbed of a variety of dresses, and among other things many pairs of laced ruffles. The particulars were advertised, and the robbery, of course, was generally known. Coming down to the house immediately after the recess, a member who sat next him casually asked, "Whether he had yet made any discovery of the robbers." "Not yet of the robbers, but probably enough of the receivers," said his lordship. The member

enquired again. "I shrewdly suspect," said his lordship, glancing at the ministers, "that I now see some of my ruffles on the treasury bench." Fox and Burke were sitting at the moment in their court dresses opposite to him. The allusion spread instantly, and the house was "in a roar."

This was the era of ministerial change. Shelburne was destined to share the fate of his predecessors. No example can be stronger, that the power of acquiring popular approbation is a talent peculiar and most incommunicable. Shelburne seemed to possess every quality that could raise him to the height of public favour. He was a singularly accomplished personage, of remarkable sagacity, promptitude, and force in debate, an excellent general scholar, and fond of sustaining his early literature; handsome and dignified in his exterior; animated and graceful in society; powerful and impressive in the house, and continually reinforcing his acquirements from every source of literary association and personal study. On the foreign relations of England his knowledge was indisputable. He was conceived to be more intimately acquainted with the springs and circumstances of the foreign cabinets than any statesman in Europe. Altogether he was a fine specimen of the foremost race of mankind, an accomplished English nobleman. No man was more made for power.

But he was not made for popularity. Continually soliciting it, he uniformly failed. Some unaccountable suspicion of insincerity attached itself to every step of his progress, and while the nation forgave in Fox the most frequent and open lapses, it watched with a jealous eye the decorous life of a statesman immeasurably his superior in all that constitutes a claim to the confidence of a manly people.

The charges now brought against Lord Shelburne at this crisis turned on his known aversion to acknowledge American independence. It was from this argued, that his proposals of peace were a mask, and that the nation was to depend on caprice and contingency for a benefit which the general voice pronounced essential. Lee, the ex-solicitor-general, a man of rough manners, but of considerable legal character, openly assailed the government in the house of commons, declaring the premier destitute of common honesty in public transactions. The sound was caught by the populace, and echoed in every shape of contumely. The newspapers were filled with lampoons, and the shops with caricatures of the new minister. One of the most popular of those pictured libels represented him as Guy Faux, lantern in hand, stealing under the treasury to blow up the resources of the nation.

In England the popular voice must always be powerful, and no man was more conscious of its power than Shelburne. He weathered the storm boldly through the session, but on its close, he consulted with his colleagues on the expediency of strengthening the cabinet from the ranks of opposition. In this instance, we meet an additional proof of the manliness of Pitt. He instantly gave his decision against any junction with Lord North. He declared, that it was totally impossible for him, with any remaining sense of public duty, to suffer the renewal of influence in hands whose misconduct had already brought the empire into danger; or, with any remaining sense of personal honour, to be seen coalescing with one whose principles he had so constantly and so strongly reprobated; this opinion he further declared to proceed not from any personal dislike to Lord North, with whom he had never had any personal intercourse, but simply from his conviction that a total change of system was necessary for the safe government of the empire.

It was then determined to apply to Fox, against whom none of those objections lay. An interview took place accordingly. It was marked by the characteristics of the two personages. Pitt waited on Fox by appointment. Fox asked at once whether, in the preposed negotiation, Lord Shelburne was to remain premier? Pitt answered, undoubtedly! Fox hotly replied that nothing could induce him to belong to any ministry of which Lord Shelburne was to be premier. Pitt, with equal promptitude, retorted, that if that were the case, all further discussion must be waste of time, for "*he did not come to betray* Lord Shelburne." They parted instantly, and never again met under a private roof, for the rest of their lives. The sword was drawn by both, and it was never sheathed by either.

A slight, yet curious example of the inconvenience arising from changes in the old arrangements of office, attracted public conversation at this period. On the king's going to prorogue parliament, it was indispensable to send the crown and sceptre to Westminster. Burke's reform bill had suppressed the jewel office. But the suppression was so recent, that no new official regulation had been adopted relative to the conveyance of the jewels on public occasions. Egerton, the former master of the jewel office, was superseded by the bill. The next resource was an application to the lord steward, and the lord chamberlain. But those lords were not satisfied of their power to interfere, and would not interfere. The next resource was the secretaryship of state, and from him an order to the keeper of the jewels in the tower was at length obtained for their transmission. Another difficulty now arose. From the irregularity of the whole transaction, none of the king's carriages, the customary conveyance, were forthcoming, and the secretary was reduced to the rude expedient of summoning the Bow Street magistrates to his aid. Half a dozen of their constables, in a couple of hackney coaches, were sent to the Tower, and in this hazardous style the crown jewels were despatched on their way. All due precautions were taken to conceal the nature of this valuable convoy, and all was necessary. Any one of the hundred, or the thousand gangs of London plunderers would have easily stripped royalty of its ornaments. The coaches were driven, with the blinds up, along the outskirts of London, re-entering it by Portland Street, and then hurrying down to Westminster. After the ceremony, they were reconveyed to the Tower with the same secresy and rapidity, and fortunately without any further obstruction. Another Colonel Blood might have made the risk memorable.

Of all human subjects, politics present the most exciting aspect to man; and it is to the honour of English intelligence that they supremely attract the man of England. Always abounding in novelty, yet always referring to experience, they meet at once the natural curiosity of the human mind, and give a vigorous exercise to its judgment. But to the man of England they have the higher interest of involving the principles of that freedom, which is not more the national boast than it is the national security. Thus, to the philosopher offering the finest spectacle of abstract truth brought into practical action—to the man of ability the broadest field for the display of his intellectual strength—and to the freeman the great tribunal in which the cause of national freedom is perpetually tried and defended. Politics offer not merely an exhaustless stimulant to our natural love of the strange, the capable, and the animating, but a noble study to minds which look above novelty—to the most enlarged and most permanent interests of mankind.

In recalling the contests of Pitt and Fox, we are not recalling the obsolete struggles of two great statesmen, long since gone to that place of rest where the passions of the world stop short, and an epitaph is all their fame. Under the names of those two men, we are speaking of the struggles which exist at this hour, and which will exist during every hour of the history of Britain—of struggles, too, which are essential to the continuance of her freedom—the currents which keep the national mind from stagnation—the muscular impulses which urge the circulation of her heart's blood—the winds which, blowing as they list, and sweeping her surface with what violence they may, yet purify the political atmosphere from the silent and yet unsparing pestilence of inaction, impurity, and slavery.

The cabinet was now to meet parliament. No position could be more surrounded with difficulties. In front was the powerful party of Lord North, by long possession of power shooting its branches through every department of the country, and by long habit trained to public business. The failure of the negotiation with Fox had still more formidably reinforced the opposition. It had given them the talents of a man framed above all men of his time to make an opposition master of the state. Of all the great names of senatorial eloquence, Fox seems to have been the first parliamentary speaker. In passing down the picture-gallery of the last century, a nobler memorial to the glory of England than all her conquests, we see nothing equal to the parliamentary figure of Fox. The Bolingbrokes, Walpoles, Poulteneys, and Townsends have long since lost both colour and outline, and are sunk into indiscriminate shade. The bold proportions of Chatham still arrest the eye, but they are the proportions of an orator of Greece—classic, graceful, and full of life, but belonging to times and thoughts past away. Burke stands wrapt in the robe which might have alternately covered the limbs of a Plato and an Aristotle—a philosopher, in his finer meditations, soaring into the very heaven of magnificent invention, yet in his intercourse with men and things capable of bringing the subtlest abstractions into the service of common life—still too philosophic, lofty, and retired from common impulses, to be the true pleader with the people. Pitt is the orator of Rome, in the finest spirit of the portraiture. Superb, yet glowing,—grave, yet strenuous, with, at once, the Ciceronian love for liberty,—the Ciceronian hatred of the arts and violences which usurped its name,—he might have stood beside the great patriot of Rome, if his firmness did not strip the Roman of his laurel. Still, either his faculties, his position, as the appointed antagonist of popular caprice, or the reserve imposed upon him as the leader of British council, forbade that flexibility, variety, and reckless candour which belong to the *plenitude* of popular impression. It was there that Fox never found a rival. No man ever threw himself into debate with so apparent a reliance on the simple strength of his cause, and so apparent a forgetfulness of any aid which the cause might derive from the superiority of the advocate. With sufficient scholarship to avoid disgusting the accomplished part of his auditory, with sufficient general knowledge to avoid the ridicule of men of business, a reasoner without the formality of argument, and a keen and subtle sophist, under the guise of the most affecting simplicity, drawing all his illustrations from the common things of life, and professing, in all instances, to strip public matters of their coverings of office and artifice, and speak plain things to plain men, Fox was the true orator of that confused and miscellaneous assemblage of refinement, rudeness, ignorance, knowledge, public feeling, and keen self-interest, frigidity, and enthusiasm, which makes a British house of commons. As this assemblage has never had a similar in the world, its orator must be left without a parallel. If we were to compress into a single phrase the qualities of the four great speakers whom this period brought into action, we might pronounce that Burke spoke to astonish, Sheridan to charm, Pitt to enlighten, Fox to subdue.

It is remarkable, and important as a guide to the true perfection of popular speaking, that the printed speeches of those eminent men have met with a fate nearly the reverse of their effect when spoken. Burke's form one of the proudest monuments of human genius, and are read at this hour, and will be read while eloquence is dear to the heart of man, with an increasing homage to his name. Pitt's live to us chiefly as specimens of forcible argument and manly conceptions. Fox's are scarcely available to either the student or the statesman, and lie before us as great masses of thought, rudely flung together, and incapable of order or use. Sheridan's have almost wholly sunk into oblivion: his finest efforts, the speeches on Hastings, were extinguished by his own act, from the evident consciousness that their material was not fit for posterity. As airy, fantastic, and brilliant as the palaces of necromancy, they were dissolved by the touch of the necromancer. The result of this examination, and of all examination into the great science of national appeal, is, that of all qualities for impression on a mixed multitude, and pre-eminently on a British house of commons, the most irresistible is feeling. In all

other points of the orator, few men were less gifted than Fox. To the last day of his life, he was not fluent: the perpetual practice of thirty years had not given him the mastery of the English language. He hesitated, was often at a loss for words, turned back upon his steps, and increased his embarrassment by his unwieldy efforts at extrication. All that belongs to attitude and exterior was entirely against him. But his singular faculty of throwing his feelings into his speech turned his very defects into sources of his success. When he had once seized on the popular sympathy, if he lost words, it was from his absorbing interest in his cause; if his arguments were perplexed, it was from the weight of his matter. The sudden failures of his voice, his ungainly gestures, and all his innumerable sins against oratorical dignity, were attributed to a force of sincerity, which overpowered all his perception of minor things; the burst of a natural and swelling sensibility, which justly swept away the trifling observances important only on trivial occasions and to trivial men. Fox has, more than once, shed tears in the house; a spectacle ridiculously frequent among foreigners, but so rare among the manlier minds of Englishmen, that it only added to his triumph.

With an antagonist of this rank, armed with specious topics, and with every specious gift to make those topics successful, Pitt had to fight the solitary battle of a cabinet which had scarcely tasted of power when it was loaded with unpopularity. By a singular addition to the difficulty of the cabinet, all the usual hopes of enfeebling opposition by an offer of power were confessedly extinct, or rather the hope was converted into incurable hostility. It was known to Lord North that Pitt had resolutely insisted on his exclusion. It was equally known to Lord Shelburne that Fox had violently protested against connections with him as a minister. Thus, with public ambition, sharpened by personal resentment, the parties came into a conflict which threatened to be the most envenomed and hazardous to the vanquished since the days when the fall of a ministry only ushered them to the scaffold.

One of those extraordinary events, which make politics a scene of the highest instruction, was now at once to change the aspect of affairs, to throw an indelible stain on the rival of the young minister, and to fix the character of that minister in a still more striking rank of national honour.

During the period of the session which followed the fall of the Rockingham Cabinet, some slight compliments had for the first time passed between Lord North and Fox. But the open and furious assaults which Fox had constantly made on the character of Lord North, and his direct hints of bringing him to the block, rendered all idea of their junction, under any contingency, extravagant. At the opening of the session in December, 1782, they were still evidently wide asunder. Fox attempted to divide the house on the American articles, and was left in a minority of forty-six, while Lord North, carrying over his strength to the ministry, swelled their majority to 219. The true detail of the "*Coalition*," so memorable in its day, and transmitted to the contempt of all posterity, has not even yet been distinctly delivered. But we have its outline sufficiently clear. The determined resolution of the cabinet against North and Fox individually awoke a determination on their part to take it by storm, let the means be what they might. It was proposed that the parties should combine. Lord North on this occasion was comparatively guiltless; he had at no time exhibited enmity to Fox. He had received his attacks with the habitual patience of his nature, and retorted them with the harmless dexterity of a wit, who regarded them merely as the customary sallies of political opponents. Fox, on the contrary, was pledged by every demonstration that could express implacable scorn and indignant hatred. Yet a negotiation was begun; the Honourable George Augustus North, conducting it for his father, and the Honourable Colonel Fitzpatrick acting for Fox. Mr. Eden, afterwards Lord Auckland, was considered the chief author of the proceeding. The matter pressed, and the negotiation was carried on with singular diligence on both sides. The debate on the peace, the great question of the time, was fixed for the 17th. It was not until nearly four in the morning of the 16th, that, after many visits between the negotiators, and various messages between St. James's Street and Grosvenor Square, where North resided, that the business was brought to a completion. The arrangements were, that on the overthrow of the cabinet by their union, the Duke of Portland should have the treasury, and Lord North a cabinet office, while the remaining employments should be divided between the leading members of both parties. Within little more than twelve hours was to be the trial of strength, and they retired to prepare for an evening momentous to the ambition of each, and still more momentous to their character.

The rumour of the coalition had gained ground during the day, and the house was crowded. Upwards of four hundred members were present at the division at eight in the following morning. On Fox's rising, the universal attention was drawn to him. He seemed perfectly unfatigued by the labours of the night before, and spoke with his usual vigour, and even more than his usual daring. He boldly avowed the coalition, scoffed at the idea of eternal political enmities, and pronouncing a panegyric on those who could trample under their feet all personal recollections when they interfered with the good of their country, sat down in the midst of a roar of applause from opposition.

The appearance of Lord North was equally a source of curiosity. He had come down to the house at an early hour in the evening, but, from age, heaviness of frame, and the sleeplessness of the past night, had not been able to keep his eyes open. To avoid the appearance of this indecorum, he went up to the members' gallery, and there gave way to sleep, desiring some of his friends who were near him to awake him when any thing occurred of importance for him to hear. As the debate proceeded, it became more violent, and Lord North's slumber spared his ears many a bitter expression. At length he awoke, obtained

from those around him a sketch of the progress of the speeches, went down into the body of the house, and took his seat beside Fox. While the members were gazing on this unusual juxtaposition, he rose, and, to the astonishment of all who had seen him slumbering through the debate, went through its whole course with incomparable skill, stirred a gloomy and anxious house into perpetual laughter at his wit, and confessedly made the most animated, dexterous and impressive speech of the night. His amendment was carried by 224 to 208.

But no eloquence could rail the seal off the bond. The character of the transaction, at least on the side of Fox, was indelible. On him poured the whole tempest of indignation, in and out of the house. His actions, his pledges, his express words, were flung in his teeth; he was contemptuously asked, whether it was *he*, who, scarcely a year before, had in that house declared that, "whenever he should be found entering into any terms with an individual of the noble Lord (North's) cabinet, he should rest satisfied to be called the most infamous of mankind." He was asked, whether, as if in contemplation of the very measure which now covered his name with eternal obloquy, he had not declared, that—"he never could suffer the idea of a connection with the members of that cabinet to enter his mind, a connection with men who had shown themselves devoid of the common principles of honour and honesty, and in whose hands he could not venture to trust his own honour." To this no reply was made. He was next asked, with no less asperity and truth, whether he had not inveighed against the system, the principles, and the person of Lord North more bitterly than against the detail of his measure. Whether he had not pronounced him—"the great criminal of the state, whose *blood* must expiate the calamities he had brought upon his country; the object of future impeachment, whom an indignant nation must in the end compel to make such poor atonement as he might on a *scaffold;* the leader and head of those weak, wicked, and incapable advisers of the crown, who were the source of all the public misfortunes, and whom he and his friends would *proscribe* to the last hour of their lives."

Another debate on the terms of the treaty took place on the twenty-first. Pitt greatly signalised himself on this night. His speech examined the grounds of the treaty, and defended the policy of the administration, with admirable perspicuity and force of argument, attributing all that was erroneous in the negotiation to the errors of Lord North. He finely said, "Those are the conditions to which this country, engaged with four powerful states, has thought fit to subscribe for the dissolution of that confederacy, and the immediate enjoyment of peace. Let us look to what is left, with a manly and determined courage. Let us strengthen ourselves against inveterate enemies, and reconciliate ancient friends. The misfortunes of kingdoms, as well as individuals, which are laid open and examined with true wisdom, *are already more than half redressed;* and to this great object should be directed all the virtue and all the abilities of this house. Let us feel our calamities, but let us bear them like men."

He then cast some of those sarcastic stings at Fox, which no man could send more surely to the mark, yet with less of the common vice of the sarcastic, the loss of grace and dignity. "The honourable gentleman (Fox) has virtually declared, that because he was prevented from prosecuting the noble Lord (North) to the satisfaction of public justice, he will *heartily embrace him as his friend.* So readily does he reconcile extremes, and love the man whom he *desired to impeach.* In the same spirit, I suppose, he will cherish the peace, *because he abhors it.*" Then speaking more directly of the coalition—"If, however, that baneful alliance is not already formed, if that ill-omened marriage is not already solemnized, I know a just and lawful impediment—in the *name of the public safety,* I forbid the banns." Pausing a moment during the tumult of approbation which followed this strong image, he turned to his personal circumstances.

"My own share in the censure pointed by the present motion against his majesty's ministers, I shall bear with fortitude, because my heart tells me I have not acted wrongly. To this monitor, which never did, and, I trust, never will deceive me, I shall confidently repair, as to an adequate asylum, from all the clamour which interested faction can raise. * * * * * * I can say with sincerity, that I never had a wish which did not terminate in the dearest interests of the nation. I will, at the same time, imitate the honourable gentleman's candour, and confess, that I too have my ambition. High situations and great influence are desirable objects to most men; objects which I am not ashamed to pursue, which I am even desirous to possess, whenever they can be *acquired with honour* and *retained with dignity.* But even those objects, I can cheerfully relinquish, the moment my duty to my country, my character, or my friends, renders such a sacrifice indispensable. Then, I hope to retire, not disappointed, but triumphant; triumphant in the conviction, that my talents, humble as they are, have been zealously employed in promoting the truest welfare of my country, and that nothing can be imputed to my official capacity, which bears the most distant connection with an *interested, a corrupt,* or *a dishonest mind.* * * * * * But I shall not mimic the parade of the honourable gentleman, in avowing and inviting others to an indiscriminate opposition to whoever may succeed. I shall march out with no warlike, no hostile, no menacing protestations." The close of the speech has been recorded as an instance of classic grace and pathetic power. Standing at his full height, and casting a lofty look round the house where every eye was now fixed on him, and every ear was straining to catch his accents, he loudly uttered:—"I appeal to this house, to both sides of this house, for the consistency of my public conduct. It is impossible to deprive me of the feelings which must always result from sincerity. You may take from me, sir," he exclaimed, pointing to the chair, "the privileges and honours of place, but you shall not, you cannot, take from me those habitual and warm re-

gards for the prosperity of my country, which constitute the pride of my life, and which, I trust, death alone can extinguish. And with this consolation, the loss of power, and the loss of fortune, though things which I affect not to despise, are things which I hope I shall soon be able to forget.

> Laudo manentem; si celeres quatit
> Pennas, resigno quæ dedit"——

The words which follow in the original, "Et mea virtute me involvo," might have seemed self-praise; but Pitt stopped short at the instant, and cast his eyes on the floor. The classical members of the house were anxious to see how he would extricate himself. The others were equally interested by his sudden cessation. The silence was universal. After an interval of a few moments, slowly drawing his handkerchief from his pocket, passed it once or twice across his lips, and then, as if recovering from his temporary embarrassment, he added with emphasis, striking his hand upon the table:

> "Probamque
> Pauperiem sine dote quæro."

The effect was incomparable. An eye-witness has described it as "a piece of masterly and beautiful acting, if acting it were, not surpassed by any thing in antiquity." The house was lost in one feeling of admiration. But this night decided the fate of Lord Shelburne. He was left in a minority of seventeen in a house of 397.

The triumph of the coalition now appeared complete. But the history of politics is a history of unexpected difficulties. The peace had been condemned out of the mouths of the very men who had for years been raising an outcry for it at all hazards. "Peace," was Fox in the habit of exclaiming, "peace for a year, for a month, for a day, peace for any time, or on any terms!" But the cabinet still stood. Opposition began to dread that the blow, as in 1779 and in 1780, had not been heavy enough; and that a majority had again lost its power. But their hopes were buoyed up again by Lord Shelburne's sudden resignation. Ill-luck clung to this minister. The name of "Malagrida" was fastened on him. His accession to authority was charged with intrigue, his possession of it with faithlessness, and his abandonment of it with fear. Suspicion of artifice, even in a still more painful point of view, began to gather round him. It is notorious that no minister can become rich by the mere salary of office, yet Shelburne was said to have grown suddenly and excessively opulent. Dealing in the funds, connected with the negotiations for peace, were surmised to be the source of this unusual wealth. The populace, never slow to adopt suspicions against a minister, were accustomed to point to Lord Shelburne's house in Berkeley Square, (which had been built by Lord Bute, a minister similarly charged,) and say, that "As it had been built by one peace, it had been paid for by another." Yet of such suspicion it must be said, that as there is nothing easier to originate, so there is nothing more difficult to refute. No proof of its reality was ever brought, at a time when it might have been most effectively adduced, and at a time when the rage of party would have rejoiced in the possession of an instrument which so effectually prostrates the character of a public man. It should be observed also, that Pitt openly characterised those charges as acts of defamation, and that in the year after, one of the first acts of his ministry was to raise Shelburne to the marquisate. Yet it was remarked that thenceforth all ministerial connection was broken off between them, that the marquis never held any cabinet office, and that his political life was thus abruptly closed, while he was in the full vigour of his abilities. The history of this statesman is yet to be written. It belongs to one of the most interesting eras of British politics. Some responsibility also rests on those who can vindicate his personal character, yet leave it to the chances of rumour. His son, the present Marquis of Lansdowne, a man of intelligence and honour, is the natural depositary of such a task. None could perform it with more advantages; of none can it more fairly be required.

A still wider scene of distinction now opened upon Pitt. The king, revolting from the name of Fox, who had loaded him with personal insult: and wearied with the fickleness of North, who had shrunk from him in his hour of difficulty; offered the government to Lord Gower. But that noble person acknowledging that he possessed no means of diminishing the hostile majority, the offer was withdrawn. The Duke of Portland and Lord North were then sent for, but the king insisted that Lord Thurlow should retain the Chancellorship. Fox, hating Thurlow equally in his public and private character, and pronouncing him at once intractable as a member of the cabinet, and dangerous as a spy at St. James's broke off the negotiation. The king now cast his eyes on the only man in the nation whom parliament and the people equally respected. He offered the places of first lord of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer to Pitt, with full power to nominate his colleagues.

The king's embarrassment was well known to Pitt, and his first impulse was to comply with the royal wishes. The advice of his friends was unanimously that he should undertake the formation of a ministry. For four-and-twenty hours, during which Mr. Dundas had obtained an adjournment of the house, (from the 25th to the 28th,) he paused. But the formidable majority was still before him. His singular sagacity also told him, that his throwing down the gauntlet to them, while they were yet flushed with victory, would only cement their connection, while office would as certainly produce jealousies and divisions among men who were connected only by the pursuit of place. The result was a refusal of the king's offer. The splendours of royalty may attract the envy of mankind, but the diadem has troubles of its own. His majesty thus forced to change his purposes, and still strongly averse to any intercourse with Fox, whom he looked on as equally obnoxious by his politics and his private life, sent for Lord North, and proposed the treasury to him. North declared that he was bound

not to negociate without Fox. Fox was reluctantly admitted into the negociation, and the Duke of Portland was proposed as premier. But this arrangement broke down, by the demand on the part of the coalition, to have the entire appointment of the household. The king, disgusted with what he conceived an attempt to bind him hand and foot, again turned to Pitt, had several conferences with him, and summed up his objects in a letter from Windsor, (March 24, 1783,) which, after stating his complaints of the conduct of opposition, concludes in these words:—"I trust, therefore, Mr. Pitt will exert himself to-morrow, to plan his mode of filling up the offices that will be vacant, so as to be able, on Wednesday morning, to accept the situation which his character and talents fit him to hold, when I shall be in town before twelve, ready to receive him."

Nothing could be more flattering to young ambition. But Pitt's judgment was already mature. He instantly sat down, and answered by the following letter:—"Mr. Pitt received this morning the honour of your majesty's gracious commands. With infinite pain, he feels himself under the necessity of humbly expressing to your majesty, that with every sentiment of dutiful attachment to your majesty, and zealous desire to contribute to the public service, it is utterly impossible for him, after the fullest consideration of the situation in which things stand, and of what passed yesterday in the house of commons, to think of undertaking, under such circumstances, the situation which your majesty has had the condescension and goodness to propose to him. As what he now presumes to write is the final result of his best reflection, he should think himself criminal, if, by delaying till to-morrow, humbly to lay it before your majesty, he should be the cause of your majesty's not immediately turning your royal mind to such a plan of arrangement, as the exigency of the present circumstances may, in your majesty's wisdom, seem to require."

To form a just idea of the vigour of mind displayed in this decisive transaction, we are to remember that it was the act of a statesman in his twenty-fourth year, of a bold and lofty spirit, surrounded by a crowd of friends and adherents, eagerly urging him to accept of power; of an orator, who never rose in the house without commanding universal admiration, and of the son of the most renowned minister of England, by his birth emulous of public distinction, and by his talents heir to all his father's fame.

The king's situation was now personally trying in the extreme. The weight of government was actually thrown back on him alone. Regarding Fox as a demagogue, and Lord North as his slave, the honest heart of George III. could not brook the abandonment of the state into such perilous hands. It is said that, in a struggle of generous despair, he meditated retirement to Hanover from a crisis in which he could neither resist with hope, nor yield with honour. To Thurlow was attributed the change of this hazardous mark of displeasure. "Your majesty may go to your electoral dominion," said the chancellor, with his habitual roughness; "nothing is easier; but you may not find it so easy to return when your majesty grows tired of staying there. James II. did the same. Your majesty must not follow his example." Harsh as the style was, the king acknowledged its wisdom. Thurlow, with strong penetration, further assured him, that the coalition could not be in power without committing some act, which would lay them open to crimination. He bade the king, therefore, "wait patiently, and try the work of time." A short period was more than sufficient to vindicate the chancellor's prediction.

His majesty at length yielded to the force of circumstances. Pitt, on the 31st of March, declared to the house, that he had resigned the office of chancellor of the exchequer. For the six weeks which had intervened since the retreat of Lord Shelburne, the whole business of the government and the house had been transacted by him alone, for Townsend, the secretary of state, though nominally *manager* of the house, had been almost wholly silent, and on the 4th of March had gone up to the peers, being created Lord Sydney. During this period, the important subjects of the annual estimates, the mutiny bill, and the issue of exchequer bills, had been carried through, and various debates on the articles of the treaty, and the ministerial negotiations, had been conducted by him; in every instance exhibiting a presence of mind, a solid knowledge, and a dignified and high-toned spirit of debate, which continually increased the public admiration. It was said of him, that, "while Pitt was in the house, there was no want of a ministry." He seemed to fill up all the vacancies of the treasury bench, and when at length he took his stand no longer there, the feeling of regret was national. It was expressed on all sides, that whatever might be his political party, powers of such rare and universal extent ought not to be lost for a moment to the service of the nation. But a new era of his life was about to dawn, exhibiting higher efforts, effecting more substantial services, and extending his fame, his labours, and his triumphs, to the civilised world.

THE RIVER AMAZON.—We learn from the *Hampshire Telegraph* that Lieut. Wm. Smythe, and Mr. Frederick Lowe, mate of the *Samarang*, were left at Callao, when that vessel sailed for England—they having volunteered their services, at the request of the Peruvian government, to proceed to Lima, for the purpose of embarking on one of the branches of the river Amazon, to explore their way until its junction with the main stream, down which they are to voyage to the sea. The object is to ascertain by survey, the practicability of bringing goods up the river Amazon, to within twelve days' journey of Lima,—thus opening a new channel for the commerce of Europe with Peru, without the danger and loss of time consequent on a passage round Cape Horn. The Peruvian government has promised every assistance in their power, and an escort of soldiers, under the command of an intelligent native officer of engineers. Commodore Mason was, therefore, induced to give permission to those officers to remain for that purpose; and from the known skill, energy and perseverance of Mr. Smythe, who was with Captain Beechey in the *Blossom*, on her voyage of discovery along the north-west coast of the South American continent, there is good reason to expect these enterprising officers will succeed in their useful though arduous attempt.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

NAPOLEON AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

Forests are supposed to constitute the exclusive domain of romance writers; even as lakes have been appropriated by poets and ballad-mongers. The Schwarzwald and the Odenwald extend their gloomy shades through many a horrification in three volumes, or even five. Sherwood and Needwood, with the connivance of the Minerva press, have bid us "Stand and deliver" till we trembled at the very sight of a furze bush; while twenty romancers have made us as sick of "The New Forest," as a season at Southampton. Since Sir Walter's "Ivanhoe" presented the world with a view of forest scenery, more picturesque than the sketches of Gilpin, or the realities of Hobhima, we have been favoured with such a tedious infinity of copies, that we verily believe we could travel from Dan to Beersheba, (*i. e.* from Sand-pit Gate to Fern Hill,) in the lordly shades of Windsor, and find "all barren!"

Nevertheless, there *does* exist a forest for which we must admit an especial predilection;—within the limits of civilisation—no entrenchment on the property of Fenimore Cooper—no section of the ground of Himalaya Fraser,—nay! within a morning's drive of a capital city; yet possessing features as wild and characteristic as Rosa might have delighted to paint, or Ariosto to depict, as the rendezvous of some half-chivalrous, half-magic encounter. The forest of Fontainebleau,—still savage in its scenery as when the crusader king, St. Louis, was wont to term it "*Ses déserts chéris*,"—still lonely as when Napoleon, who loved it with a similar predilection, used to prick forward in advance of his officious court, to enjoy his reveries in its *haute futaie*,—is now depopulated even of the superfluity of game, which, during the ascendency of the elder Bourbon princes, and the hunting days of the booby-hero of the Trocadero, was supposed to threaten it with extinction. Were all the royal forests of France equally devastated, the office of grand verderer would become a sinecure; for, unless when that equivocal compeer of the Montmorencys and St. Simons, the Duc de Stackpoole, contrives to unite with his own pack of stag-hounds the *meutes* of two or three neighbouring nobles, to get up a chevy chase, grievously resembling the Epping hunt, the ancient oaks of Fontainebleau forget the very echo of a reveillóe! The tumult of hounds and horns, however, is of rare occurrence; and during the summer season, not a soul is stirring in the forest, unless some botanical student from the *Pays Latin*, with his wallet on his shoulder and his herbal in his hand; or some disciple of Camille Roqueplan or Isabey, standing rapt and inspired among the rocks of Franchard, or the precipices of La Salle, to dash into his book of studies the light outline of some weeping birch, or hint the solemn grandeur of that kingly stem,—unique even among oaks,—*le bouquet du Roi*.

Yet even these metropolitan loungers, and the cockney hunting-train of a Birmingham duke, are incapable of deteriorating the venerable grace of Fontainebleau. Its masses of granite resembling colossal heads of druids, peeping forth from the shade, speak of times long anterior to the voluptuous triumphs of Diana of Poitiers, whence date the meretricious splendours of the palace; and the *Galerie des Cerfs*, which witnessed the wanton murder of Christina of Sweden's Monaldeschi, or the *Galerie de Henri IV.*, where Sully pleaded in vain a remission of Biron's sentence of execution, are things but of yesterday, compared with the Gordes d'Apremont, or the crags of the Mont-Aigu.

The palace of Fontainebleau, indeed, in spite of every emendation perpetrated by every prince succeeding the brother-in-law of our own bluff Harry, retains a most antique and quaint appearance; yet antiquated as it is, its peaked roofs and overhanging bartizans are a world too modern for the mossy frame of sylvan verdure with which the picture is encircled. Pious anchorites have sanctified themselves in the recesses of the forest, as the hermitages of the Weeping Rock, and of La Madelaine, remain to attest; and hermits might fast and pray there still without much molestation from the children of this world. Charles X., had he been inclined to emulate the example of the Corsican, and execute his abdication in the palace of the Fountain of Fine Water, or *Fontaine Belle Eau*, might have retired thereafter to one of its sylvan lodges, and ended his days as holily as Charles V., in his peevish cell of St. Just. The royal forest might have formed an appropriate retreat for the repentance of a sovereign;—lordly, lofty, gloomy, worthy to overshadow the spirit of the blood-stained *Roi de la Mitraille!*

It was during the brilliant ascendency of Napoleon, however, that Fontainebleau attained its highest pitch of dignity,—at the period when a vicar of God was brought captive to its gates, and kings and princes yielded tribute to the foot-stool of its warrior-sovereign,—or as Béranger describes it,—

> "L'époque où, fécondant l'histoire,
> Sa grande épée, effroi des nations,
> Resplendissante au soleil de la gloire,
> En fit sur la France rejaillir les rayons!"

It was to afford a fitting asylum to Pius VII. when he visited France to place the imperial crown upon the brows of the hero of Marengo, that the palace of Fontainebleau was raised from the degradation into which it had fallen at the period of the first revolution; and its reparations were completed, in order to adorn, with becoming splendour, the prison of the same spiritual prince, when, eight years afterwards, he was installed there in durance, with the view of intimidating the vicegerent of christendom into the cession of his temporal sovereignty. There, too, Charles V. abode in temporal seclusion, after abdicating the government of Spain and the Indies to the imperial conqueror. Fontainebleau appeared to have been transformed into a sort of regal *Salpetrière*, for the reformation of offending potentates.

But if an especial suite of apartments became consecrated to this important purpose, the main

body of the building (which has been compared by English travellers to a *rendezvous* of palaces, rather than a single and seperate edifice) was still occupied as the imperial residence of the most brilliant court of modern Europe. Thither, every autumn, the emperor repaired, as to a favourite hunting seat; and the days seemed come again when Louis XIV., gliding with histrionic dignity through the stately saloons of Versailles, the palace of his own creation, made it his pride to be accosted by his courtiers with intercessions for the honour of "following the court in its ensuing journey to Fontainebleau;" an event which, at one time, constituted one of its chief enlivenments. Brilliant, however, as was that scene of the eighteenth century,—when Moliere commemorated the sojourn of his royal patron by the production of the "Tartuffe," and Racine, by bringing forward some tragic *chef d'œuvre*,—the *Cours des Fontaines* exhibited a still gayer pageant, when crowned by the unparalleled *cortêge* of courtiers, which enabled the Emperor of France to create an antechamber for the kings that waited at his levee! The two Henrys of France and the first Francis may have added to the regal edifice the splendid galleries still bearing their names; but it remained for the son of a Corsican notary to form the *Antechambre des Rois!* Beautiful women—and the most beautiful among them were the nearest kindred of Napoleon,—men of renown—and the most famous were those who had confronted danger nearest to his person,—thronged the antique saloons of Fontainebleau; the golden bees embroidered upon whose canopies of velvet seemed distinctive of a new era in the history of the government of the country. The whole scene presented a gorgeous masque of mimic majesty,—chivalrous as the court of Francis I., magnificent as that of Louis le Grand, and a thousandfold more animated than either.

It was, perhaps, that the personages of the drama, less perfect in their parts, were more attentive to the getting up of the piece—it was, perhaps, that their physical and moral impulses, unsubdued by the influence of the indolence divine of royal nature, betrayed a stronger and more vivid temperament; but certain it is, that never were fetes so brilliant—never courts so stirring, as those presided over by Josephine, and graced by the charms of the Reine Hortense, and the Princesses Pauline, Elisa, and Caroline, the sisters of Napoleon. The Bourbons might, and may, exhibit their household splendours as ceremoniously as they will; but those levees of upstart kings—those quadrilles of plebeian queens—those *carrousals* of *parvenu* knights, whose spurs were in reality the meed of valour,—exceeded all preceding pomps, as well as any that may have subsequently supplied their place. They rode, they danced, they dressed, they curtsied, they *congeed*, as if they could not too strenuously exercise the privileges of the greatness so singularly thrust upon them; and, spurred on by reminiscences of the sordid penury with which their youth had been environed—or, perhaps, by a prescience of the utter ruin ultimately to be called down on their heads by the ambition of the insatiable invader of thrones and dominions,—sported on painted pinions in the sunshine of Napoleon's glory, so long as it was permitted to irradiate their remarkable destiny.

Nor were their capacities of enjoyment ever more liberally taxed than at Fontainebleau. *There*, the emperor, luxuriating in momentary relaxation from the toils of sovereignty, and giving access only to those ministers with whom it was indispensable to be in immediate communication, indulged less eagerly in the recreation of the chase, than in the pleasures of unrestrained intercourse with such persons as really shared his confidence and affection; and the calumniated Napoleon was a man of warm and strong affections. Those who approached nearest his person, and who have not yet betrayed him by manufacturing a book at his expense, admit that he was the honestest man and *le plus bon homme* of all the imperial court; or, to borrow the expression of his brother Jerome, "*mieux que tout ce qui l'entourait.*" Though notoriously the victim of Josephine's coquetry during their early days of marriage, how fervent and honourable is the affection poured forth by the husband, in the correspondence between them published by her daughter Hortense!—what truth—what simplicity, in every expression!—what nobleness of purpose in every counsel imparted! While the finical and *minaudière* ex-marchioness addressed herself to the task of conciliating the French nation by the graces of her smile and the richness of her laces and cachemires, *he* was bidding her be "generous but economical:"—economical of her money, which was the people's—of her tenderness, which ought to have been *his;* and of her time, which she was too apt to bestow upon every obsequious courtier and gossiping dowager. How patient, too, did he show himself under the thwartings occasioned by the intriguing spirit of his brothers!—how blinded by his affection for his sisters!—and when enlightened by the officious jealousy of Josephine, how susceptible to their shame—how gentle in their condemnation! Above all, how doatingly—how thoroughly—a *father!*

Meanwhile, amid all his policy,—all his tact,—all his dexterous appeals to the national vanity of the French, in the pomp and splendour of his court,—it was, in truth, with a view of gratifying the predilections of the empress and her female train,—the Mesdames Junot, Maret, Marmont, Duchâtelet, Regnault, St. Jean d'Angley, Visconti, and others,—that the halls of Fontainebleau were occasionally illuminated for the display of masks and festivals; and its forest causeways leveled and made smooth, to admit their participation in the pleasures of the chase.

At the close of one of these festivals,—a ball given preparatory to the departure of the emperor for a new campaign, a *fête*, (no offence to the Montmorencys, the Noailles, or the Grammonts,) as graceful and brilliant as the more legitimate courts of Fontainebleau ever witnessed,—the gay circle was dissolved, the lights extinguished, and the ushers and chamberlains, having paraded the state apartments to ascertain if all was safe, had retired in their turn to rest. Nothing remained

in evidence of watchfulness but the captain of the guards yawning at his post, the numerous sentries *en faction* in the various quadrangles of the palace, with here and there a light streaming from the windows of some vestibule or staircase, such as in the abode of even the most frugal and self-secure of sovereigns,—of a citizen king, for instance,—gives evidence that there must be *no night* within the purlieus of a palace—that perpetual vigil is indispensable to secure the safety of an anointed head!

All was quiet, save the tinkling of the Fountain of Ulysses in the great court, and the harsh croaking of the frogs in the adjoining lake; when, on a sudden, a slight tumult became perceptible in the *Cour de la Fontaine;* and a few stragglers, in complete dishabille, were seen hurriedly traversing the corridors leading to the *Aile des Princes.* Sentries were challenged, and gates unclosed! The stir and bustle increased. Corvisart, the emperor's favourite physician, had been hastily summoned from his bed;—what, *what* could be the matter? Was Josephine, whom often already a remote hint of the premeditated repudiation had thrown into hysterics, again attacked with *migraine?* Had Madame Mère fasted too long over her beads? Or was the Princess Borghese suffering from some of her imaginary heart-aches or head-aches? Vain toil to guess! Some hundred or so of young and fanciful beauties just then lodged under the peaked roofs of Fontainebleau, were enough to afford practice and perplexity to Galen and all his sons!

But it was not for the sake of any thing in the shape of woman,—no! not even of Madame de Waleska herself,—that Constant would have presumed to steal down the little circular staircase leading from the emperor's apartment to the *Cabinet Topographiques;* where, on the eve of his departure for the grand army, he was engaged in investigating a map, pricked out subsequently to the Military Council of the morning, by the hands of Baron Fain, and Baron Bacler d'Albe.

Leaning over a table overhung by a shaded lamp, and covered with maps and plans, Napoleon's attention was engrossed in dictating notes to his aide-de-camp, when a slight knock at the door announced some privileged person; and, with a face foretelling the nature of a tragic volume, the *premier valet de chambre* made his appearance.

"What is the matter, Constant?" cried the emperor, hastily, apprehending he knew not what from this unprecedented interruption.

"Sire, with your majesty's gracious permission, I have ventured to intrude, in order"——

"Bah! Speak out, to the point!—What has happened?"

"Cardinal Caprara, sire, is expiring!"

"*Apres?*" enquired Napoleon, calmly insinuating his forefinger into his waistcoat pocket, and regaling himself with a pinch of snuff, as irreverently as if the "*apres*" of the act of dissolution of a member of the Sacred College could possibly fall within the precognition of a valet-de-chambre!

"Sire! your majesty's goodness will, I trust, pardon my officiousness; but I consider it my duty to acquaint your majesty, previous to the fatal catastrophe, that——"

"Bah!" again interrupted the emperor,—never so completely "*le petit caporal,*" as with a military map before him, and a perspective of triumph opening from its indications.

—"That his eminence has fallen a victim to *poison,*" continued Constant, satisfied that it was his business to persevere in his relation.

"*To poison?*" ejaculated Napoleon, turning round short on the valet-de-chambre.

"*To poison?*" reiterated Fain. "Poisoned in the Royal Palace of Fontainebleau!—a prince of the Holy Roman Church—the nuncio of the pope—poisoned!—*Quelle horreur!*"

"This becomes serious," said the emperor, coolly. "Who is with him?—Who has been sent for?"

"The bishop of Meaux, sire, is with his eminence."

"A bishop!—why not a physician?—Where is Corvisart,—where is Ivan?"——

"And the almoner of her imperial majesty," continued Constant, "is about to administer"—

"Extreme unction, no doubt! when an emetic might prove the cardinal's salvation!"

"Meanwhile, if your majesty will permit me to observe," said the aide-de-camp, abruptly, "this unfortunate event may lead to most calamitous conclusions. Cardinal Caprara possesses the personal regard and confidence of his holiness; and his mission in France, bearing references, might possibly arise."

"You are right!" cried the emperor, "I should be on the spot! and the more so that the cardinal appears to be surrounded by a tribe of fools, more idiotic, if possible, and old-womanish than himself. Constant,—my hat. Be in waiting in the library until my return."

And having hurriedly traversed the corridor leading from the royal library to a small door opening under the grand staircase of the *Fer à Cheval,* the emperor hastened across the courts of the two intervening quadrangles with such rapidity, that the sentry at the first post had scarcely carried his hand to his musket to present arms, when his majesty reached the second. All was in confusion round the entrance, and on the staircase leading to the cardinal's apartments. The doors of the ante-chamber stood wide open, and two *garçons de bain* were squabbling in the saloon; every person in authority having pushed forward to the bedside of the dying churchman.

"Did Caprara sup with me to-night?" enquired the emperor, as he crossed the vestibule, to Fain who was closely following.

"Your majesty forgets, perhaps,—the *fête*—the ball——"

"True, true!—He was served, then, in his own apartments?" continued Napoleon, addressing a domestic in the livery of the household, who was about to scud away on recognising the emperor. "Where did his eminence sup to-night?—who was present?—who furnished the repast?"

"His eminence supped in his own chamber sire, attended by his own almoner, on dishes especially prepared by his own domestics," interposed the aide-de-camp, who had overheard the question, and was aware of Napoleon's fondness for succinct intelligence.

"So much the better!" muttered the emperor, taking breath. "It is probable, then, that there may be no poison in the case. He may be dying of a surfeit."

But when, in another minute, Napoleon penetrated into the bed-chamber, there was no mistaking the symptoms of the nuncio for those of an indigestion!—churchman or layman—*gourmand* or anchoret—short necked or long—it was no ordinary seizure which had rendered his face so livid, his lips so black, his nostrils so distended, nay, his eyes so fixed and sightless, that even the entrance of the emperor produced no change of countenance in the moribund!

"Alas! alas! dying without the consolation of the church!" sighed the bishop of Meaux, as he let fall upon the coverlid the hand he had been holding in his own, in the hope of discerning some token of amendment.

"Dying before half the objects of his mission were accomplished!" murmured his eminence's secretary, who had expected to find his own services in the affair requited with a full benefice.

"Dying in a foreign country, so far from our *bella Italia!*" faltered a poor Neapolitan *marmiton* of his suite, who had crept towards the room, and was blubbering unheeded on the threshold.

"What was served to the cardinal at supper?" enquired Napoleon of the latter, tapping him smartly on the shoulder, ere his own entrance was noticed by those administering to the dying man, or at least fixing their whole attention on his countenance.

"*Ahi, ahi!*" sobbed the lad, suddenly looking up, and trembling with consternation on perceiving by whom he was so cavalierly accosted. "*Madre di Dio!—Sua Maesta!*"

"I asked you what was served to his eminence at supper?" persisted the emperor. "Answer quickly and briefly, for his sake and your own!"—

"Mushrooms, sire!" interposed Fain, who had already obtained from the cardinal's *maitre d'hotel*, the desired intelligence. *Des oronges sautés a l'huile, a l'Italienne*, by his own cook."

"*Coglioni!*" ejaculated Bonaparte, all the Corsican kindling in him at the word. "Not a genuine orange is to be found on this side the Alps! They have poisoned him with some noxious fungus!—*Des oronges sautés a l'huile!*—Let Paulet be instantly sent for. It may not yet be too late to try a counter-poison."

And satisfied that a supper of stewed mushrooms would afford a very natural cause to misgiving Europe for the sudden demise even of a cardinal, the emperor returned to his surveys as speedily as he had quitted them.

"So, then, *Monsieur le Drole!*" cried he, seizing Constant by the ear as he traversed the *bibliothéque*, where the valet-de-chambre was in waiting, to enter the topographical study,—"You think proper, it seems, to break in upon my privacy, because a pampered priest chooses to overeat himself?"

And Constant, discovering in an instant from the familiar mode of his imperial majesty's address, that he considered Caprara in no real danger, and was no little pleased to find the case less urgent than he had been led to expect, ventured to reply, that "another time, under such circumstances, he would show more discretion."

"Another time, under such circumstances, (if ever another cook should be found in the palace, of sufficient ignorance to serve up toadstools as an *entremet*,) do as I have done now—send for Doctor Paulet, who has passed his life *à s'enchampignoniser*, in studying the nature and properties of mushrooms, and do not interrupt *me, till* the ipecacuanha has done its worst."

"See Doctor Paulet to-night, before he quits the cardinal, that you may be prepared with particulars when you wake me in the morning," was Napoleon's final adjuration, when, having officiated at his master's toilet, Constant was about to retire for the night, to receive the same services from his own valet-de-chambre, leaving the door of the imperial chamber to the guardianship of the faithful Rostan.

Unhappily, further intelligence on the subject awaited the *reveil* of the emperor! Two words from Constant would have sufficed to acquaint the world that Paulet had administered an antidote, and that the cardinal was out of danger; but while a page of the household was offering formal condolences and formal compliments to the prince of the church, on the part of their imperial majesties, the Duc d'Otrante had arrived from Paris, and was about to be admitted to an audience of the emperor!—the Duc d'Otrante,—the Joseph Fouché,—the minister of police,—whose name has been damned to everlasting fame in France, as the able originator of a system of espionage, unique in the odium of its efficiency; and who was at that period forestalling the desires and projects of Napoleon, by preparing the way for his divorce, and the formation of a more auspicious matrimonial alliance.

"This is a sad affair, sire, of the Cardinal Caprara," observed the *chef de police*, having completed the transactions which had motived his journey from the capital.

"*Sad?*" reiterated the emperor. "I understood from Constant that Paulet answered for his life?"

"I met Dr. Paulet, sire, as I entered the *Cour d'Honneur*."

"Well?"

"He assured me that there were no grounds for alarm,—that in a day or two his eminence would be as well as ever"——

"And capable of supping a second time on a ragout of *fausses oronges!*—Jackass!"

"But is it *proved*, sire, that the mushrooms *were* pernicious?"——

"*Proved!* You should have seen the cardinal's face!—*purple* as his stockings! Many an unfortunate *gamin* has been deposited in the dead room of the Morgue, with twice as much life in his frame! *Pernicious!*—Nothing but Paulet's skill could have saved him."

"Your majesty mistakes me. *Poisoned*, I admit him to have been; but my people here assured me they have procured evidence that the mushrooms picked and selected yesterday, at the cardinal's own suggestion, during a promenade to the Rocher de Montigny, were of the true and genuine orange species. It seems that his eminence's *piqueur*, aware of the ridicule incurred during their

stay at Paris, by Caprara's proverbial parsimony, not choosing to be seen entering the palace gates, charged with a pannier of mushrooms, like the *baudet* of a market-gardener, entrusted them accordingly to the hand of a wood-cutter working near the spot, who engaged to convey them to the cardinal's kitchen. By this individual they were assuredly changed on the road."

"Bah!" cried the emperor. "Would you and your *mouchards* have me believe Caprara is a sufficiently great man, to have enemies among the wood-cutters of Fontainebleau?—Poison a cardinal?—They could no more for me!—Besides, the people of these cantons still smack of Bourbon patronage, and are as pious as the prudes of the Faubourg St. Germain. I would warrant every knave of them to kiss the hem of the petticoat-tail of the smallest member of the sacred conclave. Poison a cardinal! They would as soon think of denying St. Peter!"

"Nevertheless," pursued Fouché, "my agents assert that Cardinal Caprara is detested by the people, as the supposed bearer of his holiness's promise of assent to the project of your majesty's divorce;" (involuntarily Napoleon turned his eyes towards the door affording access to his apartments, from those of the susceptible Josephine;) "nor need I remind you, sire, that the extreme popularity of the empress"——

"I know, I know!" interrupted Napoleon, who was indeed aware that the rumour of his repudiation of Josephine had created a most unfavourable impression throughout the kingdom. "But do you pretend to insinuate that the French nation has entered into a conspiracy to poison Caprara, for having been the mere state-courier of Pius VII!—*Que diable!*—Josephine's party must, in that case, be stronger and more redoubtable than I have ever had cause to think it!"

"The young man pointed out to suspicion as the bearer of the mushrooms from Montigny to the palace," resumed the Duc d'Otrante, repressing the sneer of his imperial master, by proceeding at once to *facts*, is one to whom the attention of my people at Fontainebleau has been previously directed, as dangerous and involved in mysterious connections.

"Under *surveillance*, then?"

"Under *surveillance*."

"And yet employed in the public works? Why, under such circumstances, allow him to be retained by the inspector of the royal forests?"

Fouché replied only by a smile, manifestly implying, "To keep him under the cognisance of the police."

"True!" replied the emperor, replying to this tacit reply. "But it might be desirable that your people kept their *hands* as well as their eyes upon the fellow, instead of leaving him at liberty to spoil the supper and night rest of a prince of the church. *Cospetto!* These mushrooms may yet chance to figure in a papal bull!"

The breakfast hour was now approaching, the one of all the four-and-twenty when Napoleon was most accessible to familiar intercourse; and Fouché seemed to profit by his increasing good-humour, in order to push still further the subject under discussion.

"In the apprehension that an unfavourable view of the affair might reach the court of Rome," said he, "I have already caused this young man, this Guillot, to be arrested. It is a token of respect due to the rank of Cardinal Caprara."

"Respect due to a broomstick!" muttered the *Petit Caporal*.

"Which motive might perhaps be held insufficient," pursued Fouché; "but that in spreading a net over a minnow, I hope to secure as fine a cock-salmon as ever wagged a fin within the meshes of the police!"

"Aha!" cried Napoleon, who had been traversing the room, and now stopped short opposite the official operative, who might well be called (as Victor Hugo terms our English hangman) "*the royal right arm!*"

"Within the last six weeks," continued Fouché, "a mansion situated near the ferry of Valvin, which your majesty once entertained thoughts of hiring, (but that the situation was scarcely secluded enough for the purpose,) as a residence for Madame de——"

"I know, I know!" hastily interrupted Bonaparte, vexed to find the organisation of his secret police so admirable, that not even a casual expression of his own could escape its scrutiny. "Who lives there now?"

"The English *detenu*, sire!—Monsieur le General R——."

"*An English family at Fontainebleau?* An English *detenu*—an English general officer? You must have planned this, sir, for my especial annoyance! *Sacre nom de Dieu!*—Have I not expressly desired that these people might be kept out of my way? Last year, as we drove near the bridge at Verdun, on our way to Mayence, had not the English prisoners the audacity to greet me with hisses, and opprobrious epithets?"

"Which offence against your imperial majesty's person, half-a-dozen of them are still expiating in the dungeons of Bitche," replied Fouché, coolly. "But General R—— is scarcely to be classed among a tribe of fool-hardy midshipmen, such as the lads in question. For several years he has resided in all honour and tranquillity at Verdun; and it was but a few months ago that I received an application for a *permis de voyage* for his family, to pass two months at Fontainebleau, in order to try the effects of the *cure de raisin* for his only daughter, stated to be in the last stage of a decline. There was no plea for withholding from *him* a favour frequently conceded to English prisoners on parole; especially as your majesty had then announced your intention of dividing the autumn between Rambouillet and St. Cloud. A passport was accordingly granted, and General R—— established himself at the Pavilion de Valvin"——

"At least, while residing so near the palace, you have placed his correspondence under scrutiny?"

"More particularly, sire, since the general's lady, who is daughter to a member of the English cabinet, keeps up constant intercourse with her family."

"And has any thing—*transpired?*" said the

emperor, fixing a scrutinising eye upon Fouché's countenance.

"Nothing, sire," he replied, preparing to touch a point on which Napoleon was just then *peculiarly* sensitive to the sneers of the English press. "Nothing,—unless a few idle comments in the letters of Lady Emily R——, upon the age and personal coquetry of the empress, as well as her unaccountable influence and popularity with the nation."

"Mere flippant woman's gossip!" said Napoleon, having recourse to his snuff-box.

"But exactly of the kind to obtain ready currency in London; where any absurd slander relating to your majesty's domestic circle is voraciously swallowed. I have, therefore, suppressed the letters."

"Good!—but better still, had you kept these people away from Fontainebleau altogether. Send them back to Verdun without loss of time."

"I understand your majesty's departure to be fixed for to-morrow? The young lady is seriously indisposed; and, as a week remains unexpired of the general's *permis de séjour*"——

"At least, do not let it be *renewed*," cried Napoleon, and let me hear of no more English prisoners at Fontainebleau. "If they fall sick, let them find some *orviétan*, less obnoxious to me than a course of Chasselas grapes. *En attendant*, what has this general to do with Caprara's mushrooms?"

"The young man named Guillot having been arrested this morning before day-break, and his papers secured——"

"Papers?—The *papers* of a wood-cutter?"

"We find reason to believe him a man of birth and education," continued the minister of police; —bearer of a false passport; nay! *pour trancher le mot*,—the son of the emigrant Duc de la Roche Allier,—and here on a rendezvous with his friend General R——, for the purpose of effecting negotiations——"

"With the English government?" cried Napoleon.

"No, sire;—with the people at Hartwell!"

"An emissary of the Bourbons—a secret emissary—*a spy*;—yet bearing the name of a family which dates its chivalry from the first crusade!"

"The young count has learned his lesson, sire, in England; where, under your favour, spies are treated with the reverence due to the hazards of their arduous vocation. Andre, whom the Americans hanged, has a monument in the Royal Abbey of Westminster."

"My poor Fouché! which of your hangers-on has regaled your wounded vanity by that piece of information?" enquired the emperor, laughing heartily at the fact so *naively* boasted by his *chef le mouchards*. "But no matter! What have you done with this individual!"

"Sent him forward to Bicetre."

"Have you reason to suppose he has connections in the Faubourg St. Germain?"

"The most important!—nay, suspicious point; the very household of the empress. Those two old jackanapes, the chamberlains, Count ——, and ——, cannot get rid of their Bourbon hankings."

"And General R——?" demanded Napoleon, amused to perceive the pertinacity of Fouché's antipathy to every thing and every body connected with Josephine.

"Has rejected the proposals with which he was insulted. A paper in his handwriting, sire, was found in the cottage of the *soi-disant* Guillot,—a letter desiring him to set foot in his house no more. English officers possess a nice sense of honour; and this R—— appears to be *un homme de bien!*"——

"*Comme un autre*, I suppose! But if young Allier's mission was thus infructuous, what has kept him at Fontainebleau?"

The young man's *arrière-pensées* are not easily to be developed," said the Duc d'Otrante. "It is probable he had an ulterior object in wishing to obtain access to the palace, which he hoped to secure by offering his services to the cardinal's people,—having previously been frustrated by the intervention of mine. I need scarcely, however, point out to your majesty, that an emissary of the Bourbons may be inferred to cherish no great predilection for his eminence, as being the avowed friend to a measure likely to give an heir to the empire, and secure the downfal of their dynasty."

"Away with you!" cried the emperor; "Asses as they are, the Bourbons and their agents are scarcely likely to fancy, that by poisoning a single cardinal, they could circumvent all amicable intercourse between the Tuilleries and the Vatican. Your people have outshot their mark. We have to thank Caprara's gluttony, as the accidental means of unraveling an execrable plot; but if the mushrooms *were* of a pernicious kind, trust me his eminence has no one to thank for the mistake, but the pur-blind, half-witted rascals of his own scurvy suite."

"As your majesty pleases," replied the minister, taking his portfolio under his arm, preparatory to the ceremony of taking leave. "In that case, all further interference in the business is superfluous."

The emperor, meanwhile, had taken his resolution. The day not being one of those set apart for the chase, he was comparatively master of his time; and having signified to the empress at her toilet, an intention to ride towards Melun, accompanied only by the Grand Marshal, Duroc, and the aide-de-camp on duty, he quitted the palace in the afternoon, without cortege or attendants. Having reached, at full speed, the Croix d'Augas, and thence diverged into one of the lateral alleys leading to the foot of the rocks crowned by the *Calvaire*, Napoleon suddenly drew up; acquainted the Duc de Frioul that he had a visit to make privately in the neighbourhood; and, having demanded the least frequented route to the village of Valvin, dismounted, and gave his horse to the aide-de-camp. Duroc, suspecting some intrigue of gallantry, involuntarily smiled as he offered his services as guide; and, having fastened his horse to a tree, and recommended, *en passant*, to the young Count Flahault, (whose looks betrayed no small curiosity concerning his imperial majesty's proceedings,) not to grow *too* impatient during their absence, he set off in the direction of the river, through one of those beautiful green

alleys, entangled with juniper and broom, and overgrown by the greatest variety of wild flowers ever collected together in one of nature's uncultivated *parterres*,—which constitute a peculiar charm of the forests of Fontainebleau. Duroc, although admitted to the most familiar intimacy with the emperor, was, of course, too good a courtier to hazard an enquiry touching the *object* of their route; while Napoleon, by his comments on the scenes they were traversing, and a learned discussion, into which he diverged, touching the new system of silvan-culture introduced by Violaines, for the regeneration of the royal forests, was evidently anxious to evade all allusion to the subject.

"Yonder, sire, is Valvin," said the grand marshal, as a few scattered cottages at length appeared at the end of an avenue of young plane-trees, beyond which glittered the blue waters of the Seine.

"Return, then, and await me in the forest," replied Napoleon hastily. "And, should any one belonging to the court come across you, be especially careful to give no indication of my destination."

And immediately, with a second smile, which he tried to render as little significant as possible, Duroc, (who, on more than one previous occasion, had been the confidant of an imperial or consular *amourette*,) returned towards the place of *rendezvous*, leaving Napoleon to pursue his unmolested way, "*sous l'orme*." The grand marshal's interest in the mystery might have been, perhaps, more strongly excited, had he seen the emperor with his hat pulled over his face, to avoid recognition, trudge onward, till he reached the wicket gate of a large garden, surrounding the mansion known by the name of the Pavilion de Valvin, and notoriously inhabited by an English *detenu*.

"Is the general visible?" enquired he abruptly of the servants, who answered his hasty summons at the door bell;—and, without waiting for a reply to his query, he entered the hall.

"Whom shall I announce?" demanded the amazed domestic.

"No matter,—a stranger!"—replied Napoleon, persuaded that his person was unknown to his conductor. And following him closely, they entered together a small saloon overlooking the garden; and, as Napoleon concluded, the presence of General R——.

But he was mistaken. There was no general —no *man* in the room—to warrant the loud step and haughty countenance of the intruder; but close beside the open window, and in an attitude of despair, sat Lady Emily; supporting on her shoulder the feeble head of the fairest creature on whom the hero of Marengo had ever looked. Her cheeks were colourless, indeed,—colourless as those of the dead; and her air so languid, that even her light brown ringlets seemed to hang in utter lifelessness round her face. But it was as it were the face of an angel! and so potent was the influence of her unearthly delicacy and loveliness, that even as the law-giver of Israel put his shoes from off his feet, when he found that the place whereon he was standing was holy ground—so, overcome by the purity of her aspect, did Napoleon lay aside the sternness of his demeanour. The eyes of both mother and daughter were swollen with weeping; and Lady Emily, though evidently recognising the person of her visiter, made no effort to rise which could disturb the gentle sufferer, whose head rested on her bosom. Her whole heart, her whole soul was with her afflicted child! How different a scene from the tumultuous disorder prevailing round the death-bed of the cardinal!

"I have a thousand excuses, madam, to offer," said the emperor, in a subdued voice, advancing towards the window where they sat. "I had expected to find General R——."

"My husband has only just quitted the room," said Lady Emily, hesitating what title to assign to her unceremonious guest.

"In that case, allow me to seek him elsewhere. The presence of a stranger may be painful to the young lady, your daughter, whom I grieve to find so much more seriously indisposed than I had been led to anticipate."

"No!" faltered Miss R——, in a tremulous voice, overcoming at once her natural timidity and her horror of the name of Bonaparte, in the consciousness that the man before her was sole arbiter of the destinies of her family. "My father will be here immediately. Do not leave us."

Unaccountably touched by the feeble accents of the gentle voice which thus addressed him, Napoleon instantly accepted the seat, pointed out by Lady Emily with as dignified a gesture as if *he* were a prisoner in the land, and *she* its sovereign.

"My daughter is suffering from the results of severe agitation," said his high-bred hostess, in a hurried voice, as if eager to conciliate her visiter, previous to the general's arrival. "A recent event,—the arrest of an intimate friend"——

But the words were suspended on her lips; for at that moment, undisturbed in countenance, unexcited in demeanour, the cold-blooded General R—— entered the apartment. Bonaparte rose, and advanced to meet him; and the salutations exchanged between them, were simply those of gentlemen and equals. Even when the emperor re-seated himself, uninvited, the British general did the same; thus tacitly expressing his intention to see, in the anointed of the pope, a sovereign still unrecognised by the government of his own country.

"The object of my visit here, sir," said Napoleon, his *hauteur* returning, as he foresaw this determination on the part of his host, "was to express my satisfaction that an officer—a brother soldier—should have escaped the snares laid for his honour by the deposed family of Bourbon; a circumstance which transpired this morning, in the seizure of certain papers belonging to a young traitor, who should bear a less noble name, or pursue a less ignoble line of conduct!"

"You allude, of course, to Count Julius de la Roche Allier," replied the general, with a coolness amounting to irony. "But I am at a loss to understand in what manner *my* connections with him can have become interesting to the existing government of France."

"I allude," interrupted Napoleon, "to your refusal to become a party to a conspiracy planned by the traitors at Hartwell, and confided to the intermediation of Count Jules de la Roche Allier; who has been arrested on other charges, by the vigilance of my minister of police."

"Count Jules de la Roche Allier an agent of the Bourbons—a spy in the land? Your majesty has been cruelly and grossly deceived!" interrupted Emily, indifferent even to her father's displeasure at such a crisis.

"You are, indeed, in error, General Bonaparte," said R——, pertinaciously marking his dissent from the mode of address adopted by his daughter. "Whatever may be my ground of enmity against the young man, I believe him to be innocent of the madness imputed to him. Suffer me, meanwhile, to thank you"—a bitter sneer passed over his countenance as he spoke—"for believing a British soldier, at large on parole, to be incapable of plotting against the government which has become the depository of his honour."

"And what, then, was he doing at Fontainebleau?" cried Napoleon, rising angrily from his seat, without even hearing the taunt of his ill-judging host. "It is true this young man was arrested on mere suspicion. But a false passport, his papers, your own letter?"

"A *letter?*"

"Desiring him to set foot in your house no more, and referring to his negotiations——"

"For the hand of my daughter. Know, sir——"

"A few words may suffice to explain this vexatious business," interrupted Lady Emily, trembling at the thought of the indiscretions into which her husband might be betrayed by his two-fold aversion to the Emperor of France, and the adherents of its fallen kings. "The family of La Roche Allier having resided, during its period of emigration, in Edinburgh, was welcomed in the higher circles of that city with the deference due to the unfortunate. In the common course of hospitality, Count Jules was introduced to our house, formed an attachment to my daughter, and eventually made overtures for her hand——"

"Overtures peremptorily declined by her father," interrupted the general; "by her father, who could not justify it to himself to bestow the inheritance of one of the most ancient families in Scotland upon an alien, a foreigner, a man who neither spoke its language, nor——"

"Professed its creed! I understand your scruples, sir," said Bonaparte, whose looks, ever and anon reverted, during the explanation, to the pure pale face of the young English girl,—so mild, so full of resignation, so different from the meretricious beauties of his own dissolute court.

"Pardon me,—we are all alike of the church of Rome," said the less petulant Lady Emily, willing to insinuate a word in extenuation of her daughter's preference.

"I must conclude, then, madam, that General R—— had personal reasons for declining the alliance of the house of Roche Allier?"

"It is enough that he saw fit to exercise the authority of a parent over his child," said the general, harshly. "Unwilling, however, to tax my daughter's submission by leaving her exposed to this presuming young man's assiduities, I prepared my family for a continental tour; and it was then that, while, under sanction of our international treaty, we traversed France, the arrest and detention of every British subject who had been rash enough to confide in the good faith of the republic, consigned us prisoners to Verdun! *There*, separated from her home, her country, her friends, my daughter's health, already impaired by pulmonary attacks, has gradually declined; and though," he continued, struggling to assume a more cheerful tone, lest the admission of his forebodings should prove injurious to the invalid, "though I am assured by Miss R——'s medical attendants that the system we are trying at Fontainebleau will, in a short time, complete her restoration——"

"No, father, no!" faltered Emily, involuntarliy interrupting him. "You do not so deceive yourself,—you, cannot so deceive me; I am dying; yes, I know it. I am dying! Roche Allier's arrival here, (disguised, and at the risk of life and honour,) convinced me that my mother's letters had already conveyed to our friends in England the knowledge of my rapid decline; and that poor Jules was periling all, in hopes that the presence of one so dear might avail to suspend the fatal blow. But he came;—and my father interdicted our meeting—my father was still inexorable! And now, Jules is a prisoner—and I on the brink of the grave!"

There was a momentary silence; for the hollowness of Emily's voice conveyed a fearful confirmation of her assertions.

"But I have not been disobedient,—have I father?" she resumed, perceiving some indication of emotion in her father's countenance. "I shall not bequeath you the memory of a rebellious child? From the day of receiving your commands, I have held no communication with him; and now all risk is over of thwarting your wishes. I shall see his face no more. I am dying!"

And again she bowed her head on the bosom of her afflicted mother; who was no longer able to repress the tears with which she had been struggling.

"If you could suggest any thing in my power to alleviate your suffering," said the emperor, deeply touched, but too much habituated to the control of his feelings to evince any symptom of emotion; "if, consistently with my duty to the nation——" He hesitated. He felt that it was not for *him* to propose the liberation of an emigrant royalist.

"You could do *much*," said Emily, striving to speak more firmly. "You could release my father and mother from captivity. When I am gone, it would be a grievous thing for them to be fixed in France, in incessant contemplation of the grave of their only child. *Promise* me that you will release them, that you will send them home to Scotland—to their friends——"

"And Count Jules de la Roche Allier?" exclaimed Napoleon, sympathising in her filial devotion.

"For *him* I have nothing to ask," said poor

Emily. "He is innocent, and therefore you dare not injure him."

"Are you aware, madam, that his family is especially excluded from the act of grace conceded to the emigrants?—that he has brought a proscribed head within reach of the retributive justice of the French government?" added the emperor, willing to probe to the utmost the heroism of the courageous young girl.

"Release my father and mother," she faintly reiterated, clasping her hands as she spoke. "I leave the rest to God."

"I am at liberty, then, to do my worst," said Napoleon; "since even his friends refuse to plead in his behalf."

"I would pledge my life and honour on the innocence of young Roche Allier!" interrupted the general. "Of fraud or treachery he is incapable. His attachment to my daughter has alone brought him into his present predicament."

"Give her to him, then, and end it!" said Napoleon abruptly; having already seated himself at a writing-table, to accomplish the petition of his interesting prisoner. "Return to England, Monsieur le General, with your family, and relieve me from the presence of this rash young man, by carrying him with you as your son."

And while General R——— hesitated whether to accept or reject the benefits thus cavalierly conferred, the emperor rose and presented two folded papers to the hands of Emily."

"Both of these are yours," said he, with one of those radiant smiles which sometimes brightened his sallow visage. "*One* of them regards your father, and one——your husband. So dutiful a daughter will make the best of wives."

"It is too late! Alas, alas! it is too late! Yet a few hours, and my heavenly Father will receive me to his mercy!" faltered Emily, now almost exhausted by the agitation of continual emotion. "Accept, however, the thanks of one about to be released from all earthly bondage, that you have imparted peace and consolation to her dying hours!"

And big tears rolled down the pale cheeks of the sufferer, as she extended her slender hand, as a parting token, towards the emperor. Profoundly touched, he raised it to his lips; and ere General R—— recovered his self-possession sufficiently to explain or remonstrate, Napoleon, after a respectful obeisance to Lady Emily, had quitted the room.

"She will not die," muttered the despotic Napoleon to himself, as he pushed his way back through the gathering twilight, towards the spot, in the forest of Fontainebleau, where Duroc was in waiting. "She *must* not die! I will send Corvisart to her!" And with an impetuosity equal to that of Uncle Toby, when he swore that Le Fevre should live, the emperor, as he strode along, crunched down, with his iron heel, the branches of the juniper and heather bushes that impeded his way. "All girls are apt to fancy they are dying when they are crossed in love. Besides the cold-blooded old fool will think better of it. Sacrifice such a girl as that to a whim—a prejudice? Why, even I could scarcely hold out against that noble countenance, and that persuasive voice."

"Send the Duc d'Otrante hither," said his majesty, when he entered his *cabinet de travail*, at the close of a state dinner, a few hours after his return to the palace. "So,—you are here, sir! Come to offer your apologies, I trust, for the blundering officiousness of your people in causing the arrest of Jules de la Roche Allier, on such insufficient testimony? Another time I advise you to select fellows possessing eyes, ears, and some small portion of understanding!"

"Your majesty having, I find, already despatched a courier to Bicetre with orders for the count's release, I may rather tender my apologies to himself on his arrival at Fontainebleau, to accompany his father-in-law to England, in pursuance of the engagements, sire, into which your majesty has deigned to enter, this afternoon, with the family at the Pavilion de Valvin."

"*Comment donc coquin?*" cried the emperor, relaxing into a hearty laugh. "Are you already so well informed? The lubberly lacquey, then, over whom I stumbled in the ante-chamber of the Pavilion, was——"

"Precisely one of those fellows without eyes or ears, whom your majesty has commissioned me to discharge."

"*A la bonne heure, mon cher duc!* Since the fellow was an eavesdropper, I am glad he was a rascal of your own. Let him be as discreet as he has shown himself expert, and he may claim promotion. Understand, however, that this Valvin transaction is not to transpire: I do not wish to have it said in the Faubourg St. Germaine that I have been courting conciliation with the English cabinet, by an act of magnanimity towards the daughter of one of its members. But what *fete* is there to-morrow—what *veille* to-night?"

"None, sire; neither *fete* nor *veille*."

"Do you mean to tell me that I do not hear the bells of the *Sainte-Trinite?* What should they be ringing at this hour of the evening?"

"The passing bell, sire, of the English general's daughter. The curé of the *Sainte-Trinite* was her director; and Corvisart has just returned with him from Valvin, with intelligence of the young lady's dissolution."

"Already!" ejaculated Napoleon, throwing himself into a chair. "Poor girl! Poor unhappy mother!"

"On the other hand, I have the satisfaction to acquaint your majesty that Dr. Paulet announces the Cardinal Caprara to be out of danger."

"*Au diable le cardinal*," ejaculated Napoleon, with one of his fiercest looks. "I would have given twenty cardinals for power to save the life of the daughter of the English *detenu!*"

ANTEDILUVIAN PLASTER.—We are almost ashamed to be the first to publish the fact, but it is publicly and confidently stated, that the "splendid Saurian" remains, lately purchased by the trustees of the British Museum for five hundred pounds, or guineas, is nothing else than—*plaster*.

Athenæum.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

Poems by William Stanley Roscoe. London. William Pickering. 1834.

This pretty little unpretending volume, in its gray garb, without any ornament to attract gewgaw loving eyes, almost like a quakeress in her every day attire among a bevy of females of some other very different persuasion bedizened for a ball, does not look as if it desired the general gaze; yet from the placid smile it wears, it seems like some uncloistered and home-loving social nun in her meek humanities, unconscious neither of its own modest virtues, nor mayhap even of its own beauties; nor yet unwilling to receive—not the homage of admiration—for it leaves that to be paid to higher claims—but the incense of love breathed from humble and happy hearts, like the scent of violets from lowly places in nature's retired nooks, haunted only by the pious children of nature.

In plainer but not simpler words, there is much beautiful poetry in this volume; but it is of a kind that may not be greatly relished by the million. The million hunger and thirst after the stronger and darker passions: nothing will go down with them but pure Byron. They are intolerant—or careless—or even ashamed of those emotions and affections that compose the blessing of our daily life, and give its lustre to the fire on the hearth of every Christian household. Yet, for all that, they are inexperienced in those same stronger and darker passions of which they prate, and know nothing of the import of those pictures of them painted, with background of gloom and foreground of fire, in the works of the truly great masters. The disturbed spirit of such delineations is far beyond the reaches of their souls; and they mistake their own senseless stupor for solemn awe—or their own mere physical excitement for the enthusiasm of imagination soaring through the storm on the wings of intellect. There are such things in "Satan's Invisible World Displayed" in poetry, as strong and dark passions; and they who are acquainted with their origin and end call them *bad* passions; but the good passions are not dark, but bright; and they are strong too, stronger than death or the grave.

All human beings who know how to reap

> "The harvest of a quiet eye,
> That broods and sleeps on its own heart,"

feel, by the touch, the flowers of affection in every handful of beauty they gather up from those fortunate fields on which shines for ever through all seasons the sun of life. How soft the leaves! and as they meet the eye how fair! Framed, so might it seem, of green dew consolidated into fragrance! Nor do they fade when gently taken from their stalk on its native bed. They flourish for ever if you bruise them not—sensitive indeed—and if you are so forgetful as to treat them rashly—like those of the plant that bears that name—they shrink and seem to shrivel for a time, growing pale as if upbraiding your harshness; but cherished, they are seen to be all of

> "Immortal amaranth, the tree that grows
> Fast by the throne of God;"

for the seeds have fallen from heaven to earth, and for eighteen hundred years have been spreading themselves over all soils fit for their reception—and what soil is not fit? Even fit are stony places, and places full of thorns. For they will live and grow there in spite of such obstruction—and among rank and matted weeds will often be seen peering out like primroses gladdening the desert!

Is this the nature of the poetry in this volume? Unless we do very greatly deceive ourselves—it is; but we shall let you judge for yourselves by a few specimens. We confess that we opened the volume with a disposition to be delighted; but had we not been so, the sadder would have been our disappointment. For we love the author—personally but little known to us—because he is his father's son. Twenty years and five have flown since we walked among the "alleys green" of Allerton with William Roscoe the elder—and who ever conversed with him for a few hours in and about his own home—where the stream of life flowed on so full and clear—without carrying away impressions that never seemed to become remembrances? So vivid have they remained amidst the obscurations and obliterations of time, that sweeps with his wings all that lies on the surface of the soul, but has no power to disturb, much less destroy, the records printed on the heart's core—imperishable even here—and hereafter to be brightened, we believe, into a splendour far exceeding what could have belonged to them in this fluctuating life!

The family of the Roscoes have not been degenerate from the virtues of their parents. The name is now honoured for their own sakes; in them talents and genius are seen to be hereditary; and he will have much to contend against and overcome, who, belonging to that line, shall ever act so as to make men bring to mind with angry sorrow the character of his illustrious ancestor. All the Roscoes now alive are known in our literature; Thomas, who, if we mistake not, is one of the younger brothers, has already achieved much reputation; and William Stanley, the eldest, long admired in a wide circle of friends as a man of the finest faculties, and far beyond it as gifted with true poetical sensibility and fancy, will now be regarded by all who love poetry rather than praise it, as a contributor to its stores of not a few strains of the true inspiration. He seeks not to soar into "the highest heaven of invention;" for he knows his own powers, and wisely uses them in their own sphere—the sphere nature has chosen to allot them—and in that quiet domain "Beauty pitches her tents before him"—removing, as her happiness bids, from vale to vale—and often resting, with her calm encampment, by the side of some sylvan stream, where the scenery seems to sleep in perpetual sabbath.

Here are a few—a very few lines—written nearly thirty years ago—

> "In life's morning march when his spirit was young;"

and yet they are felt by us to be inspired by that presageful spirit which, in early genius, often brings over the dreams of rising youth the sombre shadows, that might seem in nature to belong

but to those of declining age. "Most musical, most melancholy"—a simple air indeed—but as it listens, the heart feels it comes from the heart.

LINES WRITTEN IN PASSING THROUGH VALE CRUCIS, IN OCTOBER, 1806.

"Vale of the cross, the shepherds tell
'Tis sweet within thy woods to dwell!
For there are sainted shadows seen
That frequent haunt thy dewy green;
In wandering winds the dirge is sung,
The convent bell by spirits rung,
And matin hymns and vesper prayer
Break softly on the tranquil air!

"Vale of the cross the shepherds tell
'Tis sweet within thy woods to dwell!
For peace hath there her spotless throne,
And pleasures to the world unknown;
The murmur of the distant rills,
The Sabbath silence of the hills,
And all the quiet God hath given
Without the golden gates of heaven!"

The lines "To a Lily flowering by Moonlight" were, we believe, written in Mr. Roscoe's seventeenth year—or even earlier; and though they are universally known, that is no reason why we should not transfer them to our pages. Proud thought, and far better than proud, for a man to know that his name may be embalmed in the memory of one strain—which he knew not, as he breathed it, whether the next hour might not consign to oblivion! The moon was bright and the lily was fair, and the boy gave vent to his heart in verse. Into that verse flowed all that was purest in the multitude of thoughts within him—and many long years afterwards, the man is happy to recognise what he once was in the feelings hovering over the immortal image of the dead flower, and to know that they have added loveliness even to the lily. If you think that exaggeration—why then brush scornfully away all the beautiful little poems and fragments of poems, in which they who made them wished but to utter the gratitude of their joy, or the resignation of their sorrow.

"O why, thou Lily pale,
Lov'st thou to blossom in the wan moonlight,
And shed thy rich perfume upon the night,
When all thy sisterhood,
In silken cowl and hood,
Screen their soft faces from the sickly gale?
Fair horned Cynthia woos thy modest flower,
And with her beaming lips
Thy kisses cold she sips,
For thou art aye her only paramour,
What time she nightly quits her starry bower,
Trick'd in celestial light,
And silver crescent bright.
O ask thy vestal queen,
If she will thee advise
Where in the blessed skies
That maiden may be seen,
Who, like thee, hung her pale head through the day,
Lovesick and pining for the evening ray;
And lived a virgin chaste amid the folly
Of this bad world, and died of melancholy?
O tell me where she dwells;
So on thy mournful bells,
Shall Dian nightly fling
Her tender sighs to give thee fresh perfume,
Her pale night lustre to enhance thy bloom,
And find thee tears to feed thy sorrowing."

Perhaps none among us ever wrote verses of any worth, who had not been, more or less, readers of our old ballads. All our poets have been so—and even Wordsworth would not have been the veritable and only Wordsworth, had he not in boyhood pored—oh, the miser!—over Percy's Reliques. From the highest to the humblest, they have all drunk from those silver springs. Shepherds and herdsmen and woodsmen have been the masters of the mighty—their strains have, like the voice of a solitary lute, inspired a power of sadness into the hearts of great poets that gave their genius to be prevalent over all tears, or with a power of sublimity that gave it dominion over all terror, like the sound of a trumpet. The Babes in the Wood! Chevy Chase! Men become women while they weep—

"Or start up heroes from the glorious strain."

We have seldom read a modern composition so "tender and so true" to the spirit of those old ballads, which one might think were written by Pity's self, as this dirge.

DIRGE.

"O dig a grave, and dig it deep,
Where I and my true love may sleep!
We'll dig a grave, and dig it deep,
Where thou and thy true love shall sleep!

"And let it be five fathom low,
Where winter winds may never blow!—
And it shall be five fathom low,
Where winter winds shall never blow!

"And let it be on yonder hill,
Where grows the mountain daffodil!—
And it shall be on yonder hill,
Where grows the mountain daffodil!

"And plant it round with holy briers,
To fright away the fairy fires!—
We'll plant it round with holy briers,
To fright away the fairy fires!

"And set it round with celandine,
And nodding heads of columbine!
We'll set it round with celandine,
And nodding heads of columbine!

"And let the ruddock build his nest
Just above my true love's breast!—
The ruddock he shall build his nest
Just above thy true love's breast!

"And warble his sweet wintry song
O'er our dwelling all day long!—
And he shall warble his sweet song
O'er your dwelling all day long.

"Now, tender friends, my garments take,
And lay me out for Jesus' sake!—
And we will now thy garments take,
And lay thee out for Jesus' sake!

"And lay me by my true love's side,
That I may be a faithful bride!—
We'll lay thee by thy true love's side,
That thou mayst be a faithful bride!

"When I am dead and buried be,
Pray to God in heaven for me!—

Now thou art dead, we'll bury thee,
And pray to God in heaven for thee!
——Benedicite!"

We know not how it is—or rather we should say, we do know how it is—but cannot tell how—it is impossible for any poet to please us—let him write ever so well—in writing about—the lakes. We mean, of course, the English lakes—the lakes of Westmoreland, Lancashire, and Cumberland—for although the lakes of Scotland in themselves are all that lakes can be, they are not so to us—heaven bless them! nor, although we are all that we can be, are we so to them—heaven bless us! else why so seldom do they visit us in our sleep? But every other night we are at Orresthead! Windermere murmurs "come! lie upon my breast!" William Roscoe, therefore, must pardon us for thinking but poorly of his "Lines to the river Brathay, in Langdale." True they were written in 1797, before we were wedded (think not, though for a season separated, that we are divorced—divorce were death!) in Bowness church, to Windermere, to the queen of the lakes. Look at these lovely young isles now tossing their tresses in the breeze, now braiding them in the sunshine, they are the children of that marriage. Believe that but for the love of the Naiad for North, they had never been born; not one of them, all would ever have hung floating in its cradle of water-lilies among those charmed clouds! Nay! William Stanley Roscoe! Thou hast no business with the river Brathay but to walk by her side along the meadows. We have lipped her in secret among the clouds, we have cleaved to her on her rock-bed in the woods, we have blended with her bosom in sunless chamber cliff-roofed of the same stone that frowns from the blind face of Pavey-Ark; and with whom, pray, hadst thou dined the day thou sawest the Brathay lost in Grassmere? Ask the two giants, and they will nod their wooded heads, as much as to say, "Our Brathay, under heaven, belongs to Windermere."

For the same reasons, and a thousand others, we have merely looked at the "Lines written in the Woods of Rydal-Hall," and think we saw mention made of the Druids. They are dated 1804; and why did Mr. Roscoe take no notice of Lady Diana Fleming's white pea-fowl, sitting on the limbs of that huge old tree like creatures newly alighted from the isles of paradise! All undisturbed by the waterfalls, which, as you kept gazing on the long depending plumage illumining the forest-gloom, seemed indeed to lose their sound, and to partake the peace of that resplendent snow so beautiful; each splendour a wondrous bird! For, lo! they stretch themselves all up, with their graceful crests, o'ercanopied by the umbrage draperied as from a throne! And never surely were seen in this daylight world such a show of unterrestrial creatures; though come from afar, all happy as at home in the Fairies' Oak!

Having thus vented our spleen, we are as amiable as ever; and, though our haunts, when we wore the gown, were among the groves of Isis, (and sweetly, too, flows the Cherwell round the fields of St. Mary Magdalene, in summer as steady and as silent as the dream-land of sleep,) yet with such an accomplished scholar as William Stanley Roscoe, we fly back through a long, glimmering vista of years, and sit with him among the whispering reeds on the low banks of the Cam. But the towers, how high! and how high the spirit that inhabits them, let poets, and divines, and orators, and statesmen speak, in many an inspired page that never will the muses let die till they themselves be dead! "To spring on the banks of the Cam." 'Tis a classic strain, such as young Collins might have sung by the sister stream,—the boy Milton murmured by the same sedgy brink, when "the dim woods were still."

We should have expected a man of such fine taste as Mr. W. S. Roscoe, and such true feeling, to write good sonnets; and he has done so, making allowance for a want of variety in the pauses, but they are too few in number. We have transcribed three of them into the album of one most dear, in which no worthless matter can ever find its way, and here they are, that you and others may do likewise.

TO MY FATHER.

"Stay thine o'ershadowing wings, relentless Time,
Nor shed those auburn locks with falling gray,
That o'er my father's frownless forehead play
Graceful and fair, as in youth's golden prime.
Stay thy rude hand, and he thro' many a clime
Shall teach thee to retrace thy distant way
To the bright regions of historic day!
Or he shall charm thee with prophetic rhyme,
Swept from the strings of Freedom's holy lyre,
Or call the muses from th' Ausonian land,
And with the strains their breathing lips inspire,
Win thy cold ear, and check thy ebbing sand!
Vain is my prayer—already o'er my sire
Thou, ruthless power, hast stretch'd thine iron hand!"

TO A BIRD SINGING ON A STORMY DAY.

"Sweet bird, that in the pauses of the blast
Lovest thy simple melody to pour,
Regardless of the winter's icy hour;
And ever as the sky is overcast
Shroudest thyself; and when the storm is past
Warblest afresh, forth from thy blanched bower,
Trusting that Spring shall wake the slumbering flower,
Nor adverse seasons so for ever last;
So I amid the beating storms of life
Turn to the climes where Memory's daughters dwell,
And yield each calm day of a vain world's strife,
To the sweet labours of the vocal shell;
With fond hope worshipping those better Nine,
And the twin god who rules with bolt divine."

TO THE HARVEST MOON.

"Again thou reignest in thy golden hall,
Rejoicing in thy sway, fair queen of night!
The ruddy reapers hail thee with delight,
Theirs is the harvest, theirs the joyous call
For tasks well ended ere the season's fall.
Sweet orb, thou smilest from thy starry height,
But whilst on them thy beams are shedding bright,
To me thou com'st o'ershadowed with a pall!
To me alone the year hath fruitless flown,
Earth hath fulfill'd her trust thro' all her lands,
The good man gathereth now where he had sown,
And the great master in his vineyard stands;
But I, as if my task were all unknown,
Come to his gates, alas, with empty hands."

A few minutes ago, we were endeavouring to work ourselves up into a rage with Mr. Roscoe, for daring to write during Wordsworth's life *and ours!* (oh! what a fall was there, my countrymen!) about our lakes. For Windermere, as all the world knows, is our wife; and as for Wordsworth, why he has been for years—(we were the first to apply to himself his own grand line, regarding Dunmil, who sleeps in the Raise,)—

"Sole king of rocky Cumberland."

But we could not do it, and dismissed him with a poetical reproof. The simple truth is, that poetry is but experience spiritualised; and our friend—if he will let us call him so—never was much among our mountains. But let him meditate on well-known and dear loved places and the muse fills his heart with tenderest emotions, that take to themselves expression that must tell on every heart—for every heart has its own well-known and dear-loved places—to which it transfers whatever of beauty or of pathos it meets with in strains sincere; and thus are there holy abiding spots for all our being's best affections, in which they live for ever apart from all noise, and preserve all their pristine fervour. Such is the character of the exquisitely mournful stanzas, "To a Deserted Country Seat."

"Hail to thy silent woods,
Thy solemn climate, and thy deep repose,
Where the west wind as he goes
Moans to the falling floods,
That through the forest glide,
And journey with a melancholy tide!

"Hail to thy happy ground,
Where all is steep'd in stillest solitude;
And no unhallowed sound
Wakes nature from her holy mood;
Here let me waste away
The little leisure of life's busy day!

"Thy lone and ancient towers
Shall be my only haunt from youth to age;
The wild grown garden bowers
Shall shelter me in life's long pilgrimage;
And I will think me blest,
For ever in thy peaceful bounds to rest.

"On thee the sunbeam falls
In silence all the solitary year;
And mouldering are thy walls
That echoed once with hospitable cheer;
And all is past away
That stood around thee in thy prosperous day.

"But I may seek thy shades,
And wander in thy long forgotten bowers,
And haunt thy sunny glades,
Where the mild summer leads the rosy hours,
And mingled flowers perfume
The noontide air,—a wilderness of bloom.

"For nature here again
With silent steps repairs her woodland throne,
Usurps the fair domain,
And claims the lovely desert for her own,
And o'er yon threshold throws
With lavish hand the woodbine and the rose.

"Deep silence reigns around,
Save when the blackbird strains his tuneful throat,
Then the old woods resound,
And the sweet thrush begins his merry note;
And from some scathed bough
The murmuring ring-dove pours her plaintive vow.

"Here at the break of morn,
No hunter wakes the halloo of the chase,
Nor hounds and echoing horn
Fright from their quiet haunts the silvan race.
Rest, happy foresters, for ye shall be
In these green walks for ever safe and free!

'Wave, laurel, wave thy boughs,
And soothe with friendly shade my wearied head;
Come, sleep, and o'er my brows
With gentle hand thy dewy poppies shed.
Here shall be well forgot
The many sorrows of this earthly lot.

"Haunts of my early years,
Amid your sighing woods O give me rest;
Unnotic'd be the tears,
Unknown the grief that fill this aching breast,
While shelter'd in your bowers.
With patient heart I wait the suffering hours.

"How soon the morn of life,
The beam, the beauty of our days is o'er,
Amid a world of strife
The heart's young joys, shall bud, shall bloom no more!
Yet tranquil be the day
That lights the wanderer on his homeward way.

"Lo! where the lord of light
In setting splendour pours his crimson beams,
And at the approach of night
Bathes his bright orb amid the ocean streams,
And sinks into the west,—
So still, so peaceful be my hour of rest

We cannot doubt for a moment tha the specimens we have now given have justified all we have said of this writer's taste, sensibility, and fancy; nor do we hesitate to say, that they show he is a man of genius. Much has been said and sung of late years, about the nature of genius: and about its distinction from talent. All people feel, though few people perhaps know, what it is and we are, we confess, among the self-satisfied ignorant with respect to the mystery of its genesis, growth, and kind. But we have gained by our criticism some credit with the world for understanding something of its works, and a work of genius we pronounce the following *Monody*, which to our ears has a truly Miltonic flow of music; and now that we have read it aloud to ourselves for the second time in the silence of our sanctum, we exclaim, as we replace the volume in its narrow chasm in the compact shelf, "That strain I heard was of a higher mood."

"Umbrageous woods, that lift your aged arms,
And brave the ruthless tempests of the sky;
Storms that despoil the valley's fading charms,
And chase the summer's dying melody;
Ye old retreats of solitude,
Where nought but grief might e'er intrude,
Ere the dark winter spreads his latest gloom,
To your wild reign I come,
To pour the sad and unavailing tear
O'er Henry's early bier,
With deep entranced spirit, dark, yet holy,
And haunt your silent shades in strictest melancholy.
Oh! where, sooth shepherd, are those joyous strains
That charmed so oft our plains?
While every silvan dell, and sculptured cave,
With wood o'erhung, or wash'd by ocean wave,

Sang to the echo of thy summer reed,
For Pan to thee decreed
An oat to win the ear of morn,
Sweeter than harp or horn;
Old Mersey listening hush'd the hollow roar
Of his high waves, and bade them on the shore
Fall with a shallow tide,
And soft and slowly glide;
The ladies of the flood,
Emerging from their coral haunt,
Upon the golden briny waters stood,
In mute astonish'd mood,
To hear thy verses blither than the chant
Of blue-eyed syrens in their oozy courts,
Where aged Nereus oft resorts
To chide the ocean maids that keep
The fountain waters of the deep;
And oft with mermaid voice would lure thee to their cells,
Waking the hidden voice that dwells
In pearly chambers of their wreathed shells.

Oft at the shut of even,
When through the path of heaven
Hesper went forth in starry mantle bright,
And silence slumber'd in the arms of night,
Thy melody would call
Echo from her vaulted hall!
Even the gray hermit in his amice weeds,
With hoary staff and beads,
Brushing the forest dews with sandal'd feet,
Thy pastoral hymn would greet,
And bend his ear to mortal strains so sweet.
Alas! might nought avail thy gentle rhyme,
To soothe the rigour of our ruder clime;
Cold blew the frost winds on thy tender flocks,
That on the tempest beaten rocks,
Or in the wintry vale below,
Perish'd in drifts of frozen snow,
While through thy sorrowing heart disease had spread
The parting throb, and hollow sigh of death,
And thou, lone shepherd, hung thy sickly head,
And all untimely pour'd thy tuneful breath.

Ah me! that thou hadst sought the sunny groves
Of fair Ausonia, and the pasture land
Of Tuscany, where every shepherd roves,
And sings propitious loves;
Or the green marge of Arno's flowery strand,
Or mountain caves of Sicily,
Where, on some olive-shrouded steep,
Thy blue eyes flung across the deep,
Thou hadst awoke the Doric melody,
Or listen'd to the syren's song,
That chant their crisp'd waves among,
Or breathed the fragrant wind that blows
Amid the laurel's rustling boughs,
Then hadst thou never died unsung,
And many a votive wreath had o'er thine urn been hung.

"O vain presumptive thoughts, thy rigorous doom
Is dealt by fate, and I am come
On travel'd feet, to strew thy hearse
With wild untutor'd verse,
For I had wander'd to the willowy shore
Of hoary Camus, fraught with ancient lore;
Where with due feet I wont to tread
His antique walks, and orchard bowers,
Girt with sunny walls and towers,
Conversing with the dead,
Oft till the accustom'd vesper bell
Toll'd the swift flight of meditative hours,
And warn'd my slow feet to the studious cell;
And oft I join'd the ardent crowd,
That at the shrine of science bow'd,
But oftener wander'd to explore
Those woods and deep banks, where of yore
The dark orb'd priest of poesy
First smote his holy minstrelsy,
Yet had I ripen'd hopes with thee to dwell,
Sooth shepherd, in thy ever-shaded cell,
With thee as erst upon the eastern lawn,
To wake the blue lids of the cloudy dawn,
On some green hill where the deep fountain runs,
To watch the crimson light of setting suns:
With thee as erst to tread
The forest's leaf-strown bed,
And trace the violet, tempest-born and pale,
Scenting with its thin breast the wintry gale;
With thee to visit in the haunted dell,
Storied tower, or fabled well;
With thee, on the far mountain's solitude,
To court the golden cinctured sister brood,
Jove's high honour'd progeny,
Daughters of Mnemosyne,
And breathe with trembling lips my verses rude.
And am I only come,
To shroud thee, shepherd, in thy timeless tomb,
To see thy bier with cypress garlands drest,
And the cold turf laid on thy hallow'd breast?
Whilst the rude tempests o'er me rave,
I tear, amid the forest's shelter'd walk,
The last late flowers of summer from their stalk,
With sorrowing hand to scatter on thy grave.
O winds that rage along the autumnal sky,
The south may woo you to her rustling bower;
O woods that strew your leaves to fade and die,
Your boughs may flourish in the vernal hour;
O tender families of herb and flower,
That sink and slumber in the cradled earth,
You may again burst forth in purple birth;
O thou lone bird, that mourn'st the dying year,
Shivering and cold amid the stormy night,
For thee revolving planets may appear,
And summer stars may shed their rising light;
O weeping season, dark and wintry now,
The spring may bind her roses on thy brow,
But who shall wake the eyes that sleep in death,
Or bid the pale lip bloom with purple breath?
O shepherd, dost thou slumber in the vale,
Freshen'd by the immortal gale?
Or midst unnumber'd worlds, that roll
And glitter underneath thy feet,
Seest thou the dark earth's dim discover'd pole,
And many an orb her sister planets meet
Beneath the curtain'd canopy of night;
And the fair seasons take their flight
To the azure realms of day;
And the blithe hours foot their silent way,
Down to the low earth's bourne,
To trace their fateful round, and up to heaven return?
Or wondering at thy heavenly birth,
Broodest thou o'er the distant dream of earth,
And wanderest on the solitary shore,
Fast by the eternal ocean's roar,
Whose golden tide interminably rolls
Upon the shadowy land of souls,
Asking his falling waves to waft to thee
Tidings of mortality!
Shepherd, I bid thee now a long farewell,
Yet while these eyes behold the orb of day,
At noon and eve on thee my thoughts shall dwell,
Till death enshroud me in his robe of clay.
"Whether he call me to the fated tomb,
Like thee in youth's prime bloom,
With locks of auburn, or with tresses hoar,
Thee will I mourn, sweet shepherd, thee deplore.
—Sorrowing, he sung, and then declined his head;
And now the queen of heaven had westward led

Her starry ocean, and the streams of night;
And now had risen the still morn's liquid light.
The sunbeams playing on his dewy locks,
The shepherd woke at the gray dawn of day,
Drove through the hoary mist his breathing flocks,
And o'er the uplands took his solitary way."

From the New Monthly Magazine.

CHARLES LAMB.

HIS LAST WORDS ON COLERIDGE.

Charles Lamb's first appearance in literature was by the side of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. He came into his first battle, as he tells us, (literature is a sort of warfare,) under cover of that greater Ajax. The small duodecimo volume in which their poems first appeared, and which is now exceedingly scarce, lies before us. It was printed and published in Bristol, in the year 1807, by "N. Biggs for T. Cottle." In the preface, Coleridge speaks with affectionate warmth of his "friend and old schoolfellow, Charles Lamb." "He has now communicated to me a complete collection of all his poems,—quæ qui non prorsus amet, illum omnes et virtutes et veneres odere." On the title-page there are words of more touching interest—"Duplex nobis vinculum, et amicitiæ et similium junctarumque Camœnarum; *quod utinam neque mors solvat, neque temporis longinquitas!*" The wish has been strikingly fulfilled. Their friendship in life survived all the accidents of place and time; and in death it has been but a few short months divided.

We should like to see this remarkable friendship (remarkable in all respects and in all its circumstances) between two of the finest and most original geniuses in an age of no common genius, worthily and lastingly recorded. It would outvalue, in the mind of posterity, whole centuries of literary quarrels.

Lamb never fairly recovered the death of Coleridge. He thought of little else (his sister was but another portion of himself) until his own great spirit joined his friend. He had a habit of venting his melancholy in a sort of mirth. He would, with nothing graver than a pun, "cleanse his bosom of the perilous stuff that weighed" upon it. In a jest, or a few slight phrases, he would lay open the last recesses of his heart. So in respect of the death of Coleridge. Some old friends of his saw him two or three weeks ago, and remarked the constant turning and references of his mind. He interrupted himself and them almost every instant with some play of affected wonder, or astonishment, or humorous melancholy, on the words "*Coleridge is dead.*" Nothing could divert him from that, for the thought of it never left him. About the same time, we had written to him to request a few lines for the literary album of a gentleman who entertained a fitting admiration of his genius. It was the last request we were destined to make, the last kindness we were allowed to receive! He wrote in Mr. Keymer's volume—and wrote of Coleridge. This, we believe, was the last production of his pen. A strange and not unenviable chance, which saw him, at the end of his literary pilgrimage, as he had been at the beginning,—in that immortal company! We are indebted, with the reader, to the kindness of our friend for permission to print the whole of what was written. It would be impertinence to offer one remark on it. Once read, its noble and affectionate tenderness will be remembered for ever. Let it be placed over the mortal grave of Coleridge.

"When I heard of the death of Coleridge, it was without grief. It seemed to me that he long had been on the confines of the next world,—that he had a hunger for eternity. I grieved then that I could not grieve. But since, I feel how great a part he was of me. His great and dear spirit haunts me. I cannot think a thought, I cannot make a criticism on men or books, without an ineffectual turning and reference to him. He was the proof and touchstone of all my cogitations. He was a Grecian (or in the first form) at Christ's Hospital, where I was deputy Grecian; and the same subordination and deference to him I have preserved through a life-long acquaintance. Great in his writings, he was greatest in his conversation. In him was disproved that old maxim, that we should allow every one his share of talk. He would talk from morn to dewy eve, nor cease till far midnight, yet who ever would interrupt him,—who would obstruct that continuous flow of converse fetched from Helicon or Zion? He had the tact of making the unintelligible seem plain. Many who read the abstruser parts of his "Friend" would complain that his works did not answer to his spoken wisdom. They were identical. But he had a tone in oral delivery, which seemed to convey sense to those who were otherwise imperfect recipients. He was my fifty years old friend without a dissension. Never saw I his likeness, nor probably the world can see again. I seem to love the house he died at more passionately than when he lived. I love the faithful Gilmans more than while they exercised their virtues towards him living. What was his mansion is consecrated to me a chapel.

"Chs. Lamb.

'Edmonton, November 21, 1834."

Within five weeks of this date Charles Lamb died. A slight accident brought on an attack of erysipelas, which proved fatal; his system was not strong enough for resistance. It is some consolation to add, that, during his illness, which lasted four days, he suffered no pain, and that his faculties remained with him to the last. A few words spoken by him the day before he died showed with what quiet collectedness he was prepared to meet death.

These are strange words to be writing of our old friend! We can scarcely think yet he has left us; so intimately does he seem to belong to household thoughts, and to the dear things of heart and hearth, which his writings have made yet dearer. We cannot fancy him gone from his folios, his "midnight darlings," his pictures, chit-chat, jokes, and ambiguities;—and yet it is so. Every thing that was mortal of him is gone, except the tears and the love of his friends. His writings remain, to be the delight of thousands to come.

Charles Lamb was born in the Temple, in February, 1775. We are not going to give any biography of him, but we name the day of his birth, because the birth-day of such a man is pleasant to remember. "'Tis my poor birth-day," says a letter of his we have lying before us, dated the 11th of February. The day will be rich hereafter to the lovers of wit and true genius. The place of his birth had greatly to do with his personal tastes in after life. Every one who has read "John Woodvill' cannot fail to have been struck (as in that loveliest of passages on the 'sports of the forest") with its exquisite sense of rural beauty and imagery. But Mr. Lamb's affection nevertheless turned townwards. Born under the shadow of St. Dunstan's steeple, he retained his love for it, and for the neighbouring town-streets, to the last; and to the last he loved the very smoke of London, because, as he said, it had been the medium most familiar to his vision. Any thing, in truth, once felt, he never wished to change. When he made any alteration in his lodgings, the thing sadly discomposed him. His household gods, as he would say, planted a terrible fixed foot.

This early habit, however, and this hatred of change, were not the only sources of his attachment to London, and to London streets. We have hinted at the melancholy which was so often the source of Mr. Lamb's humour—which, indeed, almost insensibly dashed his merriest writings—which used to throw out into still more delicate relief the subtleties of his wit and fancy, and which made his very jests to "scald like tears." In London there was some remedy for this, when it threatened to overmaster him. "Often," he said, "when I have felt a weariness or distaste at home, have I rushed out into her crowded Strand, and fed my humour, till tears have wetted my cheek for unutterable sympathies with the multitudinous moving picture, which she never fails to present at all hours, like the scenes of a shifting pantomime." This is a great and wise example for such as may be similarly afflicted.

Mr. Lamb's earliest associates in London were Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Charles Lloyd, and others, who "called Admiral Burney friend." They used to assemble weekly at Burney's house, at the Queen's Gate, to chat and play whist. Or they would meet to discuss supper, and the hopes of the world, at the Old Salutation Tavern. This was the "* * * * * Inn," to which Mr. Lamb makes so affectionate a reference in the dedication of his poems to Coleridge; this was the immortal tavern, and these were the "old suppers in delightful years," where he used to say Coleridge first kindled in him, if not the power, yet the love of poetry, and beauty, and kindliness;—quoting, with true enthusiasm,

> "What words have I heard
> Spoke at the Mermaid!"

Life was then, indeed, fresh to them all, and topics exhaustless; but yet there was one preferred before all others, because it included all. Mr. Lamb once reminded Southey of it in a letter which was written in answer to a reproach the poet laureate should have spared his old friend. He speaks of Coleridge,—"the same to me still as in those old evenings, when we used to sit and speculate (do you remember them, sir?) at our old tavern, upon Pantisocracy and golden days to come on earth."

Mr. Lamb was at this period, indeed from the time he quitted Christ's Hospital to within nine years of his death, a clerk in the India House. It is scarcely pleasant to think of his constant labours there, when we think of the legacy of nobler writing of which they may have robbed the world. What have we to do now with all his

> "drops of labour spilt
> On those huge and figured pages,
> Which will sleep unclasp'd for ages,
> Little knowing who did wield
> The quill that traversed their white field."*

But we have the better reason, perhaps, to be grateful for what has nevertheless been bequeathed to us. These are:—the poems we have mentioned, collected with several others, and dedicated to Coleridge in 1818; a tale of wonderful pathos and sweetness, "Rosamund Gray," published with "Old Blind Margaret," in (we believe) 1800; "John Woodvil," a tragedy, published with "Fragments of Burton," in 1802: "Mr. H——," a farce, acted at Drury Lane in 1806; "Specimens of the old Dramatic Poets," with those immortal criticisms on them, which appeared in 1808; a series of noble prose papers, including those on Hogarth and the tragedies of Shakspeare, with several essays and poetical criticisms, which were sent to the "Reflector" in the year 1811; the celebrated "Essays of Elia," published between 1820 and 1833, at different periods, in the London, New Monthly, Blackwood's, Englishman, and other Magazines, and two volumes of which have been collected and separately published; with a vast number of his sayings and deep-thoughted articles, scattered about without a name (and yet uncollected) in periodicals celebrated and obscure—in miscellanies remembered and forgotten. We find we have omitted in this list to mention his "Tales from Shakspeare," his "Adventures of Ulysses," and a volume unworthily named "Album Verses,"—inasmuch as it contained some few poems as fine as any that ever flowed or sported from his pen. We hope to see all his productions recovered, and published under the superintendence of some competent person. His occasional theatrical criticisms in the "Examiner" should not be forgotten: they are exquisite, and will be recognised at once by any one acquainted with his style. It will startle some of his friends, perhaps, to be told that he has even done such a thing in years long past, as write a sort of poetical political libel for that distinguished journal.

Of the genius of Mr. Lamb as developed in these various writings, we may speak at greater length hereafter. It takes rank with the most original of the age. As a critic, he stands *facile princeps*, in all the subjects he handled. Search English literature through, from its first begin-

* "Poetical Epistle," by Procter, who repaid Lamb's affection, felt towards him to the last, in a manner worthy of the hearts and genius of both.

nings till now, and you will find none like him. There is not a criticism he ever wrote that does not directly tell you a number of things you had no previous notion of. In criticism he was indeed, in all senses of the word, "a discoverer—like Vasco Nunez or Magellan." In that very domain of literature with which you fancied yourself most variously and closely acquainted, he would show you "fresh fields and pastures new," and these the most fruitful and delightful. For the riches he discovered were richer that they had lain so deep—the more valuable were they, when found, that they had eluded the search of ordinary men.

As an essayist, Charles Lamb will be remembered, in years to come, with Rabelais and Montaigne, with Sir Thomas Browne, with Steele, and with Addison. He unites many of the finest characteristics of these several writers. He has wisdom and wit of the highest order, exquisite humour, a genuine and cordial vein of pleasantry, and the most heart-touching pathos. In the largest acceptation of the word he is a humanist—no one of the great family of authors, past or present, has shown in matters the most important or the most trivial so delicate and extreme a sense of all that is human. It is the prevalence of this characteristic in his writings which has subjected him to occasional charges of want of imagination. This, however, is but half-criticism; for the matter of reproach may in fact be said to be his triumph. It was with a deep relish of Mr. Lamb's faculty that a friend of his once said—a friend, we may add, ever loved and admired by him through life, and worthy of all the love and admiration that are due to genius, to learning, and to virtue—it was with a fine appreciation of the characteristics of his genius in criticism that T. N. T. said, "he makes the majesties of imagination seem familiar." It is precisely thus with his own imagination—it eludes the observation of the ordinary reader in the very modesty of its truth, in its social and familiar air. His fancy as an essayist is distinguished by singular delicacy and tenderness; and even his conceits, when they occur, will generally be found to be, as those of his favourite Fuller (the church historian) often are, steeped in human feeling and passion. The fondness he entertained for Fuller, for the author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," and for other writers of that class, was a pure matter of temperament. His thoughts were always his own; even when his words seem cast in the very mould of theirs, the perfect originality of his thinking is felt and acknowledged—we may add, in its superior wisdom, manliness, and unaffected sweetness. Every sentence in those Essays may be proved to be crammed full of thinking; the two volumes which contain them will be multiplied, we have no doubt, in the course of a few years, into as many hundred; for they contain a stock of matter which must be ever suggestive to more active minds, and will surely revisit the world in new shapes—an everlasting succession and variety of ideas. Yes, and help on the world; for is it to be asserted that because Mr. Lamb was chiefly devoted to the past, that he may not therefore advantage the present, and help on the future? The past to him was not mere dry antiquity; it involved a most extensive and touching association of feelings and thoughts, reminding him of what we have been and may be, and therefore seeming to afford a surer ground for resting on than the things which are here to-day and may be gone to-morrow. We know of no inquisition more curious, no speculation more lofty, than may be found in the Essays of Charles Lamb. We know no place where conventional absurdities are so shattered—where stale evasions are so plainly exposed—where the barriers between names and things are at times so thoroughly flung down. And how could it indeed be otherwise? For it is truth which plays upon his writings like a genial and divine atmosphere. No need is there for them to prove what they would be at by any formal or logical analysis—they "feel the *air* of truth;" no need for him to tell the world that this institution is wrong and that doctrine right—the world may gather from his writings their surest guide to judgment in these and all other cases—a general and honest appreciation of the humane and true.

As a poet, Mr. Lamb has left several things "the world will not willingly let die." Shall we not name first his prose tale of "Rosamund Gray," which we have read a dozen times, as well as we could for our tears? We will match this tale against the world for unequaled delicacy and pathos. Shall we not treasure up too in our heart of hearts the memory of "John Woodvil," of him who offended and was forgiven—and of the angelic, ever-honoured Margaret, whom miseries could never alienate nor change of fortune shake, whom her lover's injuries "and slights (the worst of injuries)" could not, in his days of shame, when all the world forsook him, make *her* forsake, or cease to cling with love stronger than death to her dear heart's lord, life's pride, soul honoured John! These are destined to be everlasting creatures—once known, taken to the memory for ever. How exquisite is the tenderness with which, when questioned on John's neglect, she only turns aside for a moment with a tear, and afterwards resumes her conversation cheerfully. How sublime is the reach of pathos with which Sir Walter Woodvil, betrayed to his enemies by his son, breaks his heart without uttering a single word. When the charge of an imitation of the elder poets is brought against Charles Lamb, it is generally brought in ignorance. His style, it is true, smacks to us of the antique; tasting with a genuine Beaumont and Fletcher flavour: but this was because his way of thinking was like theirs; there is no imitation in it, setting aside the occasional indulgence of his love for them, which we all feel to be delightful. We could fancy their loving *him* just in the same way, because he lived in precisely that world of thought which was chiefly theirs, and which changes not with the alterations of age or style, but is everlasting, and changes never. Mr. Hazlitt tells a story of a rural description out of "John Woodvil," quoted anonymously in a modern book, meeting the eye of Mr. Godwin, who was so struck with the beauty of the passage, and

with a consciousness of having seen it before, that he was uneasy till he could recollect where, and after hunting in vain for it in Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and other not unlikely places, sent to Mr. Lamb to know if he could help him to the author! We should have recommended him in his search to look out for a higher sort of Heywood, some one between Heywood and Fletcher. When the day of popularity for these great writers shall come round again, Mr. Lamb's poetry will be popular too. His minor pieces are full of delicacy and wit, and read occasionally like one of his Essays.

But it was not as a critic, it was not as an essayist, it was not as a poet, fervently as we entertained for him in these characters the admiration we have poorly endeavoured to express—it is not in any of these that we felt towards him the strongest feeling of devotion—we loved THE MAN. He was the most entirely delightful person we have ever known. He had no affectation, no assumption, no fuss, no cant, nothing to make him otherwise than delightful. His very foibles, as is remarked in a recent publication*, were for the most part so small, and were engrafted so curiously upon a strong original mind, that we would scarcely have desired them away. They were a sort of fret-work, which let in light, and showed the form and order of his character. They had their origin in weakness of system chiefly; and that which we have heard by the unthinking condemned as wilful, in terms of severe reproach, was in the first instance nothing but a forced resort to aid that might serve to raise his spirits in society to what was no more than the ordinary pitch of all around him without it. Never should the natural temperament against which Mr. Lamb had to struggle be forgotten by those who are left to speak of his habits and character. Of all the great and peculiar sorrows he was fated to experience through life, (and there were many to which even an allusion may not here be made, and for which nearly his whole existence was offered as a willing and devoted sacrifice,) the sorrows with which he was born were the greatest of all. His friends, whom he delighted by his wit and enriched by his more serious talk, never knew the whole price he paid for those hours of social conversation. "Reader," he once said in a paper which, with some dash of fiction, conveyed his saddest personal experience, (a paper which is now, we believe, exceedingly scarce, as he would not consent to reprint it,) "Reader, if you are gifted with nerves like mine, aspire to any character but that of a wit. When you find a tickling relish upon your tongue disposing you to that sort of conversation, especially if you find a preternatural flow of ideas setting in upon you at the sight of a bottle and fresh glasses, avoid giving way to it as you would fly your greatest destruction. If you cannot crush the power of fancy, or that within you which you mistake for such, divert it,—give it some other play. Write an essay,—pen a character or description;—*but not as I do now—with tears trickling down your cheeks.*" We retire with reverence before the trials of such a spirit as this.

No one in conversation said such startling things as Lamb. No one was so witty or so sensible. No man ever had him at a disadvantage, except the man who did not understand him. He had a severe impediment in his speech, but this gave even an additional piquancy to the deep and eloquent things he said. After the stammering and hesitation, a half sentence would burst forth at the close, and set every body laughing or thinking. And they would laugh at it, and think about it the next day, and the day after that. "Lamb probes a truth," said Hazlitt, "in a play upon words." "He was of the genuine line of Yorick," says the delightful writer of the "London Journal." He was indeed;—or still more of the family of that ever-faithful and devoted "fool" in "Lear," with his sayings of wisdom and snatches of old songs—"Young Lubin was a shepherd boy." Who that was admitted to the intimacy of his acquaintance does not remember that and many others, and feel his heart sink with grief at our recent loss, though to rise again with pride in the consciousness of having been once admitted to such a friendship? We needed not to have made the restriction. Every one who knew him, knew him intimately. He had no concealment, for he had nothing to conceal. He had the faculty,—as was remarked of him the other day, in the "Times" newspaper, by an old friend of his,—of turning "even casual acquaintances into friends." When you entered his little book-clad room, he welcomed you with an affectionate greeting, set you down to something, and made you at home at once. His richest feasts, however, were those he served up from his ragged-looking books, his ungainly and dirty folios, his cobbled-up quartos, his squadrons of mean and squalid-looking duodecimos. "So much the rather their celestial light shone inward." How he would stutter forth their praises! What fine things had he to say about the beautiful obliquities of the "Religio Medici," about Burton, and Fuller, and Smollet, and Fielding, and Richardson, and Marvel, and Drayton, and fifty others, ending with the "thrice-noble, chaste, and virtuous, but again somewhat fantastical and original brained Margaret Duchess of Newcastle!" What delightful reminiscences he had of the actors, how he used to talk of them, and how he has written them down!* How he would startle his friends by intruding on them lists of persons one would wish to have seen,—such odd alliances as Pontius Pilate and Doctor Faustus, Guy Faux

* See a very delightful paper in the "Athenæum." It has since been followed by the first of a series on the personal and intellectual characteristics of Mr. Lamb, which promises to do justice to the subject, and to confer a distinguished honour on that journal.

* See his papers on the "Old Actors." "I was always fond," he says, in the charming little story of "Barbara," which has immortalised an anecdote from the life of an eminent living actress, "of the society of the players; and am not sure that an impediment in my speech, (which certainly kept me out of the pulpit,) even more than certain personal disqualifications, which are often got over in that profession, did not prevent me at one time of life from adopting it."

and Judas Iscariot!—But the evenings passed with him are not for the hasty mention of such articles as this. The pleasure of recording some of them, and some of the exquisite sayings he seldom failed to send away his friends with, may be claimed by us from the editor of this magazine at some future time.

Mr. Lamb's personal appearance was remarkable. It quite realised the expectations of those who think that an author and a wit should have a distinct air, a separate costume, a particular cloth, something positive and singular about him. Such unquestionably had Mr. Lamb. Once he rejoiced in snuff-colour, but latterly his costume was inveterately black—with gaiters which seemed longing for something more substantial to close in. His legs were remarkably slight—so indeed was his whole body, which was of short stature, but surmounted by a head of amazing fineness. We never saw any other that approached it in its intellectual cast and formation. Such only may be seen occasionally in the finer portraits of Titian. His face was deeply marked and full of noble lines—traces of sensibility, imagination, suffering, and much thought. His wit was in his eye, luminous, quick and restless. The smile that played about his mouth was ever cordial and good-humoured; and the most cordial and delightful of its smiles were those with which he accompanied his affectionate talk with his sister, or his jokes against her. We have purposely refrained from speaking of that noble-minded and noble-hearted woman, because in describing her brother we describe her. Her heart and her intellect have been through life the counterpart of his own. The two have lived as one, in double singleness together. She has been, indeed, the supplement and completion of his existence. His obligations to her had extended beyond the period of his memory, and they accompanied him to his grave. Yet he returned them not unfittingly! The "mighty debt of love he owed" was paid to her in full. When he says otherwise in his charming sonnets to her, he merely expresses the ever unsatisfied longings of true affection. Coleridge and she had the first and strongest holds upon his heart. The little volume to which we referred in the commencement illustrates this in an affecting manner. In the pride of that first entrance into the world under the protection of his greater friend, he had not forgotten his sister. He dedicated all he had written to her. "The few following poems," he says, "creatures of the fancy and the feeling, in life's more vacant hours, produced for the most part by love in idleness, are, with all a brother's fondness, inscribed to Mary Ann Lamb, the author's best friend and sister." When, in after life, he had the power of acquitting his debt to her more nobly, by dedicating his whole existence to hers, he presented the offering of his poetry to Coleridge. Well might he express that strange and most touching wish, after the life they had led—"I wish that I could throw into a heap the remainder of our joint existences, that we might share them in equal division. But that is impossible!" It was indeed, and the survivor is not the most fortunate. Never more shall we see the picture they used to present—worth a hundred common-places of common existence—when they paid the occasional visits they both loved to London! never more see the affectionate and earnest watchings on her side—the pleasant evasions, the charming deference, and the little touches of gratitude on his! We recollect being once sent by her to seek "Charles," who had rambled away from her. We found him in the Temple, looking up, near Crown-office-row, at the house where he was born. Such was his ever-touching habit of seeking alliance with the scenes of old times. They were the dearer to him that distance had withdrawn them. He wished to pass his life among things gone by, yet not forgotten. We shall never forget the affectionate "Yes, boy," with which he returned our repeating his own striking lines,—

> "Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
> Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse!"

This paper, long as it has already proved, must not be finished without the mention of one most honourable characteristic in which Mr. Lamb has stood alone, amidst all the political strife and personal bickerings of modern literature. He put himself in personal opposition to no one. He would recognise no difference of opinion as a plea against social meeting and friendly fellowship. "It is an error," he said, in a spirit of deep philosophy (the passage does not appear in his published writings), "more particularly incident to persons of the correctest principles and habits, to seclude themselves from the rest of mankind, as from another species, and form into knots and clubs. The best people, herding thus exclusively, are in danger of contracting a narrowness. Heat and cold, dryness and moisture, in the natural world, do not fly asunder, to split the globe into sectarian parts and separations; but mingling, as they best may, correct the malignity of any single predominance. The analogy holds, I suppose, in the moral world. If all the good people were to ship themselves off to terra incognitas, what, in humanity's name, is to become of the refuse?" Charles Lamb wrote in periodicals of all opinions, and held all differing friends firmly and cordially by the hand, as if indeed of one family of brothers. His friendship with Southey did not shake his intimacy with the editor of the "Examiner," or move him one jot from the side of Hazlitt. Lamb first met that great writer at Mr. Godwin's house, when one of those meaning jests he used to blurt out so often bound at once the far-sighted metaphysician to his side. Holcroft and Coleridge happened to be there, and were as usual engaged in a fierce dispute. The question between them was as to which was best, "man as he was, or man as he is to be," and it was at its highest when Lamb stammered out, "Give me a man as he is *not* to be!" The friendship, however, which this saying commenced, was once interrupted for some time by some wilful fancy on the part of the irritable and world-soured philosopher. At this time Southey happened to pay a compliment to Lamb at the expense of some of his companions, Hazlitt among them. The faithful and unswerving

heart of the other, forsaking not, although forsaken, refused a compliance at such a price, and sent it back to the giver. The character of William Hazlitt, which he wrote at the same time, may stand for ever as one of the proudest and truest evidences of the writer's heart and intellect. It will be reprinted, we trust, in the edition of his collected works. It brought back, at once, the repentant offender to the arms of his friend, and nothing again separated them till death came. Charles Lamb was, we believe, the only one of his old associates seen at the grave of Hazlitt.

And now the grave has received Charles Lamb. We stood near as it was closed over him—never closed it over a better or wiser spirit. May he who has given so much happiness to others be now more truly happy—possessing the great reward which all his life has deserved that he should win!

From the Asiatic Journal.

HURDWAR AND JUGGURNAUT.

These celebrated places of Hindoo pilgrimage are, at peculiar periods of the year, highly attractive to European visiters, more particularly Hurdwar, which lies almost in the route of those who are traveling to or from the Himalaya, and which possesses, in addition to its other claims to notice, picturesque beauties which can scarcely be surpassed. It is at this hallowed spot that the sacred river, emerging from its mountain birth-place, enters upon the wide plains of Hindostan, a clear, beautiful, but rather shallow stream, and, though somewhat rapid, affording, at the period of the annual fair, no indications of the fury and velocity with which, during the rains, it pursues its headlong course until it meets the sea.

The town of Hurdwar, which is distinguished by a handsome range of buildings, backing an esplanade which runs along the bank of the river, occupies ground only partially cleared from the neighbouring forest. The deep and dense woods of the terrace sweep down to the western suburb, uniting their verdant avenues to the arched gateways and pillared colonnades of the streets. The pass, or gorge, leading to the valley of the Dhoon, presents landscapes of almost incomparable beauty, while the splendid piles of mountains, rising in the background, give a wild sublimity to the scene, which can scarcely fail to inspire with enthusiastic delight every breast not entirely indifferent to nature's wonders. We know not whether the fine bursts of scenery, which greet the eye at every point, have any part in the attachment manifested by the pilgrims to Hurdwar: the natives in general, and more particularly the lower classes, are singularly deficient in their perceptions of inanimate beauty; indeed, it is doubtful whether they are much attracted by loveliness in any form, or whether they do not, either in their wisdom, or their want of relish for the poetry of life, always prefer the *utilis* to the *dulcis*. A tree to them is chiefly, if not entirely, valuable for its shade; a stream is associated solely with the pleasure of quenching the thirst, and cooling the parched brow; and if a wife be docile, and fully equal to her household duties, it matters little what her claims to beauty may be. Yet, though more than ordinarily free from poetical influences, some portion of the rapturous delight with which the Hindoo devotees hail the first sight of the Ganges, as it issues forth from the Alpine solitudes beyond Hurdwar, must be attributed to the enchantment produced upon the eye by the loveliness of the combinations of hill, and wood, and gushing river. Shouts of "*Mahadeo Bol!*" of "*Bol! Bol!*" and "*Ram! Ram!*" rend the skies, as the worshippers of the sacred waters approach the place of their pilgrimage. The road is covered for miles with traveling parties: rich, poor, of both sexes and all ages, crowd to this oriental carnival, and there is scarcely any part of Asia which does not send forth a deputation; the commercial speculations and traffic, incidental to the fair, being quite as attractive to the worldly minded, as purification to the devotee.

In former times, the meeting of so vast a multitude was productive of many hostile collisions. The rage of different sects was excited against each other, and quarrels were followed up by blows and bloodshed. The accounts given by the few European spectators who, before the occupation of the country by the British government, chanced to visit the strange and wondrous scene, were absolutely terrific. At that time, holy mendicants, and men who could command bands of armed retainers, tyrannised over less fortunate persons; while professional robbers openly pursued their calling, plundering with impunity those who were unable to defend themselves. Affairs now wear a much more peaceable aspect, and the order and tranquillity which prevails reflects the greatest credit upon the civil and military authorities, upon whom the task of maintaining harmony amidst such jarring materials devolves.

The town of Hurdwar does not afford accommodation for the tenth part of the numbers who crowd to its ghauts, but Asiatics are independent of lodging-rooms; the rich carry their canvass dwellings along with them, and the poor are contented with the shelter of a tree. The country round about is formed into one vast camp, in which Arabs, Cingalese, Persians, Tartars, mingle with Seiks, people from Cutch, Guzerat, Nepaul, and all other provinces of India; while, a little removed from the din and clamour of the Babel-like assemblage, are to be seen the tents of European visitants, ladies, who venture fearlessly into the hubbub, sitting as much at their ease as the dust, the myriads of flies, and the intolerable clamour, will admit.

The fairs of India differ in many particulars from those of Europe; though jugglers and tumblers are to be found, together with snake-charmers and others who procure their subsistence by the exhibition of slight-of-hand or tricks of cunning, there are, properly speaking, none of the shows which attract so much attention at home. The articles intended for sale are arranged with more regard to convenience than taste, either strewed promiscuously upon the ground, or hidden in the tents; the various wild animals, which form a part of the merchant's speculations, are openly exposed to public view, and, though gazed at with wonder and amazement by strangers from distant lands, are not rendered more profitable by being exhibited for money. The passion for sight-seeing may be equally strong in India as in England, but it is chiefly confined to the pageants displayed at festivals, and as yet curiosity has not been much excited by the wonders of nature. The cattle-department, at the fair of Hurdwar, is the most attractive, both to Europeans and natives, being considered the best in India; horses are brought from Kattiawar, Cutch, Persia, and the shores of the Red Sea, perfect in blood and bone, proud in their bearing, swift as the wind, and suited to warriors and cavaliers: these fine animals are contrasted with a race less showy, but equally useful, the small compact and sturdy breeds of Cashmere and Cabul, and the mountain ghoonts, of which M. Jacquemont has lately made such honourable mention. Elephants also rear their gigantic forms in the encamping grounds of the dealers. Like the horse, they are distinguished by their good points: the tusks should be perfect, and they are greatly esteemed when the tail is of the orthodox dimensions, and furnished with a flat tuft of hair at its extremity. The difference of appearance between an elephant destined for the pad, or as the caparisoned bearer of princes

and nobles, is very great, but will bear no comparison with that which is displayed in the camel. At Hurdwar, every description of this animal may be seen, from the uncomfortable-looking, dejected beast of burthen, to the thorough-bred *hircarrah*, which can maintain its speed during a hundred miles without pause or rest: a winged messenger, which none but the best trained and hardiest of riders can venture to mount. For a very long period, the camel and the dromedary were supposed to be distinct animals, but modern naturalists have decided that there is in reality no difference between them, the single and double-humped being merely a variety, and the fleetness and intelligence of both depending upon early education. Buffalos, cows, and sheep, are likewise exhibited for sale, the list of domestic animals closing with dogs and cats, the beautiful races of Persia, so much sought after in India, make their appearance by the side of some huge elephant. Monkeys, which may be said to occupy a sort of debateable ground between the wild beasts of the field and the quadrupeds which man has enlisted into his service, are brought in great numbers to Hurdwar; bears, leopards, and cheetas are likewise numerous, and deer of every kind, from the stately nylghau, to that diminutive species which can be so rarely preserved in a state of captivity, even in India, are purchaseable; the yak is also sometimes to be found at Hurdwar, though the advance of the season renders their appearance rare, since they are unable to bear the heat of the plains. The most valuable articles of commerce procurable at this fair, are the gems and precious stones of all descriptions which lapidaries bring from every part of Asia; the shawls and cloths from Cashmere and Thibet rank next; the same dealer may also have a stock of English woollens upon hand; and perfumery and *bijouterie* of every kind from London and Paris find their way to this remote market.

In former remarks upon the subject of the extraordinarily low prices at which European goods are sold by native dealers, and the consequent losses sustained by speculations made at a venture, we have mentioned the heterogenous mixture of articles in the possession of Indian venders, and their extreme ignorance of the intrinsic value of each. Many of the investments sent out to India are utterly useless to the great bulk of the population; and so little have the climate, habits, and wants of the people been studied by European traders, that cargoes of Irish butter have been despatched to Calcutta, and, as a matter of course, nothing but the casks remained at the end of the voyage, the contents having exuded at every crack. It was at one time thought by the worthies of Glasgow, that the natives of India would gladly exchange their muslin turbans for a covering of felt; and accordingly a ship was freighted with round hats, articles only prized by the *topee wallahs* (hat fellows), the term commonly used to designate an European. We do not know whether the information upon this important subject, communicated in the Madras and Calcutta papers, has traveled to England, but in speaking of the commodities which are to be met with at Hurdwar, it will not be out of place to mention those which would be most likely to find purchasers at fair prices. In the cutlery department, there should be scissors, pen-knives, and razors; next, common padlocks, and cheap locks of every description; red and blue broad-cloth, and serge, with woollen caps, such as sailors wear. In cotton and silk, care should be taken to select articles which would make up readily into turbans and *sarees;* the former should be white, scarlet, or crimson, plain or flowered, twenty yards long by twelve inches; cloths for the deputtee six yards long and one and a-half broad, plain, or white, or those with coloured borders, which are much in request; also chintses of gaudy patterns, which, as the fashions in India are unchangeable, would secure a constant sale. Stationary is in considerable demand, but it should consist of very cheap paper, both foolscap and post, French and Italian, it is said, answering best, in consequence of the low price at which they are manufactured; quills, red wafers, and black-lead pencils, complete the list in this department. The catalogue of English books is rather amusing; in addition to school dictionaries, that of Mylius, and that by Fulton and Knight being recommended; Murray's grammar, spelling-book and English reader: the list contains an abridgment of the *Spectator*, *Arabian Nights*, *Chesterfield's Letters*, the whole or abridged; English Dialogues, the *Young Man's Best Companion*, and the *Universal Letter Writer*. These are eagerly sought after, but as yet, as far as regards the generality of Indian students, the remaining portion of English literature has been written in vain, and will not find native purchasers beyond the presidencies. Watches of silver or yellow metal, costing from thirty shillings to five pounds, are greatly in demand; also good spectacles, in cheap mountings of silver or metal, plated ware not finding a ready sale in India; small mirrors in plain frames, and lanthorns of a common sort, fitted up with lamps for oil. Patterns of hardware manufactory should be procured from India, for the natives will not eat or drink out of new-fangled utensils, however convenient they may be; plates, dishes, basins, and bowls, of iron, copper, and tin, should be fashioned after a peculiar manner, as also the *lota*, or jug, from which if an unpractised European were to attempt to drink, he would inevitably spill every drop of the liquor. In medicine, there is an incessant demand for the following articles: bark-powder and quinine, jalap and cream of tartar, essence of peppermint, brandy disguised as a medicine, eau de Cologne, lavender-water, and strong sweet water, such as eau de mille fleurs. This list will appear very scanty, but the gentleman who furnished it assures us that it will not be expedient to add any thing to it for the purpose of supplying the wants of the interior: he caused it to be examined and corrected by several opulent and respectable natives, who were well acquainted with the actual state of the country, and with what would be most likely to sell amidst the great mass of the people; many of the most respectable classes being poor, and content with the commonest conveniences of life. In our anxiety to promote the interests of commerce, we subjoin the concluding paragraph of this interesting article upon the subject of India trade: "One point, however, must not be forgotten; most invoices are sold at Madras, where the prices maintained are very moderate. They seldom reach the interior, where a better price would be easily found, and when carried up the country by hawkers and petty dealers, the price becomes exorbitant. To obviate these inconveniences, the exporter should provide cases containing small miscellaneous invoices, *made up in England*, and these should be landed at various parts of the coast, so as to be conveyed straight to the best market; as, for instance, Tanjore, Madura, Trichinopoly, Nagpore, Seringapatam, or Hyderabad. At these places and many more (the names of which will be gradually ascertained by the merchant), a ready-money price will be immediately obtained; the cost of inland carriage will not average more than two per cent. on the prime cost, while the profits will be from one hundred to three hundred per cent."

The English visiters at Hurdwar are made to smile at the base uses to which the refinements of European luxury are degraded; nothing appears to be employed for the purpose for which it was originally intended: table-covers of woollen with printed borders, black and crimson, or yellow and blue, figure upon the shoulders of the poorer classes, who have purchased them for next to nothing, tables being at present unknown in the houses of the natives, while prints are offered for sale upside down, and hung up in the same manner when purchased. A taste for the fine arts is still a desideratum in India, and from our own knowledge of the difficulty of

explaining the most obvious pictorial subject to an uneducated native, we much question the probability of conveying instruction through the medium of paintings.

There is of course nothing like neatness or order in the arrangement, of the stalls of the merchants at Hurdwar. Each strives to make the merits of his commodities known by clamorous commendations. It is necessary to be a good judge of every article to avoid being taken in, and to be tolerably expert at driving a bargain: the venders demanding exorbitant sums, which they lower gradually when convinced that they have no chance of succeeding in obtaining more than a tenth part. The art of selling a horse is well understood in India, and persons ought to be well acquainted with the secrets of the trade to deal with such experienced jockeys. The dexterity with which they show off the animal's accomplishments, and the extraordinary degree of training and doctoring which they undergo, deceive the inexperienced and the presumptuous youths, who fancy that they may credit the evidence of their senses. An incorrigibly vicious beast, which nothing but a native of the Pampas could ride, is drugged with opium until he appears to be of lamb-like gentleness; while stimulants are administered to the weak and sluggish, which give them a temporary show of vigour and activity. Some of the finest Arabs bear very high prices; the principal merchant, during the writer's residence in India, asked £800 for a beautiful milk-white charger, and could not be induced to take a smaller sum: the price of a good camel is £8, but the sums given for elephants vary as much as those at which horses are sold.

The waters of the Ganges are supposed to derive additional sanctity at the expiration of every twelfth year, and the concourse of pilgrims is much greater upon these anniversaries. The astronomers in attendance calculate the precise moment in which ablution is particularly beneficial, and, at the sounding of the Brahminical shell, the anxious crowds precipitate themselves into the water. In consequence of the narrowness of the principal ghaut, this simultaneous rush was formerly attended with great danger, and frequently with loss of life. A dreadful concussion, in which numbers perished, determined the British government to remedy the evil; a more commodious passage to the river was constructed, and the returning pilgrims, when they saw the preparations made to secure their safety, mingled shouts and blessings upon their human benefactors, with their acclamations to Mahadeva. The liveliness with which the Hindoos express their gratitude, and their quick sensibility to kindness and attention to their convenience and comfort, seem incompatible with the apathetic temperament manifested upon many occasions. The prejudices of caste, and the influence of predestinarianism, which render them indifferent to suffering, are the causes of this inconsistency, and, so great is their effect, that it is difficult to imagine that one and the same person could display such contrary feelings,—so much coldness and torpor at one period, and so much emotion and vivacity at another. At Hurdwar, all the enthusiastic elements of the native character are called into action; the pilgrims and merchants are lively and energetic beyond the sober conceptions of the English spectators, who look on half-stupified by the clamour, and all astonishment at the power of the human lungs exhibited in a manner almost exceeding belief. The noises incidental to a crowded Indian assemblage have been too often described in the pages of the *Asiatic Journal*, to need repetition here; but they are so supereminently astounding at Hurdwar, that no account of the ordinary din and dissonance can afford the faintest notion of the uproar which prevails. The ringing of bells, the firing of cannon, and the loud huzzas of European multitudes, however deafening, are nothing to the wild and continuous discord which assails the ear at this meeting. The bawling and drumming of the fakirs never appear to cease during a single instant; then, in addition to the most horrid blast the direst trumpet ever blew, we have the Brahminical shell, the nobut, the dhole, and the gong. The animals terrified by the confusion around them, neigh, bellow, grunt, and roar, with more than usual vehemence, and this tumult continues, night and day, without the slightest interval of peace.

The only ceremonial used by the bathers is that of ablution, which consists merely in dipping in the Ganges, and in paying the tribute, collected carefully by the attendant Brahmins. Those who are desirous of securing a large share of the good things of this and of the next world, are proportionably liberal to the religious mendicants, who form the most conspicuous figures in the scene. The more dreadfully degraded from the dignity of men, the more filthy, squalid, and indecent in their appearance, the higher is the veneration with which these fakirs are regarded. Though sufficiently numerous in other places, they repair in troops to Hurdwar, occupying the verandahs, galleries, and roofs of the principal buildings, and stages of bamboo erected for their accommodation in the centre of the stream, superintending the devotions of the bathers, which are however, generally speaking, confined to manifestations of joy at having obtained the end and object of a long and toilsome pilgrimage. The latest accounts from India state that the fair at Hurdwar is upon the decline, and that many of the Brahmins, who were formerly attached to its temples, have taken service under Europeans. By some, this falling off in religious enthusiasm is attributed to the conviction (mainly produced by the subjection of Bhurporte), that it is impossible to withstand the power of the Christians, who will sooner or later induce all India to conform to their creed, and this idea has doubtless considerable weight with a superstitious people. But, however, in remarking upon the lukewarmness observable, all over Hindoostan, towards festivals formerly exciting the highest degree of reverential regard, the labours of the missionaries must not be wholly overlooked and forgotten. Since the period in which the English first obtained a footing in India, the efforts of these zealous disciples have been unremitting; they are always to be found in large and promiscuous assemblies, standing at the ghauts, or sitting in the porches of the temples, distributing tracts to the passers-by, and expounding the Scriptures to such as will listen to them. Not discouraged by their apparent want of success, they have continued to exercise the duties of their calling with untiring activity, and we should do great injustice to the intellectual powers of many of the classes of the natives, if we did not suppose that the perusal of such portions of the Holy Writings as have been placed for the purpose in their hands, has not had the effect of disturbing their belief in the monstrous fallacies of the Hindoo religion. Captain Skinner assures us that the sikhs, in particular, evinced the greatest anxiety to possess themselves of the tracts offered to them by a missionary at the fair of Hurdwar. "I stood," observes the above-mentioned authority, "near the spot where he was sitting, without, I believe, being perceived by him, and was astonished at the attention which they all paid to the few words which he was able to address to them. A middle-aged man, with several of his family about him, came up to me with his book, and repeated the words the 'Padre Sahib' had spoken to him on presenting it, and, as if really anxious to have them corroborated, asked with much earnestness if it were true—'*Sach bat*?' I assured him it all was,—'Then,' said he, 'I will read the book to my family when I get home.'"

The new ghaut is exceedingly wide and handsome, not less than a hundred feet in breadth, and descending by a fine flight of about sixty steps into the water; it is covered at every hour of the day with multitudes of bathers,

ascending and descending and uttering *Wah! wah!* as they contrast the present facilities with the former difficulties of the approach.

The annual fair at Hurdwar affords abundant opportunity for the exercise of dacoity; it is here that the highest dexterity in the art of thieving is displayed. It is said that, like the vampire-bat, which lulls its victim to sleep by gently fanning him with its wings while it sucks the vital current from his veins, these accomplished marauders employ some soothing art which deepens the repose of the slumberer, while they possess themselves of every article belonging to him, even to the very sheet on which he may be lying; stripped to the skin, and their bodies rubbed with oil, no snake can be more smooth and supple, or more quiet in its movements. They will glide into a tent, in spite of the utmost watchfulness of the sentinel appointed to guard it; and so impossible is it to prevent the entrance of such intruders, that the only method to preserve the property is to keep it all upon the outside, under the charge of the sentry, who must neither slumber upon his post nor stir for a single instant from the spot.

At all periods of the year, the ghauts at Hurdwar are frequented by pilgrims; but they are few in number compared to the tide which rushes down the mountain gorge and along the lower plains, at the anniversary of the fair.

Very different from Hurdwar is the aspect of Juggurnaut. This celebrated temple is erected upon the sea coast of Orissa, in the district of Cuttack, the first Indian land which the passengers of a ship sailing direct from England to Calcutta espy. The dark and frowning pagoda, rising abruptly from a ridge of sand, forms a conspicuous object from the sea, its huge and shapeless mass not unlike some ill-proportioned giant, affording a gloomy type of the hideous superstitions of the land. While gazing on this mighty Moloch, the mind is impressed with a strange awe, the bright and golden sunshine above, and the waving foliage below, only serve to deepen its horrors; it looks like a foul blot upon the fair face of nature, a frightful monument of man's success in marring the designs of his Creator. At Hurdwar, it is not only very possible to sympathise in the feeling of the multitudes, whose adoration is called forth by the bright river, one of the greatest blessings which the Almighty has bestowed upon the burning soil, but to go even farther, and lift up your thoughts, amidst the most beautiful scenes of nature, unto nature's God. At Juggurnaut, there is nothing save unalloyed horror. Frightful idols enclosed in an equally frightful shrine, and seen when viewed from the land to be surrounded by a waste of sand hills, revolt the mind, and give to superstition its most disgusting aspect; and the disagreeable impression, which a distant prospect excites, is increased upon a nearer approach to a scene associated with all that is most fearful and disgusting in religious error. Every known rule of architecture being set at defiance, it would be difficult, without the aid of the pencil, to convey an idea of the half-tower, half-pyramidical style of the great pagoda; it is built of a coarse red granite brought from the southern parts of Cuttack, and covered with a rough coating of Chunam. The tower containing the idols, which is 200 feet high, and serves as a land-mark to the mariner, stands in the centre of a quadrangle, enclosed by a high stone wall, extending 650 feet on each side, and surrounded by minor edifices of nondescript shapes. The magnitude of these buildings forms their sole claim to admiration; they are profusely decorated with sculpture, but so rudely carved as to afford no pleasure to the eye, the only object worthy of praise being a pillar of black stone beautifully proportioned, and finely designed, which has been brought from the black pagoda in the neighbourhood, and placed in front of the principal entrance. The outer-gateway and the great portal of the temple are ascended by broad flights of steps, and the interior is described as being very curious and well worthy of inspection, a sight which, however, is very rarely enjoyed by Europeans. The Brahmins in attendance take care to exclude all profane footsteps; but it is said, upon the authority of Major Archer, that a young officer of a native corps, a peculiar favourite with the sepoys under his command, was at one time smuggled into the sanctuary by the connivance of the soldiers, who dyed his skin of the proper hue, dressed him in full costume, and painting the peculiar marks of their caste upon his forehead and nose, crowded round him upon all sides, and, thus secured from detection, brought him into the very presence of the idol. A distant view, notwithstanding the zeal of his conductors, was all that he obtained; and either there not being a great deal to attract his attention, or a sense of danger preventing him from feeling sufficiently at his ease to make many observations, the information acquired from his account was very scanty; he told his friends that he saw nothing but large courts and apartments for the priests.

The festival of the *Rath Jatra* takes place every year; but, as at Hurdwar, it increases in sanctity at peculiar periods, every third, sixth, and twelfth anniversary, the latter more particularly, being considered of greater importance than those that intervene. The concourse of pilgrims is still exceedingly large, and numbers, as in former times, never return, leaving their bodies to fester on the neighbouring sands, victims to a horrible superstition, though not, as heretofore, sacrificed under the suicidal wheels of the cruel idol's car. Such immolations are becoming very unfrequent; but fatigue, hardship, want of food, and the various diseases brought on by exposure to the pestilential atmosphere of the rains, make fearful havoc among the miserable wretches who hasten onwards to the holy precincts of the temple, in the hope of obtaining a panacea for all their woes.

A favourite method of approaching to Juggurnaut, by those who have either great offences to expiate, or who are desirous of obtaining a more than ordinary portion of beatitude, is to measure the length the whole way from some extraordinary distance. The pilgrim lies down, marks the spot which the extremity of his hands have touched, and rising rests his feet upon the spot, and, again prostrating himself, repeats the same process. Five years are sometimes consumed in this manner, and, as the penance may be performed by proxy, it is often volunteered for a certain sum of money, the wages being most scrupulously earned by the person who undertakes the duty. In no part of the world is gold so all-powerful as in India; upon the morning of an intended execution, a stranger appeared in the place of the criminal, and declaring that he had for a certain consideration agreed to suffer for the person who had made the bargain, seemed quite astonished to find any hesitation on the part of the authorities to execute the sentence, remonstrating with them upon the folly of their scruples, since he was ready and willing to perform his part. Fortunately for him, he had not to deal with his own countrymen, who, provided that somebody died, would have cared very little whether it was the offender or his substitute.*

The great temple of Juggurnaut was erected in the twelfth century, under the auspices of the chief minister of the rajah of the district. The idols have nothing to distinguish them save their size and their deformity; the principal one, Krishna, is intended as a mystic representation of the supreme power, for the Hindoos are unanimous in declaring that they worship only one God, and that the images which they exhibit, and to which they pay the most reverential homage, are merely attributes of a deity pervading the whole of nature; he is associated with the two other personages of the Hindoo triad, and

* Such substitutions are not uncommon in China.—Ed.

every one of the idols particularly venerated by the numerous tribes and sects of Hindoostan, obtains a shrine within the precincts of this huge temple, so that all castes may unite in celebrating the great festival with one accord. The installation of the great idol upon his car or *rath*, and the procession attendant upon his triumphal march to a country residence about a mile and a half distant, a journey which occupies three days, are performed with many ceremonies, though not all of a very respectful nature. Previous to this grand ovation, the images are taken from their altars to be bathed, and are then exhibited to public view upon an elevated terrace. These gigantic busts, hideously ugly, and scarcely bearing the rudest lineaments of the human form, are seen mounted upon pedestals, the latter being concealed by muffling draperies. The hands, feet, and ears of the great idol are of gold, but these are kept in a box by themselves, and are only fastened into their sockets after Juggurnaut has been safely deposited upon his car. While seated in state upon the terrace, a canopy, gay with cloths of various colours, is raised over the heads of the triad, and crowds of Brahmins are in attendance with punkahs and chowries, to beat off the flies. Occasionally, the sudden flash of a vivid fire-work sheds a momentary ray upon the horrid countenances of these Dagons, and in the next instant all is again involved in the indistinct gloom of an eastern twilight, dimly revealing the huge forms of the idols, and the eager gesticulations of their misguided votaries. The unwieldiness of Juggurnaut and his companions, and the absence of the machinery necessary to effect their removal in a proper and decorous manner, occasions a scene which scandalises European eyes, but which the natives, accustomed to the doctrine of expediency, survey without feeling that they are offering any indignity to the objects of their worship. The only method of transport, which has been yet devised, is by means of ropes fastened round the necks and feet of these cumbrous images, which are thus dragged from their high places down the steps, and through the gateways of the temple, and are afterwards hauled up in the same manner upon the *raths*, without regard to mud or dust.

The car of Juggurnaut is a monstrous vehicle, gigantic in its dimensions, and associated in the mind with images of horror; it is a sort of platform, forty-three feet in height and thirty-five feet square, moving upon sixteen wheels, each six feet and a half in diameter: the ornaments with which it is decorated are by no means splendid, its principal attraction being a covering of striped and spangled broad-cloth. The villagers of the neighbouring pergunnahs have their fields rent-free upon the condition of attendance at the cars of the idols. This duty, at present esteemed a privilege, is not exclusively confined to those who are so well rewarded for its performance, but, before the whole ceremony concludes, the zeal of many of the devotees is so completely exausted, that the *raths* would scarcely reach their destination were it not for the services which the Brahmins can command. It takes fifteen hundred men to put each of the cars of Juggurnaut in motion, and, when the idols are fairly established in their places, the shouts and cries of the frenzied multitude are such as to lead us to fancy that the whole of Pandemonium had been let loose, an idea which is strengthened by the fiend-like figures of the Jogies, Gossains, and other religious mendicants, whose grim visages, lighted up with a frantic joy, give them a super-human appearance, as they cheer on their insane followers to acts of horror. Though the ponderous wheels of Juggurnaut no longer go crushing over the bodies of prostrate victims, the fury and excitement, with which the assembled crowd rush to the car, are absolutely appalling. In places of very inferior note, there is something frightful in the noisy lumbering progress of the cumbrous *rath*, surmounted by a hideous idol, dragged about in honour of the festival; but in the very heart and centre of this abominable superstition, the celebration becomes perfectly terrific, and the senses overwrought, faint, and sicken at the view. The scenery of the place, its bare sands, the surging of the ocean in the distance, the drenching rains, damp gales, and sudden tempests of the fitful atmosphere, add to the wild horrors of this awful pageant. Each day the exhibition becomes more ghastly, as the wan victims of famine and disease drop exhausted around, making a golgotha of the unhallowed precincts.

The most sacred portion of the soil round the temple of Juggurnaut extends to a circle of about eight miles, though the land is considered holy to a much greater distance; and the whole, during sickly seasons, may be said to be covered with the dead bodies of the pilgrims, who, unequal to encounter exposure to the inclemency of the weather, sink under accumulated hardships, to form a frightful banquet for carrion birds and beasts of prey. Most authorities agree that the tax, which was levied by the government upon the pilgrims to Juggurnaut, here as well as at Allahabad, tended to diminish the number of persons resorting to the festival, and also the amount of suicides. Still a good deal of scandal was excited by the support of an establishment, by Christian rulers, of a stud of elephants, horses and other equipments for the service of the idol; and the annual waste of life, though not occasioned by actual offerings to the blood-stained wheels of the demoniacal car, is nearly equally shocking, as the result of one of the most frightful delusions that ever spread its curse upon the human race. The country about Juggurnaut consists of low sand-hills covered by a thick, but not tall, forest of trees, the gigantic vegetable products of the soil not being found so near the coast: about a mile from the sea, cultivation abruptly ceases, the intervening space being a waste of deep and loose sand, extending along the desolate shore. The town of Pooree is situated upon the margin of this desert; but the European cantonments, with greater regard to comfort and convenience than picturesque beauty, occupy a high ridge, which is perfectly destitute of verdure, fronting the sea, and having the benefit of all its cooling breezes. Pooree is, in consequence, notwithstanding its desolate appearance and its isolated situation, a desirable quarter; punkahs are scarcely necessary at any period of the year, and, worn out by the oppressive heat of Bengal and Hindoostan, many are delighted to loiter away the time on the health-inspiring, though solitary, shores of Cuttack. The beach is destitute of shells, or of any marine production interesting to the naturalist; the neighbouring sea, however, abounds with fish; and oysters, crabs, and lobsters, which are never attainable at Calcutta in their freshest state, are taken with the greatest ease. They are not generally supposed to be equal in flavour to those found in England, but this idea is in all probability more occasioned by the want of appetite, and consequent relish, of the sojourners of a tropical clime than any real inferiority on the part of the fish. During the monsoon, the surf rises with great vehemence, presenting breakers equally formidable with those of Madras, and effectually preventing any thing save boats of native construction from holding communication with ships in the offing. It sometimes happens that officers, who have nearly outstayed the period permitted for absence in England, prevail upon the captains who bring them out to land them at Pooree, whence they can report their return to head-quarters long before the ship can reach its destined port; and as at all times the European outward-bound appear within sight of the black pagoda, or the temple of Juggurnaut, and not unfrequently hold communication by signal with the harbour master of Pooree, the inhabitants of the station look out with great anxiety for passing vessels, and derive their greatest enjoyment

from the expectation of obtaining news from England before it can arrive at Calcutta.

The sand is ill adapted either for walking or for riding, and in boisterous weather becomes so great a nuisance as more than to counterbalance the advantages of the sea-breeze. The houses are not built with the attention to comfort which characterises those of the interior; they are more in the style of the primitive bungalow, pervious to every wind from heaven, and gritty in every quarter from the drifting sand. The interior parts of the district abound in game; but in the immediate neighbourhood of Pooree, the ardour of the most determined sportsman is soon quenched by the difficulties which surround him, and the worthlessness of the prizes which reward his toil. But while the mightiest hunter is obliged to remain inactive, a wide field is opened to the antiquary, who may spend the whole period of a protracted sojourn in examining and enquiring into the relics of Hindoo antiquities which are to be found in every part of the hallowed soil. There are several pagodas, occupying a considerable tract of ground, scattered amongst the sand-hills which have heaped themselves along the coast. Many of these are protected from the encroachments of the drift, by massy walls; but others, not having the same facilities for keeping the space clear around them, are almost swallowed up in the sand. All are exceedingly picturesque in their appearance, and their gaunt and withered inhabitants, only a little less infernal in their aspect than the deformed objects of their worship, sprawling on the floors, or grinning from a niche, combined with the dreariness of the land scene, and the loud roar of the ever-sounding surf, altogether form a picture of wild sublimity, which leaves an indelible impression upon the mind.

The black pagoda or temple of the sun, one of the most splendid Hindoo remains which India can boast, and which is an object of great attraction to all the intellectual visitants of Pooree, is situated about sixteen miles to the north of the native city, in the midst of a wilderness of sand, with which the jungle has struggled, not always unsuccessfully, for the ascendancy; here and there patches of verdure make their appearance, and the gentle risings of the ground relieve the dull monotony of the adjacent plains. It is of much earlier antiquity than Juggurnaut, but has lost its sanctity in the eyes of the multitude, and is now deserted and left to ruin. The roof is pyramidal, rising from a square building of great solidity; but owing to a defect in the architecture, a large portion of this massive edifice is in ruins, and it is somewhat difficult to comprehend its original design. Weeds, the gigantic product of a most prolific soil, prickly pear, and copse-wood, have spread themselves over and amidst the enormous masses of recumbent ruins, above which the surviving portion of the temple rears itself, and from the summit of an elephant mound, bids defiance to the encroaching sand, and lifts its head proudly as a beacon to the wanderers of the wave. Those who have closely examined the numberless sculptures which adorn that once splendid temple, report them to be of exquisite beauty; the choice of subject, however, in many must prevent them from being made better known by the aid of drawings; but this unhappy taste does not pervade the whole edifice, and some of the colossal remains, especially of elephants and griffins, are magnificent. Any attempt at minute description would occupy many pages, while it must utterly fail in conveying an adequate idea of the lonely majesty of this desecrated pile. A few fakirs, looking more like wood demons than men, share the shelter afforded by the numerous cavernous chambers, with the porcupines and bears composing the principal population of the place: tigers occasionally join the assembly, though the latter intruders, arousing the spirit of adventure in the youth of the neighbouring station, are speedily put to the rout.

The intolerance of the Musulmans, and their determination to overthrow idolatory in the seat of their conquests, obliged the Brahmins of Juggurnaut, upon more than one occasion, to resort to stratagems for the preservation of their sacred images. Twice have they been carried away and hidden amongst fastnesses beyond the Chilka lake, (a neck of the sea about seventeen miles to the south of Pooree,) and there enshrined until better times enabled them to return: but even the servants of the prophet, tired of the attempt to force their religion upon the still more bigoted followers of Brahma, came at length to a compromise, and turned the object of their antipathy into a source of profit, by instituting a tax, which was continued by the British government. Formerly, the concourse of pilgrims was so great as to yield a revenue of nine lacs of rupees; but the receipts have dwindled yearly, during a considerable period, and the progress of civilisation and of knowledge is now extending so rapidly, that at no very great distance of time we may hope that the fearful orgies celebrated at Juggurnaut may be looked upon as bygone things, and that a purer creed will be established upon the ruins of that monstrous fabric of superstition, which has so long tyrannised over the mental faculties of the Indian world.

From the London Metropolitan.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

We parted in silence, we parted by night,
On the banks of that lonely river,
Where the fragrant limes their boughs unite,—
We met, and we parted for ever.
The night-bird sang, and the stars above
Told many a touching story,
Of friends long past to the kingdom of love,
Where the soul wears its mantle of glory.

We parted in silence,—our cheeks were wet
With the tears that were past controlling;
We vow'd we would never—no never forget,
And those vows at the time were consoling:
But the lips that echoed the vow of mine,
Are cold as that lonely river;
And that eye, the beautiful spirit's shrine,
Has shrouded its fires for ever.

And now on the midnight sky I look,
And my heart grows full to weeping;
Each *star* is to me as a *sealed book*,
Some tale of that loved one keeping.
We parted in silence, we parted in tears,
On the banks of that lonely river;
But the odour and bloom of those bygone years
Shall hang round its water for ever.

COMBATIVENESS.

One of the most efficacious modes employed by Dr Gall to determine the functions of the different parts of the brain, was to observe, at every opportunity, the heads of persons distinguished by any peculiarity of disposition or talent, and to note in what particular region a large developement appeared in them all. Having, in the course of his researches, collected in his house a number of persons belonging to the lower ranks, such as porters and hackney-coachmen, his attention was drawn to the fact, that while some individuals were spoken of by their comrades as remarkable for provoking disputes and contentions, there were others, of a pacific disposition, who they regarded with contempt, and called poltroons. "A the most quarrelsome," says Gall, "found great pleasure in giving me very circumstantial narratives of their ex-

ploits, I was anxious to see whether any thing was to be found in the heads of these heroes which distinguished them from those of the poltroons. I ranged the quarrellers on one side, and the peaceable on the other, and examined carefully the heads of both. I found that, in all the quarrellers, the head, immediately behind and on a level with the top of the ears, was much broader than in the poltroons. On other occasions, I assembled, separately, those who were most distinguished for their bravery, and those who were most distinguished for their cowardice. I repeated my researches, and found my first observations confirmed. I therefore began to conjecture that an inclination to contention (*penchant aux rixes*) might really be the result of a particular organ. I endeavoured to find out, on the one hand, men of acknowledged superior bravery, and on the other, men known to be great cowards. At the combats of wild beasts at that time still exhibited in Vienna, there appeared a first-rate fighter of extreme intrepidity, who often presented himself in the arena to sustain, alone, a fight with a wild boar or a bull, or any ferocious animal whatever. I found him in the region of the head, just pointed out, very broad and rounded (*bombée*). I took a cast of this head, and likewise of those of some other *braves*, that I might run no risk of forgetting their particular conformations. I examined also the heads of some of my comrades who had been expelled from several universities for continual duel-fighting. Among these was one who knew no greater pleasure than that of establishing himself in an ale-house, and mocking the workmen who came thither to drink,—and when he saw them disposed to come to blows, putting out the lights, and giving them battle in the dark, chair in hand. He was, in appearance, a little weakly man. He reminded me of another of my comrades, a Swiss, who used to amuse himself at Strasburg by provoking quarrels with men much stronger and larger than himself. I visited several schools, and had pointed out to me the scholars who were the most quarrelsome, and those who were the most cowardly. I prosecuted the same observations in the families of my acquaintance. In the course of my researches my attention was arrested by a very handsome young woman, who, from her childhood, had been fond of dressing herself in male attire, and going secretly out of doors to fight with the blackguards in the streets. After her marriage, she constantly sought occasion to fight with men. When she had guests at dinner, she challenged the strongest of them, after the repast, to wrestle with her. I likewise knew a lady who, although of small stature and delicate constitution, was often judicially summoned, because of her custom of striking her domestics of both sexes. When she was on a journey, two drunken wagoners, having lost their way in the inn during the night, entered the chamber where she was sleeping alone: she received them with such vigour with the candlesticks, which she hurled at their heads, and the chairs with which she struck them, that they were forced to betake themselves to flight. In all these persons I found the region in question formed in the manner above described, although the heads were shaped in other respects quite differently. These observations emboldened me, and I began thenceforth to speak, in my lectures, of an *organ of courage*, as I then called it.—*Phrenological Journal.*

Judgment of Books.—I have no other rule by which to judge of what I read, than that of consulting the disposition in which I rise up from my book; nor can I well conceive what sort of merit any piece has to boast, the reading of which leaves no benevolent impression behind it, nor stimulates the reader to any thing that is virtuous or good.—*Rousseau.*

From the New Monthly Magazine.

MY HONOURABLE FRIEND BOB.

It was at a public school that I first became acquainted with my friend Bob Burnaby; he was then a little round-faced, curly-pated boy about ten years of age; and I, being two years his senior, and there existing some intimacy between our parents, he was put under my especial protection. Bobby had been a spoiled child, (the only one possessed by Mr. and Mrs. Burnaby,) and until his tenth year the world had been to him a world of pies and tarts, of comfits and comforts; his *will* had been the regulator of the paternal mansion, and his *pleasure* the main object promoted by his mother.

All this ended (that is as far as the young gentleman's residence at Burnaby Hall was concerned) in those roots of all evil, idleness and ignorance: and some rash and glaring acts of insubordination having brought upon Bob's head the wrath of his father, (whose head, by the by, was more in error than his son's,) the young reprobate had sudden notice to quit, and in spite of the threats, entreaties, and hysterics of Mrs. Burnaby, he was immediately borne off to the academic shades superintended by the Rev. Dr. Rearpepper.

I soon became very fond of Bob; we naturally feel attached to those who cling to us for support, and every thing was so new to him, poor fellow, that without me he was miserable. By day and by night he was my appendage; he sat on the same form, at the same desk, casting up his little sums, or writing his little exercises; and at night his little bed was close to mine, and he used to talk to me about his papa and mama, and the big dog Pompey, till he talked himself to sleep. At that very early age Bob had acquired a taste for extravagance; his money always burned a hole in his little breeches pocket, and when it was gone many a shilling did he borrow of me, and more did he owe to Mrs. Puffy, the fat vender of pastry, whose residence was "down the street."

These premature extravagances, pretty as they certainly were, of course led to little difficulties; and perhaps the worst result likely to arise from early embarrassments is, the habit of fibbing, and making a mystery and a concealment of troubles, which nothing but candour could really remedy. And thus it was with Bob: had I not loved him and been a real friend, he would have forfeited my friendship a hundred times; so often did he borrow, and so often did he promise repayment, and so often did he forget to fulfil the promises he voluntarily made. But no, I wrong him, he did *not* forget; I always saw that he felt infinitely more annoyed than I did, when he stood before me a defaulter, and his flushed cheek and moistened eyes proved that he endured humiliation, and that at heart he was even then my *honourable friend.*

At sixteen I left Dr. Rearpepper's establishment, and many were the tears that poor Bob shed at my departure: he said nothing about the nine shillings and fourpence that he owed me, but when I said, "Bob, be sure you write to me," I suspect that he almost expected me to add, "and don't forget to enclose the money."

During my residence at Oxford we never met; at first our interchange of letters was frequent, and the style of our communications most affectionate, but gradually a change came over the spirit of our dream, and for a whole year I heard nothing of him. At length, by the coach came a splendidly bound copy of a work which he knew to be my favourite, and in the title-page was written my name, and underneath the words, "from his affectionate and grateful friend, Bob."

"Yes," thought I, as I read the inscription, "and thou art still my honourable friend." Bob, after so long a period had elapsed, was naturally ashamed to send me the few shillings which he owed me; but he could not be happy till he had spent many pounds on a gift which was intended to repay me. With the parcel I received a letter announcing his having entered the army, and adding, that he was about to join his regiment, which was then on a foreign station. He entreated me not to suppose from his long silence that he had forgotten me; and in short, there was so much warmth of heart in the whole letter, that Bob was reinstated in my good graces, and I wrote him a most affectionate reply, assuring him that whenever we met he would find me unaltered.

After quitting Oxford, I traveled on the continent for many months, and on my return to England I found my friend Bob at an hotel in Bond street; and in every sense of the word "a gay man about town."

Ours was more like the re-union of boys after a summer's vacation, than the meeting of men who had seen something of the world; we could talk only of the past, of frolic, and of fun; and while arm in arm we ranged the streets of the west end, we laughed almost as much, and were really nearly as thoughtless, as in the days when together we ranged the playground of old Rear-pepper.

Whatever *I* may have been, Bob was indeed unchanged, and not alone in spirits and temper, for I soon found that his old habits had grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength. He still retained his "sweet tooth," and daily did he lead me in to Gunter's or Grange's, (nay often into both in turn,) and there I saw him indulge, as he used of old in the habitation of Mrs. Puffy; the only difference was that his dainties were somewhat more refined, and more expensive; for, alas! I soon saw that the old injunction, "Put it down to my bill," had by no means fallen into disuse. I also saw, with regret, that all other tradespeople were most impartially dealt with by Bob in the same way; and I saw him take possession of trinkets, coats, hats, and boots, without considering it requisite to take his purse out of his pocket.

Now I knew that Bob would eventually, in all probability, be exceedingly well off, but I greatly doubted his having it then in his power to pay for one fourth of the valuable articles which I saw him so unceremoniously take possession of. I one day ventured to speak to him on the subject, and from his embarrassed manner, and the deepened colour in his cheek, I saw he felt the truth of what I said; but I soon found that with the old error, he still retained the old bad habit of fibbing to endeavour to conceal it; and the consequence was that we spent our evening together with much more reserve than usual. The next morning I forgot all that had passed, for Bob ran to my bedside to inform me that he was ordered to India, and must leave London in a day or two: he showed me his letters, and it was evident that he must prepare for his immediate departure. We breakfasted together, and during the repast the waiter was continually presenting him with wafered notes, and it appeared that several persons had called very earnestly, wishing to see him. I had my suspicions about these visitations, but said nothing.

Immediately after breakfast Bob took my arm, and requested me to walk with him; and after passing through several streets and squares in unusual silence, and with an appearance of agitation in his manner, he suddenly addressed me.

"There is no alternative," said he, "I must go."

"You must, indeed, Bob," I replied, "unless you are *detained*."

"*Detained!*" said Bob, blushing, "how do you mean?"

"Pardon me," I answered, "but really few young men could go on as you have lately done, and be prepared for a departure so sudden; now, my dear Bob, you know what my finances are; you know I have literally *nothing* to spare, but if knowing this, you think I can be of temporary use to you, command me."

Bob grasped my arm, and his eyes watered, but he was ashamed to own the extent of his incumbrances: he therefore hastily answered—

"This is like yourself, my dear friend, and at the moment you may indeed serve me by putting your name to a bill."

"Not of large amount, Bob, I trust?"

"No—yes—larger, I fear, than——"

"If it be a large sum, Bob, you know that if your draft is not honoured when it is due I shall go to prison instead of you."

"Never," said Bob, with a fervour and an evidence of deep feeling which I could not distrust.

"Well, then, what is the sum?" said I.

"First let me tell you some circumstances which press heavily on my heart," said Bob; "not here—come with me this way."

And in solemn silence he led me to Park-lane.

"What can all this mean?" said I, at last.

"Hush!" said Bob, "you see that house?"

And he pointed to a very handsome and well-appointed mansion. Two footmen in splendid liveries were standing at the door, receiving cards from the window of a coroneted carriage.

"See the house?" I replied; "to be sure I do; and what then?"

"That house is owned by one of the richest commoners in England."

"I should think so," I answered.

"He has an only daughter," said Bob.

"Has he?" said I.

"His sole heiress," added Bob.

And again I answered, "What then?"

"I am ashamed of having concealed all this so long from so dear a friend," murmured Bob.

"All what?"

"But the secret was not my own."

"What secret?"

"That lovely girl!"

"Upon my word, Bob," I cried, "you put me out of all patience."

"I have won that girl's affections."

"The heiress?" said I.

"She loves me," whispered Bob.

"My dear fellow," I exclaimed, "this is news indeed. You have no occasion for assistance from a poor fellow like me."

"Oh!" said Bob, "you have not heard all; she loves me—to madness loves me—poor dear girl! But rich as her father is, were he to suppose that I am involved, he would forbid the match."

"A very sensible old man."

"That may be; but there is another obstacle—my rank. Clara will not consent to marry any thing below a captain."

I could not repress a laugh.

"It is a foible perhaps," said Bob, rather piqued; "but it is her only one, and I must humour it; but my promotion depends on my going to India, and——"

"Well, well," said I, "I understand all this; but tell me at once what you wish *me* to do for you?"

"To put your name to a draft for one hundred and ninety pounds," faltered Bob.

"Mercy on me! what a sum!" said I; "however, it must be done, and when the draft becomes due——"

"I will honourably pay it."

"If not, to prison I go; and now let us return to our hotel."

"One moment," said Bob; "I love to look at the house."

"At the casket which contains the gem?" said I.

"Yes, and for your sake too I love to look at it. You see those three windows shaded with sky-blue silk curtains? Oh! such a little room that is! and that room I always mean to be your own *exclusively*, when I am master of the mansion. Such a room! the furniture so exquisite! and such a view of the park! But come, we'll talk all that over while we are at dinner."

Before that meal was half finished, Bob seemed quite to have recovered his spirits; and I could not help suspecting, that as the prospect of an immediate separation did not seem to depress him, he loved the *lady* less than he loved her *gold*.

"I can't imagine, Bob," said I, "when you contrived to win your divinity; you and I have been for months almost inseparable, and——"

"Ask no questions," said Bob; "the secret is not my own."

"Not entirely, certainly," I replied; "so I will not interrogate you farther. Is she to inherit that house in Park-lane from her father?"

"To be sure she is; and such a house as it is! and that room which I mean for you! you are fond of a hot bath?"

"Very."

"There is a sky-blue silk sofa in that room, and when you touch a spring, it flies up (I don't exactly know how), and turns into the most delightful white marble bath?"

"How very nice!" said I.

"Yes, and so very complete! three cocks!"

"Three!" said I; "two you mean."

"No, no, three," replied Bob; one for hot water——"

"Yes," said I.

"And one for cold——"

"Well, that makes two," said I.

"And one," said Bob, for "eau-de-Cologne."

In the evening I put my name to Bob's draft, and the next morning we parted with mutual expressions of regret.

I missed him sadly, and it so happened that after he went, many untoward circumstances occurred, which having first materially lowered my resources, next effectually lowered my spirits, and I used to saunter through our old haunts looking like the ghost of his companion.

When he was gone I became acquainted with many circumstances connected with his expenditure which perfectly astounded me, and at the end of four months (exactly two months before it was to become due,) I had every reason to doubt whether the draft for one hundred and ninety pounds would ever be paid. I was conscious of my own utter inability to pay it; and I therefore existed for a week or two in a state of mental excitement not to be described. One day after breakfast I sallied forth more dolorous than usual, and after wandering about for some time, I found myself in Park-lane, opposite the identical mansion inhabited by Bob's intended.

"Ah!" thought I, "were Bob now in possession of that house, all would go well with us; his heart is in the right place, poor fellow, but, alas! before he puts me in possession of that sky-blue apartment, with the hot water, and the cold, and the eau-de-Cologne, I may be in prison, and my name disgraced."

As I looked towards the balcony of the drawing-room, I saw a female watering some geraniums; and suddenly turning her head towards me, she seemed to recognise my person, and gave me a familiar nod.

I soon discovered it was my old friend and near connection, Mrs. Simmons, and beckoning me to the window, she exclaimed, "Oh! I'm delighted to see you—we only came to town yesterday—we are on a visit to Mr. Molesworth—pray come in, and I'll introduce you."

I knocked at the hall door in a state of mind not to described; the hall door of a house in which I (*by anticipation*) already possessed a room of my own, with sky-blue curtains, and a bath overflowing with eau-de-Cologne! I walked up stairs, and my friend Mrs. Simmons received me at the drawing-room door, and introduced me to Mr. Molesworth (an old gentleman in a pair of gouty shoes) and his only daughter (a lovely fair-haired girl of about eighteen).

In this family I spent many happy days; and being, though unknown to her, so well acquainted with the secret of the young lady's heart, I became more intimate with her than I could have been with any one else without incurring the imputation of "serious intentions." In this instance,

however, my knowledge of the fair heiress's engagements to another person made me feel perfectly at my ease; and we became the talk of all our acquaintances, without my being the least aware that we were engaged even in a little flirtation.

To my utter astonishment, Mrs. Simmons came to me one day (it was the day before that on which Bob's draft was to become due), and with a knowing look asked me why I was so out of spirits; I gave an evasive reply, for I did not choose to own the paltry pecuniary difficulty which was threatening to overpower me.

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Simmons, "go boldly and make your offer; your connections are unexceptionable, and whatever your present income may be, your prospects are excellent; besides she has enough for both."

"And pray," I replied, "what do you mean by *she*?"

"Miss Molesworth, to be sure," said my friend, "I am sure she is attached to you, and———"

"You know nothing about it," said I, "for I can tell *you* that———"

I hesitated, for I had no right to betray Bob's secret.

"Well," said Mrs. Simmons, "here she comes, and I will leave you together."

With these words *exit* Mrs. Simmons at one door, and at the same moment *enters* Miss Molesworth at the other.

"What is the matter?" said the young lady, earnestly, "you seem agitated! what has happened?"

"Are we alone?" said I, after a pause. "It is better that I should be explicit."

Miss Molesworth started, coloured, and cast down her eyes. Had I been a favoured lover on the point of making my avowal of attachment, she could not have been more embarrassed.

"Do not be alarmed," said I, "I am Bob's best friend; and I know your secret."

"My secret!" cried Miss Molesworth.

"Yes, dear lady," I answered, "I am, as I told you before, the intimate friend of Bob."

"Of Bob!" said she.

"Yes," I answered, taking her hand, "I'm Bob's old school-fellow.

"And pray, sir," said she, withdrawing her hand, "who is Bob?"

"Do not distress yourself," I whispered, "do not think it necessary to conceal any thing from me; before he left England, Bob told me all."

"All what?" cried Miss Molesworth.

"Your mutual attachment—your engagement," I replied.

Miss Molesworth started up, colouring crimson; at first she could not articulate, but at last she said—"I know not, sir, to what I am to attribute this conduct. I have been attached to no one—engaged to no one—I know not of whom it is you speak. I had considered you, sir, in the light of a friend; but now, sir, now———"

She could say no more, but sank on a chair beside me in a flood of tears. A mist at the moment fell from my eyes; at once I saw the full extent of Bob's unpardonable falsehood, and the distressing certainty flashed on my mind, that his draft would be dishonoured.

Mrs. Simmons entered at the moment, and found us both apparently plunged into the depths of despair. Miss Molesworth was in an instant weeping on her shoulder, and before a quarter of an hour had elapsed, without my knowing exactly how it happened, I found myself breathing forth vows of love to the young lady, and exulting in my discovery that her engagement to my friend Bob was a fable.

Miss Molesworth referred me to her father, but I read in her large blue eyes that she did *not* dislike me; I therefore retired to my bed that night full of love and hope, and dreamed of driving my wife in a chariot drawn by six dragons, over the mangled body of Bob Burnaby.

The next morning my first thoughts was of my approaching interview with Mr. Molesworth; but, alas! it was soon followed by my recollection of Bob's draft, and the too great probability that, before night, I should be in durance vile for the amount. My own resources were at the moment inadequate to meet the demand, and could I ask a rich man to let me marry his daughter, and expect that his first act would be to pay one hundred and ninety pounds to extricate me from a prison!

At length I made up my mind to walk to Bob's banker's, and at once ascertain the worst; I did so, and on my arrival I was astonished at being informed by a clerk, that "Mr. Burnaby had provided funds for the payment of his draft."

So far I had wronged my honourable friend; and I was therefore able to appear in Park-lane in excellent spirits. "The course" of my "true love" did, for a wonder, "run smooth," and all our preliminaries having been finally arranged, the Molesworths left town for the family seat in Wiltshire, and I remained to arrange some legal and other matters which would in all probability detain me for a couple of months. I was sitting in my own room rather out of spirits the morning after my true love's departure, when the door opened and in came Bob. He was so evidently delighted to see me again, that I could not help receiving him kindly. He spoke of the obligation I had conferred on him previous to his departure: and after frankly acknowledging the gratification I had felt at his punctuality, I said—"And now, Bob, that you have the rank of captain, nothing can interpose to prevent your marriage."

"My marriage!" said Bob, blushing all over.

"Yes," I replied, laughing *in my sleeve*, "your marriage with the heiress of Park-lane!"

"Oh!" cried Bob, starting from his chair and pressing my hand, "never—never, I entreat you, mention that subject again."

"Why so?" said I.

"It is all off," sighed Bob.

"Off!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," said Bob, "the traitress! but I cannot speak on the subject—never name it again."

I, of course, promised to obey him, and for some days we enjoyed ourselves very much in the old way. One morning he came to me in real distress, and told me that his tailor had threatened to arrest him for the amount of his bill; I offered

o go and speak to the man, and endeavour to ersuade him to give Bob time.

"If he will only give me a month," said Bob.

"Well," I replied, "I can but try him;" and way I went.

The tailor was inexorable; but he told me that f I would become responsible for the payment of he debt in a month, he would consent to wait; f not, he was determined to arrest Bob that day.

hesitated for a moment, and then recollecting is prompt payment of the hundred and ninety ounds, I made myself responsible for the amount f the bill, and then returned to congratulate my riend. When I had told him what I had done, e started up and exclaimed—"You do not mean t; you cannot have made yourself responsible or the amount of that fellow's bill?"

"I have, I assure you," said I.

"Then," said Bob, "you will have to pay it; I hall not have the money myself—I never asked ou to incur the responsibility—I never expected t, and all I can say is, that you will have to pay."

"My dear Bob," said I, "it will not be in my ower—I am peculiarly situated; at the end of a nonth I shall be most particularly engaged, and aying this will be out of the question."

Still Bob protested that he had never asked me o become responsible, and it ended in his leaving ne in a very ill humour. My engagements with egal persons employed me for days together in he city, and I saw very little of Bob. When we lid meet, my manner was cold and constrained, nd it was not till within a day or two of the ex- iration of the month that I had time to think of he very inopportune and annoying responsibility which I had incurred. That very day I met Bob, and spoke to him very earnestly and eriously about the payment; but he sighed most leeply—told me how much he lamented my aving engaged to make the payment, and pa- hetically bemoaned the emptiness of his own ockets. The next morning I called on the ailor, earnestly requesting him to renew the raft for a month, and was then told that my onourable friend had called that very day, and ad placed in his hands the sum for which I was esponsible.

I went instantly to call upon him, and he eceived me with laughter, in which I could not esist joining; but I must confess I laughed the nore from the recollection that my hour of re- enge was at hand.

About a fortnight afterwards (the family of my ntended having arrived in town for the wedding, which was to take place the next morning at St. George's church, Hanover-square,) Bob enquired *what* it was that seemed to occupy me from morning till night, and *why* it was that we so seldom met?"

"My dear Bob," said I, "it has been a secret, ut I will now hide no secrets from you; I am going to be married to-morrow."

"Married to-morrow!" cried Bob, "tell me all about it; who is she? Where does she live? Is she pretty? Is she rich?"

"There is no time," said I, "to answer your questions at present, I dine with the family at six, and mean to take you with me; go and dress, and in half an hour I will call for you in a carriage."

"Where does your intended live?" said Bob, as we drove along Oxford street.

"Time will show," I replied.

"Where are we going now?" said Bob, as the carriage made a sudden turn.

"We are in Park-lane," I replied.

"And the lady lives——?" faltered Bob.

"In Park-lane," said I.

Bob sat in a state of evident confusion; and when the carriage stopped at Mr. Molesworth's house, he said, "I deserve this—I am quite ashamed of myself—come, come, turn back, and drive home."

"By no means," I replied, as the servant gave a thundering knock at the door, and then let down the steps of the carriage.

"Why, you won't go in!" cried Bob, as he breathlessly ran up the steps after me, and vigorously pulled at the tail of my coat.

"Go in," said I, "to be sure, and you will meet old friends, and show me the room with the bath, and the——"

"You are going too far," whispered Bob. "I see my error—I uttered what was false—forgive me. But these servants, and the inmates of the house, will think us mad."

"Not at all," I replied; "speak the truth in future as I have done to you."

I pressed his hand, and led him up the stairs; I saw that he was depressed and humiliated, and when we got to the drawing-room door, he murmured, "And do *they* know it? I cannot face them."

"They know *nothing*," I replied, "and shall never know from me any thing discreditable to my honourable friend Bob."

"I will never utter a falsehood again," said Bob; and I firmly believe that he adhered to his resolution. T. H. B.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

ON THE REMOVAL OF SOME OLD FAMILY PORTRAITS.—AUGUST, 1834.

Silent friends! fare ye well—
Shadows! adieu.
Living friends long I've lost,
Now I lose you.

Bitter tears many I've shed,
You've seen them flow;
Dreary hours many I've spent,
Full well ye know.

Yet in my loneliness,
Kindly, methought,
Still ye looked down on me,
Mocking me not,

With light speech and hollow words,
Grating so sore
The sad heart, with many ills
Sick to the core.

Then, if my clouded skies
Brighten'd awhile,
Seem'd your soft serious eyes
Almost to smile.

Silent friends! fare ye well—
Shadows! adieu.
Living friends long I've lost,
Now I lose you.
Taken from hearth and board,
When all were gone;
I looked up at you, and felt
Not quite alone.
Not quite companionless,
While in each face
Met me familiar
The stamp of my race.
Thine, gentle ancestress!
Dove-eyed and fair,
Melting in sympathy
Oft for my care.
Grim knight and stern visaged!
Yet see, I could
(Smoothing that furrow'd face)
Good-will to me.
Bland looks were beaming
Upon me I knew,
Fair sir!—bonnie lady!—
From you, and from you.
Little think happy ones,
Heart-circled round,
How fast to senseless things
Hearts may be bound;
How, when the living prop's
Moulder'd and gone,
Heart-strings, low trailing left,
Clasp the cold stone.
Silent friends! fare ye well—
Shadows! adieu.
Living friends long I've lost,
Now I lose you.
Often, when spirit-vexed,
Weary and worn,
To your quiet faces, mute
Friends, would I turn.
Soft as I gazed on them,
Soothing as balm,
Lulling the passion-storm,
Stole your deep calm—
Till, as I longer look'd,
Surely, methought,
Ye read and replied to
My questioning thought.
"Daughter," ye softly said—
"Peace to thine heart:
We too—yes, daughter! have
Been as thou art,
"Toss'd on the troubled waves,
Life's stormy sea;
Chance and change manifold
Proving like thee.
"Hope lifted—doubt depressed—
Seeing in part—
Tired—troubled—tempted—
Sustained as thou art—
Our God is *thy* God—what He
Willeth is best—
Trust him as we trusted: then
Rest, as we rest."
Silent friends! fare ye well—
Shadows! adieu—
One friend abideth still
All changes through.

C.

From the London Metropolitan.

THE BATHS OF PFEFFERS.

BY JAMES JOHNSON, M. D., PHYSICIAN EXTRAORDINARY TO THE KING, &c. &c. &c.

Among the strange places into which man has penetrated in search of treasure or health, there is probably not one on this earth, or under it, more wonderful than the Baths of Pfeffers, situated in the country of the Grisons, a few miles distant from the Splugen road, as it leads from Wallenstadt to Coire. They are little known to, and still less frequented by, the English; for we could not learn that any of our countrymen had visited them during the summer of 1834.

Having procured five small and steady horses accustomed to the locality, a party of three ladies and two gentlemen,* started from the little town of Ragatz on a beautiful morning in August, and commenced a steep and zig-zag ascent up the mountain, through a forest of majestic pines and other trees. In a quarter of an hour, we heard the roar of a torrent, but could see nothing of itself, or even its bed. The path, however, soon approached the verge of a dark and tremendous ravine, the sides of which were composed of perpendicular rocks several hundred feet high, and at the bottom of which the Tamina, a rapid mountain torrent, foamed along in its course to the valley of Sargans, there to fall into the upper Rhine. The stream itself, however, was far beyond our view, and was only known by its hollow and distant murmurs. The ascent, for the first three miles, is extremely fatiguing, so that the horses were obliged to take breath every ten minutes. The narrow path (for it is only a kind of mule-track) often winded along the very brink of the precipice, on our left, yet the eye could not penetrate to the bottom of the abyss. After more than an hour of toilsome climbing, we emerged from the wood, and found ourselves in one of the most picturesque and romantic spots that can well be imagined. The road now meanders horizontally through a high, but cultivated region, towards the village of Valentz, through fields, gardens, vineyards, and meadows, studded with chaumiers and chalets, perched fantastically on projecting ledges of rock, or sheltered from the winds by tall and verdant pines. The prospect from Valentz, or rather from above the village, is one of the most beautiful and splendid I have any where seen in Switzerland. We are there at a sufficient distance from the horrid ravine, to contemplate it without terror, and listen to the roaring torrent, thundering unseen, along its rugged and precipitous bed. Beyond the ravine we see the monastery and village of Pfeffers, perched on a high and apparently inaccessible promontory, over which rise alpine mountains, their sides covered with woods, their summits with snow, and their gorges glittering with glaciers. But it is towards the east that the prospect is most magnificent and varied. The eye ranges, with equal pleasure and astonishment, over the valley of Sargans, through which rolls the infant Rhine, and beyond which the majestic

* Mr. and Miss Hayward, Mrs. and Miss Johnson, and myself.

ranges of the Rhetian Alps, ten thousand feet high, rise one over the other, till their summits mingle with the clouds. Among these ranges the Scesa-plana, the Angstenberg, the Flesch, (like a gigantic pyramid,) and in the distance the Alps that tower round Feldkirck, are the most prominent features. During our journey to the baths, the morning sun played on the snowy summits of the distant mountains, and marked their forms on the blue expanse behind them, in the most distinct outlines. But, on our return, in the afternoon, when the fleecy clouds had assembled, in fantastic groups, along the lofty barrier, the reflections and refractions of the solar beams threw a splendid crown of glory round the icy heads of the Rhetian Alps—changing that "cold sublimity," with which the morning atmosphere had invested them, into a glow of illumination which no pen or pencil could portray. To enjoy the widest possible range of this matchless prospect, the tourist must climb the peaks that overhang the village, when his eye may wander over the whole of the Grison Alps and valleys, even to the lake of Constance.

From Valentz we turned abruptly down towards the ravine, at the very bottom of which are the Baths of Pfeffers. The descent is by a series of acute and precipitous tourniquets, requiring great caution, as the horses themselves could hardly keep on their legs, even when eased of their riders. At length we found ourselves in the area of a vast edifice, resembling an overgrown factory, with a thousand windows, and six or seven stories high.

It is built on a ledge of rock that lies on the left bank of the Tamina torrent, which chafes along its foundation. The precipice on the opposite side of the Tamina, and distant about fifty paces from the mansion, or rather hospital, rises five or six hundred feet, as perpendicular as a wall, keeping the edifice in a perpetual shade, except for a few hours in the middle of the day. The left bank of the ravine, on which the hospital stands, is less precipitous, as it admits of a zig-zag path to and from the baths. The locale, altogether, of such an establishment, at the very bottom of a frightful ravine, and for ever chafed by a roaring torrent, is the most singularly wild and picturesque I had ever beheld; but the wonders of Pfeffers are not yet even glanced at.

From the western extremity of this vast asylum of invalids, a narrow wooden bridge spans the Tamina, and by it we gain footing on a small platform of rock on the opposite side. Here a remarkable phenomenon presents itself. The deep ravine, which had hitherto preserved a width of some one hundred and fifty feet, contracts, all at once, into a narrow cleft or crevasse, of less than twenty feet, whose marble sides shoot up from the bed of the torrent, to a height of four or five hundred feet, not merely perpendicular, but actually inclining towards each other, so that, at their summits, they almost touch, thus leaving a narrow fissure through which a faint glimmering of light descends, and just serves to render objects visible within this gloomy cavern. Out of this recess the Tamina darts in a sheet of foam, and with a deafening noise reverberated from the rocks within and without the crevasse. On approaching the entrance, the eye penetrates along a majestic vista of marble walls in close approximation, and terminating in obscurity, with a narrow waving line of sky above, and a roaring torrent below! Along the southern wall of this sombre gorge, a fragile scaffold, of only two planks in breadth, is seen to run, suspended—as it were—in air, fifty feet above the torrent, and three or four hundred feet beneath the crevice that admits air and light from heaven into the profound abyss. This frail and frightful footpath is continued (will it be believed?) nearly *half a mile* into the marble womb of the mountain! Its construction must have been a work of great difficulty and peril; for its transit cannot be made even by the most curious and adventurous travellers, without fear and trembling, amounting often to a sense of shuddering and horror. Along these two planks we crept or crawled, with faltering steps and palpitating hearts. It has been my fortune to visit most of the wonderful localities of this globe, but an equal to this I never beheld.

"Imagination," says an intelligent traveller, "the most vivid, could not portray the portals of Tartarus under forms more hideous than those which nature has displayed in this place. We enter this gorge on a bridge of planks (pont de planches) sustained by wedges driven into the rocks. It takes a quarter of an hour or more to traverse this bridge, and it requires the utmost precaution. It is suspended over the Tamina, which is heard rolling furiously at a great depth beneath. The walls of this cavern, twisted, torn, and split (les parois laterales contournée, fendues, et dechirées) in various ways, rise perpendicular, and even incline towards each other, in the form of a dome; whilst the faint light that enters from the portal at the end, and the crevice above, diminishes as we proceed; the cold and humidity augmenting the horror produced by the scene. The fragments of rock sometimes overhang this gangway in such a manner, that the passenger cannot walk upright: at others, the marble wall recedes so much, that he is unable to lean against it for support. The scaffold is narrow, often slippery; and sometimes there is but a single plank separating us from the black abyss of the Tamina.* He who has cool courage, a steady eye, a firm step, ought to attempt this formidable excursion (épouvantable excursion) in clear and dry weather, lest he should find the planks wet and slippery. He should start in the middle of the day, with a slow and measured step, and without a stick. The safest plan is to have two guides supporting a pole, on the inside of which the stranger is to walk."

We neglected this precaution, and four out of the five pushed on, even without a guide at all. At forty or fifty paces from the entrance the gloom increases, while the roar of the torrent beneath, reverberated from the sides of the cavern, augments the sense of danger and the horror of the scene. The meridian sun penetrated sufficiently through the narrow line of fissure at the

* "Le pont est etroit, souvent glissant, et quelquefois on n'est separé que par une seule planche du noir abime de la Tamina."

summit of the dome, to throw a variety of lights and of shadows over the vast masses of variegated marble composing the walls of this stupendous cavern, compared with which, those of Salsette, Elephanta, and even Staffa, shrink into insignificance. A wooden pipe, which conveys the hot waters from their source to the baths, runs along in the angle between the scaffold and the rocks, and proves very serviceable, both as a support for one hand while pacing the plank, and as a seat, when the passenger wishes to rest, and contemplate the wonders of the cavern. At about one third of the distance inward, I would advise the tourist to halt, and survey the singular locality in which he is placed. The inequality of breadth in the long chink that divides the dome above, admits the light in very different proportions, and presents objects in a variety of aspects. The first impression which occupies the mind is caused by the cavern itself, with reflection on the portentous convulsion of nature which split the marble rock in twain, and opened a gigantic aqueduct for the mountain torrent.* After a few minutes' rumination on the action of subterranean fire, our attention is attracted to the slow but powerful operation of water on the solid parietes of this infernal grotto. We plainly perceive that the boisterous torrent has, in the course of time, and especially when swelled by rains, caused wonderful changes both in its beds and its banks. I would direct the attention of the traveller to a remarkable excavation formed by the waters on the opposite side of the chasm, and in a part more sombre than usual, in consequence of a bridge that spans the crevice above, and leads to the convent of Pfeffers. This natural grotto is hollowed out of the marble rock to the depth of thirty feet, being nearly forty feet in width, by twenty-six feet in height. It is difficult not to attribute it to art; and, as the whole cavern constantly reminds us of the Tartarean regions, this beautifully vaulted grotto seems to be fitted for the throne of Pluto and Proserpine, or, perhaps, for the tribunal of Rhadamanthus and his brothers of the Bench, while passing sentence on the ghosts that glide down this Acheron or Cocytus—for had the Tamina been known to the ancient poets, it would assuredly have been ranked as one of the rivers of hell.

One of the most startling phenomena, however, results from a perspective view into the cavern, when about midway, or rather less, from its portal. The rocky vista ends in obscurity; but gleams and columns of light burst down, in many places, from the meridian sun, through this "palpable obscure," so as to produce a wonderful variety of light and shade, as well as of bas-relief, along the fractured walls. While sitting on the rude wooden conduit before alluded to, and meditating on the infernal region upon which I had entered, I was surprised to behold, at a great distance, the figures of human beings, or thin shadows, (for I could not tell which,) advancing slowly towards me—suspended between heaven and earth—or, at least, between the vault of the cavern and the torrent of the Tamina, without any apparent pathway to sustain their steps, but seemingly treading in air, like disembodied spirits! While my attention was riveted on these figures, they suddenly disappeared; and the first impression on my mind was, that they had fallen and perished in the horrible abyss beneath. The painful sensation was soon relieved by the reappearance of the personages in more distinct shapes, and evidently composed of flesh and blood. Again they vanished from my sight; and, to my no small astonishment, I beheld their ghosts or their shadows advancing along the opposite side of the cavern! These, and many other optical illusions, were caused, of course, by the peculiar nature of the locality, and the unequal manner in which the light penetrated from above into this sombre chasm.

Surprise was frequently turned into a sense of danger, when the parties, advancing and retreating, met on this narrow scaffold. The "laws of the road" being different on the continent from those in Old England, my plan was to screw myself up into the smallest compass close to the rock, and thus allow passengers to steal by without opposition. We found that comparatively few penetrated to the extremity of the cavern, and the source of the Thermæ—the majority being frightened, or finding themselves incapable of bearing the sight of the rapid torrent under their feet without any solid security against precipitation into the infernal gulf. To the honour of the English ladies, I must say, that they explored the source of the waters with the most undaunted courage, and without entertaining a thought of returning from a half-finished tour to the regions below.*

Advancing still farther into the cavern, another phenomenon presented itself, for which we were unable to account at first. Every now and then we observed a gush of vapour or smoke (we could not tell which) issue from the further extremity of the rock on the left, spreading itself over the walls of the cavern, and ascending towards the crevice in the dome. It looked like an explosion of steam; but the roar of the torrent would have prevented us from hearing any noise, if such had occurred. We soon found, however, that it was occasioned by the rush of vapour from the cavern in which the Thermal source is situated, every time the door was opened for the ingress or egress of visiters to and from this natural vapour-bath. At such moments the whole scene

* It is surprising that the author of the "Voyage Pittoresque en Suisse," and even Dr. Ebell, should have been led into the monstrous error of imagining that the torrent of the Tamina had, in the course of ages, hollowed out of the marble rock this profound bed for itself. We might just as well suppose, that the bed of the Mediterranean had been scooped out by the waters of the Hellespont, in their way from the Black Sea to the Atlantic. The mountain was rent by some convulsion of nature, and apparently from below upwards, as the breadth, at the bed of the Tamina, is far broader than the external crevice above.

* This has not always been the case. The talented authoress of "Reminiscences of the Rhine," &c. appears to have lacked courage for this enterprise, though her beautiful daughters advanced to the further extremity of the gorge.

is so truly Tartarean, that had Virgil and Danté been acquainted with it, they need not have strained their imaginations in portraying the ideal abodes of fallen angels, infernal gods, and departed spirits, but painted a Hades from nature, with all the advantage of truth and reality in its favour.

Our ingress occupied nearly half an hour, when we found ourselves at the extremity of the parapet, on a jutting ledge of rock, and where the cavern assumed an unusually sombre complexion, in consequence of the cliffs actually uniting, or nearly so, at the summit of the dome. Here, too, the Tamina struggled, roared, and foamed through the narrow, dark, and rugged gorge with tremendous impetuosity and deafening noise, the sounds being echoed and reverberated a thousand times by the fractured angles and projections of the cavern. We were now at the source of the Thermæ. Ascending some steps cut out of the rock, we came to a door, which opened, and instantly enveloped us in tepid steam. We entered a grotto in the solid marble, but of what dimensions we could form no estimate, since it was dark as midnight, and full of dense and fervid vapour. We were quickly in an universal perspiration. The guides hurried us forward into another grotto, still deeper in the rock, where the steam was suffocating, and where we exuded at every pore. It was dark as pitch. An owl would not have been able to see an eagle within a foot of its saucer eyes. We were told to stoop and stretch out our hands. We did so, and immersed them in the boiling—or, at least, the gurgling, source of the Pfeffers. We then quaffed at this fountain of Hygeia.

Often had we slept in damp linen, while traveling through Holland, Germany, and Switzerland. We had now, by way of variety, a waking set of teguments saturated with moisture *ab interno*, as well as *ab externo*, to such an extent, that I believe each of us would have weighed at least half a stone more at our exit than on our entrance into this stew-pan of the Grison Alps.

On emerging into the damp, gelid, and gloomy atmosphere of the cavern, every thing appeared of a dazzling brightness after our short immersion in the Cimmerian darkness of the grotto. The transition of temperature was equally as abrupt as that of light. The vicissitude could have been little less than fifty or sixty degrees of Fahrenheit in one instant with all the disadvantage of dripping garments! It was like shifting the scene, with more than theatrical celerity, from the Black Hole of Calcutta to Fury Beach, or the snows of Nova Zembla. Some of the party less experienced in the effects of traveling than myself, considered themselves destined to illustrate the well-known allegory of the discontented—and that they would inevitably carry away with them a large cargo of that which thousands come here annually to get rid of—Rheumatism. I confess that I was not without some misgivings myself on this point, seeing that we had neither the means of changing our clothes nor of drying them—except by the heat of our bodies in the mountain breeze. The goddess of health, however, who is nearly related to the genius of traveling, preserved us from all the bad consequences, thermometrical and hygrometrical, of these abrupt vicissitudes.*

We retrograded along the narrow plank that suspended us over the profound abyss with caution, fear, and astonishment. The Tamina seemed to roar more loud and savage beneath us, as if incensed at our safe retreat. The sun had passed the meridian, and the gorge had assumed a far more lugubrious aspect than it wore on our entrance. The shivered rocks and splintered pinnacles that rose on each side of the torrent, in gothic arches of altitude sublime, seemed to frown on our retreating footsteps—while the human figures that moved at a distance along the crazy plank, before and behind us, frequently lost their just proportions, and assumed the most grotesque and extraordinary shapes and dimensions, according to the degree of light admitted by the narrow fissure above, and the scarcely discernible aperture at the extremity of this wonderful gorge. The Tamina, meanwhile, did not fail to play its part in the gorgeous scene—astonishing the eye by the rapidity of its movements, and astounding the ear by the vibrations of its echoes. It seemed to growl more furiously as we receded from the depths of the crevasse.

At length we gained the portal, and as the sun was still darting his bright rays into the deepest recesses of the ravine, glancing from the marble rocks, and glittering on the boiling torrent, the sudden transition from Cimmerian gloom to dazzling daylight, appeared like enchantment. While crossing the trembling bridge, I looked back on a scene which can never be eradicated from my memory. It is the most singular and impressive I have ever beheld on this globe, and compared with which, the Brunnens are "bubbles" indeed.†

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* This circumstance illustrates, in a very remarkable manner, the effects of passing from a hot, or vapour-bath, into cold air or water. The immunity is nearly certain. The hotter the medium from which we start into the cold, the less danger there is of suffering any inconvenience. This principle in Hygiene is more understood than practised.

† Lest I should be suspected of exaggeration, in this account of the baths of Pfeffers, I shall here introduce a short extract from "Reminiscences of the Rhine," &c. by Mrs. Boddington—a work eulogised to the skies in the Edinburgh Review, and its author represented (and, I understand, deservedly) as a lady of very superior talents and of strict veracity. After some slight notice of the bath-house, Mrs. B. proceeds thus:—

"Behind rolls the stormy Tamina, hemmed in at one side by the dark bath-house and the impending cliffs, while, on the other, a giant wall of perpendicular rock, starting up daringly, and shutting out the world—almost the light of Heaven—closes up the scene. Our guide proposed that we should visit the mineral springs that boil up from the depth of an awful cavern, several hundred paces from the bath-house. A bridge, thrown from rock to rock, crosses the flood, and a narrow ledge of planks, fixed, I know not how, against the side of the rock, and suspended over the fierce torrent, leads through a long, dark chasm to the source. I ventured but a little way; for, when I found myself on the terrifying shelf, without the slightest balustrade, and felt it slippery, from the continual spray, and saw nothing between us and the

While examining the waters, the baths, and the internal economy of the vast VALETUDINARIUM that stands in this savage locality, the bell announced the approach of the second, or superior dinner, which happened that day rather later than usual. The salon, overlooking the torrent of the Tamina, was soon replenished with guests of the better order; the canaille, or swarm of inferior invalids, having dined two hours or more previously, in the common *salle à manger*. It needed but little professional discrimination to class and specify them. The majority proclaimed the causes of their visits to the Pfeffers. Rheumatism, scrofula, and cutaneous diseases, formed the prominent features in this motley assemblage. Invalids, with chronic complaints, real or imaginary, such as abound at all watering-places, foreign and domestic, were mingled in the group; while a small portion, including our own party, evinced any thing but corporeal ailments—unless a "CANINE APPETITE," at a genuine German *table d'hôte*, may be ranked among the evils to which English flesh is heir. Some monks, from the neighbouring monastery, (to which the baths belong,) took rank, and indeed precedence, in this small division. The mountain breeze and fervid sun of the convent of Pfeffers had bronzed them with much of that nut-brown complexion, which traveling exercise in the open air had conferred on their British visiters; while their sleek cheeks and portly corporations proved, almost to a demonstration, that the holy fathers descended into the profound ravine of the Tamina to give their benediction to the waters, rather than to drink them—and to add a sacred zest to the viands of the refectory, by the alacrity with which they swallowed them. Their appearance illustrated the truth of the adage, "What will not poison will fatten."

Among the "miseries of human life" might be ranked that of dining, or rather starving, at a German *table d'hôte*—and that, too, in the midst of plenty! It is in such a place that the paradox is explained—*inopem me copia fecit*. Sir F. Head has remarked, that "the dish that is not acid is sure to be oily." If this were all, we should have small reason to complain. The misfortune is, that not only oils and acids are liberally distributed among his messes, by that infernal agent, the *Maitre de Cuisine*, but every loathsome ingredient that the three kingdoms of nature can furnish, is crammed into every pot and saucepan in his subterranean dominion. Some philosophers have endeavoured to distinguish man from other animals, and elevate him on the scale of created beings, on account of his *cooking* propensities. I think they entitle him to an additional seven years in purgatory, if there be such a place, as our catholic brethren affirm there is! One thing is clear, however, that he is punished here below for the crimes which he commits against nature, by "torturing dishes from their native taste," and mingling all unutterable things in that box of Pandora—his accursed culinary cauldron.

The succession is not less abhorrent to the English palate than the composition of continental dishes. It is generally believed that animal and vegetable food is designed to be eaten together; otherwise nature would have furnished one side of the mouth with incisors and the other with grinders. In the "continental system" they take a very different view of things. When the vegetables (rather less than half-boiled, and swimming in oil) are on the table, there is no animal food—none, at least, that has not undergone more transubstantiations than Vishnou, and more metamorphoses than are recorded by Ovid. When meat smokes on the board, the vegetables have disappeared. The animal that was browsing or bleating on the mountains the preceding day, and slaughtered in the night, is burnt to a cinder, or boiled till little more than bones and sinews are left; in either case, it is some degrees harder and tougher than well-tanned sole-leather. As for poor chanticleer, his ablation from the roost—decapitation in the court-yard—*auto da fé* in the kitchen—dissection in the *salle à manger*—and sepulture in some dark recess of a German stomach, occupy about three quarters of an hour—the five acts of the tragedy being often enacted *after* the soup has gone its round of the *table d'hôte*. If the uninitiated Briton sometimes screws his courage up to make an attack on one of those petty fortresses of filth, called "MADE DISHES"—or if he endeavours to stifle the cravings of nature on sour bread, sour krout, or sour wine, he stands a fair chance to be visited with colic, if not cholera, before the day is over. Placed thus between Scylla and Charybdis—between the tortures of hunger and the terrors of poison, an oasis in the desert does sometimes greet his eye—a good substantial dish of capon, veal, or mutton. By an instinctive impulse, he brandishes his couteau, or solicits to be *helped* by a brother guest. But the fate of Tantalus is his doom. Just as the prize appears to be within his grasp, it vanishes with as much celerity as the dishes of poor Sancho did by the conjuror's wand, in the island of Pandataria. The malicious waiter, aware of John Bull's propensities, never takes his eye from the savoury viand till he snatches it off the table, for dissection at the sideboard. It is two to one that John Bull never tastes the desired fare. It is handed round to every one, before the *disjecta membra* reach him—if they ever do reach him, which is very problematical. Many a time have I seized the dish at the same moment with the waiter, and captured the prize by an unequivocal threat to chop off two or three of his fingers with my knife, if he persisted in his unhallowed "abduction."

Long experience has taught me, that the best plan for an Englishman, whose stomach does not measure three feet in circumference, and who does not possess some secret antidote against all kinds of poisons, is to secure his place at the *table d'hôte*, and, when the soup comes in, to take a walk of full an hour round the town, and then come back to his place, when he may probably find a dish of some kind of animal food

yawning gulf, to which darkness, thickening at every step, gave increased horror, I made a few rapid reflections on foolhardiness, and retreated."

biped or quadruped, with sour bread, on which he may dine. The "vin ordinaire" is, of course, ordinary destruction to all stomachs which have not capacity for a pint of oil to qualify a quart of acid.

The foregoing sketch is not drawn from the ordinary of the Pfeffers—where, indeed, we had better fare than in many places of higher pretensions—but will apply very generally to the continent. I am well aware that great numbers of my countrymen have become *acclimaté* (if I may use the expression) to foreign cookery—or, more properly speaking, *denaturalised*, as to every thing which they put into their stomachs. By such folks I have been often asked, "How is it that the people of the continent live and thrive on the provender which you condemn?" My answer has been very short—and I have never received a satisfactory rejoinder. They do *not* live and thrive on the cookery which they use. On the contrary, they wither and die on it. The bills of mortality, in the most favoured parts of the continent, as compared with the same gloomy registers in England, prove, beyond contradiction, the shorter range of existence enjoyed by the inhabitants of the former, notwithstanding their advantages in respect of climate: while the unhealthy aspects, the stunted growth, and the large proportion of deformities, that meet the eye and attract the notice of English travellers in every part of Europe, attest the deleterious agency of some general cause on the human frame. As that agency can hardly be sought either wholly, or even principally, in the climate, the soil, the air, or the water, (excepting, of course, certain malarious and goitrous localities in Italy and the Alps,) we have fair reason to attribute much of the curtailment of life and deterioration of health to the denaturalisation of their food by complicated cookery, to their inordinate addiction to tobacco, to *malpropre* habits, and to the quality of their drink. If oily, acid, or rancid dishes, elaborated "de omnibus rebus et *quibusdem aliis*," half-boiled vegetables, meat just killed and then cinderised, with sour wine, be wholesome and nutritious, then the people of the continent ought to live to the age of the anteliluvians.

Another fallacious argument has been adduced in favour of continental cookery and continental habits: namely, that the English enjoy good health while traveling, or even sojourning there. This may be true to the full extent, without invalidating the arguments adduced above. The English owe this improvement of health to climate, to change of air and scene, to the exercise of traveling, to earlier hours than they kept at home—and perhaps, in some degree, to the excitement resulting from novelty, and intercourse with strangers. I maintain that their health is neither improved nor sustained by the adoption of continental habits in eating, drinking, smoking, and some others which I shall not describe.

From Fraser's Magazine.

"QUARRELS OF" ZOOLOGISTS.

We have been selected as the organ of communication between the public and our old friend Charley Waterton, "the wanderer of South America," who, it would appear, has a crow to pluck with the illustrious ornithologist and "museum keeper," Jemmy Jameson, professor, &c., of Edinburgh. The following letter from that distinguished "traveller" to that equally eminent "naturalist" will be perused by the learned with increasing veneration for the acquirements of modern "professorship;" and the public at large will hence derive vast edification with no small share of amusement. The letter of our South American "wanderer" is written, we need not say, in the genuine *Tierra del Fuego* style, and is likely to make the professor's chair too hot to hold him. The marvellous topics discussed, and the wonderous natural phenomena, introduced in the course of this epistle to James, will remind the reading public very forcibly of the startling stories recounted by Mr. Waterton himself, in his celebrated quarto volume of adventures in another hemisphere; for now that he is domesticated among us, he is determined that we shall not lose the recollection of Charley "over the water." To have bestridden the scaly back of a crocodile, and thus crossed the Oronoko, would be a feather in any man's cap; and to say the truth of Charley, in the words of Junius, "it becomes him, and he wears it well." Long ago, Horace had told us, that the east wind was possessed by a singular propensity for taking a ride on the waves of Sicily—

"Per Siculas equitavit undas;

but commentators had been left in the dark as to the sort of steed used in this feat of equestrianism, a point, we conceive, on which, since the exploit of the "wanderer," there can be no longer any difficulty.

To draw a long bow, or, referring again to Horace,

"Equitare in *arundine longa*,"

is an Indian accomplishment of which Mr. Waterton has made himself perfect master during his rambles in Paraguay. In the present instance, poor Jameson is the target of his archery. We cannot but admire the hardihood, nay, the temerity, displayed in the selection of a butt to ordinary aggressors made sacred and inviolate by all the congregated titles of all the academies of Europe; for it is a fact, that not even the profound, modest, and sagacious Dinny Lardner can exhibit such a constellation of letters as form the attendant train of the Edinburgh professor: from Dresden to New York, from "Senkenberg" to Montreal, from Newcastle to Naples, every learned distinction (including an honorary membership of the ROYAL CORK INSTITUTION!) has been culled and interwoven into a garland for his brow; notwithstanding which, his wig is assailed with all the ferocity of a Carribee. Heaven defend us from the tomahawk of Charley Waterton! who informs us, *en passant*, that "many quadrupeds, many reptiles, and above five thousand birds,

have grassed under his dissecting knife." He no doubt keeps a catalogue of all his victims; but it would be a curious enquiry to ascertain (now that he has fairly dissected the professor) in which class of "quadruped," "reptile," or "bird,"—owl, snake, or jackass, he has registered the anatomy of the unfortunate Jemmy Jameson.

We ought to apologise to the lovers of fun for thus detaining them from the enjoyment of "inextinguishable laughter:" the scientific reader will be in time to draw quietly his own conclusions; but as for the critic, we think it right to give him warning of the peril attendant on the exercise of his functions in the case of "the wanderer." Let all such beware how they give utterance (in print) to any strictures or comments calculated to rouse the dormant anger of so tremendous an antagonist: let them dip cautiously into Charley's flood of eloquence, and eschew the jaws of the crocodile.

> "Canes currentes bibere in flumine Nilo
> A crocodilis ne rapiantur traditum est.

So sayeth Phædrus, a great naturalist in his day, and whose inventive faculty, like that of Waterton and Jameson, disported itself among birds and beasts.

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"A LETTER TO JAMES JAMESON, ESQUIRE.

Regius Professor of Natural History, Lecturer on Mineralogy, and Keeper of the Museum in the University of Edinburgh; Fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh; of the Antiquarian, Wernerian, and Horticultural Societies of Edinburgh; Honorary Member of the Royal Irish Academy, and of the Royal Dublin Society; Fellow of the Linnean and Geological Societies of London; Honorary Member of the Asiatic Society of Calcutta; of the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall, and of the Cambridge Philosophical Society; of the York, Bristol, Cambrian, Northern, and Cork Institutions; of the Natural History Society of Northumberland, Durham, and Newcastle; of the Royal Society of Sciences of Denmark; of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Berlin; of the Royal Academy of Naples; of the Imperial Natural History Society of Moscow; of the Imperial Pharmaceutical Society of Petersburgh; of the Natural History Society of Wetterau; of the Mineralogical Society of Jena; of the Royal Mineralogical Society of Dresden; of the Natural History Society of Paris; of the Philomathic Society of Paris; of the Natural History Society of Calvados; of the Senkenberg Society of Natural History; of the Society of Natural Sciences and Medicine of Heidelberg; Honorary Member of the Literary and Philosophical Society of New York; of the New York Historical Society; of the American Antiquarian Society; of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia; of the Lyceum of Natural History of New York; of the Natural History Society of Montreal, &c.

"BY CHARLES WATERTON, ESQUIRE, OF WALTON HALL.

"'O candour! whither art thou fled?—certainly not to Walton Hall.'—*Jameson's Journal for January*, 1835.

"SIR,—If it be any satisfaction to you, I beg to inform you, that I feel the full force of your apostrophe. You have aimed a severe blow at me, which I did not expect from you; nor do I think that I have deserved it, as I am not aware that, in all my life, I have ever written or spoken one unfriendly word against you. Too often it happens, that many a poor humble bee is trodden under foot which never stung the passing traveller.

"Through Audubon, you have aimed a blow at me;—through Audubon, I will level a shaft at you in my turn, with aim so just and true, that it will be utterly out of your power to ward it off.

"It is a matter of perfect indifference to me, whether you praise or condemn Mr. Audubon: that is entirely your own affair. Had you not condescended to have noticed me, in your recent review of his second book on the biography of birds, you might have given your lucubrations to the world without animadversion from me; and continued them, on any future day, without ever meeting my censure or applause. If, however, my opinion were asked, I should say, that I do not consider you qualified to review a work of ornithology. Somehow or other, I happen to have acquired just a sufficient stock of ornithological knowledge to enable me to perceive errors and misrepresentations innumerable in Audubon's pages; and I have seen a work, recently from America, which convinces me, more than ever, that his statements are not to be relied upon.

"Judge Hall, in the *Western Monthly Magazine* for July, 1834, p. 347, says of Audubon's biography of birds, 'The exaggerations contained in these sketches are such as to weaken our confidence in the entire work.' Judge Hall then pronounces 'the death of Mason' (Audubon has not even spelled the name right) to be 'altogether fabulous.' He remarks and proves, further on, that the whole account of the 'booming flood' of the Mississippi is 'overdrawn, and calculated to mislead.' In the affair of the hurricane, the judge shows by facts, that Audubon 'forfeits all claim to the reader's credence.' He goes on to state, that Kentucky was *not* discovered by Boon; and that Boon's stature did *not* approach the gigantic;* nor 'did his *muscular powers display* themselves in the manner pretended.' In a word, the judge remarks, that 'this propensity for exaggeration is apparent throughout Mr. Audubon's book; and that, however accurate his sketches may have been originally, he has coloured them so highly as to deprive them of all resemblance of truth; and no western man can read his descriptions without a smile of incredulity.' But to the point.

"I rubbed my eyes, and began to suspect their powers of vision, when I read the following precious morsel of absurd fabrication in the *New Edinburgh Philosophical Journal of Science*, for April and June, 1827, conducted by James Jameson, Regius Professor of Natural History in the College of Edinburgh.

"'To give you an idea of the long time this poison retains its property, I shall relate a curious but well authenticated series of facts, which took place in a central district of the state of Pennsylvania, some twelve or fifteen years ago. A farmer was so slightly bit through the boot† by a rattlesnake, as he was walking to view his ripening corn-fields, that the pain felt was thought by him to have been from the scratch of a thorn, not having seen or heard the reptile: upon his return home, he felt, on a sudden, violently sick at stomach, vomited with great pain, and died in a few hours. Twelve months after this, the eldest son, who had taken his father's boots, put them on, and went to church at some distance. On his going to bed that night, whilst drawing off his boots, he felt slightly scratched on the leg; but merely mentioned it to his wife, and rubbed the place with his hand. In a few hours, however, he was awakened by violent pains, complained of general giddiness, fainted frequently, and expired before any succour could be applied with success; the cause of his illness also being quite a mystery. In course of time his effects were sold, and a second brother, through filial affection, purchased the boots; and, if I remember rightly, put them on about two years

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* "Audubon tells us, in page 503 of his *Biography*, that 'the stature and general appearance of this wanderer of the western forests approached the gigantic. His chest was broad and prominent, his muscular powers displayed themselves in every limb,' &c., &c."

† "I know the thickness of an American farmer's boot; and I also know, that the largest rattlesnake of America cannot strike his fang through it so that the aperture, through which the poison issues, can be seen inside the boot."

fter. As he drew them off he felt a scratch, and com-lained of it; when the widowed sister, being present, ecollected that the same pain had been felt by her hus-and, on the like occasion: the youth went to bed, suffer-d, and died in the same way that his father and brother ad before him. These repeated and singular deaths eing rumoured in the country, a medical gentleman alled upon the friends of the deceased to enquire into he particulars, and at once pronounced their deaths to ave been occasioned by venom. The boots that had een the cause of complaint were brought to him, when e cut one of them open with care, and discovered the xtreme point of the fang of a rattlesnake issuing from he leather, and assured the people that this had done all he mischief. To prove this satisfactorily, he scratched with it the nose of a dog; and the dog died in a few hours from the poisonous effect it was still able to convey.'

" Pray, sir, where were your brains (whither had *they* fled?—certainly not to Walton Hall), when you un-luckily received and approved of a narrative at once so preposterous, and so palpably fictitious! I have too high an opinion of your well known integrity even to sus-pect, for one moment, that you inserted it in your jour-nal with the most distant intention of misleading your readers. I attribute the rash deed solely and wholly to your ignorance;—ignorance quite unparalleled, and un-pardonable in a REGIUS PROFESSOR OF NATURAL HISTORY.

" If I am rightly informed, sir, you are proprietor of a MUSEUM; wherefore you must have had much more frequent and much better opportunities of improving yourself in ZOOLOGY, than generally fall to the lot of other scientific gentlemen.

" Has, then, the dignity of the Regius-professorship lulled you into such a fatal security, that you have never once thought it necessary to examine the formation of a serpent's fang? which had you done, you never would have admitted Audubon's account of the rattlesnake into your journal; and thus you would have avoided that which, when this letter appears, must fill your friends with pity, and your admirers with regret.

" Audubon expressly states, that it was the *extreme point* of the fang which had done all the mischief; and in order to prove the correctness of his 'curious, but well authenticated [mind that, sir!] series of facts,' he introduces, to his everlasting confusion, a medical gen-tleman, who most opportunely discovered the *extreme point* of a rattlesnake's fang sticking in the boot which he had cut open; and then this said medical gentleman (who was he?) gravely told the bystanders, that this 'extreme point' had done all the mischief. By way of putting beyond all doubt his important discovery, 'he *scratched* with it the nose of a dog, and the dog died in a few hours.'

" Now, sir, as we are upon snakes, let me ask you in the name of the old sarpent (as Jonathan calls him), when you had read this blundering narrative did you not recollect, that the *extreme* point of *all* serpents' fangs is a solid bone? and that the aperture through which the poison flows, when the snake is alive, is on the *convex* side of the curved fang, at a *distance* from the point? This being an absolute fact, it is utterly impossible that a dog could have been poisoned by a scratch. Suppose, for an instant, there was poison in the aperture, that poi-son was in a dried state; and before it could have been moistened, the booby of a doctor would have had to have thrust the broken fang into the nose, till the orifice was covered: and there it must have remained for some time before its contents could be in a state to enter the circu-lation. Again, sir, did it not occur to you, that the wound which the farmer received, and which was so slight, 'that the pain felt was thought by him to have been from the scratch of a thorn,' could not, by any chance, have been from the bite of a serpent? as you must have known, or, at least, you ought to have known, that a sting from a snake's fang always causes instantaneous and most ex-cruciating pain. So does the sting of our wasps and bees, which are mere pigmies to the smallest of the poi-sonous snakes. The *tooth* of a snake is fixed in the socket; the *fang* of a snake is moveable, and invariably on the upper jaw. Now I am decidedly of opinion, that no rattlesnake could strike the point of his fang through an American farmer's boot. But granting that Audu-bon's snake did it in this case, then the point of the fang must have been rankling in old Jonathan Clodpole's flesh all the time he was walking home; for the boot would fit just as closely to his leg *after* he had received his wound, as it had done *before* he received it.

" What I have said of the dog will equally apply to the two younger Doodles, who got their deaths by jump-ing into their father's boots.

" But, sir, when you came to that part of the narra-tive where you are told that the eldest son, twelve months after, put on his father's old tormentors, and walked to church in them, did you not marvel how he could walk and sit in them all day, and only just get a *slight scratch* on the leg when pulling them off at night to go to bed? And when the other brother put them on about two years after, and got his death also by *a scratch*, did you not wonder from whence the poison came?*

" However, sir, to cut the matter short, and in order that I may not run the risk of annoying you by too many questions, I beg to assure you, that the story of this depopulating Munchausen boot, which you have swallowed without straining, was current when I was a boy. With the exception of a few interpolations by Audubon, this very same story (which he had the effrontery to tell you all in Edinburgh was well authen-ticated, and 'took place in a central district of the state of Pennsylvania, some twelve or fifteen years ago') was considered a good joke, some fifty or sixty years back. The late Professor Barton, of the university of Pennsyl-vania, investigated it at the period of his publishing his pamphlets on the rattlesnake; and it turned out to be AN ARRANT YANKEE-DOODLE HOAX!

" I have done, sir, for the present, though I have a scourge of fearful asperity ready for other parts of 'Mr. Audubon's notes on the rattlesnake,' which he saw swallow a large American squirrel *tail-foremost*; to say nothing of the passenger pigeon, &c. &c.

" Some time or other, but not now, I may have occasion to comment on other papers which have appeared in your Journal with the signature of Audubon attached to them; and I may yet consider it necessary to show to the public, that you are no better qualified to review a work on birds than you are to lecture on the poisonous fangs of snakes.

" Cervantes formerly exclaimed:—'Para mio solo nacio Don Quixote, y yo para el. El supo obrar, y yo escrivir. Solos los dos somos para en unio.'† As far as a knowledge of the true habits of rattlesnakes is concerned, this quotation may be aptly applied to James Jameson, Esq., Regius Professor of Natural History in the College of Edinburgh, and to Mr. John James Audubon, Fellow of the Royal Society of London.

" If the contents of this letter should sting you, pray reflect, sir, that you deserve to smart a little for your

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* " Here we have two men and a dog poisoned by scratches. I challenge the *whole world* to produce one solitary instance of any animal being poisoned by the scratch of a rattlesnake's fang, or any other poisonous snake's fang. The formation of the fang itself shows beyond all doubt whatever that this cannot possibly be the case. The wound is *always* a puncture, as though it had been done by the point of a pin."

† " Don Quixote was born for me, and I for him. He knew how to manufacture, and I to write. We were just the boys for each other."

wanton imprudence in holding up to public animadversion the conduct of a gentleman, who has never used you unkindly, either by word or deed. You are a Regius Professor, with above forty honorary titles after your name; I am a private individual scarcely known, whose care it is through life never to be the aggressor; but who will always resist to the utmost any attack made upon him, come from what quarter it may.

"I gratefully attribute whatever knowledge I may possess to the learned and inestimable fathers of the Society of Jesus at Stonyhurst, in Lancashire. I have traveled in far distant countries to study animated nature; and many quadrupeds, many reptiles, and above five thousand birds, have passed under my dissecting knife; so that I ought to know something of zoology; and were I not fearful of being thought vain, I would add that I consider myself your superior in that department of natural history.

"Should you honour me with a reply, I promise you that I will take an immediate and dispassionate notice of it; and I will address to you a second, a third, and a fourth letter, and so on. As you have first attacked me through Audubon, through him I will continue to point my dart at you. It shall be done in the following manner: I will take passages from some of his faulty pages, and then comment upon them—his bird of Washington, for example, in which I shall have to remark on the drawing, or the humming-bird, which he tells us can fly in *six* days after it is hatched, &c. &c.

"This mode of carrying on the warfare will answer well my ends. It will give me an opportunity of again bringing upon the stage certain individuals with whom I have not yet quite squared up accounts; and, at the same time, I trust it will be to you a kind of '*cave ne titubes*'—that is, a hint, a warning, lest you make another false step, in your exertions to sound again in the public ear, 'O candour, whither art thou fled?—certainly not to Walton Hall.'

"I have the honour to be, sir,
your very obedient and humble servant,
"CHARLES WATERTON.

"*Walton Hall, Jan.* 27, 1835."

INTERESTING ANTIQUES.

In digging lately at Kertch, in order to make a new pavement, a coffin was discovered of rather an ordinary description, made of freestone, about two archimes long, one wide and one thick. On opening the coffin, a superb black urn was found, of the Etruscan form, and of large dimensions, ornamented with bas-reliefs, and gilt in some part. It was placed at the feet of the corpse, upon whose head was a golden laurel crown, beautifully executed, and weighing thirty-six zolotnitks, or about thirteen ounces of the purest gold. Near to one of the shoulders, a round piece of gold was found, bearing some resemblance to a medal, having on one side the figure of a woman in relief, and on the other that of Mercury clothed as a shepherd. There are also in the tomb a strigil of iron, and another object of the same metal surrounded by copper rings. Upon the coffin-lid there was a common urn of potter's clay, full of the bones of birds, which had probably been sacrificed to the manes of the deceased. These discoveries were made under the superintendence of M. Kareicha, who is occupied in making archeological researches for the Emperor of Russia. This gentleman caused the ground in the neighbourhood to be examined; and after some hours' research, a second coffin was discovered, similar to the first; but it contained a much greater number of objects, and of very superior workmanship to the first.—*Journal d'Odessa.*

From the London Metropolitan.

JAPHET IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER SIMPLE," &c.

(Continued from p. 436.)

And as I lay in bed, thinking that I was now nearly twenty years old, and had not yet made any discovery, my heart sank within me. My monomania returned with redoubled force, and I resolved to renew my search with vigour. So I told Timothy the next morning, when he came into my room, but from him I received little consolation; he advised me to look out for a good match in a rich wife, and leave time to develope the mystery of my birth; pointing out the little chance I ever had of success. Town was not full, the season had hardly commenced, and we had few invitations or visits to distract my thoughts from their object. My leg became so painful, that for a week I was on the sofa, Timothy every day going out to ascertain if he could find the person whom we had seen resembling me, and every evening returning without success. I became melancholy and nervous. Carbonnell could not imagine what was the matter with me. At last I was able to walk, and I sallied forth, perambulating, or rather running through street after street, looking into every carriage, so as to occasion surprise to the occupants, who believed me mad; my dress and person were disordered, for I had become indifferent to it, and Timothy himself believed that I was going out of my senses. At last, after we had been in town about five weeks, I saw the very object of my search, seated in a carriage, of a dark brown colour, arms painted in shades, so as not to be distinguishable but at a near approach; his hat was off, and he sat upright and formally. "That is he!" ejaculated I, and away I ran after the carriage. "It is the nose," cried I, as I ran down the street, knocking every one to the right and left. I lost my hat, but fearful of losing sight of the carriage, I hastened on, when I heard a cry of "Stop him, stop him!" "Stop him," cried I, also, referring to the gentleman in black in the carriage.

"That won't do," cried a man, seizing me by the collar; "I know a trick worth two of that."

"Let me go," roared I, struggling; but he only held me the faster. I tusseled with the man until my coat and shirt were torn, but in vain; the crowd now assembled, and I was fast. The fact was, that a pickpocket had been exercising his vocation at the time that I was running past, and from my haste, and loss of my hat, I was supposed to be the criminal. The police took charge of me—I pleaded innocence in vain, and I was dragged before the magistrate, at Marlborough street. My appearance, the disorder of my dress, my coat and shirt in ribbons, with no hat, were certainly not at all in my favour, when I made my appearance, led in by two Bow street officers.

"Who have we here?" enquired the magistrate.

"A pickpocket, sir," replied they.

"Ah! one of the swell mob," replied he. "Are there any witnesses?"

"Yes, sir," replied a young man, coming forward. "I was walking up Bond street, when I felt a tug at my pocket, and when I turned round, this chap was running away."

"Can you swear to his person?"

There were plenty to swear that I was the person who ran away. "Now, sir, have you any thing to offer in your defence?" said the magistrate.

"Yes, sir," replied I; "I certainly was running down the street; and it may be, for all I know or care, that this person's pocket may have been picked—but I did not pick it. I am a gentleman."

"All your fraternity lay claim to gentility," replied the magistrate; "perhaps you will state why you were running down the street."

"I was running after a carriage, sir, that I might speak to the person inside."

"Pray who was the person inside of it?"

"I do not know, sir."

"Why should you run after a person you do not know."

"It was because of his *nose*."

"His *nose*?" replied the magistrate, angrily. "Do you think to trifle with me, sir? You shall now follow your own nose to prison. Make out his committal."

"As you please, sir," replied I; "but still I have told you the truth; if you will allow any one to take a note, I will soon prove my respectability. I ask it in common justice."

"Be it so," replied the magistrate; "let him sit down within the bar till the answer comes."

In less than an hour, my note to Major Carbonnell was answered by his appearance in person, followed by Timothy. Carbonnell walked up to the magistrate, while Timothy asked the officers in an angry tone, what they had been doing to his *master*. This rather surprised them, but both they and the magistrate were much surprised when the major asserted that I was his most particular friend, Mr. Newland, who possessed £10,000 per annum, and who was as well known in fashionable society, as any young man of fortune about town. The magistrate explained what had passed, and asked the major if I was not a little deranged; but the major, who perceived what was the cause of my strange behaviour, told him that somebody had insulted me, and that I was very anxious to lay hold of the person, who had avoided me, and who must have been in that carriage.

"I am afraid, that after your explanation, Major Carbonnell, I must, as a magistrate, bind over your friend, Mr. Newland, to keep the peace."

To this I consented, the major and Timothy being taken as recognisances, and then I was permitted to depart. The major sent for a hackney coach, and when we were going home he pointed out to me the folly of my conduct, and received my promise to be more careful for the future. Thus did this affair end, and for a short time I was more careful in my appearance, and not so very anxious to look into carriages; still, however, the idea haunted me, and I was often very melancholy. It was about a month afterwards, that I was sauntering with the major, who now considered me to be insane upon that point, and who would seldom allow me to go out without him, when I again perceived the same carriage, with the gentleman inside as before.

"There he is, major," cried I.

"There is who?" replied he.

"The man so like my father."

"What, in that carriage? that is the Bishop of E——, my good fellow. What a strange idea you have in your head, Newland; it almost amounts to madness. Do not be staring in that way—come along."

Still my head was turned quite round, looking at the carriage after it had passed, till it was out of sight; but I knew who the party was, and for the time I was satisfied, as I determined to find out his address, and call upon him. I narrated to Timothy what had occurred, and referring to the Red Book, I looked out the bishop's own address, and the next day after breakfast, having arranged my toilet with the utmost precision, I made an excuse to the major, and set off to Portland Place. My hand trembled as I knocked at the door. It was opened. I sent in my card, requesting the honour of an audience with his lordship. After waiting a few minutes in an ante-room, I was ushered in. "My lord," said I, in a hurried manner, "will you allow me to have a few minutes' conversation with you alone?"

"This gentleman is my secretary, sir, but if you wish it certainly, for although he is my confidant, I have no right to insist that he shall be yours. Mr. Temple, will you oblige me, by going up stairs for a little while?"

The secretary quitted the room, the bishop pointed to a chair, and I sat down. I looked him earnestly in the face—the nose was exact, and I imagined that even in the other features I could distinguish a resemblance. I was satisfied that I had at last gained the object of my search. "I believe, sir," observed I, "that you will acknowledge, that in the heat and impetuosity of youth we often rush into hasty and improvident connections."

I paused, with my eyes fixed upon his. "Very true, my young sir; and when we do we are ashamed, and repent of them afterwards," replied the bishop, rather astonished.

"I grant that, sir," replied I; "but at the same time, we must feel that we must abide by the results, however unpleasant."

"When we do wrong, Mr. Newland," replied the bishop, first looking at my card, and then upon me, "we find that we are not only to be punished in the next world, but suffer for it also in this. I trust you have no reason for such suffering?"

"Unfortunately, the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, and, in that view, I may say that I have suffered."

"My dear sir," replied the bishop, "I trust you will excuse me, when I say, that my time is rather valuable; if you have any thing of importance to communicate—any thing upon which you would ask my advice—for assistance you do not appear to require, do me the favour to proceed at once to the point."

"I will, sir, be as concise as the matter will admit of. Allow me, then, to ask you a few questions, and I trust to your honour, and the dignity of your profession, for a candid answer. Did you not marry a young woman early in life? and were you not very much pressed in your circumstances?"

The bishop stared. "Really, Mr. Newland, it is a strange question, and I cannot imagine to what it may lead, but still I will answer it. I did marry early in life, and I was at that time not in very affluent circumstances."

"You had a child by that marriage—your eldest born is a boy?"

"That is also true, Mr. Newland," replied the bishop, gravely.

"How long is it since you have seen him?"

"It is many years," replied the bishop, putting his handkerchief up to his eyes.

"Answer me, now, sir;—did you not desert him?"

"No, no!" replied the bishop. "It is strange that you should appear to know so much about the matter, Mr. Newland, as you could have hardly been born. I was poor then—very poor; but although I could ill afford it, he had £50 from me."

"But, sir," replied I, much agitated; "why have you not reclaimed him?"

"I would have reclaimed him, Mr. Newland—but what could I do—he was not to be reclaimed; and now—he is lost for ever."

"Surely, sir, in your present affluence, you must wish to see him again?"

"He died, and I trust he has gone to heaven," replied the bishop, covering up his face.

"No, sir," replied I, throwing myself on my knees before him, "he did not die, here he is at your feet, to ask your blessing."

The bishop sprang from his chair. "What does this mean, sir?" said he, with astonishment. "You my son!"

"Yes, reverend father—your son; who, with £50 you left——"

"On the top of the Portsmouth coach!"

"No, sir, in the *basket*."

"My son! sir,—impossible; he died in the hospital."

"No, sir, he has come out of the hospital," replied I; "and as you perceive, safe and well."

"Either, sir, this must be some strange mistake, or you must be trifling with me," replied his lordship; "for, sir, I was at his death-bed, and followed him to his grave."

"Are you sure of that, sir?" replied I, starting up with amazement.

"I wish that I was not, sir—for I am now childless; but pray, sir, who, and what are you, who know so much of my former life, and would have thus imposed upon me?"

"Imposed upon you, sir!" replied I, perceiving that I was in error. "Alas! I would do no such thing. Who am I? I am a young man who is in search of his father. Your face, and especially your nose, so resembled mine, that I made sure that I had succeeded. Pity me, sir—pity me," continued I, covering up my face with my hands.

The bishop, perceiving that there was little of the impostor in my appearance, and that I was much affected, allowed a short time for me to recover myself, and then entered into an explanation. When a curate, he had had an only son, very wild, who would go to sea in spite of his remonstrances. He saw him depart by the Portsmouth coach, and gave him the sum mentioned. His son received a mortal wound in action, and was sent to the Plymouth hospital, where he died. I then entered into my explanation in a few concise sentences, and with a heart beating with disappointment, took my leave. The bishop shook hands with me as I quitted the room, and wished me better success at my next application.

I went home almost in despair. Timothy consoled me as well as he could, and advised me to go as much as possible into society, as the most likely chance of obtaining my wish, not that he considered there was any chance, but he thought that amusement would restore me to my usual spirits. "I will go and visit little Fleta," replied I, "for a few days; the sight of her will do me more good than any thing else." And the next day I set off to the town of ——, where I found the dear little girl, much grown, and much improved. I remained with her for a week, walking with her in the country, amusing her, and amused myself with our conversation. At the close of the week I bade her farewell, and returned to the major's lodgings.

I was astonished to find him in deep mourning. "My dear Carbonnell," said I, enquiringly, "I hope no severe loss?"

"Nay, my dear Newland, I should be a hypocrite if I said so: for there never was a more merry mourner, and that's the truth of it. Mr. M———, who, you know, stood between me and the peerage, has been drowned in the Rhone; I now have a squeak for it. His wife has one daughter, and is *enceinte*. Should the child prove a boy, I am done for; but if a girl, I must then come in to the barony, and £15,000 per annum. However, I've hedged pretty handsomely."

"How do you mean?"

"Why they say that when a woman commences with girls, she generally goes on, and the odds are two to one that Mrs. M——— has a girl. I have taken the odds at the clubs to the amount of £15,000; so if it be a girl I shall have to pay that out of my £15,000 per annum, as soon as I fall into it; if it is a boy, and I'm floored, I shall pocket £30,000 by way of consolation for the disappointment. They are all good men."

"Yes, but they know you never pay."

"They know I never do now, because I have no money; but they know I will pay if I come into the estate; and so I will, most honourably, besides a few more thousands that I have in my book."

"I congratulate you, with all my heart, major. How old is the present Lord B——?"

"I have just been examining the peerage—he is sixty-two; but he is very fresh and hearty, and may live a long while yet. By the by, Newland, I committed a great error last night at the club. I played pretty high, and lost a great deal of money."

"That is unfortunate."

"That was not the error; I actually paid all my losings, Newland, and it has reduced the stock amazingly. I lost £750. I know I ought not to have paid away your money, but the fact was, as I was hedging, it would not do not to have paid, as I could not have made up my book as I wished. It is, however, only waiting a few weeks, till Mrs. M——— decides my fate, and then, either one way or the other, I shall have money enough. If your people won't give you any more till you are of age, why we must send to a little friend of mine, that's all, and you shall borrow for both of us."

"Borrow!" replied I, not much liking the idea; "they will never lend me money."

"Won't they," replied the major; "no fear of that. Your signature, and my introduction, will be quite sufficient."

"We had better try to do without it, major; I do not much like it."

"Well, if we can, we will; but I have not fifty pounds left in my desk; how much have you?"

"About twenty," replied I, in despair at this intelligence; "but I think there is a small sum left at the banker's; I will go and see." I took up my hat and set off, to ascertain what funds we might have in store.

I must say, that I was much annoyed at this intelligence. The money-lenders would not be satisfied unless they knew where my estates were, and had examined the will at Doctors' Commons: then all would be exposed to the major, and I should be considered by him as an impostor. I walked down Pall Mall in a very unhappy mood, so deep in thought, that I ran against a lady, who was stepping out of her carriage at a fashionable shop. She turned round, and I was making my best apologies to a very handsome woman, when her earrings caught my attention. They were of alternate coral and gold, and the fac simile in make to the chain given by Nattee to Fleta. During my last visit, I had often had the chain in my hand, and particularly marked the workmanship. To make more sure, I followed her into the shop, and stood behind her, carefully examining them, as she looked over a quantity of laces. There could be no doubt. I waited till the lady rose to go away, and then addressed the shopman, asking the lady's name. He did not know—she was a stranger; but perhaps Mr. H———, the master, did, and he went back to ask the question. Mr. H——— being at that moment busy, the man stayed so long, that I heard the carriage drive off. Fearful of losing sight of the lady, I took to my heels, and ran out of the shop. My sudden flight from the counter, covered with lace, made them imagine that I had stolen some, and they cried out, "Stop thief," as loud as they could, springing over the counter, and pursuing me as I pursued the carriage, which was driven at a rapid pace.

A man perceiving me running, and others, without their hats, following, with the cries of "Stop thief," put out his leg, and I fell on the pavement, the blood rushing in torrents from my nose. I was seized, roughly handled, and again handed over to the police, who carried me before the same magistrate in Marlborough street.

"What is this?" demanded the magistrate.

"A shoplifter, your worship."

"I am not, sir," replied I; "you know me well enough, I am Mr. Newland."

"Mr. Newland!" replied the magistrate, suspiciously; "this is strange, a second time to appear before me upon such a charge."

"And just as innocent as before, sir."

"You'll excuse me, sir, but I must have my suspicions this time. Where is the evidence?"

The people of the shop then came forward, and stated what had occurred. "Let him be searched," said the magistrate.

I was searched, but nothing was found upon me. Are you satisfied, now, sir?" enquired I.

"By no means. Let the people go back and look over their laces, and see if any are missing; in the mean time I shall detain you, for it is very easy to get rid of a small article, such as lace, when you are caught."

The men went away, and I wrote a note to Major Carbonnell, requesting his attendance. He arrived at the same time as the shopman, and I told him what had happened. The shopman declared that the stock was not correct; as far as they could judge, there were two pieces of lace missing.

"If so, I did not take them," replied I.

"Upon my honour, Mr. B——," said the major, to the magistrate, "it is very hard for a gentleman to be treated in this manner. This is the second time that I have been sent for to vouch for his respectability."

"Very true, sir," replied the magistrate; "but allow me to ask Mr. Newland, as he calls himself, what induced him to follow a lady into the shop?"

"Her ear-rings," replied I.

"Her ear-rings! why, sir, the last time you were brought before me, you said it was after a gentlemen's nose—now it appears you were attracted by a lady's ears; and pray, sir, what induced you to run out of the shop?"

"Because I wanted particularly to enquire about her ear-rings, sir."

"I cannot understand these paltry excuses; there are, it appears, two pieces of lace missing. I must remand you for further examination, sir; and you also, sir," said the magistrate, to Major Carbonnell; "for if he is a swindler, you must be an accomplice."

"Sir," replied Major Carbonnell, sneeringly, "you are certainly a very good judge of a gentleman, when you happen by accident to be in his company. With your leave, I will send a note to another confederate."

The major then wrote a note to Lord Windermear, which he despatched by Timothy, who, hearing I was in trouble, had accompanied the major. And while he was away, the major and I sat down, he giving himself all manner of airs, much to the annoyance of the magistrate, who at last threatened to commit him immediately.

"You'll repent this," replied the major, who perceived Lord Windermear coming in.

"You shall repent it, sir, by God," cried the magistrate in a great passion.

"Put five shillings in the box for swearing, Mr. B——. You fine other people," said the major. "Here is my other confederate, Lord Windermear."

"Carbonnell," said Lord Windermear, "what is all this?"

"Nothing, my lord, except that our friend Newland is taken up for shoplifting, because he thought proper to run after a pretty woman's carriage; and I am accused by his worship of being his confederate. I could forgive his suspicions of Mr. Newland in that plight: but as for his taking me for one of the swell mob, it proves a great deficiency of judgment; perhaps he will commit your lordship also, as he may not be aware that your lordship's person is above caption."

"I can assure you, sir," said Lord Windermear, proudly, "that this is my relative, Major Carbonnell, and the other is my friend, Mr. Newland. I will bail them for any sum you please."

The magistrate felt astonished and annoyed, for after all he had only done his duty. Before he could reply, a man came from the shop to say that the laces had been found all right. Lord Windermear then took me aside, and I narrated what had happened. He recollected the story of Fleta in my narrative of my life, and felt that I was right in trying to find out who the lady was. The magistrate now apologised for the detention, but explained to his lordship how I had before made my appearance upon another charge, and with a low bow we were dismissed.

"My dear Mr. Newland," said his lordship, "I trust that this will be a warning to you, not to run after other people's noses and ear-rings; at the same time, I will certainly keep a look out for those very ear-rings myself. Major, I wish you a good morning."

His lordship then shook us both by the hand, and saying that he should be glad to see more of me than he latterly had done, stepped into his carriage and drove off.

"What the devil did his lordship mean about ear-rings, Newland?" enquired the major.

"I told him that I was examining the lady's ear-rings, as very remarkable," replied I.

"You appear to be able to deceive every body but me, my good fellow. I know that you were examining the lady herself." I left the major in his error, by making no reply.

When I came down to breakfast the next morning, the major said, "My dear Newland, I have taken the liberty of requesting a very old friend of mine to come and meet you this morning. I will not disguise from you that it is Emmanuel, the money-lender. Money you must have until my affairs are decided one way or the other; and, in this instance, I will most faithfully repay the sum borrowed, as soon as I receive the amount of my bets, or am certain of succeeding to the title, which is one and the same thing."

I bit my lips, for I was not a little annoyed; but what could be done? I must have either confessed my real situation to the major, or have appeared to raise scruples, which, as the supposed heir to a large fortune, would have seemed to him to be very frivolous. I thought it better to let the affair take its chance. "Well," replied I, "if it must be, it must be; but it shall be on my own terms."

"Nay," observed the major, "there is no fear but that he will consent, and without any trouble."

After a moment's reflection I went up stairs, and rang for Timothy. "Tim," said I, "hear me; I now make you a solemn promise, on my honour as a gentleman, that I will never borrow money upon interest, and until you release me from it, I shall adhere to my word."

"Very well, sir," replied Timothy; "I guess your reason for so doing, and I expect you will keep your word. Is that all?"

"Yes; now you may take up the urn."

We had finished our breakfast, when Timothy announced Mr. Emmanuel, who followed him into the room. "Well, old cent per cent, how are you?" said the major. "Allow me to introduce my most particular friend, Mr. Newland."

"Auh! Master Major," replied the descendant of Abraham, a little puny creature, bent double with infirmity, and carrying one hand behind his back, as if to counterbalance the projection of his head and shoulders. "You vash please to call me shent per shent. I wish I vash able to make de monies pay that. Mr. Newland, can I be of any little shervice to you?"

"Sit down, sit down, Emmanuel. You have my warrant for Mr. Newland's respectability, and the sooner we get over the business the better."

"Auh, Mr. Major, it ish true, you was recommend many good—no, not always good, customers to me, and I was very much obliged. Vat can I do for your handsome young friend? De young gentlemen always vant money; and it is de youth which is de time for de pleasure and enjoyment."

"He wants a thousand pounds, Emmanuel."

"Dat is a large sum—one tousand pounds! he does not vant any more?"

"No," replied I, "that will be sufficient."

"Vell, den, I have de monish in my pocket. I will just beg de young gentleman to sign a little memorandum, dat I may von day receive my monish."

"But what is that to be?" interrupted I.

"It will be to promise to pay me my monish, and only fifteen per shent, when you come into your own."

"That will not do," replied I; "I have pledged my solemn word of honour, that I will not borrow money on interest."

"And you have given de pledge, but you did not swear upon de book?"

"No, but my word has been given, and that is enough; if I would forfeit my word with those to whom I have given it, I would also forfeit my word with you. My keeping my promise, ought to be a pledge to you that I will keep my promise to you."

"Dat is vell said—very vell said; but den we must manage some oder way. Suppose—let me shee—how old are you, my young sir?"

"Past twenty."

"Auh, dat is a very pleasant age, dat twenty. Vell den, you shall shign a leetle bit of paper, that you pay me £2,000 ven, you come into your properties, on condition dat I pay now one tousand. Dat is very fair—ish it not, Mr. Major?"

"Rather too hard, Emmanuel."

"But de risbque—de risbque, Mr. Major."

"I will not agree to those terms," replied I; "you must take your money away, Mr. Emmanuel."

"Vell, den—vat vill you pay me?"

"I will sign an agreement to pay you £1,500 for the thousand, if you please; if that will not suit you, I will try elsewhere."

"Dat is very bad bargain. How old, you shay?"

"Twenty."

"Vell, I shuppose I must oblige you, and my very goot friend, de major."

Mr. Emmanuel drew out his spectacles, pen, and ink-horn, filled up a bond, and handed it to me to sign. I read it carefully over, and signed it; he then paid down the money, and took his leave.

It may appear strange to the reader that the money was obtained so easily, but he must remember that the major was considered a person who universally attached himself to young men of large fortune; he had already been the means of throwing many profitable speculations into the hands of Emmanuel, and the latter put implicit confidence in him. The money-lenders also are always on the look-out for young men with large fortunes, and have their names registered. Emmanuel had long expected me to come to him, and although it was his intention to have examined more particularly, and not to have had the money prepared, yet my refusal to sign the bond, bearing interest, and my disputing the terms of the second proposal, blinded him completely, and put him off his usual guard.

"Upon my word, Newland, you obtained better terms than I could have expected from the old hunks."

"Much better than I expected also, major," replied I; "but now, how much of the money would you like to have?"

"My dear fellow, this is very handsome of you; but, I thank heaven, I shall be soon able to repay it; but what pleases me, Newland, is your perfect confidence in one, whom the rest of the world would not trust with a shilling. I will accept your offer as freely as it is made, and take £500, just to make a show for the few weeks that I am in suspense, and then you will find, that, with all my faults, I am not deficient in gratitude." I divided the money with the major, and he shortly afterwards went out.

"Well, sir," said Timothy, entering, full of curiosity, "what have you done?"

"I have borrowed a thousand to pay fifteen hundred when I come into my property."

"You are safe then. Excellent, and the Jew will be bit."

"No, Timothy, I intend to repay it as soon as I can."

"I should like to know when that will be."

"So should I, Tim, for it must depend upon my finding out my parentage." Heigho, thought I, when shall I ever find out who is my father?

I dressed and went out, met Harcourt, dined with him, and on my return the major had not come home. It was then past midnight, and feeling little inclination to sleep, I remained in the drawing-room waiting for his arrival. About three o'clock he came in, flushed in the face, and apparently in high good humour.

"Newland," said he, throwing his pocket-book on the table, "just open that, and then you will open your eyes."

I obeyed him, and to my surprise took out a bundle of bank-notes; I counted up their value, and they amounted to £3,500.

"You have been fortunate, indeed."

"Yes," replied the major; "knowing that in a short time I shall be certain of cash, one way or the other, I had resolved to try my luck with the £500. I went to the hazard table, and threw in seventeen times—hedged upon the deuce ace, and threw out with it—seila. They won't catch me there again in a hurry—luck like that only comes once in a man's life; but, Japhet, there is a little drawback to all this. I shall require your kind attendance in two or three hours."

"Why what's the matter?"

"Merely an affair of honour. I was insulted by a vagabond, and we meet at six o'clock."

"A vagabond—but surely, Carbonnell, you will not condescend—"

"My dear fellow, although as great a vagabond as there is on the face of the earth, yet he is a peer of the realm, and his title warrants the meeting—but after all, what is it?"

"I trust it will be nothing, Carbonnell, but still it may prove otherwise."

"Granted; and what then, my dear Newland? we all owe heaven a death, and if I am floored, why then I shall no longer be anxious about title or fortune."

"It's a bad way of settling a dispute," replied I, gravely.

"There is no other, Newland. How would society be held in check if it were not for duelling? We should all be a set of bears living in a bear-garden. I presume you have never been out?"

"Never," replied I, "and had hoped that I never should have."

"Then you must have better fortune, or better temper than most others, if you pass through life without an affair of this kind on your hands. I mean as principal, not as second. But, my dear fellow, I must give you a little advice, relative to your behaviour as a second; for I'm very particular on these occasions, and like that things should be done very correctly. It will never do, my dear Newland, that you appear on the ground with that melancholy face. I do not mean that you should laugh, or even smile, that were equally out of character, but you should show yourself perfectly calm and indifferent. In your behaviour towards the other second, you must be most scrupulously polite, but at the same time never give up a point of dispute, in which my interest may be concerned. Even in your walk be slow, and move, as much as the ground will allow you, as if you were in a drawing-room. Never remain silent; offer even trivial remarks, rather than appear *distrait*. There is one point of great importance—I refer to choosing the ground, in which, perhaps, you will require my unperceived assistance. Any decided

ine behind me would be very advantageous to my adversary, such as the trunk of a tree, post, &c., even an elevated light or dark ground behind me is unadviseable. Choose, if you can, a broken light, as it affects the correctness of the aim; but as you will not probably be able to manage this satisfactorily, I will assist you. When on the ground, after having divided the sun fairly between us, I shall walk about unconcernedly, and when I perceive a judicious spot, I will take a pinch of snuff and use my handkerchief, turning at the same time in the direction in which I wish my adversary to be placed. Take your cue from that, and with all suavity of manner, insist as much as you can upon our being so placed. That must be left to your own persuasive powers. I believe I have now stated all that is necessary, and I must prepare my instruments."

The major then went into his own room, and I never felt more nervous or more unhinged than after this conversation. I had a melancholy foreboding—but that I believe every one has, when he, for the first time, has to assist at a mortal rencontre. I was in a deep musing when he returned with his pistols and all the necessary apparatus, and when the major pointed out to me, and made me once or twice practise the setting of the hair triggers, which is the duty of the second, an involuntary shudder came over me.

"Why, Newland, what is the matter with you? I thought that you had more nerve."

"I probably should show more, Carbonnell, were I the principal instead of the second, but I cannot bear the reflection that some accident should happen to you. You are the only one with whom I have been on terms of friendship, and the idea of losing you, is very, very painful."

"Newland, you really quite unman me, and you may now see a miracle," continued Carbonnell, as he pressed his hand to his eye, "the moisture of a tear on the cheek of a London *roué*, a man of the world, who has long lived for himself and for this world only. It never would be credited if asserted. Newland, there was a time when I was like yourself—the world took advantage of my ingenuousness and inexperience; my good feelings were the cause of my ruin, and then by degrees became as callous and as hardened as the world itself. My dear fellow, I thought all affection, all sentiment, dried up within me, but it is not the case. You have made me feel that I have still a heart, and that I can love you. But this is all romance, and not fitted for the present time. It is now five o'clock, let us be on the ground early—it will give us an advantage."

"I do not much like speaking to you on the subject, Carbonnell; but is there nothing that you might wish done in case of accident?"

"Nothing—why yes. I may as well. Give me a sheet of paper." The major sat down and wrote for a few minutes. "Now, send Timothy and another here. Timothy, and you, sir, see me sign this paper and put my seal to it. I deliver this as my act and deed. Put your names as witnesses." They complied with his request, and then the major desired Timothy to call a hackney-coach. "Newland," said the major, putting the paper, folded up, in my pocket, along with the bank-notes, "take care of this for me till we come back."

"The coach is at the door, sir," said Timothy, looking at me, as if to say, "What can all this be about?"

"You may come with us and see," said the major, observing Tim's countenance, "and put that case into the coach." Tim, who knew that it was the major's case of pistols, appeared still more alarmed, and stood still without obeying the order. "Never mind, Tim, your master is not the one who is to use them," said the major, *patting him* on the shoulder.

Timothy, relieved by this intelligence, went down stairs with the pistols; we followed him. Tim mounted on the box, and we drove to Chalk Farm. "Shall the coach wait?" enquired Timothy.

"Yes, by all means," replied I, in a low voice. We arrived at the usual ground, where disputes of this kind were generally settled; and the major took a survey of it with great composure.

"Now observe, Japhet," said he, "if you can contrive——; but here they are. I will give you the notice agreed upon." The peer, whose title was Lord Tineholme, now came up with his second, whom he introduced to me as Mr. Osborn. "Mr. Newland," replied the major, saluting Mr. Osborn in return. We both took off our hats, bowed, and then proceeded to our duty. I must do my adversary's second the justice to say, that his politeness was fully equal to mine. There was no mention on either side of explanations and retractions—the insult was too gross, and the character of his lordship, as well as that of Major Carbonnell, was too well known. Twelve paces were proposed by Mr. Osborn, and agreed to by me—the pistols of Major Carbonnell were gained by drawing lots—we had nothing more to do but to place our principals. The major took out his snuff-box, took a pinch, and blew his nose, turning towards a copse of beech trees.

"With your permission, I will mark out the ground, Mr. Osborn," said I, walking up to the major, and intending to pace twelve paces in the direction towards which he faced.

"Allow me to observe that I think a little more in this direction, would be more fair for both parties," said Mr. Osborn.

"It would so, my dear sir," replied I, "but submitting to your superior judgment, perhaps it may have not struck you that my principal will have rather too much of the sun. I am incapable of taking any advantage, but I should not do my duty if I did not see every justice done to the major, who has confided to me in this unpleasant affair. I put it to you, sir, as a gentleman and man of honour, whether I am claiming too much?" A little amicable altercation took place on this point, but finding that I would not yield, and that at every reply I was more and more polite and bland in my deportment, Mr. Osborn gave up the point. I walked the twelve paces, and Mr. Osborn placed his principal. I observed that Lord Tineholme did not appear pleased; he expostulated with him, but it was then too late. The pistols had been already loaded—the choice was given to his lordship, and Major Carbonnell received the other from my hand, which actually trembled, while his was firm. I requested Mr. Osborn to drop the handkerchief, as I could not make up my mind to give a signal which might be fatal to the major. They fired.—Lord Tineholme fell immediately—the major remained on his feet for a second or two, and then sank down on the ground. I hastened up to him. "Where are you hurt?"

The major put his hand to his hip—"I am hit hard, Newland, but not so hard as he is. Run and see."

I left the major, and went up to where Lord Tineholme lay, his head raised on the knee of his second.

"It is all over with him, Mr. Newland, the ball has passed through his brain."

I hastened back to the major, to examine his wound, and, with the assistance of Timothy, I stripped him sufficiently to ascertain that the ball had entered his hip, and probing the wound with my finger, it appeared that it had glanced off in the direction of the intestines; the suffusion of blood was very trifling, which alarmed me still more.

"Could you bear removal, major, in the coach?"

"I cannot tell, but we must try; the sooner I am home the better, Japhet," replied he faintly.

With the assistance of Timothy, I put him into the hackney-coach, and we drove off, after I had taken off my hat and made my obeisance to Mr. Osborn, an effort

of politeness which I certainly should have neglected, had I not been reminded of it by my principal. We set off, and the major bore his journey very well, making no complaint, but on our arrival he fainted as we lifted him out. As soon as he was on the bed, I despatched Timothy for a surgeon. On his arrival he examined the wound, and shook his head. Taking me into the next room, he declared his opinion, that the ball had passed into the intestines, which were severed, and that there was no hope. I sat down and covered up my face—the tears rolled down and trickled through my fingers—it was the first heavy blow I had yet received. Without kindred or connections, I felt that I was about to lose one who was dear to me. To another, not in my situation, it might have only produced a temporary grief at the near loss of a friend; but to me, who was almost alone in the world, the loss was heavy in the extreme. Whom had I to fly to for solace—there was Timothy and Fleta—one who performed the duty of a servant to me, and a child. I felt that they were not sufficient, and my heart was chilled.

The surgeon had, in the mean time, returned to the major, and dressed the wound. The major, who had recovered from his weakness, asked him his candid opinion. "We must hope for the best, sir," replied the surgeon.

"That is to say, there is no hope," replied the major: "and I feel that you are right. How long do you think that I may live?"

"If the wound does not take a favourable turn, about forty-eight hours, sir," replied the surgeon; "but we must hope for a more fortunate issue."

"In a death-bed case you medical men are like lawyers," replied the major, "there is no getting a straight forward answer from you. Where is Mr. Newland?"

"Here I am, Carbonnell," said I, taking his hand.

"My dear fellow, I know it is all over with me, and you of course know it as well as I do. Do not think that it is a source of much regret to me to leave this rascally world—indeed it is not; but I do feel sorry, very sorry, to leave you. The doctor tells me I shall live forty-eight hours; but I have an idea that I shall not live so many minutes. I feel my strength gradually failing me. Depend upon it, my dear Newland, there is an internal hemorrhage. My dear fellow, I shall not be able to speak soon. I have left you my executor and sole heir. I wish there was more for you—it will last you, however, till you come of age. That was a lucky hit last night, but a very unlucky one this morning. Bury me like a gentleman."

"My dear Carbonnell," said I, "would you not like to see somebody—a clergyman?"

"Newland, excuse me. I do not refuse it out of disrespect, or because I do not believe in the tenets of Christianity; but I cannot believe that my repentance at this late hour can be of any avail. If I have not been sorry for the life I have lived—if I have not had my moments of remorse—if I have not promised to amend, and intended to have so done, and I trust I have—what avails my repentance now? No, no, Japhet, as I have sown so must I reap, and trust to the mercy of heaven. God only knows all our hearts, and I would fain believe that I may find more favour in the eyes of the Almighty, than I have in this world from those who—but we must not judge. Give me to drink, Japhet—I am sinking fast. God bless you, my dear fellow."

The major sunk on his pillow, after he had moistened his lips, and spoke no more. With his hand clasped in mine he gradually sank, and in a quarter of an hour his eyes were fixed, and all was over. He was right in his conjectures—an artery had been divided, and he had bled to death. The surgeon came again just before he was dead, for I had sent for him. "It is better as it is," said he to me. "Had he not bled to death, he would have suffered forty-eight hours of extreme agony from the mortification which must have ensued." He closed the major's eyes and took his leave: I hastened into the drawing-room and sent for Timothy, with whom I sat in a long conversation on this unfortunate occurrence, and my future prospects.

My grief for the death of the major was sincere; much may indeed be ascribed to habit from our long residence and companionship; but more to the knowledge that the major, with all his faults, had redeeming qualities, and that the world had driven him to become what he had been. I had the further conviction, that he was attached to me, and, in my situation, any thing like affection was most precious. His funeral was handsome, without being ostentatious, and I paid every demand upon him which I knew to be just—many, indeed, that were not sent in, from a supposition that any claim made would be useless. His debts were not much above £200, and these debts had never been expected to be liquidated by those who had given him credit. The paper he had written, and had been witnessed by Timothy and another, was a short will, in which he left me his sole heir and executor. The whole of his property consisted in his house in St. James's street, the contents of his pocket-book entrusted to my care, and his personal effects, which, especially in bijouterie, were valuable. The house was worth about £4,000, as he had told me. In his pocket-book were notes to the amount of £3,500, and his other effects might be valued at £400. With all his debts and funeral expenses liquidated, and with my own money, I found myself in possession of about £8,000—a sum which never could have been credited, for it was generally supposed that he died worth less than nothing, having lived for a long while upon a capital of a similar value.

"I cannot but say," observed Timothy, "but this is very fortunate. Had the major not persuaded you to borrow money, he never would have won so large a sum. Had he lived he would have squandered it away; but just in the nick of time he is killed, and makes you his heir."

"There is truth in your observation, Timothy; but now you must go to Mr. Emmanuel, that I may pay him off. I will repay the £1000 lent me by Lord Windermear into his banker's, and then I must execute one part of the poor major's will. He left his diamond solitaire as a memento to his lordship. Bring it to me, and I will call and present it."

This conversation took place the day after the funeral, and, attired in deep mourning, I called upon his lordship, and was admitted. His lordship had sent his carriage to attend the funeral, and was also in mourning when he received me. I executed my commission, and after a long conversation with his lordship, in which I confided to him the contents of the will, and the amount of property of the deceased, I rose to take my leave.

"Excuse me, Mr. Newland," said he; "but what do you now propose to do? I confess I feel a strong interest about you, and had wished that you had come to me oftener without an invitation. I perceive that you never will. Have you no intention of following up any pursuit?"

"Yes, my lord, I intend to search after my father, and I trust that, by husbanding my unexpected resources, I shall now be able."

"You have the credit, in the fashionable world, of possessing a large fortune."

"That is not my fault, my lord: it is through Major Carbonnell's mistake that the world is deceived. Still I must acknowledge myself so far participator, that I have never contradicted the report."

"Meaning, I presume, by some good match, to gain the advantage of the supposition."

"Not so, my lord, I assure you. People may deceive themselves, but I will not deceive them."

"Nor undeceive them, Mr. Newland?"

"Undeceive them I will not; nay, if I did make the attempt, I should not be believed. They never would believe it possible that I could have lived so long with your relative, without having had a large supply of money. They might believe that I had run through my money, but not that I never had any."

"There is a knowledge of the world in that remark," replied his lordship; "but I interrupted you, so proceed."

"I mean to observe, my lord—and you, by your knowledge of my previous history, can best judge how far I am warranted in saying so—that I have as yet steered the middle course between that which is dishonest and honest. If the world deceives itself, you would say that, in strict honesty, I ought to undeceive it. So I would, my lord, if it were not for my peculiar situation; but at the same time I never will, if possible, be guilty of direct deceit; that is to say, I would not take advantage of my supposed wealth, to marry a young person of large fortune. I would state myself a beggar, and gain her affections as a beggar. A woman can have little confidence in a man who deceives her before marriage."

"Your secret will always be safe with me, Mr. Newland; you have a right to demand it. I am glad to hear the sentiments which you have expressed; they are not founded, perhaps, upon the strictest code of morality, but there are many who profess more who do not act up to so much. Still I wish you would think in what way I may be able to serve you, for your life at present is useless and unprofitable, and may tend to warp, still more, ideas which are not quite as strict as they ought to be."

"My lord, I have but one object in allowing the world to continue in their error relative to my means, which is, that it procures for me an entrance into that society in which I have a moral conviction that I shall find my father. I have but one pursuit, one end to attain—which is, to succeed in that search. I return you a thousand thanks for your kind expressions and good will; but I cannot, at present, avail myself of them. I beg your lordship's pardon, but did you ever meet the lady with the ear-rings?"

Lord Windermear smiled.. "Really, Mr. Newland, you are a very strange person; not content with finding out your own parents, you must also be searching after other people's; not that I do not commend your conduct in this instance, but I'm afraid, in running after shadows, you are too indifferent to the substance."

"Ah, my lord! it is very well for you to argue who have had a father and mother, and never felt the want of them; but if you knew how my heart yearns after my parents, you would not be surprised at my perseverance."

"I am surprised at nothing in this world, Mr. Newland; every one pursues happiness in his own way; your happiness appears to be centred in one feeling, and you are only acting as the world does in general; but recollect that the search after happiness ends in disappointment."

"I grant it but too often does, my lord; but there is pleasure in the chase," replied I.

"Well, go, and may you prosper. All I can say is this, Mr. Newland; do not have that false pride not to apply to me when you need assistance. Recollect it is much better to be under an obligation, if such you will consider it, than to do that which is wrong; and that it is a very false pride which would blush to accept a favour, and yet not blush to do what it ought to be ashamed of. Promise me, Mr. Newland, that, upon any reverse or exigence, you will apply to me."

"I candidly acknowledge to your lordship that I would rather be under an obligation to any one but you, and I trust you will clearly appreciate my feelings. I have taken the liberty of refunding the £1,000 you were so kind as to place at my disposal as a loan. At the same time I will promise, that if, at any time, I should require your assistance, I will again request leave to become your debtor." I rose again to depart.

"Farewell, Newland; when I thought you had behaved ill, and offered to better you, you only demanded my good opinion; you have it, and have it so firmly, that it will not easily be shaken." His lordship then shook hands with me, and I took my leave.

(To be continued.)

From the London Quarterly Review.

RECENT GERMAN BELLES-LETTRES.

Zur Geschichte der Neueren Schönen Literatur in Deutschland, von Henri Heine. Th. 1 und 2. Paris and Leipzig. 1833.

It has frequently been made a question, whether the Germans have any well-founded pretensions to wit: and it seemed till lately pretty generally agreed that the maintenance of the national honour in this respect had devolved exclusively on Jean Paul, whose sallies come flashing through his mysticism, like lightning through clouds. Within the last five years, however, a new star has appeared in the literary hemisphere of Germany,—malign in its influence, wavering in its orbit, and unsteady in its light, but sparkling all over with a brilliancy which soon occasioned all eyes and glasses to be turned upon it. Henry Heine came out as a poet and prose writer—first with his *Reisebilder*, next with his contributions towards the literary history of his contemporaries—and speedily gained for himself the reputation of being one of the cleverest, if not wittiest, writers of his day. We say, for himself—no man having ever been more exclusively the architect of his own reputation than Heine; for at starting he wantonly provoked a whole host of detractors by his impertinences—and, by his hardly concealed contempt for existing creeds and establishments, he has often managed to reduce even his most ardent admirers to the condition of apologists. At the present moment, he is regarded as a regular outlaw, a downright *caput lupinum*, in the literary circles of Germany, where, "his hand is against every man, and every man's hand is against him." Yet we believe him to be possessed of many noble and generous qualities (as, indeed, what man of true genius is not?)—we are told that he is now eagerly striving to work himself pure—and nourish a strong hope that he will come round, ere long, to a due sense of the evil of his ways. But the undoubted ability of his writings, apart from their tendency, will amply justify the passing notice we are about to take of the volume named at the head of this paper—a work much better fitted for our purpose than the *Reisebilder*, which, as the name partly imports, is a mere collection of thoughts, fancies, images, and descriptions, picked up or suggested during journeys to well-known places of resort—acute, lively, and graphic, but wild, wandering, and desultory. The volume now before us, on the contrary, is the commencement of a regular critical history of the recent German literature, addressed, indeed, to French readers, and professedly composed as a supplement to Madame de Staël's celebrated "De L'Allemagne,' but not the less adapted to England on that

account; for we believe the two nations (always excepting our inner circle of adepts) are much upon a par as regards the peculiar kind of information conveyed by Heine, and still look equally to Madame de Staël as their principal authority on all matters connected with the belles-lettres and philosophy of Germany. Yet it is clear to demonstration, that mighty changes have been effected since she wrote; and it would be by no means difficult to prove that she had at best but a superficial acquaintance with the subjects about which she discourses so pleasantly. Robert Hall says he threw aside the book disdainfully on finding her, in her account of the metaphysicians, coolly setting down a well-known idealist among the realists;* and it is still related, as characteristic of her style of enquiry in Germany, that her first address to Schelling was:—*Monsieur, voudriez-vous bien m'expliquer votre système en peu de mots?*† Her accounts of books, also, are singularly defective; her analysis of *Faust*, for instance, shows that she had never read above a third of it. But on the subject of Madame's merits and demerits Heine himself shall speak—

"Madame de Staël's *Germany* is the only comprehensive piece of information which the French have received as to the intellectual life of Germany; and yet, since the appearance of this book a long period has elapsed, and an entirely new literature has developed itself in Germany. Is it but a transient literature? Is it already in the sere and yellow leaf? Opinions are divided upon these points. Most believe that, with the death of Goethe, a new literary period begins in Germany; that old Germany is gone with him to the grave; that the aristocratic season of literature is at an end, the democratic beginning; or, as a French journalist lately expressed it, 'The spirit of individuals has ceased, the spirit of all has commenced.' As to myself, I cannot so confidently decide on the future evolutions of the German mind. The termination of the *Goethe period of art*, by which name I first designated this period, I had for many years foreseen. I might well prophesy! I had a thorough knowledge of the ways and means of those unquiet ones, who would fain make an end of the Goethe dynasty; and in the risings of that time against Goethe, I myself was certainly to be seen. Now that Goethe is dead, a strange pang comes over me to think of it.

"As I announce these pages as a continuation, in some sort, of Madame de Staël's work, I am obliged, whilst honouring the instruction derivable from it, to recommend, notwithstanding, a certain caution in the use of it, and most particularly to proclaim it a *coterie* book. Madame de Staël, of glorious memory, has here, in the form of a book, opened, as it were, a drawing-room, in which she received German authors, and gave them an opportunity of familiarising themselves with the civilised world of France; but in the hubbub of the most various voices which cry from out this book, clear above all is heard the fine descant of Mr. A. W. Schlegel. Where she is all herself, where the magnanimous madame speaks out directly with her own whole heart—even with the entire fire-work of her own brilliant absurdities—there, good and excellent is the production. But so soon as she lends an ear to others' whisperings; so soon as she does homage to a school, whose very existence is altogether foreign and incomprehensible to her; so soon as, by extolling this school, she is detected in forwarding certain ultramontane tendencies, which are in direct contradiction with her own protestant clearness—then, is her book poor and uncongenial."

The school in question is the romantic school: but this differed very widely from the romantic school in France, of which Victor Hugo is now regarded as the chief:

"But what was the romantic school in Germany? It was nothing else but the re-awakening of the poetry of the middle ages, as manifested in their songs, paintings, buildings, in their art, and in their life. But this poetry had proceeded from Christianity; it was a passion-flower, sprung from the blood of Christ. I know not whether the melancholy flower, which we call passion-flower in Germany, bears the same name in France, nor whether the same mystic origin is attributed to it by popular tradition. It is that strangely coloured flower in whose chalice we see copied the instruments of martyrdom employed at the crucifixion, namely, hammer, pincers, nails, &c.—a flower which is not altogether hateful but only spectral, nay, whose aspect actually excites a gloomy pleasure in the soul, like the convulsively sweet sensations which spring from pain itself. In this point of view this flower would be the most appropriate symbol for Christianity, whose most awful charm consists in the very enjoyment of pain.

"Although in France the Roman faith alone is understood to be included under the name of Christianity [!!!] I must most particularly declare beforehand that I am speaking only of the Roman Catholic faith. I speak of that religion in whose first dogmas a proscription of all flesh is contained; which not merely assigns to the spirit a dominion over the flesh, but even aims at totally depriving the one of life, to give supremacy to the other; I speak of that religion through whose unnatural exposition sin and hypocrisy came into the world, since even by the proscription of the flesh the most innocent sensual gratifications become sin, and, in consequence of the impossibility of being all spirit, hypocrisy inevitably sprung up: I speak of that religion which likewise, through the doctrine of the utter worthlessness of all earthly goods, through the dog-humility and angel-patience enjoined by it, soon became every where the most approved prop of despotism. Men have now learnt the real nature of this religion; they are no longer to be satisfied with pointings to heaven; they know that the material, too, has its good, and is not entirely of the devil; and they now vindicate the enjoyment of earth, this lovely garden of God, our inalienable inheritance. Simply because we now so thoroughly comprehend the consequences of that absolute spirituality, may we also believe that Roman Catholic Christianity, as regards its worldly policy, has reached its acmé. For every age is a sphynx which throws itself from the rock as soon as its riddle has been guessed.

"I am here, however, by no means denying the benefits conferred on Europe by Catholicism. It was necessary as a wholesome reaction against the gloomy colossal materialism which had unfolded itself in the Roman empire, and threatened to annihilate all the spiritua-

* He added, when something was said about the flights of her fancy, that for his part, he could not admire her flights, for to him she was generally invisible; not because she ascended to a great height above the earth, but because she invariably selected a foggy atmosphere."—*Gregory's Life of Hall*, p. 235.

† The same mode of enquiry seems to have been adopted by M. Thiers during his ten days' journey to England in 1833, in which time he pledged himself to the citizen-king to learn all that was worth learning concerning us. He wrote as follows to a gentleman then connected with the treasury:—

Mon cher Monsieur,—Pourriez-vous me donner un petit quart d'heure pour m'expliquer le système financier de votre pays? Tout à vous, THIERS.

xcellence of man. As the loose memoirs of the pre-eding century form, as it were, the *pièces justificatives* f the French revolution; as the terrorism of a commit-ee of public safety appears to us a necessary medicine, fter reading the confessions of the patrician world of rance subsequent to the regency; just so is the whole-omeness of the ascetic spirituality recognised after eading *Petronius* or *Apuleius*, books which may be egarded as the *pièces justificatives* of Catholicism. The flesh had become so wanton in this Roman world, hat the monastic discipline might well be necessary to nortify it. After the feast of a Trimalchion, there was ieed of a fasting regimen."

He proceeds to specify the effects of this spirit pon the romantic literature of the middle ages, n which he thinks self-denial too rigidly incul-ated; excepting, however—he might have made bundance of exceptions—Gottfried of Strasburg, who, by the way, is supposed to be the author of he book which lured Dante's Paulo and Fran-esca into sin. Music, painting, and architecture, *uffered*, he says, from the same cause; but it will be sufficient to quote what he says about the ast:—

"The art of building bore the same character as the ther arts in the middle ages; as, indeed, at that time ll manifestations of life harmonised most surprisingly with one another. Here, in architecture, is exhibited he same parabolical tendency as in poetry. When we ow enter an old cathedral, we hardly feel any longer he exterior sense of its stone-work symbolicism. Only he general impression strikes immediately into the soul. We here feel the elevation of the spirit, and the prostra-ion of the flesh. The interior of the cathedral is itself hollow cross, and we there walk in the very instrument f martyrdom; the variegated windows cast their red ights upon us, like drops of blood; funeral hymns are rembling round us; under our feet, tombstones and orruption; and the spirit struggles, with the colossal illars, towards heaven, painfully tearing itself asunder rom the body, which drops, like a worn-out garment, o the ground.

"When we look upon it from the outside, this same othic cathedral, these enormous piles of building, which are so airy, so fine, so ornamental, so transpa-ently elaborated, that one might suppose them carved ut—that one might take them for Brabant points of narble—then do we first truly feel the power of that ge, which knew how to obtain such a mastery over tone itself, that it seems almost spectrally instinct with pirit, that this hardest of material things expresses the piritualism of Christianity."

Coleridge had probably something of the same ort in his mind, when he said that an old gothic athedral always looked to him like a petrified eligion. Heine continues:—

"But the arts are nothing but the mirrors of life, and s catholicism was extinguished in life, so also did it row faint and die away in art. At the time of the re-ormation, the catholic poetry gradually disappeared in Germany, and in its place we see the long expired Greek poetry revive. It was, indeed, but a factitious pring, a work of the gardener and not of the sun; and he trees and flowers were stuck in narrow pots, and a lass heaven sheltered them from the chill north wind. In actual history every event is not the immediate con-equence of another; all events act and re-act upon one nother, and it was not through the Greek scholars, who migrated to us after the taking of Byzantium, that the ove of Greek and the desire of imitating it became uni-versal amongst us; but a contemporary protestantism at that time was stirring in art equally as in life. Leo the Tenth, the magnificent Medici, was every bit as zealous a protestant as Luther; and as the one was protesting in Latin prose at Wittemberg, just so did the other pro-test in stone, colours, and *ottave rime*, at Rome. Do not Michael Angelo's marble images of power, the laughing nymph-like faces of Giulio Romano, and the gladness, drunk with life, of Master Ludovic's verses—do not these form a protesting contrast to the old gloomy grief-consumed catholicism? The glowing flesh on the paintings of Titian—this is all protestantism. The limbs of his Venus are far more solid theses than those which the German monk fixed on the church door of Wittemberg. It was then as if men felt themselves suddenly freed from an oppression of a thousand years; the artists, above all, breathed freely again, as the Alp of catholicism seemed rolled from the breast; they plunged enthusiastically into the sea of Greek gladness, out of whose foam the goddess of beauty again emerged for them; the painters painted again the ambrosial joy of Olympus; the sculptors chiseled again, with the same pleasure as of old, the ancient heroes out of the marble block; the poets celebrated again the house of Atreus and Laius; the period of the new classical poetry arose.

"As in France, under Lewis the Fourteenth, modern life was cultivated to the highest pitch, just so did that new classical poetry here (in France) likewise obtain a cultivated completion, nay, in some sense, an independent originality. Through the political influence of the great monarch, this new classical poetry was diffused through the rest of Europe; in Italy, where it had already domesticated itself, it received a French colouring; with the Anjous went also the heroes of French tragedy to Spain; they went to England with Madame Henriette; and we Germans, it is hardly necessary to say, we erected a clumsy temple of our own to the powdered Olympus of Versailles."

Lessing is described as the literary Arminius by whom this freshly imported faith was overthrown. The change effected by him was effected not less by his own original productions than by his criticisms;* and he has been aptly enough compared to those pious Jews, who, being often disturbed during the second building of the temple by invasion, fought with one hand against the enemy, and with the other continued their work. Lessing and Herder are great favourites with Heine, who thus most *Germanicè* apologises for introducing them:—

"The history of literature is the great *Morgue* where every one seeks out his dead, those whom he loves or is related to. When I see there, amongst so many insignificant bodies, Lessing or Herder, it sets my heart a beating. How could I proceed, without gently kissing your pale lips as I passed!"

This tribute paid, he passes on to catalogue their more distinguished contemporaries. Goethe, according to this dashing judge, *was a name in literature, but not by any means a supereminent one.* His *Goetz von Berlichingen* and *Werther* had attracted great attention, but more on account of their subject-matter, than of their merits as productions of consummate art, which few at that period discerned in them. Lafontaine wrote

* Lessing's best dramatic pieces are *Emilia Galeotti*, (a modern Virginia,) *Minna von Barnhelm*, and *Nathan the Wise*. His best critical work is Laocoon, an Essay on the boundaries of Painting and Poetry.

oftener, and was therefore more celebrated than Goethe. Wieland was the great poet of the day; at least Rammler alone could have disputed the palm with him; the theatre was subjected to Iffland, with his lachrymose dramas, and to Kotzebue, with his trifling, though witty farces. These are Heine's opinions, not ours. Some of Iffland's comedies have great merit; and Kotzebue cannot justly be set down as a mere writer of witty farces. Mr. W. Taylor, of Norwich, calls him "the greatest dramatic genius that Europe has evolved since Shakspeare," and, understood with peculiar reference to stage-effect, this praise is not so much exaggerated as may be thought. His life and conduct will long prevent full justice being rendered to him in Germany.

The remarks on these writers are prefatory to a more minute account of the growth of the romantic school, with the two Schlegels, Augustus William and Frederick, for its chiefs. Their then place of residence, Jena, was its seat; at Jena also resided the celebrated metaphysician Schelling, by some supposed to have afforded a philosophic ground-work to the romantic school, which Heine denies. "Schelling, however," he adds, "exercised, undoubtedly, great personal influence on the romantic school; he is also, what is not known in France, a bit of a poet, and it is reported that he is still in doubt whether he shall not publish his collective philosophical doctrines in a poetical, nay metrical, dress. This doubt characterises the man."

But although the school was founded neither on Schelling's, nor on any other philosopher's philosophy, the founders amply compensated the defect, by setting up the best works of former times as models, and making them accessible to their disciples. With this view A. W. de Schlegel is said to have undertaken his admirable translation of Shakspeare, lately completed and illustrated by Tieck. A version by the same hand of some of the best plays of Calderon was another fruit of the theory, of which Germany has good reason to be glad.

The overweening passion of this school for *simplicity* is illustrated amusingly enough:—

"'Our poetry,' said the Messieurs Schlegel, 'is antiquated; our muse is an old woman with a distaff; our hero no fair boy, but a shriveled dwarf with gray hair; our feelings are withered, our fancy is dried up; we must refresh ourselves, we must seek again the neglected fountains of the *naive* simple poetry of the middle ages; there the draught of renovation bubbles up for us.'[!!] The dry parched people did not wait to be told so twice; those thirsty souls, in particular, who were sitting up to their necks in sand, longed to be as the blooming and youthful, and they plunged in search of those wondrous springs, and gulped, and sipped, and swallowed, with extraordinary zest. But it chanced to them as to the old chambermaid, of whom it is related as follows: She had remarked that her mistress possessed a wonderful elixir, which restored youth. In the absence of the lady, she took the phial containing the elixir from her toilet-table, but instead of drinking a few drops, she took so great and long a draught, that, through the highly concentrated magic power of the renovating drink, she not only became young again, but was changed into a little child. Truly it chanced somewhat similarly to M. Tieck, the best poet of the school; he had drunk so deep of the popular books and poems of the middle ages, that he also became a child again, which result Madame de Staël found such difficulty in admiring. She is obliged to own that it struck her as curious, to find a modern drama opening with, *I am the bold Boniface, and I come to tell you*, &c."

Tieck also sought to revive the same taste for simplicity in the sister arts, and Frederick Schlegel and Görres are described as "rummaging" all the old towns upon the Rhine for remains of the old German school of painting and sculpture, which, like holy relics, were superstitiously adored. But our author forgets to commemorate the beneficial influence of this rummaging upon art; though had F. Schlegel and Görres done no more than bring Albert Durer into fashion, they would have done enough to justify their enthusiasm; an observation which any one may verify by simply analysing the effect of an intense study of Albert Durer upon Retzsch. The following parallel, apropos of the enthusiasm in question, is curious:—

"I have just now compared the German Parnassus of those days with Charenton (the bedlam of France). But I am inclined to think I have said far too little. A French madness is not near so mad as a German madness; for in the latter, as Polonius says, there is method. With a pedantry quite *sui generis*, with a terrible conscientiousness, with a grim earnestness of which your superficial French lunatic cannot so much as form a notion, was that German madness carried on."

No less curious, and perhaps not more fantastical, is the parallel drawn between the patriotism of the two countries. The period taken is that immediately preceding the first effective rising of Germany against Napoleon:—

"Patriotism was the word, and we became patriots: for we do every thing which our princes bid us. But the same feeling must not be understood by this patriotism as bears the name in France. The patriotism of the Frenchman consists in this—that his heart warms, is stretched and grows wider by this warmth, so that it no longer embraces merely its nearest relations, but all France, the whole civilised earth, with its love. The patriotism of the German, on the contrary, consists in this—that his heart grows narrower; that it contracts, like leather in the cold; that he detests what is foreign; that he wishes to be no longer a citizen of the world, no longer a European, but merely a narrow German. There was now to be seen the ideal churlishness, which Mr. Jahn reduced to a system,—the paltry, dirty, unwashed opposition began against the most glorious and sacred feeling that ever originated in Germany, namely, against that humanity, against that universal spirit of fraternisation, against that cosmopolitism to which all our great spirits, Lessing, Herder, Schiller, Goethe, Jean Paul, to which all the cultivated minds in Germany, have ever done homage. What soon after came to pass in Germany, is too well known to all of you. When God, the snow, and the Cossacks, had destroyed the best energies of Napoleon, we Germans received the most gracious command to free ourselves from the yoke of the foreigner, and we flamed up in manly indignation against the all too long endured subjection, and we encouraged ourselves by the good melodies and bad verses of Körner's songs, and we reconquered our freedom; for we do every thing which our princes bid us."

It may here be as well to remind Mr. Heine and his friends, that patriotism, as well as glory.

is like a circle in the water, which by too much spreading may disperse itself to nothing. We much fear that *his* has already undergone this process, and that he has got simply a maudlin sort of French philanthropy, a feeling between vanity and egotism, in the place of it. As regards literature, we ourselves are cosmopolites, in the widest sense of the term, but the very notion of cosmopolitan patriotism is a baneful absurdity.

"At the period (he continues) when this battle was preparing, a school which was hostile to all things French, and trumpeted forth the praises of all that was characteristically German, necessarily met with the most flattering prosperity. The romantic school marched hand in hand with the exertions of the governments and the secret societies, and Mr. A. W. Schlegel conspired against Racine at the same time that the minister Stein conspired against Napoleon. The school swam with the times, namely, with the stream which streamed backwards towards its source. When, in the end, German patriotism and German nationality had obtained a complete victory, the national Germanic Christian romantic school, the new German religious patriotic art, definitively triumphed too. Napoleon, the great classic, as much a classic as Alexander and Cæsar, was hurled to the ground, and Messrs. Augustus William and Frederick Schlegel, the little romanticists, about as romantic as Tom Thumb and Puss in Boots, arose as conquerors."

Heine means these allusions as a sneer, but the Schlegels would probably have adopted them as a compliment; for Tom Thumb and Puss in Boots were, according to their notions, amongst the best and purest early creations of romance, and both, along with Bluebeard and Little Red Riding Hood, have been beautifully dramatised by Tieck in his Phantasies.*

Passing over the other exploits of the romantic school, as the conversion of Frederick Schlegel and some other of its members to actual catholicism, we come to Voss, one of the most dangerous of their rivals and fellest of their foes. The following comparison is spiritedly drawn, though Schlegel, as usual, is unduly depreciated:—

"To Frederick Schlegel, the intoxicated singer of the wantonly romantic (or romantically wanton) Lucinda,† how fatal must he have been,—this sober Voss, with his chaste Louise and his old respectable Vicar of Grunau! Mr. A. W. Schlegel, who never meant so honestly by wantonness and catholicism as his brother, could harmonise much better with old Voss, and there arose between these two only a translating rivalry, which moreover was of the greatest advantage to the German language. Voss had already, before the birth of the new school, translated Homer; he now translated with unwearied exertion the remaining heathen poets of antiquity; whilst A. W. Schlegel translated the Christian poets of the romantic catholic age. The choice of works was in either case determined by the private polemical object. Voss wished to advance the classical poetry and mode of thinking by his translations; whilst A. W. Schlegel sought to make the Christian romantic poets accessible in good versions to the public, for them to imitate and form themselves by. Nay, their antagonism showed itself in their very forms of speech: whilst Schlegel was ever polishing his words more and more sweetly and trippingly, Voss was growing harsher and coarser in his translations; the latter, on account of the roughnesses filed into them, are almost unpronounceable; so that, if one was likely to trip on the smooth polished slippery mahogany floor of Schlegel's verses, one was no less likely to stumble over the clumsy marble blocks of old Voss.* At length, out of rivalry, Voss determined on translating Shakspeare, which Schlegel, in his first period, had so excellently done into German; but this turned out very ill for old Voss, and still worse for his publisher; the production was a total failure. Where Schlegel possibly translated too effeminately, where his verses are not unfrequently like whipt cream, with regard to which one hardly knows, when carried to the mouth, whether it is to be eaten or drunk; in all these places, Voss is as hard as stone, and a man runs the risk of breaking a jaw-bone in pronouncing his lines."

It was Goethe, however, who gave the finishing blow to the romantic school; and exceedingly ungrateful of him it was, for they worshipped him as the first of moderns, and held him up as a model for posterity.

"They had him, too," says Heine, with his wonted malice, "so immediately at hand. From Jena to Weimar the road lay through an avenue of pretty trees—on which grow plums, very pleasant to the taste, when one is thirsty from the heat; and the Schlegels traveled this road very frequently; and at Weimar they had many a colloquy with Privy Counsellor Goethe, who was always a great diplomatist, and quietly listened to the Schlegels, smiled assentingly, often gave them a dinner, did them now and then a favour, and so forth."

They are also accused of making court to Schiller, who, if they did so, certainly rejected their advances, and applied to them, as appears from his correspondence, terms expressive of no very qualified contempt. One of the principal causes of A. W. Schlegel's present unpopularity in Germany (which seems to have escaped Heine) is an attempt made by him to revenge himself on Goethe and Schiller by epigrams, not certainly in the best possible taste, though the provocation was great.

The plums, which were so attractive to the Schlegels, appear to have made a strong impression on Heine himself, for they play a prominent part in his first interview with Goethe; the account of which, as well as the personal description preceding it, are amusing enough:—

"The accordance of personal appearance with genius, such as is required in extraordinary men, was conspicuous in Goethe. One might study Grecian art in him, as in an antique. His eyes were tranquil as those of a god. Time had been powerful enough to cover his head with snow, but not to bend it; he carried it ever proud and high: and when he spoke, he seemed to grow bigger; and when he stretched out his hand, it was as if he could prescribe, with his finger, to the stars in heaven the way they were to go. When I visited him in Weimar, and stood face to face with him, I looked involuntarily around in search of the eagle with the thunderbolts in his beak.

* "Who could have supposed that a tragedy, no mock heroic, but a real tragedy, calculated to affect and excite us, could have been erected on the ground-work of a nursery tale? Yet let any one read *Blaubart* in the Phantasies, and say whether this is not accomplished."—*Carlyle's Specimen of German Romance*, vol. ii. p. 14. The peculiar satirical object of these pieces does not appear to have struck Mr. Carlyle.

† F. Schlegel wrote a poem so called, not remarkable for delicacy.

* This may remind the reader of Johnson's celebrated parallel between Dryden and Pope.

I was on the very point of addressing him in Greek; but, so soon as I observed that he understood German, I related to him, in my own mother tongue, that *the plums upon the road between Jena and Weimar tasted very nice.* So many long winter nights had I thought it over—how many deep and sublime things I would say to Goethe when I saw him: and when, at length, I did see him, I said to him—that Saxon plums tasted very nice! And Goethe smiled—he smiled with the same lips with which he had once kissed the fair Leda, Europa, Danaë, Semele, and so many other princesses and ordinary nymphs besides."

All this is thoroughly German—but no one who ever saw Goethe can deny that he was in reality a most sublime specimen of the human race.

Were we to linger over all the piquant passages in this book, we might be lured on to extract at least a third of it; but we have only room for one extract more, and after duly deliberating, we have resolved on giving the preference to the following observations on the relative merits of Goethe and Schiller, the two great candidates for the literary throne of Germany; where a republic of letters (for the present confusion of ranks and absence of rulers rather resembles an anarchy) has been hitherto unknown. Like a steady, prudent, thinking people as they are, they have always insisted on a king, and have never shown themselves very anxious to impose limitations on his authority.* Our readers will not fail to compare the passage we are about to extract with a paragraph on Goethe and Schiller from Mr. Coleridge's "Table-Talk," which we have printed in a preceding article. We cannot but suspect that Coleridge, in assigning a higher rank to Schiller than to Goethe, was unconsciously influenced by the recollections of his own early intercourse with the former, and more especially of his splendid exertions in the English "Wallenstein." Heine says—

"Although at one time I was myself an adversary of Goethe, I did not approve the coarseness with which Menzel criticised him, and I lamented this want of feeling. I observed—Goethe is at all events the king of our literature; when we apply the critical knife to such a one, we must never permit the least diminution of the courtesy due to his rank; like that executioner who had to behead Charles I., and before he discharged his duty, kneeled down before the king, and prayed his most gracious pardon.

"*Entre nous*, Goethe's enemies formed a very mixed assemblage. What came before the world I have sufficiently indicated;—it is more difficult to guess the particular motive of each in publishing his anti-Goethean convictions. There is only one person whose precise motive I know; and as I myself am that person, I will honestly confess it was—envy. To my praise, be it spoken, however, that in Goethe I never attacked the poet, but only the man. I have never censured his works; I have never been able to discover faults in them, like those critics who, with their finely-ground glasses, have observed specks even in the moon. The sharp-sighted folks! what they regard as specks are blooming groves, silver streams, lofty mountains, laughing vales. Nothing is sillier than the depreciation of Goethe in favour of Schiller, by whom they never meant honestly, and who has always been exalted for the mere purpose of degrading Goethe. Or were people really ignorant that those high-renowned, high-ideal forms, those altar-pieces of youth and morality, which Schiller set up, were far easier to produce than those sinful, polluted creatures of the little world, of which Goethe gives us glances in his works? Can they, then, be ignorant that mediocre painters for the most part paint the figures of saints as large as life, but that many a great master makes it his study to paint, with natural truth and artist-like propriety, possibly a Spanish beggar-boy lousing himself, a low-country boor vomiting or having a tooth drawn, and ugly old women, as we see in small Dutch cabinet pictures? The great and fearful is much more easily represented in art than the little and complete..... Rail as you will against the vulgarities in Faust, against the scenes on the Brocken, in Auerbach's Cellar!—rail against the irregularities in Wilheim Meister!—all that, however, is precisely what you cannot imitate. But you are not desirous of imitating it; and I hear you exclaiming with disgust—We are no conjurers! we are good Christians! That you are no conjurers, I admit!

"Goethe's greatest merit is the completeness of every thing he produces; there are no points which are strong whilst others are weak; there is no part fully painted whilst the other is only sketched. Every character in his romances and dramas is treated, where it occurs, as if it was the principal character: it is so with Homer—so with Shakspeare. In the works of all the great poets there are, properly speaking, no inferior characters at all: every figure is a principal character in its place. When, once upon a time, a French ambassador mentioned to Paul of Russia that *a man of consequence* in St. Petersburgh was interesting himself in some matter or other, the czar vehemently interrupted him with these remarkable words—'There is no *man of consequence* in this empire but him with whom I am actually speaking, and so long only as I am speaking to him is he of consequence.' The absolute poet, who has likewise received his power from heaven, considers in the same style those members of his intellectual empire as of the most consequence, whom he is at the moment causing to speak, who have just grown under his pen; and out of this true despotism of art springs that wonderful completeness of the smallest figures in the works of Homer, Shakspeare, and Goethe."

The last paragraph of this extract is excellent; though we should be inclined to qualify that portion of it which makes the merit depend wholly on the execution, and little, if at all, on the choice of objects of art. It was Pasta, we believe, who said of a rival, that she was first in her line, but that her line was not the first; and the remark suggests a distinction which the reader will find no difficulty in applying for himself. We, on the whole, consider Wallenstein as a grander and a finer *drama* than any of Goethe's—but shall never be able to believe that Schiller was as great a poet as Goethe—as original in his creations—as wide in his scope of feeling—or as exquisitely felicitous in his management of their common language.

* "Tieck (said Goethe) was emperor, too, for a time: but it did not last long, he was soon deposed. They said there was something too Titus-like in his temper: he was too mild and good-natured. In the present state of things the empire requires a rigorous sway, and what may be called a sort of barbaric grandeur. Next came the reign of the Schlegels. Things now went on better. August Wilheim Schlegel, the first, and Frederick, the second of the name, both ruled with becoming severity; not a day passed in which some one was not sent into exile, or in which a few executions did not take place. Perfectly right! Such rulers have, from time immemorial, been immense favourites with the people."—*Characteristics of Goethe, by Mrs. Austin.*

Heine has candidly confessed the motive of his hostility to Goethe. It were to be wished that he had been equally candid with regard to Schlegel, whom he keeps on plying with every species of ill-natured allusion which the wanton wickedness of wit can suggest. In addition to the sarcasms already mentioned, the dress and personal appearance of this distinguished writer, his mode of lecturing, the furniture of his lecture-room, the circumstances of his marriage, &c. &c., are all deemed fit subjects for quizzing. We are told (what cannot be true) that, unable to live without the pomp and circumstance of reception, to which he had been accustomed as the companion of Madame de Staël, he offered, after her death, to attend Catalini in her progresses; and in reply to Schlegel's assertion, that he saw neither poetry nor poets during his last visit to Paris, Heine says that this is easy of explanation, as Schlegel did nothing the whole time but admire himself in a pocket looking-glass. He even dares to question the great critic's age: "Mr. A. W. Schlegel is therefore now (1833) sixty-four years old. Mr. Alexander von Humboldt and other *naturalists* maintain, however, that he is older. Champollion also was of the same opinion." Schlegel, however, may well afford to laugh at such pleasantries as this.

The rest of the book deals chiefly in individual portraiture. He adds to his list of the chief adversaries, a similar catalogue of the chief supporters of Goethe—amongst whom Varnhagen von Ense is characterised as "a man who carries in his heart thoughts which are as great as the world, and expresses them in words which are as precious and polished as gems." Varnhagen von Ense is really an admirable critic, who deserves to be better known in this country than he is. Sketches are given of Steffens, Görres, Hoffman, Novalis, Brentano, Von Arnim, &c.; and slight notices of the leading modern metaphysicians—Fichte, Schelling, Böhme, and Hegel—are interwoven, where it becomes necessary to explain their influence upon literature.

A continuation is promised; and on its appearance we shall probably return to this lively and entertaining work. We have, in our translations, studied to be *liberal*—not at all to be elegant—for we wished to give our English readers some notion of what the modern German style of expression is. We are sorry to add that, though Heine's vein in this book is far less irreverent than in his *Reisebilder*, we have been obliged to *mutilate* some of the passages which seemed to us deserving of quotation.

Novel Machine.—A novel machine was a few days ago exhibited in the Kennington and Clapham roads. It consisted of a sort of carriage-wheel which carries a *railroad* for itself, upon which the carriage travels with great facility and quickness. It was composed of a jointed square instead of a circle, and has four rollers, not touching the road, and four feet which alternately come to the ground, producing a kind of walking and escaping obstacles. We understand it is the invention of Lewis Gomperiz, Esq. Should these machines be adopted, probably common railroads may be partially or wholly dispensed with.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

SHAKSPEARE IN GERMANY.—PART I.

SHAKSPEARE'S TRAGEDIES—HAMLET.

Some years ago, we remember, there was a grievous alarm among the geologists, at the prospect that our whole stock of coals would, at no distant period, be consumed. The mines, we were told, were well nigh wrought out; in a dozen years or so the world would be nothing more than an exhausted coal waste; and as we were scarcely prepared "to wallow naked 'midst December's snow, by thinking on fantastic summer's heat," the prospects of society for a time certainly looked black and comfortless enough. But some more adventurous miner bethought him, that though the surface hitherto opened up might be nearly exhausted, yet by penetrating a little deeper than his fellows, he might arrive at "fresh fields and strata new;" by the aid of the wonder working spirit steam, the object was accomplished; new and endless veins of black diamonds were detected, and now our apprehensions of a second plague of darkness, or of being doomed to dwell "in thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice," are postponed at least for another century.

The case seems to be somewhat the same with the deep and ever fertile mind of Shakspeare. After a hundred years of commentary and criticism, is the field exhausted, or the new acquisitions which are won from it becoming less brilliant or less valuable? We think not. True, the more palpable and superficial treasures which it presented have been collected long ago; we have had many well-written and eloquent dissertations on the more obvious characteristics of Shakspeare's universal mind, and much of that which Schlegel justly calls the cheapest of all criticism, the studied and laborious exposition of the beauties of individual descriptions, incidents, images, and expressions. In regard to the former, Johnson's preface left little to be added; and after the volumes without number which have been devoted by commentators to the latter, in which poor Shakspeare may be said, like Actæon, to have been almost devoured by his own dogs, men might have been excused for believing that little more was to be gleaned where so many industrious reapers had gone before. And yet ever and anon, and particularly of late, arises some new adventurer, who, either by penetrating more deeply into the poetic spirit of individual parts, detects undiscovered meanings, new shades of feeling, or delicacies of allusion, in passages which had seemed time-worn and hackneyed; or elevating himself to that higher and more comprehensive point of view, from which objects are seen in their just relation and proportion to each other, is enabled, by a large and reconciling criticism, to blend in harmonious union many elements which had appeared inconsistent, and in what had seemed to common eyes little better than a magnificent but chaotic mass, the result of blind chance, and ill-directed power, to exhibit the goodliest proportions, the most profound and refined adaptation, and the most unerring dramatic skill in awakening and developing the leading impression which the whole was intended to produce upon the mind.

To the poetical mind, Shakspeare is, and ever will remain new; and though any criticism on such a subject which is now likely to be read, demands in the critic a very different intellectual constitution of mind from that which went to the composition of a Johnson, a Malone, a Warburton, or a Stevens, there is assuredly no want at present of that more enlarged and penetrating criticism, from which alone any valuable or original contributions to our views of Shakspeare's genius can be expected.

But besides the lights which the more imaginative spirit of modern criticism will, we doubt not, continue to throw upon the works of our great dramatist, another source of freshness and novelty is gradually becoming more and more available to us, derived from the criticisms and translations of Shakspeare in foreign languages. Every one must have felt how often a favourite author actually becomes more intelligible to him, or at least the full force and meaning of many passages are more palpably brought home to him, by reading in a foreign language those ideas which, by repetition, had become matter of rote, and ceased to strike with their original force in our own. Like flowers which, from being too much handled, have begun to lose their scent and bloom, but which revive again when plunged into water, so ideas and images, which from familiarity had lost their charm, regain their freshness and vigour in the new element of translation. In a still greater degree is this effect of novelty felt, when we peruse the foreign criticisms as well as translations of our great national poet, and see in what a different aspect, incidents, characters, and sentiments, nay, even the moral tendency of the piece, or the idea which it embodies, present themselves to those who view them from a position whence we are excluded by habit and education;—under the influence produced by other climates, manners, prejudices, or sympathies, and through an atmosphere so different from our own; whether it be the clear cold sparkle of a French sunshine, the rosy glow of Spanish or Italian skies, or the misty grandeur, the wavering splendour, and gloomy shadows of a German clime.

Of all the continental critics on Shakspeare, Germany has certainly furnished incomparably the most original, the most profound, and the most eloquent; indeed, we may say, the only critics who have studied Shakspeare in the right spirit; that is to say, with the feeling and the conviction that the gigantic genius who could produce so many characters and passages, the clear and obvious excellence of which had extorted the admiration of all mankind, could scarcely be supposed to be without a deep meaning and significance in others, where the purpose was less transparent; that as eyes accustomed to darkness begin to discover a thousand minute features in what had seemed at first to be but the palpable obscure; so by studying Shakspeare in a reverential and admiring spirit, and bringing the inward light of a warm sympathy and poetic feeling to bear upon his darker passages, they might discern in them much which had been imperceptible to less patient and loving observers, and satisfy the hasty critic, that Shakspeare was always consistent with himself, with nature, and dramatic propriety. This reverential tone is indeed the most striking characteristic of the German criticism on Shakspeare. In England, in general, our commentators, with few exceptions, have placed themselves almost on a level with the poet; nay, some of them, from the patronising style of their remarks, would even appear to look down upon him from a higher eminence. Johnson's preface certainly is sufficiently eulogistic as to Shakspeare's genius, but this general eulogy is almost immediately neutralised by the depreciating tone of the short summaries which he has attached to the separate plays. Dr. Johnson is a fair representative of his brethren. Something of this balancing system, this union of general expressions of admiration, with strong censure, or cold approbation of individual plays or characters, pervades all our earlier, and most also of our more recent criticism on the subject. Yet when applied to such a mind as that of Shakspeare, such a system of criticism leads to the falsest and most unsatisfactory results. If Shakspeare be the great mind which Johnson admitted, and the admiring world acknowledges him to be, it is impossible that he should have fallen into the violations, not merely of history or costume, but of nature, propriety, and good taste, which are ascribed to him. The existence of a mind, now rising to almost superhuman excellence, or reveling in the richest stores of beauty, simplicity, or sublimity, and the next moment sinking into depths of bombast, or sloughs of bad taste, with an utter unconsciousness and indifference whether he treads the clear empyrean or the muddy floor of earth, is a moral and poetical impossibility. The principle of the German critics is the truer one, that if Shakspeare be great, he is great in all, at least, in all essentials; that, viewed in the proper light, the errors, the inconsistencies, or the offences against good taste, disappear;—as lines which, in some optical puzzles, appear meaningless and distorted in one point of view, become straight when placed at the proper distance, assume a determinate expression, and are found to blend harmoniously into impressive forms of beauty or terror.

Their dissertations, therefore, on Shakspeare, are not so much criticisms, in the ordinary sense of the word, as admiring and reverential expositions of his beauties. He is the apocalypse from which the revelations of poetry and nature are to be gathered, and they are but the priests who humbly minister at the altar, and with such share of clearness and comprehension as nature has allotted to them, give forth his oracles. Instead of measuring him by standards derived from others, he becomes the universal standard by which all others are tried; every word, every quibble or pun, every jest of clown or serving-man, is viewed as indispensable; his violations of historical fact, or national costume, are proved to be committed on system, and to conduce to the true objects of the romantic drama; and the result of the whole is, that Shakspeare is in all things but another word for nature, poetry, truth.

That this enthusiastic and undeviating admiration of Shakspeare has led to not a few absurdi-

ties in German criticism is indisputable; and probably, in the course of the present and some future articles on the subject, will be only too apparent to our readers. It seems strange indeed, for instance, after the investigation which Shakspeare's learning has undergone, and the thousand proofs of his ignorance of mere details both of geography, history, and chronology, that any one should gravely maintain the desperate proposition which some of the German critics have attempted to support; that Shakspeare knew these matters quite as well as his critics, but either despised them or systematically and purposely neglected them. One may conceive, with Schlegel, that in sending Hamlet to study at the University of Wittenberg, long before Wittenberg itself was in existence, Shakspeare merely selected that university as the one probably best known in England at the time of the reformation, and one, where the speculative and polemical course of study which prevailed was most likely to have either created or fostered a state of mind like that of Hamlet. In the same way it is not perhaps difficult upon romantic principles to vindicate the practice of making the mobs of Rome, or the tailors and joiners of Athens, speak like their brethren of East Cheape. In all this Shakspeare may be supposed to have adopted his plan not from ignorance of facts, but from conviction of its superior dramatic propriety. But when he bestows sea-ports upon Bohemia, and lions in the forest of Ardennes, ascribes the death of Richard Cœur de Lion to the Duke of Austria, and then names that duke Limoges—(while the fact was that Richard met his death not from the duke, but from the hand of Bertrand de Gourdon, while besieging Vidomar Viscount of Limoges in the castle of Chaluz)—when copying his model in the old play, he introduces, for no apparent purpose, in Richard the Third, Margaret of Anjou, who, after her ransom by her father after the battle of Tewksbury, never again revisited England—in these, and many other instances of the same kind, it is difficult to see how his anachronisms or violations of history can be ascribed to any deeper cause, or more recondite origin than his ignorance of the fact. True, these and all the variations from history or costume which occur in Shakspeare, are in the last degree unimportant; they never in the slightest degree interfere with the current of our sympathies, but are swept out of sight at once by the torrent of Shakspeare's strong conceptions; and it would have been far wiser if the German critics, instead of attempting to maintain that they were deliberately adopted, had rather rested the defence of Shakspeare on the total insignificance of the blunders into which he is accused of having fallen.

Even in Germany, however, this tone of enthusiastic admiration is not of very ancient date; it cannot be carried farther back than that general burst of poetical feeling which about fifty years ago gave a new character to the literature of Germany. There, as in England, Shakspeare at first made his way slowly and with difficulty, from toleration to admiration, and from admiration to idolatry. The first notice of his existence is to be found in Morhof's *Deutsche Poeterei*, about 1700, where he is mentioned along with Beaumont, Fletcher, and Otway; but it is evident that the old scholar knew nothing more of him than the name. In 1741 a free translation of his Julius Cæsar in Alexandrines (then the common German dramatic measure) appeared at Berlin; and shortly afterwards attention was still farther called to the subject, by an Essay on Shakspeare by Elias Schlegel, pretty much in the style of our own dissertations about the same period, in which he is viewed as a man who, under the influence of a certain wild inspiration, certainly at times uttered very extraordinary things, but was utterly destitute of taste, regularity, or reading. He compared him—and probably thought he conferred high honour upon him by the comparison—with the well known old German dramatist, Andreas Gryphius, with whom, it seems to us, that he had not one point of connection, save that the latter happened to be born on the day the former died, and that both dealt largely in apparitions.

One would have supposed Elias Schlegel's estimate of Shakspeare's genius sufficiently cool and moderate; but cautious as it was, it seemed little less than a damnable heresy to the "Philistine" school of Gottsched, who viewed the matter as a contest *pro aris et focis*, and endeavoured by a melancholy mixture of pedantry and stale jests to annihilate any little impression which even the lifeless pleading of Schlegel might have made upon the public. "The English," says Gottsched, in his "Handlexicon der Schönen Wissenschaften," obviously thinking he had disposed of Shakspeare's claims in a single sentence, "the English are loud in praise of his dramatic poems, which are numerous. But a certain Mrs. Lennox has of late exposed the errors even of his most celebrated pieces." Poor Mrs. Lennox! "Non tali auxilio," we fear, was Shakspeare to be dethroned from his supremacy in English literature. For a time, however, Gottsched and his brethren seem to have succeeded. We may take the account of Shakspeare, given by Jocher in his Lexicon (1760,) as containing a fair summary of the current information and opinions at that time prevalent, in regard to the subject of his biography.

"Shakspeare, (William,) an English dramatist, born at Stratford, 1564, was ill educated, and understood no Latin, but made great progress in poetry. He possessed a certain comic humour, but could at the same time be serious, excelled in tragedies, and had many ingenious and subtle contests with Ben Jonson, though neither gained much thereby. He died at Stratford, 1616, 23d April, in his 53d year. His plays and tragedies, of which he wrote many, are printed in London in four parts."

In 1762, a complete translation of Shakspeare was for the first time undertaken by Wieland; perhaps the very last person whose genius and habits of thinking qualified him for such a task. How the German Voltaire should ever have felt that admiration of his author which could animate him to undertake an enterprise of such certain difficulty and such doubtful popularity, is not easy to comprehend. He was not, indeed, as yet the

poet of the Comic Tales, the Idris and Zenide, or Agathon,—but even from the first, we cannot but feel, that between him and Shakspeare there was a great and deep gulf fixed, and wonder that he should have ever attempted, with his feeble wings of French wax, to overpass it. It can occasion no surprise, however, that a task so uncongenial was soon abandoned, and that Eschenburg was obliged to complete the translation which Wieland had begun.

Viewing this translation in comparison with its successors, it appears rude and unsatisfactory enough; but considered as the first attempt to Germanise Shakspeare, it is by no means destitute of merit. Even in the homely garb of prose in which Eschenburg has clothed the energetic versification of Shakspeare, the native beauty or sublimity of the thoughts shines translucently through; a certain vigour and musical rhythm frequently lends a charm to the prose, which, in some measure, supplies the want of verse; while the translator himself, as he proceeded with his task, seems to have felt the conviction dawning and growing upon him, that, in this "wild and irregular genius," who had neither taste nor Latin, the most consummate beauty in the form was united with perfection in the substance, and that all attempts to embody the subtle essence and charm of the original in prose was a hopeless struggle. He himself makes this admission in regard to two of the plays, Midsummer Night's Dream and Richard the Third (Romeo or Hamlet, we think, might, with more justice, have suggested the remark than the latter); and accordingly, in these two instances, he has attempted a poetical version, which, even beside the closer and more masterly translations of modern days, maintains a respectable position.

The translation, however, on the whole, was coldly received. It was praised and—not read. But a new impulse was now given to the study of Shakspeare by the Dramaturgie of Lessing,—the first piece of German criticism in which the vast superiority and profound art of Shakspeare's dramatic powers were distinctly or adequately maintained.

Lessing is, in German criticism, not unlike Johnson in English—a clear and logical thinker, with a mind of great range and comprehension, learned and acute, a consummate master of polemical criticism, and not without a strong sense and feeling of poetry, though too calmly clear and cold to be himself poetical. No man perhaps ever approached so near to the promised land of poetry, without entering it, as Lessing. Like Johnson he saw and felt the mastery of Shakspeare's genius in the main; his quick perception could not overlook the magnificence of its proportions, nor his just taste and right feeling be insensible to the unerring truth and sagacity with which his inspiration was calculated to reach the heart. It is true that into much that was of a subtle and more etherial texture he could not enter; his plummet, though it reached farther than that of his predecessors, was never made by nature to fathom the full depths of Shakspeare's "infinite;" his sight is clear, piercing, and correct, in matters of life, but he has nothing of the deuteros copy of the true poet, which enables him to look beyond into the world of imagination, and to think and reason with the same certainty with regard to the visionary creations with which it is peopled, as if with regard to the things and beings of real life. Yet even the criticism of Lessing was a prodigious advance; the shallowness, the pretence, and false principles of the French dramatic school he detested, and devoted his whole powers of reasoning and sarcastic illustration (and who that has either read his Dramaturgie, or his famous controversy as to the Wolfenbuttle MSS., can have forgotten with what caustic vigour he could wield the weapons of controversy?) to exposing with relentless severity its conventional and unnatural character, and endeavouring to lead his countrymen to the appreciation of higher things, by the study of the English school of dramatic poetry, and above all, of Shakspeare.

It is no doubt to be regretted, that so small a portion of the Dramaturgie is occupied by Shakspeare, and so much wasted on pieces of which the very names are now forgotten; but the criticisms on Romeo, Othello, and Richard the Third, must be always regarded as containing the first outlines of an enlarged, independent, and philosophical criticism of the great dramatist.

Perhaps the first effect of Lessing's adventurous criticism was rather to startle than convince, but it now became necessary at least to *read* Shakspeare in order to refute the supposed literary heresies of his advocate, and the fruits of this increasing study were soon visible in new translations, essays, and commentaries. The translation of Love's Labour's Lost (an unfortunate choice) by Lenz, the Criticisms of Gerstenberg, (the author of Ugolino,) and of Herder, following each other in rapid succession, indicate the steadily advancing interest with which Shakspeare was now regarded in Germany. But the sphere of a foreign poet's influence is most effectually and speedily enlarged, when a native poet of kindred and congenial talent condescends to borrow inspiration from his labours, and instead of critical estimates of his genius, presents his countrymen with pictures conceived in the same spirit; at once imitations as regards their source, and originals in their whole treatment and execution. Who can doubt that Goetz of Berlichingen, that living picture of the sixteenth century, with its religious convulsions, its struggles between feudal and imperial despotism, its iron-handed, yet gentle-hearted, warriors, its noble simple-minded maidens, who with such bewitching and trusting openness bestow their hands without hesitation where they have placed their hearts,—its weak wavering, or deceitful court minions,—its luxurious abbots—its noisy pageants of banquet and battle—its sweet transitions to the stillness and solitude of the ancestral castle, o'erhanging the silver-blue Mayn or winding Rhine;—who can doubt that that most powerful and touching picture owes its origin to those striking condensations of the spirit of English history, afforded by Shakspeare's King John, King Richard II., and the bloodstained chronicle of the Wars of the Roses? As little can any one hesitate to recognise in the Robbers of

Schiller the influence of Macbeth, (which Schiller has very beautifully translated), of Richard III., and of Hamlet. The scepticism takes a more clamorous and despairing turn, the villany is more ostentatious, more logically consistent, more utterly unredeemed, consequently more unnatural; the spirit of a modern philosophy, and modern relations of society, somewhat alters or hides the forms which occupy the foreground; but "Shakspeare's shadow" still hovers behind those creations, and points at them for his: and still, under every disguise, "we know the man, by the Athenian garments he hath on." From the same source—only with a somewhat more turbid and noisy current—flowed the endless stream of chivalrous dramas (*Ritter-Stucken*) from Otto of Wittlesbach to Adelaide of Wulfingen, with which Germany was for some years inundated.

It may probably be said, that Shakspeare, like Falstaff, had in this matter no great reason to be proud of his followers, who, in their chivalrous panoramas, present us, not so much with men, as with dramatic automata covered with suits of mail, overtopped with helm and plume, and figuring about, lance in hand, by means of some strange internal machinery within the skeleton, but without one symptom of life, one breath of spontaneous and natural inspiration. This is quite true, but the error lay simply in this, that they did not truly *study* Shakspeare, though they copied him; they were contented, like Wallenstein's soldiers, if they succeeded in spitting and coughing like their general; his bustle and rapidity of movement, his daring mixture of tragic and comic emotion, in short, the mere wardrobe and *properties* of his drama, they could admire and transfer to their own with no inconsiderable dexterity; but this was generally the limit of their endeavours; and, with few exceptions, they penetrated no farther than the external and accidental qualities—the internal and essential lay equally beyond their perceptions and their powers. Rude, however, and unsatisfactory as these performances of the rack and tournament, bowl and dagger school must now be accounted, we are rather of the number of those who view them as indicating on the whole a decided advance in the right path. Otto of Wittlesbach, to be sure, shows poorly beside Goetz and Egmont and the still more Shakspearean Wallenstein, but what is its position when compared with the Richard III. of Wiesse, "a very pretty fellow in his day," or the cold elaborate imitations of the French school by Elias Schlegel?

When an author has reached the distinction of having his tragedies represented as *stock pieces*, to use the theatrical term, upon a foreign stage, his dramatic fame may be considered as pretty securely established. Such was now the situation of Shakspeare. Schröder, one of the most accomplished of the German actors, probably feeling how much his professional talent was fettered by the limited and conventional range of the dramas of the day, being accidentally attracted to the study of Shakspeare, was induced to attempt the introduction of his plays on the stage; though, in order to suit them to his notion of stage effect, he certainly handled them with a cruelty worthy of Procrustes himself, here expanding, there contracting, striking out without mercy many of the finest passages, because they did not advance "*the progress of the piece*," and reducing almost to shadows many of those most exquisite creations to which Shakspeare's genius had given colour and a body. Hamlet, the melancholy Hamlet, to whom Denmark has ceased to be any thing else than a prison, and the world itself seems but as a grave, in Schröder's version closes the scene by mounting the throne amidst goodly protestations of his patriotic intentions; and the poor heart-broken and life-sick Lear, victorious over his rebellious subjects, instead of invoking heaven's vengeance over the body of Cordelia, lives to reassume the sceptre of Britain, and to share his dominion with his dutiful daughter. Yet even thus maimed and dislocated—shorn of many of their most etherial and exalted beauties—Shakspeare's characters, so instinct with an inward principle of life and thought, so different from the mechanical steam-engine productions of the French school, made their way triumphantly into the hearts of the people, though some of them, such as the Merchant of Venice, and Julius Cæsar, and Measure for Measure, at first unaccountably failed. Yet Lear, Hamlet, Macbeth, and Othello, and others, became instantly popular, and from that moment Shakspeare might be considered as naturalised on the German, scarcely less than on the English stage.

Still there was wanting that which alone could exhibit Shakspeare in his true light—a translation at once faithful and poetical. No constitution of mind is more rare than that which is required to form an accomplished translator; a mind of highly original and inventive cast, like that of Goethe, will not descend to the task; it may adapt and alter, as in the Iphigenia in Tauris, but it cannot literally transfuse into its own language the thoughts and conceptions of another. Yet to do this thoroughly requires a plastic power, a delicacy of perception, a tempered warmth rather than fire of imagination, and a command of expression which is seldom found save in connection with the higher order of mind. Now and then, however, instances do occur of minds of this peculiar construction—adjective rather than substantive—who have little original poetical power, but the most remarkable facility in giving effect to the views and feelings of other beings, seemingly intended by nature herself as mediators between the past and the present, and between the inhabitants of different climes; and who seem to resemble parasitical plants, which require to wreath themselves round some old trunk for their support, but repay the obligation by adorning it anew with the richest verdure, and propping it by their interlacing stems, when it verges towards decay. Such in poetry at least, was Augustus William Schlegel; as the poet of "Alarcos," certainly occupying no very distinguished portion among the dramatists of his country—as the translator of Shakspeare entitled—we say it deliberately—to the very proudest elevation yet awarded to any European translator. His translation approaches, as nearly as we can conceive any translation can, to an absolute transcript of the original; the rose-

ate glow of love in Romeo and Juliet—the glimmering haze in which hover the elves of Midsummer Night's Dream—the wayward gloom of Hamlet, a reflection as it were from the fantastic and uncertain skies of the north—the dew-besprinkled woodland freshness and pastoral melancholy of As You Like It—the magic atmosphere of virgin solitude and purity that envelopes the Tempest—the element of music and moonlight in in which Twelfth Night and Merchant of Venice appear to float—the broad and boundless flood of humour that interpenetrates the two parts of Henry the Fourth—are all caught and reflected with a truth of perception and beauty of finish, which, when the reader is tolerably familiar with the German, not unfrequently lead him almost to forget that he is not perusing Shakspeare himself. As yet the translation, unfortunately, is incomplete; indeed we believe, Schlegel has added nothing to it since 1801, save the translation of Richard the Third, but we would still hope that he may be induced to resume the task; and to leave to his countrymen and to the world a complete, and as nearly as the differences of languages will permit, a perfect translation of Shakspeare.

In giving this decided preference to the translation of Schlegel, we are far from meaning to deny the great merits of that begun, but never likely to be completed, by John Henry Voss, and his sons Henry and Abraham Voss. But no one can compare the two without feeling, that, though there may be in the latter apparently a more close and literal rendering of every word, there is a want of that spirit of poetry, that power of seizing and giving back the very impression caused by the changing tone of the original, which is so obvious in Schlegel's. In translation, cases of difficulty must often occur, where either the letter must be sacrificed to the spirit, or the spirit to the letter: in such cases Voss adopts the latter course, Schlegel the former. Voss's translation looks more like an exact echo of Shakspeare, but, like other echoes, fainter and weaker than the original: in Schlegel's, we think we hear the voice of Shakspeare himself. Voss, however, has not even the merit of being uniformly consistent to his principle of translation; he sometimes uses a more refined expression, where that used by Shakspeare was infinitely more forcible and picturesque. When Othello, overhanging the bed on which lies the body of Desdemona, breaks out into that affecting apostrophe,—

"Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!
Pale as thy smock," &c.

Voss does not venture to translate the word "smock" by the natural expression *hemd* or *weiberhemd*, but substitutes the vague generality of "*tuch*," any sort of clothing. Yet, is there not something ghastly, corpse-like, in this familiar term? Does it not carry our thoughts at once back to the desolate bridal bed, and forward to the swiftly coming grave?

Of the later translation by Otto Von Benda, which we believe is the only complete translation of Shakspeare by a single hand, we cannot speak, having had no opportunity of consulting it; nor of the numerous translations of single plays, which have been executed with more or less success in Germany. We turn now to the critical essays on Shakspeare, which naturally kept pace with the increasing interest and popularity of the original; and of which it is our object in the present, and some succeeding papers, to exhibit specimens. With the views of Goethe on Shakspeare, and particularly on the character of Hamlet, our readers are probably familiar, from the excellent translation of Wilhelm Meister by our friend Mr. Carlyle; and the eloquent dramatic criticisms of Augustus William Schlegel are already pretty well known to the English reader. Of those of Tieck, however, to whom, we will venture to say, Shakspeare is better known than to most of our countrymen, and still more of Franz Horn, the latest and the most elaborate expositor of Shakspeare's dramatic characters, little or nothing is known in England; and we cannot but think we shall render an acceptable service to our readers in presenting them with some liberal extracts from their criticisms. We shall begin with Hamlet, to which Horn has devoted an essay of nearly 100 pages, to say nothing of a supplement of about half that length.*

Why do we begin with Hamlet? What is the secret charm which irresistibly attracts the readers of Shakspeare to this tragedy? We should say, its baffling mystery, its inscrutable character. Could we fathom the principles of Hamlet's character; could we reduce to any logical scheme or plan the strange anomalies it presents, it might still remain, as now, an object of admiration, but not of that awful curiosity, mingled with love, which it at present excites. Our imagination is excited by it as by the contemplation of a mystic and enigmatical character in real life, which we know to be a reality, whose actions we feel must have their sufficient causes, but whose secret springs of action, "the fountain from the which his current runs," lie too deep for discovery. The play resembles some enchanted region looming before us in wild magnificence; as we approach we feel the solid earth beneath us, yet we know that we are treading haunted ground; on all sides the prospect fades away into the undefined and illimitable; and even those objects which had at first seemed cleared, waver and grow dim, or change their shapes, even while we gaze upon them. In vain we endeavour to find some position from which a clear view of the whole domain may be obtained. The mist is only dispelled from one quarter to settle down upon another; and to every new wanderer in this realm of shadows, do the shapes which inhabit it, and the scenes which it presents, show themselves in some new form of sublimity and beauty.

Is there at this moment one important point in Hamlet's character which is clear and undisputed? His sanity or madness? Great names are not wanting either on the affirmative and negative side of the question; and, to say the

* Shakspeare Erlautert von Franz Horn. Leipzig. 5 vols.

ruth, the argument is capable of being main-ained almost with equal plausibility on either. His love for Ophelia? Was it but "the trifling of his favour"—the mere temporary escape and elaxation of a mind habitually a slave to other and deeper thoughts; or was it indeed a love, of which "forty thousand brothers" could not make up the sum? Was Hamlet really destitute of energy and moral courage, or was his conduct merely the result of a position in which, by one too "much reflecting on these things," no one course could be chosen, because all seemed equally advisable, or equally dangerous? On these subjects no two men think, or probably ever will think, alike. The circumstances of Hamlet's life, exhibited by Shakspeare, do not afford the conditions out of which the problem of his character is to be evolved. Hence it will ever, as Schlegel truly and beautifully says, remain like those irrational equations, in which a fragment of unknown magnitude remains, that will in no manner admit of solution.

The charm, therefore, lies mainly in its mys-tery; but the mystery of Hamlet's character is but the type and shadow of the still greater mys-tery and perplexity of existence itself—a thought which meets us at every turn as we peruse this tragedy, and haunts us like a spectre that will not depart. In Hamlet we see a picture of hu-manity "in single opposition, hand to hand," with a merciless and iron destiny, which, even from our own breasts, from the very nobility and activity of our faculties, draws forth the armoury of slings and arrows, with which it harasses, and eventually overpowers us. Could Hamlet have dulled the edge of that apprehension that makes him "like a god;" could he have said to his rest-less intellect, "Peace, be still;" could he have been contented with the outward shows and most obvious consequences of things, instead of endeavouring to exhaust all their remote and possible relations, all might have been well—for then the power of free action might have remain-ed to him, and in freedom of action he would have been happy. But this he cannot do: his intellect demands exercise, and he cannot live except in an element of enquiry. Thus labour-ing with his finite though noble faculties against infinity and eternity, the result is universal doubt. One by one all the props on which he leaned have given away. His mother's guilt has unhinged his confidence in the stability of the moral world; and now nature herself seems to abandon the even tenor of her course, since the dead have burst their cerements and are per-mitted to revisit the glimpses of the moon. The moral confusion in his mind is now complete; for all without and all within have alike lost their fixity. Nothing now seems to be good or bad, "but thinking makes it so," and every course of action alike, since in none is certainty or tranquillity to be obtained, and all seem to lead only to the brink of the limbo of doubt. Sick at last of the whirl that surrounds his ves-sel, he throws down the helm of free-will in despair, and seems to feel a wild exultation in drifting, at the will of chance, over the boundless ocean of possibilities.

And blindly and fearfully, indeed, does chance deal with him, and all around him, from the commencement of the play to the close. In all Shakspeare's other dramas there appears some-thing elevating, something consoling, amidst the depths of suffering. Even in Lear, where per-haps the tragic gloom is more uniform than in any other of his plays, the moral and physical tempest which rages through the four first acts drops into a solemn and soothing stillness in the last. Lear and Cordelia perish, it is true, but not until their destiny is fulfilled. The daugh-ter's work of love and duty is done. The poor discrowned old man has revived to reason, and regained his daughter. What had life to offer to either, that could leave on the heart a more deep though chastened impression of sorrow? After life's fitful fever, they sleep well; and from the battle-field on which their mortal forms are lying, the imagination sees their "delighted spirits" reascending, hand in hand, to that heaven whence they had their birth, and where they are again to find their home. In Hamlet alone the tragic night which wraps the catastrophe is un-broken, "and darkness is the burier of the dead." Chance reigns relentless through the whole. On an "envious sliver" of willow hangs the life and death of Ophelia; it breaks by chance, and she is drowned. Chance brings back the ship-wrecked Hamlet to her funeral, and impels him to the quarrel with Laertes above her grave; chance produces the change of rapiers, which involves Laertes in the fate he intended for his victim; chance commends the poisoned chalice to the lips of the queen; and chance, at last, not all the subtle conceptions and long cherished plans of vengeance over which Hamlet had brooded, accomplishes his great revenge, by ex-citing him to that ecstacy of horror and despair at his mother's death, in which he plunges his sword into the body of the adulterous and mur-derous king. The young, the good, the noble, the impetuous, the innocent, are taken; the weak, the worthless, the aged, the commonplace, are left. Hamlet and Ophelia fall, that such as Horatio and Osric may do the honours of their funeral. The catastrophe reminds us of what we have somewhere read of the descent of a mountain avalanche on some peaceful Swiss vil-lage, at the foot of the Righi, crushing every human being beneath its mass, yet sparing some insignificant cur to bay the moon uninjured from above the ruins.

Were this unmitigated and remorseless dis-play of destiny the general characteristic of Shakspeare's plays, their effect on the mind would be oppressive and appalling. Frederick Schlegel, indeed, (the brother of Augustus Wil-liam,) in his parallel between Shakspeare and Calderon, has most unjustly attributed to all of them this tendency, which, in any true sense, is applicable only to Hamlet. "Shakspeare," says he, after an animated eulogium on that principle of divine faith and purification which pervades Calderon's plays, and of which the most perfect examples are afforded by the constant prince, and the devotion of the cross, "has exactly the opposite fault of too often placing before our

eyes, in all its mystery and perplexity, the riddle of life, without giving us any hint of its solution." True it is, that in many of them the labyrinth of life is laid before us dark and dreary enough, and from within we hear the Sphinx propounding her fearful riddles; but it is not true in general that we are left without a clew to its mazes, or an Œdipus to solve the enigma. The solution may not always be complete; but it is sufficient to leave behind that tragic *consolation*, which it is the aim of the dramatist to produce; for in this world we live, in all things, in hope, not in certainty: and it is enough for us, if athwart the shadows of the night which still lie heavy on all beneath, we can trace on high the glimmering light, "and golden exhalations of the dawn."

Even as to Hamlet, however, it will be seen that Horn, who is the most thoroughgoing admirer of Shakspeare we have yet met with, will not admit that such is the case. He contends that even there sufficient indications of this higher principle are to be found in the appearance of the ghost, with which the piece opens, and the arrival of Fortinbras, the representative of a new order of things, with which it closes. On this we shall have a word to say afterwards.

It is time, however, to come to the observations of the German critics on the character of Hamlet, and the conduct of this most remarkable play. The germ of Goethe's estimate of Hamlet's character, and of the leading idea which Shakspeare intended to convey, is contained in the following paragraph:—

> "'The time is out of joint; O, cursed spite!
> That ever I was born to set it right.'

"In these words, I imagine, will be found the key to Hamlet's whole procedure. To me it is clear, that Shakspeare meant in the present case to represent the effects of a great action laid upon a soul unfit for the performance of it. In this view the whole piece seems to me to be composed. An oak-tree is planted in a costly jar, which should have borne only pleasant flowers in its bosom; the roots expand, the jar is shivered. A lovely, pure, noble, and most moral nature, without the strength of nerve which forms a hero, sinks beneath a burden which it cannot bear, and must not cast away. All duties are holy for him—the present is too hard. Impossibilities have been required of him; not in themselves impossibilities, but such for him. He turns, and winds, and torments himself; he advances and recoils, is ever put in mind, ever puts himself in mind; at last does all but lose his purpose from his thoughts: yet still without recovering his peace of mind." This is finely thought and imagined, but it gives too favourable an impression of Hamlet's character, which at no time could have been of that pure and perfectly amiable kind which is here represented. On the contrary, good and evil must have been largely mixed in him from the very first, though the activity of the worser part of his nature may have been more formidably developed by his misfortune. Schlegel's estimate seems to be nearer the truth.* "Respecting Hamlet's character I cannot, according to the views of the poet as I understand them, pronounce altogether so favourable a sentence as Goethe's. He is, it is true, a mind of high cultivation, a prince of royal manners, endowed with the finest sense of propriety, susceptible of noble ambition, and open in the highest degree to enthusiasm for the foreign excellence in which he is deficient. He acts the part of madness with inimitable superiority; while it convinces the persons who are sent to examine him of his loss of reason merely because he tells them unwelcome truths, and rallies them with the most caustic wit. But in the resolutions which he so often embraces, and always leaves unexecuted, the weakness of his volition is evident: he does himself only justice when he says there is no greater dissimilarity than between himself and Hercules. He is not solely compelled by necessity to artifice and dissimulation: he has a natural inclination to move in crooked ways; he is a hypocrite towards himself; his far-fetched scruples are often mere pretexts to cover his want of determination; thoughts, as he says on a different occasion, which have

> 'But one part wisdom,
> And ever three parts coward.'

He has been chiefly condemned for his harshness in repulsing the love of Ophelia, to which he himself gave rise, and for his unfeelingness at her death. But he is too much overwhelmed with his own sorrow to have any compassion to spare for others; his apparent indifference by no means gives us the measure of his internal perturbation. On the other hand, we evidently perceive in him a malicious joy when he has succeeded—more through necessity and accident which are alone able to compel him to quick and decisive measures, than from the merit of his courage—in getting rid of his enemies; for so he expresses himself after the murder of Polonius, and respecting Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. Hamlet has no firm belief either in himself or in any thing else; from expressions of religious confidence he passes to sceptical doubts; he believes the ghost of his father when he sees it, and as soon as it has disappeared it seems to him a deception."

The colouring which Tieck has thrown around the character is perhaps still gloomier. We shall afterwards see that he imputes to him, in one particular, a degree of baseness, which, if his conjecture is well founded, would sink his character so much as to deprive him of all our sympathies. Of the mixture of qualities in the character generally, he says,* "Contempt of life, mingled with a certain nervous clinging to it, characterises Hamlet in most of the scenes: a distinctive feature in those minds, which have lost the first bloom of existence through offended pride and mortified feeling, and the calm steadiness of belief through restless investigation. In this troubled state of being all the passions shew themselves in gloomy colours,—rage, revenge, cunning, envy, pride, and ambition, stand fearfully prominent, and yet so relieved and trans-

* Dramatic Lectures, lect. 13.

* Dramaturgische Blatter, vol. i. p. 120.

igured as it were by feeling, wit, taste, knowledge, ınd personal dignity, that this wonderful appear- ınce fascinates and fetters the mind: nay, even ts most repulsive features appear not without a :ertain show of splendour and magnificence. This strange unfathomable union of folly and wisdom, of greatness of soul and pusillanimity, of love and hatred, of vanity and true pride; this over, who shows passion, yet on whose love we :an place no reliance; who speaks and feels like ı faithful and noble friend; whose attractive ami- ableness renders him, when he pleases, the popu- ar idol, who, in a certain sense, perceives so :learly all the relations by which he is surround- ed, and yet is deceived by every one; this mix- ure of heterogeneous positions, which, though in ı less degree, we so often meet with in real life; hose wonderful contradictions, under which every nind of high endowment more or less labours; ıll these combined features afford the key to the ıniversal popularity of this tragedy and this cha- acter."

Horn, in his treatment of Hamlet, has some- what varied from his usual course. Instead of aking the characters one by one and attempting ıt once to sketch their outlines, he in this case ollows the course of the scenes, interspersing his exposition only with such observations as arise ıut of the partial lights which these scenes pre- ient. He attempts no formal summary of the ıtrange whole, probably because he felt that any ıuch must necessarily be either paradoxical, and ıartially untrue, or so vague and general, as to ıave little meaning or significance; but leaves the eader to combine for himself, in the best way he :an, all the lights and shadows which he has ouched into such a whole as best harmonises with his individual feeling.

The singular felicity of dramatic exposition which the first scene in the spectre-haunted plat- orm of Elsineur affords; the consummate skill ıy which every thing that can awaken curiosity ınd terror is combined;—midnight, the glimpses ıf the moon above, the timeworn towers behind, he hollow murmur of the sea beneath,—the cold, hat makes the very soldier sick at heart,—the ıminous stroke of the bell, the shadowy stalk of he buried majesty of Denmark;—all these fea- ures were too obvious not to be acknowledged ınd dwelt on by critics of every nation. But how inely, after these ghostly terrors, is the mind led ıack to cheerfulness and confidence by Horatio's ıbservation on the crowing of the cock, and Mar- cellus's allusion to the protecting influence of Christmas.*

"The coming of the friendly day is indicated, and the overcharged heart seems already to see its light, and to be refreshed by the influence of the morning breeze. Marcellus gives additional exultation to this feeling by his allusion to Him, through whose appearance a higher light has been vouchsafed to all; and though his refer- ence be only to a childish belief, that on this sacred night no evil spirit dare walk abroad, ("so hallowed and so gra- cious is the time;") yet even this recollection is enough to fill the heart with a grateful and consoling feeling. It is enough to indicate a divinity, and the poet well knew that, without such an indication, the terrors of the night would be felt to be too powerful. Horatio, however, whose attention is more directed to the external, contin- ues his allusion to the daybreak in those exquisite lines—

'But see the morn in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill'—

Thus it is. Nature is still the old, the true, the ever-re- novating friend of man;—whatever may be the changes and chances of life, however deep and fearful the secrets with which the spirit of man may have to deal, she keeps her ancient unaltered course; and after the spectral night of the grave, the morning, bright as ever, like a young and blooming deity, walks purple-clad over the dews of the eastern hill."

From the dusky platform of the palace we are led to the audience-chamber, into the presence of the king and queen, glittering in all their bridal pomp, while beside them stands the melancholy Hamlet—his "inky coat" an emblem of the dark- ness of his mind. The ambassadors are despatch- ed to Norway; Laertes takes his leave for France; and then, for the first time, the king addresses Hamlet. His dress—his manner—his proposal of returning to Wittemberg, have all been rank- ling in the mind of the king, and his feelings break out through all the assumed composure and condescension of his address. Tieck is singularly at issue with Horn, and we suspect with the whole world beside, in his estimate of Claudius, both in this scene and throughout the play; and proba- bly most of our readers, after perusing his remarks on the character, will think him at issue also with himself.*

"The king, sprung from a family of heroes, has many great and excellent qualities, though these are doubtless outweighed by many bad and base ones. Yet he is throughout kingly and dignified; he can be guilty of wicked and ruthless deeds, but he cannot appear insig- nificant; treachery is his nature; his very being is made up of equivocation and perfidy: yet all these revolting qualities he clothes with an air of nobleness and amia- bility. He is strong and large of stature, but handsome; even the ghost describes him as in the highest degree seductive; and Hamlet, though behind his back he paints him as every way mean and detestable, yet feels himself always rebuked and confused in his presence, and cannot make good before his opponent the high-sounding terms of which he is so liberal when alone. The usurper is neither so contemptible, nor the murdered monarch so excellent, as the son under the influence of passion re- presents them in the awful scene with his mother.

"When the king first appears, we see in him all the dignity of a king; his address is pointed, his bearing noble; he despatches business and ceremony with tact, decision, and skill. He then turns with something of exaggerated courtesy and condescension to Laertes, flat- ters him, and still more his father, Polonius, whose fa- vour and attachment he is naturally anxious to conciliate. Laertes obtains, without requiring even to ask for it, the trifling favour of being allowed to revisit France; and now the king turns with friendly and gentle address to Hamlet. Affectionate as the opening is, the very cir- cumstance that Hamlet is the last person who is address- ed, sufficiently shows the degraded position of the prince. He answers little or nothing, and breaks forth with in- tentional vehemence, when his mother, whom he de- spises, attempts to console him by some trivial common-

* Horn, vol. ii.

* Dramaturgische Blatter, vol. i. p. 65.

place. The king is naturally offended, and Hamlet must submit with patience to be schooled in a speech, which, however, contains much that is in itself just and well-founded. He is obliged to yield to the apparent entreaty of the king, and to remain. The king celebrates this occasion, as he seems to do every other, by a revel. He is a debauchee, a drinker—he is immoderate in all his pleasures; but even the ghost complains, that he too had been cut off 'in the blossoms of his sin.' There is a resemblance between the two brothers, and also between them and Hamlet; all of them are fond of hearing themselves talk, and they talk well. They deal in sentences and maxims, and the defective character which is perceptible in Hamlet characterises more or less all the other personages of the play."

We have quoted this passage, certainly not because we agree with the opinion it contains, but as a specimen of the strange conceits into which the anxiety to be original sometimes seduces critics. Every other critic had, as in duty bound, abused Claudius. Tieck, therefore, it seems, must defend him; but really the defence seems either to contain its own refutation, or is based on so slender a foundation that we cannot but wonder that such a theory should have been adopted, or at least that if adopted, it should not have been better defended. Of Hamlet's father, any thing either hinted or expressed, gives the highest idea; his heroism, his nobleness of character, his affection for the queen, his perfect union of the majestic and the amiable, are not to be mistaken. That he describes himself as cut off in the blossom of his sin, is but the confession which the best of us must make, who has been surprised by the sudden stroke of death, "unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneled." But in the treacherous murderer who succeeds him, what one quality—we do not say to engage our love—but to mitigate our dislike and contempt, can be found? where are the "*great and excellent*" qualities that his apologist ascribes to him? Are such indeed consistent with the moral conception of a being whose whole existence is admitted to consist in treachery, equivocation, and perfidy? Is there even an attempt made by Tieck himself to enumerate them? We look in vain for a reference to any but his kingly bearing, his eloquence, and his self-possession, when Laertes, incensed by the news of Ophelia's death, and his father's murder, bursts into the palace, and threatens the anointed majesty of Denmark. The first is hardly worth contesting; for, assuredly, so factitious and accidental a point can scarcely be seriously mentioned as a redeeming quality; his eloquence, again, we are disposed to think with Horn, consists generally of mere rhetorical commonplaces, which neither come from, nor reach the heart; and, as for his dignified confidence, when assailed by Laertes, we would say, he knew his man well—he knew him to be a mere brawling gallant of the day, as weak, unprincipled, and vacillating, as he was noisy and wordy; he knew there is a certain "divinity doth hedge a king;" and confident of the strength by which he was supported, and of the moral weakness of his adversary, he remains untroubled. Is there any thing in all this that for one moment gives us an idea of any real courage, or any true self-reliance in his character?

But to return to the progress of the play. The scene in the audience-chamber is followed by the monologue,

"O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt!"

a monologue expressive of the profoundest melancholy and disgust of life, yet immediately succeeded by the scene with Horatio, which opens in a cheerfully—almost jesting tone. "It is a traditional, and almost ineradicable error," says Horn, "that a serious and melancholy character can never, either in speech or action, be other wise than melancholy. Nature and truth know nothing of such a position, but the very reverse. As an eye directed for twenty-four hours without interruption to a single point would become blind, so the mind of the unfortunate would destroy itself if his grief could find no relaxation; if wit and humour did not stand so close even to the deepest melancholy. Experience should have taught us that there is nothing wittier than—despair!"

Polonius comes next upon the scene, and here again Tieck differs from most other commentators, and we think, also, from common sense. Not contented with trying to repel the exploded idea of Polonius being a mere buffoon, he is determined to exalt him into a most profound, respected, and able statesman. True, Polonius may have been a very excellent privy counsellor in his day—though even then no Solomon—but he is evidently *passé;* he draws on his memory, not his judgment, for his wise saws and excellent advices to his son and daughter, which no one can doubt he is now delivering for the thousand and first time. But Ophelia;—here, indeed, is metal more attractive—what is her situation? What is the nature of that relation in which she stands to Hamlet? Of all Tieck's offences, what we can least forgive him is his treatment of the character of Ophelia, and of that of Hamlet, in his supposed relation to her. He begins, of course, after the manner of commentators, with finding all his predecessors totally in the wrong.

"Of all the characters, that of Ophelia appears to me to have been the most misunderstood. It may be difficult, since the poet has rather hinted at than expressed it, to give any clearness to this enchanting combination, in which vanity, coquetry, the influence of the senses, love, art, and seriousness, deep melancholy, and madness, show themselves in succession, or at the same moment. If, however, I do not misapprehend his purpose, the poet meant through the whole piece to indicate, that she had, in the intoxication and abandonment of passion, already yielded to the prince so much, that the warnings and hints of Laertes come too late. It is worthy of the great poet, that this relation of the parties, like so many others in the piece, remains an enigma; but it is only in this point of view that Hamlet's conduct attains its full bitterness, or Ophelia's grief and madness its consistency."

We will do Tieck the justice to add, that his proofs are ingeniously put together—though, after all, they prove nothing. What point in Ophelia's character is not sufficiently explained by the simple consideration, that she had early surrendered her young heart to the "rose and expectancy of the fair state;" that he in happier times had loved her once, and led her to believe so; that now, with a heart lacerated by misfortune, distracted by

doubt, oppressed by the load of a mighty undertaking laid upon it, without the power of execution, he seems to have forgotten the past, and that his language breathes only bitter irony, suspicion of female virtue or constancy; that this wild commotion of mind in her supposed lover soon appears converted into madness; that her father is dead, murdered by that lover—her brother gone—not a friend left to protect, to advise, or to console? Is there not in all this, working on a frame of unusually nervous tenderness, a sufficient explanation of her grief and madness, and in the madness itself a sufficient explanation of all these equivocal expressions which escape from her in the eclipse of reason? Is it necessary to add to all this, as a cause, the consciousness of guilt, the misery occasioned by seduction?

But Tieck not only gratuitously and most indefensibly assumes the guilt of Ophelia, but as a consequence goes on to deny that Hamlet really feels any affection for her: he maintains on the contrary, that throughout the piece Hamlet expresses nothing but contempt both for her and her father, whom he looks upon as a mere go-between, who had sacrificed his daughter to his own ambition. Horn remarks with more justice, "The extent and degree of Hamlet's love it may be difficult to determine, but he who loved his great father with such reverential tenderness, could not in another and voluntary attachment be false to himself. It may be admitted that filial tenderness occupies the first place in his mind, and it is true that when this father, his prop and stay, is gone, though his love for Ophelia is not extinguished, the element of peace and tranquillity in which it might have flourished, disappears. Still, however, I would repeat, that even the circumstance that Hamlet pours out all the weight of his despair and his incipient madness upon Ophelia, speaks in favour of his love; though love indeed in its most miserable form, which existing in a wounded spirit cannot help lacerating in turn." "The dialogue with Ophelia is the sequence of the soliloquy 'To be or not to be,' and borrows from it its tone and colouring. In the state of mind in which Hamlet feels himself, love appears something too lovely for this miserable world; despair dare not love, but rather finds a wretched pleasure in tormenting the object of its affection. It is thus that Hamlet breaks out, in the bitterness of his agony, against her and against himself; and that the nunnery seems to him the only refuge to which he can advise her to fly. The tragic pity which this produces is raised to its height by the concluding words of Ophelia: she is now as desolate as he, nay, perhaps more so; she has not lost her lover; he is not dead; for that might, through a deep, calm, and perennial sorrow be endured—but the object of her affections is suddenly converted before her eyes into a frightful and grinning maniac. She laments his madness, and is unconscious how soon she is herself to become its victim."

Even the strangely cold expression of Hamlet on hearing of Ophelia's death, "What! the fair Ophelia"—affords no argument against the reality or the original depth of his affection. At this moment he is a fugitive escaped from shipwreck, sick in body and in mind, his thoughts are occupied with a thousand things, his spirits as in a dream are all bound up; the words at first awaken no sensation, he replies to them in a state of half consciousness—but when the reality breaks upon him, when he sees the innocent object of his youthful affection, whose heart he had helped to break, laid in the cold grave before him, then the torrent bursts through the icy crust that covers it, and even in the passionate vehemence, exaggeration, and insane violence of the scene that follows, the wildness of his language, and the scuffle in the grave, we perceive exactly the result which love, remorse, disgust at the factitious exhibition of feeling by her brother, and some tinge of incipient insanity in himself, might, under such circumstances, be expected to produce in a mind like that of Hamlet. But if it be not easy to account for Hamlet's apparent indifference to the tidings at first, how much would the difficulty be increased on the supposition of Tieck? How deep would then be our contempt for his selfishness and cruelty throughout in his treatment of his victim! But we need say no more of a conjecture which is felt at once to revolt against the views of Shakspeare, as well as all the better feelings of our nature.

No part of Schlegel's criticism is more characteristic than his observations on the speech recited by the player in the scene which follows Ophelia's description of Hamlet's interview with her. To most readers, it certainly appears a piece of unmeaning bombast. On this Schlegel remarks, "As one example of the many niceties of Shakspeare which have never been understood, I may allude to the style in which the speech of the player respecting Hecuba is conceived. It has been the subject of much controversy among the commentators whether this was the composition of Shakspeare himself, or borrowed from others, and whether, in the praise of the piece of which it is supposed to be a part, he was speaking seriously, or merely meant to ridicule the tragic bombast of his contemporaries. It never occurred to them that this speech must not be judged of by itself, but in connection with the place where it was introduced. To distinguish it as *dramatic* poetry in the *play* itself, it was necessary that it should rise above the dignified poetry of the play, in the same proportion that the theatrical elevation of the rest does above simple nature. Hence Shakspeare has composed the play in Hamlet altogether in sententious rhymes, full of antitheses. But this solemn and measured tone did not suit a speech in which violent emotion ought to prevail; and the poet had no other expedient than the one of which he made choice—overcharging the pathos. The language of the speech in question is certainly falsely emphatical; but yet this fault is so mixed up with true grandeur, that a player, practised in calling up in himself artificially the imitated emotions, may certainly be carried away by it. Besides, it will hardly be believed that Shakspeare knew so little of his art as not to be aware, that a lengthened epic relation of a transaction that happened so long before as the destruction of Troy, could neither be dramatic nor theatrical."

Of the play itself which follows,—the device by which Hamlet resolves "to catch the conscience of the king,"—Tieck observes, "It is in the power of the performer of the part to render this scene one of the most striking in the piece. The king has again collected his energies. If he is still troubled, he is able at least to conceal it in the presence of the court. He talks in a friendly manner to Hamlet, jests with the queen, or with the other ladies and nobles. He is so occupied, indeed, with merriment and conversation, that he pays no attention to the pantomime, in which, according to the custom of the old English theatre, the whole coming incidents of the play were shadowed out. But Hamlet's repeated hints at last awaken his attention. Since Hamlet cannot control his emotion, he feels there must be something of importance in the piece, something which has some allusion to himself. When the poisoner enters—when the brother is murdered, even as he had murdered his own—when he sees this, and cannot doubt at the same time that his crime is no longer a secret, then conscience outbreaks through all his hypocrisy; he flies in terror as before a spectre. The development, the artful preparation for this event—and yet its sudden and striking arrival, must, if well represented, give an extraordinary interest to the scene, and render the king unquestionably the chief object of interest. But to bring out the full effect, it would be well if the scene could be arranged as it was in the theatre of Shakspeare. The king and queen should be seated on a raised bench behind, but not at too great a distance from the spectators—Ophelia by their side—Hamlet on a stool at her feet: then we should escape the sight of the small stage behind, which ruins the poet's intended effect. Shakspeare, on the contrary, intended this second tragedy to be played in the foreground, without curtain, or any preparation whatever. The king and queen in this miniature tragedy played in profile; and indeed the audience were not particular even if they occasionally turned their backs on the assembled court. Thus the king and his attendant party were always kept fully before the eye of the spectators."*

Tieck, indeed, is always happy when he has to speak of stage effect, or propriety of representation. His observations on the ghost are full of good sense. He blames the monotonous recitation which is common in the part. "The dead Hamlet, it is true, has no longer flesh and blood, but he has all the human passions of anger, jealousy, and desire of revenge. Even though modified, therefore, the pathos of the part must shine through—there must be anger in his words, and vehemence in his gestures. In London, the ghost was absolutely ridiculous in both theatres, so unmeaningly did he stalk up and down, and repeat his part as if he had been reading a lecture." In the famous dialogue between Hamlet and his mother, the ghost, he thinks, ought to appear not in armour as is usually the case, but in his ordinary dress.† Ghosts like men have a sense of propriety and fitness; the spirit appeared in arms upon the platform, among the armed guard, because in such garb it had been usually seen by them, but in the bed-room of the queen he ought to appear in the dress most suited to the place, "in his habit as he lived."

We think there is much ingenuity in another of Tieck's conjectures as to the proper manner in which the fencing scene between Hamlet and Laertes ought to be represented. The difficulty arises from the stage-direction. "In scuffling *they change rapiers*, and Hamlet wounds Laertes." Every one feels that there are strong improbabilities connected with the supposition, that an actual change of the rapiers should take place during the scuffle; besides, that the change not being of a kind which can be made palpable to the audience, must be considered as an entirely undramatic incident. Tieck's conjecture (which, by the way, adds another base feature to the character of his *protegé* the king) is, that Claudius, since the occasion when Laertes, at the head of the populace, had made his way into his palace, and threatened his person, has become almost as great an object of hatred and jealousy to the king as Hamlet; his wish therefore is, like that of Iago in speculating on the chances of the encounter between Roderigo and Cassio, that in the duel both should fall. "Either way it makes for him." He supposes, therefore, what certainly appears by no means improbable, that after each stage of the assault the rapiers are laid by for a time, while the combatants refresh themselves by walking up and down, and that by the contrivance of the king the page or attendant to whom in the mean time they are intrusted, on a sign from him, makes the exchange, and delivers the poisoned foil to Hamlet. In this way the puzzling word, "they change," is supposed to refer not to the combatants but to the attendants.

But in making this passing observation we are anticipating:—for we have yet got no farther in the regular course of the play than the masterly scene of fiery eloquence, deep pathos, and spiritual terror—in the apartment of the queen. Hamlet has left the chamber where Claudius is vainly attempting to pray; he will not kill him in a situation where the chance is, that if dismissed from earth he "goes to Heaven;" he will wait till he can find him "drunk, asleep, or in his rage," engaged in some act "that has no relish of salvation in it—then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven." But in all these purposes of refined and fearful revenge, these resolutions to kill the soul as well as the body, Hamlet is, in truth, representing his own state of mind and his own determination as darker and more hideous than they are. Could we believe them to be real, our pity for him would merge in horror and disgust; but, in truth, he shrinks from murder, above all from murder while the victim is communing with Heaven; he feels he cannot now do the deed, he puts off its execution indefinitely, and then endeavours to excuse his delay and irresolution even to his own mind, by dwelling on the more complete and awful vengeance which the future may afford.

On his mother's summons he enters her apartment, where the unfortunate Polonius is concealed.

* Dramaturgische Blatter, vol. i. p. 69.

† Tieck's view is supported by the stage-direction, in the quarto edition of 1603, "Enter the ghost in his nightgown."

"The queen begins the conversation, exactly as is generally the case in real life under similar circumstances. Feeling the consciousness of her own crime, she takes the initiative in reproach, for she knows her son's weakness, and how easily he may be shaken from his purpose. For once, however, she errs, for he is now at the highest pitch of his moral strength; and terrified by the unusual force of his expressions, she cries for help. Polonius, concealed behind the arras, hurries to her assistance, and is stabbed by Hamlet. This situation may be said to embody one of the profoundest tragic epigrams which ever poet devised. The poor, half honest, half prudent, half witty, half foolish old man, so in love as it were with life, might have plausibly calculated on some ten or twenty years longer of existence; and now in a moment he is hurried off, entangled in his own intrigues, detected in the *honourable* employment of listening—an undertaking which he had volunteered merely to draw some fresh complimentary phrase from the flattering king: while again, in regard to Hamlet, the most energetic moment of his life is lost,—since he accomplishes nothing by the only *action* to which he rouses himself but a miserable murder, a crime which is only productive of farther misery. He wishes to hurl the cruel usurper from his throne; and at this moment he might have done so, for he has for the first time screwed his courage to the sticking point: but a ruthless fate mocks the waverer; and he wastes the whole fulness of his strength in killing —a fly, which he might have swept away with his pocket handkerchief.

"Hamlet at the moment feels but imperfectly the crime of which he has been guilty; nay, he seems at first to succeed in making it the subject of brief but bitter jests, before he addresses himself to rouse and shake the heart of his mother. He does so with an eloquence, whose fire, like that of Hecla, breaks through snow, and rages the more fearfully that it has been so long suppressed. The queen is unable to stop the stream of his discourse; but her son can say nothing more cutting than what, in the few moments of clear perception which remain to her, she had doubtless often said to herself. But now in the moment of the most vehement excitement of the nephew against the uncle, the spirit of the ancient monarch appears again to whet his blunted purpose, a moment which, for its simple and touching greatness, is perhaps unparalleled. Gertrude, however, perceives not the spirit—for impurity can perceive nothing spiritual: she believes on the contrary, that her son's language is that of madness; and though he establishes the contrary by the clearest proofs, the scene ends without any determinate counsel on his part or any decided resolution on hers."*

With the fourth act of the tragedy the progress of the piece begins to lag; and Horn justly remarks, that both the fourth and fifth acts partake fully as much of the character of the epic poem or romance as of the drama. We see in them little more than rapidly succeeding events, situations, flashes of character, incidents brought about without the will of the actors or against it. No clear aim or object any where appears in view. Something of mental disease seems to pervade every one of the actors in these scenes as well as Hamlet; a feeling of general inconstancy, incincerity, and treachery, begins to oppress the mind with despondency, and prepares for us that rapidly succeeding series of mortal catastrophes which crowd the latter pages of this tragic volume. In such a mood, we are in a humour to talk of graves;" and the scene with the grave-digger in the churchyard, with its strange current of mad humour flowing across the darkest channels, and making matter for merriment out of every thing calculated to awe and appal the mind, seems only in keeping with the chaotic and mouldering nature of all around us.

"The scene with the grave-digger, in the commencement of the fifth act," says Horn, "has always been popular. Who, indeed, could resist this philosopher, who turns all philosophical thinking into jest; this wit, who scatters his sallies, his quirks, and quiddities abroad, as he casts the earth about with his shovel? Let us not, however, rest satisfied with being merely delighted, for a deep tragic meaning is to be found lurking in the background.

"It seems to me as if the whole foundation of this great world-drama were breaking up at the close of the fourth act; it shakes beneath us at every step, and as from some soil of naphtha, flames burst forth at the tread of every powerful footfall. The world, as Hamlet himself says, is out of joint, and none is near to bring the confusion into order (except Fortinbras, who is still occupied with his expedition against Poland.) The miserable usurper has entered into a new scheme of poisoning, with the scarcely less miserable Laertes, and both have displayed no inconsiderable accomplishments in that detestable study. A country so situated may be said to be without a government, and fast hurrying to decay. What consequences can follow? Methinks there is nothing we should more naturally look for under such circumstances than a churchyard scene; and there is an agreeable relief in meeting there with one sound and healthy being among so many diseased, who even from the grave itself can jest at the grave and all the world. In the scene with his assistant, and afterwards with Hamlet and Horatio, he appears with the pride and the complacency of a king: he aspires to play the despot; he lays down the laws of suicide in all time coming—declares himself and his own trade to be the noblest in the world—treats his assistant like a bondman—gives his opinion roundly as to Hamlet's folly, and still more so as to that of all Englishmen; and all this the sneering insolent rogue is allowed to do, because he is the only sound-hearted and sound-headed being whom we meet.

"It may be asked, what has Hamlet to do in a churchyard? How came he there?—for as yet he knew not that the funeral procession of Ophelia was to follow. Hamlet is indeed intent upon one object, the punishment of the king; but fully aware of his own weakness, he seems willing to leave the execution of his intent to fate or chance; he, who never completely lived, is now, as it were, half dead, and feels himself most at home among the dead and the tombs. He broods with a real pleasure over ideas of corruption, yet even here the perfect individuality of his character is never forgotten, as for instance in his allusion to the jawbone of Cain, the first murderer. Not only, however, does the intervention of the grave-digger prevent any feeling of monotony in these contemplations of death and decay, but the presence of Horatio—present apparently against his will—assists in relieving the funereal effect upon the reader The excellent, but somewhat limited Horatio, obviously dislikes the whole scene by which he is surrounded; his practical turn of mind shows him immediately, that all those fine speculations of Hamlet on death and on the different skulls which he handles, lead to nothing, and he is anxious to be gone, Instead of endeavouring, by any high idea, to elevate his speculations above the corruption by which they are surrounded, he never appears so poor and destitute of ideas as now. His exclamations, —'It might, my lord'—'Ay, my lord'—'Not a jot more, my lord,' &c. are the miserable commonplaces of the barrenest conversation—nay, he appears in the light of

* F. Horn, vol. ii. p. 61.

a ridiculous pedant, when in reply to Hamlet's question, 'Is not parchment made of sheepskin?' he replies, with the most technical gravity, 'Ay, my lord, and of calves' skins too.' This question he can resolve, but it is plain that Hamlet's beautiful address to the skull of Yorick makes little or no impression on his mind.

"And now Ophelia's funeral procession enters. We had loved her living; we are now to receive assurance that she no longer needs our pity, and can strew fairer flowers on her grave than those which the queen scatters there. For the last time, at the sight of her pale corpse, is Hamlet roused into noble energy, as all true grief is, when it stands side by side with the loud, but empty affectation of sorrow. If we feel a momentary emotion when Laertes springs into his sister's grave, it is dispelled the instant he begins to talk of Pelion and Olympus. It is by this empty and hollow show of grief that Hamlet is excited; he feels that, ill as he may have often acted, *his* grief is purer, deeper, and more real; he feels that he, too, has often dealt too much in words—but always in solitude—in self-delusion; he has never laid claim to the character of a hero by the wordy vehemence of his language in public, or the theatrical exaggeration of his feelings. Hence the moral, if not physical, superiority he maintains over Laertes in the contest in the grave—hence the interest awakened by his touching protestation,

> 'I loved Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
> Could not, with all their quantity of love,
> Make up my sum.'"

Horn sees, in the arrival of Fortinbras, and his elevation to the Danish crown by the dying voice of Hamlet, that principle of consolation which, to most readers, appears to be so much wanting in Hamlet; that prospect of calm feeling and steady action on which the mind seeks to repose after the sea of troubles in which it has been involved. An edifice of gigantic proportions, but of no coherence or regularity, which must shortly have crumbled into dust of its own accord, has just been crushed to pieces; but out of its ruins is to arise one more firmly based, more compactly built, beneath whose roof men feel that they can seek for shelter, against whose solid pillars and strong built walls they can lean with safety. As Hamlet is speculation personified, so Fortinbras is the representative of action; he says little or nothing. Yet from first to last he is represented as an important character; and his appearance at last upon the scene of slaughter, treachery, and crime, is like the return of sunshine after a tempest—of order after convulsion. All this is doubtless true, so far as it goes. But after all, the gloom of the tragedy is too deep to be dispelled by this ray of consolation; our thoughts are rather in the coffin with Hamlet and Ophelia, than on the throne with Fortinbras; there is nothing by which they are elevated "above the smoke and stir of this dim spot, which men call earth"—changeable and troubled "as in the best it is"—to the sphere where the wicked cease from troubling, where the weary are at rest, where the enigma of existence is rendered clear; for clouds and thick darkness rest over it even to the last, and the hollow voice of blind chance alone replies to our anxious questionings of the future in the words of the dying Hamlet—"The rest is *silence*."



From the United Service Journal.

POLAR SCENES.—NO. II.

Have any of my friends ever traveled three hundred miles in the depth of winter, without inwardly rejoicing the moment they passed the one hundred and fiftieth mile-stone—or, have they ever made a voyage from Bristol to Cork without marking, if they were not too miserably sea-sick, the progress of the packet as she passed Lundy Island? I, myself, once made a trip to China; and I well remember how impatiently anxious we were to turn, as it were, each corner-stone in our voyage. There was, to begin with, the Land's End—then Madeira—the Equator and St. Helena—then the stormy Cape—the equally Isle of Madagascar—the straits of Sunda, and finally the Bouge of Tigris, all were duly and joyfully noted as so many chapters finished in the journal of our voyage. But what had the polar adventurers to cheer them through their dark and dreary winter? Had we the power of locomotion? Assuredly not; for our ships were as firmly locked in the ice as if they had grown there; and the novelty of changing the scene, even from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with which we should have been quite content, was effectually denied us by the impenetrable barrier which nature had thrown in our way. What had we to distinguish the day from night? not the light from heaven, for it was removed to a happier clime; nor the domestic morning cries of the dustman, the milkman, or the baker—we had not, in fact, any vestige of the busy haunts of man to indicate a living world—all was hushed in the long uninterrupted stillness of a midnight scene, more like the silence of death than the existence of life; and it would seem that we had nothing left but to brood on our recollection of nature in its civilised state; but such was not the case.

It is an essential part of the character of a sailor rather to look forward with hope, than back with despair; and as it is his province to be as anxious to-day to glide with the current, which to-morrow he may have to stem, so it should be as much his object to turn to advantage the resources of the present, as it is his duty to trim his sails to catch the ever-varying breeze. And thus it was with us—for each succeeding day brought with it some little event which, happily for us, we contrived to make the most of—and these casualties, trifling as they were, served to lighten, in some degree, the prolixity of those moments in which we were not speculating on the progress we should make in the ensuing season towards Icy Cape.

At the period of which I am now writing, the moon shed its pale light throughout the day, so like the cold frosty nights of January in England, that we could only distinguish the diurnal part of our existence by the usual meal hours which called us together. And here it may be asked, How could we possibly amuse ourselves throughout the day? In the first place, we had an excellent library, which comprised eighteen hundred volumes of the most esteemed authors; then, again, each had formed for himself some pursuit which perhaps his natural instinct, more than the intervention of acquirements, led him to adopt. One, for instance, set about building a miniature of the Fury, which he already imagined in an ornamental glass case in a conspicuous part of his father's mansion; another taught himself, or tried to teach himself, the violin—and well we knew it; a third went through a course of mathematics, the most useful of the whole; a fourth was eternally mending his old clothes—he should have been a tailor; a fifth excelled every one else in skinning birds, and thought of nothing but the museum he would have to show his admiring friends when he took a small half-pay box in the outskirts of London—somewhere about the Old Kent Road—Lee, or Lewisham; a sixth kept a private journal like myself, intending to show off in the periodicals, as I am anxious

o do; a seventh—and he was an odd fellow—shut himelf in his nest of a cabin, five feet by three in length and readth—with the thermometer at ninety, from which he merged, with a sickly jaundiced hue, only to devour a ortion of food worthy a more active calling; but he was n exquisite draughtsman, a good surveyor, and a capital ater-drinker. Poor fellow! he was sanguine about his romotion—never got it, and I am told he died of a bro- en heart. Then we had an occasional siesta after din- er—a casual bear-hunt—an evening school for the instruction for those of the crew who could neither read nor rite—sociable concerts twice a week in Sir Edward arry's cabin, and an extra glass of grog every Saturday ight to sweethearts and wives.

About this period, notice was given that a grand Veitian carnival or masquerade would be held on board he Fury, to commence at six in the evening, and sancioned by authority. It was also stated in the programme, that all the musical talent in the country was ngaged for the occasion, and every attention would be aid on the part of the stewards to promote the conviiality of the evening—no one to be admitted except in haracter or domino—and no bad characters eligible. his notice was pasted up in the most conspicuous part f the ship, with a lively sketch appended to it, of a blind iddler à la Cruikshank, led by a tottering old woman, vith the sorry remnant of a soldier's coat on her back, nd a round hat—no mean resemblance of Liston as Moll laggon, but infinitely less portly and swaggering, for in his sketch the feebleness of old age and meekness of overty were apparent in the curved form and lank isage of the fiddler's wife.

Novelty has more or less its charms every where and or every one—from London to its antipodes and back gain. On the present occasion, its influence in facilitating our ways and means was singularly successful. lasks and caps made of paper, wigs made of oakum, alse hips and bustles, false fronts and false calves, bonets, shawls, gowns, and petticoats, were eagerly sought fter, and as ingeniously contrived. In fact, the lower eck every evening presented a more than usual scene of usy animation—patching, darning, and transforming, ld clothes; making liveries out of red and green baize, awyers' gowns of black bunting, and ladies' stays of ood stiff number-one canvass—paste, putty, vermilion, nd ivory-black, with features of mystery and cunning, ome working dexterously with smiles of self-satisfaction, thers perplexed and embarrassed in their schemes, and ll equally anxious to disguise as much as possible the lress in which they hoped to disguise themselves.

A masquerade in the polar regions! Who ever heard f such a thing? It was as little thought of when we eft England, as our attending the carnivals of Venice luring our absence; and had the idea then occurred to s, we should have thought the first as improbable, as ve knew the second to be impossible. In amateur plays, he difficulty of disguising one's self, and the still greater lifficulty of casting the characters, may have suggested his kind of amusement; but I should have deemed it mpossible to evade the lynx-eyed scrutiny of my comanions, when the few places of concealment which a hip affords is considered. With respect to habiliments, hose who found it difficult to contrive a dress suitable o the character they wished to appear in, naturally regretted they had not had a hint of the affair before we eft England; and those who complained most were on he female side of the question; and this was also natu- al, as the difficulty, to do justice to the bust, seemed at irst insurmountable. This perplexing affair, however, ike many others, was conquered with sailor-like ingeuity.

I believe that when a case of necessity is made known n board a man-of-war, and particularly upon an occaion of this kind, which is yet more singular, there are few things which may not be procured without stirring one foot from the vessel, however ridiculous their being in the possession of a sailor may appear; and it was laughable enough to find our wants relieved as they became public—that is, indirectly—through the medium of one, two, and often three agents, to escape detection. When, for instance, the plays were first introduced on a former voyage, an amateur wanted a pair of spurs to complete his costume. Who could have imagined that such an article would have found a resting place in one of the discovery ships! The armourer set to work, when, to the astonishment of every one, an old sailor, who had never trusted himself on the back of a horse in his life, produced a pair from the bottom of his chest, wrapped in a piece of flannel, as highly polished as if they had done duty at the Horse Guards the week before. Upon the present occasion, a mask, a domino, a lady's fan, and some other things of an equally novel nature, were found by one of the officers, which, we concluded, must have been dropped into his trunk by his fair fille-de-chambre, when she packed it for him. Will you lend me this, or that? Have you such a thing in your possession as an old pattern for a petticoat or a gown? Can you inform me where I'll get a bunch of false ringlets, or how I shall manage without a chemise, or an under-garment of some kind to conceal an old pair of trowsers which are covered with tar? These were the constant questions of emissaries in every quarter; and the week preceding the masquerade appeared the shortest in our calendar since we left England.

At last the eventful evening arrived, and no schoolboys ever broke loose from the trammels of their pedagogue with more searching anticipation of Christmas enjoyments, than did our seamen. The arrangements on board the Fury were too good to pass unnoticed, every thing was so well adapted for the purpose for which it was designed. A rough sign over a raised platform, at the extreme end of the central part of the forecastle, exhibited the jolly sailor just landed from his voyage of discovery, with a well-filled purse in one hand, and a long pipe in the other. He had his blooming wife under his arm, and the Hecla and Fury were visible in the background. It is almost needless to add, that the jolly-faced landlady of the jolly sailor did ample justice to the good humour which rallied round her. At the farther end of the quarter-deck, another rude sign announced that the celebrated Swiss giantess, lately exhibited at most of the courts in Europe, patronised by his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, and never before seen in the polar regions, to which she had been imported at very considerable risk and expense, might be viewed by the public for the trifling sum of one shilling; children admitted for half price, and an excellent band in attendance. Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, walk up, and see the wonderful Swiss giantess! A ludicrous group of Greenwich and Chelsea pensioners, enjoying themselves over some of Barclay, Perkins & Co.'s entire, was naturally caricatured by one of our officers, in a transparency opposite the jolly sailor, and in the centre of the room. The orchestra was fitted up, in which the performers were instrumental in enlivening the scene. A reception room was prepared on the lower deck for rheumatic or frostbitten amateurs, or fashionable dandizettes, whose curtailed garments were not proof against the harsh clime of the polar regions.

The characters began to assemble at six o'clock, and the busy scene of merry-making was soon at its meridian. The first who appeared was an elderly gentleman, whose dress, although somewhat the worse for wear, bespoke respectability, and whose peruke announced him a strict observer of old times. He regretted the indisposition of one of his carriage horses, owing to the badness of the roads, and deplored the uncivilised state of the country, not affording the common convenience of a

sedan chair, or even a jarvey. This character was admirable throughout, and not recognised until the close of the evening, to be Sir Edward Parry's steward. A lady of distinction in an evening ball dress of light blue silk, with flounces of cut paper to imitate Brussels point, was followed by her servant, a native of Africa, in livery,—green baize, turned up with silver,—the embroidered parts a little tarnished,—were by Captain Hoppner and Mr. Crozier. A strolling fiddler whose admirably constructed crutch well supplied the loss of his left leg, which he had left on the plain of Waterloo, and whose military attire presented a sorry remnant of the uniform of the regiment he had served in,—solicited alms for the support of nine starving children,—and his wife received the charity of the benevolent in an old hat, —exceedingly well supported by Sir Edward Parry and Mr. Halse. The next group which appeared excited marked attention, and many were the efforts made to discover who they were; but they were secure in the success of their impenetrable disguise. It consisted of a hawking umbrella-mender, with his wife and daughter, as itinerant ballad-singers,—the latter, so sensitively tenacious of her charms, that she constantly appealed to her mother, under whose cloak she endeavoured to hide herself, to protect her delicate frame from the rude overtures of the men. The produce of a small basket of tape, thread, and needles, helped to support this indigent family; and the style of their dialogue was in perfect keeping with their appearance. I never saw a better group than this,—and I once paid an exorbitant sum for seeing many worse. There was a good deal of low wit and good humour in their individual parts, which was well supported by Lieutenant Sherer and two of the Hecla's seamen. A miserably-clad old soldier, whose exertions in keeping a pathway across the street clean, for the convenience of the public, which, by the by, he had previously strewed dirt over, to their no small annoyance, that he might have something to sweep,—went off with *eclat*, by Lieutenant Ross. And a wandering Jew, whose promissory notes were issued with characteristic caution, by a seaman of the Fury. A dialogue between a Scotish laird and a southern middleman, on the value of land, the breed of black cattle, and the average market-prices. was inimitably kept up by two of our sailors. There was a clown, whose buffoonery in descanting on the wonderful merits of the Swiss giantess was worthy a disciple of Grimaldi himself. He was quick at repartee, and yet he acknowledged himself as great a fool as any of the company. We had also a country practitioner in medicine, who was excellent; and a widow of one of the seamen of the last expedition, who made many appeals in a pathetic tone in behalf of her infant, which she carried in her arms,—urging its weak state, for it was not yet weaned,—"Rest thee, babe," in a shrill squeaking voice, with a strong nasal twang, quieted the sleeping innocent. Watchmen, riotous sailors with more money than wit, chimney-sweepers, young ladies upon the debateable principle, and a recruiting party, filled up the amusements of the evening, with a number of songs in character. Each man had three tickets, which entitled him to three glasses of rum or brandy punch; and the jolly sailor, before alluded to, was the rallying point throughout the evening, and so well attended, that the landlord and his wife, who, by the by, were capital in their station, had no sinecure. Precisely at ten o'clock the company retired—the sailors well pleased with their evening's frolic, and the officers to discuss the merits of a good supper, and the various characters who had exhibited on the occasion.

There was not throughout the festive scene a single instance of inebriation on the part of the seamen. The rooms, as I have elsewhere stated, were tastefully fitted up, and of the hundred who were present, it would have been difficult to find one who had not banished all care from his mind that night. The difference of the temperature between the lower and upper deck was seventy degrees.

A few nights after the masquerade we had a magnificent bear-hunt, amidst scenery which, although sterile and familiar to us, was sufficiently sublime to awaken a strong feeling of admiration in our minds. In our solitary position, when, after the crew had retired to rest, the stillness of death prevailed, any—even the least discernible object that approached the ships,—stealthily, as they usually did, was sufficient to cause a kind of momentary thrilling sensation, which can only be accounted for by the extreme loneliness of the scene, and the calm, quiet silence of night. On the present occasion, when every thing about the ship was hushed in repose, a large bear was discovered by the solitary officer of the watch, within a few yards of the gangway. Cautiously descending the ladder, lest the slightest noise might frighten the animal, he aroused a party of the officers and seamen, who were joined by an equal number from the Hecla. The dogs were put on the slip, and in a few minutes the whole party sallied forward. The night was rather fine than otherwise, but the sudden gusts of wind from the deep ravines on either side almost indicated the approach of a snow storm. The moon was near her meridian, and the light which she shed on the surrounding objects afforded those who had hurried on deck a transient view of the animated scene; but the men and dogs were soon lost to our view. We listened watchfully and in silence to the distant shouts, as they yielded gradually to the hollow dismal sound of the mountain blast, until they were altogether lost in the distance; and the sudden violent gusts which broke mournfully on our ears made us apprehensive for the safety of our comrades.

The bear took a southerly course, and finding himself nearly surrounded by his pursuers, who had systematically formed themselves into a semicircle, made a bold effort to ascend the steep face of the mountain up a precipitous cliff, over which the snow had frozen to a considerable depth. It is scarcely possible to conceive how so unwieldy an animal could have accomplished an ascent, which one would have thought might have baffled the light spring of a greyhound: nevertheless he succeeded in gaining an astonishing height; and the most extraordinary part of the affair was, that the dogs rolled repeatedly down the face of the cliff in their ineffectual efforts to turn him, whilst he not only held his footing, but continued, although with evident labour, to make his way toward the top. At length one of the dogs, with singular sagacity, finding himself defeated at that part of the cliff, ran along the base of the mountain until he arrived at a spot less difficult of ascent, and gliding swiftly along the abutment of a high ledge of rocks which overhung that part of the cliff, he was in a minute above the bear and within a few feet of him. Again the instinct of this fine animal availed him, for had he attempted to descend from the comparatively secure position he had thus gained, he would have been hurled by his powerful enemy to the bottom of the cliff; he therefore deployed, as it were, along the brink of the precipice, seemingly content in checking the farther progress of the bear. Poor Bruin, finding himself thus baffled, and being much exhausted from his efforts to gain the dizzy height, stood or rather balanced his unwieldy body with astonishing ease, as if doubtful what course he should next take, and the panting dog lay couched within a few yards of him, guarding the only spot by which he could have made his escape.

The moon, which had hitherto been partially obscured by the misty haze of the night, now shone forth at the moment one of the officers had contrived to climb to the top of some shelving rocks within about eighty yards of the bear. From this position he might have taken tolerable

aim, but the faithful Esquimaux dog lay in nearly a direct line, and apparently within a few feet of the bear, and so insecure was his own footing that he doubted whether he could stand even the slight recoil of his rifle. The contending party were thus placed at bay, and the temporary rest seemed grateful to all. At length the dog changed his position, and the marksman, no longer able to withstand the tempting opportunity, leveled his gun and struck the animal between the shoulders. He made a convulsive spring from his resting-place, and a crash, loud and frightful, announced his destruction, as he tumbled headlong down the precipice, dashing with violence against the projecting buttresses, and burying himself deep in the snow underneath. The pause of death was succeeded by shouts of victory from the hardy adventurers, many of whom, from the little attention they had given to their dress leaving the ship, were severely frost-bitten. The thermometer stood at 30° below zero.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

EGO!

"Mother," cries the young Marquis of Makeweight to his beautiful preceptress, the Duchess of Curtinsight, "what is an egotist? My tutor, Mr. Prosem, says that Cobbett (the fellow about whom there is so much fuss in the papers) is a disgusting egotist. Did I ever see an egotist?"

"An egotist, my love," replies the duchess, with a most Edgeworthian air of maternal wisdom, "is a man who is always talking about himself. The late Lord Erskine, generally esteemed an able politician, completely lost himself in public life by this foible. It was always 'I—I—I' in his speeches. Egotism is a fault, as common as it is vulgar. I know hundreds of people who are always talking of themselves; but you may have observed, my dear, that the word *I* is almost banished *my* vocabulary. While other people in society bring it into conversation half a dozen times in a minute, *I* am studiously careful to avoid it, by the use of impersonal phrases—such as, 'It is said,' 'They say,' or 'There is reason to believe.' I have a horror of the very sound of 'I;' and invariably set down an egotist as an ill-bred person. Be careful, therefore, my dear Makeweight, by following *my* example, to avoid this odious imputation."

"I wont forget, mother—I certainly will not forget," replies the little marquis. "I should be very sorry to be called an egotist. How dreadfully hot it is this morning! The thermometer stands at 88!"

"Dreadfully, indeed. Even with my bonnet I could scarcely stand the sun on the conservatory this morning. I was obliged to run through into the library for fear of a *coup de soleil*."

"What weather for the harvest people! It will throw them all into a fever!"

"They are used to it."

"Not to this excessive heat—it is so rare in England. And do you see in the papers what frightful accounts from Italy? That last eruption of Vesuvius appears to have done a great deal of mischief."

"Why do people buy estates in the neighbourhood of a volcano?"

"I suppose the estates descend to them like Curtinsight Castle to my father. You know, when you so often express your dislike to living in Lancashire, he tells you it is the fault of some ancestor of ours in the reign of Henry VIII. These poor Neapolitans were born on the mountain, and have become attached to the soil. After all, it requires some heroism to expose one's self to such a fearful risk. Think of being awakened out of your sleep by the roaring of a volcano and finding a stream of burning lava pouring down upon your house!"——

"Do we know any one at Naples just now?" enquires the duchess, languidly. "Lady Emeline was there last winter, and the Duke of Rawdon, and several of our friends. But they have been all returned this age. No one of any consideration remains at Naples at this season of the year. Every body is *in villeggiatura*, or at the baths of Lucca or Albano, or somewhere or other. I am glad there is no person I care about on the spot."

"But the poor people"——

"If the truth must be owned, I have little sympathy for what is called the people—*en masse*. I have just that sort of susceptibility, that, to be interested about a person, it is necessary that I should know something about them, or have had something to do with them," drawled the duchess, with equal disregard of grammar and consistency. "How is it possible to care for those whom one has never seen, and shall probably never see?"

And her grace's noble disciple admired the *impersonal* phrase, without perceiving the chilly egotism it tended to disguise. "Pray, my love, go and dress!" was his mother's concluding admonition. "You have been poring over that newpaper these ten minutes, in your shooting-jacket; and it has struck seven."

"My clothes are not damp—you need not be afraid of my taking cold," was the reply of the marquis, (accustomed to those officious attentions on the part of his mother, which, in certain English circles, betray a most dowagerly but very unwomanly degree of sympathy with the heir-apparent of the house, in preference to all its minor olive branches; and supposing her grace's uneasiness to be caused by his own predicament!) "Burton brought me my slippers as I came through the vestibule."

"But you do not consider, that till Burton sees you in the drawing-room, he never orders the second dinner bell rung? and poor Le Mollette's *entrées* are invariably cold in consequence. Yesterday the *purée aux marrons*, in which the cutlets were served, were just of the consistency of mortar, while the pheasant was roasted perfectly brown. You know I detest a *diner retardé*. You ought to be more considerate of the feelings of other people."

"Just one minute! I am looking over the advertisements for a specific for the toothache, which I think I saw announced the other day."

"The *toothache!* My dear love! you do not tell me that *your* teeth are going? I will write to Cartwright directly. There is no one of any consequence in town just now. I daresay he would come down for a day. The toothache!—at fourteen!—and *I* am nearly four-and-thirty, and have never so much as felt a pain in mine; except, indeed, once, when I caught cold waiting for the carriage at the opera, that night the coachman ran over the drunken Irishman, and the people had the impudence to force the servants to Bow street. And how long have you had this horrible toothache?"

"My dear mother, *I* have no toothache,"

"I am sure you said so. You have almost induced me to fancy I felt something in mine! What made you talk about specifics?"

"Do you not remember telling my father at breakfast that Victorine had not been able to sit up for you last night, because she has not slept this week past from a violent toothache?"

"Oh!—Victorine!—tiresome creature! Yes! she has thought proper to tie up her face, till she looks just like one of those frightful figures one sees peeping over the blinds of St. George's Hospital, as one drives through the Park. They really ought not to have an hospital so near a public promenade: it is quite disgusting!"

"I suppose the air is purer for the invalids."

"Is that a reason why it should be contaminated, to make it intolerable for *us*?"

"Ah! here is the advertisement for the elixir."

"Well, write me where the medicine is sold on a slip of paper; and tell Burton to send off one of the grooms for a bottle, *instantly*!"

"There! did you see the lightning? What a tremendous storm is coming! Had he not better wait?"

"Oh, dear, no! *They* will take care to send only one of the helpers, and on a horse of no particular value. I *must* have this clixir before night!"

"Does your pain increase, then?" . .

"*My* pain! Pray, my dear Makeweight, be more cautious what you say, or people will really fancy something is the matter with *my* teeth. Of course I want this remedy for Ma'amselle Victorine."

"How kind of you! Poor Victorine! I will go directly. Lend me your Bramah pen. *Poor* Victorine! she is such a good creature!"

"She is a very stupid creature! What business had she to go and catch cold? It must have been carelessness, or pure perversity, at this season of the year! And now, unless I can manage to get her the elixir before night, I must again submit to the services of that odious Wingfield, who puts in a *papillote* with just as much fear and trembling as *I* should make up a Congreve rocket. I keep scolding her all the time; but to what purpose? It is so insupportable to have a person about one who is evidently frightened to death. I hope to goodness we shall be able to cure Victorine's *mal de dents*. I dare say it is half fancy."

"She looks dreadfully ill. I met her in the gallery this morning; and when I asked her how she had rested, and whether she felt better, I assure you I could scarcely understand her answer; I never saw a face so swollen."

"Five *I*'s in five seconds! My dear love, you are growing as sad an egotist as Lord Erskine! Now, go and dress—if you keep dinner waiting to-day, you are inexcusable. Pray, observe, by the way, that my wishes are expressed without a single use of your own horrible —Ego!"

From the London Metropolitan.

'TWAS EVENING WHEN I LEFT THE VALE!

Air—"*The Maid of Snowdon.*"

'Twas evening when I left the vale,
That nursed my boyish years—
My father's manly cheek was pale,
My mother's wet with tears;
Then borne upon the breeze of night,
I heard the distant bells
Come o'er those waters, coldly bright,
With all their breathing spells;—
Sweet village bells! sweet village bells!
With all their breathing spells.

The stars are in the blue sky set,
And light is on the sea,
And some that parted—now are met—
But who shall welcome me?
They light not home's unwreathed bowers,
Of whom my spirit tells,
Nor come, as when in happier hours
I heard those village bells;—
Sweet village bells! sweet village bells!
With all their breathing spells.

From the United Service Journal.

TRADITIONS OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.—NO. III.

Every one who has witnessed a campaign, or stood upon a ship's deck amid a storm, knows that men under the influence of violent excitement will accomplish feats, from the bare contemplation of which in more quiet moments they would turn away. How often have we seen the fragile youth toil on during the hurried march, keeping pace with the most robust of his comrades, or, it may be, leaving them behind! How often have we beheld with admiration the delicate boy, the child of his mother's most doating affections, and the pampered of his father's love, patient under cold and hunger, and weariness and watching—the feeble frame borne aloft by the gallant spirit—the body forgetting its weakness, because the mind was noble and brave! And how often, when the season of repose came back—when the battle had been fought, and the victory won or lost—how often have we seen the same high-minded youth wither and fade, like a flower in early autumn! If all this be the mere effect of what philosophers call organisation; if it be not rather, as the Scriptures have it, "the spirit of man that sustaineth his infirmities," then shall we greatly thank these same philosophers if they will have the goodness to explain to us what the phrase organisation means. For, as far as my own experience goes, I never could discover that the blood vessels changed their order, or the muscles their arrangement, according as we chanced to be busy or idle; though I have always found that hardships, and even pain itself, were taken into account only after the mind had relaxed from its tension, and leisure was given for thinking of such things, and of the effects which they ought to produce.

If ever there existed a living proof of the correctness of any theory, I was this night a breathing exemplar of my own. When I dropped from the window of the inn, I was conscious that I had severely hurt myself. My left ancle bent awkwardly under the weight of my body, and a sharp shooting pain ran through the whole frame; yet I thought of the circumstance only for an instant, and had forgotten it long ere Menzies reached the ground. No conversation, therefore, passed between us as we hurried across the green, making, at the top of our speed, for the skirts of the forest; nor for some time after we had dived within the thick wood was a word spoken. But in proportion as danger seemed to diminish, and we penetrated farther into its recesses, the mind lost its control over the body, and I was sensible of my real condition. "For God's sake, stop one moment!" said I; "I fear that I have broken my leg; at all events, I cannot move another step without resting." "I hope not," answered Menzies, still continuing to advance; "besides how could you run thus far on a broken limb?" "That I cannot tell," cried I, now almost fainting with agony; "but it is quite certain that to go farther passes my ability." As I said this, I threw myself on the ground; and every other consideration became immediately forgotten in a sense of excruciating bodily torture.

Nothing could exceed the kindness of Menzies at this trying moment. He knew that all was at hazard, for we were as yet but a little way from Lexington; and it could not be doubted that pursuit would begin with the first discovery of our flight. Yet he instantly stopped, sat down beside me, laid my head on his lap, and strove by every expression of friendship and pity, to comfort me in my distress; for excessive as the pain was, it did not long hinder me from perceiving that my first misfor-

tune was likely to prove the least serious. "What an unlucky wretch am I!" was my exclamation. "Just as the chance for which we have so long pined is thrown in my way, here I am, incapable of taking advantage of it. My God! what a hard fate! I would rather die where I am, than go back to drag out another year as a prisoner among these cursed Yankees; and you, too, Menzies—but you must not think of me. It would do me no good were you also retaken; so go, my dear fellow; go, and leave me to my fate: it is better that one should escape than both be taken; and I perceive that for me to move even a rod farther is quite out of the question." I said this, in consequence of the examination which I had taken with my hand of the wounded limb. The ancle was swelled to twice its natural thickness; and there was a throbbing at the heart which brought over me every moment a sensation of nausea and giddiness that was altogether overwhelming.

I soon found, however, that in proposing to my friend to abandon me, I was making a suggestion which he was not the sort of person to obey: he positively refused to budge a step. "What! go and leave you to perish in this wilderness?" cried he. "In heaven's name! what do you take me to be? For as to the Yankees discovering us in this thicket, my firm persuasion is that the thing is impossible. So cheer up, my boy! Who knows whether, after all, this misfortune of yours may not prove a gain, barring always the pain of the moment: for it is my belief that Jonathan will never think of looking sharp about him till he is at a distance from Lexington; and I doubt whether we be as yet fairly out of eye-shot from it." There was some justice in this conclusion; at least I was willing to accept it as probable; so I consented to put our affairs into Menzies' hands, as indeed, for the most obvious reasons, I was bound to do, being myself wholly incapable of exertion.

The first thing which my friend did was to pull off his neckcloth, and to bind up with it, as tightly as he could, the injured ancle; his next, to put to my lips a flask of brandy, of which I drank a little, and was revived. Meanwhile the wind, which had sighed and wailed for some time, began to gather strength; and large drops of rain fell, with a plashing sound, among the foliage. Far off, too, we could hear the growling of thunder, and one or two flashes of lightning cast a momentary glare through the deep forest. It was by the light of one of these that we were made aware of the extreme insecurity of our position. We were lying in a sort of open glade, in which the forest-trees stood far apart from one another! and throughout which neither bush nor brake could be seen; and the thought rose painfully into our minds that in point of fact we had no shelter. "Could you not crawl a very little farther?" said Menzies. "Desert you I never will; and therefore whatever fate you suffer I will share it. But if the rascals do chance to come in this direction, it is certain that they must discover us." I attempted to rise, but the effort proved useless. I fell to the ground again, and lost my recollection.

The misery of that night was extreme. The storm did not indeed increase on us; for it seemed to move in an opposite direction; and the rain became just sufficiently heavy to moisten our garments: neither could eye nor ear detect, amid the thick darkness, the approach of an enemy. But between the agony of my sprain, and the conviction on my mind that our sole chance of escape lay in the failure of the pursuers to take up our track, I thought at the moment, and I think still, that the cup of my wretchedness was full. Menzies, on the contrary, either did not share my alarm, or he concealed his feeling; for he never spoke, except in a cheering tone, and rallied me as often as I began to murmur.

Morning at length began to break; and distressing as my situation was, I could not avoid being struck with the phenomena which ushered in the day. The rain having ceased, no sooner was the eastern sky faintly illuminated, than the air above us seemed to be alive. Thousands of wings were rustling over head, and thousands of birds poured out their notes, altogether different from those to which, in my own country, I had been accustomed. There was indeed very little harmony in this early concert; amid which the parrot chattered, the grakle screamed, and the manakin whooped; yet was the effect singularly striking, so much so as to draw us for an instant into forgetfulness of the perils by which we were surrounded. But in proportion as the sky became more and more bright, and the tall trees, putting off their grotesque shapes, appeared in their proper colouring, every other sense was swallowed up in that of intense anxiety. It may be conceived how we gazed around, in the hope of discovering some more secure place of retreat, while each object in the distance was converted into the form of an American militia-man; and when at last the former seemed to meet our gaze, while of the latter no trace could be made out, our joy became acute in proportion to the utter despondency under which we had hitherto laboured.

About three hundred yards from the spot where we lay, the increasing day-light showed us a gentle undulation in the soil, which was thickly overgrown at the summit by brush. Menzies instantly suggested that we should at all events move thither; and finding me still quite incapable of walking, proposed to carry me. He was a robust, well-made little man, so I did not affect any squeamishness on the occasion; but getting on his back, endured, even in that attitude, so much pain, that it was with difficulty I retained my senses. On we went, however, he trudging stoutly over the long rank grass, and I clinging to his neck, with desperate grasp, till, having gained the ridge of the slope, he there laid me down, while he himself went forward to reconnoitre. He was not long absent; and when he did come back, there was an expression of hearty satisfaction in his countenance. "Couldn't be more fortunate," cried he: "under that mound there is a stream; its banks are low here, but a little farther up they seem to be rugged and steep; and above all, I perceive, in the distance, symptoms of a farm-house, and I already begin to feel that we can't live without eating. So mount once more; and when we fix upon our lair, we shall next take into consideration how the *creature* is to be supported till your ancle recover its vigour." I did mount, and we resumed our progress.

The slope of the ascent was not very steep; and the thicket, though dense, was pervious; so that, at the cost of a few scratches, and one or two smart flips from twigs forced out of their legitimate position for a moment, and suddenly recoiling, we forced our way through. Beneath us ran a clear stream of water over a channel of rough stones, the opposite bank of which was, like the soil behind us, covered with tall rank grass. A good way in front, signs of a clearing presented themselves. There were spots of land, here and there, delivered from the incumbrances of forest, though the stumps of trees were still standing. A log-house, also, with one or two ruder edifices, caught the eye, and a sort of enclosure, probably a sheep-pen, or cattle-fold, stood near them. As yet, however, we were much more anxious to avoid

than to discover the haunts of man; and good fortune so ordered it that a place of concealment was not far off. Casting my eyes to the left, I perceived that the banks of the rivulet became, as Menzies had described them, precipitous and rocky; and I readily acceded to his proposal of seeking there the sort of hospice of which we were in need.

Down, therefore, we went, till we reached the stream, into which Menzies plunged; and I took it for granted that he was about to cross, because there seemed to be a more open path on the other side, but I was mistaken. He paced upwards in the water, and began to battle stoutly in mid-channel, against the combined inconveniences of an opposing stream, and a broken and rugged bottom. "Why don't you land?" said I, the pain of my hurt being considerably increased by his staggering and uneasy motion. "You will never get along so; and you see that the other shore is smooth and unbroken; why don't you make for it?"

"Because I have not tracked the red-deer in the snow so often, without being aware that the only way in which the beast ever throws off his pursuers is by taking to the water. It is very unlikely, I admit, that the Yankees will take up our foot-marks at all; but if they should, we have here an additional means of giving them the slip. So hold on, as well as you can, and sit steady." I did not answer, and we straggled forward as heretofore.

As we advanced up the stream, and the banks became on either side more precipitous, the depth of water considerably increased. Menzies was in consequence covered to his fork, and my feet and ancles dragged of course in the stream, which, on rounding an angle, showed itself in the shape of a deep dark pool, closed in by rocks of red sand-stone, and shadowed over by hanging brushwood. Along each edge there was, however, a narrow path, formed, as it seemed, out of the soft rock by the wear of the water when flooded; and towards one of these my bearer made his way, setting me down, as soon as he had reached it, on a stone. It was impossible, indeed, to carry me farther: for in the first place the ledge of rock was narrow; in the next place it passed abruptly into a gulf which seemed unfathomable; and, lastly, the arch of the cliff overhead would have effectually hindered a loaded man from making his way beneath it. Another council of war was accordingly held, and I promised, in case a desirable retreat lay beyond, that at all hazards I would make an attempt to walk. This done, Menzies quitted me. He balanced himself nicely, doubled round a projecting rock, and for five minutes, or something more, was out of sight. But I saw from the expression of his countenance as soon as he reappeared, that his search had not been fruitless, and his tongue was not slow in confirming what his eyes had spoken.

"If we had searched all Connecticut," exclaimed he, "we could not have found a more admirable retreat. So exert yourself, my dear fellow, only for a few moments. There—there, now—that is right; hold on by the rock, and—then——" But before this sentence was complete, my experiment had ended as might have been foretold: my sprained ancle sunk under me, and I fell with a splash into the water.

Menzies, as I afterwards learned, was terribly frightened. Unable to swim himself, he gave me up as lost; but neither he nor I knew till that moment how much more practicable it is for an animal which is dead lame to move in water than on land. I struck out without hesitation, and retaining my self-command, made, not for the nearest shore, but for the promontory behind which our promised place of shelter lay. It would be impossible to conceive any spot of earth better adapted to purposes of concealment: a cave, running under the rock, just above water-mark, from the arch of which hung down a tree so as entirely to screen its entrance against such as looked downwards, lay before me. I made for it; and being joined there by my companion, felt at once, that as far as shelter from the observation of pursuers could insure safety, we were perfectly safe. Menzies, however, was not even now satisfied. He hurried down the stream again; took up the trail at a point exactly opposite to that by which we had entered, trod down the long grass for a short way, bore round in a semicircle; and finally, having re-entered the water considerably below the spot of original incidence, waded up the channel till he gained the cave. "Now, the deuce is in it," said he triumphantly, "if I haven't give them something to do and to talk about. Were there but a lump of bread and cheese in our havresacks, we might wait here snugly enough till the storm blew over. But if this goes on much longer, it must come to a toss whether I am to eat you, or you to eat me."

We had occupied the cave about half an hour, when Menzies, who from time to time looked out through the overhanging branches, suddenly drew back as if in great alarm. He laid his finger on his lip at the same time in token of silence, and motioned with his hand when I attempted to crawl towards him. Both, therefore, remained perfectly still; and as the water in the deep pool made no noise, and the leaves scarcely rustled in the calm that prevailed, we were soon able to distinguish noises, which caused our hearts to beat uneasily. There was a sound as of people pushing through the underwood. By and by voices were heard, and the figures of two men became perceptible on the top of the bank, exactly opposite to the place where we lay. We held our breaths and listened—for the men were in earnest conversation—and the ravine being narrow, it was easy to catch a portion of what they said. Nor was our uneasiness diminished when we had ascertained that we were ourselves the subject of discussion. "Isn't it tarnation odd," said the one; "I guess as how them chaps can't be far off, at no rate, for the lair was warm, and if there's more nor one trail yonder, I'm d——d to all eternity. Look sharp there, Tom—I calculate it won't do to grope in the dark this bout."

The men passed down from us as these words were uttered, and the next moment we heard a shout and a rush as if they had discovered something, and were hurrying in pursuit. A chill came over me, which, however, subsided as the noise became fainter every instant, and then died away. It was certain that our cave had either not attracted their attention, or that they believed it to be empty. Nobody came back to the edge of the pool, and we felt we were safe. But in proportion as the dread of immediate discovery wore out, other wants become more pressing. Not from pain only, but from hunger now I began to suffer; and as for Menzies, he vowed, that rather than stay to die by starvation, he would go and deliver himself up to the enemy. Nevertheless, we judged it prudent to keep quiet the whole of that day and night; at the close of which our case was become so desperate, that further endurance seemed impossible.

The sun had risen some time without the occurrence of any alarming incident, when Menzies, who had sat gloomy and silent in the corner of the cave, announced his determination of going forth in quest of provisions. I made no opposition to the design, and he accordingly

quitted me, promising to use all possible precautions in the conduct of the enterprise, though resolute to procure food at every hazard. During the three hours that intervened between his departure and return, my situation was not, as may be imagined, very enviable. Utterly hopeless, chilled with having spent so much time in wet clothes, and suffering still a great deal from my ancle, my thoughts naturally took a very gloomy turn, and I conjured up a thousand frightful images, of which not the least obstinate in the hold which it took of my imagination was that of my poor friend seized, and put to death on the spot. At last, however, the sound of one advancing along the narrow path caught my ear. It was Menzies himself, who bore in his hand a jug of milk, a cheese, a couple of loaves of rye bread, and some heads of Indian corn. His tale was a simple one. Advancing stealthily towards the clearing, he had secreted himself among the branches of a tree, which gave him a complete command of the motions of the inmates, and observing that all, except a single female, went abroad as if to labour, he had given up his undivided attention to her proceedings: he saw her milk some cows within the fold, carrying the pails to a log-hut hard by, and afterwards withdraw within the dwelling, from which she by and by issued forth again, bearing a tub and a quantity of foul linen. Having watched till she became fairly engaged in washing, he slid from his place of ambush and slunk round to the milk-house. It contained, besides milk, a store of bread, cheese, and other viands—but fearful of exciting suspicion, he took only the articles now produced, with which he succeeded in returning unnoticed to the cave. I need scarcely add, that we enjoyed a hearty meal, and that our sleep that evening was sounder and more refreshing than it had been since we quitted Boston.

In this manner several days were spent, Menzies going forth every morning soon after dawn to forage, and I waiting patiently the progress of a cure, which was doubtless not the less rapid in consequence of my spare diet. We were even beginning, in some degree, to relish the excitement of our position; for the weather was remarkably beautiful, and my hurt mended hourly—when, on a certain occasion, my friend did not return as was his custom. At first, I flattered myself that my impatience was deceiving me; I then thought over every conceivable cause of delay, including all possible changes in the domestic arrangements of the family; but when noon came and went, without bringing Menzies back, fear gained the mastery over hope, and I became convinced that he had been taken. Every body knows what the effect of a harrowing idea is, both upon the mind and the body. I determined to go in search of him; I rose from my sitting posture for the first time since our arrival in the cave, and was scarcely surprised to find that I could walk, though uneasily. Groping along the narrow path, I soon gained the open channel of the stream where a thick screen of underwood concealed it; and not caring to take the circuitous route which Menzies had been in the habit of following, I pushed through. In my immediate front was the settlement; but after a careful examination I could not discover between me and the horizon any traces of a human being; I therefore screwed my courage to the sticking-place, and advanced towards the building.

My clasp-knife was of course unsheathed, and thrust up the sleeve of my right arm, and my eyes were very active in searching the face of the country, but no interruption befell, till I attained the farm-house. I had taken care not to approach in front, but leaving it on the right, gained the gable end, in which there was no window, nor any other aperture than such chinks as are apt to creep into the wall of an edifice made entirely of wood, and constructed with little skill. To one of these I applied my eyes, and the very first object that encountered it was the form of Menzies, not bound hand and foot, as I expected to find him, but seated between a man and a woman at a little round table, and carousing out of a tin-pot, apparently in the highest glee imaginable. Well, thought I, this is strange enough; but at all events, he must have found friends in this place, so I may as well enter and cast in my lot with his.

I walked round to the door with a dauntless step, and finding it ajar pushed it open. In an instant there was a complete change of scene. Menzies and his hosts started to their feet; the strange man made a grasp at a long duck-gun which rested against the rude chimney-piece, while the woman set up a scream that penetrated my brain like a rifle-ball, while Menzies, without the slightest ceremony, hit his pot-companion a douse in the chaps which sent him rolling all his length on the floor. I saw at once that this was no time to preserve a neutrality, so I also sprang forward, and throwing my arms round the woman's waist, forced her to resume her seat. "That's right," cried Menzies; "tie the she-devil to the stump of that bed, and thrust the coverlet in her mouth, while I take the liberty of rendering my friend here harmless, by passing his own cravat round his arms." As he spoke he sprang upon the prostrate carcass of the American: and in five minutes, both lady and gentleman were in a position which rendered them perfectly harmless, at least for the moment.

"In heaven's name," cried I, "what does all this mean?"

"O, never mind, my dear fellow—never mind for the present; only be so good as to fill your havresack with some of their vivres; and as we pursue our journey you shall be enlightened. And now, worthy dame and master," continued he, turning to the prostrate couple, "lie there, and make yourselves happy till your hopeful son returns. In the meanwhile, I wish you all manner of comfortable thoughts, such as cannot but light upon the minds of a couple so honest and hospitable."

Having filled our bags, we sallied forth, when the first question that Menzies put to me was, whether I thought myself strong enough to continue our journey. I answered in the affirmative, and we struck off, under the guidance of our pocket-compasses, in the direction of Providence River. We persuaded ourselves that if we could once reach the coast at a sufficient distance from Boston to forestall the rumour of our escape, some sort of vessel might be found in which we could take a passage to New York; and though it was still a painful exertion to walk, I was a great deal too impatient of further restraint to sink under it. On we went, therefore, Menzies informing me by the way of the circumstances which placed him in the strange predicament in which I had discovered him. They were these; he had been surprised in the milk-house by the woman. Not knowing how to act, he had thrown himself on her compassion, and she, pretending to pity his case, had invited him to her house, where she left him for a few moments: but she returned soon afterwards with her husband and a stripling, both of whom eyed him suspiciously, though they did not venture to commence hostilities. The result was, that, sending the lad off to Boston, the worthy couple had watched him so closely, that he found it impossible to return to the cave, and was, therefore, content to partake of their insidious hospitality, in the

hope of being able, during the progress of the entertainment, to effect his escape. In this case he would have hovered about the spot till night-fall, then find his way back to me—or, if that should be prevented, had made up his mind rather to give himself up, than leave me to perish alone. But my unlooked-for arrival at the scene of action had given a totally new aspect to the face of affairs; and it now only remained for us to improve our good fortune by pushing forward as rapidly as possible.

The sun was getting far into the west when we found ourselves in the vicinity of a large village, through which ran a public road. As we were not pressed for the means of subsistence we determined to avoid it, and made a wide detour to the right, so as to place a skirt of forest between us and the fields by which the village was surrounded; and, having discovered a clear stream of water, sat down by its bank, and ate—especially I, who had fasted since the preceding day—a hearty meal. This done, we attempted to renew our journey; but my ancle again entirely failed me, and I was unable to budge. While we were deploring this circumstance, and hesitating what course to adopt, two men, armed with rifles, suddenly confronted us, on their way, as it appeared, from the forest to the village. They stopped, and immediately began to put questions, which we answered by representing ourselves as sea-faring men, who, finding it impossible to get employment in the north, were going southward in quest of a ship.

"And why don't you seek it in the field?" said one.

"Because I, at least," was my answer, "am in no condition to serve. You see that my lameness is such as to hinder me from proceeding even to that village for the night. What sort of a recruit should I make?"

"I'm blessed, if they arn't the very chaps, Joe!" said the other stranger, who had hitherto eyed us in silence. "Just read this here paper:—'One considerably taller than the other; dressed in frieze jackets and trowsers; supposed to pass themselves off as sea-faring men.' I say, masters, did you ever wear King George's livery?"

"What should make you think so?" replied Menzies with great self-possession.

"Just this here bit of paper you see," was the answer; "and case it should be so, I'll trouble you to come back with me to Holleston, that is, unless you want a brace of balls through your body."

It was to no purpose that we protested against so unreasonable a demand, or threatened to bring those who urged it to justice. "They knowed what justice was as well as we; and they weren't going to miss the reward, or to let two runaway prisoners escape for a little bit of bluster."

Here then we were—resistance being useless—once more in durance vile; for the brutes compelled me to rise, made me lean upon Menzies' arm, and marched us back triumphantly to the village, in one of the public houses belonging to which we were lodged under a proper guard for the night.

It will easily be imagined that our thoughts were not, under such circumstances, of the most cheering kind. Converse together we could not, for a sentry kept post in our room, and a degree of vigilance was exerted throughout which convinced us that we had no resource except patience. Yet I was more than once tempted to believe that we were not without friends neither, though of their power to serve us effectually I could not entertain a hope. The landlord, a grey-headed man, spoke kindly to us, as he brought in our supper; and his daughter, who attended to remove the fragments, looked as if she pitied our mishap. But neither the words of the one nor the glances of the other, sufficed to reconcile us to our condition, or make us forget that we were once more prisoners. Strange to say, however, we both slept soundly; and the morning was considerably advanced ere the guard awoke us.

I was still so lame that our captors did not suspect me of using any deceit when I declared myself incapable of traveling on foot. On the contrary, they appeared to acquiesce in my statement very readily, while they ordered the host, in terms not the most conciliatory in the world, to get his car ready, and to prepare himself for conveying their prisoners to Boston. The man remonstrated; but finding remonstrance of no avail, withdrew to make preparations for his journey; which, either from design or accident, occupied so much time, that our friends of the rifle corps lost all patience. Their oaths and execrations I will not defile my paper by transcribing; but the result was to satisfy both Menzies and myself that our host entertained loyal sentiments, and that we were mercifully dealt with, not for our own sakes, but as a means of annoying him. We were therefore strongly tempted to relieve the poor fellow from his inconvenience by volunteering to travel on foot; and we should have done so, had not a fresh trial convinced me that the thing was impracticable.

The better portion of the day had passed before we were in a condition to move; for the landlord's horse was abroad and could not be found; and when it was found, the harness required mending, and the car itself stood in need of repair. At last, however, our preparations were complete; and Menzies mounting first, I was in the act of following, when our host's daughter, who waited to bid her father farewell, whispered in my ear. I could only catch a portion of the sentence, and that tended rather to excite than to allay my curiosity. Something there was about being overheard, and then an expression to this effect—"You will see that justice is done to him." I could not pause to question the girl, for our guards were shouting to move on; so I contented myself with giving the girl a kind look, and mounted the car. Our march began immediately.

We were escorted on this occasion by the two worthies that surprised us, and three stout yeomen besides, each armed with a rifle and a long hunting-knife. The landlord drove the car; and after we had cleared the village some time, mounted beside us, a proceeding to which the escort did not object. By and by, likewise, when those on foot began to straggle, he evinced a disposition to converse; but he had scarcely done so when one of the men stepped up to the car, and hitting him a violent blow on the shoulder with the butt of his musket, knocked him from his seat. "Take that, you d—d infernal tory whelp," cried he, "as a specimen of what you may expect when we get you safe in Boston!" The old man uttered no cry, nor indulged either in complaint or threatening, but, turning to us, said in a low tone, "This is what they call liberty." He rose in evident pain as he spoke, and dismounting, continued to trudge on close to the horse's head.

The sun had not set, but was shedding his rays obliquely over the surface of the earth, when our little procession entered upon a sort of open common, broken here and there into little eminences, and feathered with clumps of trees. Our escort had again begun to straggle, when a solitary Indian made his appearance, advancing from the right, and making, as it appeared, in the same direction with ourselves. His dress was neither that of a warrior nor of a runner; for the red paint was melted on his face as if from severe exertion; and though

he wore the scalping knife in his belt, balanced on the other side by a tomahawk, he carried no rifle, nor any other missile weapon. Walking briskly, it seemed his design to pass us, had not the yeomen closed together, and entered into conversation with him. He then slackened his pace; and as he spoke a sort of broken English, while they understood something of the Indian dialect, we were enabled to gather, as much from their questions as from his replies—that he was on his way to Boston. Our guards, like genuine Yankees, seemed full of curiosity. The stranger, a true-bred Mohawk, was cautious and wary; all therefore that they drew from him was an intimation that he had left the neighbourhood of Daubeny two days ago; that there had been severe fighting, in which the English proved victorious; that many houses were burned, and considerable stores destroyed; and that the chief of the defeated party there had instructed him to convey a written communication to the great warrior at Boston. Our companions in vain endeavoured to draw more out of him, or to keep him at their own pace. He evaded further enquiries; and remarking that the runner could not delay, pushed on, without wasting a single glance at the car or those who sat upon it. The Indian moved with great rapidity, and gaining an angle of the road, was soon lost to our view. For a few minutes afterwards he continued to furnish matter of discussion to the escort, who spoke of him as of an animal every way different in nature from themselves, and expressed something like regret that they found no opportunity to kill him. But the brutes were not very talkative, except when curiosity swayed them, and they gradually relapsed into silence.

Such was our condition,—the car moving first, the five militia men loitering close in the rear,—when just as we rounded the copse beyond which the Indian had disappeared, the sharp crack of a rifle was heard, and the fellow who had beaten the old driver received a ball in his temple. Without a cry or a groan he fell, and not a muscle quivered afterwards. Astonished, but as it seemed nothing dismayed, by the fall of their companion, the remaining four brought their muskets to the trail, and springing forward, placed the car between them and the point from which the fatal shot had come. But the movement, though judicious, was of little avail. There arose a wild whoop—a cry as hideous and terrible as ever rang in mortal ears,—and half a dozen savages, led on, as it appeared, by a young white man, rushed from the thicket. I must say that the behaviour of our guards was not only spirited but cool. They took deliberate aim, fired with great precision, and brought down two of the Indians while springing across the road. The rest, however, closed upon them, and there began a struggle of the fiercest and most desperate kind, in which each man fought and seemed aware that he was fighting for life or death.

Though the assailants were still superior in numbers, and, as it seemed, noways inferior in activity, it may be doubted how the encounter would have ended, had not the savages received unlooked for support. "Now is your time, gentlemen!" cried the old driver, quitting his horse's head, and seizing the uplifted arm of one of his countrymen just as he was about to bury his knife in the throat of a prostrate Indian. "By my faith, I think so too," exclaimed Menzies, leaping from the car, and tripping up the heels of another Yankee. The two red men, thus suddenly freed from the gripe of their more robust adversaries, were not slow in turning the advantage to account: each plunged his knife into the body of his man; and each, in the space of half a second, flourished a scalp in his left hand.

All this passed so rapidly that, before I could drag my wounded limb from the car, the battle was ended. The persons who had guarded us from Holleston lay dead, and their bare and bloody crowns presented a spectacle revolting in the highest degree. Nor were we long left in doubt as to the effect which the fray would produce on our own fortunes. The white man by whom the Indian party was led on proved to be the son of our host, who had taken up arms on the side of the king's government, and held a sort of commission among the savages, and who, informed of the dangers which menaced his father, had for some time hovered about the neighbourhood of Holleston, with the view of removing him to a place of greater safety. For the old man, though he took no ostensible part in the quarrel, was an object of more than suspicion to the republicans, the offences of the son being visited on the head of the father—whether justly or not no one seemed anxious to enquire. At last, having heard of our capture, and of the dispositions made to remove us to Boston, young Simcoe, for that was his name, made the bold dash which I have just described; a movement which not only enabled him to accomplish the wish that lay nearest to his heart, but gave him the opportunity of setting up a claim of merit in the liberation of two king's officers.

Under the escort of Simcoe and his Indians, we passed through a large tract of wild country. So intricate, however, were the paths, and so dense the underwood, that it soon became necessary to leave horse and car behind, when a litter being formed of branches, I was, when unable to walk, quietly carried on the shoulders of two of my companions. Our food, again, consisted principally of parched corn, with such berries and wild fruits as grew in the forest; and our drink was supplied by the various streams and rivulets which we passed by the way. As may be imagined, such a mode of existence was regarded by Menzies and myself as full of hardships; indeed, I question whether our physical powers would have borne up under so spare a diet, had we been doomed for any protracted period of time to depend upon it. But a three days' journey brought us safely to the banks of the Connecticut, where we found a considerable settlement of friendly Indians; and where, for the present, our labours came to an end: for the kindness of these people could not be exceeded. The most skilful of the squaws was employed to nurse me; and under her judicious treatment my limb soon recovered its vigour,—while the only subject of uneasiness among them appeared to be lest we should not find ourselves happy, and as a necessary consequence, desire to depart.

I am not going to describe our mode of existence during the weeks which we spent in this Indian village. Rude it doubtless was, and wild, but full of excitement; and as far as the absence of the vices which are common in more civilised states goes, perfectly innocent. The women, though gentle and affectionate, and peculiarly grateful to us for the kindness of our manner towards them, were not vicious. The men, either because they could not obtain spirits, or were under some vow of abstinence, were sober. Every morning the hunters went forth to procure food, Menzies generally accompanying them; and when they returned in the evening, the produce of their skill was dressed, and all ate in common. Nor were we quite free from the bustle of military operations. More than once Simcoe led out a petty expedition, which was seen, by the bringing back

of a scalp or two, not to have been entirely bloodless; while once the alarm of an enemy reached us, and we packed our wigwams and made ready for a removal. But no enemy came; and matters returned, in the course of a few hours, to the exact position in which they had previously stood. All this was agreeable enough as long as it was new; but we found, at the end of the third week, that we had enough of it,—and my uncle being then perfectly sound, we proposed to make our way to New York. The hospitable Indians would have fain dissuaded us,—their old men offering us their daughters to wife, and their young men imploring us to become brothers. But we explained to them, through Simcoe, how we were circumstanced; and at last they consented to let us go. Our parting was full of regret,—on their parts, as is their custom, expressed only by words,—on ours by a language more expressive than that of words. We mutually swore eternal friendship, an oath which by neither side would have been forgotten, had fortune so ordered it that we were ever to meet again. But we never did meet. Two of their body became indeed our guides; and having conducted us through what seemed to be pathless forests, carried us safely to Kingsbridge, where, delivering us over to our own outposts, they bade us farewell.

I have only to add, that our reception in New York was of the most gratifying nature; and that to old Simcoe such a provision was afforded as made him cease to think of the inn at Holleston with regret. His son continued to serve with the Indians till the close of the war, when he became, if I recollect right, a settler in Lower Canada.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE CONFESSIONS OF WM. SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER II.

It has scarcely ever failed to be the lot of poets to play, at some period or other of their lives, the self-deceiving part of Pygmalion. They form their Galateas, and animate them to their wishes for a time, happy, if in the end, they find them no worse than stone!

I am about to add the name of Shakspeare to the list of those who have suffered from such unhappy and ill-starred passion. The story is a very strange one, and will startle many; but it is a story which must be told, even to the ears of the least charitable. We may refuse some work of fancy admission to our minds and hearts, but let us never shut out the truth. Truth once lost or wilfully rejected, leaves a chasm never to be filled.

Shakspeare, I have said, quitted Stratford in 1586. He left behind him his wife, three children, his father, one sister, and a brother—named Edmond. The latter, however, must soon have been induced to try his fortune also in London; for we can trace him there as an actor in 1603; and, on the last day of 1607, it would appear that William Shakspeare buried his brother, "Edmond Shakspeare, a player," at the church of St Saviour, in Southwark. Such is the entry on a parish register there. The wife of the poet, at the period of his quitting Stratford, was thirty years old. She had just borne him twins—the second and last issue of the marriage. Anne Hathaway, after her husband left Stratford for London, though he visited that place annually, had no more children. I do not instance this circumstance as any presumption of actual disagreement between them; for I am inclined to think they lived together kindly to the last. I take even the celebrated interlineation in his will, which has been urged so often as a piece of coldness or contempt towards her, to mean something very different,—"Item, I give unto my wife my second-best bed, with the furniture." It should not be forgotten, in reference to this seemingly poor bequest, that Anne Hathaway had been, at the death of her father, who was a substantial yeoman of Shottery (a village near Stratford), very amply provided for. Bearing this in mind, I should have accompanied Shakspeare through his affectionate bequests to his elder child, Susannah, and to his dear daughter Judith (more dear that her twin-brother had been taken by death),—even supposing he had omitted all mention of their mother, without the slightest suspicion of any coldness or indifference betwixt them. As the real circumstances are, however, I take the interlineation as a singular proof the other way,—as an especial and, as it were, undeserved self-rebuke—a recollection where he need not have recollected. And why does Mr. Malone harp so on its being his "second-best bed?" Why does he persist in adducing that as a proof of contempt and slight—as though Shakspeare wished to leave the mother of his children the scurviest thing he had? I entreat the reader rather to join with me in turning this reproach into kindness and affectionate remembrance. That "second-best bed" might have had dearer associations with it than the first best. May it not have been—

> "The very bed that on his bridal night
> Received him to the arms of Belvidera?"

In no part of Shakspeare's life do we see coldness or indifference to old associations, however loosened in their grasp by change or time. He never deserted his birthplace; he "was wont to go to his native countrie once a yeare," says Aubrey; and it is certain that when his "task was smoothly done," and he had won himself an independence, as well as an immortal name, he retired to Stratford, that he might enjoy the one and listen to the music of the other, and finish life as he had begun it, with the soft flowings of his native Avon murmuring in his ear.

I dwell upon this characteristic, and upon these domestic circumstances, for a reason that will soon be obvious to the reader. If he has agreed with me thus far, he will perhaps not hesitate to accept the limitation I am now anxious to make. The turnings of such a heart as Shakspeare's require a subtle and delicate touch. Admitting that he remained on kind and familiar terms with Anne Hathaway, it is clear that her love was not of the character that his imagination, when awakened to its power, must have felt a thirst and longing for. He was a boy when he married her, she was a woman. His senses there took place before his imagination. It remained for his imagination afterwards to take the place of his senses, and to make his will a party against itself,—to engender passions which, hate them as he might, he yet, perhaps, would not willingly have parted with; and which, thwarting his purposes and disturbing his repose, continued still, it might be, scarcely less welcome inmates in his bosom than the hope and joy which they had dispossessed, to make room for sorrow and for shame! When Anne Hathaway bade him farewell at the door of their house in Stratford, as he left it first to plunge himself into the world, she must have felt that circumstances were bringing some change between them—that the sentiment she entertained for him could scarcely hope any longer for entire sympathy or unconditional return,—that her dream of joy, if joy it had been, was almost out,—and that she might even then pronounce the sentence of willing divorcement, which Isabella utters to Brachiano,—

> "Sir, let me borrow of you but one kiss—
> This is the latest ceremony of my love."

It is unlikely that she ever offered to follow him to Lon-

don; it is certain she never went there. She remained in her home, and consoled herself with her children; willing thereafter, we are to suppose, to enjoy their father in them alone, and to wait patiently for their sakes his realisation of those hopes which his imagination must already have shadowed forth to her;—preparing herself, meanwhile, to meet him at his return as they had never met before, but yet to meet him kindly and as a friend.

To London we have already followed Shakspeare. We have seen the glories he achieved there, and the gentle unassumingness with which he wore them—we have passed him on the stage at the Globe—we have sat with him at the Mermaid—we have thrown a glance after him into the solitude of his home. Were such anticipations then as we have placed into the heart of Anne Hathaway indeed realised? This it is now my business to show. I shall now follow him into the most private recesses of his life—trace him into the very depths of his spirit—"hang upon the beatings" of his heart, which are visible and audible still! He who has been known only as the painter of the passions of every nation and of every man, shall now describe his own: he who in his intellectual character stood, as it has been said, above the world, like a magician, penetrating with a glance all the depths, and mysteries, and perplexities of human character, and with a word calling forth into open day the darkest workings of the human heart—shall now be followed into private life and seen "constrained by mastery"—the mastery of strange individual sympathies and strange individual passions—helpless in control of them, weak and powerless as we! We shall not love him the less for this, but the more; when we have passed, even with him, such struggles as mortals ever seem destined to endure, he shall not appear a less powerful master, a less beneficent teacher; he will have earned a better right, as it were to conduct us, at the close, to his immortal lesson—to the great world of his everlasting thoughts, and from them, to the haven we still desire to rest in—that middle ground between sympathy and intellect, the arms of dear humanity.

Shakspeare had not been long in London, when, with a restless pen, he was doomed to confess to himself such secrets as these—

> "Two loves I have, of comfort and despair,
> Which like two spirits, do suggest me still;
> The better angel is a man right fair,
> The worser spirit a woman coloured ill."

These two loves, and the remarkable circumstances which attended them, I shall now proceed to describe. I may first mention, once for all, that my source of information is the sonnets of Shakspeare. The circumstances which shall be stated have been derived from a very careful consideration, and a repeated perusal, of the sonnets *entire*. I have not opened them at random, and read now one and then another, as chance might be; when I looked into them in that fashion, I recollect having always left them uncertain and dissatisfied, and with no definite idea in my mind of their purpose or meaning. It must have been thus that the late Mr. Hazlitt regarded them, since that subtlest of critics has left an intimation in one of those masterly books of his, which will live as long as the immortal things they talk about, that he was able to make "neither head nor tail of their ultimate drift." Nor, I confess, was the present writer, until he had repeatedly read the volume which contains them from its beginning to its close, and had discovered the strange and confused jumble of arrangement, or rather non-arrangement, into which the printer has flung them. The circumstances of their publication, already alluded to, sufficiently explain the cause of this, and there is no need, after what we have seen and said of the commentators with reference to these sonnets, to explain the cause of *their* stupidity. If the proof which I have already given, presumptive of their not having even read the matter they took under criticism, did not exist, the simple assertion made by every one of them that the first hundred and twenty-six sonnets are all addressed to a man, would quite amply prove it. An accomplished friend of mine has indeed suggested that these gentlemen may have had an especial purpose to serve in their treatment of the sonnets of Shakspeare—namely, that of deterring readers, so far as they could, from enquiry and perusal. This view of the matter is possibly the true one; for though I cannot understand why any enquiry into such confessions as those of Shakspeare should be fenced off, I can easily understand why the commentators should think so. Partial knowledge is more dangerous than absolute ignorance, and a mystery had far better remain one than that we should pluck only half its heart out. There are differences too in the minds of men. While the indulgent reader learns wisdom and charity from the record of passionate experiences, folly and hypocrisy shall only cry out aloud, "We are contaminated."

In describing these "loves" of Shakspeare, it will be necessary to keep always in mind his peculiar character. We have already endeavoured to describe this, and need only repeat here the isolated position in which he would seem to have stood with reference to any thing like intimate friendship with any of the great men of the time. What a want in that respect must his have been! Fancy his bosom almost bursting with visions of such as his own Horatio, and yet obliged to walk through his daily life without a shadow of their beauty there to comfort him and cheer him on. Had this continued, life would have been insupportable. A man of genius, indeed, to whom the consciousness and exercise of his powers had brought with it also an extreme sense of his own identity and exertions, might not have felt it necessary, or even possible, to expend any portion of his heart in sympathy on another; but Shakspeare, whose genius was universal, the creatures of whose intellect are as various as the creatures of the world, who passes through every variety of untried being, and shadows forth the inmost movings of the souls of all—must have felt it as though a fatal, inevitable necessity hanging over him, to connect his heart in some way with some beings of the actual world, and so satisfy those individual yearnings and sympathies which still, with all his power above the earth, kept him bound a prisoner upon it; and which, in all the intellectual triumphs to which they served to contribute, found yet no outlet for themselves.

First, then, in accordance with this want, he sought round him for a *friend*. It is a wonderful evidence of the sweetness and refinement of his nature that he should have selected, to answer his necessity in respect of friendship, a youth unknown (when he first saw him) save by his virtues, and by the form of beauty which gave warrant of the beauty within. It is to this youth he addresses a vast number of the sonnets in question. This is his love "of comfort."

It is the attribute of genius to give life for ever to the objects it deigns to associate with itself, for good or evil. This youth, whose name we do not know, and cannot even guess at, is yet immortal—

> "'Gainst death, and all-oblivious enmity,
> Shall you pace forth"—

says one of the sonnets addressed to him; and so it has proved. He was the friend of Shakspeare, and with the name of Shakspeare he must live for ever. Every emotion of the poet's heart was poured forth to this youth; emotions the intensest and most profound, acute sometimes even to selfishness, but expressed at all times with unequal tenderness, modesty, purity, and love. Having selected him from out of the world he saw around, he

communicated to him thereafter all he felt—all he thought—all he suffered. Here was the pillow his spirit reposed on—here was the object to which he clung, as connecting him in actual life with the moral beauty and sweetness of the world. Here was at last some peculiar and captivating medium, through which he could even look out upon the creatures that walked the street before him, and feel one of them not only in sympathy and love, but in the positive scale of being, without remorse or uneasy shame. All that his great heart sought for, he set up here. Here was something that it had thirsted for in vain among his fellow actors and fellow writers; something he might cordially trust to; something which in its very simplicity was worthy to take place even in his intellectual judgment, of the learning of Ben Jonson, or the wild genius and wilder passions of Marlowe. Nothing can be conceived finer, and more full of a noble purpose, than the alliance of Shakspeare with this youth. When I come to describe the confidences and peculiar thoughts he reposes in him, the reader will judge this with me. It is, in all its results, as much an emanation of his moral and intellectual nature, and of the finest parts of it, as of his sensitive. Knowing and feeling this, it is really a matter of more than ordinary regret and shame to have to notice a suggestion that has been once or twice thrown out with reference to it, reflecting in a strange and unmanly way on the character of Shakspeare; thrown out, however, it is some consolation to add, by persons who cannot have read more than the innocent words that suggested such thoughts, and who must have been as utterly ignorant of the usages of the time, as they were eagerly suspicious of evil, and anxious to suggest it where they sought in vain to find it. Judge such expressions of the sonnets of Shakspeare, as "sweet love," "my love," "lord of my love," by the usages of modern times in reference to manly friendships; and in the same sentence, pray judge the plays of Shakspeare by the laws of Aristotle. The objection and the baseness founded on it, is not worth so much thought as that which was urged against Theodore Beza, and is laughingly alluded to by Voltaire, because he wrote in something of this strain in his Latin verses on Candidus. Recollect the language put into the mouth of Portia—

"This Antonio
Being the bosom lover of my lord."

Recollect the rough Menenius in the Roman play—

"I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover."

And observe in every letter of the time the phrases in common and most abundant use. The learned and rugged Ben Jonson is the ever-true lover of Dr. Donne; and Drayton shall write to Drummond to tell him that Mr. Davies (Joseph Davies) is in love with him. But it is unnecessary to say more on this point. Before these papers are concluded, the reader will have evidence before him against which all such false and ignorant insinuations shall avail nothing. And with whom, among those who are acquainted with the ever-prevailing characteristic of Shakspeare's genius, can such have ever for a single moment availed? From all the coarseness which prevailed in his age how wonderfully was he free! Read Beaumont and Fletcher, and read Shakspeare! Look at the women of the one, and the women of the other! Though he might, as the distinction has indeed been made, occasionally offend a sense of delicacy, he never injured the mind: he caused no excitement of passion which he flattered to degrade; never used what was faulty for a faulty purpose; carried on no warfare against virtue by which wickedness might be made to appear any thing but wicked, and in which sympathy was to be entrapped by the misfortunes of vice. With Shakspeare "vice never walked as it were in twilight." Every thing thing with him is flat sincerity.

And so in the case of the sonnets to which I am alluding. In every sentiment he utters throughout them, there is evidence of the deepest sincerity. The language in which they appear has been called hyperbolical, but, setting aside the usages of the time, I cannot discover the hyperbolism. In the expression of the individual feelings of Shakspeare, it is true, we find, as should surely be expected from a man of such imagination—that uneasy but exquisite sense of beauty and power which cannot be contained within those feelings merely; which is impatient of such actual restraint; which strives to link them with other images of kindred loveliness or beauty; and thus moulds them by the fresh thoughts the last inspire, into an infinite variety of shapes and combinations. But through all the unity is still preserved—the oneness of sincerity and passion.

The first four years of this remarkable friendship would seem to have passed without a cloud. I shall for the present therefore also pass them—with the world of noble and beautiful, as well as deeply interesting thoughts that they gave birth to. These shall form a separate chapter in exhibition of the moral and personal feelings of Shakspeare—and of the extreme sense of refinement with which he seems to have set up this youth, and to keep him ever present in his mind, as a sort of abstraction of the finest particles of earth—something that stood between his own mortal and immortal thoughts, partaking of many of the characteristics of either, and reconciling both. At present I am anxious more particularly to furnish to the reader, with as little interruption as possible, that particular portion of Shakspeare's *actual life* which is supplied by these confessions—to mark its actual course, so far as we may follow it—to tell the story of these two loves, "of comfort and despair," how strangely they crossed each other, and how they affected the feelings and the life of the author of "Hamlet."

The first intimation of any thing having come between Shakspeare and his young friend, to interrupt the most equable course of devotion, of confidence, and faith, is given in the sonnet which stands forty-first in the collection. Here, after glancing at some youthful gallantries which his friend seems to have been seduced into, and which the humane and good-natured poet alludes to with the most generous sweetness, he proceeds thus—

"Ah me! but yet thou mightst, my sweet, forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forced to break a two-fold truth."

Where had they led him? *To the affections of the mistress of his friend, to the possession of the very object of Shakspeare's strongest personal passion!*

This opens to me a strange story. The woman here alluded to, it is now my duty to trace through the confessions, for she occupies one of the most important places in them. Her strange history can be followed from the very commencement of Shakspeare's connection with her, through all its gradations and most passionate interest, to what we must deem its disastrous close. This is she to whom I alluded in the commencement, "the woman coloured ill," the genius of the poet's despair.

I shall have to describe the commencement of his passion for her—the void in his senses which she filled, as his young friend had occupied the vacant sympathies of his heart. I shall have to shadow forth its close, its desperate close, which saw the unhappy poet for a time—

"Frantic mad with ever more unrest!"

And what an interval is that between! Even in his unsuspecting days, her black eyes, in their glancing of some strange expression, alarming him with scarce the knowledge why—then the strange and sudden falling of his friend into her power—the rumours of her character

which reach him afterwards, thickening and blackening as they come, while her spells all the while only bind him in the faster—his final discovery of her wretched nature—his affecting portraiture of the hell in which he then found himself, but which he could not quit—and the exquisite self-excuse with which he half strives to reason the cause of his mistake of her, for how could

"Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?"

It is certain, as I am now about to prove, in following out this strange history from first to last, that Shakspeare had no reason to suppose this woman other than good and true hearted when he first formed a connection with her. So shocked is he when the full discovery comes, that he compares his thoughts and his discourse, as they had been, with such as they have been forced to turn to, and calls them those of a madman,

"At random from the truth vainly expressed—"

for, he rejoins bitterly,

"I *have* sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, and dark as night."

But let me not anticipate. I state this as a matter of fact merely, for in truth, had it been otherwise, I could scarcely have claimed exemption in his case, from a lot which has befallen so many men of genius. How sadly, in matters of this sort, have they been ever the creatures of excited imagination and unreasoning self-will! Fielding, in a very curious passage in his "Journey to the other World," has perhaps touched upon one of the secret causes. Mr. Lamb, in one of his masterly articles, has also alluded to it.* And is it surprising? Accustomed so much to the ever constant action and excitement of their never resting fancy, should we wonder that at last their attachment to certain objects should be far oftener in proportion to the strength of the impression they were likely to make, to their power, in fact, by any means, of riveting and fixing the attention, than to the pleasure or gratification they might look to derive from them? The subtle metaphysician will perhaps remark that we are more apt to dwell upon circumstances that excite and shock our feelings than on those of an agreeable nature. Besides, poetry and poets have worlds and beings of their own, or at least enjoy them as such, until they are awaked by sad reality. Their eyes even are made the fools of the other faculties. Nor does the delusion end here. "Poetry," says Bacon, "conforms the show of things to the desires of the soul."

[We regret to be obliged, from unavoidable circumstances, to postpone the conclusion of this paper until next month. It will be prefixed to the third chapter of the series.—*Ed. New Monthly Magazine.*]

* I may perhaps be allowed this opportunity of stating, that an edition of such of the late Mr. Charles Lamb's writings as can be recovered by his executors, with a large selection from his correspondence, is now preparing under the superintendence of Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, and will be accompanied by a notice from that learned and accomplished gentleman, of the life and genius of his deceased friend.

Noble Occupation for the Leisurely.—Whenever you have nothing else to do—in other words, whenever you have no particular object in view, of pleasure or profit, of immediate or remote good—set yourself to do good in some shape or other;—to men, to sensitive beings, rational or irrational; to one or to many; to some individual, or to the whole race.

Bentham.

From the Christian Observer.

LITERATURE FOR THE BLIND.

Historical Sketch of the Origin and Progress of Literature for the Blind; and practical Hints and Recommendations as to their Education. With an Appendix, containing Directions for teaching Reading and Writing to the Blind, with or without a regular Teacher. By James Gall. 1 vol. 8vo. Edinburgh: 1834.

The blind, for generations to come, will have to thank James Gall, printer, in Edinburgh, for his labours in their behalf. He is a thorough zealot; he has toiled for many years hard and perseveringly; he has spent his time, risked his money, and impeded his business; and the result of his labours is now before us. The patient investigator, who hunted out a grain of wheat in a bushel of chaff, was justly recompensed with the produce of his discovery for his pains; and Charles the Second ordered that the man who climbed to the top of Salisbury steeple should be rewarded with a patent, enjoining that no man should climb there but himself. Mr. Gall has been as persevering as the former, and has placed his acquisitions, by means of the press, on a higher eminence than the latter; and we wish that we could reward him according to his merits, by making him patent printer to the blind for many years to come, so as to ensure him a handsome return for his labour and expense. We doubt, however, whether the patent is needed, as his inventions and improvements, we should hope, will ensure a large demand for his "Literature for the Blind;" and he need not be afraid of any formidable rivalry, the comparatively small number of blind readers, their general poverty and scattered condition, and the expense of the printing apparatus and typography necessary for their use, not rendering competition very flattering.

The serious privations of the blind are not generally known, even by benevolent persons. A portion of them are seen congregated in comfortable asylums, where they are fed, and clothed, and taught, and have appropriate occupations assigned to them, and enjoy the privileges of cheerful society, with far less of care, vexation, or toil, than usually falls to the lot of the rest of mankind. But this sheltered portion of the blind constitutes but a small part of the aggregate of sufferers, of whom Mr. Gall computes that there are at least thirty thousand in different places who speak the English language. For the most part they are thinly scattered, in cheerless loneliness; one here and there in a village or parish, scarcely observed or thought of; fixed to one spot; compelled to secluson in cottages, or buried in the "solitude of cities;" presenting no prominent mass of wretchedness to the public eye, yet for the most part surrounded by wants and privations of the severest kind, and which are not known or thought of beyond the immediate circle of their relations and friends. Some, we have said, are collected by the hand of charity in appropriate asylums; some are mendicants; and a small number are able to gain a precarious livelihood as musicians, and, of late years, by simple handicraft trades; and a few are in easy circumstances of life; but in general the calamity is

found chiefly among the poor, whose children are exposed to greater casualties than those of the rich, and are not so skilfully attended in their ailments; and their frequent inability, either to earn their bread, or to amuse or even to occupy their leisure, causes much wretchedness among them.

We recollect a friendly argument between two young ladies, the one blind and the other deaf (though not dumb, her deafness not having been congenital), in which they contrived—the blind by finger speaking, and the deaf by oral speaking—to apprise each other of their mutual sympathies. The blind thought herself happy that she could sing and play on the piano-forte, and converse with her friends; the deaf, that she could read and write, or walk about and enjoy the charms of nature, and behold the gladness of "the human face divine;" and each felt acutely for the privations of her companion. But who can doubt but that the blind was far the most afflicted? Even where dumbness is added to deafness, so that the calamity becomes greatly aggravated, the arts of reading and writing afford constant facilities for instruction and amusement; but the blind are excluded from these resources; to them, the whole world, except as accessible by the direct organs of contact, or taken in by report through the ear, is an unknown region. They vegetate in night upon the spot where they tread; dependent upon others; usually incapable of procuring food or clothing; living in continuous childhood; knowledge shut out at its widest portal; and even the volume of eternal life rendered a sealed book, except as charity orally conveys, and memory treasures, its sacred contents.

But their case, though pitiable, is not hopeless; and the present volume conveys the cheering intelligence that even the arts of reading and writing are within the attainment of every blind person of ordinary capacity, by moderate exertion of mind, and within a space of time far more brief than could have been reasonably anticipated. There have been many contrivances to find employment for the blind, so as to occupy their time pleasantly, if not usefully; but an idea of establishing for them a permanent literature is not known to have been suggested till about fifty years ago, when some unknown individuals in Paris devised a plan to teach them to read, and to print books for their use, by means of letters in relief; the idea of which originated in seeing a leaf of paper coming from the press printed on one side, and the letters appearing embossed, but in reverse order, on the other. Some blind persons had previously been taught to read by the aid of wooden or metal types, pins, and similar contrivances; but these had no reference to books. The words or sentences set up were neither permanent nor diffusable; the types were wanted to make new words and sentences; and the words and sentences set up could not be multiplied, like sheets of printed paper. But the new discovery gave rise to sanguine hopes; for all that seemed requisite was for a blind person to learn to read the letters by feeling, either in their reverse order, as above mentioned, or in their direct order, by having types cast for the purpose direct, instead of reverse, and then sheets might be printed off to suit their convenience.

Such was the theory; but the experiment was beset with difficulties. The first consisted in the character of the ordinary letters used in printing, which, from their rounded forms and too intricate shapes, are not adapted for easy discrimination by the sense of feeling. On this account, though the conductors of the Blind Asylum in Paris began to print with great zeal, the objects of their benevolent solicitude reaped little benefit from their labours; and the scheme at length died away, and was forgotten. Similar attempts were made in this country, but they shared the same fate; and as the art of reading by means of books printed in embossed letters was thus abandoned as a hopeless attainment, that of writing, which seemed still less easy, perished with it.

About the year 1826 or 1827, when the whole matter had been long forgotten, Mr. Gall happened to alight upon some memorial of it, and began to consider the cause of the failure of the experiment, which he attributed to the unsuitableness of the ordinary typographical characters for manual reading. The extremities of the letters, and the termination of the curved lines, he found, were the only parts which the nerves of the fingers could accurately discriminate; the remainder was lost in barren generality of contact. Considerable practice might indeed surmount this difficulty, just as an experienced compositor can read with his fingers; but it was not to be expected that the blind generally would have the perseverance to master the difficulty, especially as they would not at first be aware of the pleasure and benefits to be derived from the exercise of the art.

The use of capital letters was another obstacle, both as it diminished the size of the type—since the small letters must be kept down, to allow contrast to their more important neighbours—and also still more as it gave fifty-two letters to be discriminated instead of half that number; and even a very few additions, it was found, added greatly to the difficulty of discrimination.

To remedy the impediment arising from the curved forms of the letters, Mr. Gall began to give to them an angular character. An O changed into a square or diamond, was readily detected by the touch; and the other letters, by good management, it was hoped, could be rendered discernible without losing their identity.

But there was a still shorter path; for arbitrary characters might be devised so simple and distinct that the finger could readily detect them; and this idea presented itself so strongly to some of the friends of the blind in Edinburgh, that they contrived several alphabets, with greater or less degrees of merit; but with one defect common to them all—that they were arbitrary; and that, therefore, though the blind might learn to read them with facility, initiated teachers would be wanting to instruct them; and how were these to be procured in remote places, or any where but in blind asylums? Mr. Gall, therefore, with great sagacity and firmness, resisted this specious temptation; justly considering, that, if a character could be devised which the blind could readily

discriminate, while at the same time it approximated sufficiently to the ordinary Roman character to be read, after a few minutes' trial, by any person who might wish to instruct them, every advantage would be gained, and the scheme would not wear the repulsive air of an unintelligible mystery. A blind child in a retired village might be taught by a friend or neighbour, who would never have thought of mastering a new character, as remote from common use as the Chinese hieroglyphics.

But this was not the only, or the most important, consideration; for the author proposed to teach the blind to write as well as to read; and if the letters employed by them were not intelligible to all the world, of what use would be their labours. The plan of writing, we may here add, as long projected, and now under Mr. Gall's system, carried to a high state of advancement, is by means of a number of little types, or punches, having the letter formed with sharp edges, or points; which, being pressed on, or stuck in, the paper, form the letter in relief on the reverse side, as children often do with pins for amusement. There is a frame for the purpose, with a parallel guide for the letters, and other conveniences; so that the blind person may write what he wishes with great facility. We receive scores of letters directed and franked in symbols meant for letters, far less decipherable than Mr. Gall's blind man's characters.

By Mr. Gall's modifications of the common alphabet, the tangible powers of the several letters is so great and nearly equalised, that the characters are easily distinguished; so that a blind person may learn the alphabet by the touch as speedily as another person by the eye; while, at the same time, sufficient similarity is kept up to enable any teacher to recognise the letters, after a few minutes' observation. The alphabet serves equally for all countries where the Roman character is used. The expense, Mr. Gall says, is not much greater than that of common printing.

Mr. Gall describes as follows the difficulties he met with in prosecuting his experiments to a successful issue.

"The failure of the friends of the blind on the continent, suggested to the writer the propriety of taking nothing for granted, and of making the ground sure before advancing upon it. He therefore resolved to trust to no theory, however plausible; but to proceed in the path which a fair deduction from his experiments might suggest. These experiments, however, involved in their nature very serious difficulties; difficulties which, as we shall immediately see, would, in ordinary cases, have been all but insurmountable. The full extent of these, indeed, cannot very readily be comprehended by an ordinary reader; although he may form some idea of their nature, when it is considered, that the experiments on any alphabet could be conducted only by means of books, none of which were as yet printed—to print these books, for this special purpose, required types, none of which were as yet in existence—and, what was still worse, the types could not be cast for the purpose of printing, even one page for an experiment, till punches had been cut, matrices sunk, and all the expense had been incurred which are necessarily involved in the founding of types for a new language. And even when all this had been once accomplished, the experiments had yet to begin. These extensive operations were but *preparatory* to them; and all the improvements and alterations which might be suggested by the experiments that were to follow, necessarily involved a *repetition* of the greater portion of them, as if they had never been accomplished. Every alteration of a letter, if it should be but one, required the total demolition of every book or page, which had previously been printed, as well as of the punches, matrices, and types cast, of the letters to be improved. The work had each time to commence in some measure anew; improved punches had to be cut, matrices to be sunk, types cast, and books printed, before even one other experiment could be commenced, with the chance still that the altered letter, when tried, might still prove defective, and the whole series of changes fail. The experiments, after all this, might again proceed; but the same routine must necessarily have taken place at every alteration.

"All this, as the reader will perceive, must, in ordinary circumstances, have rendered any extensive series of experiments in such a course, important as it was, next to impossible; and this easily accounts for the failure of our friends on the continent. But in the case of the writer, a happy combination of circumstances rendered such a course of experiments practicable. He has all along, for his own amusement, had a small work-shop, turning lathe, and various tools; and he had added to his printing establishment, some time before, the arts of wood-engraving and stereotyping; and to this uncommon, and rather novel union of several arts under one roof, the blind are indebted for their books and their literature. The types were first engraved on wood, and then composed into pages by his own workmen; and as the great pressure necessary to form the relief upon paper would have crushed the wooden types, he got stereotype casts from them in hard metal, from which a sufficient number of pages were printed for the experiments to proceed. In this manner, the alterations upon the several letters were successively made, again tried, and again altered, at very little expense; an expense, in comparison, exceedingly trifling indeed, and not amounting to much more, perhaps, than one per cent. of what it must have cost him had metal types at first been his only resource."—pp. 44—46.

In 1827 the characters, by means of these wooden types, were so far in advance as to warrant the regular printing of a "First Book," by means of which the ulterior experiments could be conducted by the aid of the blind themselves. To effect this object, the managers of the Edinburgh Blind Asylum gave the assistance of their pupils, and afterwards reported most favourably of the success of the undertaking. In 1828 a committee was formed—composed of Dr. Baird, the principal of the University of Edinburgh, Sir. H. Jardine, and professors Pillans, Wilson, and Johnston—who stated that the blind children whom they examined were able to read in a few weeks with their fingers, as well as other children with their eyes; and as Mr. Gall declined receiving any pecuniary acknowledgment except what might accrue to him from the eventual sale of publications, they strongly recommended the extensive circulation of an edition of the Gospel according to St. John, which he proposed printing, and which the subscribers might either retain as a literary curiosity, or distribute among the blind. Another committee, at Glasgow—among whom was Dr. M'Farlan, the principal of the University—reported in a manner equally favourable. But, notwithstanding

these encouragements, the scheme had nearly failed from the want of a sufficient number of subscribers to the projected publication. Mr. Gall determined, however, to persevere, though at a serious pecuniary risk; and he even in a manner began the whole anew, by a series of experiments with a view to reduce the types to the smallest convenient dimensions. In the course of these experiments, constant improvements, suggested by repeated trials, took place in the formation of the characters; and each alteration led to renewed trouble and expense in re-modeling the types. At length, when Mr. Gall thought the state of advancement of the characters sufficient to warrant the casting of a fount of metal types, he was impeded by the jealousies and secrets of trade; for type moulds, and the other apparatus of type-founding, are not articles of ordinary manufacture, but are constructed privately and confidentially upon the premises of the type-founders. He however ultimately cleared his way, and completed his first fount of types, of the size called Double-English. The metal types being more sharp and regular than their wooden precursors, the blind could distinguish them more readily; he therefore thought he might now venture on a smaller size; and he therefore, after a new serious of experiments, cast a fount of Double Pica, which fully answered its purpose. But the reduction of size detected some defects in the form of several of the letters, which were less distinguishable than others; he therefore went to work again, and, having corrected the evil, ventured on a fount of still smaller size, Great Primer, which is but one size larger than that in which Scotish law papers and church Bibles are printed. By these improvements a book for the blind would be brought into one third of the size at first thought necessary for legibility.

The printing and paper required many experiments. As the letters are formed, not with ink, but by relief caused by pressure, great mechanical power was requisite, and also an improved press; but these difficulties were surmounted by printing only a page at a time, so that any press will now answer the end, The thick, heavy, expensive paper originally employed for embossed printing, it was found might be dispensed with, since any good thick printing paper, with a little more size than usual in its composition, would answer the purpose. The letters in relief may be rudely handled, and even forcibly rubbed and pressed, without injury. The paper may be printed upon on each side; and, to complete the improvements, a suitable method of binding the volumes has also been devised, so as to reduce them to a convenient bulk without injury to the raised letters.

In 1831 Mr. Gall was requested to visit the School for the Indigent Blind in London; and his success in teaching the pupils to read was such as to call forth the warmest approbation of the committee, who requested him to accept a purse of fifty guineas, as a mark of their respect and gratitude, but he declined it. In January, 1832, the Gospel according to St. John was printed, being the first portion of the sacred Scriptures ever printed for the use of the blind, or capable of being read by them. Five or six other books, elementary and educational, have since been printed; but it does not appear from Mr. Gall's account that he has any immediate prospect of receiving an adequate return for what he has actually expended, much less any solid pecuniary reward for his labours. We trust that the publication of his volume will aid his object; and we shall feel happy if our notice of it shall conduce to the same end. Sixpence will put a blind person, or a dozen blind persons in succession, in possession of the "First Book," consisting of the alphabet, the Lord's Prayer, and a few short useful sentences; and this being mastered, the whole field of literature, sacred and secular, so far as books may hereafter be published, is open before him. No blind person in Great Britain, or in any place where the English language is spoken, needs remain a stranger to the benefits now within his reach. The portions of sacred scripture already printed, to which others will be added as the demand increases, are a treasure of infinite value.

We recommend Mr. Gall, or rather the conductors of some of the institutions for the blind, to advertise these publications, so that any person who has a blind friend or neighbour may know how to procure them through the booksellers. To one who desires to follow the example of his Divine Master, it is a new pleasure to be informed of a new act of Christian charity within the compass of his attainment; and we should not think our exhortation lost if we stimulated only some little child, to whom the above facts were related, to teach a blind boy or girl to read the gospel of the beloved disciple.

From the Court Magazine.

VILLAGE CHORISTERS.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE USURER'S DAUGHTER."

A pig in a string is a troublesome article to manage, two pigs in a string are more troublesome still, to a degree, perhaps, in proportion to the squares of their distances—a ram in a halter is also proverbial for obstinacy,—mules are celebrated for their pertinacity, and donkeys for their stupidity; but all the pigs, rams, mules, and asses in the world, put together, would be more easily managed than a company of singers in a village church. About four miles from Loppington there is a village called Snatcham. The living is but small, and the rector resides and performs his duty without the aid of a curate. You cannot imagine a milder and more gentle creature than this excellent clergyman. He is quite a picture, either for pen or pencil. He is not more than five feet four inches in height, somewhat stout, but not very robust; he is nearly seventy years of age—perhaps quite by this time; his hair, what little is left of it, is as white as silver; his face is free from all wrinkles either of care or age; his voice is slender, but musical with meekness. The practical principle of his demeanour has

* "From a work now in the press, entitled "Provincial Sketches."

ılways been—any thing for a quiet life. He would ıot speak a harsh word, or think an unkind hought to or of any human being; but he is now ınd then tempted to think that when the apostle ?aul recommended the Christians to live peace-ıbly with all men, he put in the saving clause 'if possible," with particular reference to village :horisters. Snatcham choir is said to be the best n the county; such, at least, is the opinion of the :horisters themselves;—and he must be a bold nan who should say to the contrary. They are ıo doubt very sincere when they say that they ıever heard any better than themselves; for, to udge from their singing, one would not imagine hat they had ever heard any one else. Snatcham :hurch does not boast an organ, and it is well it loes not, for if it did the whole choir would insist ıpon playing on it all at once; but instead of an ɔrgan it has a band of music, which has been ɡradually increasing for some years past. It com-nenced, about thirty-five years ago, with a pitch-ɔipe, which was presently superseded by a flute. :t was soon found, however, that the dulcet notes ɔf a single flute were quite lost amid the chaos of ;ounds produced by the vocal efforts of the choir, ;o a second flute was added by way of reinforce-nent; but all the flutes in the world would be no natch for the double bass voice of Martin Grubb he Snatcham butcher, under whose burly weight ınd hurly-burly notes the whole music-gallery rembled and shook. To give pungency to the nstrumental department, therefore, a hautboy was added; but the vocalists felt it a point of ho-ıour to outscream the instruments, and the mis-:ellaneous voice of James Gripe, the miller's son, who sang tenor, treble, or counter-tenor, just as t happened, was put into requisition for extra luty to match the hautboy. James Gripe could ing very loud; but the louder he sang, the more rou heard that kind of noise that is produced by ;inging through a comb. It used to be said of ıim that he sang as if he had studied music in a nill during a high wind. To the two flutes and he hautboy were added two clarionets, because wo of Gripe's younger brothers were growing up, ınd had a fancy for music. Young Grubb, the on of the butcher, began soon to exhibit musical alents, and accompanied his father at home on he violoncello, which instrument, with the leave ɔf the rector, was added to the church band in a very short time,—a time too short, I believe, for he perfection of the performance.

The rector, dear good man, never refused his eave to any thing, especially to what the singers ısked; they might have had leave to introduce a wagon and eight horses if they had asked; but ;till the rector did not like it, and every time he was called upon to christen a child for one of his ɔarishioners, he trembled lest the young one ıhould have a turn for music, and introduce into he gallery some new musical abomination. It was next discovered that only one bass to so nany treble instruments was not fair play, so to he violoncello was added a bassoon, and to the ɔassoon a serpent. What next?—nothing more ıt present; but if the movement party retains its ıscendency, triangles and kettle drums may be :xpected. The present state of Snatcham choir is as follows. In the first place there is Martin Grubb, the butcher, a stout robust man of about fifty years of age, having a round head and a red face, with strong, straight, thick brownish grey hair, combed over his forehead, and reaching to his very eyebrows. He is the oldest, the wealthi-est, and the most influential man in the choir. He sings bass, and is said to be the life and soul of the party, though there are no great symptoms of life and soul in his face, which is about as full of expression as a bullock's liver. Then there is young Martin Grubb, who is a bit of a dandy, with black curling hair, and whiskers of the same pattern, pale face, thin lips, long chin, and short nose; his instrument is the violoncello. James Gripe is leader of the treble voices, with occasional digressions as above noticed. And, in addition to the two younger Gripes, Absalom and Peter, who play the two clarionets, there are Onesiphorus Bang, the shoemaker, who plays the first flute; Issachar Crack, a rival shoemaker, who plays the second flute; Cornelius Pike, the tobacco-pipe maker, who plays the bassoon; Alex-ander Rodolpho Crabbe, the baker, who plays the hautboy; Gregory Plush, the tailor, who plays the serpent, together with divers others, men, boys, and girls, who make up the whole band.

This renowned choir has for a long time con-sidered itself the *ne plus ultra* of the musical profession, and consequently equal to the perform-ance of any music that was ever composed. The old fashioned psalm tunes are therefore all ban-ished from Snatcham church, to the great grief of the worthy rector, whose own voice is almost put out of tune by hearing Sternhold and Hopkins sung to the tunes of "Lovely nymph, assuage my anguish," and such-like Vauxhall and Sad-dler's Wells music. The members of the choir too, like other political bodies, have not much peace within unless they have war without. If any attack be made upon their privileges they stick together like a swarm of bees; but at other times they are almost always at loggerheads one with another. Old Martin Grubb wields a pre-carious sceptre, for James Gripe is mightily tena-cious of his rights, and resists, tooth and nail, the introduction or too frequent use of those tunes which superabound with bass solos. Grubb and Gripe, by way of an attempt at compromising the matter, have latterly been in the habit of taking it by turns to choose the tunes; and their alter-nate choice puts one very much in mind of the fable of the fox and the stork, who invited one another to dinner, the fox preparing a flat dish, of which the stork could not avail himself, and the stork in return serving up dinner in a long-necked bottle, too narrow to admit the Fox's head. When James Gripe chooses the tune, he flourishes away in tenor and and treble solos, leaving the butcher as mute as a fish; but when the choice devolves on Martin Grubb, he pays off old scores by a selection of those compositions which most abound in bass solos. And in such cases it not unfrequently happens that Martin, in the delight-ed consciousness of a triumph over his tenor, treble, and counter-tenor rival, growls and roars with such thundering exultation, that the gallery quivers beneath him, while his son saws away

at his violoncello as though he would cut it in half from very ecstacy. Cornelius Pike and Gregory Plush also spend as much breath as they can spare, and perhaps a little more than they can spare conveniently, in filling the vast cavities of their respective serpent and bassoon.

All this disturbs and distresses the feelings of the worthy pastor, who thinks it possible and feels it desirable, that public devotion should be conducted with a little less noise. It appears, indeed, and no doubt the choristers one and all think so, that Snatcham church and Sternhold and Hopkins's psalms were all made to show forth the marvellous talents of the Snatcham choristers. They think that all the people who attend there come merely for the music, and that the prayers and the sermon have no other use or object than just to afford the singers and other musicians time to take breath, and to give them an opportunity of looking over and and arranging their books for the next outbreak of musical noise. So little attention do the Snatcham choristers pay to any other part of the service than that in which themselves are concerned, that during the whole course of the prayers, and in all the sermon time, they are whispering to one another, and conning over their music books, sometimes almost audibly buzzing out some musical passage, which seems to require elucidation peradventure to some novice; and Master Grubb the younger is so delighted with his violoncello, that he keeps hugging the musical monster with as much fondness and grace as a bear hugs its cubs, and every now and then, in pleasing anticipation of some coming beauties, or in rapturous recollection of some by-gone graces, he tickles the sonorous strings with his clumsy fingers, bringing forth whispers of musical cadences loud enough to wake the drowsy and to disturb the attentive part of the congregation. And then the good rector casts up to the music-gallery a look, not of reproof, but of expostulation, and thereupon Master Grubb slips his hands down by his sides, and turns his eyes up to the ceiling, as if wondering where the sound could possibly come from.

The supplicatory looks of the music-baited clergyman are on these occasions quite touching and most mutely eloquent: they seem to say—"Pray spare me a little:—suffer me to address my flock. I do not interrupt your music with my preaching, why should you interrupt my preaching with your music? My sermons are not very long, why will not you hear them out? I encroach not on your province, why will you encroach on mine? Let me, I pray you, finish my days on earth as pastor of this flock, and do not altogether fiddle me out of the church." But the hearts of the "village musicianers" are as hard as the nether millstone; they have no more bowels than a bassoon, no more brains than a kettle drum.

Another grievance is, that these Snatcham choristers have a most intense and villanous provincialism of utterance: it is bad enough in speaking, but in singing they make it ten times worse; for they dilate, expand, and exaggerate their cacophony, till it becomes almost ludicrous to those who are not accustomed to it. The more excited they are, whether it be by joy or anger, the more loudly they sing, the more broadly they blare out their provincial intonations; and it is very seldom indeed that they ascend their gallery without some stimulus or other of this nature. If they be all united together in the bonds of amity and good-will; if Martin Grubb have suspended his jealousy of Gripe, and if Gripe no longer look with envy and hatred upon Grubb; if some new tune be in preparation wherewith to astonish and entapture the parishioners; if there be in the arrangement tenors and trebles enough to satisfy the ambition of Gripe, and bass enough to develop the marvellous powers of Grubb:—there is a glorious outpouring of sound and vociferation, which none but the well-disciplined ears of the Snatcham parishioners can possibly hear. The walls of Snatcham church must be much stronger than those of Jericho, or they would have been roared to rubbish long ere this. But if the agreement of the choir be the parent of noise, their disagreement is productive of much more. More than once the Gripe and the Grubb factions have carried their animosity so far as to start two different tunes at the same time. And what can be done in such a case? Who is in the wrong? If the Grubb faction were to yield, they would betray a consciousness that they had not acted rightly in their selection of a tune; and if the Gripe faction were to withdraw from the contest, or to chime in with the Grubbs, they would seem to show the white feather: so they battle it out with all their might and main, and each party must sing and play as loud as possible, in order to drown the noise of the other. After church time the Grubbs throw all the blame upon the Gripes, and the Gripes retort the charge upon the Grubbs, and a man had need have the wisdom of a dozen Solomons to judge between them. So excited with passion and puffing, and singing, and playing, have the parties sometimes been after a *flare-up* of this kind, that they have looked as tired as two teams of horses just unharnessed from two opposition stage-coaches;—nay, the very instruments themselves have appeared exhausted, and an active imagination might easily believe that the old big burly bassoon, standing in a lounging attitude in one corner of the gallery, was panting for want of breath. Such explosions as these, however, do not frequently occur, and it is well they do not: when they do, a reconciliation generally takes place soon after, and an apology is made to the good pastor, more, perhaps, from compassion to his infirmities than out of respect to his office or his years; and his mild reply is generally to the following effect—"Ah! well, my good friends, I think another time you will find it more easy to sing all one tune: I marvel much that ye don't put one another out by this diversity of singing."

There is also another mode in which the parties manifest their discrepancy of opinion, or discordancy of feeling, and that is by the silence of half the choir. Now one would think that such an event would be a joy and a relief to the good man, who loves quiet; and so it is physically, but not morally: for though his ears are relieved from one half of the ordinary musical infliction, yet he is mentally conscious that evil thoughts are

cherished in the breasts of the silent ones, that they who sing are not praising God in their songs, and that they who sing not are not praising him by their silence.

But the climax of the abominations of the Snatcham choristers I have yet to record, and I hope that by their follies other choirs, if there be any so absurd, will take warning. It has been already said that this celebrated Snatcham choir made it a great point to obtain leave from their rector for all the abominations and absurdities which they were accustomed to inflict upon the parish under the guise of music; but the arrogant importunity of their solicitation was such that they seemed to bid defiance to refusal, so that their asking leave was after the fashion of the beggar in Gil Blas, who held his musket in the direction of the donor's head. At a large town in the county in which Snatcham is situated, there had been a musical festival, the directors of which, in order to give *eclât* to their advertisements, had used all manner of means to swell the number of the performers. For this purpose they had sought every hedge and ditch, and highway and by-way in the county, to pick up every individual who had the slightest pretension whatever to musical talent. In such a search, of course the Snatcham choir could not by any possibility be overlooked. They were accordingly retained for the choruses, in consequence of which they underwent much musical drilling; nor were they a little pleased at the honour thus thrust upon them. They of course distinguished themselves, though I must say that the wisest thing chorus singers can do is not to distinguish themselves; but the Snatcham choir, it is said, actually did distinguish themselves, especially in the Hallelujah Chorus, and so fascinated were they with that chorus, and their own distinguished manner of singing it, that they resolved unanimously to perform it at Snatcham church. This was bad enough; but this was not the worst, for nothing would serve them but they would have it of all days in the year on Good Friday!

On the evening of the day before, the whole body of the choristers, vocal and instrumental, went up to the rectory, and demanded an audience of their worthy pastor. The good man trembled at their approach, and his heart sank within him at the announcement that they had something very particular to say to him. He thought of harp, flute, psaltery, dulcimer, sackbut, and all kinds of music, and his ears tingled with apprehension of some new enormity about to be added to the choir, in shape of some heathenish instrument. It was a ludicrous sight, and enough to make the pastor laugh, had he been at all disposed to merriment, to see the whole choir seated in his parlour, and occupying, after a fashion, every chair in the room; for if they were never harmonious in any thing else, they were perfectly harmonious as to their mode of sitting: they were all precisely in the same attitude, and that attitude was—sitting on the very outward edge of the chair, with their hats carefully held between their knees, their mouths wide open, and their eyes fixed upon vacancy. At the entrance of the clergyman they all rose, bowed with simultaneous politeness, and looked towards Martin Grubb as their mouth piece. Martin Grubb, with his broad heavy hand, smoothed his locks over his forehead, and said—"Hem!"

"Well, Mr. Grubb," replied the rector, "you and your friends, I understand, have something particular to say to me."

"Why yes, sir," said Mr. Grubb, "we are called upon you by way of deputation like, just to say a word or two about singing; and for the matter of that, we have been practising a pretty-ish bit of music out of Handel, what they sung at the musical festival, called the Hallelujah Chorus; and as our choir sung it so well at the festival as to draw all eyes upon us, we have been thinking, sir, with your leave, if you please, and if you have no objection, that we should just like to sing it at church."

"At church?"

"Yes, sir, if you please, at church to-morrow. The Hallelujah Chorus you know, sir, being part of the Messiah, we thought it would be particular appropriate; and we are all perfect in our parts, and there's two or three chaps out of the next parish that are coming over to Snatcham to see their friends, and they'll help us you know, sir, and every thing is quite ready and rehearsed and all that; and we hope, sir, you won't have no objection, because we can never do it so proper as with them additional voices what's coming to-morrow, and there will be such lots of people come to church on purpose to hear us, that they will be all so disappointed if we don't sing it."

Here James Gripe, somewhat jealous of his rival's eloquence, and taking advantage of Martin's pausing for a moment to recover breath, stepped forward, saying—"No, sir, we hope you won't refuse us your leave, because all the people so calculate upon hearing it, that they will go away in dudgeon if so be as they are disappointed, and mayhap they will never come to church again, but go among the methodishes or some of them outlandish sexes; and it would be a pity to overthrow the established church just for the matter of a stave or two of music."

The rector sighed deeply but not audibly, and replied, saying, in a tone of mild expostulation—"But to-morrow, my friends, is Good Friday, a day of extraordinary solemnity, and scarcely admitting even the most solemn music in its service."

"Exactly so," interrupted Martin Grubb, "that's the very thing I say, sir, and therefore the Hallelujah Chorus is the most peculiar appropriate: it's one of the most sollumest things I ever heard,—it's quite awful and grand—enough to make the hair of one's head stand upright with sublimity."

"'Tis indeed, sir," added James Gripe, "you may take my word for it, sir."

"Perhaps," returned Martin Grubb, "your reverence never heard it; now if it be so as you never heard it, mayhap you don't know nothing about it, in which case we can, if you please, with your permission, sing you a little bit of it, just to give you an idea of the thing."

The poor persecuted pastor looked round upon his tormentors in blank amazement, and saw them with their ruthless mouths wide open, and ready

to inflict upon him the utmost penalty of their awful voices. In tremulous tones the worthy man exclaimed, "No, no, no, pray don't—pray don't—don't trouble yourselves—I beg you will not. I know the piece of music to which you refer, and I think if you could perform it on any other day than Good Friday——"

Singers are a peculiarly irritable class of persons, and the slightest opposition or contradiction irritates and disturbs them, so that at the very moment that the rector uttered a sentence at all interfering with their will, they all surrounded him with clamorous and sulky importunity, and set to work with all diligence to demolish his objections.

"Please, sir," said Martin Grubb, shaking his big head with a dogged wilfulness, "I don't see how it's to be done. The Hallelujah Chorus requires a lot of extra voices what isn't to be got every day; and if we tells them chaps as is coming over to-morrow to help us, that we don't want their help, they may take tiff, and never come over to Snatcham again."

"But perhaps," the pastor meekly replied, "they may assist you in the grave and sober singing of some serious and well-known psalms in which all the congregation may unite."

On hearing this, the broad-faced butcher expanded his features into a contemptuous sort of a grin, and said—"Come, now, that is a good one, as if reg'lar scientific singers would come all the way to Snatcham just to sing old psalm tunes!"

Mr. Gripe also said—"He! he! he!"

"He! he! he!" is a very conclusive kind of argument; and so the rector of Snatcham felt it to be, for he could not answer it, nor refute it, nor evade it. He looked this way and that way, up to the ceiling and down to the floor, towards Mr. Gripe and towards Mr. Grubb; but neitheir ceiling nor floor, nor Gripe nor Grubb, afforded him any relief from his painful embarrassment. The exulting singers saw that he was posed, and that now was the time to push home their victory, and overwhelm the rector by their united importunities. So they all crowded round him at once, and almost all at once began to assail him with such a torrent of reasons and argumentation that he had not a word to say for himself.

"Please, sir," said Onesiphorus Bang, "I ha'n't got nothing else ready to play."

"Nor I neither," said Issachar Crack.

"Please, sir," said Alexander Rodolpho Crabbe, "we never like to do nothing without your leave, and we hope you won't compel us to do so now. My wife says she'll never come to church again, if the Hallelujah Chorus is not performed to-morrow."

"And I declare," said Gregory Plush, "that for my part I never wish to touch the serpent again, if we mayn't do that piece of music."

Absalom and Peter Gripe also said the same as touching the clarionets; and James Gripe then looked at the rector with a quaintly interrogative aspect, which, without uttering a word, seemed to say—"There, sir, what will you do without Absalom and Peter's clarionets." Now, for his own part, the worthy pastor would have been glad to get rid of the whole clamour of their music, for these choristers were always at loggerheads either with one another, or with all the rest of the parish.

The rector thus overwhelmed with argument and eloquence, with pathos and importunity, found himself compelled to yield, which he did with the worst grace imaginable. Away went the choristers, rejoicing in the triumph of music, and full of glee at the thought of the wonderful figure they should cut on the morrow, when, assisted by the "chaps from the next village," they astonished the natives with the Hallelujah Chorus.

That night neither the singers nor the rector slept: the former were kept awake by the anticipation of musical glory, and the latter was made restless by the dread of musical absurdity. Good Friday came:—the whole village looked more like a scene of festivity than of fasting. The "chaps from the next village," as Martin Grubb called them, were as gay as so many larks: there was such a display of blue coats and yellow buttons as never was seen before. The singing gallery was full to suffocation, and the church itself was crowded. The squire of the parish was present, and his family also were with him, and the singers were so happy that they could hardly contain themselves. They did not mind the prayers; they had heard them before, and did not think them half so well worth hearing as the Hallelujah Chorus. There was such a rustling of leaves of music books, and such a buzz of whispering voices, that the worthy rector could hardly be heard. The choristers had arranged that the Hallelujah Chorus should be sung immediately before the sermon, and they thought that the prayers would never be over: they were as impatient as a young horse in harness.

At length the prayers were finished, and the merciless choristers let loose upon the congregation to inflict whatever musical torture they pleased. Away they burst with relentless and resistless fury. There was such scraping, and blowing, and roaring, and growling, and screaming, as never was heard; the powers of every voice, and of every instrument, were exerted to the utmost of their capability—there was such an infinite variety of articulation of hallelowya, halleluyear, allyluger, and ahmen, and awmen, and ameen, that none but the initiated could form a guess what the singers were about. The patient and afflicted rector sat still in the pulpit, waiting till the storm should be over: he knew that it could not last for ever, and that they must soon sing themselves hoarse or out of breath. There is an Irish proverb which says "Single misfortunes never come alone:" this was verified in the present case; for a misunderstanding occurred, which produced a double infliction of the music. Messrs. Grubb, Gripe, Crabbe, Bang, Crack, and their friends, when performing at the cathedral, had observed that one or two parts of the performance had been encored by a signal from his grace the Duke of ——, who was present as patron, and this signal consisted of the silent waving or lifting up of a white pocket-handkerchief. Now, unfortunately, just as the band was bringing its mighty performance to a close, the squire of the parish most innocently drew his handker-

chief out of his pocket; but happening to draw it forth with a peculiar grace, or with what Mr. Grubb and his friends thought a peculiar grace, they were most graciously pleased to take it for granted that it must be a signal for a repetition of the chorus, and therefore, just at the moment when the good rector was pleasing himself with the thought that the absurd display was over, they all burst forth again with renewed vigour. He thought they were absolutely mad; he looked; he sighed; he shook his head; but he was only answered by halleluyear, allyluger; and when they had finished the second time, he was half afraid that they would begin again, and sing it the third time. When the service was over, the good man took the liberty to hint to his musical parishioners that he thought they had performed a work of supererogation in performing the chorus twice. They themselves felt that they had somewhat encroached, but they laid the blame upon the squire, whose slightest wish they thought should be obeyed. The squire was very sorry when he found what mischief he had inadvertently done, and promised that he would take care, in future, not to pull out his handkerchief again in singing time.

From the Court Magazine.

BEFORE THE DRAWING-ROOM.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY.

I must be presented to-day, Lady Susan,
I must be presented to-day,
I *must* be presented, or what will my cousin
The bride, Lady Mackintosh, say!
She married a man who was knighted last season
For carrying up an address;
If *she's* a great lady, you'll own there's no reason,
My lady, why *I* should be less!
I must be presented to-day, Lady Susan,
I must be presented to-day.

Now pray, Lady Susan, don't say that you're poorly,
'Tis plain that you wish to withdraw;
You married my brother, and I've a right, surely,
To go with my sister-in-law!
And though you consider us vulgar relations,
Some proper repayment there'll be,
For Brother Bob's *diamond* and *pearl* presentations,
In this presentation of *me*.
I must be presented to-day, Lady Susan,
I must be presented to-day.

Look at me, my lady,—'tis silly to quarrel,
You'll own that I'm fit to be seen;
My yellow silk petticoat loop'd up with laurel,
(*So* elegant, yellow and green!)
My train of blue satin! (judiciously chosen,
'Twill make a pelisse in the spring,)
And then my red feathers! I'm sure, Lady Susan,
I *must* be remarked by the king.
I must be presented to-day, Lady Susan,
I must be presented to-day.

A train may look very magnificent, flowing
Behind one in folds, I dare say,
But as for a hoop! Oh, I could not bear going
To court in that *round-about way!*
My lappets! nice lace!—what's the use now of buying
Three yards?—it is quite a take-in;
And why did you laugh when you saw I was tying
Them gracefully *under my chin?*
I must be presented to-day, Lady Susan.
I must be presented to-day.

And what's to be done when I stand in the presence?
Pray tell—I rely upon you;
Must I civilly say, as I make my obeisance,
"Your majesty, how do you do?"
To be kiss'd by the king! Lady Susan, assist me,
I shall not be fit to be seen!
What! kiss me in public! Oh! when he *has* kissed me,
I sha'n't dare to look at the queen!
I must be presented to-day, Lady Susan,
I *will* be presented to-day.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

FRANCIA, DICTATOR OF PARAGUAY.

BY THE HON. MRS. ERSKINE NORTON.

Among the great political changes that have taken place during the last half-century, and which, for good or for evil, must necessarily influence the condition of those who succeed us, to remote generations, few are more interesting and important than the secession of the Spanish colonies of South America from the weak yet oppressive sway of their mother country.

At the time when the English colonies of North America achieved their independence, and France was progressing in her frightful revolution, Spain, in lieu of profiting by the lessons imparted by these events, and which all who opened their eyes might read—in lieu of turning her closest attention towards her western empire, redressing its grievances, facilitating and protecting its commerce, educating its youth, improving its laws and institutions, and at the same time keeping it in due submission by the strongest control of her authority and exertions of her power—instead of all this, what did she? She continued to creep on in the old worn-out path, to govern unjustly, injuriously, rapaciously, and at the same time so weakly, that her colonies had only to will their freedom, and they were free. With stupid wonder, Spain, herself on the verge of ruin, saw them shake her yoke from their necks almost without an effort.

They obtained their liberty; they did not exactly understand what that was, but they were as proud and as pleased as though they did; still less did they know what use to make of it, and instead of trying to find out, they talked in their assemblies of Greece and Rome, Cæsar, Pompey, and the Gracchi—gave themselves high-sounding republican titles—quarreled with their neighbours and with each other—and finally—look at them now—at the expiration of five or six and twenty years, what are they?—a mere prey to the spoiler.

These states are not fitted for republicanism: that form of government, it would appear, suits best a nation in its first vigour, emerging from barbarism, while yet free from the taints of luxury and ambition. The states of South America are not forming from the strength of youth, but from the decrepitude of old age; they are remnants of the two most degenerated nations of Europe, the Spanish and the Portuguese, with their negro mixtures. The Portuguese, it is true, have as yet no republic, but their taste is decidedly

that way. One cannot choose but laugh at spying the pig-tail, huge cocked hat, and tarnished embroidery of the old Spaniard and Portuguese protruding through the hastily-assumed toga of republican Rome—the ass in the lion's skin.

The author of this sketch will not apologise to her readers for presuming that they know but little about either Paraguay or Francia. Not even the detention of M. Bonpland, and the efforts made in Europe by his family for his release, could attract the public attention towards this secluded territory and its ruler. A small volume has been published by Messrs. Renger and Longchamps, Swiss gentlemen, travelling as naturalists, who were detained at Assumption (the capital) as unjustly as was M. Bonpland, from 1819 to 1825. This narrative is written with much good sense and simplicity, and its account is confirmed by the information personally received by the present writer from two other gentlemen who had been in Paraguay, one of them as a *detenu* for five years. From these sources is derived the following sketch, with the anecdotes which accompany it.

Paraguay is an inland state of nearly the size of England, with a salubrious climate and rich soil, watered by fine navigable rivers, with a population of about five hundred thousand.

After some puerile attempts to establish a few republican forms and names, consuls, a legislative assembly, &c., the whole state sunk in the short space of four years under the absolute control of one master-mind; Gaspard Roderick de Francia was created dictator, at first for three years, and at the expiration of that time for life.

Francia was born in Paraguay, and has never been beyond the Spanish colonies of South America. His father is supposed by many to have been a Portuguese, but he prefers to have it believed that he is of French origin; his mother was a creole of Paraguay, and he was one of several children.

He was intended for the church, but his destination was changed, and he embraced the profession of the law. He received the first rudiments of his education from the monks at Assumption; he then studied at the University of Cordova du Tucuman, where he was admitted doctor of theology, and he is usually denominated Doctor Francia.

In the exercise of his profession as a lawyer, and especially as a judge, he was remarkable for his integrity and disinterestedness. He was elected a member of the *cabildo*, and afterwards succeeded to the office of *alcaldi*. He was exceedingly independent, flattered no party, and professed his sole political object to be the entire separation of Paraguay from Spain, and its formation into a republican state.

When the revolution was effected, a junta was established, to which Francia was appointed secretary, with a deliberative voice; but all was in confusion; the army, as usual on such occasions, seemed inclined to take the lead, and for a time terror and dissension alone prevailed. Francia, however, at that critical moment, obtained an ascendancy he never afterwards lost: his superior talents, address, and information were constantly appealed to, and nothing of any importance could be transacted without him.

At length it was settled that the government should be *consular;* Francia and a colleague were appointed consuls for one year, each in supreme command for four months at a time: Francia took care to secure to his share the first and the last four months of the year. Two curule chairs were prepared on this occasion; upon one was inscribed the name of Cæsar, and on the other that of Pompey: Francia eagerly took possession of the first.

But the grand blow yet remained to be struck. by the most consummate art and management and by the influence he had obtained over the troops, he got himself at the end of the year proclaimed dictator, and, as before said, at the end of three years, dictator for life. The first nomination took place in 1814, when Francia was about 53 years of age.

From the moment he found his footing firm, and his authority quietly submitted to, his whole character appeared to undergo a remarkable change without faltering or hesitation, without a pause of human weakness or a thrill of human feeling, he proceeded to frame perhaps the most extraordinary despotism that has ever been submitted to. In Paraguay there exist at present but two classes—the dictator forms one, and the populace the other: in the dictator is lodged the whole power, legislative and executive, of the state; the populace has no power, and only one duty—to obey. All was done rapidly, boldly, and powerfully; he well knew the character of the weak and ignorant people at whose head he had placed himself, and who had had the temerity to presume that they possessed energy and virtue enough for a republic.

As the result of this remarkable effort, the middling orders are destroyed; there is no gradation between the ruler and the people—a man may be richer or better educated than his neighbour; but if these advantages be not quite as useful to the dictator as they are to their possessor, they only render him liable to become an object of distrust and oppression.

Even that most difficult of all powers to control—the power of a bigoted but dissolute clergy over a deceived and ignorant people—Francia has entirely mastered; not a monastic institution now exists in Paraguay. The poor old bishop appointed by Spain has been long in a state of derangement, brought on by his horror at the revolution and its consequences; his place is filled by a vicar-general, a creature of the dictator's. No processions of any kind are allowed to take place except that of the *Fete Dieu*, and the sabbath is the only religious holiday permitted to be observed. The dictator nominates all the curates throughout the country, and withdraws them at his pleasure. He proclaims that every individual in Paraguay may adopt any creed he pleases; he may even be a Mahometan or a deist—any thing but an atheist.

He has long since put an end altogether to the municipal body termed the *cabildo*, not only in the capital, but in every town in Paraguay; in the former he has replaced it by a couple of

alcaldes, a *fiel executor* (head of the police,) and an advocate for minors; they are all dependent on him in every respect.

The dictator is the sole receiver and disposer of all the revenues of the state; he observes great secresy concerning them, so that it has not yet been found possible to make a just estimate of their amount. The minister of finance is merely a principal clerk; he cannot make the smallest payment, or the most trifling delivery of stores, without the authority of the dictator, whose economy is ludicrously minute. The only branch of expenditure on which he appears to be liberal is the provision of the warlike stores, which he is aware, in the event of an invasion, could not be procured; but although the supply is amply kept up, it is only by oppressing the foreign merchant or the native artisan. The salaries of the public functionaries are very moderate—many have none but their fees of office; the clergy are almost all supported by voluntary contributions. The public works are carried on by prisoners, or by means of forced labour, the master workmen alone receiving salaries.

The revenues of the state arise from tithes, a tax upon shops and store-houses in the capital, an import and export duty, the sale duty, stamps, postage of letters, fines, confiscations, the produce of the national domains (which are very extensive), and the *droit d'aubaine*.

Of these taxes the most severe are the import duty and the *droit d'aubaine;* the latter is one of the most wicked and unjust oppressions of this nature ever invented: by it, the state becomes the heir of all foreigners who die without legitimate children *born in Paraguay*. As the poor stranger breathes his last, he beholds the myrmidons of government in his house, taking inventories and affixing their seals—he is obliged to declare upon oath the amount of his property, without even deducting his debts; although he may be in the agonies of death, he is removed from his bed into another apartment, while his chamber undergoes the same scrutiny as the rest of his habitation; if yet likely to live for a few days, a small pittance is doled out from his own purse to supply him with mere necessaries; there is not left even sufficient for his interment, which is usually done by subscription, while his widow and foreign-born orphans are turned destitute from their roof.

The army is the dictator's instrument of power —it consists of only five thousand regular troops and twenty thousand militia; the levies of both carefully exclude young men of education, or who belong to wealthy families. Among the regulars, all must serve at first, without exception, in the ranks, from whence they are raised, at the pleasure and choice of the dictator, to fill the station of officers—that is to say, of ensigns and lieutenants, not more than half a dozen individuals at most possessing the rank of captain, beyond which there is no promotion. A soldier of the line can only be tried for any serious crime by the dictator in person. Very strict discipline is enforced in all that regards their conduct as soldiers; but when off duty, they are at perfect liberty, lead licentious lives, and are seldom reprimanded for any misconduct towards the citizens.

There are at the capital two kinds of prisons; the public prison for criminals and debtors, and the state prison for offenders against the government. In the first, the prisoners are crowded together in the most unwholesome and miserable manner, without distinction of age, rank, sex, or species of crime; but their condition is not so hopeless and heart-breaking as that of the state-prisoners, who languish for years in darkness, chains, and solitude: not sickness, nor even the approach of death itself, occasioning more than a slight amelioration in their treatment. A Doctor Sabaler, who was as an especial favour allowed to be visited by one of the Swiss travellers in his medical capacity, died with the *grillos* on his feet, and was not allowed even to receive the sacrament.

But the most singular feature in the government of Francia is the perfect isolation in which he has succeeded in placing Paraguay. In the attainment of this object he has been no doubt assisted by the peculiar situation of the country: in the midst of an immense and thinly populated continent, it stands alone and impenetrable: its large rivers, extensive forests and morasses, together with the vigilant measures adopted by the dictator, render it next to impossible for a single individual to escape from his dominions; the attempt is perilous in the extreme: those who make it have to encounter the dangers of entirely losing every clue to their destination in the wilds; of being destroyed in one of the immense and frequent conflagrations of the forest; of excessive fatigue and exposure; of starvation, and of attacks from serpents, wild beasts, and savages: if they are brought back, instant execution, or chains and imprisonment await them.

The only possibility of escape is during the time that the river Paraguay overflows the surrounding plains; it is then *just* practicable, and *has been* effected: but the Swiss travellers give an interesting account of an attempt to escape during that time, in 1823, which failed. The fugitives, however, showed great want of foresight in their preparations: they had neither fire-arms nor fishing-tackle, both indispensable either to their defence or subsistence. The party consisted of a Mr. Escaffier, four free negroes, and a negress in a state of pregnancy. One of the men died from fatigue, another from the bite of a serpent; at one time they were surrounded by a conflagration, at another involved in an immense glade in the midst of a forest, where they wandered about for fifteen days, seeking the only outlet it contained, namely, the one by which they had entered it. At last they were taken by a serjeant of militia; they were in so reduced a state that the whole party were quite incapable of defending themselves against one man: they were imprisoned and tortured, but ultimately treated with more lenity than might have been expected.

This singular system of national imprisonment extends not only to the natives of the *free republic* of Paraguay, but also in a most unjust and extraordinary degree to the foreigners residing there. The two Swiss gentlemen already alluded

to were traveling for scientific purposes in these vast and unknown regions. At Corrientes, which was in a state of commotion, they were detained eight months, before being permitted to re-embark on the Parana, which conveyed them into Paraguay, and to Assumption its capital, in July 1819. Here they were presented to the dictator, and were told not to concern themselves about his government, but in all other respects to do as they pleased; and it appears that no obstacle was thrown in the way of their researches for which long excursions into the country must have been necessary.

In consequenee of a conspiracy being detected, and of some other commotions on the frontier, occasioned by the banditti of Artigas, who after a life of general plunder, upon all estates and parties, was forced to take refuge in Paraguay from his own troops—the port was closed, and all foreign communication put an entire stop to. This was a sad blow to the Europeans in Assumption, who now amounted to about forty persons, English, French, Swiss, and Italian; all merchants, except the two Swiss gentlemen and an English physician. Still, however, they experienced no molestation, until the arrest of M. Bonpland, at his establishment on the frontier, dispelled their illusion. The excuse was that he had held communication with the rebel troops of Artigas, and that his establishment was formed less for commercial or scientific objects than to facilitate an invasion. A party of his Indians were massacred by the soldiers of the dictator; M. Bonpland himself, although apparently unarmed and unresisting, was wounded; his property was plundered, and, without any pity for his sufferings, they conducted him with irons on his feet to Santa Maria. In the course of this painful journey, he forgot, like a good Christian, that he was among his enemies, and attended in his medical capacity the soldiers whom the Indians had wounded in their own defence. However, as soon as the dictator was apprised of the treatment M. Bonpland had received, he ordered his irons to be removed, and restored to him such of his property as had escaped the plunder of the soldiers; but he was not permitted to come to the capital; a residence was assigned to him near Santa Maria, where he remained a prisoner for many years: the more interest that was made for him, either by governments or individuals, the more Francia appeared to rejoice at having him in his power.

At length, having received an official notification of the acknowledgment of the South American republics by England, accompanied by a request that the English in Paraguay might be permitted to leave the country whenever they pleased, with their effects, the dictator ordered them to get their vessels ready. The Swiss gentlemen thought it a favourable moment to apply for the same benefit, which, after the delay of a couple of months, when they were beginning quite to despair, was suddenly granted. Passports were given to them at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, with orders to sail by a vessel that was to depart at *one* the same day—*two hours* allowed them to settle their affairs, make their preparations, and, above all, to pack up their collections of objects of natural history, several of which were of a very fragile nature. There is no spur like necessity. Leaving much in the hands of confidential persons, they went on board, and sailed at the prescribed hour, amidst the good wishes of a multitude of spectators of all ranks; after a sojourn of six years in Paraguay—two years voluntarily, and four by forcible detention.

While on the subject of the treatment of foreigners in Paraguay, it will doubtless not be uninteresting to present an account of the reception there of a countryman of our own. He is one of the two gentlemen (the *detenu* for five years) already mentioned as having afforded to the writer of this the advantage of personal information. The account which follows is in his own words.

"It was late in the evening that the little sloop in which I took my passage had entered the waters of Paraguay. On the approach of night we secured our bark, as is the custom in that river, to a tree, in order to await the dawn of the next morning. We had not been long in this situation, when a certain noise, repeated and answered at intervals, attracted our notice. We had on board an Indian who was returning to his native country, in the capacity of our pilot; he told us that the noise proceeded from the encampment of a tribe of Indians who occupied the right bank of the river, and were then at war with Paraguay. This intelligence caused us some uneasiness. After supper, our men had scarcely retired to rest when a canoe came rapidly down the stream, and was alongside before the person on watch had discovered it. The noise made by him to arouse the people, seemed to have alarmed the persons in the canoe; they let go our chains and were gliding along with the current, when my fowling-piece, which happened to be at hand loaded with bird-shot, was discharged in their direction; they returned us the compliment once with ball, and left us to digest as we might this nocturnal encounter. Presuming that they would return during the night with additional force, we made some little preparation to receive them. We were not disturbed, however, until day-break, when a canoe was seen coming up the stream; after a cautious approach, the persons in it hailed, and came on board; they enquired who was *patron* or master, and on the poor fellow going forward, they assaulted him with their sabres in the most brutal manner. I enquired the cause of such violent conduct; but the only answer I could get from them, was the frequent repetition, in a very agitated manner, of the words, 'You will see presently.'

"I thought that our hour had come—that the villains were going to take us on shore among the bushes, and shoot us at once. The pilot, who spoke of course the Paraguay language, was asked who I was; on being told, I suppose they considered me entitled to equal attention with the master; so they took hold of me, but without striking, they tied both hands behind my back, as they had already done to him.

"In this situation an *eclaircissement* took place: instead of Indians as we had supposed them, our nocturnal visiters happened to have been free Paraguayos taking their rounds in their capacity of river patrol, or guard. Our small shot had spread so much that it slightly wounded three of the men, who in their terror took us for a man of war; and the silly fellows, under that impression, proceeded straight to the nearest piquet, where they made their report accordingly. The officer on guard, without waiting for further investigation, sent an express with the awful intelligence to the commandant of the district, who in his turn was equally expeditious

in sending it on to the capital. I requested our captor (from whom we got the first part of this intelligence, and who was by degrees becoming less choleric and more disposed to hearken to reason) to ease the ties on our hands as much as was consistent with the security of our persons. As the master, smarting under the excruciating pain produced by the brutal manner in which they had tied him, was crying aloud like a child, he was ordered to be untied altogether. My release soon followed: on the removal of the cords, and the re-action of the blood, the sensation was most unpleasant: for a moment or two I lost my sight, and could scarcely stand; my hands were swollen and much discoloured.

"The master fainted away on being untied, and was obliged to be carried below. On his recovery we were ordered into the canoe—conducted a few miles up the river—landed and lodged in a guard-house, where the master was immediately placed in the stocks. My time had not yet arrived. The serjeant who conducted us had, during our intercourse, become somewhat less hostile towards me, and wishing to save me the indignity of the stocks, desired me to sit down in the porch of the guard-house, under the eye of the sentinel.

"The commander of the detachment forming this guard now made his appearance, not at all in a disposition to deprive me of the benefit of a repose in the stocks. His orders in this respect were soon complied with; but accident brought about my release sooner than either the fellow wished or I anticipated. As the affair of the previous night had now assumed quite a different shape to what had been originally given to it, it became the commander's duty to forward, without delay, a fresh bulletin, together with the papers and manifest of the vessel, as well as the correspondence, of which I might be the bearer. I told him he could have none of those papers unless I went on board. Persisting in this, I soon found myself at comparative liberty, accompanying the officer to the vessel. By the time we had returned to the guard-house his temper was somewhat mollified, and he did not insist on a second lodgment in the stocks. The rest of the day was passed in much preparation, and it must have been about ten o'clock at night when the master was roused from his slumbers in the stocks; we mounted on horseback, and, strongly escorted, traveled all night. At day-break we were in sight of, and not very distant from Neembucii, the residence of the commandant of the district,—a halt was ordered, and a person approached, who told me with civility that he must secure my hands before we entered the town. I desired him to do his duty; he then fixed a cord to my arms above the elbows, leaving sufficient play to guide the horse: the master was served in like manner. This individual, a native of Portugal, had hitherto wished to pass himself off upon me as the bravest of the brave; but ever since our capture he had behaved in a very pusillanimous manner, often crying aloud, entreating the mercy of the brutal Paraguayos, and ever and anon using earnest supplication to the Virgin Mary.

"We were very soon conducted to the presence of the awful commandant of Neembucii; a tall, lank, elderly man, and with his arm stretched out very like a cross-road sign-post. On our approach, he apparently assumed his most imposing manner, and asked 'how we had the temerity to fire on his people?' I replied, 'that we did not know them to be his people—that they came alongside and attempted to board in a dark night without hailing; a conduct so unusual, that we took them to be some of the barbarous Indians, whose signals we had heard a little time before, and that under similar circumstances we should again act in the like manner.' After expressing his indignation, he ordered our bonds to be removed, sent the master to the common prison, and placed me under the surveillance of a guard stationed on the bank of the river, to keep a look-out for such vessels as might be passing either up or down. I passed about a week in this situation, but that week produced a great change in our affairs. Francia had received in due course the intimation of the presence of an enemy's vessel in the river, and lost not a moment in adopting defensive measures. Six hundred men were under marching orders for the frontier, when the intelligence reached him that the terrible man-of-war had dwindled down into an insignificant merchantman, and that his men had been accidentally wounded with bird-shot, for having attempted to board at night without hailing. He was very angry with his people on this occasion, and particularly chagrined at the want of etiquette which had caused them to be taken for barbarous Indians: 'Would to God,' he exclaimed, 'that the Englishmen had sunk them!'

"About one half of the troops assembled were sent after all to Neembucii under a new commander, so that I had the pleasure to see the old one removed in disgrace. His successor treated me with civility, placed me in possession of my vessel, and restored me the master.

"From this place we had a long passage of about three weeks to the capital, where I found that the sensation produced by our rencontre with the canoe was very great. Much speculation was afloat about the reception I was to meet with from the dictator.

"On landing, I was conducted by a soldier to the government-house, where my arrival was announced. I had not to wait long before I was requested to enter; the day was cold and rainy—I was dressed in a body-coat buttoned, over which I wore a great coat—my pocket-handkerchief, for convenience of access, was pushed in between the buttons of my coat at the breast. The officer requested me to take off my great coat, and, without saying a word, he pulled out my pocket-handkerchief—then, without further ceremony, requested me to enter.

"At the end of a long interior corridor I saw a thin, spare man, not very tall, with a pen stuck behind one ear. His coat, which was made of light gray cloth, might be said to be neither civil nor military; a little stripe of lace on the shoulder was all that distinguished it from any common garment of the same class. Not taking this personage for the dictator, I hesitated to proceed, but he beckoned and I advanced. I told him I was an Englishman just arrived; he asked me when I had left Buenos Ayres? why I had remained so long on the way? and many other questions. He spoke of England and the English people with great affability and frankness of manner.

"I have heard that persons admitted to his presence have been required to stand, and to place their hands in a certain position; I studied no particular posture, nor did he seem to pay the least attention to it. He told me that I had several countrymen in the city, some of whom were then about returning to Buenos Ayres: he then dismissed me in a manner indicating kindness and friendship more than any thing else. He made no allusion to the affair of the canoe, and in that respect I thought it prudent to follow his example; although, if it had come from himself, I was rather desirous to speak to him on the subject.

"The Paraguayos are a kind and hospitable people, and during the many pleasant excursions I made into the interior of the country, they amply atoned to me, by their attention and civilities, for the barbarous manner in which I was treated on entering their country."

This gentleman intended to have stayed two months in Paraguay; he was detained *five years*, only receiving his release at the time I have alluded to, when permission was granted to the English to quit, and in which permission the two Swiss gentlemen Messrs. Renger and Longchamps, were so fortunate as to get themselves

included. There were also some French merchants who had already been detained some years, and who *have not yet* effected their release; a representation on the subject is at this moment making to the French minister at the court of Rio de Janeiro.

Another class of persons whose situation in Paraguay calls for the commiseration of all, is that of the Spaniards. Against them the suspicion, jealousy, and hatred of Francia are particularly directed; as in Brazil the Portuguese are the chief objects of enmity, and as in the United States the English are the most disliked of all Europeans.*

The Spaniards at the time of the revolution formed the most wealthy and educated class of the community; most of them had creole wives; notwithstanding which, their race was declared extinct so far as related to civil affairs, and they were prohibited for the future from intermarrying with white women. This decree was, however, suffered to lie dormant until Francia had arrived at the height of his power; when, unfortunately, a fanatic Spaniard being exasperated at the quartering of six hundred men in the Convent of St. Francis, had the imprudence openly to exclaim, "The Franciscans, it is true, are extinct, but Francia's turn is yet to come." This language was duly reported—the culprit was sent for. "As to when I shall go," the dictator said to him, "I really am ignorant; but this I know, that you shall go before me." The unhappy man was shot next day, his property confiscated, and his widow and children reduced to beggary.

This was the commencement of the reign of terror, as far as regarded the Spaniards; the consular decree just mentioned was revived, and confiscations and executions rapidly increased. At length a conspiracy was formed; it was headed by Francia's late colleague, and other members of the junta established at the revolution—it was discovered—torture, chains, and death succeeded, and the failure of this hostile attack only served to confirm the power of the dictator.

The convicted and the sufferers upon this occasion had been chiefly creoles, but Francia was resolved to strike one grand blow at the Spaniards, against whom his suspicion never slept. Having shot one of them for not pleasing him in some mason-work he had been intrusted with, the dictator issued an order calling on all the Spaniards inhabiting the city and places within a league of it to assemble in three hours at the square in front of the government-house. They assembled to the number of three hundred; they were accused, among other frivolous charges, of obstructing the proceedings of government; they were led to prison, and crowded by fifties into ill-ventilated rooms, where they were shut up at night, and by day were allowed to walk in a small yard. The dictator appeared to think that he treated them with great lenity, and called them, not his *prisoners*, but his *recluses*. The late governor of Paraguay, who had ruled up to the time of the revolution, contrary to the usual practice of his countrymen, with much justice and moderation, was among the number; he sickened and died, without being able to procure medical assistance.

Some of the prisoners, those of humble condition, were in a short time enlarged, but compelled to withdraw from four to ten leagues' distance from the capital. The more influential persons remained in prison nearly nineteen months, and only recovered their liberty on the hard condition of paying within three days a fine of 150,000 piastres. The money was exacted upon so rigorous a principle, that one individual having died, his contingent was levied on his orphans, although they were creoles. Three were kept in prison for default of payment, and many others were only enabled to make up their proportion through the kindness of some creole merchants: much to the credit of the Paraguayos be it told, that on this occasion they buried in oblivion their national antipathy, and liberally assisted, fed, clothed, and employed the poor Spaniards, to whose influence in the state Francia had thus given a death-blow.

The complete isolation of Paraguay produced one important benefit; the inhabitants were forced to pay attention to agriculture, which the dictator wisely encouraged, and by his own practical knowledge greatly improved. Besides the cultivation of the tobacco-leaf, the sugar-cane, and the zucca-root, which, together with the preparation of the *herb of Paraguay*, had hitherto exclusively employed the industry of the natives,—their fruitful plains began now to be spread over with rice, maize, fruits, and vegetables hitherto unknown to them. Above all, the cultivation of cotton, which article they had until now received wholly from Corrientes, succeeded so well, that its home produce entirely replaced the quantity which had been usually imported. The encouragement of the breed of horses and horned cattle produced the same effects. Manufactures kept pace with agriculture; and the clothing of the people, which had for the most part been imported ready made at a great expense, was now entirely manufactured and made up at home. The Brazilian consul on his return from Paraguay in 1825, embarked at St. Catherine's, on board the frigate commanded by the husband of the writer of this sketch, and is the other informant to whom allusion has been made. He presented the writer with a scarf and pocket-handkerchief from Assumption; the scarf is of white cotton, of a rough, unfinished texture, with the ends most elaborately worked in all manner of devices; the pocket-handkerchief is of French cambric, worked in Assumption, most richly and delicately, although it had evidently been so long in hand that the material itself had become worn. The consul stated, that the females employed in these fine works were constantly attended by slaves, and were not even permitted to turn the handle of a door, for fear of spoiling the delicacy of their touch.

Thus out of evil came forth good; for it cannot be denied that Francia's suspicions and illiberal system has brought out, in objects of the first importance, the dormant energies of a very talented people. Commerce, where it precedes agriculture and manufactures, is out of its place, and this is its situation generally in regard to

* The lady is here mistaken.—*Ed.*

Sonth America, which remains poor in the midst of mines of silver, gold, and gems. Commerce has also, in this point of view, a demoralising effect—it encourages expense and idleness; it produces foreign luxuries, where no home comforts exist; speculation and rapacity take the place of steady industry; all is show and incongruity—nothing substantial and consistent. Some ludicrous effects have been related of this premature introduction of foreign conveniences.

At an inland estate in Brazil, the negroes and their overseers were employed in carrying ore, with all its weighty additions of earth, stone, and rubbish, to the stamping-mill, which was at a considerable distance from the mine, and much time and labour were wasted in the conveyance. To obviate this inconvenience, the owner of the estate, who was at Rio de Janeiro, sent them a supply of wheelbarrows from a lot which had been just imported. The sagacious overseers and their sable workmen admired the contrivance of the wheelbarrows, which they perceived would carry three times as much as could be transported in the usual way; accordingly they loaded them—the patient blacks stooped their silly heads—the wheelbarrows were placed on them, and they staggered along under the painfully increased load—congratulating themselves, however, that they should have but one run instead of three; and this continued, no one, black or white, discovering the blunder, until the astonished owner returned and rectified it.

A gentleman traveling in the interior of Brazil put up for a night at a farm-house, furnished in the primitive style of the country; but on the table, in company with a long tallow candle, were placed a handsome pair of plated snuffers and its stand, which he had received as a present from Rio de Janeiro. "What conveniences you invent in Europe!" said the Brazilian to his guest; "before I received this pretty present, I used, after taking off the candle-snuff to throw it about the floor, or perchance on the bench where I was sitting, or over my clothes—but now, mark the difference." So saying, he pinched off the long snuff between his thumb and finger, put it carefully into the snuffers, and closed them up with a look of triumph at his highly amused spectator.

But to return: while agriculture and manufactures thus rapidly improved and flourished, commerce on the other hand was absolutely annihilated. During the close of its port, Assumption resembled a coast where a hundred ships had run aground, and its storehouses, as well as those of the other principal towns, were heaped with rotting tobacco and the herb of Paraguay; the latter, which grows wild in the forests, being the staple commodity of the country, used for making *matté*, a kind of tea, without which the Spanish Americans can scarcely exist.

Among numerous instances of the breach of hospitality by Francia, one singular example of its observance merits being recorded. The bandit chieftain Antigas had done a great deal of injury to Paraguay, both by land and on the river, and had incensed Francia yet further by fomenting revolts among his Indians. Nevertheless, when one of Antigas's lieutenants rebelled against him, and forced him to retreat with the wreck of his army, he threw himself on the mercy of the dictator, and his appeal was listened to. He was conducted by an escort to the capital, where he was very anxious to obtain an audience of the dictator; but this was refused, and he was sent to the village of Curngnaty, eighty-five leagues north of Assumption. From that place it is impossible for him to escape but by a desert on the Brazilian side, of which there is very little danger that he will avail himself, after the excesses he has committed against that nation. The dictator assigned him a house and lands, with thirty-two piastres a month (his pay formerly as lieutenant of chasseurs), and ordered the governor of the circle to furnish him besides with whatever accommodations he required, and to treat him with great respect. It appears that since that time Antigas has wished to expiate, at least in part, the iniquities he has perpetrated. At the age of sixty he cultivated his farm with his own hands, and became the father of the poor in Curngnaty. It is presumed that he is still residing there.

Among other means of making himself master of all that passes in his territory, Francia has suppressed the post-office; but the post-masters keep their places, in order to expedite official letters, and collect the postage of all others brought by private conveyance, for these letters do not pass free. The violation of the confidence of letters is so well known, that few take the trouble of sealing them.

Francia does not encourage education, but he throws no obstacles in its way: he allows the public elementary schools for boys, which he found established at Assumption, to continue, and takes no notice of several private seminaries that have lately been formed for both sexes.

The city of Assumption is built in the shape of an amphitheatre upon a rising ground, washed by the river Paraguay. Its streets, in 1820, were crooked, irregular, and narrow. The houses, consisting of only one floor, generally stood apart from each other; they were interspersed with trees, little gardens, brushwood, and patches of verdure. Numerous springs issued from the ground in every part of the town, and formed streams or stagnated into pools; the rain-water had furrowed the soil, and broken up all the sloping streets. Such was the city Francia undertook to remodel; and the description given by the Swiss gentlemen of the effects produced by ignorance, miscalculation, and injustice, are almost incredible. At the end of four years the capital of Paraguay presented the aspect of a city that had been bombarded for several months; whole streets were seen bordered merely by hedges of dry reeds; and among the thinly scattered houses, but a very few had their fronts towards the street. The individual loss and suffering exceeded calculation.

It may be interesting to give, in conclusion, a few details of the private life of Francia, and a few anecdotes concerning him, which will place this singular personage in a closer point of view.

Discovering once (before he became corrupted by the acquisition of power) that he was possessor of eight hundred piastres, he thought this sum too much for a single person, and he spent

it. There seems to have really existed originally in the breast of this man somewhat of that simple and severe species of virtue which is essential in the formation and preservation of a republic.

The unfavourable change in his disposition when he became dictator perhaps not even he himself can clearly account for; he was past the age when any dormant vice, except that of avarice, springs up in the character; he was not dazzled by the pomp and circumstance of exalted rank, nor even by that nobler weakness, the desire of fame; for he takes no pains to display his power, or spread his reputation among foreign nations, nor to hand it down to posterity. On the contrary, he carefully shrouds himself, and as far as possible his dominions, in haughty seclusion. Admitting that he had become convinced that his country in her present state was not fitted for republicanism, and that it was requisite for her real welfare that absolute power, for a time at least, should be wielded by one able and vigorous hand —still, on assuming that power, had he not the most splendid opportunity ever enjoyed by a man, of rendering the most lasting and essential benefits to his country? Admitting even that it was necessary for him to rule with a rod of iron in one hand, who would have blamed him had he showered down blessings with the other?

One of the strongest and most painful proofs of how little the real good of his people lies at the heart of Francia, is, that no provision appears to be made for their government at his death, which may now, from his great age, be soon expected. All then will probably relapse into anarchy, unless the army take affairs into its own hand, and experience has fully shown us what the governor and the governed are then likely to endure.

The ruling, or rather the absorbing passion of Francia, is the love of power—of power for itself alone; it is with him a pure, abstracted principle, free from desire of the splendour which usually surrounds it, of the wealth which usually supports it, and of the fame which usually succeeds it. To this passion is united one more spring of action, and one only—it is the fear of assassination:—"Even-handed justice returns the chalice to his own lips,"—he who inflicts terror on all around him is himself its greatest slave; and for one death that he causes, he suffers in imagination a thousand.

There is one peculiarity which must not be omitted in any scrutiny into the causes of Francia's habits of mind. His father was of very eccentric habits, his brother and one of his sisters were lunatics, and he himself is subject to fits of hypochondria, which have sometimes degenerated into madness: his mind is therefore not *sound;* but while the knowledge of this fact diminishes our wonder at the inconsistency of his character, it very much increases it as to the folly of the people, who with such abject submission bend down their necks for him to trample on.

When the hypochondriacal fit comes on, Francia sometimes shuts himself up for several days, but if unhappily he does not do this, he ill-treats every one around him, orders arrests, inflicts the severest punishments, and thinks nothing of issuing a sentence of death.

On the occasion of an execution, the dictator himself gives out the ball-cartridges, and so parsimonious is he of these materials, that he allows but three men to each execution; so that, in more instances than one, the unhappy victims have been despatched by the bayonet. Francia is a witness of these scenes of horror, for the executions take place always beneath his window, and frequently in his actual presence. Once, while under the influence of his hypochondriacal affection, being offended at the intrusion of a poor woman, he gave the following order to the sentinels placed in front of his gate:—"If any passenger should dare to *fix his eyes* upon the front of my house, you will fire at him; if you miss him, *this* is for a second shot—(handing him another musket loaded with ball)—and if you miss again, I shall take care not to miss *you.*" The order being quickly made known through the city, the inhabitants carefully avoided passing before this terrible palace, or if any person was obliged to do so, he kept his eyes constantly fixed upon the ground. A fortnight had passed without any accident, when an Indian of the tribe of Payagua, who knew nothing of the order, stopped to look at the government-house; the sentinel discharged his carbine, but missed him, probably intentionally: the report of fire-arms brought out the dictator, and when the cause was made known to him, he revoked the order, averring that he did not recollect ever having given it.

Francia was never married; but in his earlier days he was by no means insensible to the charms of the fair sex; however, on becoming dictator, he abjured them altogether, and at the same time relinquished play. The only being for whom he seemed to have any lasting attachment was a sister, who was usually in charge of his country-house; but so jealous is he of his authority, that he sent her away, because she took upon herself to order a slave to be chastised. He has nephews, but apparently takes no interest in them; when he became dictator he dismissed two, who were officers in the army, only from the fear that they might presume upon their relationship. One he confined in irons four years for having at a ball (it seems people dance even in Paraguay!) struck a man who had insulted him; and another passed a year in the public prison for having employed one of the military band in a serenade which he gave his mistress.

At the commencement of Francia's dictatorship for life, while the people were not yet sufficiently trained for their yoke, when he rode out on horseback he was escorted by hussars; two went before and one followed him; it was their duty to see that every person on the road stopped in the most respectful manner as he passed. At a subsequent period, Francia required his attendants to drive back on the highway all who presented themselves; and the blows of the flat part of the sabre, with which these directions were enforced, very soon disgusted the curious.

He imprisoned the wife of a conspirator, who, upon the arrest of her husband, took the resolution of joining together the broken threads of the conspiracy. Though detected and put in irons, she still repeated every day, "Had I a thousand

lives to lose, I would risk them all to destroy this monster!"

A woman out of jealousy accused her lover of having uttered offensive expressions against the dictator, who ordered the unfortunate man to receive a hundred blows: but the latter was so averse to this disgraceful punishment, that he begged to be shot rather than undergo it, and his request was immediately complied with. The dictator, however, was never known to reward either a spy or informer: on the contrary, he so justly appreciated their character, that he dismissed some officers who had acted for him in that capacity, as soon as he had no further use for their services.

Since 1820, Francia has taken no part in public worship, and has seized every occasion to show his dislike to the established religion. To a commandant, who asked him for the image of a saint, that he might place a newly-constructed fortress under its protection, he answered—"O people of Paraguay, how long will you remain idiots! When I was a catholic I believed as you do, but *now* I know that bullets are the best saints you can have on the frontiers."

To give an idea of the instruction of the clergy, one anecdote will be enough. In the vale of Ita, about thirty miles from the capital, there is a community of Indians, subjects of Paraguay, who had a curate, the son of a warrior, on whom the King of Spain had conferred the title of don, in reward for some service. This title, which the courtesy of modern times extends to all who have the least pretension to gentility, descended by right to his son, the curate, who, it appears, had been regularly educated for the church. He was a kind, hospitable, social man, much beloved in the neighbourhood, and sought after by all travellers. There were three points on which he piqued himself: his great sobriety, the abundance and excellence of his table, and his deep knowledge of sacred history. It was no doubt his superiority on the last point which, in despite of his reputation for gallantry, attracted all the fair penitents of the country round. As a specimen of his scriptural erudition, he maintained that the Sacred Founder of our religion (whose name I dare not mention in such a sentence as this) "and Mahomet were very intimate friends: that they met frequently to discuss certain points of their respective religion, and that many an evening had they passed together, sitting on the same cloth, and smoking out of the same hookah."

Besides the neighbours and strangers that usually met at the padre's hospitable board, its benefits were extended to fifteen cats and one third that number of dogs, which daily surrounded it, and were fed from the hand of their benevolent master. The padre in the hot weather regularly *un*dressed for dinner; sitting down only in a pair of long drawers, trimmed at the ankles with lace, and a scarf thrown over his shoulders; of these he had a great variety, worked by the fair penitents aforesaid. Indeed the Paraguays, although fond and vain of dress on occasions of show, are very indifferent to it as an object of decency and comfort. Both sexes are permitted, especially in the country, to go unclothed, until they are well advanced in their teens; if a young girl be sent on a message to a neighbouring farm, she merely throws a scarf over her head, its ends hanging negligently down in front, and thus trudges along quite unconscious of the surprise her singular appearance excites in the passing stranger. From this complete freedom they spring up strait and well-proportioned: "I could not help," says the informant of the present writer, "comparing them to the palm-trees around; they were as graceful and as pliant, and, like them too, their heads alone were covered."

Francia is much praised for his disinterestedness in regard to money: his private fortune has never been increased by his elevation; he has never accepted a present, and his salary is always in arrear. He is not forgetful of the claims of old fellowship or kindness, provided they are accompanied with diffidence and great respect.

The dictator admits of no confidant; he has never been known to take counsel of any one, nor can any one boast of ever having exercised influence over him.

"I knew an officer," says our liberated fellow-countryman, "of the dictator's body-guard, who was supposed to be making rapid progress in his favour; he did not however stand his ground long; he was dismissed, and having no family who could support him, was reduced to become a day-labourer in the fields. One day, while strolling in the neighbourhood of the city, I saw this individual, naked from the waist upwards, occupied in roasting sweet mandioca for his dinner.

"The body-guard," he continues, "was composed of about a hundred picked men, the tallest and handsomest that could be found in the country. The lieutenant by whom the guard was commanded, was a young man of very little education, although the son of parents in easy circumstances. From his situation about the person of the dictator, he was much looked up to by many, and was considered as possessing favour at head quarters. This youth grew uncommonly vain, and scarcely knew how to walk or dress, till at last not a day passed without producing some new or extravagant article of apparel. Francia saw with displeasure his monkey-like behaviour, and one morning, when he presumed to appear at parade in an extraordinarily-shaped and ornamented jacket, he called him, and with some familiarity asked where he had got his pretty jacket?—'You look extremely well in it,' said Francia, 'but I think you would look still better if you were to take off your trowsers, and wear it without them, after the fashion of your countrymen.' The poor fellow was obliged to take the hint, strip, and walk a turn or two before the dictator, who complimented him on his appearance, and appealed to the soldiers as to whether he had not suggested a striking improvement. After this scene his services were no longer required."

This corps looked well; it was clothed in a handsome manner, and was much esteemed by Francia for a time: when in good humour he was in the habit of calling it his corps of "Frenchified Russians," thereby meaning, "barbarians in progress of civilisation." However, it finally incurred his displeasure and was disbanded.

Francia treats his officers with very little ceremony; when displeased he abuses them in the presence of the soldiers, as though they were his menial servants, thus aiming at diminishing their importance and increasing his own.

The death of a person in his service, under

the following melancholy circumstances, produced a great effect upon the mind of the dictator, and was followed by some beneficial consequences. About the middle of 1824, a young man (of whose capacity Francia entertained a high opinion, and for whom he had created the office of secretary of state) having committed some trifling errors in the exercise of his functions, became alarmed for the consequences. Dreading to be reproached or dismissed by the dictator, he resolved to drown himself, though, as first officer of the government, he might have effected his escape. Before dying, he wrote a letter to the dictator, in which he gave an account of his official conduct, adding, that in the position in which he stood, he considered that flight would dishonour his country and disgrace his name. The dictator was moved; he perceived how heavily his yoke bore even upon those who were most devoted to him. He was induced to hint that the time was not far distant when Paraguay might enjoy some liberty. Imprisonments became less frequent; none but criminals were sentenced to death, and the denunciations of informers were more disregarded: he punished, too, in his army, some instances of oppression and insolence towards the people. In short, Paraguay, from that moment, began to breathe somewhat more freely, and the self-sacrifice of this honourable and heroic youth was at least not made in vain.

The Swiss travellers describe the dictator as a man of middle stature, with regular features, and those fine black eyes which characterise the creoles of South America: and as having a most penetrating look, with a strong expression of distrust. On their first introduction he wore the official costume, which consisted of a blue laced coat, (the uniform of a Spanish general,) waistcoat, breeches, stockings of white silk, and shoes with gold buckles. He was then sixty-two years of age, but did not appear more than fifty. At the commencement of a conversation he is haughty and intimidating, but if met with firmness, he softens down, and finishes, when in a good humour, by conversing very agreeably; and he is then perceived to be a man of great talent and extensive acquirements. He is a devoted admirer of Napoleon, whose downfal he always deplores; he contemplated with much interest his portrait when shown to him by the Swiss gentlemen; he had in his possession a caricature of Napoleon, which he had mistaken for a portrait, until his visitors explained the German inscription that was underneath it. They believe that it must have been this caricature that suggested to the dictator the idea of adding to his costume an enormous badge in imitation of the clumsy star with which Napoleon is decorated in that piece. Francia also showed the strangers his library, which, together with the best Spanish authors, contained the works of Voltaire, Rousseau, Raynal, Rollin, &c. He possessed, also, some mathematical instruments, globes, and maps—among the latter the best map of Paraguay that is to be found in the country. From the knowledge of the constellations, which he acquired by means of his celestial globe, and of the localities of his own territory by the map, it is imagined by the people that he is an astrologer, but he himself does not encourage this notion.

In the last interview Dr. Renger had with Francia, when at the end of six years he and his friend had conceived hopes from the English being permitted to depart, and ventured to ask for passports, Francia listened to the request without replying to it, but desired Dr. Renger to go and inspect some forty or fifty recruits who had fallen sick. On his return, Francia asked him several questions about his travels in the interior of Paraguay, and what he intended publishing. He appeared to be very well satisfied with the recognition of the new republics by England, and said, "The French government was wrong not to have been beforehand with the English. The analogy between the characters of both nations, a common religion, and the nature of the produce and manufactures of France, which are better adapted to the wants of these countries, seemed to call for amicable relations, which would have opened new and invaluable channels to French commerce. But that government, instead of signalising itself by an act of liberality, which was in perfect conformity with the interests of France, has preferred maintaining, by a ruinous expedition, a tottering throne, the fall of which it can only defer, but not ultimately prevent. I should not be surprised to see that government making an attack upon our republics in the name of Ferdinand the Seventh, and that is one of my reasons for not permitting the French who are here to depart. With regard to your request, we shall consider of it." The result of this conversation is known to the reader. One motive for the delay in granting the request was, that the dictator wished to have appointed Dr. Renger chief physician to the troops, with the direction of a new military hospital he intended to establish.

Francia's household consists of four slaves—a negro, one male and two female mulattoes—whom he treats with great mildness. He leads a very regular life—the first rays of the sun rarely find him in bed. As soon as he rises, the negro brings a chafing-dish, a kettle, and a pitcher of water, which is heated in his presence. Francia then prepares, with the greatest possible care, his *maté*, or Paraguay tea; having taken this, he walks under the interior peristyle that looks upon the court, and smokes a cigar, which he first takes care to unroll, in order to ascertain that there is nothing dangerous in it, though it is his own sister who manufactures them for him. At six o'clock the barber arrives—a filthy, ragged, and drunken mulatto, but the only member of the faculty in whom he confides. If the dictator be in good humour, he chats with him, and often in this manner makes use of him to prepare the public for his projects. This barber may be said to be his official gazette (no new incident, by the by, in the annals of history). He then puts on his dressing-gown of printed calico, and repairs to the outer peristyle, where he walks up and down, and receives at the same time those persons who are admitted to an audience. At seven he enters his closet, where he remains until nine, when the officers and other functionaries come to

make their reports and receive his orders. At eleven o'clock the principal secretary brings the papers that are to be submitted to his inspection, and writes from his dictation until noon, when all the officers retire, and Francia sits down to table. His dinner, which is extremely frugal, he always orders himself; when the cook returns from market, she deposits her provisions at the door of her master's closet, who comes out and selects what he wishes for his own use. After dinner he takes his *siesta;* on awaking, he takes his *maté* and smokes a cigar, after observing the same precautions as in the morning. From this until four or five he is occupied with business, when the escort to attend him on his promenade arrives; the barber then enters and dresses his hair while his horse is saddling. During his ride Francia inspects the public works and the barracks, particularly those of the cavalry, where a habitation is preparing for him. While riding, though surrounded by his escort, he is armed with a sabre and a pair of double-barreled pocket pistols. He returns home about night-fall, and sits down to study until nine, when he takes his supper, consisting of a roasted pigeon and a glass of wine. If the weather be fine he again walks under the peristyle, where he often remains till a very late hour. At ten o'clock he gives the watch-word, and on returning into the house he fastens all the doors himself.

For several months in the year he resides at the cavalry barracks, which are outside the city, about a quarter of a league from his usual residence; but there his manner of living is the same, except that he sometimes takes the pleasures of the chase. In the apartments that he occupies there are always arms within his reach; pistols are hung upon the walls, or placed upon the table near him; and sabres, the greater number unsheathed, are to be found in every corner. This fear of assassination is also shown in the etiquette prescribed at his audiences: the person admitted must not approach nearer to the dictator than six paces, until he makes him a sign to advance, and even then he must always stop at the distance of three paces—his arms must be held close to his body, and his hands open and hanging down, so that it may be evident that he has no concealed weapons. The officers even are not permitted to enter his presence with swords by their sides. He is pleased, however, that the person addressing him should look him straight in the face, and return prompt and positive answers. He told Dr. Renger one day, when about to open the body of one of the natives, to see if his countrymen had not one bone more than the usual number in their necks, which prevented them from holding up their heads and speaking out. Alas! it was the fetter on the mind, beyond the skill of the physician to remove, that bowed down their necks.

In the foregoing sketch it has been the writer's object rather to excite than to gratify curiosty. It is impossible but that great interest will prevail towards Paraguay on the death of its singular ruler: none can contemplate with indifference the idea of this fine province, with its docile and industrious population, being given up to anarchy, and gradually returning to the waste desert from whence it has been struggling to emerge.

Rio de Janeiro, July, 1834.

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE DEATH OF MARSHAL NEY.

Much has lately been said both in England and France respecting the death of Marshal Ney, but with the particulars of that dreadful tragedy few of our readers we suspect are fully conversant. With the strictest adherence to historical accuracy, we shall therefore give a brief and succinct narrative of the facts, more particularly as regards the Duke of Wellington's connection with it. It will be necessary to give a short review of the events which preceded it.

Michel Ney was born at Sarre Louis in 1769, and entered when a mere youth into a regiment of hussars, in which he had risen to the rank of *sous-officier* when the revolution of 1789 was effected. During the sanguinary wars waged by nearly the whole of Europe against the French republic he served in every campaign, and for his good conduct, talent, and patriotism was made general of brigade in 1796. In the following year he commanded a division under the celebrated Hoche, and subsequently under Schaumberg, Massena, and Moreau, contributing in no slight degree to the gaining of the glorious battle of Hohenlinden.

In 1804 he was, for his distinguished merit, created a marshal of the empire by Napoleon, and the following year gained the battle of Elchingen in Suabia, for which he was created duke of that name. Marshal Ney subsequently commanded a division at the decisive battle of Jena with the most signal success, but as it would occupy too much space to enumerate all the invaluable and glorious services he rendered his country during his life, we shall only add that at the terrible battle of the Moskwa, in Russia, Ney commanded the centre with his usual talent and success, for which the emperor conferred on him the title of Prince of the Moskwa, observing at the same time—"*Le Maréchal Ney est le brave des braves*—his soul is of tempered steel!"

After the disastrous campaign of 1814, finding it was no longer possible for Napoleon to continue to reign, he was one of the first generals who submitted to the Bourbons, who soon after created him a peer of France.

In 1815 he was at Condreaux when Napoleon landed from Elba; he immediately received orders from the Bourbon government to assemble a military force at Besançon, with which he marched towards Lyons; but some proclamations from Napoleon having reached the troops at the same time that intelligence arrived of his triumphal entry into that city, Ney, yielding to the desire of the entire army and a united people, declared for the emperor, who in a few days again occupied the Tuileries.

During the hundred days, Marshal Ney used every exertion to save France from a second invasion, and, two days previous to the decisive battle of Waterloo, seriously checked the Anglo-

Belgian army commanded by the Duke of Wellington in the actions of Ligny and Quatre Bras.

After the defeat and partial destruction of the French army by the allies, Ney proceeded to Paris, where he gave a true statement of the disaster in the Chamber of Peers, and being averse to the new order of things, retired from public life.

In the meanwhile the English and Prussian armies approached Paris, where the remains of the French army had rallied, and being reinforced by several divisions not engaged at Waterloo, it still presented, with the national guard, a very imposing force; but Napoleon having signified his intention to abdicate, a convention for the capitulation of Paris was agreed to between the Duke of Wellington and Marshal Blucher, on the one side, and the governor of Paris on the other, to the effect that private property should be respected, and *no person be molested for their past political or other conduct.* By virtue of this convention Louis XVIII. entered the capital, and was a second time proclaimed King of France.

Notwithstanding the above convention, Marshal Ney was arrested on the 24th of July, and thrown into prison, accused of having contributed to the revolution of the 20th of March, or, in other words, having aided the return of Napoleon. A court-martial was summoned to try him, Marshal Moncey being appointed president; Moncey, however, nobly refused to sit in trial on such a man, *for which he was imprisoned three months in the chateau of Ham.*

The presidentship now fell by seniority upon Marshal Jourdan, who accepted it, and with Marshals Massena, Mortier, and Augereau, and three lieutenant-generals, composed the court martial, which in its second sitting declared itself incompetent to try the prisoner, and immediately dissolved itself, to the undisguised delight of the French people, with whom Ney was, as he merited to be, highly popular.

An ordinance of the king next directed that he should be tried before the chamber of peers; and so great was the interest excited by the approaching mock trial, that, in addition to the capital being surrounded by the English army (during Ney's trial and execution, be it observed, the English were the only foreign troops remaining in Paris,) special commissioners of police were appointed, the press was rigorously restrained from alluding to it, men were selected from each regiment of the line, for their opinions, for the service of Paris, the national guards were removed from the principal posts, patroles traversed the town in all directions, and the city was filled with gendarmerie, plainly indicating the apprehensions of the government, lest this cold-blooded murder should be prevented.

About the beginning of December the peers assembled in the palace of the Luxembourg, which was surrounded constantly by 2,000 men, and immediately proceeded to the trial of Ney, who was ably defended by the celebrated advocates and deputies, M. M. Berryer and Dupin; but it was evident that the accused could have no hope of justice from a tribunal of which three fourths of the members were enraged aristocrats, rendered poor and vindictive by their long emigration from France, and now eager for victims on whom to wreak their vengeance.

Marshal Ney was fully aware of his position, and though he allowed his advocates to defend him, he appealed, as he hoped, to a more impartial and independent power, previous to the trial.

The Duke of Richelieu, as minister, demanded Ney's condemnation in the *name of Europe;* he told the chamber they owed the world a signal reparation, and must not allow the prisoner a longer impunity.

Against these expressions M. M. Berryer and Dupin vehemently protested, and produced the convention of Paris as a complete defence; this the president refused to allow to be heard, and ordered them to continue the defence *without reference to that document!*

Marshal Ney on hearing this rose, and said, "I forbid my counsel to defend me more; my judges, I well knew, were long since determined: I am accused against the faith of treaties, and the law of nations, and you will not let me justify myself. I appeal to Europe and to posterity!"

His advocates, nevertheless, made one more attempt to save him, by showing that Sarre Louis was included in the territory ceded to Prussia; and that, consequently, Ney was not a subject of France; but he refused to allow the plea, and indignantly exclaimed—"Never, I am a Frenchman in my heart, and a Frenchman I will die!"

While the chamber was still effecting to deliberate, Ney returned to his room; he appeared to be supported by a feeling of deep resolution; he embraced his defenders, who had nobly exerted themselves, exclaiming—"It is all over, my dear friends, we shall meet each other in another world!"

He ate his dinner calmly, and with appetite: and observing that a small knife was an object of uneasiness and attention to the persons charged to guard him, he exclaimed—"Do you think that I fear death?" and with a smile threw the knife away.

We now come to the Duke of Wellington's share in this transaction, to which we entreat our readers to pay great attention, and in particular to the following letter, upon which the unfortunate Ney had placed so much reliance:—

"To his Grace the Duke of Wellington, Generalissimo of the Allied Armies, &c.

"Your Excellency,—Cannot be ignorant of the gross violation which has taken place in my person of the convention of Paris, on the faith of which the French army laid down its arms, and I remained in France.

"It was on the following articles I relied, and now appeal to you, not for justice, but simply as the only party to that convention remaining in Paris, who possesses the power to see that solemn engagement enforced.

"'ARTICLE 12.—Private persons and property shall be equally respected. The inhabitants and *all* individuals who shall be in the capital, shall continue to enjoy their rights and liberties without being disturbed or called to account, either as

› the situations *they hold, or may have held,* or s to *their conduct* or *political opinions.*

" ' ARTICLE 15.—If difficulties arise in the execution of any one of the articles of the present onvention, the interpretation of it shall be made ı *favour of the French army* and of the city of 'aris."

" Without these terms, is there a human being ho believes I would not have died sword in and, joined and supported by all the brave and irtuous that remained in France?

" It is then in direct contradiction to this capiulation I am now under arrest; and as a soldier, n Englishman, and an honourable man, I demand f *you* my instant and unqualified liberation.

" MICHEL NEY."

After several visits to the Tuileries, his grace ound leisure, in the intervals of his splendid enertainments at the Palais de l'Elysée Bourbon, o reply to the unfortunate writer. His answer nust ever be considered as a stain upon the ıational character. With the casuistry worthy ›f a pettifogging lawyer, he observed that the 2th article applied only to the military authority stablished in Paris, and was *not intended to tie ıp the hands of the French government.*

That this was a most treacherous and jesuitical interpretation of the 12th article, must alone e evident to every unbiassed mind, but a few noments' consideration will place its injustice in ı still stronger light.

Marshal Ney was clearly included in the terms ›f article 12, for he had his residence in the apital, in law and fact. The army and the inıabitants of Paris, possessing a certain force, ıtipulated with the generals of the allied armies or their safety and inviolability. The competency of that force being thus admitted, terms were assented to, which precluded all further esistance. But can it for a moment be supposed hat the object of the besieged was to obtain a nere temporary protection—a respite for 48 hours? ınd that the same army which had kept in awe a ıundred thousand men, surrendered at discretion o a government the nation abhorred, and which ıad not a soldier at its command without the coperation of the allies.

Such a Machiavelian doctrine is contrary to ıll reason, and such a principle once established night cover the earth with scaffolds. England, who prides herself on her advanced state of ivilisation, cannot suffer such detestable maxims o be promulgated, and must view with horror heir advocate and author.

Ney was informed of his sentence late at night, ınd was hurried to execution early the next morning. The sentence was carried into effect on the 7th December, 1815, in a clandestine manner, near the observatory, for all who were in any way connected with this detestable transaction, appear to have been ashamed of it.

When Ney reached the place of execution, he walked firmly from the coach to the fatal spot, ınd refusing to have his eyes blinded, calmly faced the detachment: taking off his hat with his left hand, he exclaimed, "*Je proteste solemnellement devout Dieu et devout les hommes de l'iniquité de mon judgement—l'histoire me jugera.*" Then placing his hand upon his heart, he added, " Soldiers, straight to the heart—*Vive le France —feu!*" He fell dead upon the spot, twelve balls having taken effect. Thus perished one of the greatest men France could boast, exhibiting to the last moment that undaunted courage which had ever distinguished him in battle. It needed not to wait for *posterity,* as Ney predicted—the justice of his death is already decided. As the noble and patriotic Armaud Carrel, the most talented political writer in France, boldly stated to the peers, many who had condemned Ney being of the number, when sitting in judgment on the *National,* for breach of privilege, "*Time has pronounced, at the present period the judges have more need of being reinstated in public opinion than the victim!*" After having been violently interrupted by the president, he continued—"*If, among the members who voted for the death of Marshal Ney, who sit in this assembly, there is one who considers himself aggrieved, let him summon me to this bar; I shall glory in being the first man of the revolution of* 1830, *who came here to protest, in the name of indignant France, against that abominable assassination!*"

This feeling is deep, and we may say universal, amongst our neighbours; it cannot, of course, be expected that the Duke of Wellington, as commander merely of the invading allied forces, could be popular in France; still his name would pass without indignant remark, were it not a lamentable error in his otherwise glorious career.

Critical Notices.

From the London Athenæum.

The Epidemics of the Middle Ages. From the German of J. F. C. Hecker, M. D. Part II.—*The Dancing Mania.* Translated by B. G. Babington, M. D. London: Sherwood & Co.

The first of these treatises was devoted to the fearful history of the "Black Death of the Fourteenth Century:" in the one before us Dr. Hecker has drawn together a copious and singular account of another of those strange disorders, which, in days less enlightened and more disturbed than our own, spread itself in different forms over a great part of the civilised world. The detail becomes more interesting if we follow our author in linking the *Convulsionnaires* of St. Medard—the Jumpers and Shakers, and other modern fanatics—(whom there would be neither pleasure nor profit in enumerating further) with the *Tarantati* of Italy, and those afflicted with what Dr. Hecker calls quaintly enough, "more ancient dancing plagues," with the "St. John's dancers" of old Germany, and, going back to the dim times of mythology, the Mænades and Corybantes of classic song and sculpture. We consider this second volume as likely to prove even more acceptable to the general reader than its predecessor, inasmuch as the malady of which it treats, from its close connection with the mind of the patient, offers almost as curious a subject of study to the psychologist, as to the mere medical practitioner. We shall examine its vagaries and ramifications with an eye to the former; and, as in our review of Dr. Hecker's first volume, merely make an abstract of facts, leaving

all questions of science to be discussed and examined in periodicals exclusively devoted to medicine.

According to the superstition of the 14th century, two saints, St. John and St. Vitus, were considered to have particular connection with the extraordinary disease, of which violent and convulsive motion formed a principal symptom. The anniversary of St. John's day has, from the darkest ages, been celebrated by the kindling of fires—in Germany this was called the "Nod-fyr"—and our author tells us, "that even to the present day the belief subsists, that people and animals that have leaped through these flames, or their smoke, are protected for a whole year from fevers and other diseases, as if by a kind of baptism by fire." "Similar customs," he further informs us, "are to be found among the nations of Southern Europe and Asia; and it is more than probable, that the Greeks transferred to the festival of St. John the Baptist a part of their Bacchanal mysterics. The same saint is still worshipped by the Abyssinian Christians, as the protector of those attacked by the dancing malady; and if we mistake not, the lighting of fires in his honour is still practised among the lower orders of Ireland.

Distinct accounts of the appearance of this whimsical, yet serious, plague in Europe go back to the year 1374, when "assemblages of men and women were seen at Aix la Chapelle, who had come out of Germany, and who, united by one common delusion, exhibited to the public, both in the streets and in the churches, the following strange spectacle. They formed circles, hand in hand, and appearing to have lost all control over their senses, continued dancing, regardless of the bystanders, for hours together, in wild delirium, until at length they fell to the ground in a state of exhaustion. They then complained of extreme oppression, and groaned as if in the agonies of death, until they were swathed in cloths bound tightly round their waists, on which they again recovered, and remained free from complaint until the next attack. This practice of swathing was resorted to on account of the tympany which followed these spasmodic ravings, but patients were frequently relieved in a less artificial manner, by thumping and trampling upon the parts affected. While dancing they neither saw nor heard, being insensible to external impressions through the senses, but were haunted by visions, their fancies conjuring up spirits whose names they shrieked out; and some of them afterwards asserted that they felt as if they had been immersed in a stream of blood, which obliged them to leap so high. * * *

"It was but a few months ere this demoniacal disease had spread over the neighbouring Netherlands from Aix la Chapelle, where it appeared in July. In Liege, Utrecht, Tongres, and many other towns of Belgium, the dancers appeared with garlands in their hair, and their waists girt with cloths. * * *

"At length the increasing number of the affected excited no less anxiety than the attention that was paid to them. In towns and villages they took possession of the religious houses, processions were every where instituted on their account, and masses were said and hymns were sung, while the disease itself, of the demoniacal origin of which no one entertained the least doubt, excited every where astonishment and horror. In Liege the priests had recourse to exorcisms, and endeavoured by every means in their power to allay an evil which threatened so much danger to themselves."

These St. John's dancers were remarkable for strange antipathies; the sight of pointed shoes so exasperated them, that an ordinance was issued against wearing such: they shared, too, the turkey-cock's irritability at the display of red colours, and some could not endure to behold persons weeping. The disease spread rapidly among the lower orders all over the Netherlands. The streets of Metz were, at one time, filled with eleven hundred dancers. The moral consequences of this active affliction need only be hinted at. Strasburg was visited by it in 1418, and so great was the stir caused by these strange exhibitions, and the crowds that followed the sufferers, among which were bagpipers (for the patients found great pleasure in music), that the civic authorities took the matter up, and the dancers were conducted in procession to the chapels of St. Vitus, near Zabern and Rotestein, where masses were performed for their cure.

But, though the above series of occurrences is placed by Dr. Hecker at the commencement of his history, it appears in his next chapter that traditions of a similar disorder had been long current among the people—of a hundred children who had been seized with leaping fits at Erfurt in the year 1237—of two hundred fanatics, who chose to dance "on the Mosel bridge, at Utrecht, on the 17th of June, A. D. 1278," and even refused to stop to do honour to the host as it passed, "upon which, in punishment of their crime, the bridge gave way, and they were all drowned!" Other similar legends are mentioned (one of them was not long since used by Campbell as a foundation for a ballad), and these had most probably prepared the minds of the nervous to receive and communicate the disorder. Much imposture of course was successfully practised, and time ran on as far as the sixteenth century, when Paracelsus turned his attention to the disease, and treated it as a bodily malady, and not a demoniacal possession.

About this time, the St. Vitus's dance began to decline. At the close of the sixteenth century, it was spoken of as a disease that *had been*. Some further facts respecting it may be interesting. We are told that it "attacked people of all stations, especially those who led a sedentary life, such as shoemakers and tailors; but even the most robust peasants abandoned their labours in the fields, as if they were possessed by evil spirits; and thus those affected were seen assembling indiscriminately, from time to time, at certain appointed places, and, unless prevented by the lookers on, continuing to dance without intermission, until their very last breath was expended. Their fury and extravagance of demeanour so completely deprived them of their senses, that many of them dashed their brains out against the walls and corners of buildings, or rushed headlong into rapid rivers, where they found a watery grave. Roaring and foaming as they were, the bystanders could only succeed in restraining them by placing benches and chairs in their way, so that their strength might be exhausted by the high leaps they were thus tempted to take. As soon as this was the case, they fell, as it were, lifeless to the ground, and, by very slow degrees, again recovered their strength. * *

"The cure effected by these stormy attacks was in some cases so perfect, that some patients returned to the factory or the plough as if nothing had happened. Others, on the contrary, paid the penalty of their folly by so total a loss of power, that they could not regain their former health, even by the employment of the most strengthening remedies. * * * That patients should be violently affected by music, and their paroxysms brought on and increased by it, is natural with such nervous disorders; where deeper impressions are made through the ear, which is the most intellectual of all the organs, than through any of the other senses. On this account the magistrates hired musicians for the purpose of carrying the St. Vitus's dancers so much the quicker through the attacks, and directed that athletic men should be sent among them in order to complete the exhaustion which had been often observed to produce a good effect.* This

* "It is related by *Felix Plater* (born 1536, † 1614) that he remembered in his youth the authorities of Basle having commissioned several powerful men to dance with a girl, who had the dancing mania, till she recovered from her disorder. They successively relieved

extraordinary disease was, however, so greatly mitigated in Schenck's time, that the St. Vitus's dancers had long since ceased to stroll from town to town. * * Throughout the whole of June, prior to the festival of St. John, patients felt a disquietude and restlessness which they were unable to overcome. They were dejected, timid, and anxious; wandered about in an unsettled state, being tormented with twitching pains, which seized them suddenly in different parts, and eagerly expected the eve of St. John's day, in the confident hope that, by dancing at the altars of this saint, or of St. Vitus (for in the Breisgau aid was equally sought from both), they would be freed from all their sufferings. This hope was not disappointed; and they remained, for the rest of the year, exempt from any further attack, after having thus, by dancing and raving for three hours, satisfied an irresistible demand of nature."

Dr. Hecker, in beginning his account of Tarantism in Italy, which follows the above, observes, drily enough, that it was very fortunate that the St. Vitus's dancers had fixed upon a patron saint, as it caused them to be treated with gentleness, and they were thereby screened from such harsh measures as were employed against others less canonically protected, and supposed to be *possessed*—as witches, and the like. After a few other judicious observations, he comes to speak of the Tarantism, and the music found useful for its cure, as a peculiar species of national dance music. Times are changed—and the modern Neapolitans caper and *pirouette* for amusement to quaint old melodies, which were employed to soothe the convulsions of their forefathers. The fable of the disease originating in the bite of a venomous spider, is too well known to be dwelt on here; all that we can gather, is, that as in the case of the hundred children at Erfurt, and the two hundred dancers on the Mosel bridge, the peasants of Italy were prepared for a sympathetic disorder by some ancient legend. We must also remember, that the fearful plagues of the middle ages—the leprosy of the Crusades—the St. Anthony's fire—the Black Death—could not have passed over Europe, without producing a strong impression upon the minds, as well as the bodies, of the people; and it is not, therefore, wonderful, that fancy, working upon frames in a state of morbid sensitiveness, should induce and perpetuate the very evil to be dreaded.

"Those who were bitten," says Perotti, "generally fell into a state of melancholy, and appeared to be stupefied, and scarcely in possession of their senses. This condition was, in many cases, united with so great a sensibility to music, that, at the very first tones of their favourite melodies, they sprang up, shouting for joy, and danced on without intermission, until they sunk to the ground exhausted and almost lifeless. In others, the disease did not take this cheerful turn. They wept constantly, and, as if pining away with some unsatisfied desire, spent their days in the greatest misery and anxiety. Others, again, in morbid fits of love, cast their longing looks on women, and instances of death are recorded which are said to have occurred under a paroxysm of either laughing or weeping."

Something of the more impassioned and voluptuous spirit of the south, seems to have distinguished this incarnation of the disease from its *avatar* in Germany; the Tarantists were even more passionately sensible to music than the St. John's dancers.

"Cities and villages alike resounded throughout the summer season with the notes of fifes, clarionets, and Turkish drums; and patients were every where to be met with who looked to dancing as their only remedy. Alexander ab Alexandro, who gives this account, saw a young man in a remote village who was seized with a violent attack of Tarantism. He listened with eagerness, and a fixed stare, to the sound of a drum, and his graceful movements gradually became more and more violent until his dancing was converted into a succession of frantic leaps, which required the utmost exertion of his whole strength. In the midst of this over-strained exertion of mind and body the music suddenly ceased, and he immediately fell powerless to the ground, where he lay senseless and motionless until its magical effect again aroused him to a renewal of his impassioned performances."

Different airs, called *tarantellas*, were composed, to suit the various moods of the patients.

"There was one kind of tarantella which was called 'Panno rosso,' a very lively impassioned style of music, to which wild dithyrambic songs were adapted; another, called 'Panno verde,' which was suited to the milder excitement of the senses, caused by green colours, and set to Idyllian songs of verdant fields and shady groves. A third was named 'Cinque tempi;' a fourth 'Moresca,' which was played to a Moorish dance; a fifth, 'Catena;' and a sixth, with a very appropriate designation, 'Spallata,' as if it was only fit to be played to dancers who were lame in the shoulder. This was the slowest and least in vogue of all. For those who loved water they took care to select love songs, which were sung to corresponding music, and such persons delighted in hearing of gushing springs and rushing cascades and streams.

"The music was almost wholly in the Turkish style (aria Turchesca), and the ancient songs of the peasantry of Apulia, which increased in number annually, were well suited to the abrupt and lively notes of the Turkish drum and the shepherd's pipe."

The cure of the afflicted gave occasion to a sort of annual festival, called "*Il carnevaletto delle donne.*" The abhorrence and passion for colours in the Tarantists, proceeded to a much madder height than in the leapers of Germany: red seems to have been a general favourite, but they were not implicit followers of any one particular hue. The following anecdote is from Kircher:—

"The dancing fits of a certain Capuchin friar in Tarentum excited so much curiosity, that Cardinal Cajetano proceeded to the monastery, that he might see with his own eyes what was going on. As soon as the monk, who was in the midst of his dance, perceived the spiritual prince clothed in his red garments, he no longer listened to the tarantella of the musicians, but with strange gestures endeavoured to approach the cardinal, as if he wished to count the very threads of his purple robe, and to allay his intense longing by its odour. The interference of the spectators, and his own respect, prevented his touching it, and thus the irritation of his senses not being appeased, he fell into a state of such anguish and disquietude, that he presently sunk down in a swoon, from which he did not recover until the cardinal compassionately gave him his purple cape. This he immediately seized in the greatest ecstacy, and pressed now to his breast, now to his forehead and cheeks, and then again commenced his dance as if in the frenzy of a love fit."

Many, too, were seized with an equally delirious passion for water—would bear about glasses of water while dancing, with the most extravagant expressions of fondness, and show an ardent longing for the sea. Others, of more sombre imagination, fancied they found relief in earth-bathing. Nor was it the natives only who were attacked by this madness; foreigners imbibed the contagion; dotards threw away their crutches and danced—children scarcely out of their cradles joined with them.

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each other; and this singular mode of cure lasted above four weeks, when the patient fell down exhausted, and being quite unable to stand, was carried to an hospital, where she recovered. She had remained in her clothes all the time, and, entirely regardless of the pain of her lacerated feet, she had merely sat down occasionally to take some nourishment, or to slumber, during which the hopping movement of her body continued."

This frenzy was at its greatest height in the seventeenth century; whole bands of musicians, devoted to the cure of the *Tarantati*, traversed Italy during the summer months, and the women saved up money, before they came, to repay them, and to provide for the costs of the *carnevaletto*, so that the excitement was never permitted to die away. Even the most incredulous and sober churchmen were not proof against the contagion, for, we read that, at a later period,—

"Jo. Baptist Quinzato, bishop of Foligno, having allowed himself, by way of a joke, to be bitten by a Tarantula, could obtain a cure in no other way than by being, through the influence of the tarantella, compelled to dance. Others, among the clergy, who wished to shut their ears against music, because they considered dancing derogatory to their station, fell into a dangerous state of illness by thus delaying the crisis of the malady, and were obliged at last to save themselves from a miserable death by submitting to the unwelcome but sole means of cure."

We learn, however, that this disease was not a very fatal one; that of these who had been bitten, only one or two in a thousand died.

We must pass the collateral chapter on hysteria, with the curious illustrations added, in notes, by the translator—of the different insanities to which women, shut up in companies, have been especially subject—of the nuns in France who chose to *mew* in concert, till their cattish propensity was cured by a threat of flagellation—of their German sisters, who took the sharper fancy of biting each other, a pastime found particularly enticing and contagious; we must also pass the chapter devoted to the *Tigretier* of Abyssinia, with the strange anecdotes, similar to what we have already given, extracted from Nathaniel Pearce's journal, proving that a malady, like "the ancient dancing plague," still exists in these our own days, in that part of Africa. Nor can we enter upon the concluding division of the work, in which some of the deplorable effects of modern fanaticism are stated, having already devoted more space to the subject than some may think it deserves, and being willing to refrain from looking into one of the darkest and most degrading pages of the history of mind. But, in parting from this book, we must recommend it to our readers, not merely as valuable, but as very amusing; it may be beneficial, too, to those who are inclined to bear too harshly upon the extravagances of poor human nature, if it induce them to forgive as a disease, what they would persecute and ridicule as folly. Dr. Babington's notes contain many striking parallel anecdotes, and add to the interest of the work.

We observe that Dr. Hecker means to continue his labours, and that the next treatise announced, is on "The Sweating Sickness."

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*The Exile of Erin, or the Sorrows of a Bashful Irishman.**

A bashful Irishman, like a silent woman, is a prodigy, which, like the unicorn, in spite of all the researches of our naturalists, must still be considered fabulous. This work is written with much humour, and exhibits many scenes of life in a ludicrous point of view. There is a mirthful solemnity in the description of some of the dilemmas in which the hero is involved by his *bashfulness*, which reminds us of Liston, in those happy moments of laughable perplexity, where, worried by a flirting wife, or teazed by some family *contre-temps*, he stands in serious, melancholy, musing, himself the occasion of laughter to hundreds. The hero, educated by an Irish priest, and nurtured upon whiskey, becomes, by sheer force of bashfulness, an actor, marries a scolding wife, deserts her, and, in due course of time, incited likewise by bashfulness, makes his *debut* as a newspaper reporter.

"At last a grand idea struck me! I resolved to try the press. I had often heard and read of those sprightly adventurers, who contrived to earn a subsistence by picking up, or in case of need, inventing accidents, &c., for the newspapers, so I presented myself at a dull period at the *Planet* newspaper office, with an affecting report of a young lady, who had swallowed a tea-cup full of arsenic water, under the influence of derangement, brought on by the diabolical conduct of a young guardsman who had seduced her.

"This paragraph, being well timed, was much approved; it became the subject of an indignant leading article in many of the ensuing Sunday journals, 'on the demoralised condition of the higher classes,' and went the round of the provincial press under the title of 'Shocking Suicide!'

"My next literary perpetration was a Hatton-garden police report, wherein I detailed the particulars of a pugilistic encounter between two Irish hodmen in a style of the most rampant vivacity. About this time, too, I contributed a foot and a half of good jokes weekly to the *Looker-on*, for which the editor, who was himself a wag of the first water, and liked, as he said, to encourage genius, remunerated me at a very handsome rate. But my chief reliance was on the *Planet* newspaper, on which, by adroit flattery of the proprietor, an odd little fellow, with a style of writing 'peculiarly his own,' I contrived to gain so strong a hold, that after a month's probation, I was declared to be master of my business, and placed on the establishment as a sort of flying reporter of all work.

"In this capacity I exhibited powers of invention which would have done honour to a Scotish novelist. Scarcely a day passed but a Mrs. Tomkins and her only daughter fell from a one-horse chaise in Tavistock or Brunswick-squares; or a Mr. Subthorpe, a stout gentleman of sixty, with a wife and six children, broke his leg by stumbling over a bit of orange-peel, which some urchin had inconsiderately flung upon the pavement. My phenomena were equally creditable to my fancy. The Planet abounded in accounts of extraordinary gooseberries, which measured four inches round the waist; of Irish potatoes on which could be clearly traced the words "Daniel O'Connell;" of three children born impromptu at a birth; of goats without beards, cows with five legs, and donkeys with horns like my Lord ——.

"Not unfrequently, when 'extra hands' were wanted, I made my appearance in the gallery in the house of commons, infinitely to the annoyance of the practised and well-educated gentlemen who attended there, not one of whom, however, came near me, whether in eloquence of style, originality of metaphor, or vivacity of logic. They stuck to fact, I expatiated in the airy regions of fiction.

"But ingratitude is the vice of public men in England. I had actually not distinguished myself above half-a-dozen times in the gallery, when I was summoned to the bar, for a breach of privilege contained in a report of one of Sir William Wiseacre's orations; reprimanded by the speaker in a style that brought the blood of a hundred ancestors into my cheeks; and then formally dismissed the Planet establishment. In justification of his complaint, Sir William urged that he was not in the house at the time I attributed to him the speech in question, and that nothing but the unparalleled impudence of the forgery should have ——; but I need say no more. Men of bashful temperament will at once appreciate the motives for my silence."

He soon rises to the high eminence of editor of a satirical newspaper; puts in a *harmless* paragraph about "*a certain baronet's lady*," is threatened with a prosecution, gives up the proprietors, and vanishes from a London life into a country borough. Here he stirs up an

* Republished by the Harpers. New York.

lection contest; bashfully fingers the cash of the reform andidate, and accidentally is made an inmate of the ail, where he industriously collects materials to regulate is future conduct, from the experience of others, among whom a young philosophical pick-pocket stands predominant:—

"It was at the Surrey Theatre—I linger on the recollection with a pleasing melancholy—that I made my irst appearance as an artist in this line. The house was rowded, and as good luck would have it, I chanced to tand next an asthmatic man, to whom I imparted my uspicions of there being thieves in the house, and hasened to prove the fact by decamping with his snuff box.

"This exploit at once got me into repute among my ontemporary artists, and inspired me with such self-onfidence, that for upwards of a twelvemonth afterwards wrought successfully night and day at my new vocaion; and one evening, on the steps of the Opera House, ad the honour of a personal interview with the prince egent."

"Indeed!" said I, "how came that about?"

"Why, sir, in attempting to ease his royal highness f a remarkably handsome gold snuff-box, I happened to nake a false step and stumbled up against him, whereupon he turned round with a smile, and made me such gracious bow, that I have been the most loyal of men ver since. But in politics I was always a tory, though cannot say I have fingered so much public money as ords E—— or B——. However, a man can but do his est.

"It was at this period of my life that I became acquainted with the immortal Ikey Singleton. We shook ands (strange enough!) in the coat-pockets of a clergyman, who had stuck himself at the back of one of the ress-boxes in Govent-garden, and against whom our rofessional dexterity was at one and the same moment mployed. Ikey was a great man, sir; still I cannot but hink he was over-rated. Certes, his mode of effecting ransfers was prompt and intelligent, but it wanted oriinality. You might know him any where by his style. With his contemporary Slender Billy, it was otherwise. He was all versatility, and had the finest conception of burglary, of any man I ever met with.

"But to return from this digression, into which I have een led by my respect for departed genius. Scarcely ad I achieved notoriety by the felonious capabilities of ny fingers, when my mind, fitted for nobler pursuits, egan to languish for pre-eminence in the higher ranches of the profession. Oh! sir, ambition has been ny ruin, as it has been that of many a great man before ne. On sounding my old schoolfellow, Fusby, on the ubject, he readily entered into my feelings, and agreed o join me in an attempt on a house in Brunswick-square, here I had previously ascertained that a rich old bachelor esided.

"Punctual to the moment, we proceeded to effect a odgment in his kitchen; but unluckily, while we were scending towards the drawing-room, a stout scullery irl, who, unperceived, had watched our motions, assaulted us both with her fists in so cowardly and unproroked a manner, that we were compelled to make a precipitate retreat. Detection was the inevitable consequence. Fusby, however, escaped, by turning king's vidence, while I was tried, convicted, and transported o Botany Bay, where I was immediately placed in the ervice of a Scotish emigrant who held vast pasturages n the neighbourhood of Sidney."

The jail is burnt down, and our hero liberated in a iot. He retires into Wales, where he perpetrates a seond marriage in sheer bashfulness. His character follows him from the borough of Humbug, and he is compelled to leave the *mella otium* of a Welsh apothecary, nd the *placens uxor* of a scolding wife. The land of his birth now receives him, and in failure of all other trades, his bashfulness prompts him to the avocation of patriotism. The sketch of the Catholic Association and his maiden speech are capital. Fate, however, now cuts the thread of his career, and vengeance pursues him in the shape of his first wife. While in the act of entangling himself for the third time in the silken fetters of Hymen, the police arrest him, and he is brought to trial for bigamy. The defence is conducted by O'Connell, whom the author happily and humorously delineates as throwing his client overboard after the first sentence of his speech, and rushing "head up" into a pathetic description of the wrongs of his injured country.

"When the case for the prosecution had closed, Mr. O'Cromwell rose for the defence.

"'May it please your lordship,—Gentlemen of the jury,—I am well aware that, to a certain extent, judgment must pass against my client. I mean not to deny the fact of his first, nor yet of his second marriage; but this I will maintain, that notwithstanding the eloquent vituperation of my learned friend, the evidence you have this day heard proves that defendant has been far more sinned against than sinning. In considering your verdict, gentleman, I trust you will take this fact into your consideration. Besides, do not let it escape your attention, that this prosecution has at least as much to do with politics as justice. The protestant magistrate, Kelly, who takes such extraordinary pains to promote it, does so, for the sole reason that the defendant is a catholic and a radical. But this is nothing new here, for Irish justice is notoriously of the Orange faction. Oh, my beloved countrymen, when shall we be free from this galling ascendancy? Where is there a lovelier climate? Where a finer peasantry? Oh, it galls me to the quick, to think that, where God has been so bountiful, man has been so base! We were designed to be a nation—we are a province. We were designed to be happy—we are miserable. But we have one consolation—WE ARE SEVEN MILLIONS!"

"'Mr. Sheilly.—I beg my learned friend's pardon. We were seven millions a month ago. We are eight now."

"'Lord Norvery.—Mr. O'Cromwell, you are traveling wholly from the record.'

"'Mr. O'Cromwell.—My lord, justice to my client compels me to show that this prosecution is for the most part of a political——'

"'Lord Norvery.—Sir, we know nothing of politics here.'

"'Mr. O'Cromwell.—I should have thought otherwise, from your lordship's extreme hurry to——'

"'Lord Norvery (in a loud voice),—I will have respect paid to the bench—I insist on it.'

"'Mr. O'Cromwell.—Really, my lord, this interruption is most ——'

"'Lord Norvery.—Oh, very well, sir, I understand your meaning. If you fancy yourself aggrieved, you know how to apply for your remedy.'

"'Mr. O'Cromwell (solemnly).—My lord, I have a vow—a sacred vow!'

"'Lord Norvery.—Enough, sir, go on.'

"'Mr. O'Cromwell.—Gentlemen, my client's case is only another proof of the necessity that exists for cleansing the fountain-heads of justice in this most afflicted country.'

"His lordship here again interrupted Mr. O'Cromwell, and the two parties continued addressing each other with inflamed gestures, at the very top of their voices, for ten minutes, while the court roared with laughter. At length, after a vehement altercation, Mr. O'Cromwell's superior wind prevailed, and he proceeded as follows:—

"'Gentlemen, I repeat my former statement,—this prosecution is almost wholly political. But thus has it ever been—thus will it ever be—until Irishmen have learned to know and vindicate their rights.

Hereditary bondsmen! know you not
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?

Yes, we are indeed a nation of bondsmen, and England is our task-master. We are hewers of wood and drawers of water, and the Saxon is our overseer. Yet Nature designed us for freedom. (A sort of running duet here took place between Mr. O'Cromwell and his lordship.) Our every hill is a fortress—"

" 'Lord Norvery.—Mr. O'Cromwell, this is no corn-exchange meeting.'

" 'Mr. O'Cromwell.—Our every road a defile'——

" 'Lord Norvery.—Sir, I insist'——

" 'Mr. O'Cromwell.—Our every field a redoubt——'

" 'Lord Norvery.—This conduct is really'——

" 'Mr. O'Cromwell.—Up then, countrymen, and be stirring! (Here his lordship sank back exhausted with his vehemence.) Up with your weapons—but let them be those of constitutional agitation! Strike, but let it be in theory! Fight, but let it be in a contest of obedience to the laws, to those laws which, where they but once thoroughly reformed, would make Ireland again what she once was—

Great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea.'

" When the learned gentleman had concluded, the venerable judge commenced summing up the evidence; after which the jury returned a verdict of 'guilty;' whereupon his lordship sentenced the prisoner to transportation for life."

—

Crayon Miscellany. By the Author of "The Sketch Book.' No. 1. Containing a Tour on the Prairies. Murray. 1835.

We question whether the most ardent admirers of forest life, those who have envied the followers of the banished duke—their green retreats in the woods of Ardenne—would derive so much enjoyment from a sudden rush into the splendid wilds of America, as from the perusal of this delightful volume. Magnificent and beautiful as nature appears in these little-trodden solitudes, sublime as are the spectacles which they present, their aspect in sunshine and storm, their stately scenery, the noble animals belonging to the brute creation roaming at liberty over the fertile plains, and the ardour and excitement afforded by the chase of these spirit-stirring objects of pursuit, all these would be deprived of their highest relish without a companion whose admirable power of making minute points tell, and whose fine taste and quick perception of beauty render him the most enchanting guide that the traveller could be blessed with. We remember having been much interested by the narrative of a journey to the Rocky Mountains, published some years ago, and which gave a very faithful delineation of the scenery and productions of the prairies. We also cherish a very lively recollection of Mr. Cooper's striking novel, one of a series of works descriptive of American life upon which his fame as an author will ultimately rest; but, notwithstanding our previous acquaintance with the subject, the novelty and freshness which this most accomplished of travellers has infused into his work, give to it an originality which we could scarcely deem it possible that it should possess.

Mr. Irving's taste for the picturesque led him to join a large party, accompanying a commissioner, who was directed to employ all his rhetoric in persuading the Indian tribes to settle quietly down to peaceable occupations. The Pawnees being still averse to every kind of restraint, and desirous to keep their grand hunting grounds free from molestation, there was some danger of hostile attack from these monarchs of the waste, a circumstance which added greatly to the interest of the journey. Nothing can be more finely described than the enthusiasm of the whole party at first setting out: the excitement which the pursuit of elks, buffalos, and wild horses, and the expected irruptions of the Pawnees, produced, and then the gradual cooling down of the spirit of enterprise, and the weary, heart-sunken, forlorn array of the return.

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Report of William Crawford, Esq. on the Penitentiaries of the United States. Printed by order of the house of commons.

On few subjects has there been more contradictory testimony, than the effects produced by the establishment of penitentiaries in the United States. One great cause of this, is the fact, that each penitentiary is subject to the local legislature; that there is consequently no uniformity in the system of discipline; and that the good effected in one state, has been frustrated by the defective or mischievous plans of another. A second cause is the neglect of statistical science in America; there is no central depôt for the state papers of the union, and the registers are not always kept with accuracy. Under these circumstances Mr. Crawford was sent by Lord Melbourne to inspect the several penitentiaries of the United States, examine the respective systems on which they are governed, with a view of ascertaining what portions of their regulations it would be practicable and expedient to apply to the prisons of this country. This report contains the result of his examination of fifteen penitentiaries, detailed with considerable minuteness. We shall, however, direct the attention of our readers only to those general propositions which seem applicable to the criminal legislation of England. The first popularity of American law noticed by Mr. Crawford, is one of great importance:—

"The most striking character, however, respecting the laws of the United States, especially to those familiar only with the circumstances and situation of criminals in Great Britain, is the desire shown for making reparation, not only to the state, by payment of a fine, but also to the party injured in cases affecting his property. In some states, in New York and Tennessee, for instance, the party injured may have execution against the convict for the amount of his loss, when capable of being estimated by damages, which is done by the jury who try the offender. In others, as Virginia and Missouri, restoration of the property stolen, or its value, forms part of the sentence. This practice obtains very generally in the cases of stealing slaves or horses; and in these instances, where restitution is not made, the sum to be paid is usually double or treble the value of the slave or horse. In Rhode Island, in the case of larceny, the owner is to receive full value as well as his property. In Connecticut, part of the punishment for forgery committed on a private person is a fine of double the amount of the damage sustained, to be paid to the injured party. The convict is generally made liable to the state for the costs of his own prosecution; but his property, if more than sufficient for this purpose, is not forfeited: indeed, the law in some instances specially provides for the administration of the estates of convicts during their imprisonment. That the fullest reparation should be made by the offender to the injured party is in the highest degree desirable, if it can be effected without, on the one hand, excluding a material, or, on the other, admitting an interested witness. But the principal object of such punishments, viz. the increased certainty of their infliction, in consequence of the additional inducement to prosecute, would not be much promoted in a community where the pecuniary circumstances of the criminals must, in the great majority of cases, render this part of the law little else than nominal. To secure the costs and fines, where the prisoner has no property, laws have in some states been passed, authorising the court to transfer the convict to any party as a hired servant for a

certain time, or to make him work out the amount in prison, by allowing him a certain sum per diem for his labour. In others he may be detained for costs, or liberated upon giving his note of hand, or continue liable to be apprehended in future should he obtain the means of payment."

The principle of procuring satisfaction to the persons injured, was always kept steadily in view by ancient legislators, but it seems strangely neglected in England. Our punishments may gratify the vindictive feelings of the prosecutor, but there is no compensation for the loss that he has sustained. In many cases, to be sure, it would be impossible to enforce restitution, still there is obvious justice in making every exertion to secure it. In England the injured person not only has to bear the original loss, but has too frequently to contribute to the expenses of the prosecution.

The penitentiary lately established at Philadelphia, appears to be the most efficient for the accomplishment of the best purposes of prison punishment, that has yet been devised. It derives its efficacy from the strictness with which solitary confinement is enforced :—

"This penitentiary is situated about a mile from the city of Philadelphia. The site occupies about twelve acres. It is built of stone and surrounded by a wall thirty feet in height. Every room is vaulted and fireproof. At each angle of the boundary wall is a tower for the purpose of overlooking the establishment. In the centre is a circular building, or observatory, from which several corridors radiate: they are under complete inspection. The cells are ranged on each side of the corridors, in the wall of which is a small aperture and iron door to each cell: through this aperture the meals of the prisoner are handed to him without his seeing the officer, and he may at all times be thus inspected without his knowledge. Other openings are provided for the purposes of ventilation and warmth. Heated air is conducted by flues from stoves under the corridors. In the arched ceiling of each cell is a window for the admission of light. The cells are eleven feet nine inches long, seven feet six inches wide, and sixteen feet high to the top of the arched ceiling. The cells on the ground floor have double doors leading into a yard, eighteen feet by eight feet, in which the convict is allowed to take exercise for an hour daily. The walls of the yard are eleven feet high. Prisoners are not allowed to walk at the same time in adjoining yards; and when in the yards are inspected by a watchman placed for that purpose in the tower of the observatory. * * * On the admission of a convict he is taken into an office at the entrance of the penitentiary and subjected to the usual course of examination. His person is cleansed and he is clothed in an uniform. He is then blindfolded and conducted to his cell. On his way thither he is for a short time detained in the observatory, where he is admonished by the warden as to the necessity of implicit obedience to the regulations. On arriving in his cell the hood is removed, and he is left alone. There he may remain for years, perhaps for life, without seeing any human being but the inspectors, the warden and his officers, and perhaps occasionally one of the official visiters of the prison. For the first day or two the convict is not allowed to have even a bible, nor is any employment given to him for at least a week, a period during which he is the object of the warden's special observation. The prisoner soon petitions for an occupation. It is not, however, until solitude appears to have effectually subdued him that employment of any kind is introduced into his cell. * * *

"So strict is this seclusion that I found, on conversing with the prisoners, that they were not aware of the existence of the cholera which had but a few months before prevailed in Philadelphia."

One advantage resulting from this seclusion, is too remarkable to be omitted :—

"The propensity of convicts, on their liberation, to revive acquaintances formed in prison is notorious. If any individual so situated be disposed to abandon his criminal habits he is too often assailed by temptations from his late associates, and threatened by exposure. An instance of this kind was related to me of a convict who had manifested great contrition for his past life, and conducted himself so well as to obtain his pardon from the Walnut-Street prison. Having been re-committed, he was asked why he had returned: he replied, 'I intended to behave well, and I went for that purpose into the state of Ohio, where I hoped that my former character would be unknown, and I might set out anew in life. I got employment and was doing well, when unfortunately I one day met a man who had been a convict here at the same time as myself. I passed him, feigning not to know him: he followed me and said, 'I know and will expose you, so you need not expect to shun me. It is folly to set out to be honest. Come with me and drink, and we will talk over old affairs.' I could not escape from him; my spirits sunk in despair, and I went with him. The result you know.' The seclusion of the eastern penitentiary removes this formidable obstacle to reformation. The convict, on leaving his cell, re-enters the world unknown by any of the former inmates of the prison."

The opponents of the system of solitary confinement assert that it is calculated to produce the most terrible of all inflictions, madness, and they quote in proof the result of experiments made at Auburn, in the state of New York, and also in the state of Maine. To this it might fairly be replied, that this fatal result has not occurred in the Gloucester Penitentiary, in the Glasgow Bridewell, or in the new establishment at Philadelphia; and that the effects produced in Auburn and Maine were owing not to solitary confinement, but to the contracted dimensions and unhealthy condition of the cells in which the experiments were conducted. Mr. Crawford gives us a fearful picture of the misery produced by these experiments :—

"A trial of solitary confinement, day and night, without labour, was made at Auburn in the year 1822, for ten months, upon eighty of the most hardened convicts. They were each confined in a cell only seven feet long, three feet and a half wide, and seven feet high. They were on no account permitted to leave the cell, during that long period, on any occasion, not even for the purposes of nature. They had no means of obtaining any change of air, nor opportunities of taking exercise. The most disastrous consequences were naturally the result.

"Several persons became insane: health was impaired, and life endangered. The discipline of the prison at that period was one of unmixed severity. There was no moral no religious instruction of any kind communicated within its walls, nor consolation administered by which the convict was enabled to bear up against the cruelty of this treatment. Nor was a trial of the same description which took place in the state of Maine, conducted under more advantageous circumstances. The night-rooms or cells at this prison are literally pits entered from the top by a ladder, through an aperture about two feet square. The opening is secured by an iron grate, used as a trap-door; the only other orifice is one at the bottom, about an inch and a half in diameter, for the admission of warm air from underneath. The cells are eight feet nine inches long, four feet six inches wide, and nine feet eight inches high. Their gloom is indescribable. The, diet, during confinement, was bread and water, only. Thus immured, and without any occupation, it will excite no surprise to learn that a man who had been sentenced to pass seventy days in one of these miserable pits hung himself after four days' imprisonment. Another condemned to sixty days also committed suicide on the twenty-fourth day. It became necessary to remove four others, who were unable to

endure this cruelty, from the cell to the hospital repeatedly before the expiration of their sentence. It is said that similar experiments have been made in Virginia, and that various diseases terminating in death, were the result. The cells in which the prisoners were confined have been since disused: they are, in fact, dungeons, being on the basement story, and so dark as to require a lamp in visiting them. In damp weather the water stands in drops on the walls. The cells were not warmed at any season of the year. A prisoner's feet were actually frozen during his confinement. No fair trial of the effects of solitude could have taken place, as has been alleged, in the penitentiary of New Jersey, the cells being so arranged that the convicts can converse with perfect freedom. From experiments of this character no just conclusions can therefore be derived unfriendly to solitary imprisonment of any kind, especially when accompanied by employment, in large and well-ventilated cells, the arrangements of which have reference to the preservation of the health, regular employment, and improvement of the mind of the offender."

Indeed, the entire system at Auburn appears the worst possible: liberty to inflict severe punishments at pleasure is granted to the overseers, the keepers, and even the under-keepers; and this authority is very frequently abused, as might indeed have been reasonably expected.

Mr. Crawford concludes his report with some very valuable suggestions; the most important are—

"That it is expedient to diminish as much as possible the number of persons committed for safe custody only, and with this view to extend the practice of taking bail as widely as is consistent with the public interests.

"That there should be a more frequent delivery of the county jails than twice in the year.

"That provision should be made in every jail and house of correction for the solitary confinement of certain classes.

"The last suggestion which I take the liberty to offer is, that arrangements should be made for enabling the convict on his discharge to earn an honest subsistence. The best system of prison discipline must necessarily be ineffectual if the offender on his liberation be unable to procure employment by which to earn a creditable livelihood. So greatly, however, does the supply of labour exceed the demand throughout England, that serious difficulties are experienced in this respect by thousands who have the advantage of character and connections, but who are nevertheless compelled to seek a subsistence by emigration to distant lands. How immeasurably are those difficulties increased when the individual is tainted by crime, and therefore shunned by society! It is in in vain to look for the means of procuring employment for the discharged convict in this country. In the colonies alone can the remedy be found. If the emigration of liberated criminals to a penal colony were encouraged, an opportunity would be afforded to the best disposed to change their habits and commence a new life. That there is a large class whose depravity would dispose them to reject such a proposal cannot be questioned, and it might form a subject of consideration whether a criminal, who had on his discharge from prison refused an offer of emigration, should not on reconviction be subjected to an increased punishment. There are, however, others who would gladly avail themselves of any opportunity by which they could escape from bad connections, and avoid the numerous temptations which inevitably beset them in this country. Emigration to Australia would be the means of enabling them to maintain themselves by industry, and become, what they never can hope to be by remaining at home, honest and useful members of society."

The last suggestion we deem particularly valuable, but it may be doubted, whether it would not be found too expensive in practice.—*Athenæum.*

Fine Arts.

The Crucifixion. By John Martin. F. G. Moon, Threadneedle Street.

This is one of those sublime works upon a scriptural foundation for which Mr. Martin is so remarkable, and in which he has no equal.

The subject of the crucifixion, in itself most wonderful and magnificent, is one which none can attempt with effect save those who possess the spirit of poetry; and this is Mr. Martin's in a high degree—to that which he touches he gives an interest and a beauty which it might otherwise want. And though this cannot be the case in the present instance, yet even here, he has been "himself alone," by striking out a new plan; and instead of rendering the "great atonement" itself his principal study, has devoted his attention to the objects around, and produced, as a whole, an effect of which it may be truly said, the minutest detail is made subservient to the grandeur of the whole.

The opening graves—the Temple—the sacred Mount of Calvary—the figures of "Mary the mother" and "John the beloved" of Jesus—all render a deep and affecting beauty in return for the interest which they themselves derive from the subject, while the whole of the engraving displays that high tone of feeling which ever has, and we believe, ever will, characterise the efforts of the artist whose work we have had so much pleasure in eulogising.—*Metropolitan.*

Finden's Landscape Illustrations of the Bible, consisting of Views of the most Remarkable Places mentioned in the Old and New Testaments. From finished Drawings, by C. Stanfield, R.A., Turner, R.A., and Calcott, R.A., and other eminent artists, made from original sketches taken on the spot. With descriptions of the plates, by the Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne, B. D. of St. John's College, Cambridge, &c. John Murray, Albemarle Street; and Charles Tilt, Fleet Street.

We give this title at full length as a kind of security for the justice of the praise we are compelled to bestow on this undertaking. The names of the artists are of themselves a sufficient warranty that the views and plates shall be good. This, the twelfth part, contains a view of Nineveh, by Turner, after James Rich, Esq. Scarcely the *debris* of this once magnificent city remains. What there is of it, and the modern Moussul, on the Tigris, make a very romantic picture. Jericho, also by Turner, after Sir A. Edmondstone, is also a very interesting and well-engraved plate; but gives us a most impotent idea of that once important city, second only to Jerusalem. Ramah, with the building called Rachel's Tomb, is also by the same person. The fore-ground is relieved by an irruption of a detachment of wolves upon a flock of sheep. The last plate of this number is a View of Damascus, which gives a good impression of that often demolished, yet still surviving city. This twelfth part supports the character, high as it is, of those that have preceded it.—*Ibid.*

Notabilia.

Autographs.—Collections of autographs had their origin about the middle of the sixteenth century, in Germany, where persons who traveled carried about with them white paper books, to obtain the signatures of persons of eminence. These albums are frequently found in the manuscript libraries of Europe; several are preserved in the British Museum; and some are adorned

with splendid illuminations. The oldest bears a date as early as 1578, and appears to have belonged to a lady. There is one in the library which belonged to George III., made for King Charles I. The Album of the Synod of Dort, 1618-9, is still extant. It was collected by John Dibbezius, or Dibbits, the pastor of the church. The earliest royal autograph of England now known, is the small figure of a cross, made by the hand of King William Rufus, in the centre of a charter by which the manor of Lambeth was granted to the church of Rochester. The next royal autograph known, is the signature of Richard II. From this time the royal signatures of England continue in uninterrupted succession.

Paint.—An American gentleman, who was lately introduced at the drawing-room at St. James's Palace, in giving an account of the scene in an American publication, says, after speaking of the queen's courteous behaviour: "She is not handsome, but from the associations which her good reputation suggests, her looks are agreeable and interesting. I saw quite an elderly lady on the queen's right hand, whose *paint*, laid upon her cheeks, reminded me of nothing so impressively as the wife of a Winnebago chief in the North West territory of America, whom I had frequently seen, in 1830, as she came from making her toilet over the mirror surface of Fox River, with the aid of an abundance of vermilion. I could positively have taken her for the wife of the Indian chief, the other parts of her dress and the circumstances of the occasion aside. I should think her about seventy years old! With this singular exception—and really it was very remarkable—all the persons in attendance upon her majesty, male and female, appeared in a very becoming manner."—*Christian Observer.*

Gold medal.—A curious gold medal was discovered a short time ago by a labourer who was excavating a part of the road on the Ashford line, near Tunbridge-Bridge. It is one of the Roman emperors, and the obverse is a Roman head in relief, with an inscription which is said to denote its being commemorative of Severus. The head is encircled with small garnets, inlaid. It appears to have been worn as an ornament, as a rudely chased suspender is attached to the top of it. This piece of antiquity is now in the possession of Mr. Eastes, of Canterbury.—*Kentish Paper.*

Ancient Remains.—As a number of workmen were digging in a field on the right-hand side of Barkby-lane, Leicester, and lately laid out for building, about three or four feet below the surface of the earth they turned up several skulls, besides various other bones connected with the human frame. The extraordinary size of the leg-bones plainly indicated the parties, when living, to have been a stout and, no doubt, hardy race of men. Several sets of teeth were also discovered in a perfect state; but how and at what time they were buried history furnishes no record.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

Papyrus.—Professor Seyfarth, speaking of the result of his gleanings last year in the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities at Turin, observes, the most important discovery he made has been an outline of Egyptian history, described on each of the closely-filled sides of a papyrus, between fourteen and eighteen feet long, and two feet broad. It corresponds with the customary chronological accounts, by dating its narrative from the times of the dominion of the pagan deities. The first sovereigns of Egypt were Ammon, Vulcanus, and Ammon Sol; then follow their successors until the days of Osiris, Typhon, Horus, Thouth, Anubis, and Horus II.; the whole comprising an interval of thirteen thousand nine hundred and seventeen years, and corresponding in this respect with Manetho's testimony.

Roman Remains—at Kent-street, Southwark, and St. Clement's-Lane, London.—In the burial-ground of the Dissenters' Chapel, in Deverill-street, New Dover-road, which is situated about two hundred yards southwest of Kent-Street, a part of the line of the ancient Watling-street, Roman urns, lacrymatories of glass, and other vessels, are found almost on every occasion when the ground is open for a fresh interment. A very perfect and elegantly formed urn of gray pottery, eight inches high, seven inches in diameter at the top, and three at the bottom, containing calcined bones, evidently carefully separated from the embers of the funeral pile, has recently been discovered. Mr. Martin, an undertaker, who resides near the chapel, has numerous articles of similar antiquity in his possession, found on the same spot, and among them several fragments of highly polished bronze mirrors, which have apparently been *purposely broken* at the interment of the ashes of the females to whom they had probably belonged. These remains decidedly mark the site of a Roman or Romano-British burial-ground.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

From the Annual Report of the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, just published, it appears that "a very considerable augmentation of its income, and a proportionate increase in the circulation of its publications, have taken place in the past year. Its income has amounted to the sum of 74,000*l.* 16*s.* 5*d.*, being an increase upon the preceding year of more than 3,000*l.* The total number of its publications circulated during the past year has amounted to 2,152,073, being an increase of 72,000 upon the preceding year." The statement is exclusive of the books circulated by the committee of general literature and education. The number of publications circulated by that committee alone in one year, including the *Saturday Magazine*, has amounted to 5,163,929. Of the *Saturday Magazine*, which was their earliest work, an increase of the amount of nearly *fifteen thousand* numbers in each week has taken place; and the average of the weekly circulation, including the Supplements, is now more than *ninety-five thousand.* The total number of copies sold in the past year, is *four millions nine hundred and fifty-seven thousand and eighty-four.* The total number of the publications sold in the past year, exclusive of the *Saturday Magazine*, is *two hundred and six thousand eight hundred and forty-five.*—*Ibid.*

Unrolling a Mummy.—Two newspapers, the "Belfast News Letter" and the "Guardian" have been kindly forwarded to us, in both of which an account is given of the unrolling a mummy, brought to this country and presented to the Natural History Society of Belfast by Mr. Greg. So many mummies have of late been unrolled, and the results have been so uniform, that we shall, on this occasion, confine ourselves to a general notice of such facts and discoveries only as appear to have been peculiar. According to the interpretation given by the Rev. Dr. Hincks of the hieroglyphics on the coffin, the body was that of an unmarried female of the name of Kabooti, the daughter of a priest of Ammon, whose parents were dead at the time of her decease; but there was no legible part of the inscription which gave any precise information respecting the era when she lived; which, however, is presumed to have been about 2000 or 2500 years ago. According to the "Guardian," on unrolling the body sundry porcelain tubes, about three quarters of an inch in length, were found, through which some filaments of the cotton had been passed: these the "News Letter" seems to describe as part of the ornaments of the outer shawl in which the body was enveloped. In the course of unfolding the numerous wrappers, various dead insects (and one living one! described as about the size of—query, was it not?—a flea) were found, and on approaching the mummy these became more numerous, and the chest and the parts connected with the abdomen, says the "Guardian," had been either completely decomposed or devoured by insects, the space being occupied by large quantities of their larvæ. "The cloth," observes the "News Letter," "had evidently been

perforated by them in many places, and an immense multitude of either dead larvæ, or not improbably the exuviæ of the beetles, were discovered within pledgets of cotton. One leg, the arms, the upper part of the breast, and the head, were now entirely exposed to view, and an examination of the body itself soon commenced. The hair was in excellent preservation, being very fine, about three inches and a half long, forming ringlets like those of children, and of a deep auburn shade, with not the slightest appearance of wool—the eyes were replaced by balls of cotton—the lips, cheeks, and sides of the head had suffered much from the attacks of the insects, many of which were found deeply imbedded in the round holes which they had perforated in the flesh—the teeth were white, regular, and very pretty, and with one single exception not an unsound one could be seen—the appearance of the dentes sapientiæ proved the age of the body at death not to have been less than twenty, or more than thirty. The foot was particularly small and beautifully shaped. The body was five feet and one inch long." Afterwards some minor mummies were examined. "Two of these," says the "Guardian," "turned out to be the remains of snakes, and in an earthen jar, supposed to contain the mummy of a sacred Ibis, the egg of one of these birds was found enveloped in numerous folds of cotton cloth, of a much softer nature and looser texture than that in which the body of Kabooti was wrapped." —*Athenæum.*

Vittora Wheat, yielding two harvests in the year.—Loudon's horticultural and agricultural notices, last autumn, gave satisfactory accounts of the experiment tried in Somersetshire, of planting this valuable present made to his country by Sir Robert Ker Porter, our consular resident in that part of South America where it is a native of the soil. Loudon reports it to have given great promise, both from its spring and summer sowing. In Warwickshire, we ourselves know that it succeeded so well as to produce a fine crop in July last year, though, by an accident, it had been planted a month too late; and it yielded a particularly sweet and well-tasted flour, from which excellent bread was made. The proper times for sowing are February (which gives its harvest in June) and in June (which yields its harvest in October).

Quicksilver *versus* Steam-Power.—The Earl of Dundonald (better known as Lord Cochrane) was examined last session before the commons' committee on steam navigation to India. His Lordship, among other matters, said he had projected "a substitute for steam," as well as "a new mode of propelling vessels." The substitute for steam is quicksilver; and he employs it "to produce power by exhausting one vessel and compressing air in another, thus forming an atmospheric *plenum* and a *vacuum*, which will produce the same effect as the plenum and vacuum formed by the generation of steam and its condensation." This plan (superseding the necessity of carrying coals) he added, is peculiarly adapted to agitated water, like the sea. The plan may be wholly worked without fuel. The evidence and papers are too long for extract, but his lordship concludes this part of his evidence with stating, that "vessels filled with quicksilver apparatus might be provided with sails of the usual kind; there would be no smoke nor any fire, and there need be no indication from their external appearance that they are equipped in any other manner than as sailing vessels. As to the method of propelling *without paddle wheels* (his lordship says,) I should be happy to lay it before the committee, were my patent right secured."

The Potato.—Mr. Hickley has communicated to the "Irish Farmer's Journal" a very singular and successful experiment tried upon the potato in the county of Dublin: A gentleman, who holds a farm of 150 acres, planted in the usual manner 34 acres under potatoes in 1832; the result was, a complete failure of the crop. This induced him to try many experiments upon the root, all of which failed except the following: he took six potatoes and divided them into twenty cuts; he then got a large basin of water, into which he put a cupful of salt and a piece of blue stone about the size of a walnut. He put ten of the cuts into the basin, and let them remain there one entire night. On the following day he procured a very strong microscope, through which he examined the entire twenty cuts. On the ten cuts which were not immersed in the basin he could distinctly perceive many small white particles like eggs; and those cuts which were immersed presented no such appearance whatsoever. This discovery urged him to follow up the examination attentively; and every day, for a short period, he continued to watch the appearance of the aforesaid matter. The result was, that those white globular particles were animalcula, for in a few days they became quite visible to the naked eye in the form of worms or maggots. The cuts that had been steeped never showed the slightest appearance of any such thing, and they retained their solidity and firmness when the other ten cuts were completely decayed and rotted. Still unwilling to believe without further proof, he tried the experiment five or six times, and planted them, distinctly marking a division between those cuts which were steeped and those that were not. The consequence was, the almost total failure of the one kind and the complete success of the others placed the question beyond the possibility of a doubt. He considers that the air has a powerful effect upon the potato, and may sometimes impregnate it with this destructive matter.—*N. Monthly.*

Literary Intelligence.

Dr. Bird's deeply interesting novel, "Calavar," has been published in London under the title of "Abdallah, the Moor."

Mrs. Butler's Journal was to be published in London in May.

The poets Thomas Moore, William Wordsworth, and Robert Southey, are all at present in London, and each of them preparing to publish a new work. Southey is engaged on the Life and Works of Cowper.

The publication, in monthly parts, of Sir Jonah Barrington's popular History of the Irish Union is continued in regular order by the issue of the third part, in which the portraits, by the spirited hand of the elder Heath, consist, among others, of Arthur O'Connor, the Earl of Moira, Mr. Butler, &c.

The Pilgrims of Walsingham, or Tales of the Middle Ages, an Historical Romance, by Agnes Strickland.

A Journal of a Seven Years' Residence in New South Wales, by J W. Ord, Esq.

The Two Friends, a novel, by the Countess of Blessington, 3 vols. small 8vo., 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Burke's History of the Commoners of Great Britain and Ireland, Part VIII. (completing the 2d vol.) 7*s.* 6*d.*

Lives of the most Eminent Literary and Scientific Men, by R. Southey, James Montgomery, &c. &c. vol. I. (forming Vol. LXIII. of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia,) 6*s.*

Mr. Valpy has announced for publication, a new and illustrated edition of Pope's Works; to be edited by Dr. Croly, with a new Life, Notes, and Critical Observations on each poem. The work is to be published in six monthly volumes, on the plan of Byron, Scott, and Shakspeare. The engravings are of a superior kind, from drawings made expressly for the edition.

Shakspeare's Knowledge of Zoology, Botany, Physiology, Chemistry, Medicine, &c. will be displayed and illustrated by notes, original and selected.

From Fraser's Magazine.

CHARLES LAMB, ESQ.

Accident or caprice has delayed our notice of Charles Lamb until he was no more. We should have wished to record our great esteem for that kind-hearted, generous, and honourable man, during his life; but we now can do no more than offer up our tribute to his tomb.

Charles Lamb was one of those who in the beginning of his career thought that the French revolution was destined to bring about the reign of peace and good will; and with brighter, or at least more famous, spirits, he underwent the imputation of being a Jacobin. The muse of Canning called upon

"Southey and Coleridge, Lloyd and Lamb, and Co.,"

to praise some forgotten creature who was at one period a member of the directory. What were Southey's feelings at the time, he has immortally laid down in his letter to William Smith, whose worthless name is thereby preserved in our literature—we know from the tenor of Coleridge's life how little he deserved to be confounded by Canning with the crew of Jacobinism—as little did Lamb merit the censure; but those who love his name will not be sorry to find it on any pretence yoked to such company.

He was born in London, and educated in Christ's Hospital, as he has told us in some of his charming essays. Be it observed, however, that when an affected knot of pestilent scribblers intruded itself upon the public, some sixteen or seventeen years ago, and earned the title of the Cockney School, nobody was more solicitous than Lamb (who wrote, with some of the crew, for the *London Magazine*) to rid himself of all suspicion of being connected with them. Professor Wilson tells a droll story about Lamb's anxiety on this subject, but we have not room for it here.

From his situation in the office of the accountant-general in the India House, he derived a handsome income. He was very diligent and attentive in his department, being always to be found at his desk in the forepart of the day. He complained occasionally of the regularity imposed upon him. "I have had my little month already," he says, in a letter to a friend; "and, without incurring *disagreeable* favour, I cannot so much as get a single holiday till the season returns with the next year. Even our half hour's absences from office are noted in a book." And we know quite enough of the policy and prudence of the governing powers in the underling departments of the India Company, to be quite aware that the favours bestowed without scruple upon some libeling whig or tail-kissing papist, whom they rejoice to employ, would be made matter of grudge or insult if requested by a gentleman or a man of genius. At four o'clock he was emancipated, and away he went to Islington, there to dine with his sister—the sister, and friend, and admirer, and housekeeper, all in one. Then pleasant were the little parties, agreeable he ever varying chatter, endless the puns, made with good or bad fortune, as the case might be—then all the old favourite books (at some of which he is poring in our accompanying sketch, and eagerly expounding their merits in his eyes with flashing glance and eloquent tongue, the old familiar bottles being before him,) were quoted and requoted with infinite delight; until at last, the good drink having done its office, the due quantity of tobacco having been smoked to its last white ashes, he broke his pipe and wended to his bed, to rise again in the morning, fresh for the accounts of Mother Company.

Truly was he possessed of a quaint expression, a guileless wit, a gentle appreciation of the good things said and done in the old days by the old masters of the English tongue; and his verses, published with those of Lloyd, his *Rosamond Grey*, his *Old Blind Margaret*, his *John Woodville*, his odd lines, full of feeling and thought—(who forgets his *Verses for an Album*, or his *Old Familiar Faces?*)—his essays under the signature of Elia (he was, we believe of Jewish family, and his real name Lomb), or his stories from Shakspeare, well deserve that he should take a rank among those of whom he loved to speak. Adieu, then, kind Charles Lamb! long will thy conversations abide in the mind of those who heard them as (to use thine own words in the preface to the *Tales from Shakspeare*,) "enrichers of the fancy, strengtheners of virtue, a withdrawing from all selfish feelings and thoughts, a lesson of all sweet and honourable actions to teach courtesy, benignity, generosity, humanity"—for of examples teaching these virtues "thy life" was full.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

WILLIAM PITT.

PART III.

It is remarkable as a national distinction, and still more remarkable as a public advantage, that in England all the great principles of the life of nations are in a state of perpetual enquiry. In the continental kingdoms the sole object of public interest is the conduct of the monarch or the minister. In France a new era has lately begun, but it is still the infancy of legislation, and may never reach the manhood. Even in America, we hear of little more than the tricks of elections transferred to the tricks of congress; quarrels among obscure *coteries*; in the villages expanded into interminable speeches in the legislature; and the whole annual labour of American wisdom, compiled for the world in the speech of the president, whose whole labour seems to be that of lucky finance, and whose financial triumphs, in the midst of a new world, demanding the largest liberality of government to foster the growing powers of the people, seems to be limited to the saving of so many dollars this year, within the narrowest scale of national penury the year before. But in England we have topics of a more deliberate, manly, and majestic order. With us, all is not one sullen stream of the feelings, allied to despotism,—a Lethe, in which the national mind sinks, and is buried; nor one furious democratic torrent, in which it is hurried breathlessly along.

The breadth and depth of the public mind among us allows room for many currents—for all the innumerable impulses of earth and heaven upon its expanse—for the tempest to shake its surface, without penetrating its depths—and, above all, for that great periodic revolution which never fails—that perpetual recurrence and tide of thoughts and things, which is essential at once to its uses and to its salubrity. The advantage of this fortunate distribution, this return of events and renewal of discussions, is to be directly found in the knowledge of public principles which it constantly calls into exercise—in the ceaseless vigilance over public men and affairs which it demands—and in the solid experience which it administers to the successive generations of a land, where freedom always lives, and is always tried by power, popular rashness, or individual corruption.

A strong instance is before us at this hour.

The head of the state is arraigned for exerting the right of choosing his ministers. The charge is a grave one. But here we are not driven to the necessity of investigating political problems, of diving into the obscure mysteries of the constitution, nor even of revolving the pages of remote history. But half a century has elapsed since a king of England exerted the same right, under the strongest circumstances of personal difficulty and public clamour. We are thus not driven to the prevarication of living testimony for our facts, but appeal to the past, and are answered from registers which have passed beyond the influences of faction;—we draw the lessons of political wisdom from founts which are sealed against all the turbidness of the time. But in these evidences from the lips of the ancestry of freedom, we have not merely the moving principles,—we have the more substantial wisdom of the actual results. We see the monarch, in 1783, after having received a ministry forced on him by circumstances, and bearing with that ministry until it fell by its own act, summoning other men to his councils; pronouncing his unalterable right to exert this power for the benefit of the nation; resisting all efforts to overthrow his resolution; and finally succeeding, and casting the fallen cabinet into a minority of twenty-three years.

On the 2d of April, 1783, the memorable coalition ministry was declared. The Duke of Portland, first lord of the treasury; Fox, secretary for foreign affairs; Lord North, home secretary; Lord John Cavendish, chancellor of the exchequer; Lord Keppel, first lord of the admiralty; Lord Stormont, president of the council; Lord Carlisle, privy seal. The change of members in the cabinet was characteristic. Lord North's cabinet had consisted of nine. In the Rockingham and Shelburne cabinets, the number had been eleven; it was now but seven. The number of cabinet ministers may be so far increased, as to form a serious obstacle to deliberation, and a large cabinet is generally a suspicious evidence of the soundness of ministry. It looks too like compromise; men are paid for their principles by the indulgence of their vanity. But Fox's number was a direct contrivance for power. He had not merely the three Rockingham votes, while Lord North had brought in but two of his friends; but Fox's votes, the Duke of Portland, Lord Keppel, and Lord John Cavendish, were not only more bound to him, but they exercised higher departments. The treasury, the admiralty, and the exchequer, could be but feebly counteracted by the presidency of the council and the privy seal. Fox was thus virtual sovereign; yet he moved his sceptre gently over the head of his colleague. He suffered him to dispose of lord stewardships and lord chamberlainships; and thus, if he did not atone for the privation of power, at least softened the abruptness of its decline. In the minor but active offices, Fox again asserted his sway. The great name of Burke less added to than adorned the administration, as paymaster of the army. His brother Richard, with Sheridan, were made secretaries of the treasury, and Colonel Fitzpatrick was secretary at war.

It is a truth, and a truth that does the highest honour to England, that nothing can compensate in the public feeling for want of principle. The coalition ministry was composed of the most brilliant materials that England had ever seen. In other days, the solitary genius of a Walpole or a Chatham had thrown a lustre over the general mediocrity of the cabinet. But here were collected the most powerful orators, and the leading wits, and the most accomplished individuals of the highest ranks of society. Fox's public eloquence was beyond all rivalry for strength, vividness, and feeling. North's wit was exquisite and incessant. The annals of oratory have never seen an equal to the grandeur of Burke's conception, and the colouring of his language. Lord Townshend's promptitude and pleasantry, and Fitzpatrick's grace, animation, and elegance, were incomparable in their day of general pleasantry and animation. Of Townshend, who then replaced the Duke of Richmond, we have heard much from local knowledge. He had been already distinguished in his profession, having been second in command under the celebrated Wolfe; and, on the death of that officer, forcing the enemy, panic-struck by their extraordinary defeat, to surrender Quebec, and with it the French empire in the West. But it was in Ireland, a much more difficult position, that he shone. Whether from ill fortune, ignorance, or the general inaptitude of the English noble to adopt the habits of other countries, England has been in general strikingly unlucky in her Irish viceroys. Among the long list of representatives of majesty, from the famous and ill-fated Strafford, but one had hitherto acquired the good will of the Irish people, and that one was the Earl of Chesterfield. His instruments were neither the profundity of his wisdom, nor the zealotry of his opinions, but his wit, his invincible good-humour, and his punctilious attention to the enjoyments of the people. He has left behind him an enduring monument of his lieutenancy, in the formation of a vast park in the neighbourhood of the Irish capital, which he reclaimed from being in the state of a swamp, and made one of the finest pieces of public ground in Europe. His plea

santries are still recorded among the people, and his name will be remembered as long as there is recollection for public services.

The viceroys who succeeded each other with such rapidity, from the commencement of the reign of George III., and whose rapid succession was one of the calamities of the country, were uniformly unfortunate in their efforts for popular regard. Even from the period when to conciliate popularity had become a direct ministerial purpose, the failure was scarcely less palpable. Lord Harcourt's intelligence and vigour were forgotten in the chillness of his manners. Lord Buckinghamshire's knowledge, and what was called his aristocratic zeal for the interests of the country. were but a feeble drawback on haughtiness. Lord Carlisle's elegant scholarship was laughed at as spurious refinement. The Duke of Portland and Lord Temple, though each highly valued in the beginning of their government, yet closed their career in general indifference. Lord Worthington was an invalid, and unable to join in the national spirit of festivity. Townshend, fond of society, a humourist, acquainted with various stages of life, naturally of a vigorous understanding, cultivated in the school of experience, and largely acquainted with political and personal difficulty, possessed the exact measure of qualifications to make him a favourite among a people equally remarkable for talent, recklessness, and pleasantry. Faculties like his naturally delighted in similar companionship; and the table of the lord-lieutenant speedily became the central point of a crowd of the wits and humourists of Ireland. An eloquent opposition was either boldly met, or artfully softened by a treasury bench equally abounding in argument and pleasantry. Townshend's *bon mots* were passed from lip to lip through the streets; and though his direct mission was at once to break down a powerful party, which had taken the reins of government out of the hands of the minister, and to resist an opposition adorned by the highest talents of Ireland, two tasks either of which might have baffled very remarkable abilities, and which actually involved him in the keenest personal altercations with party; yet those hostilities were scarcely echoed, and never felt by the general body of the nation. His congenial good humour covered his multitude of political sins; his manly temper, soldierly bearing, and promptitude of wit, made him the purchaser of "golden opinions" of all sorts of men; and when he at length, after his allotted term of five years, gave up office, he was followed by the universal regrets of the nation.

This example is important from its evidence of the qualities essential to the successful government of Ireland. A great English satrap cannot govern it. No expenditure of his money, however lavish, will atone for the reserve of his manners. Political knowledge is not enough, where the true science is knowledge of human nature. Birth, public distinctions, eloquence, and scholarship, have all been singly exhibited on the largest scale, and all successively failed. Prodigality of expense, and personal dissipation, have been tried in their turn, and have discovered, by painful experience, that they utterly miscalculated the Irish character. The true power of popularity resides in sympathy, in the adoption of the national feelings, without giving way to the national follies, and in at once making due allowance for prejudices, and in vigorously coercing crimes. To cultivate national esteem in Ireland by laxity of personal character, by idle profusion, or licentious excesses, is altogether to mistake the national mind. Stained as the public fame of the country has been by the predominance of a fierce faction, the mind of the countless majority is still quick to judge, and keen to censure the slightest relaxation of the nobler qualities of our nature. Perhaps the best viceroy for Ireland would be an Irishman, sufficiently trained to English habits to escape the predilections of his birth, but sufficiently retaining the feelings of his original nature to enter into the sentiments and impulses, the common enjoyments, as well as the common sufferings, of his country.

Fitzpatrick, the new secretary at war, was a leading figure of this group of the high-bred and accomplished. He had the solid qualities of a gallant soldier, some of the talents of a statesman, and all the graces of a man of the first fashion. With a person manly, commanding, and handsome, and manners which, though lofty, were elegant, he was naturally admired among those courtly circles to which such advantages are objects of peculiar admiration. But in addition he had a fine taste for literature; and, though he exhibited his powers chiefly in the lighter poetry, this poetry was remarkable for point, polish, and even, not seldom, for pathetic beauty. From early association he had been the friend,—from public habits he had become the partisan, of Fox. Unhappily, not content with following the political principles, he adopted the personal weaknesses of that distinguished personage. At Brookes's the passion for play was ruinous and universal; and Fitzpatrick, always accustomed to lead the fashion, plunged headlong into the fatal error of his tribe. Perhaps no instance of individual vice, not amounting to a public crime, was ever punished more publicly than the gaming of Fox and his favourites, Fitzpatrick and Sheridan. The gaming table, unquestionably, was the primary obstacle to the national confidence in the great leader of opposition. The general language was, "Can we trust a notorious gamester with the finance of the country, or can we rely on his prudence as a statesman who has ruined himself as a private individual?" To this language there was, and there can be, no secure denial; the same intemperate eagerness for indulgence, the same disregard for public morals, and the same reckless defiance of inevitable disgrace and dilapidation, must form the ingredients of the character under whatever accidental changes of position. The distance between St. James's and Downing streets could not teach sudden self-control, nor the command of the vast resources of the English treasure inculcate economy in a mind whose principle was profusion. Sheridan, with all his genius, was cast down by this vice through all the grades of public contempt, until he perished. Fitzpatrick finally closed his showy career in decay of mind,

body, and reputation. Fox was morally exiled from the high station for which he was formed by nature, for which his fine abilities designated him from early life, and for which he continually struggled, with the keenest eagerness of political ambition.

The remaining appointments of this notorious ministry were rapidly made. Lee was brought back to the solicitor-generalship; Lord Northington was sent by Fox to the Irish government. The Duke of Manchester was named ambassador to Paris. The only difficulty was raised on the disposal of the chancellorship. The king desired to retain it in Lord Thurlow's hands; it was offered to Lord Loughborough, who declined it, and it was at length put into commission.

All was triumph for the time on the part of the Foxites. They had trampled on Shelburne, whom they hated, and had overcome the king, whom they regarded as almost a personal opponent. Never was a party more apparently secure, nor whose security was destined to afford a stronger lesson of the fallacy of all political confidence. Looking round the whole public horizon, they saw not a vestige of hostility capable of being matured into resistance. The king was indignant but passive, Pitt had returned to his books, and seemed to think only of returning to his profession. Shelburne had shrunk from public life in sullen resignation. Thurlow was still fierce and still ambitious, but his power had passed away, his personal character had no charm for popularity. He rolled his thunders still, but at a distance; their fires were ineffectual, and even their growlings were forgotten. One figure alone in the cabinet exhibited a melancholy contrast to the rejoicings of the new circle of power. North's prime minister for twelve sessions, now sat the possessor of an inferior office, lost in a crowd which once either feared or followed him. But no man was more fitted to grace adversity. His exhaustless good humour, his universal good nature, and a wit which neither time nor circumstance had the effect of depressing, rendered him still the delight of the house, and threw round his fall a respect which was often refused to the bolder pretensions of his confederates in authority.

A similar descent has since occurred, in the case of Lord Sidmouth. But his premiership had been of too short a duration to leave on him the stamp of fallen supremacy; and he was spared, by his removal to the house of peers, the contrast between the holder of the first office of the state and the secretary for the home department. With regard to North himself, the original intention had been to give him a peerage; but other considerations repelled the object. He felt that his retirement from the house of commons would throw the whole power of the state into the hands of his colleague—that Fox would be, not merely prime minister, but sole minister—and that the friends and adherents of the North interest would be gradually drawn away, or extinguished in the overwhelming force of his rival.

The first operations which came before parliament were those on which, perhaps, the character of an English administration is most rapidly decided—finance. The budget was opened on the 16th of April. Nothing could be more unfortunate than its attempts to relieve the national burdens. A loan of twelve millions was negotiated. The abuses which had been so loudly charged upon Lord North's administration were diligently adopted by its successors. The chief part of the loan was privately taken, 7,700,000*l.* being subscribed by eleven bankers, nearly upon their own terms, the remaining 4,300,000*l.* were distributed among the bankers in general, the monied companies, and *private friends*. But the negotiation had no sooner transpired than it produced an universal outcry. Pitt headed the opposition on the subject. He demonstrated that the holders had no less a bonus than *six per cent*—complained that the benefits of public competition had been disdained, and declaring that competition was ready, forced the chancellor of the exchequer to acknowledge that he had been offered to the amount of sixty millions. Lord Shelburne proved that the national loss on this single bargain amounted to 650,000*l.*! The bonus actually rose to eight per cent before the bargain was concluded. But the public opinion was still more unequivocally marked by the general fall of the stocks. The three per cent consols at the beginning of the ministry were at 70, by December of the same year they were at 56,—a fall totally unprecedented, without a war, or any public calamity to shake the confidence of the people.

Soon after this exposure, Pitt followed up the blow by bringing in a bill for the abolition of fees in the public offices. The subject is still so amusing from the extravagance of this old abuse, that we shall give an abstract of his speech. The chancellor of the exchequer had opposed the motion on the ground of inutility: Pitt proceeded to show its necessity. "He would prove that abuses in offices of revenue really existed, and to a very great amount. In the navy office, when an enquiry was instituted by the (Shelburne) board of treasury, the answer was, that no *fees* were received by that office. On a closer examination, however, it came out, that though *fees* were not received, *gifts* were—that those were received by many of the officers, and that, among the rest, the chief clerk of the office, whose salary was but 250*l.* a year, received no less than 2500*l.* in gifts. Those were the wages of corruption, and undoubtedly hazardous to the efficiency of the ships and stores, inasmuch as they were bribes to silence on abuses. Contracts had been made which gratified the government and the country by their apparent lowness. The solution of the enigma, however, was, that the officers who were to look to the execution of the contract were in the pay of the contractor. The secretaryship of the post office had a salary of 600*l.*; the annual income, by fees on the packets, was made up to 3000*l.* The two secretaries of the treasury had 2000*l.* a year each; but in war the fees swelled those salaries to 5000*l.* The supply of furniture for the public offices was one general abuse, there being evidence that officers not only made no scruple to order the different articles, at the public expense, to their dwelling-houses in town, but to their country houses, and that at the most extravagant rate. The abuses in the public offices

under the head of stationary were almost incredible, and frequently ridiculous in the extreme. He had heard of rooms papered with the public stationary. The annual charge for stationary was above 18,000*l.*; and it would, he believed, astonish the noble lord in the blue ribbon (North) to learn,—for he fully believed that the noble lord had no idea of any such circumstance,—that the year before last he had cost the public no less than 1300*l.* in stationary; and, great as this sum must appear to gentlemen, he should not have wondered,—knowing, as he did, of what curious articles the bill was composed,—if the amount had been as many thousands. One item of the bill was a charge of 340*l.* for *whip cord!*" The motion was agreed to, a committee appointed, and the bill passed the commons; but it was finally opposed by ministers in the lords, and lost.

Pitt might have made statements still more ludicrous, and not less true. A man of large fortune, and member of parliament, was publicly mentioned, who, on his being made a lord of trade, gave an order for a superfluity of pewter ink-stands for his own use. The ink-stands were brought, and he instantly exchanged the whole with the dealer for a handsome silver one. This piece of dexterity was too prosperous not be followed up. He was said to have ordered green velvet enough to make him a complete court dress, under pretence of making bags to contain his office papers. Stationary, the old official temptation, had not escaped his adhesive touch. His correspondents could recognise in his letters the office paper, full ten years after the board of trade itself was no more.

The interesting portion of this period is the king's conduct to the administration. He made no secret of his disapproval. He openly declared that they had been forced upon him; and the result may be deemed a sufficient prediction of their fate, whenever a ministry shall thus have roughly grasped at power. In the audience given to the Duke of Portland on the formation of the cabinet, his majesty said, that he had no inclination to suppress his sentiments on the subject; that, feeling the new arrangements to be altogether compulsory, the new ministers might dispose of the places of government just as they pleased; that he would not oppose, nor refuse his signature to any act presented to him officially for his sanction; but that the responsibility of advising the measures must rest solely with themselves. But his displeasure was still more distinctly marked by the declaration that he would not create any British peers on their recommendation, and by his displeasure at Lord Stormont's (his personal friend) accepting the presidency of the council.

This was the brilliant portion of Fox's life. He never was so animated, active, and vigorous, alike in parliamentary exertion and in general intercourse with society, as at this period. The virtual head of the government, he exhibited all the obvious requisites for this high position in an extraordinary degree. Always a most powerful debater, he was now an indefatigable one;—always fond of society, he now gave himself to the full play of his social capacities;—always sportive, good humoured, and abounding in pleasantry, he was now the universal delight and leader of all that was sparkling and accomplished in the gay conflicts and collisions of wits, scholars, and men of the world. His entertainments to the ambassadors and other distinguished strangers, as foreign minister, were of the most costly order. No man was better acquainted with the habits of foreign life. His knowledge of the French language was unusually perfect, and his intelligence on the various interests of the continental courts, and the chief points of diplomatic ceremonial and law, surprised all those who had seen him only in his dissipated hours. But Fox was capable of singularly close application, the ground-work of a vast variety of general knowledge had been early laid in his mind, and that mind was of so powerful and retentive a texture, that while it mastered the most perplexing subjects with apparent ease, it seldom lost any thing which it had once acquired. But here panegyric must close. If Fox had been formed for the express purpose of showing how the finest talents might be rendered useless, he would have perfectly fulfilled his vocation. Born with a hereditary veneration for monarchy and aristocracy, he sacrificed all his objects to the shout of the populace. Entering public life in the service of government, and the son of a royal adherent, his first labour was to separate himself from the royal cause, and, by dealing out personalities against the sovereign, sow the seeds of irreparable personal alienation; adapted by nature, and trained by habit, for the highest exercises of the noblest of human sciences —statesmanship—his whole governmental supremacy, from the beginning to the close of a life of fifty-eight years, amounted to less than two. His errors and virtues are now alike in that spot where censure and praise are equally unheard. The sacredness of the grave interposes itself between all bitterness and his memory. But we may justly lament that such powers should have been so lost to his country while he remained here, and that from his tomb we can draw no other moral than of defeated hopes, wasted ability, and worn-out fame.

The close of the year 1783 was a moral on a larger scale, a moral of the infinite uncertainty of all national provision for peace, the uncertainty of all great public transactions, and the short-sightedness of all political prediction. If Europe had possessed a temple of Janus, it would have been shut by the general hand of mankind. Peace had been made with all the leading belligerents of the world—with France, Spain, America, and lastly with Holland. Even the eastern disturber, Hyder Ali, the most formidable military genius which India had produced since the days of Aurungzebe, had closed his career but the December before; intelligence of which had arrived just at the period of the general signatures of European peace. Every thing promised the most unbroken tranquillity for an unlimited length of time. Yet, but a few years were to pass before Europe was to be involved in the bloodiest and most subverting hostilities known since the fall of the Roman empire.

The fates of parties and politicians sink into insignificance beside those tremendous examples

of the instability of human beings. But it is remarkable that the supremacy of the Foxite administration was similarly verging on the most fatal fall, at the moment of its most acknowledged supremacy. The moral is, that no administration, forced upon the King of England, can be of long continuance, and no moral is more salutary for the preservation of British freedom. No one now conceives the possibility of arbitrary power issuing from the throne. Every one, but the wildest partisan, is aware of its formidable probability of exercise by the populace. It is therefore of the first importance that a great protective power should be found somewhere, and it is obvious that this power cannot be placed with more wisdom in any portion of the community than in the individual who, alone, having nothing to hope or fear, being personally exempt from all injury, and equally exempt from all political temptation, is naturally placed in the best position to think gravely, act wisely, and deal honestly, in all the great concerns of empire.

Yet the mode in which the royal displeasure operated to overthrow the coalition, was at once so simple and so circuitous, that it forms one of the most striking cases of cause and effect in court history. Fox had offered such irreparable offence to the king in person, that reconciliation was never attempted by him. From the beginning, he felt that he must depend on himself, and the calm intractability of the sovereign, evinced, as it was on several occasions, determined the minister to lose nothing by deference to the royal feelings. But there was another consciousness strongly urging Fox to bold hazards. He had been the man of the people. He was so no more. His junction with North had loaded him with the sins of the old cabinet, enhanced by the sins of the new. He was openly charged even with having brought to the blunders of Lord North political frauds of his own. No state manœuvre had ever been pregnant with a more unpopular progeny than the coalition. It was clear that the minister had lost his popularity. He could no longer, in case of triumph, strengthen himself with the people. He could as little, in case of failure, retreat upon the people. In this difficulty he took the daring measure of rendering himself independent of both king and people.

The memorable India Bill was alike the intended instrument of his ambition, and the means of his ruin. Its history is now too notorious, or too remote, for public interest. The results alone are important, as substantiating the general moral of resistance to the constitutional authority of the king. The first English East India Company was established in 1600. The charter was renewed successively by James I., Charles I., James II., and William and Mary. A second company was established in 1698. The two were finally combined in 1708. Those companies were strictly commercial, and their privileges, constitution, and government, were regulated by the necessities of traffic. But another scene, unequaled in European or Oriental history, was now to open. The traders became sovereigns; the victories of Clive, a great military genius, who, like his masters, had risen from the desk to wield the truncheon, and whose gallantry deserved the sceptre, threw back the gates of an empire which every hour saw extending. The vast provinces of Bengal, Bohar, and Orissa, with the five Northern Circars, provinces equal to European kingdoms, were the prizes of the British sword. The factious illiberality of party libel, or the ignorant jealousy of foreigners, has charged England with aggression and avarice in those extraordinary conquests. But no charge was ever more destitute of foundation. The English wars in India were the product of the strictest necessity. In their origin they were totally defensive. The merchants fought for the narrow strip of land round their factory; for their ships and for their merchandise. The native prince, who repelled his enemy as well as theirs, by their assistance, rewarded them with additional privileges in the land, and with a portion of the territory forfeited by the invader. The restless rapine of the eastern sovereigns producing perpetual infractions of treaties, and their inferiority to the British in arms, discipline, and courage, producing the natural result, in new partitions of the conquered territory, at length the company stood in the attitude of sovereigns. But then came the severer trial. Sudden opulence, novelty of power, and a distance of eighteen thousand miles from the eye of authority, gave birth to excesses in the subaltern agents of this vast dominion. From the first territorial accession in 1765 to 1773, the nation had looked only with astonishment at the prowess of the British arms. But in 1773 other feelings called the attention of government to the abuses of authority, and a bill was brought in by Lord North to meet the chief sources of animadversion. The bill was practically eluded in India; and in 1781, on petitions at home and representations from abroad, Lord North moved for a "secret committee," to enquire into the Carnatic war, and consider the general state of the British possessions in the east. The committee with Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, as chairman, sat for two years. The report contained a prodigious mass of information on all the heads of revenue, government, and polity. It was embodied in no less than 121 resolutions, submitted from time to time to the house, and the result was a universal acknowledgment that nothing but the immediate and vigorous interposition of the throne could save the Indian empire. But the European crisis was too anxious for ministers. The interposition was delayed. Dundas, impressed with the dangers of the delay, brought in a bill founded on his resolutions. To suffer a measure of such importance to proceed from a private individual, would have been contrary to all the interests of the cabinet. The bill was opposed by ministers, and lost. But upon its ruins Fox determined to build not only a new system for India, but a permanent dictatorship for the existing minister of England.

On the 18th of November, 1783, in a speech of extraordinary detail, information, and eloquence, he developed his memorable plan for the reform of India. He proposed to establish, for the supreme authority, a board in London, to consist of seven commissioners, in whom were to be vested

the authority over all property belonging to the company, all control, civil, military, and commercial, all appointments of officers of every description, in both England and India, and the possession of all charters, privileges, and papers. For the details of government, eight assistants were to be appointed by those commissioners, their chief employment being the commercial affairs of the company. In the first instance, both the commissioners and the assistants were to be *appointed by parliament*, their power continuing for a limited term of three or five years, any of the commissioners to be removable by the king, *on a vote* of either house of parliament, and any of the eight assistants to be removable by five of the commissioners. Any vacancy which should happen among the commissioners to be filled up by the king, and any among the assistants by the court of proprietors. Finally, the commissioners were to lay before the board of treasury yearly, at the beginning of the session, a statement of their proceedings. The bill was to be followed by another, giving security to the Indian subject, rectifying spoliations, &c..

This plan had been sedulously kept from public knowledge until the last moment. But its hazards were instantly seen by the vigilant sagacity of Pitt. He pronounced it a design for vesting the whole power of India in the hands of the minister, and for thus continuing the domination of that minister until the day of his death, and the domination of his party while we continued to possess an Indian empire.

Nothing can be more evident, from the simplest view of the bill, than the ministerial resolve to defy all the power of the constitution. The whole patronage of India, the military and judicial commissions, the contracts, the trade, the purchase of merchandise and stores to the amount, even then, of six millions a year, in the hands of a small body of men, must have created an influence dangerous to the throne and the constitution. With this influence on his side, a corrupt or ambitious minister might make himself master of every corruptible mind in the country, and storm the legislature. The bill, by its own nature, in the first instance, involved the most comprehensive violation of private property ever known, by the seizure of the rights of the stockholders; the most comprehensive violation of public engagements, by the seizure of the charters; and the most comprehensive violation of established policy, by the general change of the Indian system in all things that related to government and trade. But still higher evils were connected with this singular usurpation. The commissioners were placed in such a rank of independence, with respect to India, that they were enabled to resist the actual policy of the king's government, if such were their pleasure, and thus plunge England into unexpected war with European princes on account of Indian possessions, they not being compelled to keep up any communication with ministers beyond the mere annual statement of their measures. The guards proposed in the bill against those formidable results, were as palpably inefficient. The commissioners were to be appointed by parliament. But this was virtually the appointment of whoever swayed the parliament, which individual then was Fox. The commission was to be appointed only for four years. But long before that time the effect of its patronage would have been felt in securing the Foxite ministry; and as a vote of a submissive parliament had created the commission, a similar vote would renew it. The power of removing a commissioner by a vote of either house was given. But it must naturally be ineffective, for nothing would justify parliamentary interference except *gross* misconduct, and even that interference would still depend on the will of the minister, armed with the resistless patronage of India. The appointment by the king, in case of a vacancy by death, would be equally ineffectual, for if the minister still held his power, the appointment would vest in one of his friends; or if Fox were, by any accident, thrown out, he left behind him six commissioners to contend against one. As to the argument that the power proposed by the bill was only that hitherto exerted by the company, the direct answer was, that no difference could be greater than between an authority divided among the members of a great company, not politicians, and with a thousand different views, and an authority concentrated in a small body of political persons, partisans by their nature, independent of the crown, and owing their existence to the minister.

Pitt, from the first announcement of this most daring assault on the constitution, stood forth as its defender, and exhibited powers worthy of the occasion. His first effort was to retard the violent and suspicious rapidity with which the cabinet hurried on the second reading of the bill. "But a single week has been proposed to comprehend a bill which extends to every function of government, and menaces every interest of the empire, present and to come. Such is the time," exclaimed Pitt, "allowed by the mercy or the contempt of the cabinet for the enquiry into principles which involve the living and future fates of England and India. And such is the scheme of usurpation and defiance which is planned by the man always loudest in sounding the alarm of danger to the liberties of the country. I can see nothing in the haste exhibited in carrying this iniquitous measure through parliament, but the precipitancy and ardour of plunderers, eager to grasp and hold fast their prey."

The public were now awakened to their danger, and universal astonishment was succeeded by universal indignation. The East India proprietors instantly petitioned the house, denying the charges of the bill. The East India directors followed, with a demand to be heard by counsel. Yet, in the debate on going into committee, the motion was carried by 217 to 103, so suddenly had the members scented the banquet spread for them in India.

But the bill was to undergo a different fate in that assembly which has so often rectified the errors of the house of commons, and which, by its superiority of personal means, its remoteness from the immediate pressure of popular influence, and its large interest in the preservation of public

tranquillity, has been so long the refuge of the constitution. On the 9th of December, the bill was brought up to the house of lords by Fox, followed by an imposing train of members of the commons' house. Lord Thurlowe instantly pounced upon it with beak and talon. He declared "it to be a measure whose sole object was to create a power unknown to the constitution, an *imperium in imperio*—a strange and violent attempt to destroy the balance of the constitution. The present bill did not tend to increase the influence of the crown, 'twas true; but it tended to set up a power in the kingdom, which might be used at once in opposition to the crown and to the people." Turning to the house, and with that tremendous burst of voice which so powerfully suited his bold eloquence, "I desire," said he, "to see the crown respectable, to see the crown great; but if this bill should pass, the crown of England will be no longer fit for a man of honour to wear. The king will take the diadem from his own head, and place it on the head of Mr. Fox." In the debate, on the 15th, Lord Temple, on being charged with saying that the king was hostile to the bill, declared that he had obtained an audience of his majesty by his right as a peer, and that, though it was contrary to form to say what his advice to the sovereign had been, he was ready to say what it was not, "It was *not* friendly to the principle of the bill." On the question, ministers were left in a minority of 79 to 87. The fate of the measure was inevitable, and it instantly followed. On the 17th, the committal of the bill was *negatived* by a majority of 95 to 76. The bill was finally rejected without a division.

The king had thus far triumphed over his obnoxious cabinet, and he determined that no time should be given to recover themselves. On the day after the debate, late in the evening of the 18th, he demanded the seals of the two secretaries of state, and on the day following, placed them in the hands of Lord Temple, who was sworn in as secretary, and who wrote letters of dismissal to the remaining ministers. Pitt was summoned to the head of the treasury. He had steadily refused the office but nine months before. But the public aspect had totally changed. The cabinet was in the lowest condition of popular esteem. The lords and the king had risen together. The emergency was pregnant with hazard to the king's authority, for if the cabinet should force themselves back on him once more, he must be a cipher for life. Still the difficulties of Pitt's situation might have appalled a less resolute mind. He was to face a house of commons crowded with partisans of the late cabinet, furious in its wrath at their fall, and pouring out the most violent declamation on what they pronounced the unlawful influence of the king's name. To increase his perplexities, Lord Temple resigned the seals within three days, under the nominal pretext of more freely meeting the charges of tampering with the royal confidence, the true motive probably being his alarm at the force arrayed against him. Many of the leading persons, friendly to Pitt and his principles, shrunk from the responsibility of a cabinet in a direct state of war with the house of commons. It was universally predicted that this cabinet could not live a month. Pitt was fully sensible of those difficulties. Lord Temple's secession almost shook even his matchless serenity. "This was the only event," says his most intimate biographer (Tomline), "which I *ever* knew to disturb Mr. Pitt's rest, while he continued in good health. Lord Temple's resignation was determined on at a late hour in the evening of the 21st; and when I went into Mr. Pitt's bedroom the next morning, he told me that he had not had *a moment's sleep*. He expressed great uneasiness at the present state of public affairs, at the same time declaring his fixed resolution not to abandon the position he had taken, but to make the best stand in his power, *though very doubtful of the result*." At length the cabinet was formed. Pitt, first lord of the treasury, and chancellor of the exchequer; Thurlowe, lord chancellor; Lord Gower (afterwards Marquis of Stafford), president of the council; the Duke of Rutland, lord privy seal; Lords Carmarthen and Sydney, secretaries of state; and Lord Howe, first lord of the admiralty. Thus, in doubt and difficulty, commenced the most glorious administration of England, and Pitt was the inspiring name.

The remark has been already made, that the history of English politics is the finest lesson for a politician. The crisis in which the minister met the parliament on his assumption of office is a striking example of the maxim. But a month since the English ministry stood in the exact position of Pitt in December, 1783. The question then was, as it has so lately been, whether the minister should meet the existing house of commons, or call a new one? No cabinet had ever been so powerful in the commons as that of the coalition. No incipient statesman had been less successful in his attempts to carry measures against that powerful influence than Pitt. His talents were acknowledged; his information struck every one with wonder: his integrity was above all suspicion. He had already, in mere boyhood, placed himself in the foremost rank of debate; but his propositions were almost uniformly unsuccessful. In the great struggle of his early career, the India Bill, he had been beaten by majorities of two to one; he had been beaten by the same majorities, even after the dismissal of the cabinet was certain. The presumption and boyish folly of his hoping to stand his ground against opposition was a subject of incessant ridicule in the house. Fox contemptuously pronounced it a political absurdity totally unparalleled in the annals of immature ambition. The motion for a new writ for Appleby, the borough for which Pitt sat, was received with a burst of universal laughter! Fox openly staked his political foresight on the impossibility of conducting the public business by *this shadow* of a ministry. And to make assurance doubly sure, the opposition resolved to delay the passing of the land-tax bill, a measure essential to the national debt of that year, and which, therefore, must be passed before even an opportunity for a dissolution of parliament could be given. It was evident that opposition looked upon that house of commons as their own.

All these circumstances were revolved by the new minister. In his consultations with his friends, every argument was urged by them to dissolve parliament. The anxiety of his opponents to retard a dissolution, seemed to be a direct index to the adoption of the contrary measure. But his deep-thinking and powerful understanding soon decided otherwise. He saw that a premature appeal to the nation might terminate in a general impression that he had yet to learn the national mind. It was true, that the numbers of the ministerial side might be increased by the new election, but the real question was, whether these numbers would be increased to the amount of his making his administration powerful. Most of the great parliamentary interests were directly adverse to him. The public feeling, on the other hand, had not yet expressed itself with satisfactory decision. The conduct of North's combination, however stigmatised by men of honour, had not excited a spirit of scorn deep enough to overbear the personal interests that exhibit themselves when the question is of elections. The India bill was still recent, and the public mind had not yet possessed leisure to fathom the depths of that daring attempt at imperial plunder. But Pitt relied on the common sense and honour of the nation, to discover at length the contrast between his services and those of his opponents, and he determined to make the trial with the existing parliament. If he failed, he still possessed the power to dissolve it, with the additional advantage of proving to the nation that mere stubbornness and partisanship had rendered it unfit to carry on the national business. If he succeeded, he disarmed his antagonists on their own field, broke up their party, proved to the nation how little they had been sustained by character, and how much by patronage, and drove them into a state of political destitution, which nearly precluded their ever forming an effective parliamentary force again.

The man who thus reasoned, was little more than twenty-four years old![*] And it was at this age that Pitt, unaided, took upon him the government of the British empire. The overwhelming nature of the task which he thus adopted, may be judged of from a few of the immediate subjects which pressed upon his councils—the regulation of the Indian system demanding instant consideration—the state of the revenue at home, connected as it was with the necessity of reforming innumerable fraudulent practices upon the public—the restoration of the public income to a capacity of meeting the public expenses—the provision for an unfunded debt of thirty millions—a system for the reduction of the national debt—the choice of new taxes to supply the deficiency of the revenue—the disturbed condition of Ireland, even then a perpetual source of anxiety to government—the pressing claims of the sufferers by their loyalty in the colonial war—the commercial treaty with America—the vast, complicated, and threatened interests of England with the leading kingdoms of the continent—those, and more, formed the labour which was to be borne by a youth, scarcely acquainted with public life, or accustomed to the exercise of his own understanding. Those widely various subjects, involving questions of the most difficult order which can be presented to the human mind, were thrown on the capacity of Pitt, unsupported by colleagues, parliament, or the country. It is needless to say, how triumphantly they were borne; with what matchless clearness they were elucidated, with what steady vigour their principles were embodied, and with what solid strength their practice reinforced the liberties and the prosperity of England. Such are the duties, and such the glories of an English minister. To fulfil them, seems almost beyond the bounds of the human faculties; but as the difficulty is great, so is the renown. The whole range of honourable ambition offers to man no nobler prize than the fame of an English minister, worthy of his task. None more above the common soarings of mankind, none more comprehensive of good to general society, none entitled to more imperishable distinction in the ages to come.

[*] He was twenty-four on the 28th of May, and minister on the 19th of December, 1763.

From the Asiatic Journal.

PETER PEEBLES AT MADRAS.

There may be an appearance of pedantry in the phrase, but it is not the less true as a proposition, that there are two histories of India, an esoteric and an exoteric history. By the latter is meant only the general course of political and civil events, in our relations with the people whom Providence has placed under our rule; the mere outline, in which great changes and momentous transactions are as it were mapped and delineated;—by the other, the interminglings of our respective domestic histories, and which, though never formally recorded, are still valuable, inasmuch as they lift up the curtain to features of character peculiar to each, and are perhaps the more valuable, because, being beneath the dignity of regular history, they are chiefly oral traditions, which in a few years are forgotten, and sometimes impossible to be recovered with tolerable exactness. Yet, as moral pictures and moral lessons, they are full of instruction,—and most assuredly not devoid of amusement.

The *dubash* system is peculiar to the southern peninsula; but it has principally flourished at Madras. The dubashes are a class of persons, who act as stewards, bankers, and general agents to those emphatically called the *gentlemen*, a generic appellation of the civil and high military servants of the Company. Nor is it quite ancient history, when they had an influence, sometimes slight, sometimes powerful, and at times overbearing, upon men high in office at that presidency—and occasionally acted as go-betweens the government and the Arcot nabobs, at whose diwans they often held responsible situations of considerable importance. This may be traced, amongst other causes, to the pecuniary resources they were enabled to command beyond any other class of Hindûs, and to the immense accumulations which from small beginnings rapidly swelled

them into immense and bloated capitalists. It is not true, that native usages are impassive to change and untouched by time. Slowly, indeed, and almost imperceptibly, they undergo those silent modifications which, in a long cycle of years, make the contrast between *was* and *is*,—and probably there is no stronger proof of the fact, than the altered character of that class within the last forty years. They are now, for the most part, needy adventurers, on the watch for the arrival of ships from Europe, which at certain intervals import, as if for their special advantage, some raw inexperienced lads, to whom on their first landing every thing is new, and captains and mates of ships, to whom they render very important services in the disposal of their investments, and by the advance of money upon the goods themselves at a devouring interest.

Some authentic sketches of this pecular vein of character will not seem to be displaced in the *Asiatic Journal*,—and a genuine occurrence now and then elucidatory of that almost extinct genus, may probably be as worthy the attention of its readers, and even of the students of regular oriental history, as many of the romances which some of its contributors have imparted to it.

Amongst the principal members of this memorable body of natives, at the time we are speaking of, was Avadanum Paupiah Brahminy, a character which, from the vehement contrasts embodied in it, would require the colours of Rembrandt to depicture. Supple, submissive, patient of affront and even injury—but with the love of revenge—the *odium in longum jacens*—deeply lurking in the recesses of a mind capacious of every project that hate can devise or meditate. But the domineering passion was litigiousness. To the lawyers, as they were then called by courtesy, he was a treasure;—a Peter Peebles, though not reduced to indigence (for his resources were ample), whose name for years alternately figured in the mayor's court, as plaintiff and defendant. He was almost a fixture in his lawyer's chamber; squatting down on a mat in some dark corner of the room, patiently waiting until his *papers* could be attended to. At Mr. Samuel's he might be seen sitting, except during the short interval of a brief meal, which, consisting of nothing more than a handful of rice, he would "with haste despatch and come again;" occasionally ejaculating, as the attorney turned over the bundles of his other clients,—"*My papers, master!* Paupiah Brahminy, plaintiff, *versus* Vencatachellum Chitty." On one occasion, his lawyer fell into a short slumber; but, when he awoke, could not help smiling to find that the papers before him had been silently removed, and those endorsed "Paupiah Brahminy" placed directly under his nose. But not a murmur of complaint or dissatisfaction escaped his lips on account of any real or imagined delay. When a new lawyer, whose reputation preceded him, arrived at the settlement, Paupiah was sure to retain him, generally with a large fee, seldom less than a thousand pagodas (£400), the foundation, he would hint, and it frequently proved so, of *master's fortune*. This was not always a sheer profit to the lawyer; for it was understood to convey to the sole use of the said Paupiah the fee-simple of all his future labours, and the exclusive benefit of all his faculties, his occasional fees seldom amounting to the ordinary remuneration of professional services.

But Paupiah, in the high and palmy days of Madras corruption, when Lord Hobart, writing to the court of directors, called the entire settlement "a hot-bed of intrigue," was an indispensable instrument in the commerce of bribery, then the lever by which all the affairs of state were moved. Where any thing that shunned the light was to be transacted, he was the most efficient and useful of negotiators. Yet there were shades of character in the man, upon which it is pleasing to dwell. With hands dipped in the feculence of his time,—a mind never reposing from stratagem,—disdaining the tranquillity of virtue for the restlessness of intrigue, he was faithful where he conceived an attachment, beyond all example—passing and enduring in the cause he espoused even unto death. Where he was made a confidant to some defalcation, into which a young civilian, for instance, had been betrayed by indiscretion or extravagance, he not only supplied it out of his means—but no tortures could have wrung from him the guilty secret. These instances were then not rare. By the act of parliament, regulating the amount of salaries and prohibiting presents of every kind, the service was raised to a state of purity never dreamt of in the philosophy of that day. It is seldom that a mere act of legislation brings about a complete moral revolution; but certain it is, that Astræa was restored by that act of parliament to Madras, from which she seemed to have taken her flight for ever. The biography of Paupiah, if it were brought to light, would be found to overflow into these romantic fits of benevolence—never, indeed, requited and seldom acknowledged. It was computed that the bond and other debts, for sums thus generously advanced, due to him from civilians and sometimes military men, but especially tottering houses of agency (the great pest and moral disease of the eastern settlements), amounted to more than £50,000 sterling. But with money perpetually at his command, the sources from which it was extracted always remained a mystery.

At the durbars of the nabobs Wallajah and the Omdut-ul-Omrah, he was a constant attendant, for he supplied them with large sums to meet the kists or tribute due to the Company, and that too often in critical periods of the public treasury. When the assumption of the Carnatic revenues cut off the means of repayment from those princes, of all the bonds adjudicated by the commissioners, his were of the most *bonâ fide* description. Yet the grossest injustice was systematically dealt out to him, except in those cases (the greater number were of that class) where the evidence to authenticate the claim was as clear as the sun at noon. Those adjudicators had, from a series of misconceptions, reposed unlimited confidence in Reddy Row, a Brahmin, a poor and needy adventurer, who had cunning enough to convince those gentlemen that he was thoroughly conversant in all the mysteries of the durbar, and being the implacable enemy of Paupiah, induced them to beat

lown his demand to the utmost minimum of what n justice was due to him. This Reddy Row, vhen the nabob's bonds became marketable in :onsequence of the act passed for their consolida- ion, became a wholesale fabricator, not figura- ively, but literally, of those instruments, of which ıe disposed of a large number on the faith of his ›eing in the confidential employ of the nabob. His end may not be forgotten. Tried, convicted, ›ardoned, at the instance of a recent Madras go- 'ernor, one bond of his manufactory was proved ›y such minute evidence to be a forgery, that he vas deserted by those who had protected him hrough thick and thin, *per fas et nefas*, and took ıimself off by a dose of poison. During this time, Paupiah was shamefully persecuted by those who :new nothing of his real transactions with the lurbar, and estimating his character by looking ›nly at the wrong side of the tapestry, adjudicat- :d him almost to ruin. But the *English* commis- ioners did him justice, and his claims were with ew exceptions allowed. It was like much of the ustice of this world: it came too late, and not ill vexation and grief had removed him to take ıis chances at a better tribunal.

This same Paupiah was considered the natural ›rey for such vultures as Paul Benfield. Plucked o the last feather—cheated—laughed at—he was ›erpetually to be seen squatted and waiting with lesperate expectation of redress in the verandahs ınd antechambers of those who had plundered ıim. Still it was not with one word of menace hat he waited there, but as a suppliant, sueing or his right of the *great gentlemen*, as they were hen styled by the Madras natives—humbly and ilently imploring their justice (it was a most orry twig to catch at), but never quitting his hold —and seldom, indeed, but sometimes, darting his ittle green eyes piercingly in the face of those vho had defrauded him, although he could dis- ourse powerfully, in good English, had he been o minded. The respect universally conceded to Brahmin, secured him generally from personal utrage—but not uniformly. On one occasion, vhere he had been fraudulently treated, he was gnominiously thrust out from the garden-house f Mr. P——, and his turban torn in the scuffle. Apparently he forgave the insult. But every tyro n Indian affairs knows that no higher indignity an be sustained by a native of caste, than the ollution of this part of the Hindû habiliment. Then the feeling of revenge, though postponed or years, never dies. It burns like a lamp in a emple, constantly fed and trimmed. There is no tatute of limitations to the unextinguished, un- xtinguishable thirst for retribution. It is sure nally to be exacted to the very letter.

Mr P—— was at the head of the treasury de- artment, then conducted conjointly with the ollectorship of the Madras district. He had tood high in the estimation of several successive overnments. Paupiah, whose nature it was to e heedlessly confident in the integrity of those vhom he had been accustomed to look up to with espect, and whose bad qualities, whatever they vere, had no affinity to the suspicious avarice of he natives in their money transactions, had, a ear or two before, undertaken, in virtue of a re- ligious vow, a distant journey in the nature of a pilgrimage; and, whether to secure Mr. P——'s favour by covertly lending him a sum of money without exacting interest, or whether it formed a part of the superstitious ordinance that enjoined the pilgrimage, that, during the year of its fulfil- ment, he was inhibited from taking interest upon sums deposited in contemplation of it—(both causes were strenuously insisted on by Paupiah's counsel)—but, before he set out, he deposited twelve thousand pagodas with Mr. P——, on no other condition than that of its safe custody till his return. He demanded and took no receipt or acknowledgment whatever. This procedure was not only in unison with the unsuspecting habits of Paupiah, from which the repeated frauds he had experienced had not yet weaned him, but it was an indirect compliment to the honour and up- rightness of Mr. P——, whose interest and pro- tection he was anxious to secure. Be that as it may, the deposit was made; but when Paupiah returned, the fact of the deposit was denied, and the restitution of the money refused. By the Hindû law, the rules regarding bailments of every class are as strict, and governed by the same principles, as in our own; so much so, that Sir William Jones, in his Essay on the Law of Bailments, traced the equitable maxims that re- gulate that species of contract in the practice of Westminster Hall to the code of the Hindûs, of which it forms a large and comprehensive title.

But it was an unequal contest. On one side, was a civilian of the highest rank, fortified by that conventional reputation, which passes in the world for genuine virtue, fenced round by friends or by those persons who under that name swarm during the sunshine of a man's fortunes, secure of the support of the government, and especially those of its minions, who had a stealthy interest in its crooked and sinister practices; on the other, a native, unquestionably an artful intriguing indi- vidual, and convicted (right or wrong there are now no means of deciding) of repeated malversa- tions in several confidential employments:—in short, on one side, power, influence, and outward character; on the other, two of the most power- less and unpatronised things on earth,—truth and justice. What unequal chances! It was as a feeble piece of artillery against the ramparts of a droog or hill-fort.

In a corner of the black town of Madraspat- nam, was a sort of huckster's shop, where law was served out in scales, not always as correct as the balance of the sanctuary. It was called the Mayor's Court, and in its constitution not unlike the bench of Quarter-Sessions magistrates in this country, right and wrong being put to the vote and determined by the majority. In this court, Paupiah filed his bill (the process was of a mongrel kind, half equity, half *nisi-prius*) against P——, praying for a discovery and for the amount of the sum deposited. The answer denied *on oath* the plaintiff's allegations, and the cause came on to be heard. Paupiah's counsel or at- torney was not wanting either in strength of lungs or of argument. He might have spared both. "Where is the receipt or acknowledgment?"

said the opposing lawyer. "Is it probable that a native endued with the astuteness of a systematic lender, would incautiously place so large a sum in the custody of another without the slightest token or recognition of having so placed it? and Mr. P——, too, is a civil servant holding the most confidential office in the settlement, having been raised to it through a long gradation of tried services and a life of inflexible integrity. And who is the plaintiff?" Here some insinuations not highly complimentary to poor Paupiah were thrown out. Vainly was the religious custom urged, and the natural anxiety of Paupiah to court the patronage and favour of Mr. P——, and, moreover, the well-known incautiousness of the plaintiff in money transactions (there were upon that sacred seat of justice those who had beneficially experienced that peculiarity of his disposition), insisted on by his advocate. It mattered little. Justice, proverbially blind, had grown deaf in the Mayor's Court. She could feel sensitively certain touches, but her ears were those of the adder to the eloquence of truth. The balance was soon struck, and in favour of the supposed depositary. Paupiah retired, defeated and humbled. If, in the first agony of disappointment, he breathed at all—it was for the hope of retribution. That retribution at length came.

The singularity peculiar to the natives of India, in the south more especially, of continuing an unwearied and hopeless pursuit for what is due to them, has been remarked already. For months after his discomfiture in the Mayor's Court, Paupiah might be seen seated in the outward saloon of the collector's office, with a shawl thrown over his head in place of a turban, the only change of garb that denotes affliction among the higher castes of Hindûs. He said nothing, but his little green eyes darted now and then an expressive flash upon P—— as he passed into the interior apartment, which, though impossible to define, he knew and felt the meaning of. Some affected to pity the poor Brahminy, from a secret misgiving, probably, that foul injustice had been done to him. There was no appeal. It was of no use to excite the sympathies of the public. In India, there is no public. As for the authors of that injustice, the infamy was divided amongst too many to be felt by any one. The moral deformity was like the physical one of the Alps, where goitre keeps goitre in countenance. But there was a vow registered in the soul of the man who had been thus wronged. The vow was heard, and the bitter cup of revenge filled to overflowing. Yet how, by what agency (if by any it must have been of the subtlest kind), it was gratified so usuriously, has never been substantiated by positive evidence, although no problem was ever canvassed by so many sharp and ingenious casuists.

The department, over which P—— presided, necessarily placed the whole of the public money at his discretion. It was a serious charge. The cash-chest, indeed, was under the immediate care of Arnachellum Chitty, a faithful servant, whose merits had been repeatedly acknowledged by the government; but still the entire responsibility rested on the shoulders of P——. So vigilantly were these duties performed by P—— and Arnachellum, that the keys of the chest were never out of the personal custody of the treasurer himself. No native servant ever laid his hand upon them. Every evening before he retired from the fort, Mr. P——, after examining Arnachellum's balance with a nicety that left not the error of half a fanam unrectified, took the keys of the chest which he unlocked with his own hands, and having reckoned the amount of the cash deposited in it, by weight or tale, according to the nature of the coin, and removed the loose money to the same place of security, took the keys home with him to his garden-house, situated near the Loll-baug, the site upon which Paul Benfield afterwards built his princely mansion. The keys were of a most complicated construction. The chest was massive and nearly irremoveable. It was unlocked by four keys in succession. Both chest and keys were the master-piece of the most skilful artist in London, —the Bramah of his day. Mr. P—— had recently returned from Europe, and as in all the money departments of Madras, immense abstractions had been committed by the native servants, he readily availed himself of a complicated invention that would so assuredly defeat them. The keys, as already said, were four in number; but the exquisite skill of the contrivance consisted in the process of using them. It was requisite that the *first* and *second* keys should be entirely at the discretion of the party in whose custody they were placed. These were changed each successive day, or as often as he who was master of the combination might think fit. But if the wrong keys were *begun* with, a bar shot suddenly and irrevocably into a deep groove. It is plain, therefore, that in the hands of a mere novice, the chances of hitting upon that which was the *open sesamé* of the chest, were as four to one—and if by accident the first should be the right one, they were three to one against the right selection of the *second* key.

Mr. P—— was high in Lord Macartney's confidence, for nothing could be more religiously correct than the treasury accounts whilst he administered them. His vigilant inspection, but above all the newly imported machinery of the chest, rendered native subductions, formerly matters of such frequent occurrence,—the head of the office relying on his confidential servants, and those servants sheltered from all responsibility but to their immediate employers—next to impossible. All new brooms sweep clean. Lord Hobart came out to Madras, impressed with the comfortable conviction that the entire settlement was a sink of corruption, and resolved to make an effectual sweep in every department: but happily there was one civilian untouched by the *scabies* of the flock,—an Abdiel faithful among the faithless. With what delight did P——'s ear drink in the commendations of the new governor, to whom, though recently from England, the invention of the chest was quite new! Nor is this singular, for it was the last constructed by its inventor; and, besides this, in each the mechanism was varied so as to enhance its value to every respective proprietor. It is supposed also that the invention died with the artist and

the secret with him. There could, therefore, be no exchequer better secured than that of Madras. To be sure, it was occasionally at a low ebb. It had, however, its flows; and at the crisis we are speaking of, might be said to overflow, treasure having been collected from all quarters to meet the exigencies of a powerful confederacy then hatching amongst the native powers against us.

On the 13th of October 1795, owing to these and other causes, the chest, spacious as it was, was overgorged with coin and bullion. In the afternoon of that day, Mr. P——'s palanquin was at the lower door of his office, then situated on the beach, near the spot where the large room called the New Exchange has been since built. As usual, having gone through the financial process of the day, he took the keys with him into his palanquin, and, when he got home, placed them in an escrutoire, which was well secured, and, for more assured custody, was placed under his cot in his bed-room. Being a civilian of high rank, he had a small guard of sepoys regularly stationed in front of his house.

When he left the fort, it was past five by St. Mary's clock. Two sepoys, part of the usual treasury guard, were on duty as usual at the foot of the stair-case which descended into an arched lower story, where the palanquin-bearers remained during the hours of business, as well as horse-keepers with their horses picketed belonging to the Europeans, English and Portuguese, attached to the office. The sepoys were relieved every five hours. In short, nothing irregular or out of the usual course was observable when Mr. P—— quitted the fort. He discerned, indeed, Paupiah squatted according to custom in the outer-room, and when the latter made his salam, P—— observed a singular twinkling in the small piercing eyes, which seemed on that occasion to have changed their mournful expression for something of a far different meaning. This, however, might be mere fancy, and so he considered it at the time: it did not become matter of comment by him till afterwards. As to the chest and its contents, human vigilance could not have been carried farther. Perhaps the error, if there was any, arose, as the lawyers say, *ex abundanti cautelâ*, or too overstrained a caution. On the same evening Mr. P—— and his family were at a ball given at the Government-gardens, whence they returned about two in the morning. It was for this reason, probably, that he did not arrive at his office that morning till some time past his usual hour of attendance.

On his arrival, Paupiah sate in his usual niche —and with a complete change of habiliment. His finest muslin tunic and a handsome turban transformed him into another being, and his countenance beamed with an evident glow of satisfaction. Mr. P—— found, at the same time, a government peon, who had been waiting for his arrival, with an order from the governor in council to despatch Arnachellum to the military paymaster with 50,000 star pagodas in specie, and a receipt for the same. Mr. P——, with Arnachellum, proceeded forthwith to the chest, the former with the bunch of keys in his hand. Upon opening it, both started instantly back with consternation. But the visage of the European was pale and distorted with a thousand warring emotions,—that of the native remaining inflexible, and exhibiting a character as remote from the consciousness of crime as from the terror of its consequences. Indeed, Mr. P——, though his self-control gradually returned to him, might have been deemed, if looks could be interpreted into guilt, consusant of the theft: for a theft had been committed to an enormous amount from the chest, in mockery of the mystic keys that guarded it. It was computed that a lac and a half of pagodas had been abstracted, and that, too, in a coin that was not only portable, but exchangeable at sight. Paupiah, on being told what had happened, uttered not a word, but remained unmoved in the same position. Not a muscle of his frame quivered, not a feature of his face changed. It was a serious calamity to P——. His prospects, his hopes, his reputation, seemed cut off at one blow. The governor in council, as soon as the intelligence reached them, took charge of the treasury; the chest and what little remained of its wealth were put under seal, and Mr. P—— was suspended from his employments.

Adversity, whatever may have been the correctness of a man's life and conduct, will ever bring its critics and commentators. There were not wanting those who began to carp and cavil; but, as genuine materials for animadversion were not at hand, they were soon silent, and P—— became the object of general commiseration. It was pretty evident that he must have been plundered, by whom or in what manner, amidst the confused conjectures of the hour, all equally plausible and irrational, remained an inscrutable mystery. That P—— himself should have participated in the delinquency, was probable only on the supposition of his being actually a madman. The next day, however, strange rumours were afloat. It was at first whispered confidentially—afterwards unreservedly asserted,—that deposits to run at interest had been made in P——'s name at different houses of agency; amongst others, of a large amount of Porto Nuovo pagodas, which was chiefly the coin in which the nabob paid his kists;—besides this, of several thousands of star pagodas placed in the Carnatic bank, an opulent establishment (since dissolved), which allowed a considerable rate of interest; and P—— was called on to disprove these injurious insinuations. In the consciousness of innocence, the unfortunate man proceeded with two of his friends to Messrs. R.—— and Co., the house where the largest sum was stated to have been paid in on his account. The question was fearlessly put: "Have I placed any sum of money whatever with you? or, is there any money in your hands standing to my credit?" It was answered thus: "About nine o'clock on Saturday morning (the day after the robbery), two persons, apparently peons, and wearing what seemed to be an engraved plate on a belt of red cloth across their shoulders, but which we did not examine in the hurry of business, more especially as we took it for granted they had been sent by Mr. P——, placed to the credit of that gentleman the sum of —— star pagodas, which they brought in bags, a large por-

tion of which was in Porto Nuovo coin. They gave their names Rungapah and Verdapah, and enjoined great secrecy on the part of Mr. P——. We gave them the customary receipt, in the name of Mr. P——. It was a promissory note to pay on demand with interest at eight per cent." Mr. P—— was all amazement and perplexity; his friends were equally puzzled. The same enquiry was made at three other houses, and the result was the same. The aggregate, however, of these deposits, amounting to an immense sum, nearly corresponded to the deficiency of which the chest had been plundered; and as they had been deposited at the disposition of Mr. P——, there was no difficulty in repaying to government the whole deficiency. Still, however, he was not restored either to character or office. The current imputation was that, in addition to his being a rogue, he was the weakest of idiots. More than a year elapsed before the court of directors, to whom his case had been referred, gave their decision. It was not a satisfactory acquittal, but a species of compromise, leaving the stain upon his character nearly as it was before, although it recommended him, in consideration of former services, to a subordinate situation at the presidency. It must be remarked, however, that, from this time, Paupiah was no longer seen squatted at Mr. P——'s garden-house; for, it seems, he travelled to the southward after the affair had blown over. He was not heard of at Madras for many years.

Time, that brings all hidden things to light, seemed to have an unusual respect for this. The matter, indeed, was frequently discussed, and much ingenuity exercised about it. Many persons, whose opinions were of great weight, were inclined to make Paupiah the contriver, if not the actual artificer, of the whole. This theory was not very flattering to the integrity of Mr. P——, for if Paupiah was actuated by revenge, it was improbable that such a feeling should have gratuitously existed in his bosom. There must have been adequate reasons for it—and the denial of the deposit, a crime considered by the natives as the most inexpiable of social wrongs, embittered by the unjust decision in the mayor's court, sufficiently accounted for it. Was it credible that Paupiah should have fabricated the story, much more brought the question to trial, seeing how incapable of direct proof it was, and that none could be extracted but by means of P——'s answers upon oath? The truth is, they said, Paupiah had a high esteem for that gentleman, and imagined, notwithstanding his denial of the sum entrusted to his care, that his conscience would not stand the brunt of an oath. Nor was the conjecture of Paupiah's participation in the robbery wholly unconfirmed. Paupiah, having been put in possession of certain *teeps*, or assignments of the forthcoming crops of the districts of Chillambrum and Manargoody, in consideration of large advances to the nabob, had been for some time engaged in collecting them. It seems that, suspecting two natives of fraud and embezzlement, whom he had employed as agents, he had suddenly dismissed them from his service, and appointed two other persons to succeed them. One of the supposed defaulters named Ramiah Chitty, appeared at the cutcherry of the collector of the company's district, which bordered on Chillambrum, offering to substantiate some important facts relative to the robbery at the treasury, stating also that, if a pardon was guaranteed to himself and three others who had acted under Paupiah's direction, they would bring ample evidence to convict that person as the head and author of the conspiracy. He stated that those persons were now acting under Paupiah in the collection of the produce at Chillambrum, and if apprehended and confronted with him, would be soon brought to confess their share in the stratagem. He deposed that, on the night of the robbery, which was unusually dark, all three remained near the great tank, till they saw Mr. P——'s carriage on the Mount-road, proceeding to the government-house. One of them, to whom Paupiah had given the most precise instructions as to all the local peculiarities of Mr. P——'s garden-house, went cautiously to the window of Mr. P——'s bed-room, which was open, having eluded the observation of the sepoys who were stationed in the verandah in front of the house, the two others remaining at some little distance to watch; that the escrutoire was easily opened by means of a small key, with which he had been furnished by Paupiah, and the large keys transferred to that person, whom they met at gun-fire the following morning at the south gate of the fort. The deponent left them together, his services being no longer required, and supposes that, as soon as the gate was opened, they all proceeded to the treasury. His own personal knowledge went no farther; the two persons whom he before named, and Paupiah, were the only parties to the rest of the transaction, he acknowledged, however, having received two hundred rupees from Paupiah, as a reward for his share in the business. The substance of the man's deposition was forwarded to Madras, and the collector received instant orders to apply to the nabob for the apprehension and immediate transmission to the presidency of those persons, as well as Paupiah himself. The orders were instantly obeyed, but neither Paupiah nor his confederates were to be found, after the most minute inquisition set on foot for that purpose. Two years afterwards, indeed, Paupiah was apprehended at his house in Vepery, where he had arrived some days and lived without any concealment. When brought before the magistrate, his answers were cool and collected, and furnished no clue to the mysterious embezzlement. It is singular, also, that when Ramiah Chitty who had been confined in the jail during this long interval, was brought before the magistrate to be confronted with Paupiah, the former threw himself at his feet, imploring his forgiveness, and acknowledging the falsehood of the accusation, which he confessed he had fabricated from pure motives of revenge.

The secret history of the robbery has never been revealed. By what means Paupiah entered the office, or made himself master of the mysterious process of the keys, remains in impenetrable darkness. It is supposed that, by long observation, he had so studied every speck of rust upon the two which Mr. P—— had separated from the others as he proceeded every evening to the chest

leaving the rest on the ring as it were unemployed, as to discern the two keys which it was requisite to employ first; it being probably a mere matter of accident that he hit upon them in their right order. That it was revenge for the indignity of the turban, there was no doubt. Had it been merely the pecuniary wrong, those who well knew the habits and character of that singular man, have often maintained that so elaborate a scheme of vengeance would never have entered his mind.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

SHAKSPEARE IN GERMANY.—PART II.

SHAKSPEARE'S TRAGEDIES—ROMEO AND JULIET.

Romeo and Juliet is placed next to Hamlet, in the usual arrangement of the poet's works, but in every thing else how widely separated are these wonderful productions! in their internal spirit as well as their outward accompaniments, how total the opposition! Far behind us, we have left the dusky towers of Elsineur, its gloomy galleries, its haunted platform; the hollow murmur of the Baltic sea, the chill breath of the northern wind, the regions of gloom without and melancholy within—and suddenly, as in a dream, we find ourselves in climes, "where other voices speak, and other sights surround." The fiery sun beats fiercely into the market-place of Verona; the young blood boils beneath his influence; cavaliers cross each other, with eyes in which defiance lowers; it needs but a word to make the swords spring from their scabbards; blades clash, blood flows, and we are swept at once into "all the currents of a heady fight." Then in the brightly illuminated halls of palaces follow the dance and the revel; masques flit before us in mazy rounds, the music of the lute or mandoline rings in our ear; for platforms, where spirits walk abroad, we have the balcony haunted only by love and youth, and silvered by the broad bright summer moon; the aloe raises its head beneath its beams, the odour of the myrtle and orange is on the air of night; from yon pomegranate-tree the nightingale wails, or the lark "doth beak the vaulty air above our head," to herald the approach of dawn.

The change in the spirit of the two plays is proportioned to the change of scene. As in Hamlet all is speculation, so in Romeo all is vehement passion and precipitate action. The current of life in Hamlet seems to stagnate, or to retrograde; here it is confined in one narrow channel, down which it gushes, with the headlong impetuosity of a torrent, till it is dashed over the precipice. One overpowering passion takes possession of the soul, and is instantly carried into action. There is no hesitation, no reflection; no reliance on accident, no procrastination; the events crowd upon each other in a rapid and fatally logical sequence; six days is the brief period of existence which is allowed to be birth, the triumph, and destruction, of youthful love. The play embodies the very essence of life—but an essence so potent, so intoxicating, that even to taste is dangerous—to drink is death.

Romeo and Juliet is the only play of Shakspeare in which the whole movement of the action is made to turn on the passion of love. It is the only play, too, it appears to us, not only in Shakspeare, but in the world, where that passion is represented in its truly dramatic aspect, or in such a light as to command fully and irresistibly the sympathies of all. In the way in which love is generally treated on the stage, it is felt to be an impertinent and tedious interference with the real business of the piece. When it is represented merely as one of many other passions, the same in its origin and its nature with them, holding divided empire with jealousy, with envy, with pride, with hatred; contending with duties, with prejudices, yielding to views of selfishness, or the rules of society; it may be decorous, but it is not dramatic. Voltaire rendered a service to the stage when he laboured to banish from the theatre the love scenes of the drama—as he found them in the pages of Corneille and Racine—as they are to be found indeed in every dramatic author except Shakspeare. Love mixed up with other feelings, and contending with them on equal terms, balancing between opposing considerations, uncertain of its line of conduct, impressing the mind of the spectator with the same uncertainty, is a picture which excites no sympathy, touches no noble or elevating chord within the mind; but, on the contrary, jars against that inward faith, which even the coldest heart delights to cherish, in the omnipotence, the omniscience, the divinity of love.

In a very different light has the passion been represented by Shakspeare. Here is indeed that Eros, which haunts the dreams of youth, which lives in the memory, and casts back a sunshine even on the twilight of age: not a passion of this noisy world, but a celestial sentiment; mysterious, immortal, born of the Deity, returning into his bosom. Where its spark lights it is inextinguishable; where its essence penetrates, it indelibly colours with its golden hue the whole fountain of existence. All duties yield to it, for it is itself the highest of all; all evil passions disappear before it, for they cannot coexist with its presence; it cannot hesitate or doubt, for a divine revelation has announced its destiny; all prejudices of rank and of society, all rules of custom, are abrogated by the dictates of its higher law; it is open and undisguised, for it is guilt only that is suspicious; it is not clamorous but calm, and yet assured, for it confides in its own energies, and its heavenly though invisible source. One and indivisible, it is never at war with itself, nor distracts us with a conflict of feeling. We foresee its course from the first, and follow it to the last with clear and unbroken sympathies. It no longer appears as a mere disturbing force, crossing the path of other duties, and jostling them in their courses, but a calm celestial luminary, which, in its irresistible round, draws all minor objects within its orbit, and round which they are contented thenceforward to perform their humbler revolutions.

In this point of view, love is not only highly dramatic, but perhaps the most dramatic, the most fascinating of all exhibitions of passion.

For it is the only one in which perfect purity can be combined with perfect power; in which the whole diapason of the human heart may be run through without touching one jarring note of evil. Our sympathy with Macbeth is the sympathy of fear—arising from the consciousness of a common nature, and the inward feeling, how easily, in the best of hearts, the slumbering demon may, by circumstances, be called into action; it is imperfect, it is in a manner extorted. But our sympathy with Romeo and Juliet—with beings who live not in themselves but in each other, to whom selfishness, pride, ambition, envy, are unknown, who have made for themselves an Eden on earth, and hedged and girt it about in the hope that nothing evil would enter its calm precincts—this sympathy is cordial and perfect; it is the sympathy produced by love and admiration, and the boding sense of coming evil, made more affecting and impressive by the very unconsciousness and thoughtless happiness of those who are so soon to be its victims. Nothing can be conceived more deeply interesting than the position of two beings so situated, to whom love has become a religion, and whose whole thoughts and actions are thus necessitated, as it were, by a power so essentially inconsistent with, and at variance with, those forces that regulate the ordinary course of human affairs. The collision with the world, with the warring passions of rivals, with family pride and "lodged hate," with all the accidents of an ill-starred destiny, is inevitable; and every one, save themselves, perceives that the result must be a hapless one; they alone have no thought and no fear; while *we* are dropping "some natural tears" at the thought how soon they shall be driven from their ideal paradise, "they, hand in hand," are wandering through its flowery walks, and repeating,

"Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I could say—good night, till it be morrow!"

The world is all before them, bright and smiling. They cannot conceive that external circumstances should resist the omnipotence of this feeling which, in their own hearts, has effected so sudden and mysterious a revolution; has banished the visionary attachment of boyhood; has annihilated the prejudices of feudal enmity; has overcome the bashfulness of womanhood; has bound up their existence in each other at once, and yet for ever. Love, which has wrought such miracles within, may yet change even the hard hearts of kindred and fathers, and heal up the old wounds which pride and violence had inflicted. They see Verona, long agitated by the quarrels of their houses, once more united in amity and peace; they behold, in imagination, Montague and Capulet joining their hands above their bridal bed, which are only to be united above their grave.

This perfect self-abandonment, this union of wild fervour with extreme youth, the passions of the woman with the purity of the girl, can be conceived as existing only in beings of a southern clime. Hence the solicitude apparently with which Shakspeare has laboured, by all the accompaniments of the scene, to impress upon us continually its Italian character. The opening quarrels of the servants—for even to them has the feudal strife of their masters descended; the luxurious masquerade scene, with its display of all which can awaken or charm the senses; the freedom of tone which pervades it;—remind us incessantly with what suddenness and fatal energy the passions must shoot up into maturity in such a region, and under such fostering influence, and prepare us for the scene on the balcony—for the bursting forth of that fire which already smoulders in the bosom, and requires but the slenderest spark to kindle it into a flame. Juliet is pure and innocent; but she is already in mind and body a woman—an Italian; her heart demands an object; her feelings, "deep and boundless as the sea," a reservoir into which they can overflow. So also with Romeo. His fantastic love for the haughty Rosaline, which we see from the first to have been but a boyish dream, excites no ideas of inconstancy of character; it only shows the early developement of a temperament of fire; affords a standard by which to estimate the strength of the new passion of the heart, which extinguishes at once the old vision of the fancy; and assures us the more firmly, that, when the man truly loves and is beloved again, it will be unalterably, and with that headlong energy which nothing can resist; but which is but too likely to hurry himself and the object of his passion to destruction. Every thing about Romeo, from the commencement, announces the favourite and the victim of love. His first attachment, fantastic and superficial as it seems, has yet preserved the freshness of his character; his heart has not lost its innocent bloom; amidst the wild mirth and loose gaiety which surrounds him, he is melancholy; for he has no feeling in common with the reckless and somewhat libertine Mercutio, or the thoughtless and commonplace Benvolio; something purer and holier than Verona has yet offered to him hovers before his thoughts, and fills his heart with a nameless longing. Thus alike in youth, in purity of sentiment, in depth of feeling, and in confidence in the world, these beings are thrown together. The accidental nature of the meeting, and the instantaneous electric communication of their feelings, are in perfect harmony with the celestial inexplicable source to which Shakspeare has traced the origin of love. They seem to feel, by a mystic freemasonry, that each is to be the other's destiny; that they are parts of one whole hitherto separated, henceforth to be inseparable on this side of time—

"And like two solitary rills, that side by side flow'd on,
And had been long divided, they melt at once in one."

In this instantaneous union there is no giddiness, no levity. It is not the hasty, transitory preference of a boy and girl for each other, whose idea of eternity is of three weeks' duration; it is marked by that seriousness and solemnity that attend the consciousness that two beings are drawing from the urn of fate the unalterable lot of life. Juliet feels from the first scene that hers is fixed—that "if he be married, her grave is like

to be her marriage bed." Even in her interview with Romeo on the balcony—amidst all the excitement of a first fond confession of attachment—amidst all the visions with which hope and passion gild the future, the thought creeps in how awful and irrevocable is the step she has taken—

> "Although I joy in thee,
> I have no joy of this contract to-night:
> It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
> Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
> Ere one can say—It lightens."

Her whole conduct subsequently is the result of this sense of the earnestness of her situation; she cannot trifle with her lover, for the sentiment she herself experiences is too holy to be tampered with; she is open and undisguised, because she feels that love cannot mistake the language of innocence; she urges forward the nuptials, because she would place their union, if possible, beyond the reach of fate, and invest it with an additional character of sacredness and solemnity.

Yet Romeo and Juliet are any thing but mere abstractions—mere beings of sentiment and imagination. The perfection of these characters lies in the art with which the human and divine elements are blended in them in the harmonious union of the senses with the soul. Schiller has in his Thekla attempted a character of the same kind as Juliet. His picture of this daughter of the North, the twin-sister of her of Verona, yielding with the same rapidity to the irresistible influence of a first passion, and forgetting every thing in that devotion, is certainly, next to that of Shakspeare, the most striking and affecting with which we are acquainted. But the very conditions under which the character could be supposed to exist in the drama of Wallenstein, excluded the warmth and vigour of colouring which Shakspeare was enabled to spread with such force and truth around the great original from which Schiller drew. The calm angelic daughter of the iron-hearted and iron-handed Friedland, leaving her convent for the first time, and meeting on the threshold the hero to whom her young heart devotes itself, as to a guardian angel, yields, perhaps, with as deep a conviction, and as entire a devotion, as Juliet to the influence of this newly discovered sentiment; but her feelings, trained from the first to submission, can find no vent in words—they manifest themselves, not in action, but in patience of suffering—not in vehemence, but only in endurance. Consistently with truth and German nature, Schiller could not have portrayed the character otherwise; but such a delineation is too ethereal, too refined for the purposes of dramatic interest. To awaken our sympathies, something more passionate, and partaking more of the ordinary leaven of humanity, is required; for Platonism is no basis on which the interest of a drama can be rested. All the fire which can be united with innocence of heart—all the elements, physical and moral, which make up the mysterious compound love—

> "All thoughts, all visions, all delights,
> Whatever stirs this mortal frame"—

must be employed, if our feelings are to be heightened into sympathy, our pity into tears.

Thus has Shakspeare treated these characters. He will admit of no separation of love into the spiritual and sensual—save, indeed, where he wishes to present the passion in a comic point of view, by ridiculing the affectations of Platonism, or exposing the coarseness of a mere animal passion; but in his pictures of real love both elements are united—the soul and the senses take their part, and the *whole being* loves—for only the whole being can love truly. Thus it is, that this romance of youth lays so firm a hold on the universal sympathies of mankind; that, unlike all other lovers, Romeo and Juliet are never tiresome; that though they love they are not lovesick; that they recall to each of us, in a sublimated and concentrated form, all the early longings of the soul, the hopes and fears, the heartfelt joys, the scarcely less sweet sorrows of the past.

It has sometimes been said that Shakspeare was careless in the construction of his plots, and that where he borrowed from Cintio, Bandello, or other Italian writers, he has generally altered the incidents for the worse. We are persuaded, on the contrary, that Shakspeare was not less skilful in this department than he was omnipotent in the construction of character. Romeo and Juliet is an admirable instance of the tact with which he improved while he borrowed. The immediate source from which the plot of this play reached Shakspeare is well known to have been neither Girolamo de la Corte's history, nor the novels of Massuccio, nor Luigi da Porto, but Arthur Brooke's tedious "Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet." But Shakspeare perceived intuitively that the languid movement of the action in Brooke's poem, which is spread over a long period of time, was utterly unsuited to the vehemence of the passions which were to lead to the catastrophe. Hence he condensed the events of months into days, and gave to the whole the sultry gloom and headlong sweep of a tempest.

In the arrangement and exposition of the piece the same tact and skill is discernible. While love is the moving power, family hate is the principle of obstruction, and from the contest of these two forces, the whole action is evolved with the most felicitous and easy flow.

In the outset, the quarrels of the very servants, the rude representations of the passions of their masters, impress us with an idea of the violence and long duration of the feudal hate which has thus descended even from the highest to the lowest, and of the fatal obstacle which it must interpose to the hopes of the lovers. No sooner are we thus masters of the position in which they stand, than chance instantly brings the future victims together, and love, kindled as if by lightning, takes possession of both. Their wishes hurry to their accomplishment; the masquerade, the garden scene, the cell of Friar Lawrence, succeed each other with breathless rapidity; for a moment the star of love seems to be in the ascendant, and the baleful planet which lowered upon them at the outset to have waned and disappeared. But it has been but obscured for a mo-

ment; it flashes forth again too soon in the encounter of Tybalt and Mercutio, and the fatal revenge of Mercutio's death by Romeo, which leads to his banishment. One other short scene of passionate happiness follows, and then the gloom deepens and deepens to the close. Love bears up in vain against the inexorable force of circumstances, "weight still is laid on weight till the resistless pressure bears him down." The hostile principle of late triumphs through the fourth and fifth acts, and only at the close of the piece does the spirit of love begin to reassert its empire; when over the tomb of their only children, the bereaved fathers unite their hands, and bewail those fatal feuds which have led to this mournful consummation. In their sad embrace, in their too late lament over the ruin they have caused, we hail the arrival of better days for Verona; with that last peal which has blighted the lovers, the thunder has died away, the storm has howled itself to rest, and peace, like the evening star, after a troubled day, is seen rising placid and cloudless above the night of the grave.

Is there an imagination which has not been fired by the moonlight scene in the garden, in which Shakspeare seems to have condensed all the magic of his genius, and all the music of his numbers! Juliet leaning from the balcony, inspired like Genevieve by "all impulses of soul and sense," beneath "the rich and balmy eve," and unconscious of her lover's presence, whispering her new secret to the ear of night, and Romeo watching beneath, seeing no peril in the swords of angry kinsmen, braving danger and death to obtain that interview, are figures which imprint themselves indelibly on the memory.

"The dialogue in the garden, (says W. Schlegel,*) has a romantic tone, and yet the picturesque, the fantastic, are blended throughout with that simplicity, in which we recognise the immediate effusions of the heart. What sweet secrets does the omnipotence of the poet betray to us! The close and silent night alone may be the witness of these touching complaints, these outpourings of affection, these confessions, these partings and returns. How she hurries to knit the indissoluble bond! Even the scenery around is not without its influence. Under the clear heaven, which may well suggest to Romeo his comparison of Juliet's eyes to stars, shaded by those trees which the moonbeams tip with silver, the lovers are placed under the direct influence of nature, and set free from the artificial relations of society. So also in the parting scene, the charms of a southern spring is brought before us by the nightingale which nightly sings from the pomegranate-tree; and not the stroke of the bell, but the voice of the lark, announces the ill-omened approach of day.

"As Juliet's whole being is love, so is fidelity her virtue. From the moment she becomes the wife of Romeo, her fate is united to his; she has the deepest loathing of every thing which could tend to separate them; she fears equally to be torn from him, or to be false to him. The tyrannous vehemence of her father, the commonplace character of both parents, offends us, but its spares Juliet the contest between love and filial affection, which would in this instance be out of place; for here the feeling is represented not as a deviation from moral rules, or at war with duties, but in all its original purity, as the first and best boon that nature has to bestow. After such a meeting, Juliet can feel no reverence for her parents, and when she is compelled to dissemble, she does it resolutely, and with no scruples of conscience.

"That the hint of Juliet's fearful soliloquy before swallowing the sleeping draught, is to be found in the tale, is only an additional proof of Shakspeare's skill. This superficial resemblance of the commonest and the highest is the triumph of art. With what inimitable superiority has he accomplished this masterpiece of representation; first, Juliet's terror on finding herself alone—almost as in her grave; then her sinking of heart—her natural suspicion—the resolution with which she repels it; the tumultuous images of terror which crowd into her brain; and at last the wild, distracted haste with which she drains the draught, which it would have been unnatural for her to have swallowed calmly!

"Her waking in the grave, and the few brief moments of existence which follow, are finely connected with the wildness of the former scene by the force of contrast. The slumber which has so long held her senses prisoner has stilled the fever of her blood. She opens her eyes like a child, to whom something has been promised by her mother, who has been dreaming of it, and wakes her mother to ask her for it. She wakes with a calm and perfect consciousness of the terrors around her. She will not allow herself to be dragged from the spot when she sees her husband lying dead. She asks nothing: she knows enough."

A pleasing contrast to the wildness of Romeo's passion is afforded by that of Paris. The one is love—the other inclination. Paris seems a quiet, gentle nature, to whom all extremes are hateful. He excites no great interest during his life, but there is something deeply pathetic and affecting in his death. He has come to strew flowers on the grave of his intended bride. The sight of him whom he believes to be the cause of her death exasperates even his calm temperament into rage: he shuts his ears to the affecting appeal of his rival—he rushes upon his fate, and dies happy in the thought that his adversary will grant his last prayer.

There are few characters on which Shakspeare seems to have bestowed more care, or lavished more wit, than Mercutio. He has but little share in the action of the play; he acts, indeed, but once, where he encounters Tybalt. But as it is his death which hurries Romeo to that of Tybalt, and is the origin of all the misfortunes which follow in such rapid succession, it was necessary to invest the character with a corresponding importance.

"As the play, (says Schlegel,) may be called one great antithesis, where love and hatred, the sweetest and the bitterest emotions, festive mirth and gloomy forebodings, embrace, and the fulness of burial vaults, youth and self-annihilation, stand closely side by side: so the frolic levity of Mercutio is contrasted with the visionary melancholy of Romeo. Mercutio's wit is not the cold offspring of the efforts of the understanding, but the spontaneous outbreakings of his restless temperament. The rich vein of fancy which, united in Romeo with deep feeling, inclines towards the romantic, under the influence of Mercutio's clear intellect, assumes the shape of genial humour. In both, the fulness of life is conspicuous; in both appears the fleeting duration of all that is fairest, the rapid decay of all those flowers of exist-

* Charakterisiken und Kritiken. Von August Wilheim Schlegel and Friedrich Schlegel. A joint work by the two brothers, which has never been translated into English, and is comparatively little known in this country.

nce, over the blight of which this play may be consi-
lered as a tender lamentation. Mercutio, like Romeo,
s destined to an early death. He deals with his life as
vith a sparkling wine, which we hasten to drink ere its
pirit evaporates. Ever active, ever jesting—an admirer
f beauty, yet a heretic in love, as brave as he is self-
willed—equally ready to do battle with his sword as with
is tongue, even his death-wound cannot check the cur-
ent of his humour, and he leaves the world with a jest,
s in life he had jested at all it contains."

"The part of the nurse also Shakspeare has obviously
aboured in the spirit of love; every thing about her has
speaking truth. As the ideas in her brain seem to be
ssociated by the slightest and most arbitrary threads, so
n her actions there is but the connection of inconse-
uence. She belongs to those beings in whom nothing
ppears to take root save prejudices, and whose morality
eems to fluctuate with the accidents of the moment.
She is jealous of her reputation, yet has a sort of disinte-
ested pleasure in sins of a certain kind, and developes
o inconsiderable qualifications for the office of go-be-
ween. Her chief pleasure is a tale of marriage, or a
ecret amour. It is not baseness, but a weak and culpa-
le good-nature which dictates her advice to Juliet, to
orsake Romeo and marry Paris. That her fidelity to-
wards the lovers cannot stand against temptation, is a
ircumstance which was necessary fully to illustrate Ju-
iet's strength of mind, since she can no longer find a
tay or a support in those by whom she is surrounded,
nd, alone and unassisted, must carry into effect the
ounsels of Father Lawrence. Had the nurse's conduct
lowed from real baseness of heart, it is hardly possible
o conceive that Juliet should ever have chosen her for
er confidante. The strange incongruous union of good
nd bad in her character, is admirably suited to its ob-
ect; and richly as Shakspeare has lavished on the part
is treasures of knowledge of the heart, we cannot think
e has been too prodigal."

It is well known that, on the English stage, the
atastrophe has been materially altered. Garrick,
who proceeded on the notion that, in every tra-
edy, the more heart-rending the grief could be
endered the better, could not resist the tempta-
ion of *amending* Shakspeare, and closing the
whole play with a distracting scene of separation
etween the dying lovers. He determined that
Romeo should not die, till Juliet had an opportu-
nity of wakening from her sleeping draught, and
oining in a pathetic chorus, to the blearing of
air eyes and the great damage of many white
ocket-handkerchiefs. No great invention cer-
ainly would have been required for this, had
Shakspeare thought that the close of Romeo and
Juliet ought to be constructed on what a clever
writer calls the "greatest misery possible princi-
ple," any more than for a totally opposite termi-
nation, namely, that Juliet should awaken just in
time to prevent her husband from swallowing
the poison, and that all should end merrily as a
nursery tale.

"It appears to me (says Schlegel) that Shakspeare,
whether from his close adherence to the tale which he
had before him, or from deliberate consideration, has
chosen the better course. There is a degree of suffering
beyond which all additions become torture, or glide off
without effect from the mind, already saturated as it were
with grief. In this brief and terrible meeting of the
lovers, Romeo's remorse at the thought of his rash sui-
cide, and Juliet's despair, in the momentary revival of
her hopes, followed by their sudden destruction, when
she seemed to have reached the very goal of her wishes,
—would have been too harassing, would have in all pro-
bability deviated into distortion. No one doubts that
Shakspeare could have represented such a scene with
overpowering strength; but here, on the contrary, there
was need of every alleviation, that the mind might not,
by harsh dissonance, be roused from the gentle sorrow
into which it had been lulled. Why should farther suf-
fering be laid to account of destiny, which has already
so much to answer for? Why should the tortured Romeo
not be left to shake off in peace from his life-wearied
frame 'the yoke of hostile stars?' He holds his beloved
in his arms, his dying consolation is the thought of an
eternal union. She too seeks death in kisses on his lips.
Their last moments must be left undivided to tenderness
and pity, that we may firmly cherish the thought, that
though the lovers have perished, love still survives."

It is in this spirit too that Shakspeare has pro-
longed the action for a little beyond the death of
the lovers, and shown us that the same stroke
which had leveled their hopes and happiness with
the ground, has destroyed also that spirit of hatred
from which their miseries had sprung. The feel-
ing of consolation which must always accompany
every proper tragic close, would have been incom-
plete without the scene where Montague and
Capulet, beside the tomb of their only children,
abjure their enmity.

"The lovers have not fallen in vain, for important and
beneficent are the effects of their sacrifice. The victims
themselves seem but transfigured before our eye, and
no weak sorrow nor bitter grief is mingled with the pure
and elevating feeling with which their fate inspires us.
Yet there is not wanting enough of the irony of life; for,
looking on the reconciliation which has just taken place,
we ask these heads of parties the involuntary question,
'Why did not your foolish quarrels end earlier? If blood
must flow ere ye could be satisfied, might not that of
Tybalt and Mercutio have contented you? Now, only
when the last, the costliest jewels of your house, are taken
from you; when the blooming youth of Juliet, of Romeo,
of Paris, lies trodden into dust beneath your feet, you
have the misfortune to be wise; now, when ye have little
or nothing left to lose, ye desolate old men! do ye begin
anxiously to guard against farther loss. It needed but
a word from the prince to make you clasp your hands
above your children's tomb—those hands now too feeble
to wield a sword. Scarcely can you now tell the cause
of your quarrel. And who are to be the chief gainers by
your tardy reconciliation? Your servants! Sampson,
Gregorio, Abraham, and Balthazar, will no longer need
to fight and brawl in your cause, and Verona's streets
will be more tranquil than of yore.' These thoughts in-
voluntarily occur; and although the poet has not expres-
sed them in words, he yet excites them in our minds, for
undoubtedly such thoughts floated across his own. He
wished not to write a mere love-tale, but to exhibit clearly
the broader picture of human life. Looking into the mir-
ror which Shakspeare holds before us, we see pathos,
elevation of mind, and irony, all blended in harmo-
nious unison. Even this irony at the close, strongly as
it is expressed, produces no harsh or overpowering effect;
for the idea still recurs, 'Better late than never,' and the
peace of a city is perhaps precious enough to be pur-
chased by the death of five persons. Thus our compas-
sion becomes again calm and still."

The incident of the sleeping-draught—of a po-
tion which was to enchain the senses, and pro-
duce "the borrowed likeness of shrunk death"
for two and forty hours, yet leave the patient at
the close in perfect health,—is not a very proba-
ble one, and required the aid of every circumstance

to remove from the mind our doubts as to its possibility. This is done so far as the difficulty admitted of being removed, by representing Friar Lawrence, by whom the draught is furnished, even in the very first scene where he appears, as one who has long pried into the secrets of nature, and familiar " with the powerful grace that lies

" In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities."

The idea, no doubt, is not original, for the same qualities are ascribed to Lawrence in the poem of Brooke; but Shakspeare instantly perceived the propriety of dwelling on and enforcing a point which seemed so important, with a view to the main incident on which the catastrophe turns. But Friar Lawrence's character in other respects is sketched with great delicacy, and is in its way a very finely finished portrait—in a sober, greyish colouring, no doubt, as becomes the subject, but in admirable keeping.* " Like a mild Providence, which, however, is unable to ward off the stroke of adverse fate, appears Friar Lawrence beside the lovers; no saint, but a man of wisdom in a monk's cowl—a worthy, gentle, meditative, old man"—not without a certain sublimity, through his intimacy with the secrets of lifeless nature, and strikingly attractive, through his accurate knowledge of the human heart, which in him is united with a cheerful, and even witty humour. He has a rapidity of perception, which enables him to discern the right moment for action, and to act on it; courageous in his schemes and resolves, he feels their importance with a humane earnestness, yet exposes himself unhesitatingly to dangers, that good may come. When he complies with the solicitations of his young friends, he yields not to the impetuosity of their passion, but to the strength of his own convictions; to his holy reverence for a passion like this, of which he can still form an idea, though his heart has never experienced it, or, at least, the atmosphere of his being has long been purified from such convulsions. He demands of Juliet the resolution of a heroine; he encourages her to constancy in love as to a virtue; he seems to anticipate with confidence that in her he will not be deceived. He has nothing of his order about him except some skill in disguise, and perhaps some touch of physical cowardice. The last feature, however, ought, perhaps, to be laid to the score of age. It overmasters and unmans him so, that he leaves Juliet alone in that luckless night in the churchyard, which, in his calmer mind, would have been inexcusable. And yet shortly afterwards, in a danger which he sees he cannot escape, he becomes calm, collected, and master of himself. It is singular that this monk should on all occasions deal so little in religious allusions or considerations, and so much in moral ones. When he seeks to comfort the despairing Romeo, he offers him "adversity's sweet milk, philosophy." And the beautiful speech which he addresses to him may, indeed, be called, a sermon of pure intellect. Once only does he allude to heaven, in addressing the sorrowing parents of Juliet after her supposed death, that is to say, on an occasion when he is not in earnest. We may see from this the absurdity of Johnson's remark, when he observes, that Shakspeare meant to exhibit in Juliet the punishment of hypocrisy, " because most of his deceptions are practiced under the guise of religion."

While the play of Romeo and Juliet has been so deeply felt, and its beauties so truly appreciated, as in Germany, it is singular that so distinguished a poet and critic as Goethe should, in his adaptation of the play to the German stage, have varied so much from the original, particularly in the opening scenes of the piece. We have already observed, that in that exposition the dramatic skill of Shakspeare is particularly susceptible. First the quarrels of the servants, then the masters; the entrance of the melancholy Romeo, his fantastic attachment for Rosaline so soon to be thrown off as a garb which had never fitted him; the chance which suggests the idea of presenting himself at Capulet's banquets, the simplicity of the scene between Juliet, her mother, and her nurse, connecting the idea of childhood with the scenes of passionate womanhood, which follow so rapidly; all these form an introduction so clear, so natural, so captivating, that we are surprised how Goethe should have thrown them all aside, to commence the action at once, and without explanation, by the masquerade in the palace of Capulet. It seems to us not less singular, that, instead of prolonging the action, as Shakspeare has done, for a few moments beyond the death of the lovers, so as to exhibit the extinction of feudal hostility between the rival houses, and thus dismissing the spectator with a "vade in pacem," he has preferred the plan of closing at once the grave of the lovers and the piece, by a single moral observation from Friar Lawrence.

Two things impress themselves strongly on the mind, even of the most careless reader, in the perusal of Romeo and Juliet; the exquisite music of the versification, and the accumulation of imagery. The song of the nightingale itself is echoed in the magic numbers which describe it; a chorus of divine voices seems to float through the air, and to catch and prolong the accents of the lovers till they die away upon the ear of night. It is wonderful with what skill, with what perfection of imitation, all this has been rendered back in the translation of Schlegel. It was his first translation, we believe, and it is his best. Will our English readers pardon us, if we place beside Shakspeare's enchanting lines a few corresponding verses from the Romeo and Juliet of Schlegel, in which the very pauses, the rise and fall of the versification, the very soul of the original, is placed before us?

" Juliet.

Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:
It is some meteor, that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on the way to Mantua;
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

" Romeo.

Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, if thou wilt have it so.

* W. Schlegel. Charakteristiken and Kritiken.

I'll say, yon gray is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay than will to go;—
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so."

"JULIA.

Trau mir, das licht ist nicht des tages licht
Die sonne hauchte dieses luftbild aus
Dein fackeltrager diese nacht zu seyn
Dir auf dem weg nach Mantua zu leuchten;
Drum bleibe doch; zu gehn ist noch nicht noth.

"ROMEO.

Lass sie mich greifen, ja lass sie mich todten,
Ich gehe gern mich drein, wenn du es willst,
Nein, jenes grau ist nicht des morgens auge
Der bleiche abglanz nur von Cynthia's stirn.
Das ist auch nicht die lerche, deren schlag
Hoch uber uns des himmels wolbung trifft,
Ich bleibe gern; zum gehn bin ich verdrossen
Willkommen tod! hat Julia dich beschlossen."

Of the richness, the riotous prodigality of the imagery, and particularly of those allusions and plays on words, which many have so severely condemned in the speeches of the lovers—and of which Johnson remarks, that, be the misery of the personages what it may, they are never at a loss for some ingenious turn amidst their griefs—let us hear the truer and more profound views of Schlegel.

"When love reveals itself to love, the only aim of the heart is to express its internal conviction, and to inspire in the beloved the consciousness of that conviction. It shuns the pomp of words in which the empty professions of pretended attachment might clothe themselves with equal ease; it ventures not to attempt the inexpressible; but it possesses the secret of breathing a higher soul, even into simplicity itself. Can any one overlook this heart-touching tone, in the confessions, the protestations, the soft love whispers of Romeo and Juliet? Juliet yields, with as much childish openness as Miranda in the Tempest, and what she says

'Is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love.'

But the admiration, the idolatry of the beloved one, cannot express itself without imagery; it must find a vent in the boldest comparisons. With the magic stroke which has isolated and exalted that object above all the world, it has lost the standard of reality, and can soar to the farthest limits, far as the wings of fancy can bear it, without being conscious of its wanderings. Love is the poetry of life, why should it not grow poetical upon its object? Love falls involuntarily into these far-fetched comparisons, which wit can only laboriously bring together. There exist inconceivable contradictions in the very being of love; even with the fullest reciprocity, it cannot resolve itself into perfect harmony, and has a natural inclination towards antithesis. Still more is this the case when it has to sustain a conflict with outward embarrassments. A play on words is a comparison or contrast between the meaning of words and their sound; and, as in love, the spiritual and the sensual are always striving after a union, as it borrows from the one the tenderest allusions to apply them to the other, so it may amuse itself in like manner with the resemblances of sound. Such plays on words are generally condemned as childish and unnatural. If the former term be applicable to them, the latter cannot: and experience, in fact, convinces us, that children delight in these allusions and double meanings. But love, in its perfect abandonment, carries the soul, even with the full development of all its organs, and in all the vigour of life, back as it were into the state of childhood. Without intending it, I find I have been writing Petrarch's apology, whose strange images and comparisons, whose ever-recurring contrasts and mystical allusions have been a stumblingblock to so many readers and commentators. His ideal, ethereal, resigned adoration of Laura has indeed nothing in common with the youthful glow of strength and fire which impel Romeo and Juliet to live and die for each other; but the style of his poetry has a close resemblance to the colouring of Shakspeare's expressions of tenderness."

We shall conclude this short notice by an extract from another work of Schlegel, (his Dramatic Lectures,) in which he thus characterises, as a whole, this beautiful play, which he justly styles a magnificent hymn to love.

"It was reserved for Shakspeare to unite purity of heart, and the glow of imagination, sweetness, and dignity of manners, and passionate violence, in one ideal picture. By the manner in which he has handled it, it has become a glorious song of praise on that inexpressible feeling which ennobles the soul, and gives to it the highest sublimity, and which elevates even the senses themselves into soul, and, at the same time, is a melancholy elegy on its frailty, from its own nature and external circumstances—at once the deification and the burial of love. It appears here like a heavenly spark, that, descending to the earth, is converted into a flash of lightning, by which mortal creatures are, almost in the same moment, set on fire and consumed. Whatever is most intoxicating in the odour of a southern spring, languishing in the song of the nightingale, or voluptuous in the first opening of the rose, is breathed into this poem. But even more rapidly than the earliest blossoms of youth and beauty decay, it hurries on from the first timidly bold declaration of love, and modest return, to the most unlimited passion, to an irrevocable union; then, amidst alternating convulsions of rapture and despair, to the death of the lovers, who still appear enviable, since their love survives them, and by their death they have obtained a triumph over every separating power; and all these contrasts are so blended, in this harmonious and wonderful work, into a unity of impression, that the echo which the whole leaves behind in the imagination resembles a single but endless sigh."

From the London Metropolitan.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

OH STRIKE THE LUTE, LADY!

Oh strike the lute, lady! the wildness that clings
To my spirit grows tame, while I listen to thee;
'Tis music alone that can open the springs
Of this dark frozen bosom: sing, lady, to me!
That song—oh! how well I remember the strain,
When it stole on me first from the lips that are cold,—
Those lips, that can never breathe music again,
Or tell me to love, as they oftimes have told.

Oh strike the lute, lady! but wake not the strings
To the soft lay of love, or the light note of joy:
Some sweet sabbath air that to memory brings
The home and the friends that I left when a boy.
Thus beguiled let me sit; thus, in fancy, behold
The loved and the loving ones still at my side;
And forget the long years, that in darkness have rolled,
Since those *loved* and those *loving ones* faded and died.

From the Monthly Magazine.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHATEAUBRIAND IN ENGLAND.

Landing of M. de Chateaubriand as ambassador.—His reception by the ladies of Dover.—His opinion of the degeneration of the English people.—Visit from the son of M. de Montesquieu.—His reception by the *corps diplomatique*.—English and French soldiers.—His opinion of the English aristocracy and democracy.—English and French ideas of liberty.—Profession of principles.—On mediocrity of talent.—Reasons for choice of residence.—His poetic temperament.—English and Arabian blood horses.—Eulogium of the ass.—Glory.—Bonaparte.—Wellington.—Pitt.—Voltaire.—Kensington gardens.—Canning.—Literary fund.—Annual dinner.—Anecdote of the viscount and coursing.

There are men who even in their life-time may be said to belong to posterity—predestined mortals, who, from their first entrance upon the business of existence, stand apart from their fellows, and the minute episodes seem stamped with a distinctive character. Of such men the Viscount de Chateaubriand is incontestibly one. His memoirs are amongst the few whose perusal leaves a trace behind them: they in some measure redeem the credit of autobiographies in general, and rescue that particular class of literature from the utter damnation of the reading world. We have been deluged with the egotistical tediousness of many worthy personages of both sexes, and of all ranks, grades, and professions. Patricians and plebeians, soldiers and sailors, old gentlefolks both of the masculine and feminine gender, have shamefully maltreated us in this particular line. Wherefore do we hail, with a feeling of thanksgiving, the advent of something of richer promise. We have at last found a green spot in a barren waste, and there would we fain rest our staff.

M. de Chateaubriand seems to consider that he has played his part on life's eventful stage—that he has done with its toils, its cares, its perils, and its passions. Like the traveller who has long struggled to gain some rugged steep, inaccessible to ordinary wayfarers, he feels a pleasure in looking down from his commanding eminence, and contemplating far in the distance beneath him the clouds and storms through which he has passed. His race is run, and to close accounts with the world, he bequeaths to posterity a history of his chequered career—a sort of poetic last will and testament, carelessly blending in one common record, emotions and feelings with facts; the reveries and idealities of genius with the sad and sober realities of life. A favoured few admitted to the intimacy of the noble poet, and enabled to snatch a furtive glance at his precious pages, have revealed some passages to public curiosity. But, notwithstanding the undoubted authenticity of the autobiography, to which the illustrious author daily adds some fresh recollections, we may reasonably entertain doubts on the score of its completeness: we may question if the self-constituted biographer will set down every fact creditable to the man—if his pen will or can retrace every thought and feeling—all the impassioned and involuntary poetry, which his soul, in the full tide of its overflowing, may pour forth in the ear of friendship. Of a truth, we have the consolation to reflect that any hiatus on these points will infallibly be filled up by one or more of the literary resurrectionists who do business in the reminiscence and last speech line—whose mission it is to wiredraw the social inspirations of genius in *dishabille*, and to imprison in one or two, or mayhap three goodly octavos, the fugitive sallies of the illustrious departed. So has it been with Byron: the nothings of his idlest hours have been "set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote;" the very stones have prated of his whereabouts. He has had his chroniclers from "the Hebrew nasalities of Nathan," to the mellifluous mawkishness of Moore. Thus have the bookmakers dealt with him; and in the spirit of our "prophetic fury" do we say—so will they deal with Chateaubriand. His sayings will be resuscitated in the shape of "conversations," and his doings appropriately attired in the costume of "reminiscences."

We repeat, our world of letters is occasionally subject to singular chances, and precisely by one of these do we stand possessed of materials which enable us to put forth a brief sketch, forestalling the more elaborate efforts of those well-meaning bibliopoles touching whose probable designs we have already spoken with the tongue of prophecy. In a word, we are able to communicate a few particulars, the substance of which has been gathered from a diary that has fallen into our hands—honestly, we conjure the reader to believe, but that main point stated, we have reasons, or it may be caprice, for declining to give further information as to the *quo modo*. Our journal contains not a few details touching the celebrated writer, whose name figures at the head of this chapter—details which relate to the period of his embassy to England, and of which the printed page, whether of quarto, octavo, pamphlet, or periodical, has hitherto been innocent.

On the landing of M. de Chateaubriand, at Dover, which took place on the 4th of April, 1822, he was welcomed by a sort of homage which, how flattering soever in itself, was, at least to his Gallic ideas, somewhat singular in its manifestation. Scarcely had the news of his arrival been circulated by one or more of the hundred tongues of Fame, when the literary ladies of the ancient and respectable town of Dover hastily resolved themselves into a committee, and named a deputation consisting of twenty-five of the most poetical and romantic of their body, who, headed by the mayoress of the town, were charged to compliment, not the ambassador, but the poet, in the name of the female rank, beauty, fashion, and literature of Dover. Ineffable was the modest confusion of his excellency at the approach of the formidable phalanx, to which he was obliged to capitulate by accepting an invitation for that evening at the house of my lady mayoress.

About twenty years had elapsed since the period of M. de Chateaubriand's first residence in England, which had commenced with the emigration of the French noblesse. The feelings produced on him by his second visit, were rather painful, and the more so when contrasted with the impressions which his too faithful memory still retained of the first. Above all, the metro-

polis itself was, in his eyes, wholly changed, through the inroads made upon the manners of its population by French revolutionary principles. The middle and lower classes appeared to him squalid, ill-clad, and deteriorated in healthy looks. The stature of the men had decreased—the beauty of the women had faded. Among other treasures hoarded during his foreign travels, the viscount had carefully preserved a collection of old family paintings and engravings, which lent to the English female physiognomy a bland and gracious expression irresistibly pleasing, from its contrast with the more vivacious beauty of his own countrywomen:—and for this soft winning grace—"such as youthful poets fancy when they love,"—his jaundiced eye now looked in vain. The race of Britons was, in the viscount's opinion, degenerating. The melancholy truth is that the change was in the spectator, and not in the living and moving drama which he witnessed. The noble envoy was now some twenty years older than when he first saw the white cliffs of Albion, and his grizzled and thinly scattered locks but ill concealed the furrows which the hand of time began to write upon his brow. He gazed with the chilled and withered feelings of age on the scenes which he had first seen when warm in youth. All—even to his social position—conspired to effect a change in his sentiments. Who can wonder that the no longer youthful but aristocratical ambassador was unable to look with a complacent eye on much that had been congenial to the warm heart of the young, though impoverished and friendless emigrant?

A few days after his arrival in London, the Viscount de Chateaubriand received a visit from M. de Montesquieu, grandson of the celebrated author of *L'Esprit des Loix*. This gentleman had married and settled in England, where he lived in great privacy and retirement. As soon as his name was announced to the ambassador, the latter advanced eagerly to meet him, seized him by the hand, and in a tone of great emotion, —"Ah!" said he, "how this visit rejoices—overpowers me! you will smile at the thraldom which my fancy exercises; but it almost seems to me that your grandfather in your person deigns to visit me!" M. de Montesquieu could do no less than draw upon his vocabulary of compliments in return. He was in fact inspired by the occasion. "My duty," said he, "no less than my inclination leads me to present myself to your excellency, whose person is a noble compound at once of my grandfather and of the immortal Fenelon." This was a handsome, and at the same time a just eulogium; and so deeply did it affect M. de Chateaubriand that his eyes involuntarily streamed with tears. In juxtaposition with the adroit and spiritual flattery of the immortal president's grandson, it may be curious to place a brief notice of M. de Chateaubriand's reception by the *corps diplomatique*, shortly after his first audience of his Britannic majesty.—"Gentlemen," said the king, presenting the illustrious Frenchman to Prince Lieven and Prince Esterhazy—"you are reinforced by a new colleague."—"We are happy and proud to see him amongst us!" coldly replied the Austrian ambassador.—"Delighted and honoured by the accession," re-echoed his Prussian excellency. Here was a set-off to the involuntary tribute of M. de Montesquieu, and to the genuine though turbulent admiration evinced by the ladies of Dover!

During the period of his stay in England, M. de Chateaubriand's remarks in general and familiar conversation were rather subtle and curious, than accurate or profound. He often expressed his surprise at seeing but few external and prominent signs of that military force which had successfully fought the battles of old England against France and her revolutionary principles. Prodigious was his wonderment that he seldom encountered, as in Paris, some *vieille moustache*, whose hoary and formidable redundancy denoted its possessor's long familiarity with the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war." He seemed almost to regret the absence of those sun-burnt, iron-faced professors of the sabre, who may be seen on high days and holy-days "frighting" the good city of Paris "from its propriety," laughing loud, drinking hard, and running grisettes *à la cosaque*. The noble stranger forgot the prudent jealousy which England entertains of military influence, and that ardent spirit of constitutional and civil liberty so hostile to the usurpation of the sword. But that his appreciation of the social and political state of England was often just and delicate, will perhaps be admitted after a perusal of some of his opinions which we here put together nearly as they were uttered—that is to say, without much regard or order of connection. "Here," said he, "the framework of society is formed of circles, each turning on its own centre. Even the opposition is aristocratic. The monarchy has ceased to exist, and has dwindled to a mere oligarchy. The government, such as it is, will *fall only by the hand of its aristocracy: it has nothing to fear from its democracy!* From the nullity of the monarchy and the power of the aristocracy it results that, strictly speaking, and in the French acceptation of the term, there is no court; in other words, none of the nobility cringe to a master, or bow before his nod. England has comparatively few court-flies, few court intrigues. The nobles, instead of passing their days in base adulation of the sovereign, are busied in preserving their power and influence in the country. The aristocracy of England is at least an enlightened aristocracy: its members might be deprived of their wealth—of their properties, and yet their personal merits would still suffice to place them at the top of the social wheel. Hence the contrast, so often remarked elswehere, between the splendour of posts and the incapacity of their occupants, is of more rare occurrence in England. Public men there, are more frequently in their proper places."

We are far from agreeing on *all* these points with the gifted ambassador of his late most Christian majesty Louis XVIII.; but not a few of them bear the indelible impress of truth. Above all, the opinion that "the government will fall only by the hand of its aristocracy," seems to us at this moment to have been dictated by the spirit of prophecy. The forecast shadows of coming

events, big with the destiny of a nation, are already visible.

The comparison which M. de Chateaubriand establishes between English ideas of equality and liberty, and that republican enthusiasm for *égalité*, so characteristic of a large portion of France, is, in our opinion, drawn with much force and accuracy. "In England," observed the viscount, "the principle for *égalité*, as interpreted by the French, is little understood. An Englishman often asks, does equality consist in the power of obtaining honours or places of emolument? Does it mean equal rights, even-handed justice, and equal protection afforded by the laws? The French are already in possession of these blessings, and Englishmen are unable to conceive that any other species of equality can exist." After a short pause, M. de Chateaubriand concluded with the following illustration of his idea:—"The old nobility of England," said he, "has not been annihilated by the mere fact of its political defeat along with Charles Stuart on the field of battle. It has passed through a period of revolution without abandoning a single right, and without incurring the slightest stain. It has still preserved its aristocracy, and constituted itself into the order of the peerage. The French noblesse, on the contrary, has entirely perished under the guillotine—it has been vanquished by the executioner—its order is irretrievably extinct—and from its ashes has arisen a sort of bastard nobility, without privileges, without dignity, and without honourable recollections!"

It would be an injustice to suppose that even at this period M. de Chateaubriand betrayed the slightest feeling of bitterness against the revolution of 1789, which had thus annihilated the aristocracy, and crushed to the earth the principle of sovereignty. At this very period—in 1802 (the date here is of some moment)—he openly made the following profession of faith, which, we believe, he has registered in his unpublished memoirs; it affords the key to his whole political career:—"I am," said he, "a republican from taste, a Bourbonist from duty, and a royalist from reason and reflection." Assuredly none will maintain, at least none can fairly show, that he has proved an apostate from this triple creed.

In passing from the consideration of opinions to that of individuals, and weighing in the balance many of the personages who have figured as public characters for the last thirty years, M. de Chateaubriand expressed his opinion, that mediocrity of talent, though impotent in its isolated state, acquired a certain degree of power and vigour when placed in exalted situations. "The mediocrity," said he, "nay, the nullity of those in power, is often sufficient for its day. Men in office sometimes acquire factitious strength from the very circumstances which invest them with authority. Their force increases with the exigences of the time."

With regard to France, M. de Chateaubriand invariably maintained that she would best consult her dignity and safety by taking a decisive part in politics, without waiting for the authorisation of examples. This opinion he expressed in 1822, when he was the ambassador of Louis XVIII. How profound would have been the noble viscount's amazement, had some voice, "foreboding luckless time," whispered in his ear, that twelve years afterwards a popular government, which had hoisted the national colours, would urge the expediency of strictly adapting its line of policy to the wishes of Europe!

The reader would be in error, were he to imagine that M. de Chateaubriand is habitually of too grave a cast of mind to handle with grace and playfulness those lighter themes which form the staple topics of modern conversation. If, when some abstract question is started—some discussion nearly connected with the interests of nations or of mankind at large—

> "The gordian knot of it he will unloose,
> Familiar as his garter——"

he is no less gifted with that happy versatility which can turn from grave to gay—which can abandon the domain of philosophical speculation for the fairy land of poetry and romance. The first genial ray of spring, piercing the substantial veil of fog and mist in which a London atmosphere is usually enveloped, has often sufficed to draw from him a rhapsody peculiarly his own, and, as may be seen from the specimen which we subjoin, but slightly connected with the idea that served him as his *point de départ*. On one such occasion he exclaimed—"Were the choice of a residence left to me, I would fix my abode in Rome. There all is grandeur, even in ruin—all is sublimity and recollection of former glory. In the environs that surround the wrecks of ages, all is silence and solitude. In the midst of the long tangled grass which overgrows the deserted fields, rises some solitary column; or, perchance, as in the days of infant Rome, groups of wild steeds are seen approaching to slake their thirst in the waters of the Tiber. In this genial climate, existence acquires double vigour—man breathes a purer air—the warm sunshine of heaven gives new elasticity to his movements, and may be said to clothe him like a garment. He quits the majestic solitude, and returning to the eternal city, kneels before some aged minister of peace, and receives the pious blessing, which, in Rome, is invoked alike upon the rich man's purple and the beggar's rags."

These were the poet's moments of sunshine—fleeting and transitory as the few brief rays of a London spring morning to which they owed their birth; his mind, like the external atmosphere which affected its mercurial temperament, being soon overclouded and dark. In his gloomy hours he was by no means nice as to the vehicle through which his fretfulness might be vented. his vigorous paradoxes being recklessly hurled against the subject under immediate consideration. Sometimes he would inveigh bitterly against smoky London "and all that it inherits" —against the city of steam-engines and rail-roads —the metropolis of gas, coal, and coke—against the prosaic cockneys who, as he said, turn even the elements to material use, burning the air, and the very earth on which they tread. On such occasions his strictures, though unjust, were not divested of a certain character of originality and

playfulness. Crossing Hyde Park one day, with some friends, he suddenly broke forth into a poetic and passionate anathema against some of the finest blood horses that ever exhibited their paces round the ring. Passing next from comparisons between the objects of his affected disdain, and the proud steeds of Arabia, which he characterised as possessing a sagacity approaching to intellect, the angry poet all at once diverged into a rhapsody on the spirituality, as he was pleased to term it, of the ass. "In the East," said he, "the ass is superb. A troop of camels would be unable to cross the desert unless headed by an ass. In an age like the present, when firmness of purpose is recognised as a virtue, can too much praise be given to the tenacity of the ass? I have ever," continued he, "admired that splendid comparison which Homer draws between the stern immobility of the warrior and the firmness of the ass, that having once effected his entrance into a field, resists with unshaken constancy all attempts to expel him from the favoured spot of his election. It is only in the west that the ass has ceased to be poetic. When warlike and barbarous tribes found it expedient to render the horse the accomplice of their guilty ravages, from that moment the ass lost his place in society, and became confounded among the democracy of the brute creation. His noble qualities were thrown into shade—his faculties degraded—his intelligence paralysed by vulgar toils—and his very name used as a symbol to represent the hopeless incapacity that would have been too much honoured by a kick from his hoof. This wanton injustice will perhaps be redressed by future ages."

Though by no means convinced that the reader will sympathise with the opinions here advanced in favour of asinine intellectuality, we yet believe the advocate to have taken up the cause, not in a vein of irony, but in a genuine spirit of zeal for his *protégés;* and, undoubtedly, if the universality of the prejudice existing against the defended constitutes the disinterested generosity of the defence, few will contest the liberal motives which actuated the pleader.

Few literary men of the present day are subject to more frequent moods of despondency and gloom than the noble and illustrious author of Moïse. Often has he confided to the ear of friendship a most doleful and incoherent chapter of confessions. "There are men," would he say, "who are fond of seeing sights, but mine is not an inquisitive temperament. My whole existence, from infancy till now, has been devoured by *ennui.* I have traveled with indifference to external objects, urged by mere weariness of life. I have observed nothing, felt nothing, with interest. I attach myself to nothing. I serve my king cordially, and yet without enthusiasm. My existence is, in short, a system of perpetual self-restraint. It would pain me to think that I have done ill, and yet—must I confess it?—to have done well affords me no intense gratification. Virtue is dear to me, but as a divinity that moves my reason rather than touches my heart. The faculties of him who can worship her as he ought, must be peculiarly organised. Buffon has occasionally appreciated her—Voltaire has loaded her with derision—Rousseau has treated her as a prostitute, and, at the same time, adored the beauty he endeavoured to degrade. And glory!—who, in his hour of sober, sad reflection, can seriously worship glory? The greatest man of the age has even now departed from amongst us: Bonaparte is no more. I have heard scores of discharged ballad-mongers roar themselves hoarse in the streets of London with the announcement of his death, and not one passenger turned aside to pay the tribute of a penny for the bulletin! Glory! Wellington, the great English captain of the age, willingly sacrifices his fame to fashion—to the pleasures of a London season—and he and his fame are alike lost in the crowd. He has become the rival of the *petits maitres* of Almack's, and their glory eclipses his. Of all the names of the past or the present generation, perhaps one only will survive, because associated with literary merit—and that name is Pitt. Two small tiny volumes sometimes hand down a name to posterity, for whom alone an author should write; and it is simply because I doubt if generations yet unborn will speak of my own works, that I hold them cheap. I feel an intimate conviction that my literary fame rests on no solid foundation: it will not resist the hand of the destroyer—time! When these reflections assail me, *ennui,* like an unwelcome guest, returns. Even the solitude, to which I have devoted the last twenty-five years of my life, is now distasteful to me. I was happier when exposed to danger; my soul was then absorbed by the excitement of a struggle. For this reason, my ten years of persecution under Bonaparte were perhaps the best of my life. When the king returned, his imbecile ministers prolonged my satisfaction for some five or six years, inasmuch as I had to combat their system, and their pernicious measures. But now that we have gained the battle, I am again the victim of *ennui.* I have been named ambassador; only one step more remains to complete the mishap: the probabilities are a hundred to one that I shall one day be appointed minister. Who has *not* been minister? 'Tis true, when I compose I am less subject to *ennui. The Martyrs,* the first two acts of *Moïse,* which I finished in my garden at Aulnay, afforded me some hours of mental activity. Mine is the trite story of the cobbler, who toils and toils at an old shoe, and yawns when his work is finished. There are but two or three things in the world which excite my admiration. Buffon sometimes awakens that feeling within me—Rousseau never. Of all the authors who have spoken of the Romans, Montesquieu is the most eloquent. It was unquestionably a glorious age that produced those three men—and Voltaire. I have never read the first scene of Athalie without shedding tears. An ode of Horace, and a little poetical piece of Voltaire, which has approached the nearest to it, produce the same effect upon me:—

'Si vous voulez que j'aime encore,
Rendez moi l'age des amours;
Au crépus-cula de mes jours
Rejoignez, s'il se peut, l'aurore.'

In that and the following stanzas there is a tone of feeling which affects me sensibly. The Bible, and the solemn hymns of the church, some of the canticles, and the *Dies iræ*, that fearful portraiture of the terrible day, terminated by the sublime cry of prayer, have always struck me with admiration. The following lines, too, by an obscure author, appear to me to breathe the genuine spirit of poetry:—

'Arrête-toi, passant—contemple ma poussière,
Il ne me reste rien de ma beauté première;
Vois l'état où la mort m'a mis.
Je n'ai plus mes parens, mes biens, ni mes amis.
* * * * * *
On doute en me voyant si j'ai jamais été.
* * * * * *
La mort ne m'a laissé que les os.'

"In the old church music," continued M. de Chateaubriand, "there is a something of inexplicable and celestial harmony—a something which disdains subordination to the rules of our modern musicians and artists."

Such are the thoughts which M. de Chateaubriand has often confided to the friends whom he cherished; but who shall say what balmy odours of poesy his soul has exhaled towards heaven when communing with solitude—the poet's divinity? From the period of his arrival in London to that of his departure for the congress of Verona, he was in the habit of walking for several hours every day in Kensington-gardens, where he occasionally met Mr. Canning. Being questioned as to the reason of his preference for the gardens, which were at a great distance from his residence, whilst the Regent's-park was almost close to his door, he replied, that the predilection was by no means a mere caprice, but was attributable to his repugnance to visit a place that too painfully reminded him of past sufferings. He said that, during his emigration, the Regent's-park, which was then nothing more than a dreary marsh, had frequently been the scene of his wanderings, when a prey to hunger and to the most poignant anguish both of mind and body; and that he was naturally anxious to shun a spot which, even after a lapse of twenty years, revived the recollection of that bitter period. In keeping with the noble simplicity and frankness of this avowal is the trait related in the following anecdote, with which we shall terminate our chapter:

Our readers are no doubt aware that there exists in London an association, called the Literary Fund Society, the object of which is to afford relief to literary men in distress. No such institution exists in France, where, however, distress amongst men of letters is by no means uncommon. M. de Chateaubriand had made a donation of one hundred pounds to the Literary Fund Society, and as this sum far exceeded the amount of an ordinary subscription, the ambassador received an invitation to the annual dinner of the association, to which were also invited several other distinguished guests, and amongst the number Mr. Canning. After dinner, the health of the Viscount de Chateaubriand was proposed, and the poet was delicately thanked for his munificent offering. He immediately rose, and as he felt some embarrassment in addressing his auditory in English, Mr. Canning, who was seated next to him, declared in his name and at his request, that he had given nothing—that he had merely discharged a debt, having, at the period of his first visit to London, been himself frequently assisted by the society—that in repaying the obligation, he had merely done as one of the literary fraternity should do towards another; and that it was from him that thanks were due. In our minds the munificence of the act was enhanced by the nobleness of the declaration. The ambassador of France, laying aside his dignity, his pride of office, and placing the forlorn and pennyless author of 1802 full in the recollection of the proudest aristocracy of Europe! And Canning, too! the prime minister of England! Canning, who, as our readers may know (for he never disguised the fact), had in his early days availed himself, as a literary man, of the society's assistance! It was a glorious scene—a scene of simple and genuine grandeur—one to be written among the few bright pages that redeem the insignificance of aristocratic recollections.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

SKETCHES ON IRISH HIGHWAYS.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

IRISH RUINS.—PART II.—THE STORY OF CLOONEY BLAKEY.

It has been said, that the complacency with which we dwell upon the miseries of our fellow-creatures is a strong proof of the evil tendency of our nature. This may be, in some degree, true; but even the snarling French cynic tells us, that "Les vices entrent dans la composition des vertus, comme les poisons entrent dans la composition des remèdes. La prudence les assemble et les tempère, et elle s'en sert utilement contre les maux de la vie." Rochefoucault gives to our feelings, in this instance, a better interpretation than could be expected from him.

I assure those who peruse these pages that if I return to the subject of Irish ruins, like the bird which repeats its one melancholy note, until it is incapable of giving voice to any other, it is because my heart pants to excite sympathy for my poor country, and that I would fain draw the feelings of the English towards them in the time of their sore trouble.

There is in Ireland misery enough for gatherers of its records, without being confined to one subject. Misery is the *refrain* of Irish affairs; if we escape Scylla, we fall in with Charybdis. The change of a lord lieutenant—the misrepresentations of an agitator—the cold denunciations of the opposite party, and the bitterness of each against the other,—have little to do with the real state of Irish distress. There is positively nothing known, nothing imagined, of the utter, hopeless, degrading poverty endured by the peasants in the southern and wilder parts of Ireland.

As I write—while you read, there are hundreds of creatures, gifted, unhappily gifted, with feeling and intelligence, yet having no prospect but starvation, no refuge but the grave! "I have worked, lady," said a worn-down peasant to me in the neighbourhood of Cork, "I have worked from six o'clock in the morning till six at night, to support a bed-ridden mother, a wife, and seven childre', two of them (the childre' I mean) are—God brake hard fortune to you and yours, lady!—born naturals. I have slaved these twelve hours upon praties and a drink of could water *to wash them an' the throuble down together*, and the pay I get is tenpence a day."

"But," I replied, "though you work in that manner,

and at that small rate of wages, you have six acres of land, and your wife and sons cultivate it."

"We *had* six acres, we are only able to keep three now; it takes my eldest boy and myself the year round to work out the rent of them. The minister has his tithe, the priest his thrifle; the bit o' land is not rightly managed; the women and childre' hasn't the strength in 'em to manage the land which the devil has *trampled rough-shod over so many times*. The *baste** was seized and sould for the last gale, and so we've nothing to draw mendin: and what heart have we to mend it, houlding it as we do, at a rack-rent, and may be 'turn out' for the first fool that thinks he can pay more for it than we do?"

"It is certainly very hard," I said mournfully; "but, unfortunately, there are many in the same situation."

"And worse!" he replied; "there are some who haven't a broken roof even over their heads, nor the comfort of a *loving face to look into;* nor a child left with the fever; nor a pratee to the ditch-wather theyr'e forced to drink. But, ma'am, honey—that's no comfort!—Sure, the *craythurs, when they're poorer than ourselves, must have what little help we can give them.*"

Poor generous Paddy! *Here* the "craythurs poorer than ourselves" are sent to the workhouse; but in Ireland the half-starved cottager works for the half-starved beggar! We may and we must condemn the *system* which makes the poor man poorer, by letting loose upon him a population of paupers; but we cannot avoid sympathising with the disinterested generosity of the peasant, who gives voluntarily, and without the prospect of return.

Since the first portion of this subject was written, our feelings have been both dismayed and saddened by the fatal affray at Rathcormac: that it has been and will be made the instrument of much evil cannot be denied; but the fact of so many men, armed only with sticks, having been shot by soldiers, almost in *cold blood*, is so appalling in itself, that we wonder where British temper and British forbearance had gone during the few terrible minutes that made the green field red.

Never was there given to England a more touching picture of Irish desolation than that which reached us from the widow Ryan, in whose "haggart" the dreadful tragedy was enacted. After describing the commencement of the slaughter, the old woman unconsciously draws as affecting a picture of filial piety as can be conceived.

"With that I turned back, and I met my daughter in the bohreen; and she went with me, *guarding me with her arms round my neck.*"

After describing how she went to the dead bodies, turning them over in her agonising anxiety, to see if she could discover her son, she found him, poor woman! at last.—"I staggered down to him and I caught his pulse, *and he had no pulse;* I put my mouth to his mouth, *and he had no breath.* I then began to shut his eyes and close his lips; and Dick Willis cried out to me, 'Don't stop his breath;' 'Oh! Dick,' says I, 'he has no breath to stop.' With that I caught his *head*, and my daughter caught his *feet, and we stretched him in his blood where he lay.* And though my eye-balls are like two burning coals, *I cried no tear since.*"

Is not the poor widow's tale a more perfect, though more painful, illustration of the subject of "Irish Ruins," than "Way-Side Reminiscences" could furnish? It was spoken by the heart; and in every heart it will find an echo.

There is not as much *wild* pathos in the few words uttered by the widow of Rathcormac as in many episodes of distress which I have heard; but it is strongly concentrated—the agony is fearfully condensed.—"I put my *mouth to his mouth, and he had no breath!*" Only a mother can understand the strength of the description. It makes my blood run cold. They say the words are not the words of the widow—that they were uttered for her, to serve party purposes, by some ingenious dealer in spoken and printed fiction. I, for one, take no heed of this assertion. It is impossible to coin such *truth;* no human tongue could have uttered—no pen could have transcribed them, unless under the influence of NATURE, strong as that in the bosom of the widow bereaved of her children. It is a terrible note upon a terrible chapter in Irish history; and it will be fearfully used by those time-out-of-mind curses of Ireland—her FRIENDS!

"The four winds of heaven have been blowing upon my head these sixty years," said an old beggar to me, "until they have hardly left a gray hair to cover it." There was a perfect picture of desolation in that little sentence. The language of Irish metaphor is so strong that it bears thinking over; turn it as you will it is complete—there is no flaw in its construction—it is at once pathetic and forcible. I often call to mind the venerable man who had thus so happily expressed the loneliness of his situation. Clooney Blaney passed his latter years in migrating from parish to parish, and from ruin to ruin; he was fond of the "ould places;" though, unlike the "Old Mortality" of the great master spirit of our age, he had no desire to restore inscriptions or preserve monuments, he took much pleasure in patching up holes in crumbling walls, and spent the long days of summer, bare-headed, as indeed he always was, within their precincts.

Of all the ruins in my neighbourhood, he seemed most to delight in those of the seven castles of Clomines. Whether it was that they afforded him more extensive wandering-room, being scattered some on the very brink of the Scar, some far in the green and beautiful meadow, I know not; but I have often seen Clooney's bald head peeping above the gigantic trees of ivy that waved their sombre shining leaves in the gay sun, and heard the clatter of his trowel in the gray twilight of evening, as he pattered with the mortar or wet clay to "steady," as he used to say, "the stones—poor things!" Clooney could not bear to see the stone of a ruin displaced.

"It was weary work for them who put them there, and why should their spirits be bothered by letting go to destruction what we'll never build the like of again?"

A very wealthy farmer in the vicinity of the magnificent castle of Coolhull was so seized by the English mania for whitewashing, that he actually expended much time in "making the dirty baste of a castle look dacent for one't in its life"—he whitewashed it, inside and outside, even the splendid oaken beams underwent an ablution. Some one told Clooney of this, and never was "gaberlunzie" so enraged: he set out on a journey of twelve long Irish miles about ten o'clock at night, and before the next morning, by dint of scrubbing and washing, had succeeded in restoring the north wall of the building to its original hue. The farmer knew there was no use in contending with Clooney, so after in vain endeavouring to persuade him that the castle looked better, that that was the way they "*sarved* ould English ruins in England," and repeating, to no purpose, all the reasons in favour of whitewashing he had ever heard or imagined, he permitted the eccentric old man to have his own way, and, after a fortnight's hard labour, Clooney declared that "the darlint ould castle again looked fit to be seen."

I met him, or rather saw him once, seated on the bridge of Tintern, not the Monmouthshire Tintern, but its Irish namesake. The abbey is the residence, or rather *ought* to be the residence, of the Colclough absentees. It is, however, but justice to Mr. Colclough to admit, that he has appointed an agent whose example and whose precepts are of infinite service to the country; upright, honourable, and sincere, the agent of that happily managed property has proved himself the worthy son of a

* Horse.

worthy father, and is both beloved and respected throughout the country.

"I'm lookin at that fine ould place with a glad heart, lady," said Clooney: "I've been outside every taste of that beautiful abbey this morning, and sorra as much as the paring of your nail out o' place: all the stones firm, and the ould ancient mortar as firm as the stones; my eyes never ache looking at a fine even wall, and it's a good thing to see so holy a building so looked after; the pigs and the rooks are the worst enimies I have: the pigs do be always rooting at my walls, and the crows—ah! it's they's the bad stonemasons—it takes all the little thrifle I begs, and all the lime I gathers, to stop up the holes of them big black birds. It's a fine thing to keep a vow; I'll tell your honour the vow the man who built that holy abbey made, and then I'll *insense* you into my own vow. I have heard, and believe it, that a great Earl of Pembroke, William by name, made an offering to found an abbey in that place where he should first arrive in safety, being out at sea in a desperate storm. Well, the blessed wather he landed in, and in safety, sure enough, was the beautiful bay of Bannow down below; and if you look you will see the curos ould church by the same name at the other side. Well, he was unlike many of the new gentry, for he thought of his word, and dedicated this abbey to the Virgin (holy be her name!) and settled a convent of monks that he brought from an abbey called Tintern, in foreign parts, into it; and even when he was on his death-bed he left it with his beautiful lady to look to the comfort of these holy monks. Myself can't think of the half of those that came afther him, only I know that great tory Queen Elizabeth (and by the same token it's red hair turned just with the heat of the devil's fire in her head)—well, *she* took upon herself, to be sure, to give away the blessed abbey lands to one Toney Colclough for a dirty turn he did, as I have heard, though as I wasn't by, and there's as many lies a'most in printed books, as there do be upon people's tongues, why I can't spake for certain, nor wouldn't in regard of the peoples that's in it now, which they are not, being in England."

"How are lies to get into printed books?" I enquired of poor Clooney, repressing a smile at the same time.

"Augh!" exclaimed Clooney, shrugging his shoulders, "sure there's nothing more natural than to believe that them who would tossicate the air with their lies, would dirty the white paper with the same. I 've a great dread of them book writers; I never see one to my knowledge but onc't, and he was no ways differing from other people; a great man I heard, with a paper up in Dublin."

"And so there was nothing particular about that gentleman's appearance, Clooney?"

"Nothing that I remember: it's a long time ago to be sure; but, yes, there was. I heard say that he bet Father Roche by three tumblers, and walked steady afther it, and sure that was a proof to the wide world what a head he had!"

"So it was, but you promised to tell me the reason of your own vow. Is it true, as I have heard, that you have *taken an obligation** on yourself never to wear a hat, and wander over Ireland until your death, repairing the ruins of your country?"

"It is, ma'am," replied Clooney, "every word of it true: but if you plaze I'd rather not tell it to you here, for the people do be passing, so we'll go across the bohreen, and into the meadow by the strame, and there, if you wish, I'll tell you every word of my history: not that there's much in the differ between it and any Irish history going, they're too much alike, that's the worst of them."

I followed Clooney, and as the old man trudged on before, I could not avoid registering in my memory the picture he represented; the few hairs which, according to his own observation, "the winds had left to cover his bare head," when unmoved by the air, fell over his shoulders in two or three long thin tresses, now floating around him like a halo, and then twisting into elfin locks at either side of his bald crown: slung across his shoulder was his begging bag, patched with pieces of blue, red, or gray stuff, and his sturdy staff, from the top of which, suspended by a string, hung his trowel, was a genuine shillela, armed with a ferule, so that it would serve either for climbing or fighting; he was firm and erect in his carriage, and as he wended his way, first removing a car which was turned up upon its wheels to stop a gap, then striking his staff firmly into the ground, as if he delighted to see how deep it would go, as a specimen of the strength of his arm, it was impossible not to see in him the wreck of much bodily and mental power; and I called to mind sundry stories of poor Clooney, which represented him at once eccentric and superior to his associates, if indeed the peasants among whom he only passed occasionally deserved to be so called.

The spot he chose for his communication was—

"Where shady pathways to a valley led,
A weeping willow lay upon that stream;
And all around the fountain's brink were spread
Wide-branching trees, with dark green leaf rich clad,
Forming a doubtful twilight—desolate and sad!"

The very air seemed weighed nearer to the earth by sadness. As I looked upon the sky, its blue clear canopy grew gray and dim, and the stream murmured hoarsely amongst the sedges. Clooney was seated on a block of red granite, probably one which had not been needed for the completion of the bridge; he had unslung his wallet, and placed it by his side on the ground, his staff and trowel resting on it. I could hardly tell what made old "Grey Jacket," his soubriquet amongst the peasantry, so interesting to me at that moment: I suppose it was his being so admirably in keeping with the scene—the turrets of Tintern Abbey to the right just peering amid the trees; one arch of the old bridge we had stood upon seen above the swelling hill, and looking more calmly beautiful than ever it had looked before—at least to me—with its fringe of blossoming wall-flowers, and its patches of moss, green, gray, and brown, nature's own cunning embroidery: then, from far away, the boom of the fearful ocean came upon the ear, and I saw over the cliffs which skirted its shores the wavering and shining wings of the snowy sea-gulls, as they hovered for a moment in mid air, and then disappeared into the bay. So still, so calmly still was the scene, that I felt startled when Clooney's voice exclaimed, "There's a soft seat for you, lady dear, upon the stump of that ould tree, and you have no occasion to fear toads or sarpints, or any thing of that sort; I dare say you know why yourself;" and the old man smiled half in jest, half in earnest, at the allusion the Irish are so fond of making to the powers of Saint Patrick.

"Were you ever in Connamara, Dick Martin's kingdom, as I've heard it called lately, though that same gentleman's dead this good while?"

"Never."

"An' more's the shame an' the pity," he replied, "for Connamara flogs the lakes, and the Giant's Causeway, and the caves of Michelstown, for bare grandeur; it's a wonderful place entirely; so desolate, so lonely-looking, with nothing to disturb the clouds but an eagle flying through them, and the '*sough*' of the wind among the rocks is like the moaning of dead thousands; it's a wonderful district entirely, and foreigners, to look at it, would think there could be but small pleasure in living in such a place; but it's very quare to see how people take delight in what they're used to. To my thinking it used to be the joysomest place in the wide world. Well, lady,

* *Irish*—for made a vow.

I was born and bred up just on the borders of Connamara, and had the run of the house of one Terence O'Toole."

"O'Toole of Mount Brandon!" I exclaimed.

"Mount Brandon was its English name, to be sure; but the gentleman was beyond your memory, died before your time."

"He did; but I have often heard both of his talents and eccentricities. So you were really brought up by Terence O'Toole—by a man whose ancestral property extended to thousands upon thousands of green and fruitful acres, whose power was that of a despot over his tenantry, and who died——Do, Clooney, tell me how he died!"

"Avick! how fond people are to know how people die, and yet, to my thinking, people's deaths have a sort of relationship with their lives; your quiet, careful men die in their beds, while others, great, good, and of high blood, maybe have no bed to die on. Well, lady, I have heard tell that Terence O'Toole was, in his youth, I have heard, the handsomest man ever born in Ireland, and that's saying a bould word: he carried every thing before him in college with his head, and every thing out of it with his sword or pistol, for he had a dead thrust with the one, and a dead bullet with the other; he never put up with an affront, nor ever gave the wall to an inferior—or a superior; he was the devil for making love, which gave him some trouble in Ireland, but in far countries none at all, for there, I heard say, it's the ladies make love to the gentlemen: he was always the finest-bred man in the company, mighty civil and courteous, and Christian-like too, for whenever he shot a man in a *jewel** he would always kneel down by the side of the corpse and ax its forgiveness, which the whole country considered very condescending in the same gentleman: he was also the finest dancer in France, and the best singer in Rome, when he was there—one who knew said that a French queen, who was afterwards beheaded, was deeply in love with him. In the thick of his young days his father died, and left him a power of land, and a power of debts, but he didn't think it behouldin him to mind either the one or the other, though, like a thrue patriot, he gave up all foreign company-keeping, and resolved to spend his money like a prince in his own counthry. So fond was he of Mount Brandon, that he wouldn't be in parliament, and was quite satisfied with returning the members without thinking of being a member himself: he made it a boast, too, that not a member should ever spend a farthing in trating the men, only all at his expense. A six weeks' election was nothing those times, open house for all comers and goers, whiskey on draft for the poor, and claret on draft for the rich; nothing but feasting and fighting. Ah! Ireland will never see such times again!"

"I hope not!" I ejaculated, as the vision of duels and shillelahs rose before me, "I hope not!" I think Clooney looked at me reproachfully; I am not quite certain, but I think he did.

"Those were his young days," he continued, "and I suppose he thought they could never have an end; and, to be sure, every one in the counthry thought it high time for him to marry, but he did not think so himself, for his eye was set on a farmer's daughter on the estate, a young and beautiful girl, who loved him, as no one ever loved him before or since. She proved that, by bearing shame for his sake; and God knows, the memory of that poor girl's love is tould by the ould people of Connamara to this day, the same as they'd tell of a ghost, to warn their daughters from danger. Her father was a could, proud man, of an ancient family, and she was his only *dote*, and proud he was of the admiration bestowed upon her by high and low; though little he thought what was to follow: but when it was made plain to him, he said no hard word to her, but he took her hand, and walked her out of their house, and took the key out of the door, and nine straws out of the thatch, and he left her waping in a neighbour's house, and went up to the Mount, which was thronged with company, and walked straight into the hall, where they were at their wine after dinner; and *the masther* never saw him till he stood at the foot of his table, white as a sheet, and his teeth chattering. And the ould man laid the key of the farm and the nine straws upon the table without a word; and, having done that, he knelt down upon his bended knees, and he riz his long lean arms above his white head, and he cursed Terence O'Toole, with a curse that came slow and heavy from his lips, and that no one in all that grand company had power to stop; and when he had finished cursing, he turned his back upon them all, and stalked right away, without another word or a sign. It struck the masther, that if he acted so, he might ill use the poor girl, upon whom his heart had been so set. And as soon as he could he got away to see after her. He heard that she had been taken suddenly in her throuble in the neighbour's house, and that now she had a babby on her bosom. Well, to be sure, he ordered every thing for her like a lady, and went home, consoling himself for the sin, with thinking of all the good he would do for her, and for every one else; and how he would get her proud father over. But before the morning broke he was waked by the small cry of a babby under his window, and he called up the ould housekeeper, for his heart mistrusted, and she took it in; and there was a taste of a note from the grandfather pinned on its breast; and when he read the note (no one ever saw that scrap from that day to this) he flew to the cabin she'd been in, and there was the woe of the world; for the ould man had first stole away the babby, coaxed the stupid woman that had charge of it to let him have it to show its father; come back in no time, and, while the nurse slept, rolled his poor, feeble, helpless girl up in the blanket as she lay, and carried her, God knows where. Well to be sure, O'Toole roused the counthry, and, for that the snow lay deep on the ground, they tracked the old man's steps to the border of a broad lake, and there, lady, the mark of the feet ended; but the ice of the water was broken and destroyed at the edge, and under it——!"

"Good God!" I exclaimed, petrified with horror.

"Ay, sure enough, lady, the proud ould man had buried his own and his child's dishonour under that ice!" He paused, and then continued. "The gentleman took no pains to hide his sorrow; and the monument to *her* memory was put up of beautiful white marvel; and some talked of her end, *but more talked of O'Toole's generosity.*"

The world, I thought to myself, was the same then that it is now.

"I have heard tell," recommenced Clooney, "that the masther was never to say like himself afther that day; he took on more than ever with the fighting and the drinking, and seemed for a time to love nothing but the hounds. But a talk of great trouble came over the place, and the great gentleman was afraid to go off his own land, for fear of being took; and then came a dissolute of parliament, and he was advised to go in, and so he did; and promised the gentleman he had got in before a situation. Well, he went off in great grand style to Dublin, where the parliament was then; and some English lady at the castle, with thousands, fell in love with him and married him, though he never held up his head like a man afther. She was a weakly, conceited, little lady, and was never to say asy, till she got him to London; and I've seen a deal in my life, but I never saw the Irish fortune, to say nothing of the remnants of one, that could stand London yet. The masther, when he would come home, was not like himself, but chuff and rough; and the expenses at the Mount made less, and

* Duel.

many retainers turned off, and ancient residenters cast away, and the family seldom in it, and the masther high and up like with the gentry. I remember once he went as foreman to the grand jury with padlocks on his pockets, and when asked why, he made answer, he was afraid to go among such a pickpocketing set without them; and so they challenged him to fight, and it was a fine sight to see them all go out one afther the other, and he flinging away, winging one, laming another, and so on; but he behaved mighty like a gentleman all through, for he did not shoot one of them dead. Another election came on, and who should start against the masther, but the very gentleman that he had brought in so often—set up against him upon his own ground, out of revenge for his forgetting the situation he promised—and such a contest!—the ouldest people in the counthry never remembered the like. The luck of the O'Tooles turned; he fought—was wounded—and lost the election. This was not long before the rebellion; and sure any one then would know that throubles were coming, both to the ould residenters and the country itself. 'Where's your mistress?' said the masther to the ould housekeeper, and she handing him a drink of whey out of a silver pint. 'My lady's in her own room, very bad with the narvous disorder,' replied the ould woman. 'And my sons, where are they?' 'Indeed, then, they're just amusing themselves with shooting each other for divarshun, now the bother of an election is over.' 'This is not wine-whey,' said the poor gentleman. 'My grief, no, sir; but it's good two milk,' she made answer. 'Sorra a drop of wine in the cellars; and the divil of a marchant has sent in an execution, over eleven hundred, for his bill, and no one here strong enough to keep it out; only I oughtn't to be telling you the throuble, my darlint masther, while the weakness is on you.' She might well think of the weakness, and he almost fainting. 'Where's *the boy*?" said be again; 'and by 'the boy' he meant me.' 'He's below,' she said, 'afther hiding some of the plate under the turf-rick, for fear of them vagabonds seeing it,' 'Send him up,' says the masther; 'and though I'd the run of the house all my life, it was the first time I was ever had up before him. He called me to his bedside, he put his hand upon my head, and looked for full five minutes in my face; he then sighed out from the deep of his heart, and turned upon the bed.' 'May I go, your honour?' I said. 'Ay,' he made answer, 'do; why should you not go, poor boy? those I trusted in are all gone.' 'May be your honour would let me try to turn the luck, by staying,' I made answer. He held his hand over the side of the bed; I fell on my knees and kissed it; and I never left him from that day to the day of his death."

The old man, overcome by the full gush of remembrance, laid his head on his hands, and continued silent for some minutes.

"The young gentlemen (he had but the two) were fine, proud, wilful boys, that, on the tip top of an English education had been learnt what faults their father had done; and indeed they did pretty much the same themselves, only in a different way, siding with their mother against him: and she had none of the great love for her husband which makes people cling to the throuble, sooner than lave the troubled. I'm not going to set up but what the masther was hard to bare with; he certainly was. Yet any way, she soon took herself and her children off to England, to her relations—poor wake lady! The best property that could be sould was sould; and, at last, if it wasn't for the tenants who had been made over with the land to the new proprietors, the house of Mount Brandon would have been badly kept; but they were ever and always sending a pig, or a fat sheep, or something on the sly, to the housekeeper, who knew they war for the masther's use, and he none the wiser. Oh! 'tis untold what I've seen him suffer; trying, in his gray-headed years, to swallow the pride; and when at last we found that some, though they knew he had nothing but his body to give, wanted *that* to rot in a jail, we were night and day on the watch to keep them out; and one night the masther says, in his strange way, that there was no gainsaying, 'It's a fine, clear night, and I should like to walk to the ruin by the side of the monument.' I couldn't tell you how his health had gone, and his strength along with it, every thing but *his pride*. And the ould housekeeper and myself went along with him; and he romanced so much as we went, first about one thing and then about the other, that I thought the throuble had turned his brain. It was a clear, moonshiny night, and the stars were beaming along the sky, now in, now out: and he sat down upon an ancient stone, as this might be, and he says—I remember the very words—

"'Boy,' says he, 'the time will be, and that not long off, when what little respect belongs to ould families and ould ruins will be done away entirely; and the world will hear tell of ould customs and the like; but they will look round upon the earth for them in vain—they will be clean gone! If I had my life to begin over again, I'd take great delight in restoring all them things. It's no wonder I should have sympathy with ruins; I, who have ruined, and am ruined.'

"'Sir,' said the old housekeeper, who was hard of hearing, and stupid when she did hear, 'Sir,' say she, 'sure Michelawn and the boys might mend the ruins up of this ould chapel, if it's any fancy for it you have.' So he looked at me, and smiled a sort of half smile, cold and chilly, without any thing happy in it; like the smile you see sometimes upon the lips of a corpse when the mouth falls a little—a gasping smile. 'Sir,' keeps on the ould silly craythur, 'come away home, for it isn't safe for you to be any thing like out of the house, which you havn't been for many a long month before.'

"'True,' said he, 'true, just let me look here;' and he turned to where the little monument stood to the poor girl's remembrance, and he laid his hand on the marble urn, which was at the top, and drew it back on a sudden, as if he had not thought it would have been so could. He then rooted with his stick among the buttercups and daisies that grew about it; and, with a quick thought, flung off his hat, and fell on his knees upon the grass. As he fell, so four men, vagabonds of the law, sprung on him. Whether he felt their hould or not is between him an' heaven; but this I do know, that when I looked in his face, as they held him up off the grass, he was dead. And that was the end of the most beautiful and most accomplished Irishman of the last century.

"It was his end, God help us! And the murdering villains kept possession of the body for debt. The neighbouring gentry would not suffer it, and offered to pay the money; but his ould tenants would not hear of that; they rose to a man, over the estates which had once belonged to him and his, battled the limbs of the law out of possession, and gave the masther the finest wake and funeral that the country had seen for fifty years. There was a hard fight betwixt them and the constables when the body was moving, but they beat them off. And then—whew!—who would follow them into the Connamara hills?"

"What became of his sons?"

"They are both dead: nor is there one stone upon another of Mount Brandon."

"But your obligation?"

"Ay! didn't you hear that he wished the ould ruins of ould Ireland looked to?"

"True; but why do you wear no hat?"

"Didn't he, who was so high, so great, die, that bitter night, bare-headed?"

The old man's eyes were moist with tears.

"One other question, Clooney; the poor girl's child—the baby who wailed beneath his window?"

"Didn't he call me 'boy,' and give me his hand to

kiss; and don't I do pilgrimage through the world for the sins of my father and my mother! The poor girl's babby was the only child that loved him!"

From the London Spectator.

WOOD STATUES.

The curious and unique series of statues of the church reformers, carved in wood by Andrea Brustolini, which we noticed a few months back, are now exhibited at Stanley's Rooms, Old Bond Street; where we have had an opportunity of seeing all of them, with every advantage of light and space. The opinion which we before gave of these wonderful specimens of wood-carving is confirmed by a more attentive examination of the whole twenty-five. To compare them with the works of Michael Angelo in marble, would be an injustice. They possess extraordinary merit, viewed as the production of a sculptor working in a material unfavourable to the representation of the anatomy of the human form, and belonging to a class of artists whose chief excellence generally consisted in mechanical dexterity. The best wood carvings that we have ever seen are admirable chiefly as such; had they been in marble, the quality of the art would not have raised them far above mediocrity: nor do we think these statues an exception. The display of anatomical learning is in many instances more ostentatious than correct. Bearing in mind that they are represented as caryatides supporting a superincumbent weight, under which they groan —as is evident from the strong expression of their faces, some raging and scowling defiance, others more subdued in their display of suffering, and a few resigned to their hard fate—neither the action of the figures nor their musculation is truly characteristic. We do not, however, wish to be hypercritical; but, regarding them as curiosities, to estimate them by a lower standard than is applied to the grandest works of the sculptor's art. The statues on St. Paul's placed near the eye, would cut but a sorry figure; though at their proper elevation they are admirable. We do not scrutinise the carving of a chimney-piece as we do that of a monumental bas-relief. In this view, we admire the vigorous marking of the character and expression of the different physiognomies, living and dead; the uneasy and studiously varied attitudes; the picturesqueness of the draperies; and the masterly hand with which they are wrought. The figures are all of Herculean mould; and only one of them is clothed in his proper costume; the carver having preferred the nude figure, partially draped, in order to show his knowledge of anatomy. Had the individual stature and proportions been preserved in a similarly exaggerated resemblance with the faces, and each appeared in "his habit as he lived," the figures would have been more characteristic, though less imposing; and they would have been fitter subjects for the wood-carver's skill.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE WYVILLES.

1.—*George Wyville, Esq. to the Rev. Frederick Walsond, Hartley Rectory, Devonshire.*

Leamington Spa, August.

My Dear Fred.—Don't be alarmed for the health of your old friend, when you see my letter dated from this enlarged edition of the Hospital of Invalids. I am still sound, wind and limb, and almost as active, with the weight of fifty-six years on my back, as in the merry times of our youth, when you and I, Fred,—with humility be it spoken—were a couple of as gay young fellows as one would wish to meet with on a summer's day. It does one good to recall old times, and that is one reason why you and I are such indefatigable correspondents. I have written you a letter on my birth-day every year for these thirty years, and received your unfailing answer in the Christmas week. That is what I call a right English spirit, Fred—never to give up an intimacy with an old friend, when you have found by experience that he is a good and true one. I have been musing over some of our old adventures. I think they are something like wine—they improve every year. Some of them did not strike me much at the time; but now, after they have been bottled up for a quarter of a century, they have a flavour with them that none of one's newer incidents can equal. Do you recollect, Fred, when you and I, and Dick Breton, and Jack Burn, came home, as hard as our nags would carry us, from Harley one night, and just got into college before the stroke of twelve? What a dark night it was, and how Dick kept boasting all the time of our gallop, that his horse was fresher than ever! And then do you recollect his consternation when he discovered that the hostler by mistake had mounted him, in the hurry and darkness, on the Black Jewel, that was on its way to run at Epsom races? It makes one laugh yet to think of Dick's rage, when an officer came next morning, and arrested him for horse-stealing. Ah! these were the times, my boy, for mirth and jollity; there is no such fun now-a-days. I don't believe any Oriel man has been had up for theft since the year of Dick Breton's exploit. How strangely that party is scattered now! Jack Burn keeps his ears warm with a judge's wig, and Dick Breton is a baronet and major-general, with ten thousand a year, eighteen halfpenny-faced children, and only the recollection of a liver. You and I, Fred, are changed least of any. You were always a quiet, comfortable sort of fellow, and settled down as naturally as possible into a steady, respectable rector; and I have flourished as much as the rest of the vegetables in the fat fields of Glemsworth Hall. A squire, a parson, a judge, and a general, were four young fellows upon four fiery horses, dashing through turnpikes, or over them, I forget which; my favourite pace now is a quiet amble, and my charger a cob of fourteen hands. There is not such another punch in Suffolk. 'Twas given to me by Harry Travers; and as the rascal has behaved so infamously since, I think I ought to send him the pony back; but what can I do, Fred? he is as sure-footed as a mule, and warranted to carry sixteen stone. In short, his good qualities are innumerable—well bred, steady, without the least taint of vice, and just in his prime. On reading this last sentence over, I see it is a little doubtful whether I mean the horse or the man. I mean the Galloway, Fred—the other has noble points about him, but is cursedly ill broke in—I'll tell you more about him some other time—I will only let you into the secret, that this same Harry Travers is the cause of my being here; there, that will set you guessing. I have told you already I am sound as a bell in health—and so I am; but notwithstanding that, I am afflicted with a very troublesome disease, in the shape of a daughter, eighteen years of age—as beautiful as there is any occasion for, and filled to the

brim with feeling and romance, which is just another name for—mischief. I undertook to be my own physician; and as this Master Travers lives with his uncle, the old curmudgeon who bought the Scarlock estates, which lie close into mine, I prescribed a change of air. My boy Tom is just come from his travels; very much improved, I believe, but I hav'n't yet seen him. I have sent him home to take care of things in my absence, and have ordered him, without showing any symptoms of suspicion, to keep a watchful eye on young Travers, and a designing, blue-eyed, sweet-looking little thing, his sister. As I am so far away from home, and have neither workmen to superintend, nor any thing to do, but strut about the streets, I will perhaps write you oftener than at other times: for this Emily of mine, though a very nice, well-behaved, affectionate girl—I *will* say that for her—is not so much of a companion as she used to be, but mopes a good deal, and raves a great quantity of nonsense about Shakspeare that wrote the plays. Do you recollect John Kemble in Cato the night we went to Covent Garden after taking our Bachelor's——but, by the by, I don't think Shakspeare wrote Cato. Remember me very kindly to my good friend, Mrs. Walsond, and my god-daughter, little Jane; and believe me your very sincere old friend,

GEORGE WYVILLE.

2.—*Miss Emily Wyville to Mrs. Margaret Bethel.*

MY DEAREST AUNT PEGGY,—I wrote you a very hurried note just before leaving home, telling you of our removal to this place. As to its being for the sake of papa's health, I don't believe a word of it; he is stronger and better-looking than I ever remember him. Ah! I can't help feeling that I am the cause of his leaving home, and, I may say, happiness, behind him; for 'tis quite melancholy, I assure you, to see how out of his element he seems among the butterfly people of this frivolous town. He walks up and down the street as if he had no object in life but to while away the time; and, though we have only been here two days, I am sure he is more heartily tired of it than I am.

Two days after that happy, happy dinner at Scarlock, every thing seemed suddenly and unaccountably changed. My dearest friend!—the sweetest girl you ever saw in your life!—Oh! aunt Peggy, how you would love her, if you knew her so well as I do!—dear, dear Charlotte Travers was so good, so kind, so enchanting! In fact, ever since their old uncle, Mr. Dobbs, came to live at Scarlock, we have been more attached than sisters, and, for nearly half a year, not a week passed without our meeting two or three times; and papa was so fond of her too. And her brother, Mr. Henry Travers, was a great favourite of his. They were both almost constantly at Glemsworth, and you may easily imagine what a comfort dear Charlotte was to me, as we have no *near* neighbours but themselves. I will describe my Charlotte to you as nearly as I can. She is a little taller than I am, which you would not be surprised at, for she comes of a very tall family. Her brother is much taller than Tom. I should think he was fully six feet high; but then he is so elegant and graceful, that he is quite free from the awkwardness which is generally produced by great height. Her eyes are a deep, rich brown; not so dark or penetrating as her brother's, nor so proud and haughty-looking. Her smile is very like his; and, altogether, I am sure you would say, that Charlotte Travers is as beautiful as an angel.

Well, all this went on most delightfully till two days after our dinner at Scarlock, which I wrote you an account of, and then things went on very differently. Papa grew peevish and sullen; never laughed or joked with me as he used to do; never took me out for a ride; nor mentioned the name of his favourite, Charlotte Travers. I thought this very odd, and still more unaccountable that he hurried me off here on a single day's notice; leaving my maid Patison at home, and only bringing old Giles Gubbins, the coachman, to look after his punch pony. He used to call it Young Harry, because it was a present from Mr. Travers; but now he never calls it by its name, but only says, "Giles, bring round my bay Galloway." I expect a letter from my brother Tom, who is at home, and hope to hear of my darling friend Charlotte through him. And now, my dear aunt Peggy, I will tell you about our situation here.

We have a suite of rooms in the ——— hotel, and are as comfortable as if we were in a private house. The streets are spacious and handsome, and the country in the neighbourhood the most beautiful, and the richest in England. We are within an hour's drive of Warwick Castle, or Guy's Cliff, or Kenilworth, or the birth-place of Shakspeare. All these we are going to see next week, and I will give you as good a description of them as I am able. But lovely as this place is, I cannot help fancying how fresh and beautiful the green lanes about Glemsworth must be in this enchanting summer. How delicious the dark sombre shade of the huge sycamores that form the avenue to Scarlock must be now, with their leafy tops so interlaced, that, in walking beneath them, you might fancy you were in some old cathedral, with its dim religious light, and might listen for the swell of the noble organ to waft your soul beyond this visible diurnal sphere, and lap your senses in Elysium. Ah! when shall we get back to dear old Glemsworth!—Your ever affectionate niece,

EMILY WYVILLE.

3.—*Thomas Wyville, Esq. to George Wyville, Esq.*

MY DEAR FATHER,—I had stood here on my post without seeing any thing of the enemy for two days, and began to think of taking the first step myself, by calling on old Dobbs, and reconnoitring the position of his forces. However, I assuaged my *ennui* as well as I was able, by revisiting the scenes of my youth, which are rendered doubly dear to me by having been absent from them so long. Three years' tossing about in foreign parts has not rubbed off, I assure you, one particle of my English feeling, and I prefer the secluded beauty of an English village, with its venerable church tower arising from amidst a grove of trees, and the cottage smoke curling in blue wreaths far up into the silent air, to the more dazzling prospects of France or Italy. In looking at them my eye only is delighted—it never gets clear into the heart, as a home view, like the scene from our own Merrill Down. And certainly the landscape from that point is very much improved, by the additions your new neighbour has made to Scarlock Hall. The new facing he has given the turrets, and the very judicious openings he has made in the woods, give a greater harmony to the landscape than I had ever thought it susceptible of. But I am wandering from the business of the letter. Yesterday, about one o'clock, after I had been strolling about the park for several hours, I had retired to our old schoolroom, where Emily had left some of her books and drawings. I had thrown myself into the old arm-chair, with my back to the open window,—I had a book in my hand, but as I have now forgotten what book it was, I suspect I could not have been very highly interested in its contents; but certainly, whether by the story I was reading, or by something else, my mind was entirely occupied, when I was awakened out of my reverie by a step just at my side, and then a faint shriek! I started up and saw, nearly sinking to the ground, with agitation and alarm, the sweetest creature in the world; her cheek pale with fear, and in the next moment flushing with confusion. Excuse me, she said, I expected to find Emily here. I told her my sister had left the country.

and enquired if it was Miss Travers whom I had the honour to address. It was, indeed; and really, my dear father, I can't at all see how Emily can possibly be in the smallest danger from so very desirable a companion. She told me that her brother had accompanied her to the gate, and after our mutual awkwardness at so unexpected a rencontre had worn off, and after a great deal of laughing at her unceremonious *entrée* by the window, I ordered Lightfoot, and offered to accompany her until she rejoined her escort in the village. Her brother, however, not expecting her return so soon, had ridden somewhere else, and as she was afraid to return to Scarlock without him, we cut off into the lower woods, in hopes of finding him at a summer house to which she told me he was in the habit of making frequent pilgrimages. The thing that astonished Miss Travers more than any thing else, was the suddenness of your removal from Glemsworth, and Emily's entire silence on the subject. Poor thing, I could not help pitying her for losing her only companion through the savage meanness of the uncultivated barbarian her uncle. But in case this simplicity should turn out to be assumed, and both she and her brother are in a plot to thwart your designs, I have determined, as the best means of watching her closely, to ride out with her as often as I can. If you will tell me more at large than you have hitherto done the actual result of your conversation with old Dobbs, and your fears as to the designs of young Travers, I shall be more able to assist you than now when I am kept comparatively in the dark. After a long ramble through the alleys of the wood, we at last encountered her brother. I was struck with his resemblance to his sister, and though prepared by your last instructions to be suspicious of him, I could not help thinking, from his appearance, that he was rather deserving of the praises you used to lavish on him in the letter you sent to me when I was on my travels. We met as if we had been old friends, for really Miss Travers introduced us to each other in a manner which made it impossible for me to keep up the appearance of reserve which I had intended. I determined, however, not to have more conversation with him than was absolutely unavoidable, so I attached myself almost exclusively to his sister's side. This, I think you will allow, is the safest way, for if I permit myself to get on friendly terms with him, I shall find it very difficult to keep a properly unprejudiced eye upon his movements. After a delightful ride, I left them at Scarlock gate, and as they are going to-morrow to a farm of old Dobbs's—how immensely rich the old hunks must be!—about eight miles off, over Lipscott Down, I thought that was a very good opportunity of fishing out more of their real character, and I have accordingly agreed to go with them. Now, could any thing be more lucky than this acquaintance, so unexpectedly formed, and, from that very circumstance, divested at once of all the forms and stiffness of an ordinary introduction? I shall write to you the result of my observations to-morrow or next day. Now, that a sense of duty to you has reconciled me to my position here, I must confess that I thought it very provoking to have been sent down to this solitary mansion without once seeing either you or Emily after so long an absence. I hope you find Leamington agree with you, and if you do, I should advise you to be in no great hurry to deprive yourself of its advantages. Every thing goes on here as well as if you yourself were on the spot; and as Emily has luckily left the key of her book shelves, I can employ my spare time very profitably in study. Write to me immediately, and believe me, dear father, &c.

THOMAS WYVILLE.

4.—*George Wyville, Esq. to Thomas Wyville, Esq.*

That's the very thing; stick to it, my boy, and Harry Travers—Mr. Henry Travers, I mean—confound the boy, I can't help thinking and speaking of him as if he were my own. Well, that young man will find it impossible to escape your penetration. You ask me the particulars of my interview with old Dobbs. Did you ever see him? He is the scurviest-looking old rascal you ever saw—thin as a board, with a face apparently carved by a very rough workman out of a log of damaged mahogany. He and I used to get on very well, though he was continually jeering me about my high birth, as he called it; he was always doing the same to his nephew and niece;—for General Travers, their father, you'll observe, made what is called a low marriage, though, from all I can hear, their mother was a very respectable, ladylike sort of woman. You know, from my letters, what a favourite of mine young Harry was. In fact, he was the nicest lad that could be—famous rider, capital shot, admirable fisher;—in short, one of the pleasantest, best-informed fellows you can fancy. I was always thinking what an excellent companion he would be for you on your return, and installed him very nearly in your place, as my right hand man upon all occasions. As to minding his uncle, he did not care a stiver for all the old Dobbses that ever walked, compared to me. And if the truth were told, I think he likes me better yet than e'er a relation he has in the world, for Harry is the best-hearted—but enough of this. Two days before I came here in such a hurry, I went over to Scarlock, and sat down for a few minutes with old Dobbs. The old fellow has a habit of beginning every conversation with a strange grumphy sort of cough, and the bitterer the speech he is going to make, the quicker and more frequent grows his —ugg! ugg! ugg! After speechifying to each other about the weather for some little time, I thought it best to come to business with the old gentleman in an open, honourable kind of way; so I said to him,

"Your nephew, young Travers, is a great favourite of mine."

"Ugg, ugg—He is very well till he is known."

"Well, for my part, I like him the better the more I see of him. And what I was going to say to you was this, that if so be as by any chance our young ones should take a fancy to each other, why, then"——

"Ugg, ugg, ugg," interrupted old Dobbs; "why then, neighbour Wyville, you must make the young man your gamekeeper; and as to the young woman"——

"Mr. Dobbs," I said, getting angry at the impertinent old vulgarian, "I want to hear only a plain answer to a plain question. You would object to the match?"

"Ugg, ugg—between Glemsworth Manor and Scarlock Hall?—by no means—ugg, ugg."

"Why, you must be aware, Mr. Dobbs, that I have a son, and can do very little for my daughter."

"Then I can do nothing—ugg, ugg—for my nephew; for—ugg, ugg—d'ye see, you squires of gentle blood are very glad to get hold of a good settlement in any way you can—ugg, ugg. If it's love that makes Miss Emily run after my nephew, why let her marry him, and be contented. He shall get no settlements from me."

"We don't want any from any penny-saving old curmudgeon like you," cried I, in a great rage; "and if you gave him all the money you have scraped together, he should never have my consent to marry any one belonging to me. So, good morning."

"Ugg, ugg, ugg. What if he marries her without asking your leave?" replied old Dobbs, growing nearly as angry as I was. "What if he takes her in spite of you? what if he runs away with her before a month is past? Ugg, ugg, ugg."

"I shall take special care he has no opportunity."

"Ugg, ugg—no settlement from me. But what's to hinder him from marrying any squire's daughter he pleases? what's to hinder him, I say? Ugg, ugg."

Before he had time to finish his harangue, I had left the insulting old scoundrel's house; and as I have made up my mind to keep Emily out of the way, I brought

her off here, in hopes of her meeting some fellow that will put Harry Travers out of her head. But do you, in the mean time, continue your guard upon the brother and sister; spite old Dobbs in every way you can; and, after I have got all things a little more comfortably settled here, I will run down for a day or two to Glemsworth to see how the land lies. I have no time for any more at present; so remain your affectionate father,

GEORGE WYVILLE.

5. Miss Emily Wyville to Mrs. Margaret Bethel.

We have now been here, dearest aunt Peggy, for a whole fortnight, and still I have heard nothing of what they are doing at Glemsworth. My brother Tom has written two or three letters to papa; but their contents are rigidly kept from me. We were terribly dull for the first week. Papa had nothing to do. The news-room grew tiresome, so did the pump-room; and as we had no society, I was quite sorry to see him so wretched. Three or four days ago, however, he became acquainted with an old gentleman who lodges on the same floor with us. He is paralytic, and blind of an eye—very sarcastic and ill-natured: but papa finds him very amusing. I am glad of it for his sake; but, I must confess, the hideous snuffle with which all Mr. Griper's good things are said—for he speaks almost entirely through his nose—becomes excessively annoying. Regularly about twelve o'clock every day, we hear the creaking of the little wheeled chair, which he never leaves, coming along the passage, then a tap at our door, and here he sits with us all day. If we go for a walk, nothing will please old Griper but to have his chair wheeled up and down the street close beside us; so that from morning till evening we are never without the company of papa's new friend. He is one of that sort of persons one is always sure to meet with at watering-places. There is no person we know any thing of in any part of England with whom he is not acquainted. Papa calls him his peerage, almanac, and army list, all in one. He is even acquainted with our neighbour, old Mr. Dobbs; and shook his head greatly when papa asked him if he knew any thing of Harry Travers. Ill-natured, ridiculous old man, I can scarcely endure him. He even talks disparagingly of my amiable Charlotte, and told us in strict confidence, that old Dobbs had hinted to him that he had a plot to unite the Glemsworth property to his own, by getting young Wyville to marry his niece!

You ought to have seen what a rage my father was in at this information. He called him cozening old Jew, and fifty other epithets worse than these, and said he would go down and put a stop to the whole plot, by disinheriting my brother, if he ever said another word to my charming Charlotte. Another word, thought I. So they *are* acquainted. How very odd, that Tom should never have written to tell me so. Isn't this old Mr. Griper the most provoking creature that we could probably have met with? But the most puzzling circumstance of all is, how the fact of my brother's marrying Charlotte can, by any possibility, unite the two properties. The old man is not surely so mad as to make the girl his heir. Ridiculous thought! And if I could fancy for a moment that she entered into so unprincipled and infamous a scheme, "Though that her jesses were my dear heartstrings"—But no! The thing is impossible, and the whole story is only another ill-natured invention of this detestable old slanderer, Mr. Griper. He seems to have no pleasure equal to the delight of teazing and opposing me. Papa and I went a few days ago a pilgrimage to the shrine of Shakspeare. We drove through a most enchanting country, full of rich views and splendid mansions, and arrived at last at the birthplace of the Bard of Avon. The enthusiasm of the moment was enchanting. My temporary freedom from the cynical remarks of Mr. Griper added, if that were possible, to the raptures of my enjoyment in treading the same street, viewing the same scenes, and breathing the same air as the immortal poet. But my father's apathy was scarcely less provoking than would have been the sneers of his new acquaintance. To all my rhapsodies on the genius, the pathos, the tenderness, the magnificence of the glorious being, he only answered,—"Ah! cleverish chap, no doubt. Elliston was capital in Falstaff." The idea of that fat brutal old man being the only one of all the creations of the enchanter that comes to my father's mind while standing on the very grave of the imaginer of Constance, of Macbeth, of Hamlet, and of Romeo! 'Tis horrible!—most horrible! But our old coachman, Giles, was a thousand times worse, and made me blush for my country, to think that one human being—one Englishman, of whatever grade in society—should be so profoundly ignorant of the very name of the greatest miracle that ever his country produced. He turned to the person who showed us the tomb, and said,—"And, pray, can you tell us where this here old gentleman lived?"

"In this very town," was the answer.

"Mayor, mayhap, or topping tradesman? We ha' a many finer moniments in Glemsworth church. We ha' one to old Bill Figgins the grocer, with a statue twice as big as this. But then Bill Figgins was mortal rich. Was this here Mr. Shakespur a rich gentleman?"

"He was very poor when he began the world."

"Ah! so was Bill Figgins," said Giles.

"He was accused of stealing deer out of a gentleman's park."

"He was?—Then I wouldn't give Bill Figgins's monument for a score of his'n—for Bill was always honest."

"He then went to London, and, they say, held gentlemen's horses at the doors of the theatre."

"What! and slipt out their handkerchiefs, mayhap, or their pocket-books, as they walked past?—One of the light-fingered gentry—eh?"

My father stood by, and enjoyed this conversation very much. The whole scene was profanation to me, so I left them, and wandered in that beautiful churchyard. In silence, and with my heart full of a vast variety of emotions, I lay in a corner of the carriage as we went home, where, as usual, we were received in our own apartment by the odious Mr. Griper.

"I hope you've enjoyed your trip to the birthplace of old Billy the deer-stealer?" he snuffled.

"Ah! very nice place indeed," replied papa;—"the town seems most admirably supplied with coals—I wish to heaven we had such a canal near Glemsworth."

"And you, miss, have you picked up any more information about the life and manners of the playwright?"

I took no notice of his impertinent question.

"He's a pretty subject, truly," he continued, with his insufferable whine, "to be the object of a young lady's idolatry!—A robber in his youth—a vagabond in his manhood—a tippling, prosy, beer-drinking rascal in his old age—a sulky neighbour—a cruel master, an unkind husband"——

"Was he all that?" said my father. "Prove this, Mr. Griper, and I'll burn every volume the scoundrel wrote, the moment I get back to Glemsworth."

"Why, it can't exactly be proved," replied Mr. Griper, "because, unfortunately, at that time there was no brother poet to give us *mémoires* of his friend; but I think we may fairly guess that he was all I have said. For my own part, I have no doubt, in spite of the frowns I see gathering on Miss Emily's brow, that he was a hard-hearted, selfish sulky old rascal; and it is only a great pity Sir Thomas Lucy didn't tuck him up on one of the trees in his park."

"What sort of a looking fellow was he?" said papa, evidently believing all the scurrilous old man's assertions.

"Why, a little, ugly, bandy-legged fellow—fat and inchy as an alderman—with two great goggle eyes, id a red fiery nose, from breakfasting on onions and w gin."

I could endure this blasphemy no longer, and flaunted it of the room, but not before I heard the low snuffling uckle of my tormentor, and the broad, open, hearty ugh of papa—I'm sure I never longed so fervently for y thing as for the departure—(I don't exactly mean e death)—of this provoking old Griper. I have kept a rnal of all our trips to the different places in this ighbourhood—to Warwick Castle, where my heart ells with the triumphs of a tournament or a feast of eacocks,—to Kenilworth, vocal with the pomps and geantries of the noble Elizabeth, and consecrated no ss in the memory of the tender and the pure, by the onies and sighs of the lovely Amy Robsart,—to Stonegh Abbey, fit only for the residence of a poet, the lover f the good and beautiful,—but as I shall send my journal to you, my dearest aunt Peggy, the moment it is ompleted, I will spare you an abstract of it in the mean me. You will see how anxiously during all this letter have turned my thoughts away from home. Alas! if only mention the word, papa looks so black, and Mr. riper gazes at me with his one eye with such an expression of slyness and derision, that I am afraid to open y lips upon the subject. Writing to you is the greatest onsolation I have. Pity your poor niece, and believe e, ever affectionately, your

EMILY WYVILLE.

—*Mr. Giles Gubbins to Mrs. Barrtlett, Housekeeper, Glemsworth.*

Dear Sal, cording to promuss, I sit down to right you vith mutch plessure. Our dooins here has been but so so. About ten days ago there comed a cripple gentleman to ive in the next sweet rooms, as they calls 'm here to our naster and young missus. He is a rum un, surely. But naster takes to 'im greatly; and, what's more, thoff he has nly one eye, and never no legs, I'm considerable mistaken f he don't take a'ter Miss Emily. He be continually axin' questions about her whenever he meets me in the assage, as he goes whirring along in his sedan. I'll eep watch over the old varmint, so if Master Harry alls, tell him we are all in good health and well to do. wish we was all back at Glemsworth. I can't think hat put it in master's head to come here gallivantin' mong a set of people as sits in little arm chairs, runnin' n wheels, and calls 'emselves anvyleeds. They are uer people them anvyleeds surely, but we doesn't know one on 'em except this here old gentleman, Mr. Griper, I told you on as axin' so much about our young misis. Tell Master Harry we are all right and no misike. 'Cordin' to promuss, I will now tell you all as we ave seen; but as my memory is very bad, and I never ook no notes at the time, I perhaps confuses them a t. We have seed Warrick Castle, and Landleworth astle, Statford on Haven, and Stonelegh Habby; but t my mind is so worried with the lot on 'em, that can't recollect wich on 'em I seed first. Howsomever, Warrick Castle we seed a number of things. But the oet wonderfullest thing of all was a huge porridge pot, ual to our hundred gallon boiler, as belonged to a icked fellow in these parts called Shakespur. He stole horse, and then had something to do with holding ers at the doors of a theatre. Howsomever, there the t is, sure enough. There was also a great head of me enormous beast called a ell-of-want; and the fat ntleman as showed us the coorosities, said somcthing out a man of the name of Seesar—I always thought at was the name of a dog—as built a tower here, so I ppose he was a toppin' mason in this here country. hen there was a ruination—no, that was at Candleworth—a statue of a man not half the size of Master Figgins's in our church at home—no, I think that wur at Statford on Haven. But the place I remembers best about was Stonelegh Habby. You never seed sich a beautiful place in your born days; Scarlock Hall is nothin' to it. The gentleman as lives here was a great favourite of Queen Elizabeth; she came down for to see him, and every body thought she was a goin' to marry him; but here was the devil to pay, for he was married already to a very beautiful young lady, one Miss Hamy. Well, what does he do, but, like a bloody minded villain, murder she; and a'ter all, the queen, God bless her, would have nothin' to say to him. Now, between you and I, Sal, I don't think this here reform bill is of any kind of use whatsomever, if a man be at liberty to murder his wife without impunity, as a body may say. But here, this here gentleman is still livin, and from all I can see, as much liked and respected as if he was as innocent as a babe. Oh! Sal, the sin of this here world is prodigious. But whether this happened at the Habby or Candleworth Castle, I am not very sure; but it isn't of no grit consequence, so as it happened somewhere. After this account of our travels, you'll see as I have been a storing my mind with useful and entertainin nolledge, like the little books as lies in your room. There's nothin like travellin for openin one's mind,—or his eyes either, for the matter of that. I've seed a sight of things sin I left hoam. The horses, to be sure, is very fine; and master's cob—young Harry—is the admiration of all the fat old gentlemen in the town. They are always a axing me if it is to be sold; but master wouldn't part with it for its weight in ginnies; so tell Master Harry we are all right, and never to be down-hearted about nothin, for it will all come round in time. I wish we was all back hoam again, for they puts too little hops in their beer, thoff the porter I must confess is particklar. O, Sally, I hasn't had a bit of a junket-like since I left the old manor. The bar-maids in them parts is uncommon high; and besides, for the matter of that, I never could see no use in a parlour, with one whole side of the room, and one-haff of the door-way made of glass,—a pretty joke it would be if there was a glass door to your room at Glemsworth, where you and I and the butler has all been so snugg. I really wishes we was all back again, for I feels in this outlandish place just like one of the babes in the wood. Master would be as tired of it as I am, if it wasn't all along of this cripple gentleman, as takes to him amazin:—so no more at present, but remains your fello-servant,

GILES GUBBINS.

P. S. Tell Jim Fyler to be careful in giving the bay mare a canter every mornin. Young missus will ride her again before long.

7.—*Miss Emily Wyville to Mrs. Margaret Bethel.*

I am sure it is one of the most delightful things in the world to have such a dear, kind, good-natured maiden aunt as I have. What could I do in this banishment from all the places and all the friends that were dear to me, if I had not your sympathising bosom, dear aunt Peggy, on which to repose my sorrows? My situation here grows more and more distressing every day. This wicked old man Mr. Griper, does all he can to make me wretched; and he has now got so completely the mastery of papa, that he follows his advice in every thing. He has pressed him to Glemsworth for the whole of this autumn, and (horrible to relate!) the invitation is accepted. Indeed, I overheard him promising to papa to make himself useful in keeping me out of the clutches of that dangerous young man, Harry Travers. Did you ever hear of any thing so indelicate? I only wish Harry had heard him—But no! I wouldn't for all the world have Mr. Travers know of their suspicions. It is really

too bad to be twitted in this way, as if I had become secretly engaged to poor Harry, when I assure you there is no ground for it. It may perhaps strike you as very odd, that Harry never even hinted at any thing of that kind to me. I must say it appears rather extraordinary to me, especially as I know from the dear open-hearted Charlotte, that he doesn't consider me merely a common acquaintance. But now to be suspected wrongfully is very provoking.

I had written thus far, when I was summoned to the drawing-room, and there I found papa and Mr. Griper in deep divan. Papa held a letter in his hand, and paced up and down the room in a state of excitement. "The old rascal," he said, "that old scoundrel Dobbs will succeed, I verily believe, in both the things he has threatened me with. Young Travers gone off about ten days ago into Devonshire; and my boy Tom fallen evidently over head and ears in love with that minx, Miss Charlotte!"

"O, delightful!" I cried.

"Hold your tongue, miss," replied papa, in a towering passion: "If he has made such a fool of himself, he shall suffer for it, I can tell ye."

"And quite right too," snuffled old Griper. "She must be a very designing sort of vixen, this friend of Miss Emily's; and as to the young man Travers having gone into Devonshire I don't believe a word of it."

"How? where do you think he's gone to, then?" said papa.

"Why, here to be sure. I have no doubt he is lurking about in this very town—perhaps in this very house," replied Griper, looking impudently at me.

"I wouldn't advise him to let me catch him here—that's all. But what, in Heaven's name, is to be done? Old Dobbs shall not triumph over me, if I can help it. Tell me, my dear Griper, what I ought to do?"

"Why, your object, as I understand you," answered Mr. Griper, "is to prevent Harry Travers from running away with your daughter. There is no use keeping the matter a secret now. Old Dobbs crowed over you, and boasted that Travers would do so within a month, without asking your consent, and without his agreeing to settle a shilling on his nephew."

"Yes, that's what the old rascal said. But, adad! I think we'll beat him; for three weeks are past already, and it will be an extraordinary matter if we can't keep him at arm's length, at all events, for seven days longer."

"But there's another thing," continued Mr. Griper, "that you have to guard against; and that is—that old Dobbs and the girl together don't hook in your son to a marriage without any settlement,—so that the old fellow will *do* you on both points, and have both niece and nephew provided for without coming down with a single shilling."

"The skinflint old Jew! It isn't so much that, as the triumph it will be to him: there will be no end of his cursed 'ugg, ugg!' But how can I prevent it?"

"Your only plan, my dear Wyville, is this: you have a friend in Devonshire near the place they say young Travers is gone to?"

"Yes, old Fred. Walsond."

"Well, write him. He will easily ascertain whether or not he is really there. Go you, in the mean time, for two days to Glemsworth, and settle matters as you best can with Master Tom and Miss Charlotte. Leave charge of this young lady to me: I'll keep guard over her as if she were a golden apple; and"——

"Capital! the very thing!" exclaimed my father, shaking his friend's hand. "What could I have done without you? Emily," he continued, turning to me, "I put you entirely in the charge of my friend, Mr. Griper. See no one else but the landlady and your maid till I return. You have your books and music, and Mr. Griper will pass the mornings with you. I shall be back in three days, and hope to hear good accounts of you when I return."

"I am sorry, sir," I said, "you have not paid me the compliment of reposing confidence in my own sense of propriety, but put me under the care of a person whose company is at all times disagreeable, and still more so, when he is mean enough to take on himself the character of a spy." I glided majestically out of the room as I said this, but not before I heard papa say, "Never mind what she says, Griper; we'll keep her out of old Dobbs's hands at any rate." So here, dearest aunt Peggy, am I kept a prisoner, and without even the miserable consolation of having done any thing worthy of such restraint, and under the guard, too, of that detestable old man. I can't write another word: so adieu, dear aunt, your disconsolate niece,

EMILY.

8.—*George Wyville, Esq. to the Rev. Fred. Walsond.*

Never can any man, my dear Fred, know what it is to be thoroughly miserable, till he is plagued with marriageable daughters and flirting sons. I told you in my letter from this place, that I had set Tom to keep watch over young Travers and his sister. What the deuce do you think they have done? Why, blinded him, and, I verily believe, worked him into a marriage. You will say, why not? I will tell you. Old Dobbs, the girl's uncle, is a queer, disagreeable, purse-proud, old fellow, and put me into a rage with him the last time I saw him. I went over to speak to him about his nephew, who had been throwing sheep's eyes, as the saying is, at my Emily. He laughed and sneered, till I lost all patience, and told me, that if his nephew chose, he would run away with my girl in a month,—but he first of all said he would condescend to agree to the match, if I settled my whole estate on the bride! Did you ever hear of such a rascal? And now what do you think his plan is? Why, to get my son to run away with his unportioned niece, in hopes, as my good friend, Mr. Griper, suggests, to put me into a passion with the boy, disinherit him, and settle all upon Miss Emily, who will by this time have been snapt up by young Travers, without so much as saying to me by your leave. Here's a plot! I would submit to a great deal if I could only spite the old man. But how to do it is the question. One way certainly is, to keep my girl out of young Travers's reach; and at the same time to resist my boy's marriage with his niece, till I have returned him tit for tat for the insult he offered to me, by promising to consent to the match, provided he settles every acre of Scarlock Hall upon the bride. This will be capital revenge, and I sincerely hope the old rogue's indignation will choke him. All these plans have been put into my head by the pleasantest old fellow I ever met with. He is a prodigious victim to rheumatism, and is blind of an eye, over which he wears an enormous black patch. He lives constantly in one of those whirligig sort of chairs they have here, and has been of great use to me. He recommends my going to Glemsworth to put my revenge on old Dobbs in execution; and he has promised, in the mean time, to be as watchful as a dragon over Miss Emily. So much for her. She is pretty safe, I conclude, for though the fellow has but one eye, by Jove, he is as clever as the old chap we used to read of that had a hundred. Now, what I want you to do, is to ascertain for me immediately, whether Harry Travers, as I hear by a letter from home, has gone on a visit to your neighbourhood, to the house of a gentleman of the name of Sir Peregrine Potts, near Hartley. If so, the game is our own. But old Griper suspects that his Devonshire visit is a hoax, and that in reality he is on the watch in Leamington. Lose no time in letting me know. What could I have done without such an assistant as Griper! He is coming to me this autumn. You must make as

effort to come and meet him. I am sure you will like him, he is so confoundedly satirical and sharp. But the chaise is at the door, and I must be off. Yours ever, sincerely,

G. W.

9.—*Miss Emily Wyville to Mrs. Margaret Bethel.*

Oh, dear aunt Peggy, how you will be surprised at what I am going to tell you! Scarcely had papa been gone half an hour, when a message came to me in my bedroom, that a person requested to speak with me in the parlour. I went, and saw a very elegant handsome young man; and as I was hurrying out of the room again, thinking it was some unaccountable mistake, he rushed forward, calling me "Emily, sister Emily!" and when I looked again, I found it was my ever kind and affectionate brother! Was ever any thing so curious! It took a weight off my heart at once. I told him all the incidents of our stay here. He laughed immoderately at them all; and when I described my horror and detestation of the grim old gorgon who was set to watch me, his enjoyment of the joke, as he called it, became uncontrollable. I confess I felt greatly alarmed, in spite of Tom's presence and protection, when at this moment I heard the chair of the watchful Mr. Griper creak, creaking along the passage. At last the door opened, and in, as usual, wheeled my tormentor.

"So! Miss Emily," he snuffled, "who's this? You've lost no time, I see. Is this Mr. Travers come to disobey your father's injunctions already?"

My brother during all this address was nearly convulsed with laughter.

"Yes," he replied, "old gentleman, my name is Harry Travers, and I claim this young lady as my bride. What just cause or impediment can you advance to the contrary?"

"Only this," growled the invalid, "that I have a witness here who can swear that you are not the real Simon Pure. Come into court!"—and as he said this the door was pushed open, and Charlotte Travers rushed into my arms.

Whilst we were mutually embracing, and I wondering by what strange accident all this had come to pass, old Griper wrung his hands and tore his hair, as if he were distracted. But what was my horror, when my brother, walking up to him, said, "Come, old gentlemen, to the right about! your absence is particularly requested!" and he actually proceeded to lay hands upon his chair. Then, with a shout of prodigious laughter, in which even Charlotte joined very heartily, old Griper tore off the patch from his eye, the grey grizzled wig from his head, leapt out of the chair, and in a moment was kneeling at my feet. 'Twas Harry Travers! Isn't this more like a scene in a play than in actual life? How he has been able all this time to disguise himself, I can't imagine, But what will papa and old Mr. Dobbs do? We are all in a great alarm about how they will bear this disappointment. My brother says our only safe plan is to put it out of their power to throw any obstacles in the way; and I think he has persuaded Charlotte to enter into his views. Heigh ho! I have no spirits to write you at greater length. Harry evidently agrees with my brother, only he says he is afraid to hint at such a thing as a trip to the church to-morrow, in case old Griper makes any opposition. We can do nothing but laugh over the whole matter. Now that Charlotte is here, I never felt so happy in my life. I will write again to you soon.

Your dutiful niece,

EMILY.

10.—*George Wyville, Esq. to Rev. Frederick Walsond.*

They've done us, Fred, the young ones have done us completely. As to young Travers and Sir Peregrine, Potts, take no trouble about that. I told you in my last what my plans were about old Dobbs. You shall hear how I sped.

On arriving at Glemsworth, and asking for Tom, he was no where to be seen. None of the people had seen him for two or three days, and couldn't even guess where he had betaken himself. I could, though; and made direct for Scarlock Hall. I made sure Mr. Dobbs had tried all he could to inveigle my son into a marriage with his niece, as I had been informed by my lame friend in his wheel-chair, and be hanged to him! so, brimful of anger, I walked into the library,—"Well Mr. Dobbs," I began, "pretty behaviour this of yours, wheedling my boy to take your niece off your hands."

"Ugg, ugg! this is too much of a joke, neighbour Wyville. Your coming to crow over me is most insulting, ugg, ugg!"

"To crow over you? what the devil do you mean, sir? Hasn't your niece run off with my son? Don't you expect, by that trick of yours, to get me to give my whole estate to my daughter, who is to be whipped up immediately by your precious nephew? No, no, old gentleman, your plot's discovered; thanks to your friend and mine, Mr. Griper."

"Mr. Griper? ugg, ugg! I know no such person, ugg!"

"He knows you though, and that's quite enough for me. You shan't succeed, I promise you,"

"Ugg, ugg! I don't understand what you're driving at. You tell me your son has run off with my niece. Let her go, ugg, ugg! I am ready to give up her fortune whenever her husband demands it, ugg ugg!"

"Her fortune?" said I. "Why, I never heard a word of it."

"Ugg, ugg! very likely; ugg, ugg! If she had only told me of her intention I would have made a better bargain for her, that's all. But you and your son have beat me, ugg, ugg!"

This was a perfect puzzle to me. "Do you mean, Mr. Dobbs," I said, "to deny that you have hooked my boy into this match?"

"Hooked, ugg, ugg!—into a match, with twenty thousand pounds, and no settlement? ugg, ugg!"

"Pray, Mr. Dobbs, are you acquainted with a very infirm old gentleman of the name of Griper?"

"Never heard of him, ugg! who is he?"

"Why, he has staid in the same house with me at Leamington for a fortnight. He said he knew you very well. I have left him in charge of Emily."

"Whew!" said Mr. Dobbs, "say you so, Mr. Wyville? You have conquered on one wing; see if I don't beat you on the other."

The old gentleman rang for his carriage, put four posters to it, offered me a seat, and off we set on our way to Leamington, moping and wondering, one in each corner of the carriage. Next day we thundered down the main street: and, on looking up, who should be gazing at us from the window of my own drawing-room but Master Tom and Miss Charlotte Travers.

I couldn't find it in my heart to be angry, more especially as I saw how vexed old Dobbs was. We hurried up stairs.

"Ah! Tom, you're a pretty fellow," I began; "playing such a trick; and as for you, Miss Charlotte"——

"Oh!" interrupted Tom, "let me introduce you, Mrs. Wyville!"——

"What! married? ugg, ugg, and not a word about settlements?" said Mr. Dobbs.

"Even so," replied young Hopeful. "Don't you think I've done exactly as you told me, father?"

"How?" said I.

"Why, spited the old gentleman—look at him."

"But where is my friend, Mr. Griper, all this time?" said I.

"Oh!" replied Tom, "old Griper will be here directly;" and at that moment in wheeled the old invalid in his chair.

"How's this, Mr. Griper?" I cried, "where's your ward? This is your friend, Mr. Dobbs; you don't seem to recognise him."

"Ugg, ugg! never saw the gentlemen in the whole course of my life."

"Don't say so," replied Mr. Griper, snuffling even more than usual. "Didn't you boast to my friend, Mr. Wyville here, that your nephew, young Travers, would marry his daughter within a month?"

"I did, ugg, ugg!"

"Without a settlement?"

"Yes."

"To spite her father?"

"Yes."

"Then, dear uncle!" cried Mr. Griper, jumping out of his chair, and throwing off his disguise, "'tis done to your heart's desire, and here comes Mrs. Henry Travers to answer for herself."

The laugh was now turned against me; and old Dobbs, after enjoying his triumph for a while, held out his hand to me and said, "Ugg, ugg! couple of old fools, neighbour Wyville; least said soonest mended; let us all home again as soon as we can, and since we can't make our children wretched merely for the fun of tormenting one another, why, I say, ugg, ugg—let us make them as happy as we can."

Now, Fred, be a good boy; leave Hartley for a week or two, and join us during our rejoicings. Bring my god-daughter Jane with you; and believe me yours, very sincerely,

GEORGE WYVILLE.

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE INDIAN MOTHER.

[A granitic rock on the western bank of the Rio Temi attracted their attention. It is called the Piedra de la Guahiba, or Piedra de la Madre, and commemorates one of those acts of oppression of which Europeans are guilty in all countries whenever they come into contact with savages. In 1797, the missionary of San Fernando had led his people to the banks of the Rio Guaviare, on a hostile excursion. In an Indian hut they found a Guahiba woman with three children, occupied in preparing Cassava flour; she and her little ones attempted to escape, but were seized and carried away. The unhappy female repeatedly fled with her children from the village, but was always traced by her Christian countrymen. At length the friar, after causing her to be severely beaten, resolved to separate her from her family, and sent her up the Atabipo towards the missions of the Rio Negro. Ignorant of the fate intended her, but judging by the direction of the sun, that her persecutors were carrying her far from her native country, she burst her fetters, leaped from the boat, and swam to the left bank of the river. She landed on a rock, but the president of the establishment ordered the Indians to row to the shore and lay hands on her. She was brought back in the evening, stretched upon the bare stone (the Piedra de la Madre), scourged with straps of manatee leather, which are the ordinary whips of the country, and then dragged to the mission of Javita, her hands bound behind her back. It was the rainy season, the night was excessively dark, forests believed to be impenetrable stretched from that station to San Fernando, over an extent of eighty-six miles, and the only communication between these places was by the river; yet the Guahiba mother, breaking her bonds and eluding the vigilance of her guards, escaped under cover of night, and on the fourth morning was seen at the village, hovering round the hut which contained her children. On this journey she must have undergone dangers, hardships, and privations, from which the most robust man would have shrunk. And the result of all this courage and devotion was—her removal to one of the missions on the upper Orinoco, where, despairing of ever seeing her beloved children, and refusing all kinds of nourishment, she miserably perished—a victim to the barbarity and bigotry of wretches calling themselves Christians.—*Humboldt's Travels.*]

Amidst the rich banana trees,
Within the verdant shade,
Where sun-bright palms a canopy
Of gorgeous beauty made;

The Indian mother's palm-thatch'd hut,
In rustic beauty stood,
Shelter'd o'er head by quivering leaves,
Screen'd by the neighb'ring wood.

Within her quiet, happy home,
Three cherub children dwelt;
High swell'd with joy the mother's heart,
When at her feet they knelt.

Shrieks—shrieks—wild shrieks are in the air,
Fierce, fast devouring flame,
Is scorching up that Eden bower,
Its joys, its loves, its name.

Fiercer than elemental war
Man's passions stalk behind;
High rings the stern unpitying shout,
"Kill, kill, or firmly bind."

With bloody sword, with waving torch,
With slaughter drunk or mad,
Their leader urges on the fight,
In priestly garments clad.

Oh God! was this thy chosen one?
Was this thy servant good?
Whose dark, relentless bigotry,
Would plant thy word in blood?

With hurried speed, in terror wild,
With retroverted eye,
The Indian mother rushes forth,
With rapid steps to fly.

But not alone the mother came—
Two children on her hung;
A third dragg'd onwards by her side,
Within her tunic slung.

Vain—vain her flight; far fleeter steps
Are pressing close behind:
Again the same wild shout arose,
"Kill! kill! or firmly bind."

Seiz'd, bound, and with her little ones,
Allow'd no sign, no word,
Their cries fell bitter on her soul,
Her inmost spirit stirr'd.

Far down the Orinoco's stream,
Fetter'd, both hand and foot,
Far from her happy sun-bright home,
Far from her palm-built hut—

Away they sail'd—hope sunk—it died—
Onward the light bark sweeps;
When night's dark gloom o'ershadows them,
Something beside her creeps.

It is her child—her youngest one,
Seeking its mother's breast,
On which to lay its wearied head,
Its wonted place of rest.



Fast were her hands—she could not clasp
The cherub—but it crept
Close and more close—it threw its arms
About her neck, and slept.

Night pass'd—morn dawn'd—from fetters freed,
She moves her limbs at last,
Her trembling, bleeding, tortur'd arms,
Are round her darling's cast.

Watch'd, guarded day and night, she dwelt,
Amidst her captors stern,
Who strove by blows, by stripes, by chains,
Their faith to make her learn.

Her palm-built hut—her once blest home—
Rose brightly on her mind;
With woman's skill she 'scap'd her guards,
That happy home to find.

In vain—in vain—by bloodhounds trac'd
Through forest and o'er plain,
Herself—her little ones were found—
Once more to fly—in vain.

They stretched her on the granite rock,
They scourged her writhing frame,
And scornful jest and mockery
Were lavish'd on her shame.

The mother's rock was spotted o'er,
With drops of crimson blood;
Her piercing shrieks—her anguish'd groans—
Rose wildly o'er the flood.

Oh, Heaven! were these thy messengers,
Man's sinful soul to save?
Whose piety had led them forth
To cross the boundless wave?

They told of love—of charity—
Yet treated men as slaves;
They made that paradise a hell
Thick strown with tear-worn graves.

No, no!—thy heavenly mission breath'd
Of joy, of hope, of love:
Of holy calm, of happiness,
Of endless peace above.

How sacred is a mother's love!
Yet savage hearts are found
Would strive to break the life-link'd chain,
By which her soul is bound—

Would burst the rivet—break the spell—
Which clasps a mother's heart;
The heart may break—but a mother's love
Of life itself is part.

They dragg'd her from her little ones,
Though fast they weeping clung—
Though drops of tear-chok'd agony
Upon her forehead hung.

Far—far away they carried her—
Long sail'd the victim-bark;
They left her 'midst unforded streams,
'Midst swamps and forests dark.

Yet scarce had night commenc'd its reign
She broke her bonds and fled—
She plung'd 'midst dangers yet undar'd,
'Midst scenes of fear and dread.

Oh, Indian mother! did the beasts
Thy sacred errand know?
Oh, Indian mother! did the streams
Dry up their wonted flow?

How didst thou live in those wild haunts?
Thy food did angels bring?
Or did the God thy faith ador'd
Round thee his mantle fling?

Safely thou pass'd a wilderness
Man since has never trod,
Supported by a mother's love,
Upheld by mercy's God.

Again they found thee near the hut
Which held thy precious ones;
Again blows, stripes, and chains, were tried,
To still thy anxious moans.

Oh, mother! broken, bud-stript flower!
Was this thy sole reward
For untold dangers overcome?
For all thy perils dared?

Robb'd of her treasured loves—her joys—
Despair froze up her tears;
It iced the very springs of life,
Blasting both hopes and fears.

Heart-broken—withering—dying fast
With spirit unsubdued,
Firmly she shuts her parched lips,
Refuses drink, or food.

Bleeding—fast fetter'd—far away
Beyond her children's cry,
High tow'rds the Orinoco's source,
They bore her—but to die!

For, passive—listless—stirless now,
With closing, sunken eyes—
With thin, attenuate, woe-worn frame,
The Indian mother lies.

Deserted by her savage guards,
Left all alone to die;
Half-buried 'mongst the sedgy reeds,
Watch'd by no human eye—

Rous'd by the river's rush, the voice
Of whispering tuneful trees;
Or by the coolness freshly brought
Upon the passing breeze;—

She looks around—a quiet smile
Upon her pale cheeks play'd;
Perchance she dreamed that in her home
Her dying limbs were laid.

P. G.

STATUE OF BONAPARTE.—In nothing is the influence of political events on the fortunes of sculpture more remarkable, than in the history of Napoleon's own statue. This colossal work (12 feet in height) was commenced in the time of the emperor's greatest successes. It accordingly displayed him with the sceptre of subjugated Europe in one hand, and a little statue of victory, after the ancient type, in the other. But before the epoch arrived when the imperial resemblance should have been set up in Paris, the symbol had lost much of its propriety and application. A dread of the epigram (for such it had become), together with certain notions of ridicule, which Napoleon entertained of the classical nudity of the work, caused him to command its temporary seclusion from public view. It remained, therefore, hidden in the Louvre, behind a barricade of boards, till the fortunes of war delivered it, as it were, a captive, into the possession of the conqueror of Waterloo; and it now stands, in an almost equal obscurity, beneath the staircase at Apsley House.

From the Asiatic Journal.

INDIAN SPORTS.

Happy are those young men who take out with them to India the tastes and habits of a scholar or of a sportsman, though perhaps neither can be carried to excess, without danger, in a climate almost equally hostile to mental and to bodily exertion. Moderation, either in study or in field-sports, requires more self-command than is usually practised by the young and enthusiastic; and the latter pursuit, especially, is so fascinating, as to beguile veterans into rash enterprises, which could only be excusable in the days of boyhood. Formerly, almost all the European residents of India were mighty hunters; but, in the present day, though there are quite enough to keep up their ancient reputation, the slaughter of wild animals is not so general or so absorbing a passion as it used to be, when the company's territories were surrounded by the courts of native princes, who were accustomed to take the field against the furred and feathered rangers of the forest, with all the pomp and circumstance of war. Parties of gentlemen from Calcutta are in the habit of spending a part of the cold season amid the wildest jungles of Bengal; but their *cortège*, though exceedingly numerous, and the havoc they make, though sufficiently great to satisfy any reasonable person, are nothing compared to the displays of former times. The amusements of Cossim Ally Khan, the nawab of Bengal, in 1761, afford a strong contrast to the habits and pursuits of his degenerate representative. The fame of his exploits still survives in the memory of the people, and their scenes are pointed out with no small degree of exultation.

In one of his grand hunting-parties, his retinue, including a body-guard of cavalry, consisted of not fewer than twenty thousand persons. The officers of his army and household, and his European guests, were conveyed to the theatre of action on elephants, camels, and horses, or in palanquins. The hunters were armed with spears, bows, arrows, and matchlocks, and they were accompanied by greyhounds, hawks, and cheetahs. The scene of the chase was one of the most beautiful which the splendid landscapes of Bengal can present. Between the Ganges and one of the ranges of hills, which spread themselves along the frontiers of the provinces, there is a wide tract of country, diversified with rocks, woods, lakes, heaths, and rivulets, and abounding with every sort of game; hither the nawab and his party repaired, and, forming an extensive line, roused up the denizens of the field as they advanced, and letting the hawks fly as the wild-fowl sprang up, and loosening the greyhounds and cheetahs upon the deer, the spear and matchlock-men attacked the wild hogs, while others, mounted upon elephants, marked out the still more ferocious animals, and brought them down with a two-ounce ball. The nawab was one of the most active of the party; sometimes he rode in an open palanquin, carried on the shoulders of eight bearers, with his shield, sword, gun, bow, and quiver, lying beside him; sometimes he mounted on horseback, and at others, where the grass and bushes were high, he got upon an elephant. After the diversion had been carried on for three or four hours, and to the distance of twelve miles, the nawab and his guests repaired to their encampment, where a sumptuous repast was served up for their entertainment.

Hunting-parties, upon so grand a scale, are now rare in India, even amongst native princes, and though the imagination can scarcely fail to be dazzled by an assemblage of twenty thousand men, with their picturesque accompaniments of stud and equipage, scouring through the woods, and across the plains, in search of the noblest species of game, such scenes of barbaric splendour would soon become exceeding tiresome. The truest enjoyment of field-sports is offered to small parties of Europeans, who blend intellecual tastes with the love of the chase; who, while sojourning in the forest, delight to make themselves acquainted with the manners and habits of its wild tribes, and who, not entirely bent upon butchery, vary their occupations by devoting themselves to botanical or geological pursuits.

The period usually chosen for these excursions is from the beginning of November until the end of February, a season in which the climate of Hindostan is delightfully temperate, the air perfectly serene, and the sky often without a cloud. Some verdant spot, shaded by adjacent groves, and watered by a small lake or rivulet, is selected for the encampment. An Indian jungle offers so great a variety of beauties, that there is no difficulty in the selection of an appropriate scene. A natural lawn, sloping down to a broad expanse of water, shaded by palm-trees, whose graceful, tufted foliage forms so striking a feature in Oriental scenery, or beneath the canopy of the cathedral-like banian, stretching its long aisles in verdant pomp along the plain, or in the neighbourhood of a mosque, pagoda, or stately tomb, whose numerous recesses and apartments offer excellent accommodation for such followers of the party as are not provided with other shelter. There is no danger of being in want of any of the comforts and conveniences of life, during a sojourn in wildernesses, perchance as yet untrodden by the foot of man, or so long deserted as to leave no traces of human occupation. Wherever a party of this kind establishes itself, it will be followed by native shop-keepers, who make themselves very comfortable in a bivouac beneath the trees, and supply the encampment with every necessary which the servants and cattle may require. European stores are, of course, laid in by the *khansamahs* of the different gentlemen, and unless the sportsmen and their fair companions—for ladies delight in such expeditions—determine upon living entirely upon game, sheep and poultry are brought to stock a farm-yard, rendered impervious to the attacks of savage beasts. Every part of the surrounding country swarms with animal life; in the upper provinces, insects are not very troublesome during the cold weather, nor are reptiles so much upon the alert; in Bengal, however, the cold is never sufficiently severe to paralyse the musquitoes, which are said then to sting more sharply, and to cherish a more

insatiate appetite, than during the sultry part of the year. The inconveniences arising from too intimate a connection with lizards, spiders, and even less welcome guests, are more than counterbalanced by the gratification which inquisitive minds derive from the various novelties which present themselves upon every side. The majestic appearance of the trees, many of them covered with large lustrous flowers, or garlanded with creepers, which attain to an enormous size, must delight all who possess a taste for sylvan scenery. In some of the jungles of India, the giant parasites of the soil appear, as they stretch themselves from tree to tree, like immense boa-constrictors, and the blossoms they put forth, at intervals, are so large, and cluster so thickly together, as to suggest the idea of baskets of flowers hanging from a festoon: the underwood is frequently formed of richly-flowering plants; the *corinda*, which is fragrant even to satiety, and scarcely bearable in any confined place, loading the air with perfume, while the *dhag*, with its fine, wide, dark green leaves, and splendid crimson vase-like flowers, contrasts beautifully with other forest-trees, bearing white blossoms, smaller but resembling those of the camellia japonica.

So magnificent a solitude would in itself afford a very great degree of pleasure and interest to contemplative minds; but both are heightened by the living objects which give animation to the scene. Though wild hogs are most abundant in plantations of sugar-canes, which is their favourite food, and which imparts to their flesh the delicious flavour so highly esteemed by epicures, they are also to be found in the wildest and most uncultivated tracts. The roebuck, musk, and hog-deer, conceal themselves amidst the thickest heath and herbage, and the antelopes and large deer rove over the plains. All these animals, however, seek the thickets occasionally, and they are fond of resorting to the tall coarse grass, which attains to the rankest luxuriance in the levels of the jungle, and is the favourite lair of the tiger and the hyena. Panthers, leopards, bears, and the beautiful tiger-cat, are likewise inhabitants of these hiding places; and in the neighbourhood of Rajmhal, the Deyra Dhoon, the Terraie, &c., rhinoceroses and wild buffaloes are added to the list. Amid the smaller and more harmless creatures which haunt the jungle, one of the prettiest and most interesting is the fox; its size scarcely exceeds that of an English hare; the limbs are slender, and it is delicately furred with soft hair, generally of a bluish gray. It has not the offensive smell of the reynard of Europe, its food being principally grain, vegetables, and fruit. The passion of the fox for grapes was by no means a flight of fancy on the part of our old friend Æsop, who showed himself well acquainted with the habits of the Asiatic species. They burrow in holes, and prefer the side of a hillock, where the grass is short and smooth, to the wood, and there they may be seen, in the morning and after sunset, frisking about and playing with their young. They afford excellent sport, when hunted; for, though not strong or persevering, they are fleet and flexible, and make many efforts (by winding in successive evolutions) to escape their pursuers. Jackalls are almost as common as crows, in every part of India; but notwithstanding their numbers, and the great desire which they evince to make themselves heard, there is some difficulty in getting a sight of them, except when the moon is up, and then they seek concealment in the shadows, gliding along under covert, with a stealthy movement, like some dark phantom, or when the prospect of a banquet upon some newly-slain victim lures them from their retreat in open day.

However bare and solitary the place may be, the instant any animal falls to the ground, exhausted by wounds or disease, it is immediately surrounded by troops of two-legged and four-footed cormorants, who do not await its last gasp to commence their attack: four or five hundred vultures will be assembled, in an incredibly short period of time, in places where they are not usually to be found, whenever a bullock or a deer has fallen a sacrifice to a tiger. Upon these occasions, if the rightful master of the feast should be in the neighbourhood, and choosing, as often is the case, to delay his meal until sunset, the jackalls and the vultures, cowering close to the spot, await with great patience the moment in which they may commence their operations, without giving offence, taking care to remove to a respectful distance, when the tiger, who is said to approach the dead carcass in the same cautious and crouching manner as when endeavouring to steal upon living prey, makes his appearance upon the scene.

It is affirmed that whenever tigers roam or couch, multitudes of birds collect and hover about them, screaming and crying, as if to create an alarm, and it is also said that peacocks are particularly allured by the tawny monarch of the wood, and that, when he is perceived by a flock, they will advance towards him immediately, and begin, with their usual ostentatious pomp, to strut around him, their wings fluttering, their feathers quivering, and their tails bristly and expanded. Native sportsmen, who always prefer stratagem to open war, take advantage of this predilection, and painting a brown cloth screen, about six feet square, with black spots or streaks, advance under its cover, which is placed fronting the sun. The pea-fowl either approaches the lure, or suffers the fowlers, who are concealed behind it, to draw near enough to their mark to be quite certain of not missing it. A hole in the canvass enables them to take an accurate aim, and the *ruse* is always successful.

Strange instances of the fascination of animals are recorded, by which it would appear, that, under its influence, the most active and timid rush into the danger, which we should suppose they would be most anxious to avoid. The power which serpents possess over birds, squirrels, &c., is well known, and those who have visited unfrequented places, have had opportunities of witnessing the effect of novel sights upon the shyest denizens of the waste. When the line of march of large bodies of troops has led across sequestered plains, they have attracted the attention of

herds of deer grazing in the neighbourhood. When startled by the humming murmuring noise made by the soldiers in passing, they have stood for some time staring, and apparently aghast with astonishment, with their eyes fixed upon the progressive piles, whose glaring red uniforms and glittering muskets might well inspire them with fear. At length, in his bewilderment, the leading stag, striking the ground, tossing his antlers, and snorting loudly, has rushed forward across the ranks, followed by the whole herd, to the utter dismay and confusion of the soldiers, the frightened deer bounding over the heads of those files who were taken too much by surprise to halt, and make way for them. Incidents of a similar nature have occurred more than once, and they serve to give interest and variety to a march across some of those apparently boundless plains, which stretch to the horizon on every side, and are not of unfrequent occurrence, in the thinly-peopled districts of Hindostan.

The birds, in many places, are to be seen literally in myriads; water-fowl especially congregate in the greatest abundance and variety, their numbers almost covering the lakes and jheels, when resting upon the water; and forming thick clouds, when, upon any alarm, they rise simultaneously upon the wing. The margin of the stream is surrounded by storks and cranes. The species of both are numerous, and the gracefulness of the shape of many can only be exceeded by the beauty of their plumage. The crested heron, whose snow-white tuft is an emblem of sovereignty in India, and the only feather which the religious prejudices of the Rajpoot princes permit them to wear, is one of the loveliest creatures imaginable; its eyes are of bright scarlet, and, amidst many competitors in beauty, it shines conspicuous. There are no pheasants in the woods of Bengal or Behar; but they are found upon the confines of Assam, Chittagong, and the ranges of the Himalaya. In Nepaul, and particularly about the Morung, they are large and beautiful, more especially the golden, the burnished, the spotted, and the azure, together with the brown argus-eyed pheasant. There are several varieties of pea-fowls, black, white, and gray, in addition to the common sort; and though there are some districts in India, styled for distinction, *More-bunje*, "the place of peacocks," they are so common all over the country, that it would be almost difficult to find a woodland haunt where they do not abound. They are certainly not prized in India according to their merits, either as an ornamental appendage, or as an addition to the board. Some Europeans have only been reconciled to their admission at table, by an account which has reached them of their appearance at the lord mayor's state-dinners in London: Anglo-Indians, generally speaking, being exceedingly unwilling to judge for themselves where their gastronomic taste can be called in question. Nevertheless those who, where native productions are worthy of praise, entertain no absurd prejudices in favour of exotics, are glad to have an opportunity of repeating the justly-merited claims to distinction of the pea-chick, as an article of provender.

High as are the merits of this fowl, however, in its happy combination of the game-flavour of the pheasant with the juiciness of the turkey, it must hide its diminished head before the glories of the florikin; the flanderkin of feudal banquets, and the peacock's early rival at the baronial feasts of the Montacutes and the Courtenayes. The florikin is nearly, if not quite, as large as a turkey, and the plumage on the back is not unlike that which distinguishes the monarch of our poultry-yard; but the cock is furnished with a much more splendid crest. A tuft of fine black velvet feathers, which usually lies smooth upon the back of the head, can be erected at pleasure, and, when spread out, adds greatly to the noble appearance of the bird. Its favourite harbour is in the natural pastures which edge the extremities of swamps, and the borders of lakes, always in the neighbourhood of marshy ground, but not far distant from the uplands. In consequence of this choice of situation, and the variety of food which it presents, its flesh acquires a peculiarity unknown to other birds; the legs, which are white, resemble in flavour those of a pheasant, while the breast and the wings bear a similarity to the wild-duck: epicures pronounce the whole to be delicate, savoury, and juicy beyond all comparison. This fine bird is not sufficiently common in India to pall upon the appetite; it is found in Bengal and in the neighbourhood of the hill-districts: but, in many parts of the upper provinces, it will be searched for in vain.

The woodcock is not an inhabitant of southern Asia, but snipes are exceedingly abundant; and there is one variety, the painted snipe, which attains a very large size, and which compensates for the absence of the former-mentioned bird. The jungle-fowl performs the same duty for the pheasants, where that is not to be found, and in some places the speckled poultry of Guinea, which have wandered into the woods, and bred there, are discovered in a wild state. It is one of the most agreeable, amid the numerous enjoyments of forest scenery, to see the hens and chickens sculking and scudding between the bushes, and to hear the crowing of the jungle cock. The black and the rock partridge form very acceptable adjuncts to the table, whilst every variety of pigeons may be had for the trouble of killing them.

A camp-dinner for a hunting party is not only an exhilarating, but a very interesting meal. The most elaborate *pic-nic* provided for a *fête-champêtre*, in England, where people are put to all sorts of inconveniences, and must content themselves with a cold collation, is nothing to the luxurious displays of cookery performed in the open air in India. Under the shelter of some brushwood, the spits turn merrily and rapidly over charcoal fires; an oven is constructed for the baking-department, and all the beneficial effect of hot hearths, for stews and other savoury compounds, are produced with the greatest ease and facility. All that can be attainable within the range of fifty or sixty miles, is brought into the camp upon the heads of coolies, glad to earn a few pice for their daily bread, and indifferent to the obstructions which may beset their path. The multitude of followers, attendant even upon a small encampment, precludes the possibility of any dreary or

lesolate feeling; the habits of the people are in unison with the scene; they are quite as happy under the umbrageous and odoriferous canopy of a tope, as they would be in the marble chambers of a palace. A gipsey-life appears to afford them the truest enjoyment, and the scattered groups, which they afford in the glades and openings of the forest, their blazing fires, cheerful songs, and the majestic and picturesque forms of the elephants and camels glancing between the trees, make up a panorama, which the eye of taste can scarcely tire of contemplating, and which, once seen, can never be forgotten.

Living in a jungle-encampment presents the best opportunity of becoming acquainted with the habits and manners of the elephant, which its domestication can permit. The mahouts live in the most intimate association with the huge animals entrusted to their care; they have each an assistant cooly, part of whose business it is to prepare and bake the cakes for the evening meal. A fourth of the number he appropriates to himself, after going through the ceremony of asking the elephant's leave, a piece of etiquette performed in dumb-show, and which the sagacious animal seems perfectly to comprehend. The cooly feeds his companion, standing under the trunk, and putting each morsel into his mouth; an act of supererogation, but one in which native courtesy, or as it may be called officious zeal, delights. The khidmutghars who wait at table, will stir the tea for their masters, and would cut the meat upon their plates, if permitted, to show their diligence by such minute attentions. Though the gift of speech is denied to the elephant, he not only appears to understand all that is said to him by those with whom he is intimately acquainted, but also to possess the power of making his own sentiments and opinions known. He can be incited to extraordinary attempts by praises and by promises, and when sweetmeats, of which he is inordinately fond, are held out to him, as the reward of successful exertion, he cannot be disappointed of the expected treat without danger. The mahouts converse with their charges as if they were rational beings; perhaps the difference in intellectual acquirements is not very great between them, and where a strong friendship has been contracted, the elephant will refuse to admit of a successor in the office. Upon the dismissal of his keeper, an elephant, who had always been exceedingly gentle and tractable, suddenly changed its character and became unmanageable. Vain were all the efforts made to soothe and reconcile it to its new associates. After the struggle of several weeks, the attempt was given up, and the discharged servant being again re-established in his office, the elephant reassumed its former demeanour, and returned quietly to its duty.

Elephants, though sometimes tempted to fly the abodes of man, and roam in freedom through the wilderness, never forget those persons to whom they have been attached during their state of servitude. One, which had rejoined a wild herd, when encountered by a hunting-party, which was accompanied by the mahout who had formerly had the charge of him, suffered the man to mount upon his neck, and, notwithstanding the experience he had gained of the sweets of liberty, returned at once to all his old habits. They are subject, however, at least a few, whose tempers are not particularly good, to fits of caprice and ferocity. It is astonishing with what care and dexterity they can hook in, with that unwieldy-looking limb, the hind-leg, any object with which it comes in contact. Upon some slight provocation, an elephant has been known to ensnare the unfortunate cooly in attendance in this manner, and it is an expedient which is resorted to with infinite effect upon the attack of a tiger in the rear: the beast is speedily kicked to death, when once he is drawn within the range of those enormous feet.

The courage of the elephant is also liable to ebbs and flows: sometimes, at the sight of danger, especially on the sudden appearance of a tiger, he will take to flight, rushing wildly through the woods, and endangering the safety of the hunters on his back, by the violent collision of the howdah against the branches of the trees; at other times, he will run into the contrary extreme, and charge upon the tawny brute, by falling on his knees, and endeavouring to pin the tiger down with his tusks. This operation, which renders the howdah a very untenable position, is often followed by another of a still more hazardous nature; the elephant is apt to roll over upon its side, in order to crush the foe by its weight, and in this event the sportsman has a good chance of being thrown into the clutches of the tiger, while all the guns go overboard as a matter of course. The courage of an elephant should be of a passive nature, and those, whose good qualities have been improved by training, stand firm as a rock, sustaining the first burst of a tiger, uproused from his repose, with imperturbable coolness.

When an elephant has exhibited repeated proofs of cowardice, its dastardly conduct is punished by the degradation of being reduced from the honours of conveying the castle on its back, to the burthen of the baggage. It is not insensible to this disgrace, nor will a caparisoned elephant deign to associate with its brethren of the pad. No animal is better acquainted with its claims to distinction, or prouder of the splendour of its array, and the difference of the bearing between those decked in flowing jhools, richly bordered with gold, and bearing the silver howdah, or canopied ambarry, on their backs, and the humble beast of burthen, whose housings are of the meanest description, and whose load confers neither honour nor dignity, is very striking.

The care which elephants take of their trunks in an encounter with wild beasts, shows how conscious they are of the value of that important instrument; sometimes they will erect it over their heads like a horn, and at others pack it into the smallest possible compass.

The elephant's partiality for sweetmeats has been already noticed; it is acquired in plantations of sugar cane, and is universal. A curious instance of this attachment to confectionary, and the method pursued to gratify it by an elephant in its savage state, is upon record. It chanced that a cooly, laden with jaggery, a coarse preparation of sugar, was surprised in a narrow pass,

in the kingdom of Candy, by a wild elephant. The poor fellow, intent upon saving his life, threw down the burthen, which the elephant devoured, and being well pleased with the repast, determined not to allow any person egress or regress who did not provide him with a similar banquet. The pass occurred upon one of the principal thoroughfares to the capital, and the elephant, taking up a formidable position at the entrance, obliged every passenger to pay tribute. It soon became generally known that a donation of jaggery would ensure safe conduct through the guarded portal, and no one presumed to attempt the passage without the expected offering.

The elephant is fond of petting and protecting some inferior animal; it often takes a fancy to a little dog, and the latter, speedily becoming acquainted with the value of such a friend and ally, indulges himself in all sorts of impertinences. His post, a very secure one, under the shelter of the elephant's body, enables him to attack and annoy any thing that happens to come in his way; he rushes out to the assault, and when likely to get the worst in the encounter, flies back to his place of refuge, and barks defiance at his adversaries. Sometimes the sarus, a tall bird of the crane species, which is often domesticated in an Indian compound, is taken into favour; but instances of similar friendship, between animals of very different habits and species, are not at all uncommon. A terrier dog, a Persian cat, and an antelope, brought up together in the family of an officer, who was accustomed to divide his caresses amongst them, lived with each other in the greatest harmony and affection. During his residence in Calcutta, he was in the habit of spending the whole morning abroad, and of returning about sun-set to dress. His four-footed favourites were acquainted with the hour in which they might expect to see him, and the trio always came in a body to meet and give him welcome: the cat cared nothing about change of place, being perfectly satisfied to accompany her master in all his travels, and feeling quite at home wherever he and the dog were to be found.

A party of Europeans, encamping in a jungle, will speedily discover their powers of attraction by the number of carrion birds drawn to the spot by the scent of the slaughter in their farm-yard. The acuteness of the smell of these creatures has already been remarked; at the most extraordinary distance, they seem to be perfectly acquainted with every matter which can interest them, and solitary bungalows, where, on ordinary occasions, the kites and crows are allowed to collect the offal unmolested, will be certain of a visit from vultures, whenever any thing worthy of attention is to be had. The argeelah, or butcher-bird, though sometimes inhabiting solitary places, prefers a large cantonment to the jungle; they are always to be seen where European soldiers are quartered, but scarcely think it worth their while to visit small stations garrisoned by native troops, the few English officers in command not killing enough provision to satisfy their inordinate appetites. Their nests are, however, almost invariably found in remote and thinly peopled tracts; the country retirement, at the breeding season, for the fashionable visitants of the metropolis of Bengal, being the neighbourhood of Commercolly. It is not generally known, that the marabout feathers, by some supposed to be the tribute of the paddy-goose, are in fact furnished by this disgusting looking animal, whose coarse ragged attire gives no promise of the delicate beauty of the plumes so much in esteem in France and England. They grow in a tuft under the tail, and are not visible except upon close inspection. The men who get their bread by the sale of these feathers, conceal the fact as much as possible, under the idea that it would deteriorate their value. As the argeelah is protected by law in Calcutta, the people, who collect the plumes, visit the place of their retirement for the purpose, and give its name to their merchandise, which is sold under the appellation of Commercolly feathers. The tuft is easily extracted, and it sometimes happens that, when an adjutant, as the bird is commonly called, is caught upon some high terrace or roof-top, where the depredation cannot come under the surveillance of the authorities, he is robbed of the valuable appendage: it is only necessary to catch him by the feathers under the tail; the first struggle to be free leaves them in the hand of the marauder. Excepting the heron's, there are no other Indian plumes so highly prized, and as an article of commerce the marabouts are the most important.

In enumerating the amusements afforded by a jungle, that supplied by the monkeys must not be omitted. In topes, where particular tribes have taken up their quarters, they are innumerable, and upon the least alarm keep up an incessant discord and chatter amidst the branches. The frolics and gambols of these animals, when viewed at a distance, are highly diverting; but it is by no means desirable to come into close contact with a troop; their fierceness being quite equal to their cunning, they have been known to attack a single huntsman, and so far to get the better of him as to deprive him of his gun. Young men can scarcely withstand the temptation of having a pop at them, either to scare them from some act of depredation, or out of mere wantonness, and they are not slow to perceive the cause of their alarm: after the first consternation, occasioned by the report of a fowling piece, has subsided, they are apt to resent it upon the person of the offenders. They will shake the boughs over his head, grin, and chatter through them, and a few of the most daring will beset the path, and with some hundreds to back them, in the event of an assault, the battle is best avoided, since its issue would be rather doubtful. The extraordinary veneration with which the monkeys are regarded by the Hindoo natives of India, prevents the extirpation, which their exploits amongst the corn and other plantations seem to render necessary, as a measure of precaution. Monkeys, it is said, are not bad eating, and there appears to be a sufficient number to supply the bazaars of a district during a scarcity of grain, while the woods and plains swarm with more legitimate objects of the chase, and there are no game or forest laws to prevent the capture.

There is no part of the world, perhaps, which produces game in greater plenty or diversity than

Bengal. Besides fifteen species of deer, including the antelope, the roe-buck, the red-deer, the small noose-deer, the hog or bristled-deer, and the musk-deer, there are wild-hogs, hares, several kinds of common partridge, quails, which at a particular season have been compared to flying pots of butter, peacocks, ortolans, and black-partridge, wild-geese, wild-ducks, teal, widgeon, water-hens, cranes, storks, and snipes of sundry shapes, colours, and sizes; the florikin, before mentioned, though not in such abundance as the others, and the jungle-fowl. A great variety of fish is also supplied from the lakes, jheels, tanks, and nullahs: the latter are caught in large quantities, either with nets, or by a still more simple contrivance, that of placing large bundles of rushy bushes in the water over-night. Water-fowl are caught in Hindoostan by people, who either wade or swim into the lakes with an earthen pot over their heads, or the artificial representation of a duck, made to fit on like a cap. Thus disguised, they are enabled to get so close to the objects of their pursuit as to pull them by their feet under water, and to deposit them in their game-bag: the manœuvre is effected by expert persons with very little disturbance to other flocks upon the lake, and so easily as to allow them to sell the produce of their day's sport at a very low price.

From the Monthly Magazine.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON THE LATE F. J. TALMA.

The stage has ever exercised a powerful influence over the manners, feelings, and character of a people, and, if left free and unconstrained, must ever form the strongest incentive to high aspirings, noble daring, and lofty, virtuous sentiment. In proportion as this idea has been prevalent with its rulers, has the drama of a nation influenced the national opinion; and in such ratio has that people been renowned for the cultivation of, and excellence in, the arts conducive to its improvement, and, consequently, to its happiness. The professors of this mightiest, "youngest of the sister arts," have accordingly, wherever they have attained to any thing like excellence in its practice, been admired and courted alike by the accomplished and the illiterate, the high and the low; all ranks have acknowledged, and paid homage to, the master-mind that has been able to portray, in their every variation, the feelings and the passions of our varying, subtle, yet powerful nature.

The death of Garrick was said to have eclipsed the gaiety of a nation. All Paris mourned the loss of Talma—of him who, for nearly forty years, had been the pride and glory of the stage—their representative of heroes. He had roused the warm and generous feelings of the young, and deterred them, by his powerful delineations of crime, from its dark and fatal paths—the old had had their young remembrances refreshed at the fountain of *his* genius, who was at once the representative and the associate of heroes, of statesmen, and of kings.

Francis Joseph Talma was born at Paris, on the 15th of January, 1763; his earlier years were passed in England, at which time his father practised as a dentist in London. Here young Talma remained, till he had completed his ninth year, when he returned to Paris; and where he was put to a school in the Jardin du Roi, on the spot where afterwards stood the house inhabited by the celebrated naturalist, Buffon. It was customary at this school, at the annual distribution of the prizes, for the scholars to give recitations, and even, occasionally, to represent theatrical pieces. On one of these occasions, young Talma was entrusted with a part requiring both pathos and energy. His features, even at this early age, were expressive and marked; his figure was pleasing, and his action and manner generally very graceful. He was listened to with the attention such attributes command, on an occasion so *naturally* interesting, from an audience composed principally of the relations and friends of the young Roscius. Talma was acquitting himself most satisfactorily, when, coming to a particular passage, deeply descriptive of the feelings of the person he was representing, he was perceived suddenly to falter in his speech, his knees tottered beneath him, his countenance expressed the strongest marks of sorrow, and, bursting into a flood of tears, he fell fainting upon the floor. The passage that had so powerfully affected him was descriptive of the death of a friend, who had been condemned by his own father, and so entirely had he identified himself with his original, that, gifted as he was, or, it may almost be said, tortured, with that nervous excitability of temperament (without which, however, nothing great in the arts can ever be attained), his feelings, too powerful for his youthful frame, had overcome him in the way we have described—and to this constitutional conformation, developed by severe study, was it that he afterwards owed his splendid triumphs upon the French stage. When his "school-days" were over, he returned to England, where he did not neglect the opportunities that presented themselves of forming his judgment, and of improving his taste, in all that had relation to his favourite art. John Mounet, formerly manager of the Opera Comique, had endeavoured, without success, to establish a French theatre in London. The fashionable coteries at the west end of the town were much in favour of this scheme, but, by some means or other, it could not be effected, at least to the extent and after the plan contemplated. To make up, in some degree, for this disappointment, little French pieces were gotten up at the private houses of several of the nobility, and performed by the younger branches of French families, at that time resident in the English metropolis. Young Talma stood prominently forward on these occasions; and so successfully did he acquit himself in the parts entrusted to him, that he was earnestly solicited, by several persons of high rank and influence, to make an attempt at the Theatre Royal Drury-lane—his acquaintance with, and proficiency in, the English language justifying such a trial of his powers—and so much weight had these entreaties with him, that it was at this time doubtful whether he, who in France equaled, if he did not surpass, Lekain, was not destined to console England, and to wipe away her tears for the loss of her favourite Garrick; but the French stage was the destined scene of his triumphs.

He now, a second time, quitted the shores of England, and, returning to Paris, commenced the practice of his father's profession, which he continued to follow for about the space of eighteen months. He had opportunities, during this period, of seeing Molé, Mademoiselle Sainval the younger, and all the distinguished artists at that time on the Parisian stage. Mademoiselle Sainval endeavoured to dissuade him from his intention of becoming an actor, and fortunate may it be accounted for his own fame, and the advancement of the arts in general, but more particularly so of his own especial one, that she did not succeed in her endeavours. The success he met with in his performance of Orestes, in "Iphigénie en Tauride," fixed his, till then, wavering resolves, and determined him thenceforward to embrace the profession of the stage, and to become an actor. With the view of forwarding this, the darling object of his ambition, he entered himself at the school for declamation, established in 1786, and in which Molé, Dugazon, and Fleury were, at that time, professors. The advice and instruc-

tions of these talented artists were not, it may well be inferred, thrown away upon their distinguished pupil, who, under their tuition and guidance, made, on the 21st of November, 1787, his debut, and thus commenced a career, which he afterwards rendered so brilliant; and in which, by hard application and unwearied devotion to its object, he attained the highest excellence—where excellence is less often attained than in the pursuit of any of its sister handmaids. If the "new actor" on this occasion did not achieve a complete triumph, his debut was, at least, not only successful, but highly encouraging, and giving much of that promise which he afterwards so entirely realised. He followed this up with increasing success by the performance of various other characters, during the two years preceding that revolution which gave a new character to the whole face of Europe.

Talma, though but an humble associate of the old Comédie Française, employed the leisure imposed upon him by the aristocratical routine of theatrical management, in pursuing those studies bearing upon, and connected with, his own particular art. He sedulously applied himself to the study of history, and, encouraged by the example of David, who restored the classic character of the French school of painting, he first began to apply those principles of reform in dramatic costume, which his predecessors had either entirely neglected, or had touched with a too gentle hand. To the reform but just commenced by Lekain, Talma, ere he left off his good work, put the finishing stroke, as in England what Garrick began Kemble generally concluded, and in his own person thoroughly perfected. Talma commenced this course of reform in costume in the early part of the year 1789, on the enactment of the tragedy of Brutus, in which he had to personate a minor character, and in which he appeared habited, for the first time, in the true Roman toga, and in all the strict correctness of the ancient costume; and, though the character was short, and in itself unimportant, he achieved, in some degree, a triumph over old prejudices and long-established customs, founded as they were on ignorance and error. Talma's noviciate was just completed when Chenier presented his tragedy of Charles IX. to the Comédie Française. The part of Charles he, of course, offered to Saintphal, the then leading tragedian; but he, preferring that of the King of Navarre, the character of Charles was entrusted to Talma. This was on the 4th of November, 1789, upon which occasion this great tragedian laid the corner-stone of his after reputation and professional fame. The skill he displayed in portraying the weakness, hypocrisy, and cruelty, which formed the frightful mixture of Charles's character—the exactness of his costume—and, above all, the force and power he gave to the melo-dramatic portion of the character, with no faults but such as were attributable to youth and inexperience, gained him the highest applause, and produced an impression upon the minds of the audience, which was not easily to be effaced.

The success of Charles IX. was complete. Talma soon gave a fresh proof of the peculiar talent he possessed in seizing upon the style and expression of countenance of the persons he represented, in his personation of J. J. Rousseau, in a little piece, intended to celebrate the anniversary of the taking of the Bastile. The Baron de Gricum, speaking of Talma, on this occasion, says, "that much as he resembled the portraits we have of Charles IX., he seemed to have carried this peculiar faculty of his art still higher, in the representation he gave of Rousseau—it was the 'Philosopher of Geneva' himself. The actor might almost have sat as the original of the portraits we have of him, so exact was the similitude. Owing to a dispute among the actors themselves, which deprived the public of Talma's services in this part for a while, the tragedy of Charles IX. was shelved till the general voice recalled the young actor to the station he was so well qualified to fill. He had now seceded from the Théâtre du Faubourg St. Germain, to that of the Rue de Richelieu. Chenier, who had warmly espoused the cause of Talma in these internal brawls, again entrusted him with the principal character in his tragedy of Henry VIII., which was represented for the first time on the 2d of May, 1791, at the Rue de Richelieu, and it has ever since maintained the station on the boards it then acquired. But, although the public voice rewarded our aspirant's efforts with the most unconstrained applause, yet there were not wanted critics severe enough to censure, what *they* termed, his faults, and to scan even his beauties with no lenient tongue. But the public welcome consoled him for the ungenerous attacks of private enemies; and he pursued, with a firm and steady step, the path he had thus successfully entered upon.

The characters in which he now shone most were such as required the expression of the deeper feelings and more violent passions of the human breast; though he threw light upon whatever he undertook. "Nihil tetigit, quod non ornavit." But in Brutus in the death of Cæsar, in the tragedies of Arnault, and especially in the translations of Shakspeare by Ducis, he left all competition far behind. Till the retirement of Larive, he complied with the established custom of the theatre, in performing comedy in conjunction with tragedy; and herein he displayed no small portion of comic humour. It would exceed our limits to follow this great actor through those several characters which his genius made his own. Talma displayed, in his portraiture of Roman dignity and pride, a striking knowledge of human nature, and of the peculiarities of the Roman character; it seemed that he brought, as it were, in actual review before the spectator's eye the portraits of the persons he represented; and that he looked, talked and moved as they themselves might be supposed to have done, under similar circumstances and in similar situations. But of all the characters of Shakspeare made known to the French nation through the medium of the translations of Ducis, the master-piece of Talma's acting was Hamlet. On the French stage, the ghost of Hamlet's father is not actually seen, but raised by and in the imagination of the actor. The expression of his finely-marked countenance told you, at this juncture, more forcibly than even the eloquence of his lips or the energy of his action, of the phantom which affrighted him. When in the midst of his calm and melancholy musings, his father's spectre rises before him, he followed with his eyes all the imagined movements of the vision he had conjured up, the spectator was so strongly enchained by the delusion, that spell-bound, he no longer doubted the reality of that which was the mere coining of the actor's excited imagination. When, too, Hamlet, in the third act is alone upon the stage, ruminating that inspired soliloquy—"To be, or not to be," when he comes to the lines

"La mort, c'est le sommeil.—C'est un réveil peut-être,
Peut-être! —Ah! c'est le mot qui glace, épouvanté,
L'homme, au bord du cercueil, par le doute arrêté,
Devant ce vaste abîme il se jette en arrière
Ressaisit l'existence et s'attache à la terre"——

Talma stood motionless, or, if he made any movement, 'twas but first to raise his head slightly towards heaven, and then to turn again down to earth, as if to question them as to the nature of death. He was wholly absorbed in meditation: *there* he stood a single man in the midst of thousands hushed in silence, ruminating on the after-fate of mortality—

"To be, or not to be."

In the scene wherein Hamlet conjures his mother, over the urn which encloses the ashes of her husband, to confess that she had no part in his death, a guilty conscience displays the troubled secret of her soul; and

hen, after entreaties on one side, and dreadful hesitations and misgivings on the other, she at length discloses ıe fatal truth, Hamlet draws the dagger which, by aternal command, he is about to plunge into the breast f her who, with all her load of guilt and crime, is still is mother!—the trial becomes too much for filial feeling nd filial piety, though enlisted in the cause and urged n by the command of a dead father; and he suddenly urns from the appalling deed to his father's shade, and mplores it, in the deepest accents of grief, to revoke the readful sentence; then, throwing himself at his mother's eet, he falls extended before her, giving vent to his gonised feelings in these words:—

"Votre crime est horrible, exécrable, odieux;
Mais il n'est pas plus grand que la bonté des cieux."

The transition from the expression of horror conveyed n the first, to the calm resignation and hope implied in he second line, can only have been thoroughly felt in he action and utterance of Talma.

His enemies, however, now (1794) renewed the disraceful attacks with which they had some time preiously assailed him on the unjust grounds of his being ı jacobin and a revolutionary partisan; and, on the 1st of February of this year, when he enacted the part of Nero, no sooner had he appeared upon the scene than, nstead of being, as usual, hailed with hearty cheers, he was assailed with hissings and hootings, and every demonstration of displeasure, by an infuriated audience. Talma, indignant at this unmerited treatment, stepped forward; and in a tone in which manly firmness and wounded feeling were mingled, silenced his reckless accusers with these few but emphatic words:—"Fellow-citizens, I am now, and I shall ever continue to be, the ardent lover of freedom; but I have ever held crime and bloodshed in the utmost detestation and horror. The reign of terror has cost me more tears than I shall ever choose to tell you of. *All my friends are dead—upon the scaffold!*" But, although the envious tongue of detraction was silenced for the moment, his success had roused too much opposition to be so easily put down. Some among his detractors, more base than the rest, had set afloat the report that Talma had been one among the persecutors of the French actors who had been arrested and thrown into the prisons of the Luxembourg; Larive and Mademoiselle Contat advocated his cause on this occasion so successfully, as effectually to destroy these unfounded malicious reports, the shame of which reflected back upon their authors.

The intimacy that took place about this time (1795) between Bonaparte and Talma gave rise to much absurd rumour; among others was one, that Napoleon took lessons from the great actor as to his deportment and demeanour on state occasions. Talma let slip no opportunity of contradicting such reports, even after the fall and death of his royal associate, when less generous spirits, who had been raised to wealth and honours on the shoulders of this political colossus, joined in the general cry against him; but the intimacy that existed between these extraordinary men lived on "through good and through bad report." On Napoleon's being proclaimed emperor, Talma thought it but fit in him to discontinue his accustomed morning visit. Napoleon, observing this, sent for him on the very day upon which the public authorities were to congratulate him on his elevation to the throne; and he was ever after to be found at the breakfast-table of the emperor. In the year 1808, in conjunction with the performers of the Comédie Française, he performed, as Napoleon expressed it, before a parterre of kings. This was at Erfurt. But, to return to the Théâtre Français. Encouraged by his brilliant success, Talma strenuously set about restoring the honours of the ancient classic drama, which had been almost totally laid aside for the works of modern dramatists. He did not, however, escape the critic's lash for what they termed an innovation; but his ardour and perseverance were not to be daunted by any obstacles, however discouraging, when his end was at the attainment of perfection in the mighty art he devotedly loved. He thoroughly understood the simplicity of the true drama, aided by the developement of the feelings and passions of the human breast, in which the interest must be sustained and kept alive, without any other artificial resources than those derived from the poetry of the author and the eloquence of the actor. An anecdote is related of Talma, which sets in a powerful light the spell in which he held his audience, whom he kept so fast bound in the delusion of the scene, as to make them *feel* it reality. He was playing Hamlet in one of the provincial theatres: at the moment when he was about to plunge the dagger into the guilty breast of his mother, a piercing cry, instantly followed by a great commotion, was heard issuing from a box near the stage. A veteran officer of tried courage, who had again and again distinguished himself in the field, had had his nervous system so intensely wrought upon by the powerful acting of Talma, that his frame could no longer sustain itself against the force of its inward workings, and uttering a cry, he had fallen in a fainting fit from his seat. He was immediately carried out; when, after the lapse of some minutes, coming to himself, still under the effects of the nervous excitement of the scene, he anxiously asked if he had *really* killed his mother! The writer of this article himself witnessed the power of dramatic illusion even upon a child, and that child only about four years of age. The anecdote about to be related occurred at the Birmingham theatre during the performance of the popular spectacle of "Peter Wilkins." The child was standing up, holding by the orchestra railing, when *Phelim* (the Irishman) comes in, in almost breathless haste, in search of the wild man (who had just passed across the stage), and says, "Now, I wonder which way that hairy divil went!" The child with feelings so powerfully wrought upon as to be unconscious of any thing but the desire of aiding in the capture of the wild creature, instantly exclaimed (at the same time pointing with its little outstretched arm and extended fore-finger), "That way, he's just gone that way!" So instantaneous and so powerful was the appeal to every breast, that even the iron "gods" of Birmingham felt, and answered it with hearty cheers. Such is dramatic illusion, and such were the vivid feelings of this intelligent child!

In the early part of the year 1817, Talma paid a visit to England, and gave two *soirées dramatiques* at the Opera-house, assisted by Mademoiselle Georges and M. Mainvielle. These were well attended by the middling and higher ranks of society, eager to witness, though unaided by scenic effect, the exertions of the Roscius of the French stage. The applauses and reception he met with, in private as in public, gave him unmingled gratification. He renewed, at this time, his acquaintance with John Kemble, who, like himself, had done so much to reform the costume of the stage, and to bring to perfection the art he had so highly adorned, and of whose last performances on the stage he was now a witness. He was present, too, at the dinner given to him on his retirement from a stage of which, for the space of between thirty and forty years, he had been the ornament and pride. On this occasion Talma's health was drunk; and the accomplished and noble president, Lord Holland, in proposing it, highly complimented the French tragedians, and the Théâtre Français: to this he replied in a speech delivered in the English language.

Talma had now long remained confessedly without a rival on his own stage, when, "I witnessed," says the author of one of his Mémoires, "his last appearance in the character of the ill-fated Charles VI. The seeds of his fatal disease were already sown within him. On

beholding the old monarch, worn down by sufferings and misfortune, recovering for a moment his reason before resigning it and life together, I could not but call to mind the age of the actor, nor conceal from myself the existence of that malady which was visibly wearing him fast away; though he displayed upon the scene all the energy and depth of feeling which distinguished his acting in his best and youngest days. I felt as if I had been witnessing the last efforts of the 'dying gladiator.' I saw Talma after this, but never again upon the stage. 'His scenic hour' was 'for ever past,' 'and the valued plaudits' which that night rung upon his ear 'were his last.'"

From this time his complaint made such rapid progress as soon to convince his friends that his masterpieces must live thenceforward only in their yet warm remembrances; though they still cherished the delusive hope that he might recover so far as to bless and enliven with his presence and his converse the social hearth: but these fond hopes were too soon and too fatally blighted; for on the 19th October 1826, after having taken an affectionate and affecting leave of a few of his most intimate friends, and last of all, of his two sons, in undisturbed tranquillity this amiable man and great *artiste* breathed his last breath. Thus ended his illustrious career! Good in private as he was great in public life, the surest, best testimony of his worth and the estimation in which he was held when living, were the tears of many a mourning friend over his grave: that soul-felt sorrow showing itself more in the looks than in the words of those who had stood by his side on the classic boards, through many a year of his glories and his triumphs, to whom he had ever been ready to lend the aid of his experience and matured judgment when they required it, and whose strong right arm was ever held out to encourage and to assist the timid and the wavering. Not seldom, too, has his advice been influential in deterring those by nature and by education unfit to endure the hard privations too often attendant upon the young actor's early life, from its difficult and uncertain paths.

Talma, in many points, resembled our own unrivaled Kemble; like him he was beloved in private, as in public admired; like him, character gave weight to genius, while genius conferred brilliancy on character; like him, too, the scholar and the accomplished gentleman, he brought in the aid of the sister-arts in reform of the costume, and in bringing out, as it were, in mid-day splendour, the imposing grandeur and bright glories of the classic stage; and, like him, his name will long be associated in the mind of every lover of the arts, and, indeed, in that of every intelligent being who ever witnessed their labours, or who ever pored, delighted, over the written testimony of their effect; their names will, with such, be associated with the purest and most soul-exalting moments of their lives; and, however brilliant the galaxy of dramatic talent into which they may find themselves thrown at an after-period, they will still look back with grateful recollection to these polar stars of dramatic grandeur and scenic excellence, and recall to mind, with feelings too deep for utterance, the delights they have afforded them, and the "instruction wherewith they have instructed them," full "many a time and oft," "e'en from their boyish days."

The poet, the painter, the sculptor, the musician, all leave something to attest their excellence in their several arts—but the "mighty actor" must trust *his* after-fame to the pen of his biographer; and fortunate for him shall it be if he meet with one sufficiently generous to feel, and sufficiently skilful to describe, the workings of his master-mind when engaged in depicting, as they rise in rapid succession, the feelings, the passions, the weaknesses, and the strength of humanity!

From the Monthly Review.

A Visit to Iceland, by way of Tronyem in the "Flower of Yarrow" yacht, in the summer of 1834. By John Barrow, Jun. London: Murray. 1835.

The promise which Mr. Barrow's former work, "Excursions in the North of Europe," held out of his tact and talent, as a scientific, observant, and lively traveller and writer, are more than fulfilled in the present volume. We think there are abundant proofs before us, of such enlarged and ripened views, as were to be expected from a young man of the regulated judgment and accomplished powers that were evinced in the former work. That he has benefited by experience and time, at a rate fully commensurate with what was to be anticipated from his earlier effort, cannot be questioned by any one who makes himself acquainted with this and his former work. There is, besides the skill and the ability which the author has displayed in this volume, the freshness of almost a new subject. Few have been the travellers who have resorted to Iceland; and fewer still those that have taken such a comprehensive and varied view of it, as has been done by our author. No less than twenty years have expired since a fresh word has been uttered respecting the island. We may therefore readily presume that from such a visiter and writer as Mr. Barrow, a treat of no ordinary value and interest is to be obtained; nor will the confident expectation be disappointed. We shall at once proceed to give such an account of the contents of the volume as our limits will allow.

It is not an every day occurrence that a conveyance to Iceland is to be found from any part of the United Kingdom. A casual ship now and then proceeds from Hull or Liverpool with salt and a few articles of colonial produce, but nothing like a regular trade exists between England and that island. Mr. Barrow was fortunate enough, however, to obtain from a Mr. Smith, whose acquaintance he had made in Norway the preceding year, a passage from Liverpool to Tronyem or Drontheim, the capital of Norway, and thence to Iceland. Mr. Smith is a member of the Royal Yacht Club, and proceeded in a beautiful yacht, called the "Flower of Yarrow," which he had purchased from the Duke of Buccleuch. To this gentleman the author very appropriately dedicates the volume, in testimony of his gratitude for the friendly aid by which he was enabled, when all other means had failed, to visit Iceland.

Towards the close of the month of June, 1834, Mr. Barrow landed at Tronyem. During the few days that he spent in Norway, he paid a visit to the copper mines, about one hundred English miles from the capital, and thence to a few Laplanders, whose summer residence was not very far distant. From the specimens which he saw, they are a filthy, squalid people, of a diminutive size, the tallest of one particular family appearing to be under five feet; they speak the Norse language as well as their own, and like the Norwegians, testify their gratitude on receiving any benefit, by taking and shaking the hand of the giver. One can scarcely believe that amid such

retchedness as surrounds them, there is any appiness in their lot; but our incredulity is wing to our ignorance of what others feel, who ave all their lifetimes been placed in totally ifferent circumstances from ourselves.

Near the end of the month of July, our author anded at Reikiavik, the capital of Iceland; which, rom the anchorage, presents a very sorry appearnce, only a long row of houses, or rather the pper parts of houses, with red or brown roofs, eing conspicuous. The country in the vicinity f the town is nearly a uniform plain, and without a tree or a shrub. Yet Reikiavik, which means 'the smoking village," probably derived from the ot spring in the neighbourhood, is the residence f the governor-general, of the bishop of Iceland, f the president of the supreme court of judicature, and of other public officers; it is also the rincipal emporium of the island. Under the oof of the cathedral there is a public library, said o contain about six thousand volumes, to which he inhabitants have free access, being allowed, nder certain restrictions, to have books at their wn houses; and the author was assured of the ratifying fact, that the people are very fond of eading. The Icelanders, it is well known, were nce famed for their literary productions. The ooks in the public library spoken of, consist of eneral and ecclesiastical history, in the German, anish, and Norwegian languages, such as relate o the island, their Sagas and their Eddas; and ome of the best English works, together with a ollection of the Greek and Latin classics. To he merchants' houses, and to those of the princial inhabitants, there are small pieces of ground aid out as gardens, for the purpose of raising a ew culinary vegetables; but the produce appeared very scanty, as indeed was the case throughout the island, so that, according to our notions, he people are almost entirely deprived of one ource of domestic comfort, which, however, to hose who never knew its value, will be supplied y such sources as they have alone been acquainted with.

Travellers encounter frequently strange and nlooked for events. One cannot but participate n the feelings which the author experienced when e was introduced to the governor, who asked him whether his name was not Barrow? And it turned out that this self-same gentleman had traveled with the author among the mountains of Switzerand a few years ago. But we must not tarry at Reikiavik, which, though enlivened in the summer y the society of the Danish merchants, who resort thither in the fishing season, can boast of nothing like refined inhabitants in the winter, save the few functionaries mentioned above. It is stated by the most accredited historians of Iceland, that the Irish were the first people who visited the country. But the author discovered no vestige that could lead to this opinion, unless in the construction of the hovels of the people; and even these answered more closely the descriptions given of those to be seen in the Hebrides.

A journey to the Geysers or boiling springs of Iceland was of course a principal object with Mr. Barrow; and when speaking of this journey, we have to note a singular sort of food given by the peasants to their horses in winter. This consists of fishes' heads and bones hashed up with a little hay, and boiled altogether in water. There is no such thing, we learn, in the whole island, as a wheel carriage, nor even a wheelbarrow, and indeed if there were, they would be useless, as there is nothing in the shape of a road on which they could move. The paths are either over beds of lava, so rugged that the horses are obliged to pick their way, or over boggy ground, where, if left to themselves, they are remarkably skilful in traversing, avoiding sagaciously those places into which they might sink up to the belly. In some parts the way resembles a deep rut, formed by the cracking or disruption of a stream of lava, where the rider may put his feet on the two sides. Our readers may be curious to learn what sort of buildings the Iceland country churches are, and the use to which they are sometimes put. At the close of a day's journey towards the boiling springs, the author and his companions lodged for a night in one of these structures—for in the few huts that surrounded it, and even in the clergyman's mansion, travellers had no chance to find accommodation; so that the church, of which the following is a description, is usually resorted to by strangers.

"As this building, consecrated to religious purposes, was altogether different from any I had before seen, curiosity led me to take its dimensions: the extreme length was twenty-three feet, but of this eight feet were devoted to the altar, which was divided off by a partition stretching across the church, and against which was placed the pulpit. Over the pulpit were the following Latin inscriptions—

'Scio opera tua.'
'Habenti dabitur.'

A small wooden chest or cupboard, placed between two very small square windows at the end of the building, not larger than a common sized pane of glass, constituted the communion table, over which was a miserable representation of the Lord's Supper, painted on wood, and apparently of great antiquity. The width of the church was ten feet, and the height of the walls about six feet. These were wainscoted, and from them large wooden beams stretched across from side to side. On these beams were placed in great disorder a quantity of old bibles, psalters, and fragments of dusty manuscripts. The interior of the roof, the rafters of which rested on the walls, was also lined with wood. On the right of the door as we entered, and under which we were obliged to stoop considerably, we remarked two or three bells suspended from the beams within reach. Four or five benches with backs to them, so crowded together, as almost to touch one another, were placed on each side the aisle, a narrow passage being left between them. There were also some benches placed against the wainscoted walls, round that part which formed the altar. The accommodation was said to be sufficient for forty people; but I am quite at a loss to imagine how they could all find seats, or even room to stand. It is not however often, if ever, that the church is so crowded, as the number of inhabitants living in the immediate neighbourhood is very small—not above twelve or fourteen families in the whole parish."—pp. 143, 144.

The poverty and destitution even of the clergy are lamentable. It would appear that of the three hundred that are on the island, two hundred know

not what spirituous liquors are; a milk diet and a little coffee is the food to which their stomachs are almost alone accustomed. The parsonage-houses, and those of the peasantry that have more apartments than one, are composed of a low range of turf-roofed huts, every room having its separate roof, and being an additional and united hut. Mr. Barrow had an opportunity of seeing the people proceeding to church on a sabbath, and we may presume that they are generally devout, since they make long journeys to attend divine service, though the roads be any thing but tempting.

The Geysers have been described fully by former travellers, but as forty-five years have elapsed since the last good account, the author did right in going over the same ground, were it only, as he says, for the sake of examining whether any and what changes may have taken place in the course of that period. On having reached the plain of these boiling fountains, smoke and steam were beheld rising on all hands; boiling springs and bogs of heated mud were to be found every where. This extraordinary piece of ground, which does not exceed twelve acres, seemed to be shaking and trembling under the travellers; and issuing from below, a sort of murmuring or rumbling noise not unlike that of distant thunder was heard. In some places there were detached jets throwing up steam mixed with water; in others, several smaller ones grouped together, emitted steam only. We extract the description of one of these springs.

"The Great Geyser, as I have said, is situated on a mound which rises considerably above the general surface of the plain, and slopes on all sides to the distance of a hundred feet or thereabouts from the borders of the large basin on its summit; and in the centre of this basin, forming, as it were, a gigantic funnel, there is a pipe or tube up which the boiling water rises and the eruptions burst forth. The basin or bowl of this funnel is from four to five feet deep, sloping a little, like a saucer, towards the central tube. Into this basin the water had flowed to within a foot and a half of the brim when we visited it; and, as it was gradually rising, we remained on the spot till it overflowed, which we were told was a certain sign of an eruption being about to take place; the more certain, as a bubbling or boiling up of the water was observed over the mouth of the tube at the same time. The temperature of the water in the basin at this period, as far as I could reach to plunge in the thermometer, was from 180 deg. to 190 deg. of Fahrenheit.

"After anxiously waiting a considerable time, instead of that grand burst we had expected to take place, to our great mortification the water began gradually to subside, and did not cease to diminish till the basin was left quite dry. I had now, however, an opportunity of taking the dimensions of the basin and its pipe, the former of which was found, from actual measurement, to be fifty-six feet in the greatest diameter, and fifty-two feet in the narrowest, and the greatest depth about four feet. The shaft, or tube, in the middle, at the upper and shelving part, was found to be 18½ feet one way, and 16 feet the other; but it narrows considerably at a little distance from the mouth, and appears to be not more than ten or twelve feet in diameter.

"I measured its depth on two sides: on one I found it to be sixty-seven feet, and on the other a little more than seventy. The sides of the tube are smoothly polished, probably by the constant friction of the water, which is also the case with the floor of the basin, whose surface is perfectly smooth and even, and has the appearance, in parts, of agate, and is so hard that I was unable to detach a single piece with a hammer. It is difficult to imagine in what manner this capacious tube, perfectly perpendicular, has first been shaped, and equally so how the smooth crust with which it is lined has been laid on—whether at once, or by successive depositions of the laminæ of siliceous matter. The lining of the basin or bowl would appear to be of more easy explanation: the water remaining therein quiescent may deposit its silica undisturbed, but in the pipe of the funnel it is always bubbling or boiling, sometimes higher, sometimes lower, or exploding steam and water. But after all, that which is the most difficult to comprehend is this—that the water of the Geyser is perfectly clear, and gives no deposite without the application of chemical tests, and then only in the smallest possible quantity: it may be kept for years in bottles without depositing the least sediment."—pp. 177—179.

The author supposes that this deposit is from the condensed steam or vapour. The siliceous incrustations extend to the whole distance down the slope of the mound around the brim, and several yards below. They consist of little tufts resembling the heads of cauliflowers. They are of a delicate texture, and not to be removed in a perfect state and without damaging the minute crystalline efflorescence with which they are beautifully covered.

"Every sort of adventitious fragment, whether of pieces of wood, bones or horns of animals, were here found in a silicified state, and among other things, by the edge of the stream, I met with a piece of printed paper, which, with the letters perfectly legible, exhibited a thin plate of transparent silex, giving it the appearance of a child's horn-book, but the moment it was removed it fell in pieces. Previous to our departure, the governor had shown to me a worsted stocking which, by laying on the banks of this streamlet about six months, had been completely converted into stone, as had also a blue handkerchief, which exhibited all the cheques and colours of the original; and these were solid enough to bear handling, and as hard as silex itself. I must observe, however, that these streams are lined with a white siliceous stone of a close compact texture, resembling pure white marble, which continues down to their junction with the Huit-as.

"We had shot some plovers and curlews on our way to this place, which we ordered to be boiled in the basin of the Great Geyser, and they were sufficiently cooked in the space of twenty minutes, the temperature of the water continuing to vary from 180 deg. to 190 deg. of Fahrenheit. The steam arising from this, as well as all the Geysers, is sensibly, but not very strongly, impregnated with the smell of sulphur; and our guides told us the birds would taste of it so strongly as not to be eatable; but whether our appetites were sharp, or our senses dull, we did not by any means find this to be the case, nor could we perceive the slightest taste of sulphur. At this time, however, I filled a bottle with the beautiful clear water of the Geyser, which at the moment certainly had a strong smell of sulphur; but though firmly corked on the spot, it had lost it altogether on my arrival in England, nor was there the least deposite either of that or of any other substance whatever, when submitted to chemical tests.

"The circumstance that now attracted our attention was that of observing our guides digging up and throwing into the orifice large masses of peat or turf. The guides seemed to think that, by such provocation, they might succeed in bringing on an eruption; and as this was a wished-for event, we all lent our assistance in heaving in turf and peat in large quantities; and soon

nough the boiling fluid, as if filled with rage and indig- ation at such treatment, burst forth almost instantane- ously, and without giving the least notice, with a most iolent eruption, heaving up a column of mud and water rith fragments of peat, as black as ink, to the height of ixty or seventy feet, and continuing to do so for eight or en minutes, when it subsided, and all the water sunk into he shaft, where it remained in a tranquil state at its for- ner depth. The masses of turf had been completely hattered to atoms, and dissolved as it were in the water, vhich did not recover the usual transparency of the Gey- er waters when it ceased: the fragments of turf in de- cending fell back into the shaft."—pp. 182—188.

Mr. Barrow did not ascend Mount Hecla, nor lo we see that there could be much wisdom in :lambering toilsomely up a mountain buried in :now, and generally enveloped in mist. The nformation that particularly interests us, which ie has furnished, besides what regards the extraordinary physical phenomena resulting from subterranean fire, belongs to the consideration of he character and condition of the people; and to he portion of the volume chiefly devoted to hese, we now call the attention of our readers.

The only school of any kind in the whole sland was visited by Mr. Barrow. But it was vacation time, when all the scholars go to their espective homes, where they are useful in ssisting their parents in their summer work, not lisdaining to undertake any manual labour for which they are fitted. The academical establish- nent is not exactly on the same scale, or in its nanagement of the same style, with Cambridge or Oxford, yet doubtless it is a venerable and earned institution in the eyes of the Icelanders. We give the author's account of it.

"The sleeping-room might have been mistaken for a menagerie. There were wooden recesses on either side of it (filled with hay and straw and some dirty bedding), each having a sliding door which completely shuts up the berth. I was astonished, and heard with disgust that each of these cribs or berths is occupied by two boys, and that till recently each bed-place contained three young men. This may be thought lightly of in Iceland, as I believe it is in Norway, but to us it appears a barbarous practice.

"The number of scholars is forty. Before the Sees of Skalholt and Hoolum were united in one, in the year 1797, by order of the Danish government, Skalholt rec- koned forty scholars and Hoolum thirty-four, and landed property was appropriated for the support of these insti- tutions, sufficient for their maintenance, and the pay of their instructors. At the union of the sees, the united schools were transferred to Reikiavik, the very worst place that could have been chosen on every account, as it was shortly found to be; and, in consequence, they were removed to Besestad, where there was a good house that had formerly been the residence of the governors of Iceland, and close to it the best church in the island. There are three masters: the one, professor of theology, instructs the pupils in Hebrew and Greek, as far as the Greek Testament and Xenophon; the second is the lec- turer, and instructs the pupils in the Latin language, in history, mathematics, and arithmetic; and the third, in the Danish, Norwegian, and Icelandic, languages. They are all but poorly paid; that is to say, according to our ideas of the nature of their situation and the value of money; but this is not by any means a fair criterion of judging. Their attendance is constant from October to May, the intermediate months being the time of vacation, when the students go to their several homes. The funds appropriated for the school are said to be sufficient to pay the teachers, and to afford board, books, and clothing, to the scholars gratis.

"According to the official statement procured by Dr. Hooker, the bishop of Iceland draws about 1800 dollars, or 360*l.* a year from the school funds; the lecturer on theology 600 dollars, or 120*l.* a year; and the inspector or steward, whom I have called the housekeeper, about 220 dollars, or 44*l.* a year, and receives for each of the forty scholars 60 dollars a year, or 480*l.* in the whole for their subsistence; and the two assistants 300 dollars, or 60*l.* a year each.

"The admission to this school is professedly confined to such as have made a certain progress, to such as have been confirmed, and to such as produce good certificates from the clergyman of the parishes to which they respec- tively belong; and at the period when they have finished their education, they are strictly examined in presence of the bishop, and those who are found qualified receive a *dimissus* from the heads of the college, which entitles them, on vacancies occurring in the church, to receive holy orders. The clergy, however, are not exclusively taken from this school: the sons of clergymen and of the peasantry are frequently educated at home, and if they can pass the requisite examination before the bishop, they too are equally eligible for the church."—pp. 228—231.

It would appear, indeed, that private education at home is more esteemed by the people, where the morals of youth are less likely to be corrupt- ed, than at a place where a number of young men are thrown together. One does not well see how the same sort of learning is to be found in private; but the clergyman of the parish assists, and it is also stated that numbers of the peasantry, as well as the clergy, are well versed in the classics, particularly in Latin, which they write fluently. To the credit of the college it is mentioned, that some of the best and most learn- ed works in Iceland have issued thence, and that five volumes in Danish and Latin have just been completed and published by "The Royal So- ciety of Northern Antiquities at Copenhagen," the work of the lecturer at the college, which contains historical treatises relating to events that occurred out of Iceland, and more par- ticularly to the exploits of the Danes in England, from the middle of the tenth to the beginning of the fourteenth centuries—an obscure period of English history certainly. Both the peasantry and the priests are a simple minded, innocent, and virtuous people, and are generally well versed in religious and historical works, as also in the ancient mythology and traditions handed down in the Sagas and the Eddas, composed mostly in short verses, and easily retained in the memory. Some few who can afford it send their sons to study at the University of Copenhagen. The clergy in Iceland officiate in one sort of work that would be thought toilsome and de- grading to the priesthood in England, or any where else.

"The clergy almost universally submit to every species of drudgery from necessity: their incomes are too small to allow them to hire and feed labourers, and nothing is more common than to find the parish priest in a coarse woollen jacket and trowsers, or skin boots, digging peat, mowing grass, and assisting in all the operations of hay- making. They are all blacksmiths also from necessity, and the best shoers of horses on the island. The feet of an Iceland horse would be cut to pieces over the sharp

rock and lava if not well shod. The great resort of the peasantry is the church, and should any of the numerous horses have lost a shoe, or be likely to do so, the priest puts on his apron, lights his little charcoal fire in his smithy (one of which is always attached to every parsonage), and sets the animal on his legs again; and here again he has a laborious task to perform in procuring his charcoal. Whatever the distance may be to the nearest thicket of dwarf-birch, he must go thither to burn the wood, and to bring it home, when charred, across his horse's back.

"This mode of life, however, may not be considered as altogether consistent with the character of him who is entrusted with the religious instruction of his humble parishioners. Sir George Mackenzie says, that the minister of Gardé, styled the Provost of Goldbringé Syssel, and superintendent of all the ecclesiastical concerns of that district, was so poor that, to use his own words—'knowing his poverty, we were not surprised that this dignitary of the church exhibited in his person and habiliments a figure, the description of which we shall spare our readers, that they may not partake the pain inspired by the most squalid indigence in a clerical garb.' Yet this poor man had a considerable collection of books, and among others, translations of some of the works of Pope and Young's Night Thoughts! Their condition may however have, and probably has a beneficial effect. What an example may it not afford for the poor peasantry to be contented with their lot, many of whom, indeed, are in far better circumstances than those of their pastor! But whether this equality of drudgery and of external habiliments be favourable to the propagation of religion, morality, and of that respect which is due to the sacred character of the pastor, is not for me to offer an opinion; but, taking the whole island, there is little doubt that the pastor and his flock are nearly on an equality as to worldly concerns. None of them can be considered as wealthy, but all of them appear to be contented with their lot: poverty, indeed, may truly be said to be the general condition of the Icelandic inhabitants. Never was any thing more true, as regards Iceland, than what the poet has applied to another and very different country:—

'Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no conspicuous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed.'"

Mr. Barrow had some grounds to believe that there is not a beggar in all Iceland; the want of money in the island will partly account for this. Yet, poor as the people are, and bleak and frigid as the island is, when in a foreign country, the Icelanders, like the Swiss, sigh and repine after home. Their native situation and habits strengthen the ties of domestic life, and are turned to the advantage of the mind. Their winter nights are so long, that they have ample time for improving upon what they learnt in youth. They then recite to one another the deeds and descent of their forefathers. Our author asks, what inducement there can be for these islanders wasting their days and nights, as numbers do, in laborious studies? The pure love of literature and science no doubt prompts them to such occupations, and the conscious elevation and refinement of mind that results, is their reward. But will not the love of fame have its influence in Iceland as well as elsewhere? Where learning is so much revered, and where the people and priesthood are otherwise so much on a level as to external comforts, there is no other peculiarity by which a man can command that respect and admiration which are exciting and exalting motives. It has been said that the present state of Icelandic literature shows that it is on the decline; but we presume the author is right when he supposes that it has rather changed its character and become more widely diffused. Instead of those historical romances, the Eddas and Sagas, being the species of composition which occupy the clergy in making or transcribing—the history and literature of the more refined nations of Europe now form a part of their studies, together with the registration of events, and the digesting into annals and chronicles what passes in Iceland, and other parts of the world. An example is quoted by Mr. Barrow, as a proof of what has been said respecting the triumph of literary pursuits over pinching penury, that is affecting.

"It is the case of an Icelandic clergyman of the name of Jonas Thorlakson, the parish priest of Backa. This venerable pastor, when nearly seventy years of age, had just completed a translation of Milton's Paradise Lost in his native tongue, having previously translated Pope's Essay on Man. Three of the first books only of the Paradise Lost were printed by the Icelandic Literary Society, when it was dissolved in 1796, and to print the rest at his own expense was altogether out of the question, as we are told that the whole of his annual income, from the united parishes of Bægisa and Backa, did not exceed thirty rix-dollars, or 6*l.* sterling, out of which he had to pay an assistant nearly half. This must of course mean the pittance given by the crown, his parishioners and his glebe making up the rest. In allusion to his poverty, he thus expresses himself in Icelandic verse:—'Ever since I came into this world I have been wedded to Poverty, who has now hugged me to her bosom these seventy winters, all but two; and whether we shall ever be separated here below is known only to Him who joined us together.'

"I cannot omit the account which Mr. Henderson gives of a visit to the dwelling of this venerable man at Bægisa, particularly as it ultimately led to the means of alleviating the ills of poverty, when age and infirmity most required their aid.

"'Like most of his brethren, at this season of the year, we found him in the meadow assisting his people in hay-making. On hearing of our arrival, he made all the haste home which his age and infirmity would allow, and bidding us welcome to his lowly abode, he ushered us into his humble apartment, where he translated my countrymen into Icelandic.

"'The door is not quite four feet in height, and the room may be about eight feet in length by six in breadth. At the inner end is the poet's bed, and close to the door, over against a small window not exceeding two feet square, is a table where he commits to paper the effusions of his muse. On my telling him that my countrymen would not have forgiven me, nor could I have forgiven myself, had I passed through this part of the island without paying him a visit, he replied that the translation of Milton had yielded him many a pleasant hour, and often given him occasion to think of England.'

"This description of the deplorable condition of so superior a genius as Thorlakson unquestionably was, being fully corroborated by enquiries made of Mr. Bourke, then Danish minister at the court of London, was not unheeded by our countrymen. At the instigation of one of the most active members of that liberal, humane, and highly beneficent society known as the 'Literary Fund,' the case was immediately taken up, and having, as the committee state, 'discovered the venerable bard of Iceland where he patiently reclined

neath the shed of poverty,' they at once resolved, to use their own words, 'to give transient affluence to the bard, who shivered near the arctic circle, and, under the novel of poverty, had erected with the magic of his mind a temple to the sacred muse.' In June, 1819, he signed a receipt for the money, he writes therein, 'signed with my own hand,' being then, as may be inferred from his own account to Mr. Henderson, in the seventy-third year of his age. The contribution was 30*l.*—equal to five years' income of his miserable pittance; but he did not long survive this act of benevolence, as it is stated, in a short view 'Of the Origin, Progress, and operations of the Society,' dated 3d March, 1821, that 'the poet of Iceland is now in his grave; but it is satisfactory to know that the attention, in this instance, of a foreign and remote society to his genius and his fortunes, was highly gratifying to his feelings, and contributed not immaterially to the comfort of his concluding days.' He wrote a letter in very elegant Latin, expressing his heartfelt gratitude for the kindness and generosity of the society, so accordant with the character of the British nation, and accompanied it with a MS. copy of his translation of Milton's Paradise Lost into the Icelandic language; but the letter is not now to be found, being taken away probably by one of the members who particularly interested himself in the case, and who is since dead."—pp. 245—248.

Mr. Barrow was requested, on his departure from England, by one of the members of the Statistical Society, to obtain detailed answers to certain queries intrusted to him; and although his opportunities were not so full as he could have wished them to be, for collecting accurate information on several points, what he has presented us he has every reason to believe may be relied on. This information was derived from a gentleman, a Danish merchant of high respectability and sound judgment, who had been resident on the island for a great number of years. We shall introduce considerable portions of this interesting statistical account into our pages, furnishing, as it does, some striking facts and lessons.

"*Q.* What are the tenures of estates?

"*A.* Generally for life, on paying about 5 per cent. of the value of the estate, besides an annual payment for the cattle belonging to the estate, which in general are few in number, for the tenant commonly is the owner of the greater part of the live stock.

"*Obs.*—This requires some explanation. Estates are held of the crown, or in fee-simple; but there is no such thing as entailed estates, they being generally sold at the death of the proprietor, and the produce divided among the children; unless some one of them can purchase the estate, by paying each his share of the property. The crown lands and many others are let to farmers on what may almost be called perpetual leases. The rent of a farm is paid in two parts—the land-rent, which is fixed by an old valuation which it has not been found necessary to alter,—and a rent for a fixed number of cattle which it is calculated the farm is able to support; and these are transferred from one tenant to another, each succeeding one to take them, and to leave the same number on quitting the farm. But this is not to prevent a farmer from keeping as much stock as he can maintain, without paying any additional rent. The rent of both is paid, according to the agreement, in money, wool, tallow, butter, &c.; the tenant is for life, provided he does not injure the farm; he may quit whenever he pleases, on giving six months' notice.

"From the Landnama book of 1695, which Von Troil had in his possession, the proportion of estates belonging to the crown, the church, and the freeholds, were as 718, 640, and 1847, since which many of the two former have been sold, and the number of the latter fully doubled. The estimated number of farms, including freeholds, were then 4058: they are now supposed to be above 6000.

"*Q.* Does the crown claim any superiority?

"*A.* The crown claims superiority in very few instances only, which superiority is called Forstrands-Rettighed.

"*Q.* what are the laws of descent?

"*A.* The same as in Norway.

"*Obs.*—The law of descent in Norway excludes primogeniture. If a person dies intestate, the property is sold or valued, and divided among the children, so as to give equal shares to the sons, and half shares to daughters; and where wills exist, they seldom deviate from this rule. If any one of the brothers can pay the shares to his brothers and sisters, it is generally arranged that the freehold estate should be made over to him, in order to retain it in the family."—pp. 271—281.

The size of the estates is estimated by a certain number of cattle which they can feed. In the interior, a middling extent is such as can feed six cows, eighty sheep, and eight horses, of the value of 300 to 400 specie dollars. They are cultivated by owners and tenants. Rents are paid in produce—on the coast in fish; in the interior, in butter, sheep, &c. &c., according to an annual tax; partly likewise in money. Serfs do not exist. Persons in easy circumstances generally employ one or more labourers. The ordinary ages of marriages are with the men from twenty-four to thirty-two; with the women from nineteen to thirty.

"*Obs.*—The authority given to the clergy, by law, not to marry a woman unless she can read and write, would appear to be an admirable one, and will explain why the peasantry of Iceland are so much better informed than those of any other nation of Europe. It is from the mother that the child learns the first rudiments of education, and receives a taste for reading; and a well-educated mother cannot fail to instil into her young offspring the principles of religion and morality. I am informed by Mr. Broder Knudtzon, that the clergy of Norway have the same authority to refuse confirmation to those who cannot read and write, as well as answer certain questions regarding religion.

"*Q.* What is the ordinary fertility of marriages?

"*A.* From four to six: sometimes more.

"*Q.* What is the gross amount of population?

"*A.* About 53,000.

"*Obs.*—This is but a scanty population for so extensive an island, whose surface is to that of Ireland as 1 to 1¼, or thereabouts; but that surface, it is true, from its nature, and the nature of the climate, is perhaps as unfavourable as any that exists within the limits of the two Arctic circles. The extremes of the northern latitudes are 63° 24′, and 66° 33 min.; and of western longitude 13° 28′, and 24° 31′, and deducting the areas of the numerous fiords, by which it is intersected pretty much in the same manner as Norway, the square contents of the land is about 37,388 statute miles; but, as I was assured, one third part is the very least that could be assumed as wholly useless to the inhabitants. The centre of the island, being nothing but yokuls or snowy mountains, is said to be fully equal to that extent; so that the inhabited part cannot be reckoned at more than 25,000 square miles; and the population on each square mile will not exceed 2 1-10th persons. This fact alone will suffice to show what inconveniences the inhabitants must be subject in such a country where there are no roads, and over

which it is utterly impracticable to attempt to stir in the winter months while the snow is on the ground.

"*Q.* What is the annual number of deaths?

"*A.* For the last three years the number of deaths has been from 1100 to 1400."—pp. 284—286.

In the year 1832, there were 1126 more births than deaths; of these births, 383 were illegitimate—a large portion for so sober and sedate a people. The manner in which they live huddled together serves to account for the fact. The whole population is either employed in feeding cattle, or fishing, or both; the number of those who breed cattle, to those who mostly live by the other mode, is as three to one nearly.

"*Q.* What employments exist for labourers independent of agriculture?

"*A.* Other employments than those of breeding cattle and fishing do not exist; nor is there any other class of people or townsmen, save the small number of tradespeople in Reikiavik and other trading establishments.

"*Obs.*—There are no manufactures of any kind carried on as a trade. Every branch of industry is domestic, and confined chiefly to articles of clothing—wadmal or coarse cloth, gloves, mittens, and stockings. The peasantry are generally ingenious: they make such pieces of furniture as their simple cottages require; some aspire to make trinkets of silver, snuff-boxes, and some other articles of the walrus tusks; they also forge implements of iron. But Iceland is scantily supplied with metals; vestiges of iron are abundant, but if worth extracting the metal, they have neither wood nor coal to do so—in fact, the only mineral they extract from the earth is a little sulphur from the mines of Krusivik, which is scarcely worth the labour of preparing it. Iceland consists strictly of a pastoral and fishing population."—pp. 287, 288.

Wool, knitted stockings, mittens, or gloves without fingers, fish, &c. are exported in considerable quantities. There is one physician, and six district surgeons in the island; four hospitals for invalid lepers, of whom there are generally not more than three or four for each, the sick and poor being almost wholly supported by their own families. The taxes are moderate, and may be said to be directly upon property, every one paying according to his circumstances, whether he be possessed of land, stock, or money. After certain deductions, the taxes are divided between the public revenue, the clergy, the churches, and a small portion applied to the maintenance of the poor. Milk, fish, both fresh and dried, meat, bread made of imported corn, cabbages and potatoes, though of an inferior size generally, game, and Iceland moss, which is used for porridge in some parts of the island, are the articles of diet peculiar to Iceland.

"*Q.* Are spirits much used—their effect?

"*A.* Of late years brandy has been much cheaper than formerly, and consequently the sale has considerably increased, so that about 1000 barrels have been imported, which makes something more than two bottles per annum for each individual. The effects of the increased consumption of brandy can be attended with no salutary results, which, however, be they good or bad, will not be apparent to their whole extent till after the lapse of some years.

"*Q.* Are epidemics frequent?

"*A.* Epidemics are not very frequent.

"*Q.* The state of crime, of punishment, of morals, of education in Iceland?

"*A.* Crimes are rare; small thefts, especially of sheep, are the most frequent; but the high tribunal of the country has seldom to decide more than six or eight cases per annum, private as well as public. The whip is the only punishment applied in this country, excepting fines. Those who are punished with hard labour are sent to Copenhagen. Education is altogether domestic; every head of a family teaches his children generally to read and write, and the precepts of religion according to the religious books prescribed by law.

"*Obs.*—The gentle and peaceable disposition of the natives, their moral and religious education and sober habits, act as preventives of crimes of a flagrant kind, so that capital punishment, which is confined to murder, has not occurred for many years. The last instance of one condemned to die, was of a peasant for the murder of his wife, when no one in the island could be prevailed on to perform the office of executioner, and it was necessary to send the criminal over to Norway, to undergo the sentence of the law. No Icelander, unless for the accusation of a crime that would, if proved, incur capital punishment or imprisonment for life, can be kept in confinement before the time of his trial—indeed, so infrequent are crimes of any kind, that the governor told us the courts of law at Reikiavik had little or nothing to do."—pp. 304, 305.

Whilst Mr. Barrow was in Iceland, the Prince of Denmark was there also on a tour.

"The prince is a young man, as I should think about twenty-six years of age, of easy and affable manners, a suavity of address, an inquisitive turn, calculated to invite rather than repel familiar conversation. Free from any appearance of hauteur or reserve himself, he soon puts others at their ease in his presence. His figure is of the middle size, and in good proportion; his countenance not such as would generally be called handsome, but agreeable, and marked with intelligence; and if he should, unfortunately for himself, not be considered, which I sincerely hope he may be, as—

'The expectancy and rose of the fair state,'

and if he be not precisely such a copy of that Prince of Denmark, whose portrait our immortal bard has drawn, and whom we have been in the habit of admiring, as—

'The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers,'

he was yet what, in common parlance, we should call a fine young man. It was not from a single interview that I formed my idea of the character of this prince. We saw a great deal of him in the short stay we made on the island, and found him always, and on all occasions, the same: always civil, agreeable in conversation, and studious to oblige. His suite consisted of two lieutenants of the navy, as aides-de-camp; their names Irminger and Pencillius, two remarkably fine young officers, both of whom spoke English, the former perfectly; a physician, and a painter of the name of Klose, a German.

"On my introduction to the prince, he immediately said that we were old acquaintances; and on my expressing some doubt, he said, Yes, at Geneva; he repeated the same thing at a future interview. It was not for me to contradict him, though I could not call to my recollection having fallen in with him there, or any where else, although I certainly was at Geneva at the time he mentioned. He told us that, while in the north of the island, they had been very fortunate in the weather, which was constantly fine and pleasant; but as they approached the south, it became bad, with frequent rain, of which little or none had fallen in the northern districts.

"I ought to state that the whole conduct of the prince gave great satisfaction to the resident merchants and the settled inhabitants of Reikiavik: he never complained

f his banishment, nor, of course, did any one presume o hint at a wish to know the cause of it; but he once bserved to his countrymen, that he supposed he owed is visit to Iceland to his having spoken his mind too reely at court. The inhabitants, previous to his north-rn tour, had given him a public ball, at which he made imself very agreeable, and danced a great deal, particu-arly with the *belle* of Reikiavik, the shoemaker's daugh-er, who was reckoned a great beauty, and to whom he vas very attentive.

"It is to be hoped that this visit of the prince will have he good effect of being attended with benefit to those who, in all probability, will become his future subjects—ndeed, I am confident he will neither forget nor neglect hem. A small addition to the public expenditure of Denmark might be made an important boon to these oor people, and above all to the clergy, whose lament-ble condition he must have witnessed on his travels. An addition of ten pounds a-year to each of their mise-able stipends, which would not entail an increase of hree thousand pounds—nay, even half that sum—would ring down the blessings of the whole community on his ead. It would not appear that he is much out of favour t home, for I perceive by the papers, that he has return-d, and is appointed to the command of the fortress of the own of Fredericia, on the eastern coast of Jutland, oppo-ite to Zealand."—pp. 307—315.

On closing Mr. Barrow's volume, we have again to express the gratification we have experienced from its interesting, sensible, and kindly contents, and our hope, that ere long we shall again meet with him, enlarging and embellishing the depart-ment of knowledge and literature he has chosen to cultivate, and for which he is so admirably adapted, as our extracts prove him to be. We have observed one peculiarity in his manner, that gives character to his writing, which our readers may not detect from the portions we have quoted, so well as they would do by an uninterrupted ex-amination of this volume; it is this, that no cir-cumstance is too slight for his notice—that he speaks very frequently of perfect trifles, but that he does so with such feelings, and represents them in such colours, as neither to be tiresome, nor unsuccessful in finishing the picture intended to be presented.

From the Court Magazine.

AFTER THE DRAWING-ROOM.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY, ESQ.

The drawing-room is over, and I have seen the king!
I'm very sure my head is turned, and won't come right this spring:
I positively can't take off my feathers and my train;
I never looked so well before, and never may again.

I heard a lady to a lord complaining of the crowd,
And say, "What common people come!—I wonder they're allowed!"
Of course that wasn't mean't for me, though father did sell cheese;
Since brother made a noble match, I'll go there when I please.

And I was ornamented too, nobody looked so fine,
I did not see one gown or train that looked the least like mine;
I'm sure I had more colours on, than any body there,
Green, red, and yellow mingled, and blue feathers in my hair.

Then some one came and took my train, and spread it out behind,
Just as a peacock spreads his tail; I thought it very kind:
And seeing 'twas a nice young man, dressed out in gold and blue,
I said, "I thank you kindly, sir—I'd do as much for you."

They led me to his majesty—I thought I would have dropped,
He held his hand out *friendly like*, and kissed me when I stopped:
And there the king and I were standing, face to face together,
I said, "How *is* your majesty?—it's mighty pleasant weather."

And then the people pushed me on! I didn't half like that—
I'm sure the king had half a mind to bid me stop and chat;
But looking on, I saw the queen! I'm sure I hope and trust
She didn't see the king kiss me! and yet I think she must.

I curtseyed to her majesty, the proper thing to do,
And seeing ladies standing round, I curtseyed to them too;
I honour maids of honour so, I wished to be polite,
And the queen and all the ladies smiled, which proved that I was right.

I knew (though ne'er at court before!) well what I was about—
Of course I did not turn my back, but tried to sidle out;
But walking, I tripped and fell—(they make them trains so big!)
And, catching at the first thing near, pull'd off a lady's wig!

And then I fainted dead away!—a dreadful thing to do—
Until I found myself at home no earthly thing I knew!
I've graced a court! indeed I'll add, by way of being witty,
'Twas in a court that father lived—a back court in the city!

From Cochrane's Foreign Quarterly Review.

LIFE OF WOLFF.

Leben und Studien Friedr. Aug. Wolfs, des Philologier. Von D. Wilhelm Korte. (Life and studies of Frederick Augustus Wolff, the philologist. By Dr. William Korte.) Essen, 1833. 8vo.

There may be some who are inclined to ascribe the distinguished place which Wolff, during his life time, occupied among the scholars and philologists of Germany, not so much to his superiority of talent, as to the novelty and singularity of his views; as heretics and schismatics occupy a larger place in the eyes of the world than those who are content to remain within the pale of the true faith. But though, undoubtedly, such a work as his famous *prolegomena to Homer* was sufficient, from the startling nature of its theories, to raise him at once to notoriety, nothing but the prodigious stores of learning with which these new positions were supported, and the remarkable acuteness, power, of mind, and even wit and humour, which he could always bring to bear upon every subject, could have enabled him, to his death, to maintain the literary pre-eminence which that remarkable work had conferred upon him.

It is by no means our intention, in this short article, to attempt any enumeration or appreciation of Wolff's numerous contributions to classical literature; the *Prolegomena* alone, were we to enter upon a criticism of its views, would demand more space than we can afford to devote to the whole subject. We shall pass lightly, too, over the latter portion of his life, when he reigned with undisputed superiority in the united strength of wit and wisdom, over the field of classical antiquity and philology. It is to his earlier history—to his struggles and difficulties—to the developement of his mind—to the course of study he pursued—to his incentives and discouragements—to the strong reliance on his own energies, which, under all circumstances accompanied him,—that we would wish for a moment to direct attention. It is in this point of view that the life of a man of learning is interesting,

not merely to the learned but to all. "What is the life of a literary man?" says Wolff, himself, in a journal which he began at an advanced period of life: "Many a merchant, many an indifferent artist, can boast of a more interesting one. That he lived and studied, is all that can be said. But then, *how?* This *how* is worthy of some detail."

Wolff was born at Hainrode, near Nordhausen, in 1759. His father, who was schoolmaster and organist there, was a man of proverbs and wise saws; who seemed to think that human life, with all its duties, might be epitomised in half-a-dozen sentences, such as "Nil admirari;" "Take things as they come;" "Mind not the opinion of the crowd;" and so on. He was a fair scholar, wrote a beautiful hand, and made pens, not wisely but too well, so far as his son was concerned; for Wolff, accustomed to avail himself constantly of his father's dexterity, never learned the art of making a pen for himself in his life; and used invariably to inflict upon his friends, when they visited him after the poor organist was no more, the penance of making pens enough to supply him till their next call. His mother was a religious, cheerful, and strong-minded woman; contented, though poor, which, indeed, she would hardly allow herself to be. No one is poor, she would say, but the Devil. Even from the first she excited the activity and encouraged the ambition of her son; and was extremely delighted one day, when in answer to her enquiry what he intended to be, he replied, "A superintendent!" Such a pitch of daring as this—for, in the eyes both of mother and son, the superintendent was a most illustrious personage—seemed to indicate to the delighted mother that elevation of sentiment, and that confidence in himself, which augured well of his future destiny. His father lost no time in commencing his education; for even at two years old he was taught to repeat with distinctness sentences and verses, sometimes in German, sometimes in Latin, such as *Cœlum serenum hodie*, and such like; at four, he recited publicly in church, after sermon, a sort of thanksgiving ode written by his father on the conclusion of the peace in 1763: and at six, he used to read sermons in church for his father with much approbation, and, as his biographer asserts, not without some tears. So rapid, indeed, was the operation of his memory, that any fifteen lines once read over to him, he could instantly repeat them without difficulty.

Nor, while cultivating his intellectual faculties, was he behind his fellows in less creditable exploits; having a considerable propensity to apple stealing, which was only checked by a severe fall, and a wound in the cheek, which, with the assistance of a bungling surgeon, confined him for about six weeks to bed.* When Wolff was about six years old, his father was induced, by a better appointment, to remove to Nordhausen (1765); and his first care was to place his son, already a tolerable Latin scholar, and not altogether ignorant either of Greek or French, in the gymnasium of the town—a sort of purgatory, or middle state, between the elementary schools and the university, where Wolff, after an examination in Greek and Latin, took his place in the third class, out of seven of which the gymnasium was composed. His picture of the head master, Fabricius, "a very pretty fellow in his day," as far as Greek and Latin were concerned, but by this time perfectly decrepid, stalking up and down the school-room in a grey striped doublet and peruke of preposterous longitude with a whip appended to his button-hole, is enough to strike terror into the heart of every truant. Fabricius had at least, one feature in common with Horace's portrait of Death:—

> "Nec parcit impelles *juventæ*,
> *Poplitibus timidove tergo*;"

and, old as he was, seems to have been viewed as a regular hobgoblin (*Popanz*) by the juniors of the gymnasium. Of him Wolff saw little; for very shortly after his entrance, Fabricius himself submitted to the ferule of death, and was replaced by Hake, a man of decided abilities; precisely the person likely to call out the energies of a boy of superior talent, but utterly to ruin and discourage, by exacting too much, those of moderate ability and activity, of whom, of course, nine-tenths of his whole classes were composed. Wolff always remembered him as one whose discipline had tended, in the highest degree, to bring out the latent energies of his mind; and who, delighted with his quickness of comprehension and persevering study, had been ever ready, by private and confidential intercourse and familiar explanations, to smooth his difficulties and accelerate his progress. Above all, Wolff felt indebted to him for having early impressed upon his mind the practicability of self-instruction, a lesson of which he had soon occasion to avail himself; for Hake shortly followed Fabricius, and under his successor, Albert, the reputation of the Nordhausen Gymnasium began sensibly and deservedly to decline.

Already, however, Wolff felt that strong impulse towards classical literature, as his natural destination, which enabled him, though by no means an exemplary attendant on the school classes, to devote days and nights, in the solitude of his own room, to a course of study which he had prescribed for himself; a degree of application, it must be admitted, somewhat rare in a boy not yet thirteen years of age. His application was, in fact, too violent; his health began to give way under the constant mental fatigue to which he had accustomed himself; nature began to vindicate its rights; and singularly enough, but at the same time most fortunately for Wolff's future developement, both corporeal and mental, the portion of his life from his twelfth to his fourteenth year was one of almost utter idleness; in which, casting care and classical learning behind him, he seemed to have no other object but

* This catastrophe he has recorded in a fragmentary Latin journal, bearing date, Feb. 1823:—"Etsi proprii horti non deerant, vicini pruna mihi majora videbantur; enisus summam arboram, et a ramo ad ramum transiliens, decidi in struem lignorum, ex quâ tenues quædam assulæ dexteræ malæ infixæ, ulcus fistulosum mihi contrahebant, cujus curatio satis diuturna."

xercise and amusement—a period, in fact, chiefly pent in playing foot-ball and walking the streets. lis frame strengthened and his mind attuned by iis interval of relaxation, he returned again with ew zest to his studies; and, as if by a fortunate oincidence, he at this time attracted the atten- on of one of the masters, a friend of his father, he professor of music, Frankenstein—a man in vhom a singular facility for the acquisition of iodern languages was mingled with no ordinary egree of eccentricity. Frankenstein was to Volff in modern languages what Hake had been o him in the ancient: he stimulated his faculties o the utmost; French, Italian, Spanish, English, of which, be it observed, Frankenstein himself ad never heard a single word pronounced, and vhich, of course, he most cruelly mangled, as Volff afterwards found when he became ac- uainted with some English students at Göttin- en,) were all at once begun, and to a consider- ble degree, mastered by the industry of Wolff. The devotion of mind to one pursuit, which is at nce the prognostic and the cause of success, hows itself in the minutest trifles. Neither Frankenstein nor his pupil was in possession of uch an article as a tolerable English dictionary; Volff, however, in his distress applied to a friend or the loan of a copy of Bailey's Dictionary; his riend could only part with the book for a month; nd during that period he copied one-third, and ommitted the other two-thirds to memory!

At a later period of his life, he used frequently o look back almost with horror on the intensity of iis studies at this time; the means to which he iad resorted in order to enable him to stifle the emonstrances of nature herself, and to make those mmediate drafts upon his physical constitution vhich were afterwards to be repaid in the shape of long years of disease and pain: "Multa tulit ecitque puer, sudavit et alsit." His plan was to levote himself for the time to one subject, to the exclusion of every thing else: night after night ie would sit up in a cold room, keeping off the ttacks of sleep by placing his feet in a pail of old water. During this period of excessive study, vhich continued from his fourteenth to his ighteenth year, he added the elements of Hebrew, o his other acquisitions; and acquired, so far as he limited stores of the Nordhausen libraries vould permit, a competent knowledge of biblio- raphy. The kindness of the collaborator Leo- old, of the academy at Ilfeld, who gave him the se of his library, made him acquainted with the est editions of the Greek and Roman classics. Once every fortnight, the young student, accom- panied either by his mother or the maid-servant, night be seen trudging along from Nordhausen o Ilfeld, a distance of several leagues, bringing ome in a basket some twenty thick and heavy volumes from his patron's library. He used to remember, many years afterwards, how one day, when he was confined to bed, his kind mother had walked alone to Ilfeld, and brought him under her arm the folio edition of Barnes's Euripides to amuse him during his confinement. Shortly afterwards, to the consternation of the conrector of the Gymnasium, who had been expressing his regret in one of his lectures, that only *three* of Euripides' plays had come down to us, Wolff quoted passages from about twenty of them, with which, during his watchful nights, he had made himself familiar.

A youth of Wolff's penetration could not long be insensible to the ignorance and inefficiency of his teachers, of which a whimsical instance is given by his biographer. The rector, Albert, Hake's successor, had to deliver a lecture in the room of the conrector, who was indisposed. He found the scholars in the class of Roman anti- quities engaged on the subject *De Ædilibus:* with the greatest possible effrontery he sat down and delivered a lecture on the subject; in which the supposed duties of these functionaries were described as analogous to those of certain of the Nordhausen town-council, who had the super- intendence of the public buildings; much in the same way as if we were to compare them to that member of the Scotish town-councils who is called the master of kirk and bridge-work. Wolff, accordingly, by degrees abandoned his attendance on the Gymnasium altogether, and betook himself to a course of solitary study, beginning again with the very elements; for, convinced as he was of the incapacity of his instructers, he began to sus- pect that all the instruction he had received had been upon a wrong plan. Already it would ap- pear, the extent of his acquirements was beginning to be known in Nordhausen, for at fifteen several young men were intrusted to his tuition.

At this period of his life the intensity of his application was a little relaxed, in consequence of a youthful attachment he had formed, and which took its rise at a dancing party, where Wolff, to please his mother, was accustomed oc- casionally to be present. The object of this boyish flame was a pretty young widow, who had just buried her husband, and who used to "drop in" familiarly in the evenings to his father's house, and dissipate her grief by listening to the young student's musical performances, or occasionally accompanying them with her voice. Wolff at first regarded her with considerable awe, and actually on one occasion styled her *venerable friend!* a distinction to which she very earnestly protested she had no claim. Wolff soon came to be of the same opinion; for, in the course of a few weeks, notwithstanding the difference of years, they were very heartily in love with each other, and carry- ing on a secret correspondence, which Wolff always maintained had tended materially to im- prove his German style. It is not every one who, like Wolff, is so fortunate as to render even love the handmaid to learning; but such was the case in this instance—his mistress was his best in- structress in German, French, Italian and music. This romantic episode in Wolff's life was brought to a close by the unfortunate death of the lady, who died about a year and a half afterwards of consumption.

After this deprivation, which had rather given a new direction to Wolff's studies than interrupt- ed them, he resumed his old habits of night study, with the accompaniment of the cold water pail as before. His memory, trained by daily exercise, had acquired astonishing powers both of appre- hension and retention; he could recite whole

tragedies, or whole rhapsodies of Homer by heart. In 1776 he commenced his studies at Gottingen, where he took up his abode in a little room, containing just space enough for a table or two and a few chairs. His first interview with the celebrated Heyne, to whom he brought a letter of introduction from his friend Leopold, was far from encouraging. Heyne endeavoured to persuade him that of all pursuits philology was the least advisable; and when Wolff enumerated the authors he had read, told him he had read a great deal too much, and that "*perpauca sed multo labore*" should have been his motto. Heyne indeed, never seemed to have given himself the trouble to understand Wolff's character, which was not one to be appreciated at a glance; though remembering his own struggles in youth, he might have been expected to have some feeling of sympathy with a young man similarly circumstanced, fighting his way up the steep "where Fame's proud temple shines afar." From the librarian Diez, however, he met with a more favourable reception: the stores of this excellent library were liberally placed at his command; and he was allowed, by special licence, to borrow ten or twenty volumes at once whenever he required them.

Wolff's disappointment was extreme when Heyne commenced his lectures on Homer; every thing seemed to him so superficial, so unsatisfactory, so unworthy of Heyne's great reputation, that in a short time he began to relax in his attendance on the lectures, and ultimately to absent himself altogether. Heyne, short-sighted as he was, remarked his absence: he said nothing; but when Wolff applied for admission to his private course on Pindar, he was told that only those who were much farther advanced could be admitted. Wolff offered to make proof of his qualifications by submitting to a Greek examination, but received no answer. This treatment from a man like Heyne grieved and mortified him in the extreme; and he could not so far suppress his feelings as to abstain from occasional satirical remarks upon his conduct, which found their way to Heyne's ears, and tended to increase that feeling of coldness, and even dislike, with which he ever after appeared to regard Wolff.

The only use which Wolff now made of the public courses in the university was to attend them diligently for about a fortnight, till he had learned from what sources the best information and materials for study were to be derived; then, bidding adieu to the lecture-room, he filled his basket from the library, and studied the subject after his own fashion. He was so anxious not to lose a moment unnecessarily, that he grudged the time required for dressing; and, with the view of shortening the process of the toilet, he had his hair cut off and replaced by a peruke; and, instead of his customary garb of coat and waistcoat, attired himself in one long doublet, which soon acquired among his friends the name of the *pallium philologicum*. By these alterations, he had contrived to reduce the time occupied in dressing to three minutes; but this ingenious device of the cloak he was ultimately obliged to abandon, as he found that it suggested comparisons between himself and an eccentric student of the name of Penzel, who had preceded him, of rather questionable reputation; and who had carried his ideas of simplicity so far, that though he wore a cloak, he had dispensed with his breeches as an unphilosophical superfluity.

At college he had many acquaintances, but, perhaps, only two friends, Diederichs and Meurer. He scarcely ever visited any of the other students in their rooms, and never at night, when the drinking parties commenced. He seldom even stopped to speak to any one in the street, but touched his hat and hurried on to his room, the door of which was generally found carefully locked against all intruders. Silently, however, under this eccentric and auto-didactic course of study, he was laying up the most prodigious stores of erudition, and exercising the faculties of his mind by meditation and original research. In the course of one year he read with attention and excerpted about eight hundred volumes, and even committed great part of their contents to memory. His only indulgence during this period was in tobacco-smoking—a science in which he almost emulated the proficiency of Boxhornius—being frequently accustomed to consume twenty pipes a night while engaged in hard reading. Perhaps the smoky atmosphere with which he thus surrounded himself habitually may have had quite as much to do with the severe inflammation of the eyes, to which in 1779 he was subjected, as the reading of the small Greek text to which he was himself disposed to attribute it.

Wolff now began to eke out his small allowance from home by private teaching in English, Latin, and Greek. In the latter he gave instructions in his own room to a class of sixteen. Shortly afterwards he began to deliver regular courses of lectures, which were well attended, and brought him a tolerable addition to his limited income. His lectures were, however, interrupted by an unexpected summons from Heyne, who informed him that the situation which had been held by his old friend Leopold at Ilfeld was vacant, and was to be disposed of by comparative trial, and who strongly urged that he should offer himself as a candidate. Whether Heyne's motives in this matter were altogether pure, or whether he might not secretly wish to remove from the university one who was likely to prove a dangerous rival to his fame, we shall not stop to enquire; suffice it to say that Wolff took his advice and was successful.

His residence at Ilfeld need not detain us long. It seems not to have been regarded by Wolff as very pleasant; and, indeed, it is evident that a mind so expansive must have felt its limited field and monastic uniformity very wearisome and monotonous; not to mention the awkward position in which a teacher of twenty must have occasionally found himself, when surrounded by pupils taller and older than himself. It is chiefly remarkable for two things: first, that he seems at that time to have reduced to shape those views with regard to the Homeric poems which were afterward to excite so much attention and discussion; and, secondly, that he there became acquainted with his future wife, the daughter of the

ustiz-amptmann Hupeden, a pretty, quiet, affectionate girl, whose heart he seems to have ained by supplying her with books a little more o her taste than the volumes on criminal-law vith which alone the old jurist had furnished her ibrary. Marriage, however, was out of the question, till some better security against the *res angusta domi* should be found than his situation it Ilfeld afforded. One evening about this time, vhile Wolff was sitting with some of his colleagues and their families, one of them happened o read aloud the announcement of a vacancy in the rectorship at Osterode. Wolff's mind was instantly nade up to offer himself as a candidate. Without saying a word to his intended bride, who was n the room, or to any of the company, he hurried out and ordered a carriage instantly for Osterode. When he returned, he told them what he had lone; but was not a little annoyed to be told, hat the newspaper from which the announcement had been read was nearly three months old. Still, ie would not be dissuaded from his journey. He posted off to Osterode, and on his arrival enquired of the landlord at the inn, in what quarter application was to be made for the situation. The andlord gave him the necessary information; but old him, at the same time, that the matter might almost be considered as already settled in favour of a young man from Gottingen, Krause, who had delivered a trial lecture with more than ordinary approbation.

The Burgomaster Jenisch, to whom he first addressed himself, gave him but little encouragement, and was quite surprised when Wolff requested, if it were not yet too late, to be allowed to deliver a lecture, and that the earliest possible day might be assigned for the purpose. The burgomaster, however, seemed to be struck by the easy confidence in his own resources which the request implied; and proposed to lay his application before his colleagues, and, if possible, to obtain for him the desired opportunity. The Syndicus Kopp, whom he next visited, gave him better hopes; and intimated, that his chance might be considerable, if, upon such very short warning, he could contrive to deliver a trial lecture with success. He was politely received by the others, and a round of invitations lowed in upon him, which Wolff accepted as if his preparations had been made for months before. A fortunate chance concurred to give still greater publicity and effect to this self-reliance. As he was just setting out for a large party at the syndicus's, he met the servant of the town-council bringing him the themes selected by the magistrates for the trial lecture, to be delivered next morning. Wolff told the servant coolly to lay them on his desk, where he would find them in the evening, and joined the party as if all preparation were unnecessary. Next day he delivered, in presence of a numerous audience, his trial lecture; for which the subjects prescribed were, an ode of Horace, and two chapters of Thucydides, and received at its close the congratulations of all present, and strong assurances that he had every chance of success. Shortly after his return to Ilfeld, his election was intimated to him.

This must have been one of the happiest periods of Wolff's life. By his own unassisted exertions he had conquered for himself an independence (for, besides a comfortable home, the salary attached to the rectorship at Osterode was 700 dollars), and had removed the only obstacle which retarded his wished-for union. His marriage now immediately took place; and the young rector, still only twenty-three years of age, removed to his new residence.

Though the period of his residence at Osterode (1782 and 1783) was not distinguished by many literary works, it was one of uninterrupted literary activity, and unceasing exertions to improve the disciples of the academy, and to train the scholars to habits of thinking and reasoning for themselves. In one year, his biographer says, he did more towards its improvement than had been done for half a century before. This left little time for private study. Indeed, with the exception of his long meditated edition of Plato's *Banquet*, which had appeared immediately on his taking possession of his new situation, nothing else appears, during this period, to have been published. But the general approbation with which that work was received, and his high reputation as a teacher, soon procured him offers of various situations; the directorship of the Gymnasium at Hildesheim, and a similar situation at Gera, both of which he declined. His anxiety was now to obtain a professorship; and he had not long to wait before an invitation was given him by the Prussian minister, Zedlitz, to accept one of the chairs in the university of Halle, which the Prussian government seemed anxious to establish as a rival to that of Göttingen. But the change from 700 dollars to 300, which was the whole salary annexed to the Halle professorship, was a serious item in the consideration of this new scheme, and for some time created obstacles to his acceptance of the office, however otherwise desirable. At last, on the understanding that there was every chance of his shortly afterwards obtaining an addition of 150 dollars to his salary, he agreed to the proposition of the minister, and in 1783 commenced his labours at Halle.

The sound judgment and conscientious activity which he had been accustomed to devote to the cultivation of mind in the children of others, he had now an opportunity of transferring to his own. His infant son, whom he had been so fond of that he could not bear him out of his sight, and used to have laid in a basket on his writing-table while engaged in composition, died just as he removed to Halle; but three daughters were afterwards born to him, and he entered upon their education with all the enthusiasm, and, at the same time, strong sense and knowledge of the human powers and their developement, which distinguished his character. In his other domestic relations he was not so happy: the strong opposition of temper, habits, and pursuits, between himself and his wife, seems to have embittered the existence of both, and at last terminated in a separation after a union of ten years. It was Æmilius Paulus, we think, who being asked by his friends why he had divorced

his wife Papiria, who seemed to be at once so beautiful and so virtuous, answered, as he held up his shoe, that no one but himself who had worn it could know where it pinched; without a minuter knowledge of the circumstances of Wolff's case, it would be difficult to say in what quarter the pinch lay, or how far the step of separation was justifiable. As regarded his literary activity, the world had every reason to approve of it; for the unfortunate terms on which for some time past he had lived in his family had depressed his spirits and impaired his usual energy. After matters had thus come to a crisis, he seemed to plunge with renewed strength and spirits into the wide and deep ocean of classical antiquity; an impulse to which fresh activity was imparted by his transference to a better professorship. Zedlitz, who had not forgotten his promise of befriending Wolff, no sooner heard of a vacancy in the professorship of eloquence, which was considered the first in the philological faculty, than he offered it to him, and the offer was of course most gratefully accepted.

The natural cheerfulness of his disposition, and the unaffected vivacity of his manner, made him at once a lover of society and a welcome guest in every party. At the social board he seemed to cast all care aside. He was a frequent attendant at the convivial mysteries of the masonic lodge. With his students, especially those who appeared to be more than ordinarily gifted, his intercourse was peculiarly easy, affectionate and confidential; so much so, as frequently to excite the astonishment of the new comers, who could hardly comprehend how so much learning and so much simplicity, such prosody and such punning, could co-exist in a German professor. His literary contributions at this time were numerous; a new edition of the *Theogony* of Hesiod, with a Commentary; *Lectures on the History of Greek Literature* (the book is but a fragment, embracing only the commencement of the period from Constantine the Great to the capture of Constantinople); a *History of Roman Literature* (a syllabus for his lectures); *Antiquities of Greece; Tetralogia Dramatum Græcorum;* a most valuable Commentary on Demosthenes's *Oration against Leptines;* editions of Lucian, Herodian, and Cicero's *Tusculan Questions*. But we pass over these, however interesting to scholars, to come to the work which first directed the attention of the learned men in Europe in general to the professor of Halle.

At this period of his life (1793), he was requested by a bookselling house in Halle, to prepare a new edition of Homer, for the use of schools; a subject on which Wolff had long meditated, and fully digested those extraordinary views by which he was about to startle the literary world. He applied himself to the task with all his customary impetuosity of study, laying every thing else aside; and, in 1795, his new edition appeared, accompanied by the celebrated *Prolegomena*.

Wolff certainly was not the first who had thrown out the doubt how far the Iliad and Odyssey were the work of Homer alone, for the subject had been touched on by Blackwall and Wood, as well as by others. But, for the first time, the doubt acquired strength and importance in his hands; and the grounds of the established opinions on the subject were attacked with an array of learning so imposing and multifarious, and an acuteness of criticism and closeness of reasoning so remarkable, as fairly to justify the cry, that the classic "church was in danger."

The *Prolegomena* are written in Latin, and with a degree of purity, precision, and transparency of thought, which (independently of the originality and importance of the general views which they embody) would be sufficient to render the work most attractive as a literary composition. Without attempting in any way to epitomise so remarkable a production, we may notice, in a word, that the leading propositions which it professes to establish by arguments drawn both from external and internal sources are these: 1. That writing was utterly unknown to the Greeks at the time, and that the poems of Homer were merely preserved by memory and tradition; 2. That the Iliad and the Odyssey are not the work of one author, but that the former is at least a century older than the latter; and, 3. That neither the one nor the other is the work of a single poet, but that both consist of a series of rhapsodies, the work of different poets, which, at a later period, not earlier than the time of the Pisistratidæ, were dovetailed, as it were, into each other, and formed into a whole.

Wolff saw very well that even if his views were correct, the creation of the Homeric poems would only become more mysterious, more miraculous, we may say, than before; but by this consideration, or by the outcry against his want of taste in endeavouring to push the monarch of epic poetry from his throne, he was not likely to be deterred. It may easily be imagined with what discordant sentiments these new theories were received by the literary world; considered by some as heresies of the blackest die, by others as the most remarkable and original contribution which had been yet made in Germany to the science of philosophical criticism,—but received by all, even those who were most revolted by them, with a feeling of admiration at the skill and learning by which they were supported. Among the admirers of the work were Goethe and William Von Humboldt; though we believe Goethe ultimately reverted to the established faith in regard to the unity of these poems. Schiller thought the views contained in the *Prolegomena* "barbarous;" he could not bear to see blind Mæonides thus uncourteously discrowned after an undisputed reign of some two thousand years. Herder approved of them, but maintained that the same idea had occurred to himself long before. Heyne reviewed them unfavourably in the *Göttingische Anzeigin*, ascribing most absurdly and unjustly, the merit of the conception to Villoison: and characterising the *Prolegomena* as little more than a *rifacimento* of the views of the abbé. Fichte again annoyed him by remarking that the same result might be arrived at *a priori*, which Wolff had elaborated *a posteriori*. Amidst this conflict of opinions, it may easily be imagined

that Wolff, with his warm temper, did not feel himself placed on a bed of roses; and though not exactly a man to consign a brother grammarian to the devil for a theory of impersonal verbs, he had too little patience to bear attacks, particularly such and from such as Heyne's, without retorting; and, accordingly, a controversial correspondence, published in the journal entitled *Deutschland*, was the result. In Fichte's case, he ought to have been shamed into a confession of his own unreasonableness by the temperate and philosophical manner in which Fichte answered some sarcastic and injurious observations he had made in regard to him. These were his expressions:—

"I had the mortification of hearing, through the mouth of busy tale-bearers, that the man for whom I had been endeavouring, as I thought, to express my high and hearty estimation, had taken my observations amiss, and seemed to consider it as an attempt to undervalue the merits of his deep and laborious investigation; as if any discovery made *a priori* could render superfluous a demonstration *a posteriori*.

Wolff's conduct in this, as in several other instances in his life, was certainly childish and unreasonable enough. He had too many and too unquestionable pretensions to learning and ability to require that he should maintain his reputation by this uneasy Ismaelitish warfare in magazines and reviews; and had he never written one line in reply to his critics, the *Prolegomena* would probably maintain the same distinguished position in the learned world which they do at the present moment. On the whole, notwithstanding the violent discussions to which they gave rise, they continued to advance in reputation both in Germany and in other countries.

This was the most brilliant period of Wolff's literary life; his reputation had reached a point beyond which it could hardly be expected to rise; and, though that reputation was honourably supported during the remainder of his life by a long course of literary activity, it will always be in connection with this remarkable work that his name will be remembered. It is not our intention, therefore, to pursue farther with any minuteness the history of the scholar and the critic, but rather to direct our reader's attention to some of those domestic traits which characterise the man.

The misfortunes which Prussia experienced in 1806, fell severely upon Halle, which was annexed to the kingdom of Westphalia, and had its university entirely suppressed. Wolff, who had removed to Berlin about a fortnight before, suggested the establishment of a university in the capital to replace that of Halle, and the government entered into his views; but the present condition of the country delayed the execution of the plan, which was, in fact, only carried into execution after the retreat of the French. In 1810, the minister of the interior wrote to Wolff, who was then at Vienna, requesting to know whether he was prepared to deliver a course of lectures at the new university, and on what footing. Wolff replied, that according to *his* understanding, he was to deliver these lectures in the character of a member of the Academy of Sciences, and not as an ordinary professor; and, after a good deal of discussion about a matter which was not worth the trouble, he seems to have carried his point.

But discontent at many things connected with the university, and the increasing infirmities of a constitution on which his early excess of study was now beginning to make serious ravages, seem to have impaired his exertions, and his lectures were extremely irregular. The resource to which he turned for relaxation of mind and relief of physical suffering was traveling. In 1816, after an absence of fifty years, he revisited his native place, Hainrode. He walked over the spots where he had played, the trees under which he had lain, when a boy of three or four years of age. He listened with delight to the anecdotes of an old man who remembered his mother, and who recalled to his recollection many particulars of his early years. He visited the schoolhouse which his parents had inhabited, the church in which he used to read sermons and recite thanksgiving odes for his father. The sight of the reading-desk and font, and the sound of the little organ, brought tears into his eyes. At Nordhausen, too, he visited the graves of his father and mother, and presented to the gymnasium a handsome edition of his Homer, besides a pecuniary donation. In Göttingen he sat down once more in his old chamber, and wondered how he could ever have been accommodated in such a nook; he saw and conversed with his former landlord, now in extreme old age, and who in the course of another day was struck by apoplexy. One of the entries in his journal is characteristic enough.—

"In our two-horse carriage, the stronger horse placed on the left-hand, and the weaker and worse on the right, in the place of honour. Just as men are generally placed in most states, only with more reason; for, in driving, it is done only to bring the lazy animal the better under the operation of the whip."

In 1818, he made a tour to the North Sea; in 1820, another, by Weimar, to Frankfort, to visit his daughters, who had been both married, and the elder of whom was already a widow; and thence along the Rhine into Switzerland. In 1822, he had an attack of severe illness, from the consequences of which, indeed, he never thoroughly recovered. The truth is he was a wretched patient, for he never would submit to the precautions and rigid abstinence which his physicians prescribed, and the nature of his complaints required. His long confinement, however, was cheered by the visits of his numerous acquaintances, who were surprised to find that, notwithstanding the depressing effects of disease, his intellectual energies, nay, his cheerfulness and wit, were as lively and conspicuous as ever.

About this time, at the request of his friends, he was induced to begin to commit to paper some notices of his own life, but the manuscript never made any great progress. It was written, as the mood struck him, in Latin, German, or French, with here and there a sprinkling of English, but in the most fragmentary style; and his matrimonial miseries occupied so large a portion of the whole, that on reading what he had written he destroyed it. One or two similar journals seem to have been commenced, one entirely in German, the other in Latin; but neither were

proceeded with to any length, or contained any materials which could be of much use to the biographer.

In 1824, he was ordered to try the effect of a change of climate, and proceeded through France to Lyons, sorely annoyed by the constant blunders of his German servant, who would occasionally ask for " *tapisserie*," while poor Wolff had been expecting " *pâtisserie*;" or " pain de *manège*," instead of " pain de *ménage*," the term by which the finer species of bread was distinguished. In Lyons he became worse, and from thence he proceeded to Montpelier, and ultimately to Marseilles, where he arrived much exhausted. Here his illness rapidly increased, and on the 8th of April, 1824, he expired. He had left some instructions for his funeral, which were rather of a singular nature, and was particularly anxious that there should be a small attendance, but a liberal allowance of wind music !*

Wolff was of middle stature; his demeanour natural yet dignified; his forehead broad and lofty; his eyes blue, deep set, and penetrating; the mouth gracefully formed, but with a slightly sarcastic expression; the general expression of his countenance was that of power tempered with mildness. His gait and movements partook of the vivacity of his mind; his temper was quick and sensitive; he was easily offended, but as easily reconciled. He never brooded over vexations and disappointments, but expressed his feelings strongly, once for all, and forgot them. So open was his mind to the influence of the pathetic, that, like our own Richard Bentley, he could not peruse a tender passage in his favourite poets without tears.

In his conversation there was a singular charm —wisdom was so set off by wit, and profound learning poured forth with so little pedantry; anecdotes and characteristic sketches of the many eminent men, with whom his long literary career had brought him in contact, succeeded each other so amusingly and with so little appearance of egotism, that it had equal attractions for the learned and the unlearned. With none was Wolff a greater favourite in society than with the ladies, with whom he could entirely abandon the dictatorial and Johnsonian style, into which, in argument with the other sex, he was not unfrequently betrayed. Of irony he had a wonderful command, and when provoked by any appearance of pretension or affectation, he used it unsparingly. He had less of the intellectual gladiator about him, however, than the doctor; he did not throw down the gauntlet to all comers, though, when once embarked in debate, their conversation had many features in common.

His household arrangements, with a great pretension to order, seem to have been confusion worse confounded. Knowing the peculiarity of his own habits and dispositions, he entertained a great dislike to " clever servants;" his object always was to secure some quiet, good-natured creature, who would be as much as possible an automaton in his hands, and live, move, and have his being, exactly as the professor chose to direct. Wolff had the greatest aversion to being kept waiting, and had never, probably, kept a coachman waiting five minutes in his life. He exacted the same punctuality from his unfortunate servant: in the morning he would give him a list of twenty messages to be performed, for each of which a quarter of an hour or half an hour was allowed, as the case might be; and if, as was occasionally unavoidable, his servant exceeded the time allowed, the professor would pour such a storm about his ears, that with all his liberality he had enough to do to retain a servant in his house.

Of taste, either in matters of dress or ornament, he had not a vestige. He was fond of fine clothes, but never could contrive to dress decently; the furniture of his house was gaudy, but selected without the least regard to propriety, and huddled together as in an upholsterer's wareroom. Like many other literary men he was a most irregular correspondent; letters from his correspondents would be occasionally left unanswered for years: his own, when he did write any, are generally distinguished by wit and a careless felicity of expression.

As a teacher, we have already said, he was active and conscientious in the highest degree; and few seem to have so thoroughly possessed the art of conciliating affection united with respect. He had the satisfaction of witnessing in his lifetime the most gratifying results of these exertions, in the progress and high character of many who had derived their instruction from him, and drawn their inspiration from his example. " I enjoy," he writes in a blank leaf of his journal, on one of his latest birth-days, " a good fortune which falls to the lot of few, that of seeing while alive the promise of a plentiful harvest from the seed I had sown with toil, and of calculating, in some measure, its increase when I am no more."

* " At half an hour after daylight, without distinction of seasons, I wish the funeral to proceed to the churchyard with as little attendance as possible. There must be wind-music, and not too sparingly supplied."

From the New Monthly Magazine.

" ALL HEART."

When I first knew Tom Richards at school, he was a thoughtless, idle, dirty, naughty boy; he cared for nobody, and it was evident that nobody cared for him. He was a snarer of birds, a killer of cats, a tormentor of dogs; the dread of all little boys, and the scout of all big ones. From this let no one imagine that Tom wanted feeling, snaring birds, killing cats, tying kettles to the tails of dogs, and frightening little boys out of their wits, were all matters of mere amusement. But if you talked to Tom in an angry tone, or above all if you rapped Tom's knuckles, Tom's eyes filled with tears, and it was evident that Tom's feelings were hurt.

Tom's tears, in fact, lay near his eyes, and on small occasions would blubber like a girl. This was by some supposed to indicate deep feeling, and certain it is that the prevalent opinion was that Tom had a *very good heart*.

Now I must confess that I thought but little

about Tom at the time, but had I been asked to give an opinion, I should have said, that if you wished to trace his tears to their source, his heart was the very last place you should have thought of; bodily pain or wounded vanity, the loss of a plaything or the confiscation of a tart, would make his eyes twinkle. But little as I could then pretend to penetrate into the motives or actions of men or boys, I should have said that though Tom certainly gave no evidence of possessing a *bad* heart, he had never so far blubbered himself into my good graces, as to make me believe that he had a particularly *good* one. Tom Richards and I, in fact, knew but little of each other; we sat on different forms, played at different games, and whether he or I first quitted the school was a matter (I should imagine) little noted by either, whichever may have been the one left behind.

He was the son of a very rich mercantile man; I one among many descended from a younger brother, a colonel in the army, who had very early in life united himself to a charming young lady without a penny.

I was therefore left to carve out my own destiny; and for many years after I quitted school, I was far away in a foreign clime diligently toiling for independence. I was absent twenty years, and then came home, with a face quite as yellow as the gold which I had contrived to scrape together, and though by no means a nabob, I possessed sufficient to insure my future comfort. I confess I think I was wiser to come back and settle down contented with my little competency, than to go on toiling, as many do, amassing wealth, and sacrificing health—digging out dollars for other people, and graves for themselves. On my return to England after so long an absence, I felt a lonely being; and after sojourning in London sufficiently long to become very sick of the Oriental Club, I resolved to settle in Cheltenham, partly because I thought the waters would (like Rowand's Kalydor) be beneficial to a faded complexion; but principally because many excellent families, formerly well known to me in India, had made that pretty town their home. With them I passed my time pleasantly enough, and could curry and mullagatawney have made me insensible to the chill breezes of a Gloucestershire atmosphere, I might still have imagined myself a native of Calcutta or Bombay. At an evening party I one night encountered a fat, good-humoured, little man, who was my partner in a rubber of whist: little passed between us beyond the usual interchange of civilities common among strangers so circumstanced; I was aware that his name was Richards, a common name enough, and after paying him the few shillings which were his due as victor of the green cloth, I wished him good evening.

The next day, soon after the removal of my morning meal, to my very great surprise, Mr. Richards was announced, and he immediately entered the room, in a state of hurry and agitation, for which it was impossible for me to account. He came forward rapidly, grasped my hand, looked at me with a pair of wet, twinkling eyes, and wiping them with a pocket-handkerchief, sank into an arm-chair.

"The poor man," thought I, "is periodically a lunatic, and now the fit is upon him!—how shall I get him out of my house?"

I stood upon my own hearth-rug irresolute what step to take; the servant had left the room, and if I were to ring the bell, I thought my new acquaintance might be irritated; I looked at him in silence.

Mr. Richards with his eyes still wet, gave me a sort of April smile, and faintly articulated "JONES!"

I have not before made the avowal to the reader, but my name *is* Jones—a name familiar to the ear as Richards, perhaps more so; but the more common your name, the more necessary is it that it should be treated with becoming respect. There were not three men in the wide world who had ever hailed me as plain "*Jones*" before me, and here was an acquaintance of twelve hours familiarly omitting the "*Mister*."

> The gentlemanly man, whom you prefer,
> Will know you for a year, and call you *Sir*;
> The vulgar being, whom you never seek,
> Will slap your back, and *Jones* you in a week!

Nay, here was actually a fat man of the name of Richards, calling me "Jones" at our second meeting, and holding out the bare paw of familiarity! I drew instinctively back, and ejaculated "Sir!"

Mr. Richards started up, put his arm upon my shoulder, and cried with a flutter of sensibility, "You do not remember me?"

"Pardon me," I replied, "indeed I do not."

"No, and I did not remember *you* last night; and I dare say *I* am somewhat changed since you knew me as a boy," said the very fat man, with a sentimental sigh.

"Possibly, sir," said I; "I certainly do not recollect you."

"My dear Jones," he replied, grasping both my hands, and affectionately squeezing them; "I am Tom Richards, your old schoolfellow: what a meeting after the lapse of so many years!" and while I was endeavouring to bring to my recollection a person for whom I had never felt interested, and who had never professed nor evinced any interest for me, he was indulging in a fit of sensibility, from which he was suddenly moved by a knock at the door.

"A visiter!" he exclaimed; "how provoking that such a meeting should be interrupted; I am unfit to meet any one; adieu, friend of my early days! I trust we shall often meet."

Saying this he hurried out of the room, and I was fortunately spared the necessity of evincing that I had but a very indistinct recollection of Master Tom Richards, and felt no gratification whatever at being made acquainted with the fatness and the sentimentality of the middle-aged gentleman into whom he was now transformed. To my new visiter I laughingly described the scene, and found that he was well acquainted with the actor who had just precipitately quitted the stage. "It is so like Mr. Richards," said he; "he is all heart: when next you meet, receive him kindly, for he feels all that he professes, or fancies that he feels it, which amounts to much

the same thing: his feelings are skin deep; they are aroused by any thing or nothing, and never last long; but still, poor man, he has the best heart in the world."

I soon had frequent meetings with my quondam schoolfellow, and what I saw of the man very soon recalled vividly to my recollection the boy whom I had so entirely forgotten. His father's wealth had insured him independence without the necessity of choosing a profession; but, to increase his income, he had very recently taken a step which had nearly reduced him to beggary. He had advanced a very large sum to an individual on usurious and most exorbitant interest; the borrower had absconded, and the illegality of the transaction had left the lender without a chance of redress. His constant topic was the ingratitude of his friend; not one word was said about the pecuniary advantage which he was himself to have derived from the transaction; the tale *he* told was one of disinterested friendship on the one side, and of calculating cruelty on the other; of money generously advanced, and the repayment fraudulently evaded; and then the disappointed usurer would twinkle his wet eyes, and people, who knew nothing about the real state of the case, pitied the poor Pylades, who had been so ungenerously treated by a runaway Orestes.

He had a wife and several children, of whom he always spoke with conjugal and parental fondness; he would, even on the commonest occasions, and with the most uninterested acquaintance, talk himself into a paroxysm of uxorious tenderness, and cry about nothing. To me it seemed an anomaly that the same man should thoughtlessly at the card table, and elsewhere, lavish the money which might have rendered Mrs. Richards and the little ones comfortable; and often did they experience the most distressing privations, and encounter difficulties brought upon them solely by his want of thought. At the time of his wife's confinement, she has seen him hurried off to a prison, and after her recovery the whole family have for months inhabited a garret, Mrs. Richards perforce enacting the part of maid of all work; and not once only did all this happen; *once* it might really have been the result of want of thought; but it occurred again and again, and to me the conduct of Mr. Richards appeared utterly unfeeling and *heartless*.

"Heartless!" said somebody to whom I had ventured to express this opinion; "heartless! oh you wrong him, poor fellow; he is *all heart*."

This appeared to be every-body's opinion, and I began to be persuaded that what every body said must be true; particularly as Mr. Richards sought me out with persevering assiduity, and was perpetually doing deeds that certainly carried the appearance of extraordinary good nature.

He was in a state of nervous excitement until he had teased me into employing all his own trades-people; he appeared to be quite as intimate with his baker, and his baker's wife, as he was, or as he affected to be, with me; and had his butcher been, like myself, his schoolfellow, he could not have evinced a warmer interest in his welfare. Now all this anxiety to bring custom to the shops of particular trades-people was called good nature, the emanation of his particularly good heart; I must confess that when I met with bad joints, and tough morsels, and fared infinitely worse than I had done before I changed butchers, I could not but suspect that a desire to render himself of importance, and the fidgetiness of a busybody, were the real sources of his apparently benevolent actions. The man who has nothing to do is ever sure to make much ado about nothing; and thus it was that Tom Richards spent his life in legislating for other people's establishments, calculating the consumption in their kitchens, and maintaining the virtues and vices of their domestics.

For my own part, however, though I could not endure his invariably calling me "Dicky Jones" in all societies, and in the loudest key, I began to think more favourably of him; and having lived so long in a distant country where the habits of life are so dissimilar to those of England, an assistant overseer of my weekly bills was not so disadvantageous as it might have been to others; I therefore became Mr. Richards's plaything; and how he could have passed his time before my arrival is more than I can guess.

He one day found me grumbling over a very ill-dressed curry which my cook, who certainly, take her for all in all, was not a bad one, had sent me up for my tiffin. What odd names do people give to their mid-day meal! The English word luncheon is bad enough; the French word *goûte* is infinitely worse; and as for the Indian tiffin, I never could endure it.

"If you are going to part with your cook," said my visiter, "I can recommend you a perfect treasure—such a servant—I would take her myself, only mine is a treasure too; but I know that the one who is going to leave her place is the best creature in the world."

Hearing these words while I was masticating an unpalatable mouthful, I was instigated to the immediate discharge of my really very tolerable cook; and that very evening a respectable looking young girl was installed in her place. Words cannot describe the dinners which were set before me, soup, fish, flesh, and fowl were alike detestable; and at the end of a week I summoned before me the offender. After briefly enumerating her delinquencies, I paused for a reply, and to my astonishment, the girl answered,——

"Law, sir, I never professes to be no cook."

"No cook!" said I, "in what capacity did you live with your late master?"

"As nursery maid, if you please, sir."

"Nursery maid!" said I, "Were you never a cook before?"

"No, sir, never;" she answered with a curtsey, "except once that I helped in the kitchen when Dorothy scalded her foot."

"Then what on earth made you come to me?"

"Why, sir," said the girl, "Mr. Richards, you knows, is such a kind gentleman, and has such a good heart, and hearing I was out of place, he came and said I could but try."

"Try!" said I in a fury, "it's well you didn't poison me;" and the poor experimentalist was

mmediately sent about her business. Mr. Richards I am sure thought me a brute, when I very ceremoniously upbraided him for the inconvenience which he had caused me.

"My heart," said he with a moistened eye, always impels me to do a kind action: those who coldly calculate are more fit for this world."

"A kind action!" I exclaimed, "and to whom was your kindness shown? To the cook who ost her place principally at your instigation? To ie nursery maid who is now just where I found er, out of place? or to me,—to me who have ost a very tolerable cook, and who am now without a servant?"

Mr. Richards pressed my hand, and said he ould immediately send me a paragon of culinary alent; but I coldly thanked him and said, that or the present I would dispense with his services, nd I am sure he left me congratulating himself hat, at all events, his heart was infinitely warmer nd better than mine.

Here the exceeding warmth of our intimacy nded; but he by no means learnt wisdom from ie failure of his experiment on me. To one eighbour he shortly afterwards recommended a otman out of place as a person qualified to take are of horses; and the "groom of the chambers" eing utterly unfit to act as "master of the horse," ie gentleman's stud suffered materially.

To a friend who wanted to purchase a four-heeled carriage, he strongly recommended one hich another friend for the best of all possible easons, wished to get rid of, and, at the end of a onth, the purchaser lay extended in the mud n the king's highway, the half-rotten phaeton aving fallen to pieces.

Though I cannot pretend to possess a heart at ll to be compared to Tom Richards's, still I am ot of an unforgiving disposition; and after a ime we began to renew our former intercourse. There was one circumstance, indeed, which induced me to seek his house much oftener than I should otherwise have done: a young lady was ow domesticated with him, a lady of very great eauty, and very fascinating manners. The ady's face was full of expression, and there was t times a sort of something (which I believe a oet would have called *lightning*) in her eyes, hich almost startled me: but, at other times a ensive melancholy pervaded her countenance; nd, as she condescended to seem particularly artial to my society, no one could feel surprised hat a middle-aged bachelor, like myself, should ose his heart. We daily met; and it began to e an understood thing in Cheltenham, that Mr. Richards's friend, Miss Mildew, was shortly to become Mrs. Richard Jones.

Tom Richards was eloquent in his praises of he lady, and I began to think myself an uncommonly happy man.

Fortunately for me, my *happiness*, such as it was, was prematurely nipped in the bud, by the arrival of one of my oldest friends, who happened to have met Miss Mildew before, and who knew her history.

I will briefly state that the poor young lady had eloped from a boarding-school some years before, and had resided for some months with an unprincipled man, who had subsequently deserted without marrying her. But I must add in her defence, that she had always been the victim of hereditary madness, and was obliged, periodically, to submit to strict confinement, and the severest discipline. Here was a pretty piece of business! My breaking off my proposed connection with this unfortunate woman would inevitably bring on a fit of insanity, and very probably an aggravated one! yet what was I to do? An unpardonable concealment had been practised towards me, and now that the discovery was made, our marriage was not to be thought of. I made immediate preparations for leaving the place, and then sent for Mr. Richards, who I was quite convinced had been aware of every circumstance, while he had permitted me to commit myself with his most unfortunate guest.

The moment the culprit entered the room and saw my corded trunks, the truth flashed upon his mind, and not knowing exactly what to say, he burst into a fit of (to him) ever-ready tears, and hid his face (as well he might) in his pocket-handkerchief.

"Poor girl;" sobbed he, "my feelings would not allow me to betray her; and, besides, you might never have found out—and you might both have been so happy; oh, what a cold hearted world it is! What gossiping person could have told you?"

"Silence, sir!" said I, in a voice that made him start; "The friend who told me only did a friend's duty,—I leave you the task of revealing to the lady the disappointment and mortification in which *you* have involved her."

"Oh," said Tom Richards, "you little know *me*, I am all heart!"

"A good heart," I replied, "is a good thing, but pray, bear this in mind,—those who act from impulse, may, at the moment, appear to do very good natured things, yet disagreeable results may afterwards prove that a little cool deliberation would have been better; however good your *heart* may be, be assured that it requires a *good judgment* to guide it." T. H. B.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK.

PAUL THE SILENTIARY.

No gracious boon is life, if vexing cares
Whiten the temples with thin hoary hairs.
Be mine *enough*—since too much golden store
Always corrodes the maddened heart the more.
Thence better oft, amid this mortal strife,
Is poverty than riches—death than life.
Since thus it is, on Wisdom fix thy gaze,
Here thy heart's wishes, here be all its ways.

CARPHYLIDES.

While from the strand his line a fisher threw,
Shoreward a shipwrecked, human head he drew.
His moistened eyes soft drops of pity shed
While gazing on the bald and trunkless head.
No spade he had: but while his active hands
Scrape a small grave amid the yielding sands,
A store of gold there hid he found. Yes! yes!
Heaven will the just man's pious actions bless.

From the London Metropolitan.

JAPHET IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.

Continued from page 539.

On my return I found Emanuel, the money-lender, who had accompanied Timothy, fancying that I was in want of more assistance, and but too willing to give it. His surprise was very great when I told him that I wished to repay the money I had borrowed.

"Vell, dis is very strange! I have lent my monish a tousand times, and never once they did offer it me back. Vell, I will take it, sar."

"But how much must I give you, Mr. Emmanuel, for the ten days' loan?"

"How moch—vy you remember, you will give de bond money—de fifteen hundred."

"What! five hundred pounds interest for ten days, Mr. Emmanuel; no, no, that's rather too bad. I will, if you please, pay you back eleven hundred pounds, and that I think is very handsome."

"I don't want my monish, my good sar. I lend you one tousand pounds, on de condition that you pay me fifteen hundred when you come into your properties, which will be in very short time. You send for me, and tell me you vish to pay back de monish directly; I never refuse monish—if you wish to pay, I will take, but I will not take von farding less dan de monish on de bond."

"Very well, Mr. Emmanuel, just as you please; I offer you your money back, in presence of my servant, and one hundred pounds for the loan of it for ten days. Refuse it if you choose, but I earnestly recommend you to take it."

"I will not have de monish, sar; dis is de child's play," replied the Jew. "I must have my fifteen hundred—all in goot time, sar—I am in no hurry—I vish you a very good morning, Mr. Newland. Ven you vish for more monish to borrow, I shall be happy to pay my respects." So saying, the Jew walked out of the room, with his arm behind his back as usual.

Timothy and I burst out into laughter. "Really Timothy," observed I, "It appears that very little art is necessary to deceive the world, for in every instance they will deceive themselves. The Jew is off my conscience, at all events; and now he never will be paid, until——"

"Until when, Japhet?"

"Until I find out my father," replied I.

"Every thing is put off till that time arrives, I observe," said Timothy. "Other people will soon be as interested in the search as yourself."

"I wish they were; unfortunately it is a secret, which cannot be divulged."

A ring at the bell called Timothy down stairs: he returned with a letter; it was from Lord Windermear, and ran as follows:—

"My dear Newland,—I have been thinking about you ever since you left me this morning, and as you appear resolved to prosecute your search, it has occurred to me that you should go about it in a more systematic way. I do not mean to say that what I now propose will prove of any advantage to you, but still it may, as you will have a very old, and very clever head to advise with. I refer to Mr. Masterton, my legal adviser, from whom you had the papers which led to our first acquaintance. He is aware that you were (I beg your pardon) an impostor, as he has since seen Mr. Estcourt. The letter enclosed is for him, and with that in your hand you may face him boldly, and I have no doubt that he will assist you all in his power, and put you to no expense. Narrate your whole history to him, and then you will hear what he may propose. He has many secrets, much more important than yours. Wishing you every success that your perseverance deserves,

"Believe me, yours very truly,

"Lord Windermear."

"I believe the advice to be good," said I, after reading the letter. "I am myself at fault, and hardly know how to proceed. I think I will go at once to the old gentleman, Timothy."

"It can do no harm, if it does no good. Two heads are better than one," replied Timothy. "Some secrets are too well kept, and deserting a child is one of those which is confided but to few."

"By the by, Timothy, here have I been, more than so many years out of the Foundling Hospital, and have never yet enquired if any one has ever been to reclaim me."

"Very true; and I think I'll step myself to the workhouse, at St. Bridget's, and ask whether any one has asked about me," replied Timothy, with a grin.

"There is another thing that I have neglected," observed I, "which is, to enquire at the address in Coleman Street, if there is any letter from Melchior."

"I have often thought of him," replied Timothy. "I wonder who he can be—there is another mystery there. I wonder whether we shall ever fall in with him again—and Nattee, too?"

"There's no saying, Timothy. I wonder where that poor fool, Philotas, and our friend Jumbo, are now?"

The remembrrnce of the two last personages made us both burst out a laughing.

"Timothy, I've been reflecting that my intimacy with poor Carbonnell has rather hindered than assisted me in my search. He found me with a good appearance, and he has moulded me into a gentleman as far as manners and appearance are concerned; but the constant vortex in which I have been whirled in his company, has prevented me from doing any thing. His melancholy death has perhaps been fortunate for me. It has left me more independent in circumstances, and more free. I must now really set to in earnest."

"I beg your pardon, Japhet, but did not you say the same when we first set off on our travels, and yet remain more than a year with the gipsies? Did not you make the same resolution when we arrived in town, with our pockets full of money, and yet, once into fashionable society, think but little, and occasionally, of it? Now you make the same resolution, and how long will you keep it?"

"Nay, Timothy, that remark is hardly fair; you know that the subject is ever in my thoughts."

"In your thoughts, I grant, very frequently; but you have still been led away from the search."

"I grant it, but I presume that arises from not knowing how to proceed. I have a skein to unravel, and cannot find out an end to commence with."

"I always thought people commenced with the beginning," replied Tim, laughing.

"At all events, I will now try back, and face the old lawyer. Do you call at Coleman Street, Tim, and at St. Bridget's also, if you please."

"As for St. Bridget's, I'm in no particular hurry about my mother; if I stumble upon her I may pick her up, but I never make a diligent search after what in all probability may not be worth the finding."

Leaving Timothy to go his way, I walked to the house at Lincoln's Inn, which I had before entered upon the memorable occasion of the papers of Estcourt. As before, I rang the bell, the door swung open, and I was once more in the presence of Mr. Masterton.

"I have a letter, sir," said I, bowing, and presenting the letter from Lord Windermear.

The old gentleman peered at me through his spectacles. "Why! we have met before—bless me—why you're the rogue that——"

"You are perfectly right, sir," interrupted I. "I am he rogue who presented the letter from Lord Windermear, and who presents you with another from the same erson; do me the favour to read it, while I take a chair."

"Upon my soul—you impudent—handsome dog, I nust say—great pity—come for money, I suppose. Well, t's a sad world," muttered the lawyer as he broke open he letter of Lord Windermear.

I made no reply, but watched his countenance, which hanged to that of an expression of surprise. "Had his ordship sent me a request to have you hanged if possible," said Mr. Masterton, "I should have felt no surprise, but in this letter he praises you, and desires me to ender you all the service in my power. I can't understand it."

"No, sir; but if you have leisure to listen to me, you will then find that, in this world, we may be deceived by ppearances."

"Well, and so I was, when I first saw you; I never ould have believed you to be—but never mind."

"Perhaps, sir, in an hour or two you will again alter our opinion. Are you at leisure, or will you make an ppointment for some future day?"

"Mr. Newland, I am not at leisure—I never was more usy; and if you had come on any legal business, I hould have put you off for three or four days, at least; ut my curiosity is so raised, that I am determined that I will indulge it at the expense of my interest. I will urn the key, and then you will oblige me by unraveling, what at present is to me as curious as it is wholly incomprehensible."

In about three hours I had narrated the history of my ife, up to the very day, almost as much detailed as it has een to the reader. "And now, Mr. Masterton," said I, s I wound up my narrative, "do you think that I deerve the title of rogue, which you applied to me when I came in?"

"Upon my word, Mr. Newland, I hardly know what o say; but I like to tell the truth. To say that you have een quite honest, would not be correct—a rogue to a ertain degree you have been, but you have been the ogue of circumstances. I can only say this, that there re greater rogues than you, whose characters are unblemished in the world—that most people in your peculiar situation would have been much greater rogues; and astly, that rogue or not rogue, I have great pleasure in aking you by the hand, and will do all I possibly can to erve you—and that for your own sake. Your search fter your parents I consider almost tantamount to a vild-goose chase; but still, as your happiness depends pon it, I suppose it must be carried on; but you must llow me time for reflection. I will consider what may e the most judicious method of proceeding. Can you line *tête-à-tête* with me here on Friday, and we then will alk over the matter?"

"On Friday, sir; I am afraid that I am engaged to Lady Maelstrom; but that is of no consequence—I will vrite an excuse to her ladyship."

"Lady Maelstrom! how very odd that you should bring up her name after our conversation."

"Why so, my dear sir?"

"Why!" replied Mr. Masterton, chuckling; "because —recollect, it is a secret, Mr. Newland—I remember ome twenty years ago, when she was a girl of eighteen, efore she married, she had a little *faux pas*, and I was alled in about a settlement, for the maintenance of the hild."

"Is it possible, sir?" replied I, anxiously.

"Yes, she was violently attached to a young officer, without money, but of good family; some say it was a rivate marriage, others, that he was—a *rascal*. It was ll hushed up, but he was obliged by the friends, before e left for the West Indies, to sign a deed of maintenance, and I was the party called in. I never heard any more about it. The officer's name was Warrender; he died of the yellow fever, I believe, and after his death she married Lord Maelstrom."

"He is dead, then?" replied I, mournfully.

"Well, that cannot affect you, my good fellow. On Friday, then, at six o'clock precisely. Good afternoon, Mr. Newland."

I shook hands with the old gentleman, and returned home, but my brain whirled with the fear of a confirmation, of that which Mr. Masterton had so carelessly conveyed. Any thing like a possibility, immediately was swelled to a certainty in my imagination, so ardent and heated on the one subject; and as soon as I regained my room, I threw myself on the sofa, and fell into a deep reverie. I tried to approximate the features of Lady Maelstrom to mine, but all the ingenuity in the world could not effect that; but still, I might be like my father—but my father was dead, and that threw a chill over the whole glowing picture which I had, as usual, conjured up; besides, it was asserted that I was born in wedlock, and there was a doubt relative to the marriage of her ladyship.

After a long cogitation I jumped up, seized my hat, and set off for Grosvenor Square, determining to ask a private interview with her ladyship, and at once end my harassing doubts and surmises. I think there could not be a greater proof of my madness than my venturing to attack a lady of forty upon the irregularities of her youth, and to question her upon a subject which had been confided but to two or three, and she imagined had long been forgotten: but this never struck me; all considerations were leveled in my ardent pursuit. I walked through the streets at a rapid pace, the crowd passed by me as shadows, I neither saw nor distinguished them; I was deep in reverie as to the best way of breaking the subject to her ladyship, for, notwithstanding my monomania, I perceived it to be a point of great delicacy. After having overturned about twenty people in my mad career, I arrived at the door and knocked. My heart beat almost as hard against my ribs with excitement.

"Is her ladyship at home?"

"Yes, sir."

I was ushered into the drawing-room, and found her sitting with two of her nieces, the Misses Fairfax.

"Mr. Newland, you have been quite a stranger," said her ladyship, as I walked up to her and made my obeisance. "I did intend to scold you well; but I suppose that sad affair of poor Major Carbonnell's has been a heavy blow to you—you were so intimate—lived together, I believe, did you not? However, you have not so much cause to regret, for he was not a very proper companion for young men like you; to tell you the truth, I consider it as a fortunate circumstance that he was removed, for he would by degrees have led you into all manner of mischief, and have persuaded you to squander your fortune. I did at one time think of giving you a hint, but it was a delicate point—now that he is gone, I tell you very candidly that you have had an escape. A young man like you, Mr. Newland, who could command an alliance into the highest, yes, the very highest families—and let me tell you, Mr. Newland, that there is nothing like connection—money is of no consequence to you, but connection, Mr. Newland, is what you should look for—connection with some high family, and then you will do well. I should like to see you settled—well settled, I mean, Mr. Newland. Now that you are rid of the major, who has ruined many young men in his time, I trust you will seriously think of settling down into a married man. Cecilia, my dear, show your tambour work to Mr. Newland, and ask him his opinion. Is it not beautiful, Mr. Newland?"

"Extremely beautiful, indeed, ma'am," replied I, glad at last that her ladyship allowed me to speak a word.

"Emma, my dear, you look pale, you must go out into

the air. Go, children, put your bonnets on and take a turn in the garden; when the carriage comes round I will send for you." The young ladies quitted the room. "Nice innocent girls, Mr. Newland; but you are not partial to blondes, I believe?"

"Indeed, Lady Maelstrom, I infinitely prefer the blonde to the brunette."

"That proves your taste, Mr. Newland. The Fairfaxes are of a very old family, Saxon, Mr. Newland. *Fair-fax* is Saxon for light hair. Is it not remarkable that they should be blondes to this day? Pure blood, Mr. Newland. You, of course, have heard of General Fairfax, in the time of Cromwell. He was their direct ancestor—an excellent family and highly connected, Mr. Newland. You are aware that they are my nieces. My sister married Mr. Fairfax."

I paid the Misses Fairfax the compliments which I thought they really deserved, for they were very pretty amiable girls, and required no puffing on the part of her ladyship; and then I commenced. "Your ladyship has expressed such kind wishes towards me, that I cannot be sufficiently grateful; but, perhaps, your ladyship may think me romantic, but I am resolved never to marry except for love."

"A very excellent resolve, Mr. Newland; there are few young men who care about love now-a-days, but I consider that love is a great security for happiness in the wedded state."

"True, madam, and what can be more delightful than a first attachment? I appeal to your ladyship, was not your first attachment the most delightful—are not the reminiscences most lasting—do you not, even now, call to mind those halcyon days when love was all and every thing?"

"My days of romance are long past, Mr. Newland," replied her ladyship; "indeed I never had much romance in my composition. I married Lord Maelstrom for the connection, and I loved him pretty well, that is, soberly, Mr. Newland. I mean, I loved him quite enough to marry him, and to obey my parents, that is all."

"But, my dear Lady Maelstrom, I did not refer to your marriage with his lordship; I referred to your first love."

"My first love, Mr. Newland; pray what do you mean?" replied her ladyship, looking very hard at me.

"Your ladyship need not be ashamed of it. Our hearts are not in our own keeping, nor can we always control our passions. I have but to mention the name of Warrender."

"Warrender!" shrieked her ladyship. "Pray, Mr. Newland," continued her ladyship, recovering herself, "who gave you that piece of information?"

"My dear Lady Maelstrom, pray do not be displeased with me, but I am very particularly interested in this affair. Your love for Mr. Warrender, long before your marriage, is well known to me; and it is to that love, to which I referred, when I asked you if it was not most delightful."

"Well, Mr. Newland," replied her ladyship, "how you have obtained the knowledge I know not, but there was, I acknowledge, a trifling flirtation with Edward Warrender and me—but I was young, very young, at that time."

"I grant it; and do not, for a moment, imagine that I intend to blame your ladyship; but, as I before said, madam, I am much interested in the business."

"What interest you can have with a little flirtation of mine, which took place before you were born, I cannot imagine, Mr. Newland."

"It is because it took place before I was born, that I feel so much interest."

"I cannot understand you, Mr. Newland, and I think we had better change the subject."

"Excuse me, madam, but I must request to continue it a little longer. Is Mr. Warrender dead, or not? Did he die in the West Indies?"

"You appear to be very curious on this subject, Mr. Newland; I hardly can tell. Yes, now I recollect, he did die of the yellow fever, I think—but I have quite forgotten all about it, and I shall answer no more questions; if you were not a favourite of mine, Mr. Newland, I should say that you were very impertinent."

"Then, your ladyship, I will put but one more question, and that one I must put, with your permission."

"I should think, after what I have said, Mr. Newland, that you might drop the subject."

"I will, your ladyship, immediately; but, pardon me, the question——"

"Well, Mr. Newland——?"

"Do not be angry with me——"

"Well?" exclaimed her ladyship who appeared alarmed.

"Nothing but the most important and imperative reasons could induce me to ask the question," (her ladyship gasped for breath, and could not speak,) I stammered, but at last I brought it out. "What has become of—of—of the sweet pledge of your love, Lady Maelstrom?"

Her ladyship coloured up with rage, raised up her clenched hand, and then fell back in violent hysterics. I hardly knew how to act—if I called the servants, my interview would be at an end, and I was resolved to find out the truth: for the same reason, I did not like to ring for water. Some vases with flowers were on the table; I took out the flowers, and threw the water in her face, but they had been in the water some time, and had discoloured it green. Her ladyship's dress was a high silk gown, of a bright slate colour, and was immediately spoiled; but this was no time to stand upon trifles. I seized hold of a glass bottle, fancying, in my hurry, it was *eau de cologne*, or some essence, and poured a little into her mouth; unfortunately it was a bottle of marking ink, which her ladyship, who was very economical, had on the table in disguise. I perceived my error, and had recourse to another vase of flowers, pouring a large quantity of the green water down her throat. Whether the unusual remedies had an effect, or not, I cannot tell, but her ladyship gradually revived, and as she leant back on the sofa, sobbing, every now and then, convulsively, I poured into her ear a thousand apologies, until I thought she was composed enough to listen to me.

"Your ladyship's maternal feeling," said I.

"It's all a calumny! a base lie, sir!" shrieked she.

"Nay, nay, why be ashamed of a youthful passion; why deny what was in itself creditable to your unsophisticated mind? Does not your heart, even now, yearn to embrace your son: will not you bless me, if I bring him to your feet, will not you bless your son, and receive him with delight?"

"It was a girl," screamed her ladyship, forgetting herself, and again falling into hysterics.

"A girl!" replied I, "then I have lost my time, and it is no use my remaining here."

Mortified at the intelligence which overthrew my hopes and castle buildings, I seized my hat, descended the stairs, and quitted the house; in my hurry and confusion quite forgetting to call the servants to her ladyship's assistance. Fortunately, I perceived the Misses Fairfax close to the iron railing of the garden. I crossed the road, wished them good-b'ye, and told them that I thought Lady Maelstrom looked very ill, and they had better go in to her. I then threw myself into the first hackney coach, and drove home. I found Timothy had arrived before me, and I narrated all that had passed.

"You will never be able to go there again," observed Timothy, "and depend upon it, she will be your enemy through life. I wish you had not said any thing to her."

"What is done cannot be undone; but recollect that if she can talk, I can talk also."

"Will she not be afraid?"

"Yes, openly, she will; but open attacks can be parried."

"Very true."

"But it will be as well to pacify her, if I can. I will write to her." I sat down and wrote as follows:

"My dear Lady Maelstrom,—I am so astonished and alarmed at the situation I put you in, by my impertinence and folly, that I hardly know how to apologise. The fact is, that looking over some of my father's old letters, I found many from Warrender, in which he spoke of an affair with a young lady, and I read the name as your maiden name, and also discovered where the offspring was to be found. On re-examination, for your innocence was too evident at our meeting to admit of a doubt, I find that the name, although something like yours, is *spelt very differently*, and that I must have been led into an unpardonable error. What can I say, except that I throw myself on your mercy? I dare not appear before you again. I leave town to-morrow, but if you can pardon my folly and impertinence, allow me to pay my respects when London is full again, and time shall have softened down your just anger. Write me one line to that effect, and you will relieve the burdened conscience of

"Yours most truly,

"J. Newland."

"There, Tim," said I, as I finished reading it over, "take that as a sop to the old Cerberus. She may think it prudent, as I have talked of letters, to believe me and make friends. I will not trust her, nevertheless."

Tim went away, and very soon returned with an answer.

"You are a foolish mad-cap, and I ought to shut my doors against you; you have half killed me—spoilt my gown, and I am obliged to keep my bed. Remember, in future, to be sure of the right name before you make an assertion. As for forgiving you, I shall think of it, and when you return to town, you may call and receive my sentence. Cecilia was quite frightened, poor dear girl, what a dear affectionate child she is!—she is a treasure to me, and I don't think I ever could part with her. She sends her regards.

"Yours,

"C. Maelstrom."

"Come, Timothy, at all events this is better than I expected—but now I'll tell you what I propose to do. Harcourt was with me yesterday, and he wishes me to go down with him to ———. There will be the assizes, and the county ball, and a great deal of gaiety, and I have an idea that it is just as well to beat the country as the town. I dine with old Masterston on Friday. On Saturday I will go down and see Fleta, and on Tuesday or Wednesday I will start with Harcourt to his father's, where he has promised me a hearty welcome. Was there any thing at Coleman-street?"

"Yes, sir; Mr. Iving said that he had just received a letter from your correspondent, and that he wished to know if the little girl was well; I told him that she was. Mr. Iving laid the letter down on the desk, and I read the post-mark, Dublin."

"Dublin," replied I. "I should like to find out who Melchior is—and so I will as soon as I can."

"Well, sir, I have not finished my story. Mr. Iving said, 'My correspondent wishes to know whether the education of the little girl is attended to?' 'Yes,' replied I, 'it is.' 'Is she at school?' 'Yes, she has been at school ever since we have been in London.' 'Where is she at school?' enquired he. Now, sir, as I never was asked that question by him before, I did not know whether I ought to give an answer, so I replied, 'that I did not know,' 'You know whether she is in London or not, do you not?' 'How should I?' replied I, 'master had put her to school before I put on his liveries.' 'Does he never go to see her?' enquired he. 'I suppose so,' said I. 'Then you really know nothing about it?—then look you, my lad, I am anxious to find out where she is at school, and the name of the people, and if you will find out the direction for me, it will be money in your pocket, that's all.' 'Um,' replied I, 'but how much?' 'Why, more than you think for, my man, it will be a ten-pound note.' 'That alters the case,' replied I; 'now I think again, I have an idea that I do remember seeing her address on a letter my master wrote to her.' 'Aye,' replied Mr. Iving, 'it's astonishing how money sharpens the memory. I'll keep to my bargain; give me the address, and here's the ten-pound note.' 'I'm afraid that my master will be angry,' said I, as if I did not much like to tell him. 'Your master will never know any thing about it, and you may serve a long time before he gives you a ten-pound note above your wages.' 'That's very true,' said I, 'service is no inheritance. Well, then, give me the money, and I'll write it down.'"

"And did you give it?" interrupted I.

"Stop a moment, sir, and you shall hear. I wrote down the address of that large school at Kensington, which we pass when we go to Mr. Aubry White's."

"What, that tremendous large board with yellow letters—Mrs. Let—what is it?"

"Mrs. Lipscombe's seminary—I always read the board every time I go up and down. I gave him the address, Miss Johnson, at Mrs. Lipscombe's seminary, Kensington. Well—and here's the ten-pound note, sir, which I think I have fairly earned."

"Fairly earned, Tim?"

"Yes, fairly earned; for it's all fair to cheat those who would cheat you."

"I cannot altogether agree with you on that point, Tim, but it certainly is no more than they deserve; but this is matter for reflection. Why should Melchior wish to find out her address without my knowledge?—depend upon it, there is something wrong."

"That's what I said to myself coming home; and I made up my mind, that, for some reason or another, he wishes to regain possession of her."

"I entertain the same idea, Timothy, and I am glad you have disappointed him. I will take care that they shall not find her out, now that I am upon my guard."

"But, sir, I wish to draw one good moral from this circumstance; which is—that if you had been served by any common footman, your interest would, in all probability, have been sacrificed to the ten-pound note; and that not only in this instance but in many others, I did a very wise thing in taking my present situation."

"I am but too well aware of that, Tim, my dear fellow," said I, extending my hand, "and depend upon it, that if I rise, you do. You know me well enough by this time."

"Yes, I do, Japhet, and had rather serve you than the first nobleman in the land. I'm going to purchase a watch with this ten-pound note, and I never shall look at it without remembering the advantage of keeping a watch over my tongue."

I proved the will of Major Carbonnell, in which there was no difficulty; and then I sat down to consider in what way I might best husband my resources. The house was in good repair, and well furnished. At the time I lived with the major, we had our drawing-room, and his bed-room, and another room equally large, used as his dressing-room, on the first floor. The second floor was appropriated to me, and the sitting-room was used as a dining-room when we dined at home, which was but seldom. The basement was let as a shop, at one hundred pounds per annum, but we had a private

door for entrance, and the kitchens and attics. I resolved to retain only the first-floor, and let the remainder of the house; and I very soon got a tenant at sixty pounds per annum. The attics were appropriated to Timothy and the servants belonging to the lodger. Of this tenant, I shall speak hereafter.

After having disposed of what was of no service to me, I found that, deducting the thousand pounds paid into the banker's, for Lord Windermear, I had a little above three thousand pounds in ready money, and what to do with this I could not well decide. I applied to Mr. Masterton, stating the exact amount of my finances, on the day that I dined with him, and he replied, "You have two good tenants, bringing you in one hundred and sixty pounds per annum—if this money is put out on mortgage, I can procure you five per cent., which will be one hundred and fifty pounds per annum. Now, the question is, do you think that you can live upon three hundred and ten pounds per annum? You have no rent to pay, and I should think that, as you are not at any great expense for a servant, that you might, with economy, do very well. Recollect, that if your money is lent on mortgage, you will not be able to obtain it at a moment's warning. So reflect well before you decide."

I consulted with Timothy, and agreed to lend the money, reserving about two hundred pounds to go on with, until I should receive my rents and interest. On the Friday I went to dine with Masterton, and narrated what had passed between me and Lady Maelstrom. He was very much diverted, and laughed immoderately. "Upon my faith, Mr. Newland, but you have a singular species of madness; you first attack Lord Windermear, then a bishop, and, to crown all, you attack a dowager peeress. I must acknowledge, that if you do not find out your parents, it will not be for want of enquiry. Altogether, you are a most singular character, your history is most singular, and your good fortune is equally so. You have made more friends before you have come to age, than most people do in their whole lives. You commence the world with nothing, and here you are, with almost a competence—have paid off a loan of one thousand pounds, which was not required—and are moving in the best society. Now the only drawback I perceive in all this is, that you are in society under false colours, have made people suppose that you are possessed of a large fortune."

"It was not exactly my assertion, sir."

"No, I grant, not exactly: but you have been a party to it, and I cannot allow that there is any difference. Now, do you mean to allow this supposition to remain uncontradicted?"

"I hardly know what to say, sir; if I were to state that I have nothing but a bare competence, it will be only injurious to the memory of Major Carbonnell. All the world will suppose that he has ruined me, and that I had the fortune; whereas, on the contrary, it is to him that I am indebted for my present favourable position."

"That may be very true, Mr. Newland; but if I am to consider you as my protegé, and I may add, the protegé of Lord Windermear, I must make you *quite honest*—I will be no party to fraud in any shape. Are you prepared to resign your borrowed plumes, and appear before the world as you really are?"

"There is but one inducement, sir, for me to wish that the world may still deceive themselves. I may be thrown out of society, and lose the opportunity of discovering my parents."

"And pray, Mr. Newland, which do you think is more likely to tend to the discovery, a general knowledge that you are a foundling in search of your parents, or your present method, of taxing every body on suspicion. If your parents wish to reclaim you, they will then have their eyes directed towards you, from your position being known; and I will add, there are few parents who would not be proud of you as a son. You will have the patronage of Lord Windermear, which will always secure you a position in society, and the good wishes of all, although I grant, that such worldly people as Lady Maelstrom may strike your name off their porter's list. You will, moreover, have the satisfaction of knowing that the friends which you make have not been made under false colours and appearances, and a still further satisfaction, arising from a good conscience."

"I am convinced, sir, and I thank you for your advice. I will now be guided by you in every thing."

"Give me your hand, my good lad, I now will be your friend to the utmost of my power."

"I only wish, sir," replied I, much affected, "that you were also my father."

"Thank you for the wish, as it implies that you have a good opinion of me. What do you mean to do?"

"I have promised my friend Mr. Harcourt to go down with him to his father's."

"Well?"

"And before I go I will undeceive him."

"You are right; you will then find whether he *is* a friend to you, or to your supposed ten thousand pounds per annum. I have been reflecting, and I am not aware that any thing else can be done at present than acknowledging to the world who you really are, which is more likely to tend to the discovery of your parents than any other means, but at the same time I shall not be idle. All we lawyers have among us strange secrets, and among my fraternity, to whom I shall speak openly, I think it possible that something may be found out which may serve as a clue. Do not be annoyed at being cut by many, when your history is known; those who cut you are those whose acquaintance or friendship is not worth having; it will unmask your friends from your flatterers, and you will not repent of your having been honest; in the end it is the best policy, even in a worldly point of view. Come to me as often as you please; I am always at home to you, and always your friend."

Such was the result of my dinner with Mr. Masterton, which I narrated to Timothy as soon as I returned home. "Well, Japhet, I think you have found a real friend in Mr. Masterton, and I am glad that you have decided upon following his advice. As for me, I am not under false colours, I am in my right situation, and wish no more."

In pursuance of my promise to Mr. Masterton, I called upon Harcourt the next morning, and after stating my intention to go down for a day or two into the country, to see a little girl who was under my care, I said to him, "Harcourt, as long as we were only town acquaintances, mixing in society, and under no peculiar obligation to each other, I did not think it worth while to undeceive you on a point in which Major Carbonnell was deceived himself, and has deceived others; but now that you have offered to introduce me into the bosom of your family, I cannot allow you to remain in error. It is generally supposed that I am about to enter into a large property when I come of age; now, so far from that being the case, I have nothing in the world but a bare competence, and the friendship of Lord Windermear. In fact, I am a deserted child, ignorant of my parents, and most anxious to discover them, as I have every reason to suppose that I am of no mean birth. I tell you this candidly, and unless you renew the invitation, shall consider that it has not been given."

Harcourt remained a short time without answering. "You really have astonished me, Newland; but," continued he, extending his hand, "I admire—I respect you, and I feel that I shall like you better. With ten thousand pounds a year, you were above me—now we are but equals. I, as a younger brother, have but a bare competence, as well as you; and as for parents—for

he benefit I now derive from them, I might as well have none. Not but my father is a worthy, fine old gentleman, but the estates are entailed; he is obliged to keep up his position in society, and he has a large family to provide for, and he can do no more. You have indeed an uncommon moral courage to have made this confession. Do you wish it to be kept a secret?"

"On the contrary, I wish the truth to be known."

"I am glad that you say so, as I have mentioned you as a young man of large fortune to my father, but I feel convinced when I tell him this conversation, he will be much more pleased in taking you by the hand, than if you were to come down and propose to one of my sisters. I repeat the invitation with double the pleasure that I gave it at first."

"I thank you, Harcourt," replied I; "some day I will tell you more. I must not expect, however, that every body will prove themselves as noble in ideas as yourself."

"Perhaps not, but never mind that. On Friday next, then, we start."

"Agreed." I shook hands and left him. The behaviour of Harcourt was certainly a good encouragement, and, had I been wavering in my promise to Mr. Masterton, would have encouraged me to proceed. I returned home with a light heart and a pleasing satisfaction, from the conviction that I had done right. The next morning I set off for ———, and, as it was a long while since I had seen Fleta, our meeting was a source of delight on both sides. I found her very much grown and improved. She was approaching her fifteenth year, as near as we could guess—of course her exact age was a mystery. Her mind was equally expanded. Her mistress praised her docility and application, and wished to know whether I intended that she should be taught music and drawing, for both of which she had shown a decided taste. To this I immediately consented, and Fleta hung on my shoulder and embraced me for the indulgence. She was now fast approaching to womanhood, and my feelings towards her were more intense than ever. I took the chain of coral and gold beads from her neck, telling her that I must put it into a secure place, as much depended upon it. She was curious to know why, but I would not enter into the subject at that time. One caution I gave her, in case by any chance, her retreat should be discovered by the companions of Melchior, which was, that without I myself came, she was on no account to leave the school, even if a letter from me was produced, requesting her to come, unless that letter was delivered by Timothy. I gave the same directions to her mistress, paid up her schooling and expenses, and then left her, promising not to be so long before I saw her again. On my return to town I deposited the necklace with Mr. Masterton, who locked it up carefully in his iron safe.

On the Friday, as agreed, Harcourt and I, accompanied by Timothy and Harcourt's servant, started on the outside of the coach, as younger brothers usually convey themselves, for his father's seat in ——— shire, and arrived there in time for dinner. I was kindly received by old Mr. Harcourt and his family, consisting of his wife and three amiable and beautiful girls. But on the second day, during which interval, I presume Harcourt had an opportunity of undeceiving his father, I was delighted to perceive that the old gentleman's warmth of behaviour towards me was increased. I remained there for a fortnight, and never was so happy. I was soon on the most intimate terms with the whole family, and was treated as if I belonged to it. Yet when I went to bed every night, I became more and more melancholy. I felt what a delight it must be to have parents, sisters, and friends—a bosom of a family to retire into, to share with it your pleasures and your pains; and the tears often ran down my cheeks, and moistened my pillow, when I had not an hour before been the happiest of the happy, and the gayest of the gay. In a family party, there is nothing so amusing as any little talent out of the general way, and my performances and tricks on cards, &c., in which Melchior had made me such an adept, were now brought forward as a source of innocent gratification. When I quitted, I had a general and hearty welcome to the house from the parents: and the eyes of the amiable girls, as well as mine, were not exactly dry, as we bade each other farewell.

"You told your father, Harcourt did you not?"

"Yes, and the whole of them, Japhet; and you must acknowledge, that in their estimation you did not suffer. My father is pleased with our intimacy, and advises me to cultivate it. To prove to you that I am anxious so to do, I have a proposal to make. I know your house as well as you do, and that you have reserved only the first floor for yourself; but there are two good rooms on the first floor, and you can dispense with a dressing-room. Suppose we club together. It will be a saving to us both, as poor Carbonnell said, when he took you in."

"With all my heart; I am delighted with the proposal."

Harcourt then stated what it was his intention to offer for his share of the apartment; the other expenses to be divided, and his servant dismissed. I hardly need say, that we did not disagree, and before I had been a week in town we were living together. My interview with Mr. Masterton, and subsequent events, had made me forget to call on the governors of the Foundling Hospital, to ascertain whether there had been any enquiries after me. On my return to town I went there, and finding that there was a meeting to be held on the next day, I presented myself. I was introduced into the room where they were assembled.

"You wish to speak with the governors of the hospital, I understand," said the presiding governor.

"Yes, sir," replied I; "I have come to ask whether an enquiry has been made after one of the inmates of this charity, of the name of Japhet Newland."

"Japhet Newland!"

"If you recollect, sir, he was bound to an apothecary of the name of Cophagus, in consequence of some money which was left with him as an infant, enclosed in a letter, in which it was said that he would be reclaimed if circumstances permitted."

"I recollect it perfectly well—it is now about six years back; I think there was some enquiry, was there not, Mr. G———?"

"I think that there was, about a year and a half ago; but we will send for the secretary, and refer to the minutes."

My heart beat quick, and the perspiration bedewed my forehead, when I heard this intelligence. At last my emotion was so great, that I felt faint. "You are ill, sir," said one of the gentlemen; "quick—a glass of water."

The attendant brought a glass of water, which I drank, and recovered myself. "You appear to be much interested in this young man's welfare."

"I am, sir," replied I; "no one can be more so."

The secretary now made his appearance with the register, and after turning over the leaves, read as follows: "August the 16th ——, a gentleman came to enquire after an infant left here, of the name of Japhet, with whom money had been deposited—Japhet, christened by order of the governors, Japhet Newland—referred to the shop of Mr. Cophagus, Smithfield Market. He returned the next day, saying that Mr. Cophagus had retired from business—that the parties in the shop knew nothing for certain, but believed that the said Japhet Newland had been transported for life for forgery, about a year before."

"Good heavens! what an infamous assertion!" exclaimed I, clasping my hands.

On reference back to the calendar, we observed that one J. Newland was transported for such an offence. Query?

"It must have been some other person; but this has arisen from the vindictive feeling of those two scoundrels who served under Plegget," cried I.

"How can you possibly tell, sir?" mildly observed one of the governors.

"How can I tell, sir?" replied I, starting from my chair. "Why I am *Japhet Newland* myself, sir."

"You, sir?" replied the governor, surveying my fashionable exterior, my chains, and bijouterie.

"Yes, sir, I am the Japhet Newland brought up in this asylum, and who was apprenticed to Mr. Cophagus."

"Probably, then, sir," replied the president, "you are the Mr. Newland whose name appears at all the fashionable parties in high life?"

"I believe that I am the same person, sir."

"I wish you joy upon your success in the world, sir. It would not appear that it can be very important to you to discover your parents."

"Sir," replied I, "you have never known what it is to feel the want of parents and friends. Fortunate as you may consider me to be—and I acknowledge I have every reason to be grateful for my unexpected rise in life—I would at this moment give up all that I am worth, resume my foundling dress, and be turned out a beggar, if I could but discover the authors of my existence." I then bowed low to the governors, and quitted the room. I hastened home with feelings too painful to be described. I had a soreness at my heart, an oppression on my spirits, which weighed me down. I had but one wish—that I was dead. I had already imparted to Harcourt the history of my life, and when I came in, I threw myself upon the sofa in despair, and relieved my agonised heart with a flood of tears. As soon as I could compose myself, I stated what had occurred.

"My dear Newland, although it has been an unfortunate occurrence in itself, I do not see that you have so much cause to grieve, for you have this satisfaction, that it appears there has been a wish to reclaim you."

"Yes," replied I, "I grant that, but have they not been told, and have they not believed, that I have been ignominiously punished for a capital crime? Will they ever seek me more?"

"Probably not; you must now seek them. What I should recommend is, that you repair to-morrow to the apothecary's shop, and interrogate relative to the person who called to make enquiries after you. If you will allow me, I will go with you."

"And be insulted by those malignant scoundrels?"

"They dare not insult you. As an apothecary's apprentice they would, but as a gentleman they will quail; and if they do not, their master will most certainly be civil, and give you all the information he can. We may as well, however, not do things by halves; I will borrow my aunt's carriage for the morning, and we will go in style."

"I think I will call this evening upon Mr. Masterton, and ask his advice."

"Ask him to accompany us, Newland, and he will frighten them with libel, and defamation of character."

I called upon Mr. Masterton that evening, and told my story. "It is indeed very provoking, Newland; but keep your courage up, I will go with you to-morrow, and we will see what we can make of it. At what time do you propose to start?"

"Will it suit you, sir, if we call at one o'clock?"

"Yes; so good night, my boy, for I have something here which I must contrive to get through before that time."

Harcourt had procured the carriage, and we picked up Mr. Masterton at the hour agreed, and proceeded to Smithfield. When we drove up to the door of Mr. Plegget's shop, the assistants at first imagined that it was a mistake; few handsome carriages are to be seen stopping in this quarter of the metropolis. We descended and entered the shop, Mr. Masterton enquiring if Mr. Plegget was at home. The shopmen, who had not recognised me, bowed to the ground in their awkward way; and one ran to call Mr. Plegget, who was up stairs. Mr. Plegget descended, and we walked into the back parlour. Mr. Masterton then told him the object of our calling, and requested to know why the gentleman who had enquired after me had been sent away with the infamous fabrication that I had been transported for forgery. Mr. Plegget protested innocence—recollected, however, that a person had called—would make every enquiry of his shopmen. The head man was called in and interrogated—at first appeared to make a joke of it, but when threatened by Mr. Masterton became humble—acknowledged that they had said that I was transported, for they had read it in the newspapers—was sorry for the mistake; said that the gentleman was a very tall person, very well dressed, very much of a gentleman—could not recollect his exact dress—was a pale, fair man, with a handsome face—seemed very much agitated when he heard that I had been transported. Called twice, Mr. Plegget was not in at first—left his name—thinks the name was put down on the day book—when he called a second time, Mr. Plegget was at home, and referred him to them, not knowing what had become of me. The other shopman was examined, and his evidence proved similar to that of the first. The day book was sent for, and the day in August —— referred to; there was a name written down on the side of the page, which the shopman said he had no doubt, indeed he could almost swear, was the gentleman's name, as there was no other name put down on that day. The name, as taken down, was *Derbennon*. This was all the information we could obtain, and we then quitted the shop, and drove off without there being any recognition of me on the part of Mr. Plegget and his assistants.

"I never heard that name before," observed Harcourt to Mr. Masterton.

"It is, in all probability, De Benyon," replied the lawyer; "we must make allowances for their ignorance. At all events, this is a sort of clue to follow up. The De Benyons are Irish."

"Then I will set off for Ireland to-morrow morning, sir," said I.

"You will do no such thing," replied the lawyer; "but you will call upon me to-morrow evening, and perhaps I may have something to say to you."

I did not fail to attend Mr. Masterton, who stated that he had made every enquiry relative to the De Benyons, as he had said; they were an Irish family of the highest rank, and holding the peerage of De Beauvoir; but that he had written to his agent in Dublin, giving him directions to obtain for him every possible information in his power relative to all the individuals composing it. Till this had been received, all that I could do was to remain quiet. I then narrated to him the behaviour of the agent, Mr. Iving, to Timothy. "There is some mystery there, most assuredly," observed Mr. Masterton; "when do you go again to ——— ?"

I replied, that it was not my intention to go there for some time, unless he would wish to see the little girl.

"I do, Newland. I think I must take her under my protection as well as you. We will go down to-morrow. Sunday is the only day I can spare; but it must be put down as a work of charity."

The next day we went down to ———. Fleta was surprised to see me so soon, and Mr. Masterton was much struck with the elegance and classical features of my little protegée. He asked her many questions, and with his legal tact continued to draw from her many little points

lative to her infant days, which she had, till he put his probing questions, quite forgotten. As we returned to town, he observed, "You are right, Japhet, that is no child of humble origin. Her very appearance contradicts it; but we have, I think, a chance of discovering who she is—a better one, I'm afraid, than at present we have for your identification. But never mind, let us trust to perseverance."

For three weeks I continued to live with Harcourt, but I did not go out much. Such was the state of my affairs, when Timothy came to my room one morning, and said, "I do not know whether you have observed it, sir; but there is a man constantly lurking about here, watching the house, I believe. I think, but still I'm not quite sure, that I have seen his face before; but where I cannot recollect."

"Indeed, what sort of a person may he be?"

"He is a very dark man, stout, and well made; and is dressed in a sort of half-sailor, half-gentleman's dress, such as you see put on by those who belong to the funny clubs on the river; but he is not at all a gentleman himself—quite the contrary. It is now about a week that I have seen him, every day; and I have watched him, and perceive that he generally follows you as soon as you go out."

"Well," replied I, "we must find out what he wants—if we can. Point him out to me; I will soon see if he is tracing my steps."

Timothy pointed him out to me after breakfast; I could not recollect the face, and yet it appeared that I had seen it before. I went out, and after passing half a dozen streets, I turned round and perceived that the man was lodging me. I took no notice, but being resolved to try him again, I walked to the White Horse Cellar, and took a seat inside a Brentford coach about to start. On my arrival at Brentford I got out, and perceived that the man was on the roof. Of a sudden it flashed on my memory—it was the gipsy who had come to the camp with the communication to Melchior, which induced him to quit it. I recollected him—and his kneeling down by the stream and washing his face. The mystery was solved—Melchior had employed him to find out the residence of Fleta. In all probability they had applied to the false address given by Timothy, and in consequence were trying, by watching my motions, to find the true one. "You shall be deceived, at all events," thought I, as I walked on through Brentford until I came to a ladies' seminary. I rang the bell, and was admitted, stating my wish to know the terms of the school for a young lady, and contrived to make as long a stay as I could, promising to call again, if the relatives of the young lady were satisfied as I professed to be. On my quitting the house, I perceived that my gipsy attendant was not far off. I took the first stage back, and returned to my lodgings. When I had told all that had occurred to Timothy, he replied, "I think, sir, that if you could replace me for a week or two, I could now be of great service. He does not know me, and if I were to darken my face, and put on a proper dress, I think I should have no difficulty in passing myself off as one of the tribe, knowing their slang, and having been so much with them."

"But what good do you anticipate, Timothy?"

"My object is to find out where he puts up, and to take the same quarters—make his acquaintance, and find out who Melchior is, and where he lives. My knowledge of him and Nattée may perhaps assist me."

"You must be careful then, Timothy; for he may know sufficient of our history to suspect you."

"Let me alone, sir. Do you like my proposal?"

"Yes, I do; you may commence your arrangements immediately."

The next morning Timothy had procured me another valet, and throwing off his liveries, made his appearance in the evening, sending up to say a man wished to speak to me. He was dressed in high-low boots, worsted stockings, greasy leather small clothes, a shag waistcoat, and a blue frock overall. His face was stained of a dark olive, and when he was ushered in, neither Harcourt, who was sitting at table with me, or the new servant, had the slightest recognition of him. As Harcourt knew all my secrets, I had confided this; but had not told him what Timothy's intentions were, as I wished to ascertain whether his disguise was complete. I had merely said I had given Timothy leave for a few days.

"Perhaps you may wish me away for a short time," said Harcourt, looking at Tim.

"Not at all, my dear Harcourt, why should I? There's nobody here but you and Timothy."

"Timothy! excellent—upon my word, I never should have known him."

"He is going forth on his adventures."

"And if you please, sir, I will lose no time. It is now dark, and I know where the gipsy hangs out."

"Success attend you then, but be careful, Tim. You had better write to me, instead of calling."

"I had the same idea; and now I wish you a good evening."

When Timothy quitted the room, I explained our intentions to Harcourt. "Yours is a strange, adventurous sort of life, Newland; you are constantly plotted against, and plotting in your turn—mines and counter mines. I have an idea that you will turn out some grand personage after all; for if not, why should there be all this trouble about you?"

"The trouble, in the present case, is all about Fleta; who must, by your argument, turn out some grand personage."

"Well, perhaps she may. I should like to see that little girl, Newland."

"That cannot be, just now, for reasons you well know, but some other time it will give me great pleasure."

On the second day after Tim's departure, I received a letter from him by the twopenny post. He had made the acquaintance of the gipsy, but had not extracted any information, being as yet afraid to venture any questions. He further stated that his new companion had no objection to a glass or two, and that he had no doubt but that if he could contrive to make him tipsy, in a few days he would have some important intelligence to communicate. I was in a state of great mental agitation during this time. I went to Mr. Masterton, and narrated to him all that had passed. He was surprised and amused, and desired me not to fail to let him have the earliest intelligence of what came to light. He had not received any answer as yet from his agent in Dublin. It was not until eight days afterwards that I received further communication from Timothy; and I was in a state of great impatience, combined with anxiety, lest any accident should have happened. His communication was important. He was on the most intimate footing with the man, who had proposed that he should assist him to carry off a little girl, who was at a school at Brentford. They had been consulting how this should be done, and Timothy had proposed forging a letter, desiring her to come up to town, and his carrying it as a livery servant. The man had also other plans, one of which was to obtain an entrance into the house by making acquaintance with the servants; another, by calling to his aid some of the women of his fraternity to tell fortunes: nothing was as yet decided, but that he was resolved to obtain possession of the little girl, even if he were obliged to resort to force. In either case Timothy was engaged to assist. When I read this, I more than congratulated myself upon the man's being on the wrong scent, and that Timothy had hit upon his scheme. Timothy continued:—that they had indulged in very deep potations last night, and that the man had not scrupled to say that he was employed by a person of large fortune, who paid well, and whom it might not be advisable to refuse, as he had great power.

After some difficulty, he asked Timothy if he had ever heard the name of Melchior in his tribe. Timothy replied that he had, and that at the gathering he had seen him and his wife. Timothy at one time thought that the man was about to reveal every thing, but of a sudden he stopped short, and gave evasive answers. To a question put by Timothy, as to where they were to take the child if they obtained possession of her, the man had replied, that she would go over the water. Such were the contents of the letter, and I eagerly awaited a further communication.

The next day I called at Long's hotel upon a gentleman with whom I was upon intimate terms. After remaining a short time with him, I was leaving the hotel, when I was attracted by some trunks in the entrance hall. I started when I read the address of—"A. De Benyon, Esq., to be left at F——— hotel, Dublin." I asked the waiter who was by, whether Mr. De Benyon had left the hotel. He replied that he had left it in his own carriage that morning, and having more luggage than he could take with him, had desired these trunks to be forwarded by the coach. I had by that time resumed my serenity. I took out a memorandum book, wrote down the address on the trunks, saying that I was sorry not to have seen Mr. De Benyon, and that I would write to him.

But if I composed myself before the waiter, how did my heart throb as I hastily passed through Bond Street to my home! I had made up my mind, upon what very slight grounds the reader must be aware, that this Mr. De Benyon either must be my father, or if not, was able to tell me who was. Had not Mr. Masterton said that there was a clue—had he not written to Dublin? The case was to my excited imagination as clear as the noon day, and before I arrived home, I had made up my mind in what manner I should proceed. It was then about four o'clock. I hastily packed up my portmanteau—took with me all my ready money, about sixty pounds, and sent the servant to secure a place in the mail to Holyhead. He returned, stating that there was a seat taken for me. I waited till half past five to see Harcourt, but he did not come home. I then wrote him a short note, telling him where I was going, and promising to write as soon as I arrived.

"Ireland is to be the ground of my future adventures, my dear Harcourt. Call upon Mr. Masterton, and tell him what I have done which he surely will approve. Open Timothy's letters, and let me have their contents. I leave you to arrange and act for me in every respect until I return. In the mean time believe me,

"Ever yours,
"J. Newland."

I gave the letter to the valet, and calling a coach drove to the office, and in less than five minutes afterwards was rolling away to Holyhead, felicitating myself upon my promptitude and decision, little imagining to what the step I had taken was to lead.

It was a very dark night in November when I started on my expedition. There were three other passengers in the mail, none of whom had yet spoken a word, although we had made several miles of our journey. Muffled up in my cloak, I indulged in my own reveries as usual, building up castles which toppled over after one another, as I built and rebuilt again. At last one of the passengers blew his nose, as if to give warning that he was about to speak; and then enquired of the gentleman next to him if he had seen the evening newspapers. The other replied in the negative. "It would appear that Ireland is not in a very quiet state, sir," observed the first.

"Did you ever read the history of Ireland?" enquired the other.

"Not very particularly."

"Then, sir, if you were to take that trouble, you will find that Ireland, since it was first peopled, never has been in a quiet state, nor perhaps ever will. It is a species of human volcano—always either smoking, burning, or breaking out into eruptions and fire."

"Very true, sir," replied the other. "I am told the White Boys are mustering in large numbers, and that some of the districts are quite impassable."

"Sir, if you had traveled much in Ireland, you would have found out that many of the districts are quite impassable, without the impediment of the White Boys."

"You have been a great deal in Ireland then, sir," replied the other.

"Yes, sir," said the other with a consequential air, "I believe I may venture to say that I am in charge of some of the most considerable properties in Ireland."

"Lawyer—agent—five per cent.—and so on," muttered the third party, who sate by me, and had not yet spoken.

There was no mistaking him—it was my former master, Mr. Cophagus; and I cannot say that I was very well pleased at this intimation of his presence, as I took it for granted that he would recognise me as soon as it was daylight. The conversation continued without any remarks being made upon this interruption on the part of Mr. Cophagus. The agent, it appeared, had been called to London on business, and was returning. The other was a professor of music bound to Dublin on speculation. What called Mr. Cophagus in that direction I could not comprehend; but I thought I would try to find out. I therefore, while the two others were engaged in conversation, addressed him in a low tone of voice. "Can you tell me, sir, if the College at Dublin is considered good for the instruction of surgical pupils?"

"Country good at all events—plenty of practice—broken heads—and so on."

"Have you ever been in Ireland, sir?"

"Ireland!—never—don't wish to go—must go—old women will die—executor—botheration—and so on."

"I hope she has left you a good legacy, sir," replied I.

"Legacy—humph—can't tell—silver tea-pot—suit of black, and so on. Long journey—won't pay—can't be helped—old women always troublesome—live or dead—bury her, come back—and so on."

Although Mr. Cophagus was very communicative in his own way, he had no curiosity with regard to others, and the conversation dropped. The other two had also asked all the questions which they wished, and we all, as if by one agreement, fell back in our seats, and shut our eyes, to court sleep. I was the only one who wooed it in vain. Day broke, my companions were all in repose, and I discontinued my reveries, and examined their physiognomies. Mr. Cophagus was the first to whom I directed my attention. He was much the same in face as when I had left him, but considerably thinner in person. His head was covered with a white night-cap, and he snored with emphasis. The professor of music was a very small man, with mustachios; his mouth was wide open, and one would have thought that he was in the full execution of a bravura. The third person, who had stated himself to be an agent, was a heavy, full-faced, coarse-looking personage, with his hat over his eyes, and his head bent down on his chest, and I observed that he had a small packet in one of his hands, with his fore finger twisted through the string. I should not have taken further notice, had not the name of *T. Ising*, in the corner of the side on which the direction was, attracted my attention. It was the name of Melchior's London correspondent, who had attempted to bribe Timothy. This induced me to look down and read the direction of the packet, and I clearly deciphered, Sir Henry De Clare, Bart., Mount Castle, Connemara. I took out my tablets, and wrote down the address. I certainly had no reason for so doing, except that nothing should be neglected, as there was no saying what might turn out. I had hardly replaced my tablets when the party awoke,

made a sort of snatch at the packet, as if recollecting it, and wishing to ascertain if it were safe, looked at it, took off his hat, let down the window, and then looked round upon the other parties.

"Fine morning, sir," said he to me, perceiving that I was the only person awake.

"Very," replied I, "very fine; but I had rather be walking over the mountains of Connemara, than be shut up in this close and confined conveyance."

"Hah! you know Connemara, then? I'm going there; perhaps you are also bound to that part of the country? but you are not Irish."

"I was not born or bred in Ireland, certainly," replied I.

"So I should say. Irish blood in your veins, I presume."

"I believe such to be the case," replied I, with a smile, implying certainty.

"Do you know Sir Henry de Clare?"

"Sir Henry de Clare, of Mount Grunnis Castle, is he not?"

"The same; I am going over to him. I am agent for his estates, among others. A very remarkable man. Have you ever seen his wife?"

"I really cannot tell," replied I; "let me call to mind."

I had some how or another formed an idea, that Sir Henry de Clare and Melchior might be one and the same person; nothing was too absurd or improbable for my imagination, and I had now means of bringing home my suspicions. "I think," continued I, "I recollect her—that is, if she is a very tall, handsome woman, dark eyes and complexion."

"The very same," replied he.

My heart bounded at the information; it certainly was not any clue to my own parentage, but it was an object of my solicitude, and connected with the welfare of Fleta. "If I recollect right," observed I, "there are some curious passages in the life of Sir Henry?"

"Nothing very particular," observed the agent, looking out of the window.

"I thought that he had disappeared for some time."

"Disappeared! he certainly did not live in Ireland, because he had quarreled with his brother. He lived in England until his brother's death."

"How did his brother die, sir?"

"Killed by a fall when hunting," replied the agent. "He was attempting to clear a stone wall, the horse fell back on him, and dislocated his spine. I was on the spot when the accident happened."

I recollected the imperfect communication of Fleta, who had heard the gipsy say that "he was dead;" and also the word *horse* made use of, and I now felt convinced that I had found out Melchior. "Sir Henry, if I recollect right, has no family," observed I.

"No; and I am afraid there is but little chance."

"Had the late baronet, his elder brother, any family?"

"What, Sir William? No; or Sir Henry would not have come into the title."

"He might have had daughters," replied I.

"Very true; now I think of it, there was a girl, who died when young."

"Is the widow of Sir William alive?"

"Yes; and a very fine woman she is; but she has left Ireland since her husband's death."

I did not venture to ask any more questions. Our conversation had roused Mr. Cophagus and the other passengers, and as I had reflected how I should behave in case of a recognition, I wished to be prepared for him.

"You have had a good nap, sir," said I, turning to him.

"Nap—yes—coach nap, bad—head sore—and so on. Why—bless me—Japhet—Japhet New—yes—it is."

"Do you speak to me, sir?" enquired I, with a quiet air.

"Speak to you—yes—bad memory—hip! quite forgot—old master—shop in Smithfield—mad bull—and so on."

"Really, sir," replied I, "I am afraid you mistake me for some other person."

Mr. Cophagus looked very hard at me, and perceiving that there was no alteration in my countenance, exclaimed, "Very odd—same nose—same face—same age too—very odd—like as two pills—beg pardon—made a mistake—and so on."

Satisfied with the discomfiture of Mr. Cophagus, I turned round, when I perceived the Irish agent, with whom I had been in conversation, eyeing me most attentively. As I said before, he was a hard-featured man, and his small gray eye was now fixed upon me, as if it would have pierced me through. I felt confused for a moment, as the scrutiny was unexpected from that quarter; but a few moments' reflection told me, that if Sir Henry de Clare and Melchior were the same person, and this man his agent, in all probability he had not been sent to England for nothing; that if he was in search of Fleta, he must have heard of my name, and perhaps something of my history. "I appear to have a great likeness to many people," observed I, to the agent, smiling. "It was but the other day I was stopped in Bond Street, as a Mr. Rawlinson."

"Not a very common face either, sir," observed the agent; "if once seen not easily forgotten, or easily mistaken for another."

"Still, such appears to be the case," replied I, carelessly.

We now stopped to take refreshment. I had risen from the table, and was going into the passage, when I perceived the agent looking over the way-bill with the guard. As soon as he perceived me, he walked out into the front of the inn. Before the guard had put up the bill, I requested to look at it, wishing to ascertain if I had been booked in my own name. It was so. The four names were—Newland, Cophagus, Baltzi, M'Dermott. I was much annoyed at this circumstance. M'Dermott was, of course, the name of the agent; and that was all the information I received in return for my own exposure, which I now considered certain; I determined, however, to put a good face on the matter, and when we returned to the coach, again entered into conversation with M'Dermott, but I found him particularly guarded in his replies whenever I spoke about Sir Henry or his family, and I could not obtain any further information. Mr. Cophagus could not keep his eyes off me—he peered into my face—then he would fall back in the coach. "Odd—very odd—must be—no—says not—um." In about another half hour he would repeat his examination, and mutter to himself. At last, as if tormented with his doubts, he exclaimed, "Beg pardon—but—you have a name?"

"Yes," replied I, "I have a name."

"Well, then—not ashamed. What is it?"

"My name, sir," replied I, "is Newland;" for I had resolved to acknowledge to my name, and fall back upon a new line of defence.

"Thought so—don't know me—don't recollect shop—Mr. Brookes's—Tim—rudiments—and so on."

"I have not the least objection to tell you my name; but I am afraid you have the advantage in your recollection of me. Where may I have had the honour of meeting you?"

"Meeting—what, quite forgot—Smithfield?"

"And pray, sir, where may Smithfield be?"

"Very odd—can't comprehend—same name, same face—don't recollect me, don't recollect Smithfield?"

"It may be very odd, sir; but, as I am very well known in London, at the west end, perhaps we have met there. Lord Windermear's, perhaps—Lady Maelstrom's—and I continued mentioning about a dozen of the most fashionable names. At all events, you appear to have the advantage of me; but I trust you will excuse my want of memory, as my acquaintance is very extensive."

"I see, quite a mistake—same name—not same person—beg pardon, sir—apologies—and so on," replied the apothecary, drawing in a long sigh.

I watched the countenance of the agent who appeared at last to be satisfied that there had been some mistake; at least he became more communicative, and as I no longer put any questions to him relative to Sir Henry, we had a long conversation. I spoke to him about the De Benyons, making every enquiry that I could think of. He informed me that the deceased earl, the father of the present, had many sons, who were some of them married, and that the family was extensive. He appeared to know them all, the professions which they had been brought up to, and their careers in life. I treasured up his information, and as soon as I had an opportunity, wrote down all which he had told me. On our arrival at Holyhead, the weather was very boisterous, and the packet was to depart immediately. Mr. M'Dermott stated his intentions to go over, but Mr. Cophagus and the professor declined; and, anxious as I was to proceed, I did not wish to be any longer in company with the agent, and, therefore, also declined going on board. Mr. M'Dermott called for a glass of brandy and water, drank it off in haste, and then, followed by the porter, with his luggage, went down to embark.

As soon as he was gone I burst out into a fit of laughter. "Well, Mr. Cophagus, acknowledge that it is possible to persuade a man out of his senses. You knew me, and you were perfectly right in asserting that I was Japhet, yet did I porsuade you at last that you were mistaken. But I will explain to you why I did so."

"All right," said the apothecary, taking my proffered hand, "thought so—no mistake—handsome fellow—so you are—Japhet Newland—my apprentice—and so on."

"Yes, sir," replied I laughing, "I am Japhet Newland." (I turned round, hearing a noise, the door had been opened, and Mr. M'Dermott had just stepped in; he had returned for an umbrella, which he had forgotten; he looked at me, at Mr. Cophagus, who still held my hand in his, turned short round, said nothing, and walked out.) "This is unfortunate," observed I, "my reason for not avowing myself, was to deceive that very person, and now I have made the avowal to his face; however, it cannot be helped."

I sat down with my old master, and as I knew that I could confide in him, gave him an outline of my life, and stated my present intentions.

"I see, Japhet, I see—done mischief—sorry for it—can't be help'd—do all I can—um—what's to be done? be your friend—always liked you—help all I can—and so on."

"But what would you advise, sir?"

"Advice—bad as physic—nobody takes it—Ireland—wild place—no law—better to go back—leave all to me find out—and so on."

This advice I certainly could not consent to follow.

(To be continued.)

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

TRANSLATION FROM THE GREEK.

ANTIPATER OF SIDON.

Tears, tears, Artemidorus, tears were shed
O'er thy young corse, while thus thy mother said—
"Vain were a mother's pangs, a father's joy,
Vain were they all, the pyre must have our boy:
Vain our delight, just tasted, when it fled
Away for ever, to the cruel dead.
So soon cut off, my child! and must we see
Nought but thy urn and dust, instead of thee!"

From the Eclectic Review.

ABEEL'S RESIDENCE IN CHINA, &c.

Journal of a Residence in China and the neighbouring Countries, from 1829 *to* 1833. By David Abeel, a Minister of the Reformed Dutch Church in North America, and Missionary of the American board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions to South-Eastern Asia. 12mo. pp. 398. New York, 1834.

No Opium! or, Commerce and Christianity working together for Good in China. A Letter to James Cropper, Esq., of Liverpool. By a Minister and a Layman. 8vo. pp. 56. London, 1835.

Open China! An Appeal to the British and American Churches, on the question is China open to the Gospel? By two Friends. 8vo. pp. 16. London, 1834.

A recommendatory note is prefixed to this American publication, from the Rev. Andrew Reed, D.D., "Delegate (from England) to the Churches in the United States," dated New York. "The greater part of the following work," says Dr. R., "was read to me while the author was reposing as an invalid under my roof; and I am satisfied that it is not made unnecessary by any existing publications, valuable as those publications are." We are disposed to concur in this opinion, for, although it does not supply much novel information, and the author's means of personal observation were circumscribed by his ignorance of the vernacular dialects, any work which is adapted to awaken attention to the moral claims of China and the further East, and to raise the tone of Christian feeling in relation to missionary objects, must be considered as a useful contribution, and, at the present moment, particularly seasonable.

"Look where we may," remarks Mr. Abeel, "beneath the wide expanse of the heavens, we can find no distinct enterprise so laudable, so imperious, so inconceivable in its results, as the conversion of China;"—an empire more extensive than Europe, and containing, according to the authentic census of 1812, upwards of 360 millions of human beings—at least one third of the entire population of the globe!

"The real condition of her hundreds of millions is but little understood. With all her empty boast of perfection, and the vapid eulogiums of her ignorant panegyrists, there is probably no other space upon earth so filled with real wretchedness as China. Her mild, patriarchal government is a system of injustice and oppression. From the 'Dragon throne' to the lowest menial in authority, self-aggrandisment is the reigning passion; extortion and cruelty the means of its gratification. Her plebeian happiness is the combined result of poverty, virtual slavery, and vice. Those who have had the best opportunities of judging give the most painful description of the indigence and depravity of the populace. The middling class, or those who enjoy a competence, is a small minority; and they too are often dealt with, without justice or mercy, and, if capable, are quite as unjust and merciless. Even the appearance of happiness which captivates the stranger, must be mere show; for, consisting as it does in earthly possessions, there is very little in the laws, or their corrupt administration, to give it basis or perpetuity.

"It is true, their literature is extensive. But how far it is calculated to elevate their character or ameliorate their condition, may be determined by the fact, that scarcely a subject of which they treat is understood

hile the most important truths, the only ones which an improve the moral character of man, are totally unnown. Thus, the conversion of China, with all the lessings attendant upon Christianity, becomes an object of vorldly philanthropy, as well as of Christian benevolence. None whose heart is not adamant can gaze on this scene of distress without emotion. But how infinitely vast—ow worthy of all sacrifice—all hazard—all experiment —does the moral elevation of this nation appear, when iewed in its connection with the Redeemer's glory. Here is a triumph and a trophy for his victorious grace; —a gem the purest and brightest which earth can offer o deck his mediatorial crown! With the eye of this racious Being upon us, and his heart upon the salvaion of those who have been promised Him as his inheitance, what can express our gratitude, evince our disiple-ship, or display our allegiance and love, if the onversion of China be not in our prayers and plans and ıtmost endeavours!

"For the present accomplishment of this undertaking, nuch, very much may be done. Missionaries should be ent forth to every accessible place in the empire, and to very mart of her commerce in the circumjacent seas. The coasts should be invaded, and the sea-ports entered, s they have been, and still are, by the undaunted genius f commerce. Every opening should be searched out, —every tenable post occupied,—every lawful engagement subordinated,—every passport possessed. Others ave entered, and gained their respective objects. Pagans, Jews, Mohamedans, Catholics, nominal Protestnts, all have penetrated, but those who were alone capale of benefiting the nation, and the only ones comanded to hazard their lives in the attempt.

"There is probably no other pagan country in the vorld, which holds out to us such facilities of operation as hina. Energy of mind and body is a national characristic. They are extremely inquisitive—patient in reearch—fond of literature—free from the shackles of sect, and comparatively but little wedded to their sysms of religion. These qualities, added to their knowdge, and the fact that the Bible, and some scores of xcellent works, have been translated and written in heir own character, afford the greatest encouragement o pray with expectation, and labour with confidence, for heir spiritual welfare."

The interesting voyages of Gutzlaff have placed hina in altogether a new aspect. Contrary to ll previous opinions, they have shown that the atives are fond of intercourse with foreigners; hat they have a high opinion of our medical kill; that they are a reading people, and receive hristian books with avidity. Hitherto, however, the national mind has never been awakened. he people have been kept under intellectual ondage to the beggarly elements of their puerile uperstition; and their minds, like the feet of heir women, have not been suffered to attain heir natural developement. Their unwritten anguage has isolated them, and shut them up to hemselves; and their written character, though apable of recording and perpetuating the wisdom hat may be enclosed in axioms, or the slighter iterature of poetry and the drama, is ill adapted o express *new* and foreign ideas. As a logical pparatus, it must be altogether defective. We hink in words; and where there exists no alphaetic character to express, with the requisite preision, logical ideas, and the particles which are he verbal links of reasoning, it is next to impossible that knowledge can be carried forward, or he higher intellectual faculties be developed. The *mind* of the Chinese has thus been stereotyped. There has been no progress made during successive centuries, beyond that childhood of civilisation to which all their institutions are adapted. But let access be once gained to their minds,—let free intercourse be opened between these docile children and European teachers,—and above all, let the stimulant of Christian knowledge be brought to operate upon their half dormant faculties; we may then reasonably expect to witness a revolution in the national mind, as rapid and genial as the change wrought by the three days of a Russian spring. "Where the gospel gains access," remarks Mr. Abeel, "according to human calculation, it must have a speedy and wide circulation. *There is no moral power to confront it.* The religion of the empire is baseless. Nothing appears to support it but one vast scaffold of ignorance, which, it is believed, can withstand no shock, and, when it yields, must bury the whole fabric in one common ruin."

"The three leading sects in China are known in the Mandarin dialect by the names of Joo, Fuh, Taou, i. e. the Confucians, Buddhists, and the Taou, or Alchymic sect, 'the mystics of the heathen world in China.' The first and last originated in China; the other was introduced from India, soon after the Christian era, and, principally by means of *the circulation of tracts*, has become the most prevalent superstition in the empire. The Buddhists and Taou sect inculcate future rewards and punishments, decking the former in all the charms of sensuality and sloth, and representing the latter by every horrid combination of bodily torture.

"Notwithstanding all the admiration heaped upon Confucius and his system, by ignorance in the empire, and infidelity in more enlightened parts, the philosopher confessed that he 'knew but little about the gods, and therefore preferred saying nothing on the subject.' Respecting the immortality of the soul, and its future retribution, he advances not a sentiment. The common opinion of his followers is, that virtue is rewarded and vice punished only in the individuals or in their posterity on earth. They speak of the immortal principle as 'annihilated,' 'melted,' 'scattered' at death.

"From one of the native books, it appears there are in China upwards of one thousand five hundred and sixty temples dedicated to Confucius. About sixty-two thousand victims, bullocks, pigs, sheep, deer, are annually sacrificed, and twenty-seven thousand six hundred pieces of silk offered to the manes of the sage. This is the wisdom of the *learned heathen*, who generally teach that 'death is annihilation,' and who sometimes affirm that there is neither 'God, angels, nor spirits.' To whom, to what do they present these offerings? Like many in Christian lands, these very persons show the insincerity of their professions in the prospect of death. Then the priests of Budh, whom they despise and ridicule in health, are called to give the mind some support under its dread, if not its consciousness of immortality.

"Besides the numerous temples in the city, small images, answering to their notions of district gods, are placed in the corner of the streets, and receive the homage of the neighbourhood. Not satisfied with these, every house has its family altar, either before the door or in the principal room, frequently in both places. Those in front of the house are generally small alcoves, in a projecting platform, furnished with a few idols, or more commonly with the Chinese written character signifying God, or superior being. As you walk out in the evening, the fumes of sandal-wood, of which their incense-stick is made, accost the senses in every direction, and their

light almost answers for city lamps in these narrow streets. These, with a few wax tapers, and one or two unmeaning bows of the person who prepares them, are the daily offering made to the images of China.

"The popular religion of China, if definable at all by limits or language, is probably made up of a combination of tenets held by the different sects in the empire, with a mixture of notions and customs, which neither system originated, but the votaries of both practise. Among these customs are sacrificing to the dead, and burning gold and silver paper on religious occasions. If there be any thing which to their minds appears the most sacred of all observances, it is the former, if not both of these customs.

"The observance of the fifteenth day of the moon, and its full, is almost universal. With a people fond of sloth and addicted to sensuality, it is not to be wondered at that feast days should be as popular, and their frequent recurrence welcome to those who have the means of providing for them. Among the most prevalent of their doctrines, is the Buddhistic notion of transmigration, which hangs 'in terrorem' over the more sedate and thinking class of the nation. According to the excellent Dr. Milne, 'When we behold the best of the rulers of China, and the most enlightened of her sages, (e. g. Confucius,) worshiping any god or no god at all, just as suited time, place and the taste of the age, what shall we think of their hearts, virtues, and productions? Can we suppose these systems capable of directing the bulk of the people to God, which left their authors to worship the heavens and the earth, mountains, and rivers, the gods of the kitchen, and the spirits of the dead?' 'The current of Chinese idolatry widened and deepened as it flowed by the accession of tributary streams from Western and Eastern Tartary. Most of the forms of mythology which make any figure in the page of history, now exist in China, except that their indecencies, and their direct tendency to injure human life, have been cut off. China has her Diana, her Æolus, her Ceres, her Esculapius, her Mars, her Mercury, her Neptune, and her Pluto, as well as the western pagans had. To use their own expression, 'her gods are in number like the sands of Havy river.' She has gods celestial, terrestrial, and subterraneous,—gods of the hills, of the valleys, of the woods, of the districts, of the family, of the shop, and of the kitchen. She adores the gods who are supposed to preside over the thunder, the rain, the fire; over the grain; over births and deaths; and over the small-pox. She also worships the genii of the mountains, rivers, lakes, and seas, together with birds, beasts, and fishes.

"'Astrology, divination, geomancy, and necromancy, every where prevail: spells and charms, every one possesses.'

"As might be expected, the god of wealth is the most popular deity among the tradesmen and merchants. He is represented with a wedge of gold in one hand.

"On the doors of the houses a figure is painted, which they call the god of the door. His protection is deemed of incalculable importance to the family. The inscription of his name is often employed as a substitute."

The hold which a false religion has upon the minds of a people, greatly depends upon the power and ascendancy of the priesthood. In China, there is, properly speaking, no sacerdotal order to contend against. There are no vested interests, no corporate rights, no privileges of caste to be encountered; nor, again, does there appear to exist that high military spirit which is found among the Burmese, and which opposes a scarcely less formidable obstacle to the reception of the Christian faith. The Chinese are a nation of agriculturists and traders,—sensual, voluptuous, and unfeeling, but displaying little bigotry, and much less tenacious of "old customs" than has been imagined. Who would have supposed that the most essential and characteristic appendage of the outward man in a Chinese, his tail, is comparatively a modern fashion, and one which was not voluntarily adopted?

"Upon the Tartar conquest, not two centuries ago, the Chinese were compelled to adopt this style of wearing their hair, as a mark of subjugation. Many considered it such a disgrace that they preferred losing their heads to their hair. Now it has become an ornament, and a mark of proud distinction."

To the *nominal* reception of the Christian faith by the three hundred millions of the Chinese empire, there would seem to be as little positive obstruction as could any where be conceived to exist; and numbers make so little difference, where the million is but a numerical repetition of the moral unit, bearing nearly the same shape and impress, that the overthrow of idolatry might be expected to be as easily brought about in China, by the mere authority of the emperor, as in an island of the Southern Sea. It is probable that if, like the Czar of the Russians in the ninth century, (which is about the time of day at present with the Chinese,) their Celestial Emperor were to decree the national recognition of the Christian religion, and the abolition of idolatry, the edict would be obediently submitted to, without any show of resistance, and the Chinese would very speedily become as good Christians, at least, as the Russians. A Tartar Constantine might probably effect this national reformation with as much ease as his predecessor compelled his subjects to decorate themselves with tails. And, though such an act of despotic authority could not secure the genuine reception of the Christian doctrine, the hearts of the untaught and superstitious millions remaining still unchanged, and being unprepared to embrace the new faith prescribed to them; yet, if free toleration were allowed, and every facility were afforded to the Christian teacher, it is quite reasonable to conclude, that such a moral revolution as has been witnessed by the present age among the Polynesian tribes, might take place, within as brief a period, on the immense scale of the Chinese empire. Perhaps it might truly be said, that the Chinese are less unprepared for the mighty change, than Christians are to concur with it. The very possibility of such an event reproaches the narrowness of our expectations, as well as the feebleness and tardiness of our efforts. What "mighty works" may not be hindered by our unbelief! The reverse of such an event may, however, be deemed more likely. As remarked in the Instructions of the Prudential Committee of the American Board of Missions, to the Rev. Peter Parker, M. D., when about to proceed to China as an agent of the board:

"The probability is, altogether, that the government of China will array itself against the propagation, within its dominions, of protestant, as it has of Roman Catholic, Christianity. It would be contrary to all analogy, if it did not do so. The very genius and structure of the government lead us to expect of it this course, more cer-

ainly than any *other* government on earth. The fundamental principle of the whole policy, and morality, and religion of China, is, the obligation of universal obedience to parents, and to the emperor as the great parent of all: who of course feels himself responsible, not only for the civil and social, but also for the domestic and private conduct, and for the opinions and belief of all his subjects. And if not from the government, persecution may come from popular superstition and prejudice, excited to struggle with desperation for their malignant empire over the souls of a third part of the human race. The missionary to China, at the present day, must, therefore, be in spirit and conduct, not only "almost, but altogether" such as Paul.—*No Opium*, pp. 52, 53.

History, continues the author of the letter to Mr. Cropper, confirms this view of the case.

"Marjoribanks takes too much for granted, when he says, 'If Christianity is now proscribed in China, it is solely on account of the apprehension that it is associated with political intrigue. Remove this apprehension, and you will have as wide a field opened to the efforts of the Protestant Christian, as is about to be opened to the enterprise of our merchants.' The field may, indeed, be equally open to both; but that it will be equally favourable to the former, is more than doubtful. All experience is against a hope so sanguine. It cannot be sustained by the assurance, that 'it is a common and vulgar error,' to believe that the Chinese, like many other Asiatics, are *bigoted* in matters of religion. They are grossly superstitious; but are careless, in general, of religious observances: whilst the government has almost always acted on a principle of most *liberal* toleration. The Buddhism of India, the worship of the Grand Lama of Thibet, the Jewish and Mahomedan religions, as well as the Christian, have at different periods been introduced and established in China.'—*Marjoribanks.*

"This is plausible, but hollow. The Roman empire tolerated all idolatries; but it persecuted Christianity; and protestantism is too like apostolic Christianity, to escape all persecution in China. It will provoke none, as popery did, by political intrigues or anathematising rivalries; but it must endure some; because it can neither wink at popular crime, nor symbolise with superstitious custom." Ib., pp. 51, 52.

There is, it may be thought, almost a moral necessity for the concurrent agency of persecution in planting the Christian faith. Otherwise, the infant church would be, in the first instance, overrun with formalism and hypocrisy; and the tares would choke the wheat. Yet it does not follow, that persecution is to be desired; still less such direct persecution from the ruling powers as, in more countries than one, has well nigh extinguished the Christian faith, and which the language of prophecy refers to as a judgment upon declining and apostate church, not as conducting to the advantage of its first promulgation. Obstacles enough, of an intellectual and moral nature, must oppose, under all circumstances, the reception of the divine truth, in its purity and spirituality, where no political obstructions exist. Our duty is plain: we may leave it to Divine Providence to ordain what degree of opposition shall baffle and test our efforts. It is enough that, in a certain sense, and to a certain extent, China both invites and is accessible to both our merchants and our missionaries. The author of the *stirring* pamphlet above cited, thus appeals to the former class among us.

"It is a happy thing, sir, for our commercial interests, that we have in the Christianity of the New Testament a *key* to the hearts of all nations, and especially of China. Even he who doubts the adaptation of this key must confess, that all our other keys have failed to open the heart of that peculiar people. Neither the pomp nor the power of British embassy has made any favourable impression upon them. Both the wealth and the honour of the East India Company, although before them for ages, and that in splendid forms, have failed to win their confidence, or even to command their respect, as a nation. They have neither "danced" to the "piping" of diplomacy and monopoly, nor "wept" to the "mourning" of private adventure. Our greatness has not amazed them, nor our science fascinated them. We have played all our parts before them but one; and still China, like the deaf adder, has shut her ears against the voice of the charmer, charmed he ever so wisely! We are yet represented as little better than demons, and at best only as barbarians!

"So much for what commerce has done, whilst working without Christianity in China! It has laid no hold upon either the affections or the curiosity of the people. Even the gratification it has ministered to their worst passions, has not subdued their weakest prejudices, but rather exasperated and confirmed their contempt for the foreigner, throughout all the interior, at least. What, then, can commerce call to its aid, if religion can lend it no efficient help? It cannot call on government to negotiate at the cannon's mouth. Free trade cannot be forced, even by war, in such an empire as China; if war itself were not criminal. Nothing less than the subjugation of the empire could compel its trade; and its subjugation is, happily, an impossibility." Ib. p. 8.

We differ entirely from the writer upon this point; but we readily concede that its subjugation is not desirable. We want the commerce of China, not the extension of our Asiatic territory; otherwise the Tartar yoke is not so dear to the Chinese as to make them disposed to fight very hard for their emperor. The possession of the emperor's person would, in all probability, settle the matter as easily as the transfer of the Mogul empire to a company of merchants was effected. Nor should we anticipate much difficulty in retaining the conquest by a pacific and conciliatory policy. We shall not, however, be understood as counseling or desiring aggressive measures of any kind. It is not our intention to go into either political or commercial speculations on the present occasion; nor shall we even moot the opium question, but must content ourselves with strongly recommending to attentive perusal the letter before us. We return to the question, is China open to the gospel? The answer supplied in the "Appeal," though somewhat too rhetorical and declamatory for our taste, deserves the serious consideration of the Christian public.

"If it be not, then, more than three hundred millions, or one third of the human race, are placed beyond the reach of the wide and warm sympathies of the living church of the living God! Is this likely? His spiritual life must be at very low ebb, who can take for granted, that China is 'hermetically sealed!' Father, forgive all who have repeated this insult against the gospel commission: they knew not what they said. They durst not have said in plain terms,—That the girdling and guarded wall of China is as impassable as 'the great gulf, fixed' between hell and heaven. Any tongue, which would try to say that, would cleave to the roof of its mouth. No Christian audience would allow any man to translate the chemical phrase into scriptural English: for

it implies, that China is as much impaled from hope as hell itself. Where is the difference—if we 'cannot pass to them?' This is just the position of all in heaven towards all in hell; and as that is the final position of the church, it cannot be her present position to the world.

"'Is then China open to the gospel?' What do you mean by 'open?' It is certainly not open in the same sense as the presidencies of India, the tribes of Africa, and the islands of the Pacific. It is not open, as the three continents were to the first missionaries of the cross. But it is not shut. It never was shut entirely. It never can be 'hermetically sealed.' 'He who hath the keys of David,' set before his church an open door, which no man can shut,' into all nations, when he commanded her to preach the gospel unto all nations. The Emperors of China have, indeed, tried to shut it, and declared it shut; and we, alas! have believed it to be so. They never believed their own pretences! They never could have believed them, except during the pauses of Asiatic enterprise and ambition. Protestants alone have been weak enough to believe Chinese pretences! The Bhuddists of the first century found the door open enough for their idolatry; and the Nestorians of the seventh century, for their heresy; and the Mahometans of the eighth century for their Koran; and the Papists of the thirteenth century, for their Mass. Thus, whenever "*Invenism viam aut faciam*," has been the maxim of any sect or system, they have scaled the imperial wall, and penetrated far enough into the celestial empire, to prove that neither were impassable. It was not, indeed, for such missions that Christ opened or kept open the door of China: but he permitted them to enter in succession, in order to prove to his own church, that no man could shut any door, which 'the keys of the House of David' had once opened.

"Ignorance has been one great cause of our apathy hitherto. Accordingly, at the times of this ignorance God has winked. But now the darkness is past! Gutzlaff has proclaimed to Europe and America, that 'no country in Asia, ruled by native princes, is so easy of access' as China. 'The people fairly robbed me of my books.' 'I intend to make a voyage through the whole of central China, up to Thibet and Bengal; a matter as practicable as a voyage from Rhio to Batavia.' Well might one of the missionaries (Medhurst) say, 'If we had known this twenty years ago, how many fruitless experiments and useless expenditures might have been spared; for, instead of spending strength and resources in small contracted spheres in the Malayan Archipelago, amongst a few thousand emigrants, we might have gone directly to China, and traveled through the length and breadth of the land, distributing the Word of Life, and proclaiming spiritual freedom to millions. But, even now, it is not too late to retrieve what has been lost, if labourers abroad, and the churches at home, awake to a sense of their duty.'

"America has begun the work. She remembers that the Jesuits sent the very flower of their army to conquer China for the Pope; and she is pledging the flower of her 'noble army' of missionaries to attempt its conquest for Christ. Two of them are already in the field. And what is their opinion of the enterprise? They frankly confess it is perilous; that they have no security from the government for safety or continuance; that they may even peril the lives of the natives by trying to convert them, and thus be themselves 'stigmatised as murderers.' Thus they weigh consequences: but they add, 'The experiment will be made.' This view of the case is not at variance with Gutzlaff's. They write, be it remembered, under the meridian of Canton—where the laws are most rigid, and the police strong; whereas Gutzlaff speaks of central China and the principal northern parts; and there the empire is as open to missionaries as to merchants. Will, then, the former be less enterprising than the latter? 'God forbid; and let all the people say, Amen.'"

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"It was not thus that the primitive church viewed the Roman emperors. She cared nothing for their opinions or their power, when these stood between her and her duty to Christ. She took Domitian into account, just as she did the devil; only that she might take effectual measures to defeat both his strength and stratagem. She kept her protests and prophecies against idolatry ringing throughout the empire, just in proportion to Cæsar's wrath against Christianity. She could not tame him, but she made him feel that he could not silence nor intimidate her. He could not so entrench himself in power or pleasure, as to shut out the sound of that challenge which she gave to the gods of Rome. It kept both the camp and the cabinet of Cæsar sleepless. He was not allowed to imagine for a moment that his eagles or his edicts had frightened the church. She had more mercy on the soul of Cæsar himself, as well as on the world, than to act any part which could lead him to flatter himself with the hopes of her extinction.

"Not thus has the Emperor of China been treated! He is left, if not led, to suppose that Christ is afraid of Confucius, and that Christendom has no object but commerce or conquest. Church of the living God! undeceive him at once. You have made him a dreamer by your cowardice; break his dreams by your courage. The weapons of your warfare can soon do this; for they 'are not carnal, but spiritual.' He does not understand moral power, and therefore he knows not how to resist it. Thunder without artillery, and attack without arms, would confound his policy. He has nothing but brute force to bring forward against Christian zeal. His philosophers have no genius, and his priests no fascination, and his creed no charms. No emperor, with whom Christianity ever grappled, had so little moral power. He wields his empire by custom, not by motives; by system, not by sympathy or sentiment. He has thus to hold upon the hopes or fears which

'Wander through eternity.'

And through it they do wander. Even the dream of a terrestrial immortality haunts the people, notwithstanding all their fruitless experiments to discover the elixir of life. Shall such a people be left without 'the water of life?' God forbid!"*—*Open China*, pp. 10—16.

One of the greatest impediments to the entrance and progress of protestant missionaries in the Chinese dominions has, in time past, been the influence of the Romish priests. "It is difficult to determine," Mr. Abeel remarks, "to what extent the forces of catholicism have been weakened in China."

"Since the general expulsion of the European priests, numbers have ventured, and are continually venturing, into the interior, although they have generally been conveyed to their charge in a clandestine manner. Some have been sent from Macao to Pekin, to supply the board of mathematicians; but the emperor's request, and their avowed object in compliance, were equally distinct from all ecclesiastical interference. Very recently, one of them was transferred from Pekin to Canton with con-

* We are happy to learn that, under the influence of these considerations, a society has been formed in the metropolis for the promotion of *female education* in China, India, and the East; auxiliary to the efforts of the missionary societies in Eastern Asia. The Duchess of Beaufort has allowed her name to stand as president of the society, which reflects much honour upon the ladies who have originated it.

iderable pomp, and with the intention of returning to Europe. It was said by many, to be a plan of the emperor to get him respectably out of the country; others maintain that he requested permission to visit his aged mother before her death. However this may be, I am informed that at present, there is but one catholic priest employed in the emperor's service; and for the last twenty years no others have been invited.

"The following estimate of the catholic forces was obtained from one of their more credible priests by a professed friend of both of us. Connected with the French mission, are two bishops, four or five European missionaries, thirty native missionaries, and 51,000 converts. Portuguese mission: one bishop, one European missionary, twenty-nine native missionaries, and 80,000 converts. At Macao, they have two seminaries, eight European missionaries, and 1,000 converts. Italian mission: four European missionaries, 30,000 converts. Spanish mission: one bishop, two European missionaries, and 35,000 converts."

This will give a total of four bishops, eighteen European missionaries, fifty-nine native missionaries, and 197,000 converts. The results, inconsiderable as they are, ought to provoke protestant Christians to emulation. The *numerical* success of British missionary labours has hitherto been small; yet, Leang Afa, and his nine or ten associates, who "with one heart and united minds continue to serve the Lord and practise his holy doctrines of the gospel," present to the eye of enlightened faith, a more unequivocal testimony to the power of the truth, and a more encouraging earnest of the future triumphs of the cross, than the two hundred thousand converts to popery. Mr. Abeel had the gratification of meeting this "first fruits" of China at the rooms of the late Dr. Morrison, whose lamented decease was, for the time, cast such a gloom over the prospects of the mission. He describes Leang Afa as evidently possessing, with the zeal of an apostle, the spirit of a martyr. "The feelings he expressed, in welcoming missionaries to his benighted country, were awakened in us at the sight of one in whom appeared so distinctly the image of the Saviour."

The first six chapters of the present volume describe the author's voyage to China, and his visit to Macao and Canton. He thence proceeded to Java. At Batavia, Mr. A. had some conversation with a number of Cochin-Chinese converts to the Romish faith.

"It was conducted partly in French, a limited knowledge of which they had acquired from the catholic priests in their country; partly in Malay, picked up in trading; and partly by means of the Chinese written character. They professed the catholic religion, and evinced a degree of caution and bigotry which had, no doubt, been inspired by calculating leaders. To employ their own expression, there were *thousands upon thousands* of catholics in the country, and priests from France, Portugal, Bengal, and America. They spoke of convents belonging to different orders of monks. It was quite evident from their questions and remarks, that they had been apprised of the exertions of protestants, and prepared for a probable encounter.

"A tract was presented, containing nothing obnoxious to catholicism, but their imagination soon furnished it with the most pernicious doctrines; and though they did not read a single page, they were perfectly aware of its soul-destroying contents. Their principal objections to the religion of the Dutch and English were, the want of celibacy among the priests, and of auricular confession among the people. They spoke of the instruction they had derived from catechisms; such as the frequent worship of *la très sainte Vierge;* but, upon being asked if they had read the Bible, replied in Chinese, it was forbidden, disapproved; adding in French, It is contraband. One of them enquired of M. how many disciples he had. The indirect reply often was, that he deemed something beyond the mere profession indispensable to true religion, and consequently never included in such an estimate those who were not sincere. 'Ah,' said the shrewd enquirer, 'the fault is in your doctrines; if they were true, there would be no lack of genuine disciples.' He was asked what he considered true doctrine. 'Oh,' said he, ironically, 'your books are full of it.' 'But you know nothing of the contents of our books, and how are you qualified to condemn them?' 'I have no time,' said he, 'to prattle any longer with you;' and waited only long enough to hear that the truth was of sufficient importance to demand his time, and that a good man ought to make it a matter of the most diligent enquiry.

"This, then, is the effect of Romanism, falsely termed Christianity; and this the barrier it erects against the pure doctrines of the cross. If the word of these men can be relied on, how widely prevalent must be its errors, and anti-Christian its influence in Cochin China!"

In a note, Mr. Abeel states, that he subsequently learned, that ten Romish missionaries (six European and four native) had arrived at Batavia on their way to Cochin China. According to their statement, there are 300,000 catholics in Cochin China and Tong-king. "According to the authority upon which is given the number of catholics in China, there are in Tong-king and Cochin China, four bishops, fifteen European missionaries, upwards of one hundred native missionaries, and more than 400,000 converts. More than three-fourths of this number are in Tong-king." Recent advices from these parts refer to internal disorders, in which the Christians are implicated; and a severe persecution is stated to have been raging against them. There can be no doubt that political causes, and possibly the misguided zeal and ambition of the Romish priests, have had more to do with such disturbances, than religious animosities.

From Java Mr. Abeel proceeded to Singapore, and thence to Siam, where he spent some months, which were devoted to the study of the Chinese and Siamese languages. The following extracts from the journal kept during his residence at Bangkok, will be read with deep interest.

"An event occurred to-day, which we earnestly pray may be repeated, until the whole kingdom is converted to Christ. A priest of a very respectable appearance and train, sent a messenger before him, to inform us that he had read our book with approbation, and being unable to comprehend some of its doctrines, would be happy to receive from our lips a solution of its difficulties. He waited a short distance from the house, until the messenger returned to him with a favourable answer. He remained a long time, and plied us with such questions as convinced us that he had thought deeply on the subjects. The Saviour of sinners was the burden of his enquiries —who He was—what was the distinction between Him and the Father—whether His love extended to men of all nations—how He expiated the sins of the guilty—and whether God the Father bore an equal affection to the world. He was particular in enquiring about the nature of sin, the process by which the heart could be sanctified,

and the manner of divine worship. Many points of minor importance were proposed, and a number of their own opinions submitted to the test of our faith. Such was the earnestness of the man, that when he thought his questions not perfectly understood, he would turn to a China youth in his train, and beg him to put the enquiry in Chinese. It afforded a good opportunity for preaching the gospel, to apparent advantage, and many most important ideas were suggested to his enquiring mind.

"Sept. 10th. Three priests of distinction spent part of the evening with us. Probably with the fears, though evidently not the object of Nicodemus, they came "by night." They had been before, and greatly interested us by their mild and friendly demeanour. Of Jesus and his religion, they always speak with approbation, though we fear not always with sincerity. It is delightful that his blessed name, and some knowledge of his character and offices, are becoming familiar to these deluded men. It is by no means uncommon for us to be saluted by the title of disciples of Jesus—often with an encomium upon the gracious Being whom we serve. The folly and consequences of idol worship were pointed plainly out to-night, and the unpublished Scripture, containing the sermon on the mount, given to one of them to read aloud.

"That their own religion sits lightly upon many of them is evident, from numerous facts. Some of them do not hesitate to eat, and even to ask us for, articles strictly prohibited in their laws. Though not allowed to partake of any thing after the mid-day meal, two of our visiters had infringed the rules before, and were waiting to-night only for the assent of their superior. Since our arrival, the priests have constituted a large proportion of our visiters. Hundreds, probably thousands, have applied for books and medicines, and not a few of them have become very sociable, and frequently spend part of the day or evening with us. They express not the least aversion to the dissemination of a faith which they might know is both opposite and destructive to their own. Many of them, there is every reason to believe, care nothing about their own religion, and know as little about ours. Not expecting to remain in these monasteries beyond their term of pupilage, they appear to feel themselves quite as much at liberty to gratify their curiosity, as to sacrifice it to an object in which they have no permanent interest. Selected from all classes of society, and destined to fill all stations in public life—having abundant leisure to read, and seemingly desirous to learn the contents of our little volume—we should be callous indeed, if our hearts did not often move with sorrow for their blindness, and prompt the most fervent intercessions on their behalf.

"Our most frequent visiter was introduced to us by a note from Gutzlaff, in which he is recommended as 'a friend of truth, thoroughly versed in the doctrines of Buddhism, humble and docile, a chaplain to his majesty.' He is far above the standard of his countrymen, and one of the finest models of unchristianised men we ever saw. He evinces nothing of the idle curiosity of his countrymen; but is fond of science, and particularly anxious to learn the habits, languages, and religions of other nations. He comes often for instruction, and proves himself an assiduous and apt scholar. There is something more than ordinarily engaging in his countenance and deportment, and the knowledge he has acquired of Christianity, and the apparent candour with which he speaks of the gracious Redeemer, render tenfold more deplorable his remaining darkness, and controlling fears. At his first visit, we gave him the manuscript life of Jesus, which he read; since that he has taken different parts of the unpublished Gospels for perusal."

Mr. Abeel, after returning to Singapore, paid a second visit to Bangkok; previously to his embarking, May 25, 1833, for England. Some useful information may be gleaned from his notices of Siam, Cambodju, and the islands of the Indian Archipelago, but we meet with nothing in this part of the volume that will be very new to English readers who are already in possession of Mr. Gutzlaff's journal, Mr. Tomlin's modest little publication, Bennet and Tyerman's Missionary Voyage, and other works, reviewed in our pages.

From the London Athenæum

Excursions in the Mediterranean. By Major Sir Grenville T. Temple, Bart. 2 vols. London: Saunders & Otley.

There are few countries so rich in historical associations as northwestern Africa; there is none in which the traces of former greatness have been so completely obliterated. There is scarcely a plain, mountain, river, bay, or cape, that does not recall the memory of nations once powerful and gallant: Africans, Carthaginians, Greeks, and Romans—Goths, Vandals, Byzantines—Arabs, Spaniards, and Turks; but now, to use the words of Fletcher—

Hardly the place of such antiquity
Or note of these great monarchies we find;
Only a fading verbal memory,
And empty name in writ is left behind:
But when this second life and glory fades,
And sinks at length in time's obscurer shades,
A second fall succeeds, and double death invades.

The Christian views this country with still more painful feelings. In the fifth century there were a hundred and thirty-two episcopal sees in the proconsular province alone; nearly four hundred bishops attended the council of Carthage; but now, ages have elapsed since a Christian community existed in Barbary. Nor are these regions destitute of modern interest! France, since the conquest of Algiers, has been engaged in the great experiment of reviving the ancient agriculture and commercial eminence of northern Africa, and, independent of all political consideration, we cannot avoid watching the result with anxious interest.

Sir Grenville Temple visited the regencies of Algiers and Tripoli without any design of "making a book;" it was only since his return that he has been induced to transcribe and arrange his daily journal; there is, consequently, a want of order and consistency in the volumes. subjects of little interest occupy disproportionate space, others of great moment are only slightly glanced at, or wholly neglected. Our quotations, consequently, must be as miscellaneous as the work itself. We shall begin with the French at Algiers, who are, it appears, anxious to make it resemble Paris.

"About half way between the two gates the French have lately cleared away an extensive space of ground, which is called Place du Gouvernement, and which is to be faced with public offices and other edifices, built according to European models: the erection of a church and of a theatre has already been ordered. . . . The principal mosque was pulled down by the French to make room for the new square, and another in the Rue du Divan was shortly to be consecrated to Christian worship. All the houses are numbered, and the streets

ave received names, the medley of which is curious, or we read, Rue Annibal, Orléans, Sophonisba, du Chat, Belisaire, Trois Couleurs, Barbarossa, Sidney Smith, Numides, la Charte, Lotophagus, Etat-Major, &c. *

"Algiers is daily assuming a more European aspect; hats are nearly as often seen as turbans, cigars have replaced the long pipes, and the Moorish bazaars give way to the glazed windows of French shops. Upwards of fifty merchants have established counting-houses, and a considerable number of tradesmen and mechanics, including, of course, a full proportion of modistes, couturières, and perruquiers, are thickly scattered about. Eleven grand cafés with billiard-tables, four grand hotels (which are, however, execrable), three restaurateurs, one hundred eating-houses, two *cabinets littéraires*, one circus, a cosmorama, &c. have already been established, and omnibuses were shortly to ply from the Bab Azoon to Mustafa Pasha, and from Bab el haout to the bey's country villa."

The army of occupation is composed of rather discordant materials:—

"Among the corps which compose the French army of occupation in Africa, I particularly remarked the Zouaves regiment, formed of the followers of Muhammed's religion, but serving under the banner of the cross. This phenomenon, though existing, as we all know, in the vast regions of our Asiatic possessions, I certainly never expected to have seen repeated by the fanatic tribes of the Mauritanian shores; such, however, was the case, and from all accounts I received, these men were as subordinate and faithful to their new masters as the sons of France themselves. * * * * *

"There is also a corps called *la légion de Paris*, composed originally of the scum and refuse of the population of the French capital, whose irregular and insubordinate conduct soon gained for them, from the troops of the line, the *soubriquet* of *Bedouins de Paris;* it is, however, but justice to add, that before the enemy they have always rivaled in bravery the best and oldest corps of the line. In addition to this is a *Légion Etrangère*, composed of the most heterogeneous materials, collected from all nations."

Such soldiers cannot be expected to be very orderly in their conduct; and, accordingly, we find a large portion of the *Moniteur Algerien* occupied by the sentences of courts martial, in which severe punishments are inflicted for crimes of violence and fraud, the former, as might be supposed, being the more frequent.

The Algerines were not destitute of naval heroes; our author mentions one, whose exploits deserve to be recorded.

"Hammooda Rais, a native of the wild regions of the Atlas, who entered the navy of his country at the age of seventeen, and greatly distinguishing himself by his talents and intrepidity, was in a few years raised to the command of a frigate. In 1801 he carried, by boarding, a Portuguese frigate, of much superior force to his own, and which had been purposely fitted out and equipped to capture him. In 1810 we find him an admiral, in command of three frigates, cruising off the rock of Lisbon. The Portuguese, who had then a large force stationed in the roads of Gibraltar, detached from it one ship of the line and three frigates to intercept him. The Algerine passed by the bay of Gibraltar under easy sail, and when he saw the Portuguese, hove to off Europa Point, in order to offer battle to his enemy. On this, one of the Portuguese ships (commanded by an Englishman) bore down upon him and poured in a broadside, but was immediately recalled by his admiral. After watching each other for some time, the Portuguese squadron again anchored in Gibraltar roads, and the Algerine continued his course, and performed a very successful cruise in the Mediterranean. The Portuguese admiral was tried, and, not only honourably acquitted, but also highly complimented for the bravery he had displayed in *looking* at the foe. During the war between Tunis and Algiers, Hammooda greatly distinguished himself, and in 1811 captured a Tuniseen frigate of thirty-two guns, having on board their admiral. He however assumed no credit to himself for this victory, as other parts of his squadron were at this time in sight. After having become the terror of the Mediterranean, he in 1815 fell in with the Guerriere, a frigate of the United States, with which nation the Algerines were then at war, and immediately determined to defend his ship in such a manner as to justify the reputation he had acquired. His frigate was taken, but his feelings were spared the mortification of his giving up his sword, for he was killed before she surrendered, dying, as he had lived, without ever having struck his flag to an enemy."

A more extraordinary personage is Yusuf, now a colonel in the French service, whose gallant capture of Bona is probably remembered by most of our readers. We must quote some account of his history:—

"Yusuf is by birth a Frenchman, his name Louis Tesser, and his father was intendant of Napoleon's police at Elba. Young Louis having run away from school at Leghorn, was with one of his comrades in a café, when being invited by some Tuniseens, who were there at the time, to visit their ship, they repaired on board, and whilst employed in eating sweetmeats below, the vessel put to sea. Landed at Tunis, he became the property of the bey, and received the regular education of a Mamlook. The military exercises, the beautiful horses, the splendid arms and dresses, all pleased him so much, that he felt no desire to return to France.

"An intrigue he had with one of the bey's harem obliged him to fly, after having narrowly escaped death, for which purpose he was obliged to remain shut up three hours in a large hall-clock. He was received on board a French man-of-war, and went to Algiers, where he entered the French service, and distinguished himself at the battle of Mahdia. He returned on a mission to Tunis, but under the protection of the French flag, and it was on his way back to Algiers that he seized upon Bona."

Yusuf showed every possible kindness to the English travellers, and was particularly attentive to the ladies of the party. He commands a corps of native cavalry, which he has rendered the most effective in the French army of occupation, by judiciously introducing no more of European discipline than was consistent with the habits of the Arabs and Moors.

From the regency of Algiers we proceed to that of Tunis. The traces of the ancient harbours of Carthage may still be found, but the large marsh in the neighbourhood of that city has been changed into a lake by a violent storm in 1831, and seems capable of being formed into a better naval station than any that the Carthaginians possessed. The mode of fishing on this lake is somewhat strange:—"A floating platform is towed astern of a boat, which rows about in different directions; the fish follow, and, in their gambols, jump upon it, and are caught by a boy, placed there with a bucket ready to receive them."

To those who remember the enthusiasm with

which Chateaubriand speaks of every thing connected with antiquity, in his very entertaining and somewhat conceited travels, the following anecdotes will appear extraordinary.

"M. Chateaubriand does not, however, from his own account, seem to have felt sufficient interest in the ruins of Carthage, to pay them much attention. He landed at Tunis in 1807, and remained there six weeks, during which time he never quitted the house of M. Devoise, the French consul. When the time of his departure arrived, he went to the Goletta, for the purpose of embarking; but the vessel having been detained one day longer, he was induced by M. Humberg, a Dutch engineer officer, to visit the *locale* of Carthage, where he is said to have remained even more than half an hour. This *insouciance* on his part becomes, however, less surprising, from his former acknowledgment, that though residing some days at Kahira, he had never visited the pyramids, though this did not prevent his name being carved upon their summit. 'Je chargeai M. Caffe,' he says, 'd'écrire mon nom sur ces grands tombeaux, selon l'usage, à la première occasion: l'on doit remplir tous les petits devoirs d'un pieux voyageur.'"

Immediately after their arrival at Tunis our travellers were introduced to the bey, who received them with great kindness. He appears to be a wise and humane governor, but his probable successor is directly the reverse. On the invitation of the bey, Lady Temple and her sisters paid a visit to the ladies of the harem; as ladies are the best judges of each other, we shall extract her ladyship's account of this sanctuary, and its principal inmates.

"We were received at the entrance of the palace by Giuseppino Raffo, the bey's Bash Kasak, who, leading us up a short staircase, consigned us over to the charge of a Christian woman, who, addressing us in Italian, conducted us to a door, where stood her highness, the Lillah Kebirah, ready to receive us. She took me by the hand, and not speaking any other language but Arabic herself, addressed a great many compliments to us, through the Christian woman, who was a Tuscan, and served as interpreter. We passed through a *patio*, paved with white marble, covered in with a silk awning, and surrounded by arcades, in their turn supported by fluted pillars, likewise of white marble. In each corner was a beautiful vase-shaped fountain to cool the air in this delightful spot, than which nothing could look more truly oriental, and carrying one in imagination completely into those enchanting scenes described in the Arabian Nights. Under the arcades were seated a number of fat, unwieldy creatures, talking furiously, and looking most attentively at us. No etiquette seemed to reign amongst them, for, on the Lillah's approach, they none of them rose, but retained their half-reclining posture, with the exception of those blacks, who, from their meaner dress, I imagine were very subordinate slaves, and who, as she passed, came up and kissed the palm and back of her hand. Her dress was rich, and, though shapeless, I thought not ugly: indeed they are right in covering themselves with this loose sort of robe; for the immense size to which they all attain, from the constant use of the bath, wearing no stays, and taking no exercise, would be quite disgusting, unless concealed by their dress."

A table of perfumed cakes and sweetmeats was provided for the guests; and during their repast, a little incident occurred, which shows the Moorish women to have strong motherly feeling.

"The Lillah asked if I had no children, and on hearing that I had a little boy, enquired why I had not brought him, and seemed really sorry; all the Moors, both male and female, being very fond of children. When we had finished our luscious repast, she ordered all the remaining cakes to be put into a basket, and desired that I would take them for my child. She had her own little boy of about two years old in her arms; he was a miserable, sickly-looking child, and by his embroidered dress made to appear still more so; he wore a shasheah tight to the head, with an enameled chain wound about it, and chains and amulets hung round his neck."

The amusements of these secluded ladies are very limited.

"On going down the stairs, which are all paved with glazed tiles, as in all Moorish houses, we went across a little square garden into a large vaulted gallery, delightfully cool, with a fountain playing in the centre, full of gold fish. Here, the interpreters told me, the ladies come to amuse themselves in summer by looking at the fish. What a delightful, intellectual amusement! but the poor creatures are allowed no other, and it is a very mistaken notion that they all despise us for going out for amusement, and that they think themselves much happier for being always obliged to stay at home. Indeed, I am sure they envy Christian women very much in that respect, notwithstanding what many affirm, that they do not wish for more liberty; for I never spoke to a Turkish or a Moorish woman, the bey's wife included, who did not say with a sigh that she longed to go out with freedom."

The tournaments exhibited by the Arabs on marriage festivals, recall the memory of the days of European chivalry; we can scarcely imagine a more animating spectacle.

"The tournament field is oblong, and bordered by rows of spectators, who form its boundaries by sitting cross-legged round the open space. The best riders of the tribe, mounted on the most active horses, are then introduced into the arena, the men being clothed with as much splendour as their means will permit them, while the chargers are covered with large silk housings of different colours, reaching to the ground, and resembling those of ancient knights, as represented in Froissart. Some of the Arabs then commence making their horses dance to the sound of drums and trumpets, whilst men on foot occasionally rush forward and discharge their muskets close to the horses' ears. Others dash forward at full speed along the line of seated spectators, as close to their feet as they possibly can, without actually trampling upon them: and every now and then suddenly throwing their horses on their haunches, spin them round on their hind legs, and resume in the opposite direction their wild career. It is a nervous sight to behold, for you momentarily expect to see some person or child crushed beneath the horses' hoofs; but no accident ever happens, and men, women, and children, maintain their seats with the greatest calmness and feeling of security, saluting any well-executed point of horsemanship with loud and exulting shouts of approbation, whilst the women accompany them with the usual but indescribable cries of the quick-repeated lu-lu-lu-lu; in return for which they are covered with clouds of sand and dust, which the impetuous coursers throw up behind them. Three or four others, dashing their sharp stirrups into the flanks of their impatient steeds, rush madly along the length of the arena, shouting forth their *tekbir*, or war-cries, and whirling round their heads the long and silver-adorned Arab guns, which they discharge at the spectators when they have reached the farthest extremity of the lists. Others engage with swords soldiers on foot, galloping round their adversaries in incredibly small circles, twisting their horses suddenly round, and then circling to the

other hand; and I know not which most to admire, the activity and suppleness of the rider or of his horse. Others, whilst at full speed, will lean over, and without in the least reducing their pace, pick up from the ground a piastre or any other equally small object, thrown down for the purpose. These sports form on the whole one of the gayest and most animated scenes I ever beheld, increased as it is by the waving of many silken sanjaks of the brightest colours, by the music, the report of fire-arms, the war-cries of the performers, and the shouts of the spectators."

The Tuniseens have been always gallant sailors; a recent proof of their valour occurred not many years ago, and there is sad evidence in the account of it, given by our author, that the Christians had not always a right to reproach the Barbary States with cruelty.

"A small schooner of ten guns, belonging to the kiayah of the Goletta, was cruising off Civita Vecchia, when she fell in with two papal frigates, one mounting thirty-six guns, and the other twenty-eight; against these she maintained a gallant action, which only ceased, after seven hours and a half fighting, by her going down with her colours still flying; the surviving part of her crew were picked up by the enemy and made slaves, being obliged to work in chains for three years upon the fortifications and arsenals of Civita Vecchia—and this in a country governed by the Father of the Christian religion, and who, in common with all other European nations, has lavished on the Barbary powers the deepest curses and abuses for thus treating their prisoners."

The memory of another example of Christian intolerance is singularly preserved in the ruinous city of Ghar-el-Milah.

"Many of the families at Ghar-el-Milah are descendants from the Spanish Moors; and though none of them have retained any portion of the language of Spain, yet many still possess the keys of their houses in Granada and other towns."

Sir Grenville Temple undertook an excursion through the interior of the Tuniseen regency, and, in general, had reason to be pleased with the treatment he received. At the very outset he had proof that the character of the Moors is not quite so dishonest as it is usually described.

"On our arrival at Nabel, we rode up to the sheik's house, but found it shut, and the owner absent. Asking a man who was passing, if he knew where the chief was, he answered that he did not, but could find the key of his house—saying which, he introduced his hand into a hole and drawing it out, gave it up to us, by means of which we immediately took possession of the interior. I am afraid it would prove rather a dangerous experiment were we to impart to our neighbours in England the secret of where the house key is concealed."

It had been represented to our author, that he would encounter great danger in visiting Keerwan, the very centre of Mohammedan bigotry in Africa; he persevered, however, and escaped both injury and insult. His safety, probably, was owing to the protection of the kaeed or governor, whose administration of justice is equally prompt and severe. An anecdote related of this functionary, will show that he is not very scrupulous in the punishment of delinquents:—

"During the reign of Hammooda Basha, the kaeed, who, according to custom, had made his rounds, and had ascertained from different travellers what they had paid for their provisions, found that one of them had purchased a certain quantity of bread, which was found deficient in weight when placed in the kaeed's scales. The party proceeded to the baker's whose scales gave correctly the weight at which he had sold the bread; on this the kaeed had them broken, when they were found to contain a quantity of quicksilver in a hollow tube, which could thus be made to throw its balance on either side. The baker's oven happened at the moment to be properly heated, and the kaeed, without any farther trial, ordered the culprit to be immediately thrown into it. Hammooda having heard of this, remonstrated with the kaeed on his precipitancy, when he answered, 'I have done great good—bakers will in future deem it preferable to heat their ovens for bread of a proper weight, than to bake themselves, of whatever weight they may chance to be.'"

The flat coasts of Tunis seem to have gained upon the sea; they abound in fish, but if any credit is due to the anecdote related by our author, they must be very dangerous to fishermen and bathers.

"In these shallow waters are caught great quantities of fish, by forming curved lines or pallisades some way out to sea, with palm branches; by which the fish which come up with the high water, are retained when it recedes. The horrid polypus, which is, however, greedily eaten, abounds, and some are of an enormous size; they prove at times highly dangerous to bathers. An instance of this occurred two years since; a Sardinian captain bathing at Jerbeh, felt one of his feet in the grasp of one of these animals: on this, with his other foot he tried to disengage himself, but the limb was immediately seized by another of the monster's arms: he then with his hands endeavoured to free himself, but these also in succession were firmly grasped by the polypus, and the poor man was shortly after found drowned, with all his limbs strongly bound together by the arms and legs of the fish; and it is extraordinary that where this happened, the water was scarcely four feet in depth."

The success of Sir Grenville Temple will, probably, lead other travellers to explore this interesting country; it may be some inducement to them to know that Englishmen are more favoured than other Christians in the Barbary States, though the reasons of this preference are not very consistent with history or geography:—

"The learned men told me that they looked upon the English nearly in the light of Mussulmen, stating that Mohammed the prophet had sent to acquaint them with his announcement of the true faith, and to request them to range themselves in the number of his disciples. The English answered that they felt deeply the truth of his religion, but that previous to openly adopting it, they requested explanations upon one or two trifling points, chiefly regarding the abolition of wine; unfortunately, however, before this letter reached Mekkah, the prophet had been taken up to the seventh heaven. Had his death been for a short time delayed, he would have explained any little difficulties, and we should have been faithful followers of the tenets of Mohammedanism. They also told me that England was the nearest country to Tunis, and that the Moors and English were, and always had been, the greatest friends."

We have omitted Sir Grenville Temple's antiquarian researches, though they are generally interesting, especially the identification of the places described by Virgil in the first and fourth Æneid; but they yield in importance to the character of the living inhabitants of a country that now occupies an important place in the general politics of Europe.

From the Monthly Review.

Nimrod's Hunting Tours, including Notices of the Principal Crack Riders of England; to which are added Nimrod's Letters on Riding to Hounds. London. M. A. Pittman. 1835.

England is the country for fox-hunting. This sport has affected the character of its aristocracy, as truly as Oxford or Cambridge education has done. We cannot think for a moment of an old English gentleman, without seeing him, by the mind's eye, at times booted for the chase, just as certainly as we conceive of him at the head of his hospitable board, or maintaining the high bearing of the descendant of a long line of illustrious ancestors. If we could suppose that the day ever should arrive when the love of rural sports shall diminish, or be in disrepute amongst us, we may be sure that the destruction of that fresh nobility of spirit, which has hitherto obtained for the nation a peculiar renown, has been accomplished; and that no system of legislative enactments ever can neutralise the injury thus sustained. Every one feels that the management of the horse is the most manly pastime he can engage in. The animal is so docile, sagacious, noble, and beautiful, that there is a generous and exalting pride gratified in associating with him, and still more in cultivating a gentle mastery over his powers. In the chase, this mastery finds amplest scope. The excitement of the sport, the splendid courage of the horse, the strong influence of lovely nature, the fervour of life that is abroad, commingling and lending mutual aids, complete a glorious scene, that cannot but mould the human spirit to a kindred degree of rich and magnanimous emotions. But, not to be longer sentimental in an abstract sense, we turn to Nimrod's Hunting Tours, to give our readers a taste of its right good English healthful contents, the production of a mind as fresh and green as the verdant fields that garnish the island. The anecdotes, sayings, and doings of sporting men, interspersed throughout these pages, lend the narratives a living character, and a continuous flow of natural feeling, that finds its way insensibly to the bosom of the reader, and makes *riding to the hounds*, even by the fireside, a charming pastime.

Leicestershire is justly considered the first of the *crack* English counties for hunting. Its deep and rich soil is favourable for holding a scent: its enclosures are large, and its fences generally not insurmountable; and its gorse coverts numerous, but not too large, having been planted and arranged with a particular eye to the convenience of fox-hunting.

Many of our public men have been fearless and famous in the chase. Lord Sefton, for example, though a man of great weight, was for a time one of the most splendid Leicestershire riders to the hounds. He required the best and strongest horses, and gave the highest prices; from five to eight hundred pounds, being common sums in his hunting days for a hunter. We may be sure that such horses were magnificent animals. He had always three out each day for his riding. One of them was ridden close to him; the third was kept at a proper distance, going easily to himself, until an opportunity presented of getting up to his lordship, in case a fresh horse was required. It must have been a brilliant thing to see, when the chase furnished such men and *cattle* of mettle, *rasping* a fence, and the hounds in full cry. Sir Francis Burdett has been also celebrated for his nerve in the hunting field. We have heard, that it was comparatively late in life before he took to it, and that among his first appearances in the Leicestershire Hunt, he asked who was the best rider to the hounds in the field. On being informed that *Tom Smith* was esteemed to be such, he from that time made it his study to *keep up* with this renowned sportsman, and to rival him; nor was it long ere he was one of the best riders in that favourite county.

But it is well known that clergymen—even doctors of divinity—have loved the chase.

"A hunting parson, and a parson who hunts, should not be confounded together; they are as different as Paley's drunkard and the man who may sometimes be drunk. The following is a good anecdote on this subject. The circumstance that gave rise to it occurred to a brother of my own, also of the sacerdotal order, and who can ride well to hounds. Trotting over one day to call on a brother clergyman, mounted on a clever gray horse, and rather good about the boots and breeches, he saw his friend walking at some distance in his grounds, accompanied by another person. On cantering up to him, he found it was his diocesan. After looking him over for a minute or two, the bishop observed; '* * * * *, you put me in mind of a brother prelate of mine, who met one of his clergy in the road, not very canonically dressed (I don't allude to you, added his lordship), but mounted on a very fine black horse; on which he patted him on the neck, and said, you are a noble animal, and I wish your master was as clerically dressed as you are.' His lordship continued the joke by a second assurance that he did not allude to my brother, and asked him to return with him to his palace to dinner. He thanked him, but told him he was afraid even to dine with a bishop on a *Saturday*.

"Bishops, however, are men. A few years since I passed two days in the same house with one of them, and, owing to a sporting man or two besides myself being of the party, we talked so much about hunting, that his lordship was heard to declare, that he really believed, if he had remained a little longer at * * * * *, he should have become a fox-hunter, though he had never worn a pair of boots in his life.

"The best anecdote of a bishop and hunting is yet to come. It is well known, that (though before I was born) a certain high-bred dignitary of the church kept a pack of fox-hounds, and was one of the best sportsmen of his day. When, however, the mitre adorned his brow, the hounds were transferred to his noble brother, who continued them in great style, but the bishop did not attend them. Taking a ride, however, one day in a country in which he thought it *not unlikely* he might see something of them, he met the fox. The hounds were at fault; when, putting his finger under his wig, his lordship gave one of his beautiful view-halloos. 'Hark, halloo!' said one of the field. The huntsman listened, and the halloo was repeated. 'That will do,' said he, knowing his old master's voice; '*that's gospel* ——.'"—pp. 112, 113.

We have curtailed the last portion of the last sentence in this extract, thinking it highly profane, on such an occasion, even to copy the oath that therein is found. Very frequently do we detect, in this volume, the sacred words introduced, that we allude to, and that are meant, no doubt,

o give emphasis to the anecdotes to which they belong. We fully believe that the author has done nothing more than faithfully report the language used on these occasions; nor is it to be denied that sporting gentlemen are very apt to strengthen their oratory by such tremendous exclamations. The heat of the chase lends them an unwonted vehemence, and they mouth with marvellous hardihood the dreadest name. But it is not right, nor to be passed over without strong animadversion, that an author should, in this permanent form, violate the composure and satisfaction of every well regulated mind. If the profanity of the sportsman was appalling, that of the recorder of it, in the above spirit, is not less so; for the humour, or the ludicrous nature of the anecdote is what is sought to be heightened by the unwarrantable language. In Nimrod's account of his hunting tour in Yorkshire, there is a scriptural passage quoted, that is equally objectionable; to which alone we shall farther refer in adverting to the very blameable course frequently taken by him, in his attempt to lend spirit or attraction to his paragraphs. He has been speaking of a narrow escape which a Mr. Fenton made in a fall, and in accounting for the accident, uses these words—"The goddess of hunting, like other maids, is easily affronted, and when she knits her brow is of vindictive temper, sometimes requiring even human sacrifice. Mr. Fenton's costume was ill-suited to her court: he was attired in white Russian-duck trowsers and Wellington-boots, looking very unlike a fox-hunter in the end of November. As his cloth was *black*, he ought to have remembered the words of the text—'How camest thou hither, not having the wedding garment?'" This is most offensive, and with other similar violations of good taste, must be marked as a serious blemish to his otherwise rightly conceived passages and unaffected representations.

We have some good anecdotes connected with the Craven country. The Rev. Fulwar Fowle figures here. He was rector of Hungerford, and never failed being at his post in the hunting field, at the time that the author was with the hunt in that county. This reverend gentleman was also an active member of society, we are informed. In the time of our troubles, and when fox-hunting as well as every other valuable institution in the country was in danger, he stepped forward and got the command of a corps of Berks yeomanry. King George the Third said of him, that he was not only one of his best cavalry officers, but one of the best preachers, one of the best shots, and one of the best riders to hounds in his dominions.

"From the following anecdote of the reverend colonel, we may very fairly conclude that he would not have disgraced the martial order had he met with the enemy in the gate: He got a fall one day into a brook, by which he knocked out three of his teeth, and broke one of his legs. He was carried home and put to bed; but having a party that evening in his house, he had a glass of wine brought to him, and drank all their good healths and *success to fox-hunting*.

"The following circumstance, also for the honour of fox-hunting, ought not to be lost to the sporting world: A medical gentleman, by the name of Hemsted, residing near Newbury, ordered his gardener to set a trap for some vermin that infested his garden. As ill luck would have it, a fox was found in it in the morning with his leg broken. On being taken to the doctor, he exclaimed, 'Why did you not call me up in the night, that I might have set the leg?' He did set the leg, however, and the fox is quite recovered, and Mr. Ward told me he expected him at the kennel every day for the purpose of being turned out upon some earths."

"It is not my practice to introduce the ladies, but I must take leave to make mention of one here. A few years back, when the country was so depressed, and rents came in so slowly, Mr. Ward told his lady he feared he must give up his hounds. 'Oh, no!' said she, 'don't do so, the times perhaps may mend.' Going shortly after to his banker's, he found the sum of a thousand pounds placed to his credit by a 'Friend to Fox-hunting.' This friend to fox-hunting was Mrs. Ward, and the sum was paid out of her private purse. Hear this, ye married ladies, and do not forget the moral! If you wish to retain the affections of your husband, encourage, but do not thwart his favourite pursuits. Your beauty may fade in his eye; your charms may pall upon the sense; but such conduct as this can only be forgotten in the grave."—pp. 139—141.

The devotion of fox-hunters to their splendid sport, it may hence be conceived, is singularly engrossing.

Our Nimrod talks of his spending half of his life in a saddle, and of his being ever ready to look at a country, merely with a sportsman's eye, as a friend of his said on his road to Doncaster. "What a beautiful country," said one of his fellow-travellers. "Aye," said he, "'tis a pretty country enough; but how the devil do they ride over it?" He is as particular in giving the pedigree, character, and names of hounds and horses, as many men are when going back to dim antiquity in the history of their house.

From recollection we already spoke of Sir Francis Burdett as a hunter. The author says, that the enthusiastic baronet laughs at danger, and that no man rides harder over a country. "When dining one day," says he, "in a large party at Melton, I heard the following question asked by a gentleman who has been at the top of the tree in that country for eleven successive seasons:—'Has any man,' said he, 'seen Sir Francis refuse a fence which any other man rode at, or over?' The answer was in the negative. Another question was put. 'Have we not, all of us, seen Sir Francis Burdett frequently ride at fences which other hard-riding men have refused?' The answer was in the affirmative."

Nimrod tells us of Sir Tatton Sykes, among the great multitude of sportsmen here celebrated, and says, if asked to go a hundred miles to ride a race, he puts a clean shirt in his pocket, his racing jacket under his waistcoat, a pair of overalls above his leathers, and jumping upon some thorough-bred tit, arrives there the next day by the time of starting; and when the race is over, canters his thorough-bred home again. The iron strength of constitution that is required for such feats, reminds one of the days of fabled hardihood. Lord Darlington (now the Duke of Cleveland), of course, comes in for a due share of notice. That nobleman's passion for fox-hunting is perhaps unrivaled; who, at the time of which the author speaks, had hunted his own hounds thirty-

six seasons; and not only hunted them, but going through all the drudgery of a huntsman, by constantly drafting and feeding them in the season, and paying the most minute attention to all the operations of the kennel.

The ruling passion, strong in *sickness*, is thus exemplified:—

"I cannot here let pass an anecdote of Dick the whipper-in, as it is so truly characteristic of *the ruling passion*, and also of the attachment men have to hounds, when cradled in a kennel. It so happened that we were all—and a pretty large party—seated at the breakfast table, when Lord Darlington made his appearance. Next to the usual enquiries after his lordship's health, the question was asked by two or three at once, 'Have you heard how Dick is?' 'I have been to his bed-side,' said Lord D.; 'he has had a restless night, nevertheless I hope he will do well; but he made me smile when he said *he had no doubt* but he should be able to go out with the hounds on Wednesday! He also enquired *after Lightning's eyes, and how Rufus and Mortimer had fed?*'"—pp. 381, 382.

Of the prevalence of any particular gratification over thought, word, or deed, the author gives an instance, when speaking of a keen sportsman, Mr. Thomas Shafto, who, when the oratorical powers of some of our leading senators became the topic of conversation, and, amongst others, Earl Grey's name was mentioned, observed, "A good speaker, but can't ride over Stanley pastures." It is not, however, the only instance in which the earl has found *Stanley* troublesome.

Nimrod, in what he says on *riding to hounds*, is particularly sensible and interesting. To experienced sportsmen, his *Tours* will, we have no doubt, be more acceptable, inasmuch as the variety of his facts, and the number of places which he has hunted over, combine almost all that is to be learned of the best grounds and best hunters in England. But to the tyro in the *chase*, we recommend the matter here added on *riding to the hounds*, although not appearing for the first time in this volume. Riding to hounds, we are informed, has, like many other things, undergone a revolution in the march of time. Some years back the best man was he who, after never being near the hounds for nineteen miles, it might be, came up to them at the twentieth, and got the brush. The best man now is he who goes through the best part of the run, even should he be "dead beat" at the last. It is thus now held better to be *up*, on a horse half beaten, than to be riding about the country asking the old question, "Did you see the hounds?" on a fresh one.

"The following anecdote is in point. A gentleman of large fortune, well known in Staffordshire, was out with the late Mr. Meynell when he hunted Leicestershire, and in those days was going 'with high and vent'rous sail.' Coming to a river which had much overflowed its banks, he pulled off his coat and waistcoat, and swam for a considerable distance. The first man who got round by a bridge was Lord Forester, who, getting on a line of them, asked a countryman whether he saw the hounds. 'Oh yes,' said the fellow, 'I seed 'em—but you will never see 'em no more; they have been gone this quarter of an hour.' 'Who was with them?' said his lordship. '*No one but the miller*,' was the reply, '*and he was riding most nation hard to be sure.*' This was Mr. G . . . . in his shirt."—p. 540.

On the excellent effects of exercise on horseback, the author must be allowed to be a good judge, considering, as he says, that when the weather has been open, his time has almost been divided between his saddle and his bed. For several years of his life he has had horses, with three different packs of hounds, choosing the best fixtures of the day for each, and that he never knew what it was to be fatigued, provided he lived temperately, and went to bed early. His rules on riding are manifestly excellent.

"As 'without a genius, learning soars in vain,' so is riding to the hounds like the inspiration of the muse. It must in some degree be born with a man, or he will never excel in it. He must possess judgment, temper, coolness, and courage; and even then, though these good properties may receive their birth with himself, yet they must be perfected by practice and observation. A madman or a coward are equally unfit for the business; but under any circumstances, as *Humphrey Clinker* observes, he must serve an apprenticeship to it. As far, however, as nature is concerned, the form of a man has a good deal to do with it; for it is impossible that any one with a round thigh and a large calf to his leg can have a perfect seat on his horse, and without a good seat he cannot have a good hand.

"The *hand* on a horse I take to proceed also from other causes. I conceive it to be intimately connected with the nervous functions of the digestive organs—and here again is the necessity for temperance and regular living in those who wish to excel in the field, more particularly enforced.

"The advantages of a fine hand on a horse are, no doubt, of the very highest importance in riding a race, but not more so than in riding over a country; and if a horse could speak, he would say, 'ride me with a fine hand and an easy bit.' A horse's ear is said to be in his mouth; and it is from the bit that he receives the wishes and instructions of his rider."—p. 546.

Lord Forester is named by the author as being remarkably graceful on his horse—strong and active—"A fine man upon a fine horse;" for he has always showed a master judgment in the points of his hunters. He has insisted on the necessity of lengthy shoulders, good fetlocks, well-formed hind legs, and open feet; knowing better than to confound strength with size, his horses seldom exceeded fifteen hands two inches. Such experienced skill as his lordship possesses in horse flesh must benefit the country essentially, in helping to establish and keep up a first-rate breed of that noble race of animals. It would appear, however, that he is apt to be sarcastic at the expense of "slow tops." Our readers may be curious to know what species of creatures are so designated. We quote the explanation. That man is one of this class who is so unfortunate as to appear by a covert's side within twenty miles of Melton Mowbray, under any of the following circumstances:—with a front to his bridle, or with a martingal, or a country-made saddle, or with nobs on his stirrups; with a saddle-cloth; in a straight-cut coat; in leather breeches or military spurs. It is deemed impossible that such a man can "do the thing." The pleasures and dangers of the

base are depicted by Nimrod with great felicity of style and circumstance. Take a specimen.

"Exclusive of brooks and timbers, there is another sort of fence that should be ridden at quickly, and that is, a bushy or 'blackbird' fence, as it is called, being a live white-thorn hedge, not plashed, but with a strong suspicion of a wide ditch on the other side, and 'no time allowed,' as the coachmen say, for looking at it. This is termed '*swishing at a rasper;*' and the only chance a man has of getting a horse to extend himself sufficiently over it all, and to 'come well into the next field,' is to put him three-parts-speed at it, and trust to the *momentum* for getting over it. It was precisely at a fence of this description that I witnessed the accident two years ago to Mr. Osbaldeston in Leicestershire. The horse he rode (Cervantes) was a particularly *high* leaper, but apt to drop short on the other side, which was the case in this instance, and where the *momentum* was more particularly rendered necessary.

"I never see the word '*momentum*' but it brings to my recollection an anecdote of an old friend of mine—a Fellow of a college, and a good fellow too—who was used to amuse me much by talking philosophically and mathematically on riding to hounds, the words *momentum*, *vis viva*, and *impetus*, being for ever on his tongue. With the nerves of a bull-dog, and no mean opinion of his prowess, he was in the habit of purchasing horses, which, from natural or acquired defects, had failed in making hunters in the hands of others. His idea was, that if nature had unfortunately intended such brutes to carry themselves in all forms but the right, that intention could be obviated by the means of mechanical force. To effect this, all sorts of trappings were resorted to; and it was really alarming to men with any nerves at all to see him sailing across a country with the *momentum*, *vis vivida*, and *impetus*, all in full operation, on horses with mouths like the heart of oak, but with their heads confined with a strong cavesson-martingal. On one occasion a most ridiculous accident occurred. This gentleman was out with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds in Oxfordshire, on a horse thus accoutred, when the cavesson he was riding in unfortunately gave way. As may be expected, having no further power over the brute, away went the philosopher, like a ship at sea without a rudder, and, as ill luck would have it, the *momentum*, the *vis vivida*, and the *impetus*, all formed their nucleus in the person of an unfortunate butcher on his pony, who was going quietly along a road; and the two riders and their horses were laid prostrate on the ground."—pp. 574—576.

We learn that though the breath was for a time knocked out of both, the butcher was the first to rally, when he rated the philosopher soundly. In giving some account of three sportsmen who were drowned all in one day while hunting, we have been struck with some of the author's observations in no ordinary degree, and think them highly valuable to all who ride much on horseback, particularly in rural parts, where bridges are not abundant, and streams numerous. Sportsmen especially are apt to feel that without danger there is no glory. One of the unfortunate men alluded to was the Rev. Marmaduke Theakston, who, in the ardour of the chase, was tempted to try crossing the river Tees at a ford near Worsall.

"On reading this calamitous account over again, I see much reason to suppose that the free use of the horse's head when in difficulty, and which I have already so much dwelt upon, was denied to him in this fatal instance; and to it, perhaps, may the melancholy catastrophe be attributed. 'His horse,' says the writer of the paragraph in the *Hull Advertiser*, 'a spirited and powerful animal, swam with him into the middle of the river, when *getting impatient, he reared, and threw his rider backward.*' Now there is every reason to believe, that had Mr. Theakston left the horse to himself, holding on by the mane, and only directing his course when necessary with the snaffle rein, he would have borne him in safety across the stream.

"I speak from practical observation on this subject. When at a watering place in Wales, I was in the habit of having my horse swum in the sea by a man who was in the constant practice of swimming them for a very trifling consideration. He was himself a very expert swimmer, and regularly attended the bathing machines. From this man I learnt, that there were only three things to be observed in swimming a horse—first, to give him free use of his head; secondly, to hold on by the mane; and lastly, taking the feet out of the stirrups, to lean the body obliquely forward as much as possible, which will cause the water to get under it and float it, and thereby diminish the weight of it on the horse. It was the opinion of this person, that a horse would swim nearly as far with a man on his back, who was thus expert at the management of him, as he would without him.

"When I was about eighteen years of age, I had a narrow escape from being drowned with Mr. Leech's hounds. The hounds crossed the river Dee—naturally a very rapid river, but then increased by the rains. Sir Watkin Wynn, who (as well as his two brothers) is like a duck in the water, went first, and was followed by about six out of the field. 'Half venturing, half shrinking,' I went a little way into the stream, and came back again. Seeing the hounds hitting off their fox on the other side, I made a second attempt; and being mounted on a mare of Sir Watkin's, called *Thetis*, and trusting to her *genii* to preserve me, I made a second attempt, and was carried down the stream amongst some huge stones. Not being able to swim, I gave myself up for lost; but the resolution of the mare, and my holding on by the mane, enabled her to regain the opposite bank, and I have never tried such an aquatic excursion since. A man may attempt the Hellespont for a woman; but, on cooler reflection, he is scarcely justified in running such risks of his life for a fox."—pp. 583—586.

It will be seen from the above passages, that Nimrod has produced a spirited and charming volume for the fireside; and, without a question, nothing short of an oracular authority for fox-hunting.

From the London Metropolitan.

SICILIAN FACTS.

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

The bridge over the Cantara, the Onobola of the Greeks, is called the Devil's Bridge. It derived this name, according to the peasants, from the following circumstance, which they relate with great gravity, and firmly believe. The stream, thus runs the tale, was so impetuous, that no architect could throw a bridge over it, the torrent invariably carrying it away before it could be completed. In this perplexity recourse was had to the devil, who is accounted an excellent workman; an angel acquainted him that if he would undertake to build one, the first that passed over it should become his prey. Ever on the watch to lay his claws on us poor mortals, the infernal mason soon terminated his task, and

sharpening his talons, sat down in expectation of his victim, when a dog crossed it. Enraged at being thus outwitted and disappointed, his Satanic majesty, stamping with his foot, struck out a stone; for a long time it was impossible to find another to fill up the gap, and the bridge consequently continued useless, until saint somebody, I have forgot his name, gave it his benediction, when the defect was immediately remedied, and the bridge rendered fit for its proper use.

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WEDDINGS OF THE LOWER CLASSES IN AUGUSTA AND MESSINA.

When in Augusta, a friend conducted me one evening to the wedding party of a couple of young peasants, who had that morning been riveted in the perdurable fetters of matrimony. We found the company assembled, and the usual ceremonies about to begin. At the upper end of the room, on two elevated chairs, sat in state the bride and bridegroom, exchanging sweet words and soft looks with each other. The girl could not be more than fifteen, whilst the husband scarcely appeared twenty. She was a good-looking, lively brunette, dressed in a tight rose-coloured satin bodice, profusely ornamented with ribands, with a striped silk petticoat tied up with a white bow as high as the knee, so as to discover another of cloth of very gay colours underneath; a handsome silk handkerchief covered her shoulders, her hair was carefully tied back with ribands, and fastened to a huge silver bodkin, called by the Sicilians *spatella*. The youth was arrayed in a jacket of blue velvet, with smallclothes of the same material, a red silk sash, and a waistcoat, on which dangled at least three dozen of large silver filigree buttons. In a short time the mother of the bridegroom came in with a basket, which she presented to every person in the room, who in turn put in a present prepared for the purpose, such as a riband, a pair of shoes, a comb, or a handkerchief; whilst some of the wealthier inhabitants of the town who honoured the fete with their presence, contributed a shawl, a ring, or a pair of earrings. We also had taken care not to come unprovided, so that the basket soon assumed a respectable appearance. Having received our oblations, the old lady carried them to the young couple, taking them out, one by one, and commenting on their respective beauty and value. This done, she retired with the offerings; but presently returned with a basket on each arm, one containing toasted ciceri, (chick peas,) the other comfits and sugar plums, and followed by a sturdy fellow, carrying an immense jar of wine, holding many bottles, with a glass, out of which we were all obliged to drink in succession, to the prosperity and happiness of the newly-married pair; a large handful of the ciceri, and a smaller of the comfits, having been previously distributed to, and devoured by, the guests. The company then fell to dancing with great spirit the farantella and other dances of the peasantry, during which the young couple took an opportunity of slipping away, and we followed their example, not a little diverted with the novelty and simplicity of the scene.

I was also present at a marriage between parties of the inferior orders in Messina. On returning home from church, the bride and bridegroom were saluted by a sharp shower of comfits, amongst which were nuts and almonds covered with sugar, from which I fancy the happy couple received some compliments they would rather have dispensed with.

Presents were made by the company to the bride, which were afterwards placed with her *dote*, or dowry, in the middle of the room, on a fine damask counterpane, for the inspection of her friends, the different articles, as is also the custom in Italy, having been previously appraised by a confidential person. All the male guests are expected, on these occasions, to sing a song in praise of the charms and accomplishments, however little deserved, of the bride. One of the songsters, when I was present, compared the beauty of the lady to that of *sirena di mare*, or mermaid, which was excessively appropriate, as her father happened to be a fisherman. They concluded the evening with dancing.

I was introduced to the mother and grandmother of the bride, both of them, it singularly happened, in a fair way of adding to their respective families; the latter told me she was forty-eight years of age, her daughter, by far the handsomest woman in the company, not excepting the bride, was about thirty-two; nor is this uncommon in Sicily, where girls are often wives at twelve, and not unfrequently mothers at thirteen.

There are certain districts in Sicily, where they cast handfuls of wheat on the newly-married couple, as an omen of fertility and abundance. Sometimes they give them honey to indicate the sweetness and concord with which their lives ought to be passed together. The custom of throwing nuts at nuptials is of great antiquity. Catullus, "in Epithalamio," says—

Da nuces pueris.

And Virgil—

Tibi ducitur uxor,
Sparge marite nuces, tibi deserit Hesperus Œtam.

—

SHORT COMMONS.

Two friends, rather out at the elbows, and very much in want of a dinner, who had not seen one another for a long time, happened to meet one day in the streets of Catania; delighted at the rencontre, they agreed to adjourn together to an eating-house. Upon enquiry into each other's circumstances they found they could just muster enough between them for a ragout and macaroni, with the ordinary accompaniments of bread and wine. When the tempting viands were placed on the table, one of them, to whom nature, more liberal than fortune, had allotted a first class appetite, measuring with an experienced eye the contents of the dish, found, without much calculation, that he could dispose of the whole without running any great risk of a surfeit. Hitting then on a lucky thought for securing at least the greater portion for himself, he said, with a long face, to his com-

panion, "Dear Tom, since we last met, you have had the misfortune as I have heard, to lose your worthy father; pray, my good fellow, tell me how the melancholy event took place." The other, who happened to be a great talker, and very vain of his elocution, instantly most obligingly commenced the pathetic narration; his friend, all mouth and little ear, immediately attacked the dinner, cramming the beef and macaroni down his throat at a prodigious rate, whilst his unsuspecting companion continued minutely detailing all the particulars of his parent's decease, which he just finished by a decent burial as his friend finished his fifth plateful, leaving but a beggarly account of the macaroni in a corner of the dish. The orator, whom a glance at his empty plate now awoke to the cause of the other's curiosity, hoping at least to secure the scanty portion remaining for his share, said, "Dear Dick, I have told you all; so now let us hear how your poor father died." "Mine," said his friend, whose father had unfortunately been hanged, helping himself to the rest of the macaroni, "my father died suddenly."

From the Westminster Review

GERMAN TOURISTS.

1. *A Visit to Germany and the Low Countries.* By Sir Arthur Brooke Faulkner.—2 vols. 8vo. 1833.
2. *Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad.* By Mrs. Jameson.—4 vols. 8vo. 1833.
3. *Journal of an Excursion to Antwerp.* By Captain the Honourable C. S. W.—2 vols. 12mo. 1833.
4. *Simeon's Letters to his Kinsfolk.* Written chiefly from France and Belgium.—2 vols. 8vo. 1834.
5. *Belgium and Western Germany.* By Mrs. Trollope —2 vols. 8vo. 1834.
6. *Holland and Belgium.* By Pryse L. Gordon, Esq. —2 vols. 12mo. 1834.
7. *Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau.*—1 vol. 8vo. 1834.
8. *Slight Reminiscences of the Rhine, Switzerland, and a corner of Italy.*—2vols. 8vo. 1834.
9. *A Family Tour through Holland and up the Rhine.*— 1 vol. 12 mo.

In D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature," there is a chapter on authors who have ruined their publishers. Some new compiler will certainly have to add the names of more than one of the above mentioned to the list; at least if booksellers do not take warning, and put an end to the traffic in this literary crockery, the flaws and breakages in which must far outbalance the profits of what is sound.

"We met, 'twas in a crowd,"

would be a fitting song for this choir of tourists; and what a crash of contradictions have they let loose upon the public! There is nevertheless scarcely one of them that does not contain some shrewd remarks or lively sketches; and several abound in description, observation, and acuteness. But taken *en masse*,—and it is so they must be taken in these days of wholesale production,—they are in the main but a collection of crudities, unworthy the materials which are within every traveller's reach, and insufficient to satisfy the desire for information of the inquisitive and purchasing public. *Parva leves capiunt animos* is a good reason, but no excuse, for the frivolities of tourists. Yet, after all, their abounding frivolity is less offensive than their occasional presumption. Light sketches, "airy nothings," "bubbles," might be tolerated and enjoyed; and were mere amusement the end and aim of these tourists, as it is certainly very amply afforded by some of them, there would be no cause of complaint. But the profane dabbling with serious subjects, the slap-dash sacrilege which defaces the holiest topics of human interest, religious faith, mental cultivation, and political opinion,—these are the offences which excite both indignation and regret, while they demonstrate the paucity of enlarged views and generous objects, in those who having a whole harvest of knowledge within their reach, let the grain escape and garner up the chaff.

The good old breed of English travellers, who traveled for knowledge sake alone, seems to be quite extinct. Eustace, Forsyth, Russell, Hodgskin, and others of that stamp, prejudiced or plodding as they may have individually been, had still one fixed and definable purpose in view for which they laboured, and of which the public obtained the advantage, such as it was. But now a professed tourist sets out from England, with no apparent plan but to make a rambling excursion and write a scrambling account of it, neither giving himself or herself time or trouble to examine into national character or political institutions, satisfied with skimming the surface of things, as if supposing that the cream of knowledge was to be found only at the top.

The books named in the title are by no means all of the same class. Nothing, in fact, can be more startling than their differences. But they form a convincing test of the proof of Montesquieu's remark, that a monotony of contrasts fatigues as much as a monotony of similitudes. Some of these volumes taken up singly, and read at long intervals from the perusal of the others, would be entertaining, and in some degree instructive on many points. But driven as they are in droves to the market, by the impatience of authors and the avarice of publishers, they become huddled together like cattle in a fair, to the grievous injury of their own effect. Any country which possesses the smallest temporary political interest, is now instantly overspread with a swarm of English tourists, sketchers, visiters, and correspondents, whose chief impulse seems to be, not an anxiety as to who shall best describe, but an emulation as to who can fastest write. The London booksellers are on the alert to whip up each trite and trivial production, the subject is overdone, the market overstocked, and the "fatal facility" of Sir John Carr beaten hollow by hundreds who fall far short of his liveliness and tact.

Place aux Dames is a maxim of gallantry, and is in this instance a principle of justice; for precedence should certainly be given in point of merit to the works of Mrs. Jameson and the ano-

nymous authoress of "Slight Reminiscences." There are many passages in both, of infinite grace and delicacy, of beautiful description, and genuine taste for nature both inanimate and human.

The chief portion of Mrs. Jameson's volumes is however only a reprint of the "Diary of an Ennuyée,"—a delightful book with an affected title,—which has, it is hard to say why, only attained the honours of a second edition in this almost surreptitious, and certainly not very flattering re-appearance. The "Bubbles from the Brunnens" deserve the next place, from their sustained and animated style, and the flow of well-bred humour which give them such a pleasant flavour throughout. "Simeon's Letters to his Kinsfolk," are a melancholy proof of degeneracy in our living literature. Humour so flat, news so stale, labour so unprofitable, it would be impossible to meet with elsewhere. These volumes, published in 1834, profess to give an account of the events in France in 1830, garbled from newspapers, and badly garbled; and a sketch of manners and politics in Belgium in 1832 and 1833, the result of less than a four weeks' sojourn in that country in November of the former year, and a fortnight in each of the months of July, September, and October following, in all ten weeks of desultory visiting. It may be mentioned *par parenthèse*, that Mrs. Trollope did not spend half that period in Belgium, nor more than as much in Western Germany, the names of which countries figure at the top of her title-page, as if they implied that the book contained all that ought to be said in an ample description of each. The writer of "Simeon's Letters" professes himself to be neither Whig, Tory, Radical, nor Republican. What on earth could induce such a nondescript to write what he calls, and no doubt considers, politics? How could any human being imagine himself capable of enlightening the world at the present day, by a series of rigmarole on a subject on which he admits himself to have no opinion? Yet does the writer surmise that his lucubrations, a mere *réchauffé* of newspaper anecdotes some years old, or sketches of ground as beaten as the *pavé* of Paris, "may perhaps be instructive to those who have the moral courage to read without prejudice."

Nearly a hundred pages of most commonplace description, of a route to which the *nullum sine nomine saxum* may now be more truly applied than it ever was to Troy, leads the reader to Paris, the author's residence in which city draws forth a series of gossiping trivialities, as, for example, in speaking of the then French ministry:—

"The classification is as follows: Marshal the Duke of Dalmatia, president of the council and minister of the war department; the Duke de Broglie, a good and disinterested man, minister of foreign affairs in room of the sly Sebastiani; M. Thiers, a little mean, cunning, Clement's-Inn-attorney-looking creature, minister of the interior; and M. Barthe lately a carbonari (*carbonaro*), Oh! Tom Paine! Oh! Sancta Maria! is charged with the department of foreign worship. The formation of such a ministry is even more startling than that which my Lord Grey had the courage to nominate in 1831, even if Mr. Hume (not David but Joseph) had been included as supernumerary, to take charge of the Liturgy and Church of England."—vol. ii. pp. 48, 49.

It is hard to imagine from what source the traveller picked up the information that "one third of the direct and indirect revenue of Belgium is paid to the clergy," (vol. ii. p. 297); or that "the church of Belgium has too much power in political and financial matters,' (*id.* 296) or that "the commerce of Antwerp is nearly annihilated," (vol. ii. p. 129) or that "the principal shipowners with their ships have declined trade" (*id.* p. 131) a very foolish measure, had it been true, on the part of either shipowners or ships. But it is as wide of fact,—both as relates to the men-merchants, and the merchant-men,—as is the assertion, more than once made, of many of the trading establishments having been removed to Rotterdam, it being now well known that there has not been an instance of the kind since the revolution, except in the case of two Dutchmen, owners of ships; although near a dozen of Belgian and German houses in the India trade have been forced by a decree of the Dutch government to form a branch of their establishment in Holland, at a double expense and serious personal inconvenience, to entitle their ships to employment in the service of the India Trading Company.

Such misrepresentations might however be pardoned, as arising from false reports, or as carrying no weight when coming from such a source as these volumes. But no excuse can be offered for the flippant opinions, repeatedly put forth in the course of the work, on a people so eminently religious as the Belgians, that "they fear God and reverence their clergy, but love mammon better than either." But Simeon endeavours to redeem this, and other perhaps inconsiderate calumnies with respect to Belgium (see vol. ii. p. 280), by giving his testimony to the general happiness and prosperity of the country, and his refutation of the exaggerated notions which are abroad, as to the supposed intolerance and despotism of the priesthood.

Mrs. Trollope is well known to the reading world as a traveller for the Absolutist firm; and she is of course prepared to encounter all the rubs incidental to the character, in either the old world or the new. The graceful and unassuming tone of the other lady tourists whose volumes have been mentioned, brings out into painful relief the contrast afforded by the writings of Mrs. Trollope, whose pretensions to refinement, and penchant towards aristocracy, betray a vulgar taste endeavouring to be fine. Mrs. Trollope is really unconscionable in inflicting on the public "the illustrious obscure" of her private friendships. Who is "the eloquent Mr. Moke, the author of Hermann?" And what is Hermann? Putting such questions may be arguing oneself unknown; and judging by the delight felt by the authoress in the cultivation of this and other acquaintanceships, ignorance in such cases is not bliss. But there is an occasional dash of sarcasm in Mrs. T.'s panegyric, or something very like it. How can she hold up to ridicule such respectable but common-place individuals as the MM. Rodenbach of Brussels, by calling them "these distinguished men!" and speaking too of their "eloquence!"

What lady had the misfortune to be meant in the paragraph which states that at the *soirée* at Bruges there was singing that might have made Pasta herself look about her (but this was from [by] an English woman.")—vol. i. p. 22. There was also a certain "Mr. C. W. a lively Englishman well known in the literary world,"—for what? Besides an incalculable number of Marquisses, Counts, Barons A, B, C, &c., well known and most unsparingly bepraised, in Mrs. T.'s particular world. For the alphabet has scarcely letters enough to enumerate the many anonymous dignitaries with whom the fair tourist came in contact.

It appears that in various places on her route, Mrs. T. met with "old friends, long valued and long lost;" at Brussels and Hanover more especially. Yet not a paragraph is spared to the record of any of the visits paid to the associates of her early days, whose information on a thousand topics of continental economy might have given some value to her book. As far as social life is touched on, all her time was devoted to the great, and all her talents to the details of their "graceful and gracious kindness,"—[vol. i. p. 73.] A hurried audience at the palace of a princess [vol. i. p. 230] is minutely recorded, as well as every snatched-up dinner at an ambassador's or a nobleman's,—those questionable compliments, of which any person with the most common-place letter of introduction, or having set their name in the titlepage of any kind of book, is sure for once (and such appears to be the extent of Mrs. T's experience). She loses no opportunity of boasting of all these admissions to high society. "We had the pleasure of dining with the British minister," (at Brussels). "We were dining with the Prince Auguste d'Aremberg" (ditto). It is this prince, since dead, as Mrs. T. says in a note), that Sineon confounds with the Duke d'Aremberg, and whom the Abbé de Pradt, a keen judge of character, designated as "*Un de ces mediocrités ambitieuses que l'on rencontre souvent dans les affaires, qui y portent les inconvénients de leurs prétentions, qui veulent toujours diriger, qui se croient nées pour la direction, &c.*" "We had the pleasure of dining with the British minister," (at Frankfort), and here, in her anxiety to add another title to her list of acquaintances, she converts into "Lady C." Mrs. Cartwright the wife of "the British minister," of whom those who have the pleasure of her acquaintance will no doubt be ready to confirm every thing advanced in her honour by Mrs. T., except the title.

There certainly never was any thing so agreeable as this tour of Mrs. T's. There was only one thing of a questionable kind throughout, a certain repast at the Waterloo Hotel in Ostend, "A meal, wherein supper was at odds with breakfast as to which it might be called."—[vol. i. p. 2.] But with this exception, every thing was sure of its own name, and all things perfect. "There was a very agreeable pic-nic party at Ghistelles.—vol. i. p. 6. A very pleasant evening at Bruges, [*ibid.* p. 22.] at which, "We" (Mrs. T. and her friends) "fell into some of those playful exercises of wit and fancy for which the French language is so admirably adapted, where," continues Mrs. T., "every one's faculties were brought into play.

> From every head
> A lambent flame (of wit) arose, which gently spread
> Around the brows and on the fancy fed.

"When we had laughed till we were weary, we were refreshed by wine, cakes, and the finest fruits of the season, and so ended the *soirée.*"—[*ibid.* p. 23]. At Brussels they "had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of many agreeable people."—[*ibid.* p. 61.] And they "Spent their evenings in very agreeable society.—[*ibid.*] At a museum they "Were joined by a very agreeable party of English."—[*ibid.* p. 67.] Mrs. T. has "Seldom been present at a more agreeable entertainment than a dinner given by Mr. W. at the Restaurant of the justly celebrated Du Bois."—[*ibid.*] "Nothing can be more easy and agreeable than the style of the Brussels parties."—[*ibid.*] "There was a delightful party at the table d'hote at Godesberg."—[vol. i. p. 175.] "The public gallery at Frankfort is a delightful lounge.—[289.] Mrs. T. "took a delightful drive to a pretty woodland scene near the town."—[281.] In short "Was it not for the hateful practice of smoking," Mrs. T. "would have said, that every thing she saw of the social manners of Germany was delightful."—[vol. i. p. 166.] They met "A most agreeable party of Dutch travellers" at Kreutzberg,—[vol. i. p. 153,] where they also "Found a lazy lounging meal very agreeable."

In short every person and every thing was agreeable, pleasant, or delightful, from "The dowager Baroness * * *" to the guide at Waterloo. This most pleasant fellow *par excellence*, asked Mrs. T. if the Duke of Wellington was not *adoré en Angleterre.*"

"*Oui, mon ami, oui*, was my reply;" "And if I spoke not truth, the sin rests on other heads than mine." Certainly, at least on one head, whose wearer is alone the cause of his own unpopularity. Mrs. T. has sins enough of her own, literary and political, to answer for. Ex. gr., she asserts on the loose authority of this guide, unconfirmed by any thing approaching to facts, that Napoleon at Waterloo, "Uttered his last command *sauve qui peut!*"—vol. i. p. 80.

She says:—

> "No one I believe could pass a month in Belgium and converse as freely with people of all parties as I did, without becoming aware that the King of Holland still reigns in the hearts of the majority; and that any person, however illustrious, who had become the instrument of the factious demagogues employed to dismember his kingdom, could have little chance of retaining his station were the genuine wishes of the Belgians themselves alone consulted."—vol. i. p. 53.

Heaven knows from what source this outrageous absurdity is drawn; whether the guide at Waterloo, or "The eloquent Mr. Moke" is responsible for it. But it would appear that monstrosities which would choke any ordinary traveller are not too much for the capacious swallow of the tory Mrs. T., who sings forth the while, like Keates's nightingale, "in full-throated ease." That she was on many occasions mystified by some wag, is evident. She has been persuaded

that "No enmity is expressed by the inhabitants of Antwerp against General Chassé;" and that "No people engaged in the painful labour of repairing the devastation of a siege, ever looked upon the enemy who carried it on with so gentle and forgiving an eye,"—[vol. i. p. 44.] A forbearance which finds no parallel except in Sir John Davis's assertion, 150 years ago, that "the Irish loved justice so well, they liked it even when it punished themselves." Mr. T.'s confounding the besieged with the besiegers, is scarely worth remark.

Even the serious Germans cracked an occasional joke at Mrs. T's. expense. How they must have stared at finding themselves guilty of quizzing the lady tourist! But phlegm itself could not resist the temptation. It appears that she read somewhere that "there is a spirit abroad in Germany which in the fulness of time is to bring revolution," that "massacre and rapine shall engender liberty and peace, and in a few short years all the nations of the earth are to be leveled into one vast ocean of equality." Mrs. T. took considerable pains to disabuse herself of this stupendous notion, and the result is her conviction that "far different is the state of public feeling in Germany. Ask a Prussian:" gravely, yet with amusing *naiveté*, adds Mrs. T.

It will be seen that she is "excellent good at such combustions" when she gets thoroughly into the Ercles' vein. "Woe betide the politician," she exclaims, "who shall labour to enforce by law the art of reading, while he slothfully, viciously, or from party spirit, continues to advocate the unrestricted freedom of a press which fills every village-shop with blasphemy, indecency, and treason."

The following is a more puzzling specimen of fine writing;—"At rouge and noir, folly stakes against fortune, and though the odds are terribly against fortune, she may generally look for fair play; but when knavery makes fortune his thrall, and forces her to take the credit of all the tricks he may chuse to play, poor folly is badly off indeed."

The female philosopher proceeds;—"Where the smaller states have granted constitutions, and undermined the foundation of authority by signing trumpery charters concocted by a reckless set of noisy orators, the consequences have been uniformly injurious to the prosperity of the people."

"I venture to repeat that a revolutionary spirit is not prevalent in any part of the country through which I have traveled. That 'such a spirit is abroad,' to use the fashionable phrase, is most certain;—and so is a spirit of drunkenness, and a spirit of gambling, and a spirit of robbing, and that in more countries than one."

I heard much ridicule from various classes,—and decidedly not the least pointed from among the lower orders,—against the political enterprises and revolutionary snappings, which are continually exploding with the bustle and effect of a cracker."

Such is the coarse, mean, and meagre style in which the holiest topics of public feeling are discussed after her few weeks' ramble by this gentlewoman, ignorant of German by her own confession, and manifestly deficient even in French; witness her wonderment at the every-day phrase "*fournée de pairs*;" totally unfitted by nature, education, or opportunity, to give more than some scanty caricature sketches of manners, and quite incapable, as far as evidence goes, of comprehending national character in even its broadest exhibition. And such are fair specimens of this most feeble effort to mislead opinion in England as to the lost cause of despotism in "Belgium and Western Germany."

The only things in the volume of merit or originality, are some sketches of English female vulgarity and presumption, exemplified in certain steam-boat and Eilwagen travellers. In doing these things Mrs. T. is in technical phrase "at home." In every thing of a higher order she is verbose, uninformed, and tiresome. She has given only two volumes to the public on this occasion, and it appears that the public had a narrow escape. Mrs. T. says, "I should write a volume on Godesberg, were I to indulge myself in speaking at length of its walks, its donkey rides, its ruins," &c.

The work of Sir Arthur Faulkner marks him in every page an amateur author, writing for writing's sake, either not knowing or not caring for the arts of composition; a scholar, rather too much addicted to quotations; and a man of taste, but not always of the purest as far as style is concerned. He is, moreover, of decidedly liberal opinions in politics. The objects of his work are excellent; and had he entered on it with a decorous determination to be grave, he had succeeded infinitely better. Levity is unworthy of his serious purpose, and humour does not appear to be this author's *forte*; though some of his scenes, or rather his sentences, are lightly enough thrown off. It is pleasant to be told in the preface, that "if the reviewer can pardon what I publish, he ought not to be wholly ungrateful for what I have burnt;" and further on, "it is of my political creed, to believe, that as surely as a lobster turns red by boiling, a Whig grows Tory when long in power," a truth amply exemplified during the last four years. The social, which means the unsocial, system of Holland is admirably illustrated in these pages; and many pungent anecdotes of Dutch prejudice and meanness are scattered through the book.

Sir Arthur most unsparingly exposes on many occasions the insolent and immoral conduct of some of those anointed nuisances, whom Napoleon raised into separate sovereignty, and who are still tolerated perforce by the outraged people of Germany. But he is never urged by political bias, to unfair severity towards these royal delinquents. He is always ready to do justice to the merits which glimmer through the chinks and crannies of their characters. His graceful sympathy leads him [vol. i. p. 66] to dwell with much warmth on the sufferings of the amiable electress of Hesse, while he vigorously lays the lash on her husband. It is to this shame-branded elector that Mrs. Trollope is so indulgent, as to decline entering on "the gossip of Cassel," because, forsooth it relates to "private matters."

Mrs. Trollope and Sir Arthur Faulkner are directly at issue respecting the popularity or un-

popularity of the King of Prussia in the Rhenish provinces. The high-principled and plain-spoken Englishman giving, of course, the public opinion; the lady stating the notions of Count A., Baron B., Madame de C., or the other noble and anonymous authorities whom she is proud of having sitten beside at the *tables d'hote* of Aix or Wisbaden. The fact as regards the King of Prussia is, that he is personally popular, politically unpopular;—considered in Prussia Proper, as a patriotic hereditary ruler, in his Rhenish provinces as a conqueror; in neither as a tyrant, but in both as a man who has forfeited his kingly promise to grant a constitution,—a heinous offence, which his subjects hope to see him yet voluntarily expiate. During the lifetime of Frederick William, things will most probably remain as they are. The accession of his son must be the signal for the establishment of constitutional freedom throughout Prussia, and its realisation in the various small states, where it is now a mere mockery.

Almost all Sir Arthur Faulkner's speculations on Belgian politics, written three years ago, have turned out to be mistaken ones. Belgian independence in spite of his fears and the wishes of less liberal observers, has, day by day, fixed itself more firmly in the European system, and the conduct of King Leopold has gradually gained him the esteem and attachment of the nation he governs with such praiseworthy moderation. It is not easy to comprehend the motive which led to such a blemish in Sir Arthur Faulkner's book, as the disparaging tone which every where mingles with his apparent wholesale approval of Leopold's character and conduct,—like drops of vinegar on a broad surface of oil. However conscientious the author might have been in his sketches of this monarch, all who are competent to judge of the portrait will exclaim *multum abludit imago.* And if Sir Arthur meant his caricature for pleasantry, he of all men must excuse another short quotation from his favourite Horace, *non est jocus esse malignum.* Sir Arthur could write a much better book, and the reading world will gladly hail his re-appearance in print.

Mr. Pryse Gordon's is a well intended, and, in some points a useful publication, the result of his experience as an old resident in Belgium. It will be a good guide for families proposing to reside in that country, on many homely but indispensable topics of house-keeping economy, and the tone and bearing of society in Brussels. The political portion is happily short, and the author gives it at second-hand. Mr. Gordon and his informant are thorough liberals, a little prejudiced perhaps; but who could be quite impartial, under the exciting events of the last four years?

The Rhine, Belgium, and Western Germany are utterly exhausted as topics of merely superficial remark or fanciful description. The numerous well-written guide-books, and the fictions of writers more capable than any of those whose productions are the subject of this notice, have done enough, or more than enough, for mere description or amusement, connected with the fertile region of romance and picturesqueness. And the works of Cousin, Russel, and more particularly that of the American traveller Dwight, have given the details of almost all that can be, certainly of all that needs be, known on the management of public education in Germany.

As to the intricacies of German politics, the state of manners, of domestic life, the various shades of public opinion, and all the substantial materials for knowledge connected with the literary, religious, and social condition of the millions composing the population of the Germanic confederation, England is still in comparative ignorance.

"QUARRELS OF" ZOOLOGISTS.

SECOND LETTER TO ROBERT JAMESON, ESQUIRE.

Regius Professor of Natural History, Lecturer on Mineralogy, and Keeper of the Museum in the University of Edinburgh; Fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh; of the Antiquarian, Wernerian, and Horticultural Societies of Edinburgh; Honorary Member of the Royal Irish Academy, and of the Royal Dublin Society; Fellow of the Linnean and Geological Societies of London; Honorary Member of the Asiatic Society of Calcutta; of the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall, and of the Cambridge Philosophical Society; of the York, Bristol, Cambrian, Northern, and Cork Institutions, of the Natural History Society of Northumberland, Durham, and Newcastle; of the Royal Society of Sciences of Denmark; of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Berlin; of the Royal Academy of Naples; of the Imperial Natural History Society of Moscow; of the Imperial Pharmaceutical Society of Petersburgh; of the Natural History Society of Wetterau; of the Mineralogical Society of Jena; of the Royal Mineralogical Society of Dresden; of the Natural History Society of Paris; of the Philomathic Society of Paris; of the Natural History Society of Calvados; of the Senkenberg Society of Natural History; of the Society of Natural Sciences and Medicine of Heidelberg; Honorary Member of the Literary and Philosophical Society of New York; of the New York Historical Society; of the American Antiquarian Society; of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia; of the Lyceum of Natural History of New York; of the Natural History Society of Montreal, &c. &c.

BY CHARLES WATERTON, ESQUIRE, OF WALTON HALL.

SIR,—Since I had the honour of writing to you, I have procured your Journal for January, 1835; and until I had read the review on Audubon, I was not aware that your allusions to me were so numerous, or of so caustic a nature.

Finding that you have raised up the shade of Linnæus;—that you have brought the Charleston philosophers to your aid, in order that you might finally cut off the vulture's nose at my expense; and that you have indirectly charged me with "much virulent and unornithological abuse" towards Mr. Audubon, I have determined to address you again, without loss of time.

Had you read attentively Loudon's Magazine of Natural History, you would have seen, that I was obliged, in duty to myself, to support my account of the vulture which had appeared in the Wanderings, before that by Audubon came out in your Journal. Accordingly I sent a paper to Mr. Loudon, in order to prove my statement; after which, commenced the controversy; and I have had Bakewell, young Audubon, and Backman, &c. &c. for opponents.

You, yourself have now thought fit to attack me through Audubon, and I trust I have already placed both him and yourself in no very enviable light before the public. He stands convicted of having passed off an absurd hoax, for a zoological fact; and you are considered to have believed it,

by admitting it, without comment, into your Philosophical Journal.

The earth has already immortalised your name, by having afforded you an unbounded range, in which to prosecute your unrivaled exertions in the science of mineralogy. Why, then, put on waxen pinions, and attempt to soar amongst the winged inhabitants of air? We are told, that by flying too high,—*Icarus, Icariis nomina fecit aquis.*"

In your late strange and very rash review of Audubon's second volume, you ask, was "Linnæus refused credit, because he alleged that swallows go under water?"

It would be unreasonable in me to expect that the Regius Professor would make a wry mouth at the fable of the Swede, after he had swallowed the boot-story of the American.

For my own part, however, I frankly confess, that I shall neither pardon this childish credulity of Linnæus, nor even attempt to extenuate it; though at the same time, I willingly pay a due tribute of praise, to his indefatigable researches in other departments of natural history.

I do not hesitate to affirm that he was ignorant of the very rudiments of ornithology; and that he continued so, to his dying hour, is unfortunately too clearly proved, by his allowing that preposterous statement respecting swallows, to remain uncorrected in his great work on natural history.* His ignorance, indeed, was most unpardonable. Had he only taken a swallow, near the annual disappearance of that bird, and immersed it in a tub of water for a few short weeks; he would have found its feathers detached from the skin; —the skin itself decomposed;—the bones disjointed; and their integuments in a state of irretrievable dissolution. Instead of that great philosopher listening to a silly story, which his grandmother had heard and believed when she was a young woman; he ought to have dedicated a quarter of an hour to the inspection of the internal formation of a swallow. Then he would have seen at once that its breathing organs are just the same as those of other birds; and of course, he would have come to the conclusion, that a swallow cannot possibly remain immersed in the water, for a very few minutes, without losing its life. And had you, sir, just taken a few short lessons in ornithology, before you perused Audubon's unlucky account of the passenger pigeon, you would have escaped the following exposure, which I am about to make of your want of discernment and ornithological knowledge. But pardon, I pray you, this digression. I grieve if I have offended the shade of the great Linnæus; but you first raised it from its honourable repose.

In the review of Audubon's biography, which appeared in your Journal for March, 1831, I must say, that I expected to have found you dissatisfied with his account of the passenger pigeons. But no. Not one word of censure or dissatisfaction has escaped from your lips.

Always bearing in mind that you have first attacked me, I shall, in return, without any ceremony, bring down about your ears, Audubon's flight of *one billion, two hundred and fifteen millions, one hundred and thirty-six thousand passenger pigeons,*—with *eight millions, seven hundred and twelve thousand bushels of food in their crops.* But ere I do so, I request you to look into the lamented Wilson's account of those birds; and after comparing Audubon's narrative with it,—say, if you are not forcibly put in mind of the daw with borrowed plumes?

Before Audubon describes his columbine adventure, he affects to pause awhile, and assure himself, that what he is going to write, is fact. "Yet (says he) I have seen it all."

"He adds, "many trees, two feet in diameter, I observed were broken off at no great distance from the ground." Mind, sir, this breaking off, of the solid boles of trees, *two feet in diameter,* was effected by a number of pigeons alighting on their branches. Now, sir, you ought to have known, that no weight in the world, acting with a downward pressure upon the branches of trees, could break the upright boles of those trees at no great distance from the ground.

Again, "The pigeons (observes Audubon,) arriving by thousands, alighted every where, one above another, until solid masses as large as hogsheads, were formed on the branches all around." And this too, sir, you have swallowed! Pray, how did these American pigeons, *inside the solid masses,* contrive to draw their breath? Our pigeons would have been suffocated in less than three minutes.

Audubon saw the pigeons coming to roost *after midnight!*—"The pigeons (says he) were constantly coming, and it was past midnight, before I perceived a decrease in the numbers of those that arrived."

Now, there is only one genus of the order of Columba, and it retires earlier to its roost, and rises later from it, than any known bird in the creation, except the woodpecker. How then came these really day-birds to trench six hours upon the night.

I will here call your attention to the wild beasts, which *were seen* sneaking away from this pigeon-slaughter at sunrise.

"At sunrise (says Audubon) all (the pigeons) that were able to fly had disappeared. The howlings of the wolves now reached our ears, and the foxes, lynxes, cougars, bears, raccoons, oppossums and polecats, were seen sneaking off." Mind, sir, these multifarious beasts of prey were seen sneaking off, from "a scene of uproar and confusion," in which Mr. Audubon found it quite useless to speak," or even "to shout to those persons (continues he) who were nearest to me." So deafening was the noise, that "even the reports of the guns were seldom heard;" and (adds Audubon) I was made aware of the firing, only by seeing the shooters reloading." He also tells us that "the uproar continued the whole night."

Now, sir, you must have known, at the time that you were recommending Mr. Audubon's works to the public, that wild beasts, all the world

* I have never read any of the writings of Linnæus, but take for granted that this error is contained in them, otherwise the professor would not have disturbed the shade of that great man at this time of day.

over, invariably retreat from the place where fire-arms are used. You must also have known, that no such motley group of carnivorous animals, such as Mr. Audubon mentions, ever assemble together for predatory purposes, even in the recesses of the forest; much less in a place of "uproar and confusion" occasioned by men carrying fire-arms and lighted torches, &c. &c.

Here it may be asked, what brought all these wild beasts to this particular spot?—Did they calculate, that men would assemble and kill the pigeons for them; and that they would have permission to eat them during the night, in the midst of the firing?—for remember they all sneaked off at sunrise. Or had they received information that pigeons, merely coming to roost, would smother each other, and then fall to the ground to be eaten? Again, as there was sufficient light for Mr. Audubon to see the pigeons arriving after midnight: there must have been sufficient light for the shooters to have discovered the wild beasts, as there was "little underwood" in the pigeon roost.

In a word, if, as Audubon informs us, no one "dared venture within the line of devastation," we may naturally infer, that sly reynard, and the wolves, lynxes, cougars, bears, raccoons, opossums, and polecats, had a sufficient stock of instinct in them, to keep on the right side of the line of devastation too. Then where had they taken their stand? They could not have been far off;—otherwise, how could Mr. Audubon and his company have seen them sneaking away at sunrise? All these *night* prowlers seen at *sunrise!!!*—Eh!!!

Two farmers had driven three hundred lean swine above one hundred miles, "to be fattened on the pigeons which were to be slaughtered." Pray, in this sequestered part of the forest, how did these two clodpoles manage to make a pen sufficiently strong to keep three hundred hungry hogs, *in;* and sufficiently high to keep the daring wild beasts *out?* "Incustoditum, captat ovile lupus."

Now, sir, these are questions which I call upon you to answer satisfactorily. You have just told us, that Mr. Audubon's "works will be referred to, as amongst the most perfect productions of our times." Prove then to us, that his account of the rattlesnake swallowing a large American squirrel *tail foremost*—is perfect. Prove that the rattlesnake boot-story—is perfect. Prove, that a weight of pigeons breaking off boles of trees two feet in diameter, at no great distance from the ground—is perfect. Prove that the account of the wild beasts—is perfect. I shall not let you off. You have thought fit to commence an attack upon *me;* and I think fit to oppose *you*. When you shall have answered these questions, I will, if necessary, put one hundred more to you, equally as tough and indigestible.

So far, I have made use of Audubon as a kind of stepping-stone, in order to get a retaliating thrust at you; just as you have made use of him (see your last journal) to throw a deeply piercing dart at me. "Petimusque, damusque vicissim."

You may affect to lament, that America refused your friend a seat amongst her naturalists; but, sir, be assured, they had seen what Judge Hall has seen; and, believe me, they have no room for him. You may introduce the words "unknown wanderer of the woods," and tell us that he spent "more than twenty years of almost unremitted observation of the habits of birds." But we have his own words to prove that "for a period of nearly twenty years, his life was a succession of vicissitudes;" and I have yet to learn, how a visit to Philadelphia could be necessary to open "his eyes to the ways of men," when he had been keeping shop, amid shop-keepers keen as mustard, in different towns of the Union, for a long series of years.

But I will now take leave of your protegé, and go southward with you as far as Charleston, where you tell us that "the alleged dulness of the olfactory nerves of the carrion crow and turkey buzzard, the two vultures of the United States, which has brought upon Mr. Audubon so much virulent and unornithological abuse (here is another thrust at me; I'll return it,) has been most satisfactorily established by experiments instituted by respectable persons in Charleston; and the taste which these birds have for fresh as well as for putrid food, which has also been obstinately denied, (by whom?) has been testified by Dr. Strobel and a number of planters."

Yes, sir, these far-famed ornithologists, in lieu of showing that putrid effluvium does not ascend in the atmosphere, thence to be carried to an indefinite distance by the breeze, (which was the only rational way to support Audubon's new theory,) lost their time in prosecuting a series of experiments on the wild vultures, inconclusive in the extreme. Indeed these experiments effected more than was absolutely required, for lo! the vultures were proved to be *deficient* in *eye*, as well as in *nose;* we are told, that the birds actually attacked the figure of a sheep, coarsely painted on a piece of canvass, having mistaken it for a *real sheep*. But in order that these Charleston philosophers might prove to a nicety, that I am wrong, and that Audubon is right, they had recourse to an experiment, which for cruelty and inconclusiveness, has no parallel on ornithological record. They caught a vulture, and after putting out the poor creature's eyes, they placed carrion close to its feet. The bird, reduced to this shocking condition, and smarting under its bleeding wounds, refused to touch the carrion. Whereupon its very logical tormentors gravely concluded, that it could not smell the carrion. These, sir, are a specimen of the experiments which you tell us have *satisfactorily established* the dulness of the vulture's olfactory nerves. Upon *these* you are now reduced to rest your belief; for you must be the most credulous professor in the world, if you can put implicit confidence in your friend's statements, after the hoax which he has played off upon you, concerning the American boot. Depend upon it, sir, you are no ornithologist, otherwise the two reviews of Audubon's biography which have appeared in your Journal, would have been written in a very different strain.

Your great name is a passport and a sanction to any thing that may appear in your periodical; and thus, the paper signed "Ornithophilus" in

your Journal for March, 1831, has no doubt been approved of, *because* it has been presented to the public by the Regius Professor of Natural History. In it our attention is drawn to the floods, tornadoes and earthquakes, as *instructive* and *amusing sketches*. Audubon says, "I have crossed the path of the storm, at a distance of a hundred miles from the spot where I witnessed its fury, and, again, four hundred miles farther off, in the state of Ohio. Lastly, I observed the traces of its ravages on the summits of the mountains connected with the great pine forest of Pennsylvania, three hundred miles from the place last mentioned."

Pray listen to Judge Hall, in the Western Monthly Magazine for July, 1834.—"How far this hurricane had traveled before it fell in with Mr. Audubon, we are not told, but it seems that its path was extended to a distance of eight hundred miles *after* it had passed him! What a long-winded hurricane! Now the truth (mind, sir, the TRUTH) about the hurricane that crossed the Ohio above Shawneetown, and is here described, is, that it did not extend more than twenty miles, and that its direction was not such as would have brought it to the state of Ohio."

Thus Audubon has merely added seven hundred and eighty miles, to one of these *instructive* and *amusing sketches!!!* Ah, sir, this is really too much even for us Englishmen to swallow, whose gullets are known to be the largest, the widest, and the most elastic, of any in the world.

I have the honour to be, sir,
your very obedient and humble servant,
CHARLES WATERTON.

Walton Hall, March 2d, 1835.

I must beg your excuse for the error in your name, in my last letter to you, into which I inadvertently fell, and which you will find corrected in this present epistle.

From the London Monthly Repository.

SKETCHES OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

THE NOTABLE.

It is not often that the present day exhibits the spectacle of a mere scholar; that is, a being to whom books are almost the only realities in life, and all things else little other than visions.

Joshua Drennan was one of these "dry-as-dust" doctors. He had some such conception of the men and women moving in the world, as they have of evil spirits or angels; that is, notions which they can neither understand themselves nor make any one else understand; the second dilemma a necessary consequence of the first.

To Dr. Drennan, as he was called, with what claim to the title I know not,

> "Not rude nor barren were the winding ways
> Of hoar antiquity, but strewn with flowers."

And there many a garland had he gathered, beneath the shade of which he sat, a fit emblem of the studies he pursued.

Nevertheless he was a loveable creature, for he was one of the kindest, gentlest, as well as the simplest of nature's children. A bereavement in early youth had, it was said, unsettled his mind; which severe study first restored, and then engrossed.

Yet social sympathy, that inextinguishable power, at times prevailed. If in his lonely wanderings the voice or laughter of children reached his ear, he would pause and drink in the sound, as he did breathings from a bed of flowers; while a smile brightened his deep-seated eyes and played upon his pale quiet lip, as if some of the sunshine of his own mother-time came back upon his heart.

But if, instead of sounds of gladness, he chanced to hear the wail of sorrow from any living thing,—the bleat of a stray lamb, the cry of a distressed dog, let alone the tone of suffering from any *human* tongue,—the instinctive spirit of pity spake within him, and no matter what the obstacles which might lie between him and the appealing creature, to *that* creature he would make his way.

In this manner he had gained one of the most faithful of his household friends, Sancho, a fine Newfoundland dog, who had survived the snow wreath which had buried his first master. A stranger had perished near the village churchyard, and after some fruitless attempts to discover who he was, had been buried there. Sancho, whose name was inscribed on a brass collar about his neck, was the only mourner at that chance funeral; when it was over, he remained at the grave to watch and wail over it, as if he thought thereby to awaken his buried friend.

Dr. Drennan discovered the dog; drew him home, but came back with him the next day to the grave, and then took him home again; he did this for many days, saying, as he patted the dog's head, "I will give him a tear, too, Sancho, since he was so kind to thee; and I will try and win thy love; for it is worth some trouble to win the love of a creature so full of gratitude and attachment as thou art."

Sancho was not insensible to the kindness of his sympathetic protector, and soon learned to lie at his feet with an expression of devotion in his watery eyes, as if to love some one being exclusively was a necessity of his nature—the first condition of his existence.

About twelve months after this event, two circumstances occurred which made a great change in the feelings and views of Dr. Drennan. A work, which with much labour he had given to the public, was most favourably received, and a somewhat considerable independence was bequeathed to him.

How often do points of character lie unperceived till some peculiar circumstances, calculated to excite, call them forth! Fame and fortune coming together to Dr. Drennan, as they did, mutually heightened and strengthened each other. Vanity, and the desire of social consideration, awakened in the hitherto apparently humble and retiring mind of the doctor. The obscure lodging in which he had dwelt undisturbed and undisturbing so long that the spiders considered themselves not *tenants at will*, but *tenants in common*, was speedily vacated for a large house; and instead of the chance attendance of a slatternly girl, the daughter of the little

shopkeeper whose garret he had occupied, he engaged two or three servants, resolving to draw round him a circle of admiring friends.

All this, which in speculation and preparation had appeared so pleasant, proved far otherwise in the realisation. Old habits are not easily changed, nor new ones readily acquired. Absence of mind, the consequence of abstract studies and social isolation, was as constant a characteristic of the doctor, when a householder, as it had been when he was a garreteer. Many, as soon as he was disposed to *lionise*, came to see him, and all the more readily, as report made him more of a *golden lion* than he really was. But he soon discovered that servants and visiters disturbed his quiet and his studies more than they ministered to his comfort or his vanity.

By a singular effort of social sagacity, or rather observation, the doctor after a time saw what appeared a remedy for all his annoyances: he resolved, as most others of his neighbours had done, to take unto himself a wife; that is, (acting with the views and from the feelings which the doctor did,) an upper servant, who, unlike every other servant, should have no power of obtaining, retaining, or possessing any independent property, nor any power of quitting her service, however insuited to her it might be, unless for the coffin and the grave.

Dr. Drennan had all the same amability, and some of the genius, of the immortal Goldsmith; but he partook, also, of the same want of perception of the improvements possible and essential to the social state. He looked on women with the kindly eye with which he looked on all creatures; but never dreamed that a capacity above making puddings and pies, and gooseberry wine, existed in the sex, or that they could be better employed than

"To suckle fools and chronicle small beer."

As long as women are treated as fools, such they will, more or less, suckle; nature perpetuates injuries as well as benefits.

Now it was that Dr. Drennan, who for the last twenty years had felt more interest about fossil bones than about the fairest belles, turned to that *terra incognita*, the female world, and the notable widow of a farmer soon fixed his attention.

She was well-looking, in what, in a drawing-room, would be called *rude* health, and, according to the report of a friend who was abetting the doctor in the rash act he was about to commit, she was neither a gossip nor a gad-about, but just such a delegate as a man of letters might desire; one who would attend to her *own* province, not infringe upon *his*. Her utter want of intellectual culture the doctor and his friend deemed a matter of no moment, since she might always avail herself of the rich funds of her husband's mind.

These worthies did not reflect that funds exist in vain for those unfitted to use them.

Dr. Drennan expected to find a domestic delegate, who would superintend the economy of the kitchen and the comfort of the parlour, without interfering with the library.

He was unconscious that in all things a general harmony is essential to happiness—that the *essence*, if not the substance, of the library, contributes most materially to brighten and warm the atmosphere of the parlour.

During the *embroidered* days of courtship, (for though the widow was a sort of *dowlas*, and the doctor a sort of *foolscap*, the common course was pursued,) how fondly did Dr. Drennan anticipate the time when of all the *locks* in his house he should only turn *Locke on the Human Understanding;* when, without reference to roast or stew, he might enjoy Bacon and Boyle; recreate with *Cook's Voyages*, without any care about *cook's* accounts; when a train of precious thoughts should run no risk of being disturbed by an appeal about *preserves;* when he might sit knee-deep in litter, cutting up newspapers, pasting and compiling without hearing any thing about *pickles;* enjoy saying a smart thing, or indulge in uttering an angry one, without interruption about *vinegar* and *spices;* when he might crack jokes in happy unconsciousness of the contingencies of *cracked crockery;* when he might give a connecting thread to a treatise, and not find such wanting to the buttons of his shirt or the strings of his waistcoat; in short, when he might cater for the mind, relieved of all cares about the body.

Nor were his friends less interested upon the present occasion, since in the event of his marriage they *did* hope, that when he invited guests to dine with him, a dinner *would* be provided,—a part of the arrangements which the doctor frequently forgot.

Alas! it is one thing to sketch a scheme of happiness, another to realise it. Not the Goths and Vandals, when they ravaged Rome, ever made such relentless work as did the farmer's widow, when she became the doctor's wife. From that moment nothing was heard *in* the house or about it, from sunrise to sunset, but the sound of brooms, brushes, mops, and all the multiplied *et ceteras* necessary to household purification; while nearly all the remainder of the four and twenty hours (for she was no sleeper, and detested so idle a propensity as sleep in others) was devoted to florid lectures and ejaculations, more emphatic than polite, on the slovenliness of bachelors and the laziness of their servants.

The doctor discovered that the lady, who had said so little *before* marriage, could say a great deal too much *after* it; that though he had gained so much admiration from her as a suitor, he won none whatever as a *husband*. However, he good-naturedly persuaded himself that there were sufficient grounds for the change; that his house was really a nest of enormities; and he resolved, heroically, to endure the purgatory of the process of reformation for the sake of the paradise which was to be the result.

Mrs. Drennan led her forces into the field; carpets were taken up, and hangings taken down; fires were banished because they made dirt; books because they made litter. Sancho was voted a brute unworthy of the least encouragement; the quiet domestic cat, notwithstanding her innate love of her home, under almost *any* circumstances, fled outright of her own accord, and never was heard of more; the swallow ceased to build beneath the eaves of the house; the

robin red-breast to visit the sill of the windows; an alarum clock, which, like the statue of Memnon, sounded at sunrise, was introduced into the hall; and every thing flew or stood affrighted before the bride, but Dolly the cook.

"When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war."

Dolly was disposed to view her mistress more in the light of a usurper than a legitimate sovereign: Mrs. Drennan, however, had superior might as well as superior right, and Dolly was ejected; not, it is said, without making an impression on her exterminating mistress, which was not *aimed* at her heart, but which went to it; and if the process of *instantaneous* retaliation had not been preferred, an appeal might have been made to the *milder* hand of the law. Dolly's sufferings in this conflict were not very much commiserated, as it was generally thought that her back was broad enough to bear any thing.

Under an attack of nervous irritability, consequent on the ceaseless commotion existing around him, Dr. Drennan retreated once again to strict seclusion in his library. Its exemption from the persecuting "red right hand" of his wife, armed as it ever was with a duster, was obtained by unceasing locking and watching; but the discordant sounds of her scolding voice penetrated to the *sanctum;* while daily hints and evening lectures convicted the doctor of unsociality, for his indulgence in bookish seclusion. His good nature suffered under the reproach; he made efforts to cultivate fireside cordiality; but the mole and the eagle would make as meet companions as did the doctor and his wife.

She was perfect mistress of the faults and affairs of all her neighbours; and while she sat mending holes in stockings and table-cloths, liked nothing so well as making holes in those poor people's characters. Dr. Drennan was, on the contrary, utterly devoid of that perpetual and practical observation which may be called Paul Pryism; and he was full of philanthropic feeling. Thus a mutual and an undisguised interchange of thought produced nothing but disgust; *he* recoiled from the narrowness of her aims, the enviousness and unkindness of her feelings; *she* despised what she deemed his affectation, and hated what she thought his folly.

When the doctor found converse impracticable, it occurred to him that he might still preserve some appearance, at least, of the social character, and, perhaps, induce some reform by reading aloud: but he gave meat where he ought to have given milk; he could form no conception of the mental indifference, unsusceptibility, and ignorance, which he addressed. Though individuals are incessantly judging each other, how few are qualified or capable of so doing.

It has been said that the lesser cannot comprehend the greater; equally true is the converse. If I may be allowed, I will liken one individual to a vessel which contains a pint; is it to be supposed that individual can understand another which contains a quart? No: it is either utterly unconscious of the other's superiority, or regards the surplus, above its own measure, as superfluous. In the same manner the larger vessel has no, or a very imperfect, idea of the stinted capacity of the smaller, and thence judges it wrongly, or makes fruitless efforts regarding it.

Mrs. Drennan's natural capacity was not deficient; it had suffered from distortion and disuse. Her case, and her husband's, probably, appears an extreme one, it is only because they are morally as incongruous, as they were mentally unsuited. Had her disposition been more quiet, and his less kindly, they would have presented the dull, unvarying, unsympathising routine, which passes, unknown or unnoticed, behind many of the bright windows, and nicely kept street doors, of this metropolis, to go no further.

Let it not be imagined that I contemn, or would cast ridicule upon household duties, or domestic management; so far from that, I regard skill upon those points as among the first essentials of female education. Truly says one of the most enlightened men of the present day, "Whatever is of any importance, either to the present or the future comfort of any being, is worthy of care in the degree in which it may be the means of enjoyment, or the cause of suffering. Its *minuteness* cannot render it unworthy of notice, if it be of any consequence; and what would detract from dignity and greatness would be, not taking care of these minute concerns, but neglecting them."

I purpose to show, if a patient hearing be accorded me, that philosophy and poetry may beneficially find place in even the kitchen, that household drudgery may be divested of the contemptible character which, unjustly, sinks those devoted to such toils so low in the scale of social existence.

"A great number of little things," says the author I have just quoted, "particularly if they often occur, become of greater importance than any single event, however vast and momentous; *they* produce, taken together, a larger sum of enjoyment, and there seems no possible way of taking care of this collective sum, but by taking care of particular events. And, indeed, the superintendence of minute events implies as much dignity as the superintendence of great events; and our admiration is never more excited than when we contemplate an intelligence which, while it directs the most grand and mighty movements, overlooks not the most insignificant concern capable of effecting the ultimate result."

The want of a general perception of these truths have produced evils which are passing rapidly away before the increasing intelligence of the people. Our mechanics' institutions are giving daily evidence that the trades, which have been looked down upon with so much aristocratic contempt, are consistent with poetic feeling and philosophic thought. All hail to the operatives of England! They are destined to shed more distinction upon her than any naval or military destructives, with stars, and garters, flags, and finery to boot, have ever yet done. The decree has gone forth, "Down with brute force and blind obedience, and up with the beaming ensign of intelligence, justice, and union."

But the animating principle which has awak-

ened the spirit of the working man, must be brought to bear upon the women of all classes. If a tailor now not only finds, but proves, that he has "a soul above buttons," in like manner must women find and prove that they were not created to feel and think at second hand, and hardly that; that the tie which unites them to men does not merge them in their husbands, but that it is for women, as equally essential and indispensable co-agents in the work of human progression, to originate high thoughts and views, to advance useful and independent objects, and that the feelings of wife, mother, daughter, and sister, may co-exist with those of the philosopher, philanthropist, and patriot.

One day Dr. Drennan received a message from a neighbouring friend, a poor curate. The messenger's clay-covered shoes were not permitted to sully beyond the threshold of the door, and he departed, leaving no particulars as to the cause of the sudden summons. Dr. Drennan, however, obeyed it promptly, for he knew that his friend was in bad health. On reaching the curate's dwelling, he found his worst fears realised; the old man had been struck by paralysis, and was not expected long to survive. Motionless, almost speechless, he lay extended upon his bed; but his mind, retained by the strong power of affection, was still present. Life and light yet lingered in his eyes, and they took a glow of more intense lustre as they were lifted to the face of Dr. Drennan, and then turned to a young boy who stood in tears at the bed-side. He was the orphan grandson of the dying man, and scarcely seven years old. For *him* the spark of life tarried in that aged breast; for *him* appealing light lingered in those closing eyes. Dr. Drennan understood the mute eloquence of his expiring friend, and answered him more expressively than by words; he took the little fellow upon his knee, and passing an arm around him, and laying a hand upon his fair-haired head, pressed him gently to his bosom, while he bent eyes, swimming with tears and illumined by kindness, on the dying grandsire. One look, effulgent as the feelings from which it sprung—a look, in which gratitude, affection, hope, and faith, were mingled, gleamed with seraphic beauty upon the boy and his protector, then the eyes, taking a yet more devotional character, were raised, glowed again as intensely as before, then fixed for ever.

In a few hours Dr. Drennan said to the boy, "Harold, you must come home with me, and be unto me as a son, and I will be unto you as a father." There was a sweetness in that kindly voice, now touched with an unusual tremour, that unconsciously soothed and cheered the child, who put his hand confidingly into the hand so opportunely held out to his aid, and they went forth together.

Harold had little conception of the bereavement he had sustained—he was no stranger to the benevolent man he companioned, and he soon began to prattle as he was wont to do whenever a visit from Dr. Drennan had made a holiday for him: the prospect of an abode at the doctor's house awakened curiosity, expectation, and that prospect of change so pleasant to the young; and Sancho, too, left his master's side, and came round to Harold's, as if willing to chase away any remaining heaviness from his spirit. The boy and dog soon began to sport together, and, after a time, the doctor seated himself on a honeysuckle bank to watch their gambols.

"Harold," he said, when he rose again, "yonder, just below the hill, is my house, the one with the bow-windows: play in the meadows as long as you like, and then let you and Sancho come home together." Again he paused to look at the play-fellows; what power, yet what gentleness in the generous dog! what confidence in that generous nature about the genial child! "Why are not all creatures linked thus?" sighed the doctor, as he walked down the hill.

As he approached his house he looked up at it; the library windows were open, and he fancied he saw the figure of some one in the room. He felt his pocket for the key—it was not there, and he now recollected that he had left it in the door! It instantly flashed across his mind that an incursion had been made into that room of refuge. The idea was soon strengthened, for, at the street door, he picked up a sheet of manuscript which had been blown out of one of the windows. With this mute witness of the violation which he foresaw was going forward, he thundered at the door, hurried up stairs, and entered the library.

Mrs. Drennan, like an adjutant, stood in the midst of it, giving orders to two remorseless housemaids, who were down on their knees scrubbing the floor, which had so lately been strewn with books, papers, maps, and prints.

Who may paint the doctor as he stood

> "Struck with severe amazement—hating life,"

in a voiceless convulsion of indignation and despair? The anger of an habitually patient person is the most awful thing on earth; once thoroughly aroused, the doctor was terrific. The domestics fled before the terror of his looks; his spouse, however, stood her ground manfully, I had almost said, but doggedly were the better word, and before the undone scholar could relieve *his* feelings by a single word, *she* launched forth a cataract of invective, which, by depriving him of all hope of a hearing, effectually secured his silence. But the desperate state of his feelings demanded some relief, so turning from the living foe of his peace, he fell upon the inanimate agents of her mischief; pails, brooms, brushes, flew out at the windows with the force and celerity of a bomb from a mortar; so that any one chancing to pass the house at the time, and escaping the effects of such windfalls, might have imagined it on fire, and the inmates adopting the readiest mode of saving its contents from conflagration.

Whether Mrs. Drennan imagined that she ran some risk of taking, like a witch, a journey with a broomstick; or that she thought it best to make her exit at the door, seeing that her husband had a prejudice for departures at the window, certainly she made a precipitate retreat down stairs.

At length Dr. Drennan seated himself to draw breath; but with an aspect stern as Marius when he appalled the assassin. It had certainly not been well for the reputation of the doctor's charity

or philosophy, to have asked him at that moment his opinion of our eighth Harry's matrimonial system. The doctor was doubtless well read in the book of Job, but none of its consolations occurred to him; and had the absolute power of punishing Mrs. Drennan been suddenly vested in his hands, I *will* believe that he would have stopped short of *death*, but certainly not of *divorce;* and assuredly never would the file of doctors' commons have exhibited a more eloquent bill of grievances.

He had sat some time with more of frenzy than philosophy in his thoughts, when little Harold entered the room. The appearance of the child called up the calm image of his dying grandfather, and changed the current of the doctor's thoughts and feelings; anger and animosity sank rebuked before the impressions of the morning, and, taking the boy's hand, he left the library.

In the midst of this domestic storm Harold received a kinder reception from Mrs. Drennan, and made a quieter settlement in her abode, than he would otherwise have done; for she feared to attempt any further exasperation of her husband's temper.

But real reformation of conduct only grows from conviction produced upon the mind, not from fears. The disposition and habits of Mrs. Drennan speedily took their accustomed course, and a new and lamentable consequence of their prejudicial influence gradually ensued. Harold was an acute, sensitive child, he was directly dependent upon her for his domestic comforts, and she had the power of inflicting punishment upon him by means of privation; thus she operated upon all his lower feelings, and they were brought into action, and overgrew his higher feelings. He discovered, with almost intuitive penetration, that he could at any time conciliate Mrs. Drennan, or put her in a good humour, by telling her a ridiculous story of any of her neighbours, or joining her in a malicious review of their character. The precepts of Dr. Drennan were feeble of effect when opposed to a practical course of this kind; and his well meant, but ineffective teaching, served no other purpose than to add hypocrisy to Harold's other faults.

The youth gradually fell under the stigma of the whole neighbourhood, being convicted of a hundred instances of wilful falsehood and wanton mischief. Dr. Drennan, for an offence of an unusually flagrant nature, was induced to inflict on him a severe punishment. Harold felt the deepest resentment, and resolved upon revenge. He poisoned Sancho, now an aged creature, and apparently the creature on earth which Dr. Drennan loved best. The consequences of this act were dreadful: through some carelessness the poison used on this occasion was communicated to some liquid, of which Mrs. Drennan drank—her death was the result.

Suspicion instantly attached to Dr. Drennan; for the circumstances of his domestic inquietude were well known. With the calmness of conscious innocence he went to prison—there was not the slightest evidence on which to ground a conviction, and he was acquitted by a jury; not so by his neighbours. Slander was busy among the idle and the ignorant, and the story soon grew that Harold was the natural son of the doctor. who had poisoned his wife for some *supposed* unkindness to the bastard boy.

Alas! the only poisoners had been Mrs. Drennan, and the circumstances which made her what she was. How fatal is such moral poison, especially when administered in that plastic time when the character is forming, Harold sufficiently exhibited; for, though his faults became modified and veiled as he advanced to manhood, he never bore the character of which he was originally capable. His sorrowing and disappointed friend attributed, not to early corruption, but to inherent degeneracy, the dereliction of his conduct; because Dr. Drennan had no conception of the power of female influence, interwoven as it is into the very texture of every feeling and habit of youth. Thus fatal to an excellent man and a promising child, was one narrow ignorant woman, whose strong energies, properly enlarged and directed, might have made her as beneficial as she was baneful.

M. L. G.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE SAUNTERS OF CASTLE SAUNTER.

The Saunters of Castle Saunter, in Bedfordshire, are as ancient and illustrious a house as any in the British empire. They are connected by blood and by marriage with many families of the first rank and consequence, particularly with the Onslows, Tardys, and Slomans. Their crest is a tortoise courant, and their coat of arms three snails, with the motto "Moveo," adopted, say the scholars of the family, from one of the Latin comedies, where a certain venerable old lady employs that word to express her own deliberate mode of performing the locomotive process.

I have been more than once a visiter at Castle Saunter. It is an edifice of the Plantagenet times—the architecture massy, solemn, and gloomy; the windows few, narrow, and set in the walls so deep as to resemble port-holes for cannon more than orifices for the admission of sunshine; the wings are a good deal dilapidated and ivy-grown; old Father Time (the Destructive) having carried the work of decay steadily forward for four centuries, and having met with but a feeble opposition from the labours of the carpenter or the mason. The central structure, however, is in tolerable repair and tenantable order; the principal entrance is through a low-browed arch, opening, through the medium of a ponderous gate, thickly studded with huge iron nails, immediately upon the grand hall, and surmounted, at a great elevation, by a square turret of dark-red brick, the front of which contains a clock, which (in singular correspondence with the genius of the family, averse to every thing rapid,) has for the last hundred and fifty years, been bereaved of the minute-hand! The scenery about the castle is of a lazy, melancholy, sleepy character. On every side it is environed by clumps of lofty forest trees, principally elms, the immemorial settlement of an immense commonwealth of rooks, the

most monkish-looking rooks in all England; and to increase the air of stillness with which dense masses of old timber always invest a mansion, a vast oblong sheet of water (the greater part of its perfectly motionless surface overgrown with a variety of aquatic plants) reposes in a basin artificially excavated in front of the castle, serving as a mirror for its ruinous battlements, and answering the further purpose of sustaining a pair of swans, enough stricken in years to have been the very birds of Juno, and as majestically indolent in the navigation of their patrimonial pool as if their intention was to keep time with the sole remaining hand of the clock in the square turret.

In fact, every thing at Castle Saunter either stands stock-still or moves with the pace of the afore-mentioned animal which constitutes the principal heraldic emblem of the house. The rolling-stone, whose function it is to preserve the nice level of the walks and grass-plots, is half overgrown with moss, in flat rebellion against the old adage. The greyhounds have no idea of coursing, or the horses of so much as a trot. The jack in the kitchen requires half an hour to accomplish every single revolution of the joint on the spit. The teapot draws the tea so much at its leisure, that by the time the process is performed, the tea is cold enough to make a Lapander's teeth chatter. There is a three-minute glass in the breakfast-parlour to regulate the boiling of your egg; but let me advise you, should you ever visit Castle Saunter, to depend rather upon your watch; for the three-minute glass has got the family-failing, and takes six minutes to run out, at the expiration of which period your egg is, of course admirably done—for a salad. Ralph, the footman whose duty obliges him every morning to undertake a journey to the next post-town, which is but three miles distant, starts at six, and traveling like Cæsar, "*summâ diligentiâ*," (which the wag translated, "on the top of the diligence;" but which, in Ralph's case, would be better rendered, "the roof of a hearse,") returns not with the letters until a quarter before nine. Ralph, upon one occasion, in the time of the late proprietor, made extraordinary despatch, and appeared at the castle with his mission accomplished, at a few minutes past eight. He was severely reprimanded, however, for his impetuosity. Sir Simon Saunter repeated the ancient family maxim, "slow and sure;" to which Lady Saunter added, "more haste, worse speed;" and Miss Catherine Saunter, the maiden sister of the baronet, concluded the lecture on precipitation with, "fair and easy goes far in the day"—a truth which, she declared, shaking her head like a Burleigh in petticoats, ought to be written, like the ten commandments over the communion table, *in letters of gold*."

It is easy to understand how the characteristic tardiness of the Saunters has influenced the whole history and fortunes of the family. From generation to generation have they lounged through life with their hands in their breeches-pockets; the attitude in which Thomson (their favourite bard) was wont, it is recorded, to nibble the peaches on his garden-wall. The idea of the Castle of Indolence was, very probably, taken from Castle Saunter,

"Here nought but idlesse reigns, indulgent ease,
Good-natured lounging, *sauntering* up and down."

And again,—

"Their only labour was to kill the time,
And labour dire it is, and weary wo;
They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme,
Then rising sudden to the glass they go,
Or *saunter* forth with tottering step and slow:
This soon too rude an exercise they find;
Straight on the couch their limbs again they throw,
Where, hours on hours, they sighing lie reclined,
And court the vapoury god, soft-breathing in the wind."

There is one more passage which I cannot avoid quoting, on account of the striking likeness of the portrait it contains to poor Hildebrand Saunter, the third son of Sir Simon, a young man whose brilliant natural abilities would have raised him to any height his ambition might have aspired to, had not his hereditary hatred of exertion detained him all his life, which was a brief one, upon the lowest rounds of the ladder. Independently of this, however, the reader will easily excuse me for reviving his recollection of two of the most beautiful stanzas of a beautiful poem,

"To noon-tide shades incontinent he ran,
Where purls the brook with sleep-inviting sound,
Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,
Amid the broom he basked him on the ground,
Where the wild thyme and camomoil are found,
There would he linger, till the latest ray
Of light sate trembling on the welkin's bound,
Then homeward through the twilight shadows stray,
Sauntering and slow; so had he passed many a day.

Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they past;
For oft the heavenly fire, that lay concealed
Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,
And all its native light anew revealed,
Oft as he traversed the cerulean field,
And marked the clouds that drove before the wind,
Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
Ten thousand great ideas filled his mind;
But with the clouds they fled and left no trace behind."

The fortune of the Saunters, originally a splendid one, has not (as but a little of poor Richard's philosophy will enable you to comprehend without difficulty) been augmented in the lapse of years. On the contrary, it has, I believe undergone (like the greater part of their family mansion, which, as I have said, is no longer habitable except by the bat and owl) a gradual dilapidation. The Saunters act upon three principles which can hardly fail to lead them from embarrassment to embarrassment, and ultimately cause their ruin. It is a maxim with them never to do to-day what, upon any pretence whatever, can be deferred until to-morrow: secondly, they never do any thing in their own persons which can possibly be done by proxy; and in the third place, they never discharge any debt or demand, however reasonable and just, until compelled to do so by process of law, which, of course, subjects them, in each case, to a considerable addition to the original liability, in the shape of an attorney's bill of costs. This, you must under-

stand, is purely the result of their family failing, not by any means of laxity of principle in money matters. Their integrity has never been questioned: but they have an unconquerable aversion to what they call *trouble;* in other words, to any thing that cannot be done with their hands in the pockets of their pantaloons. Shearcraft, their tailor, makes it a rule to serve them with a latitat every Christmas: in fact, at Castle Saunter, a suit of clothes is invariably followed by a suit at law.

The Saunters act as if the span of Methusalem was the average duration of human life; they forget that there is a vast deal to be done upon this side the grave, and but a very short time to do it. They forget too that while *they* are creeping, the rest of the world is in a trot, a canter, or a gallop. Men of business will not lag on the road for the mere pleasure of keeping company with the Saunters, or their relations the Onslows. No! (in spite of Zeno's sophism) the tortoise and greyhound can never be fellow-travellers. If *you* travel in a French diligence, and *I* in a steam-coach, the only possible plan by which we can reach a given destination at the same moment is, that *you* should start before *me* a certain length of time; but this the Saunters seem never to remember; they will not even set out *along with* their more expeditious neighbours; they cannot get their hands out of their pockets, or be prevailed on to make a single preparation for the journey, until every body else is at their journey's end, snug in the inn, with their nightcap and slippers on, and a tumbler of negus on the table before them. The Saunters have often reminded me of a classical anecdote related in one of Pope's letters. The people of Troas despatched an embassage of ceremony to the Emperor Tiberius, upon the occasion of the death of his wife Julia; the envoys loitered or *sauntered* on the road, and before their arrival at Rome the melancholy event, which was the subject of their mission, was gone clean out of every body's recollection; they, however, obtained an audience, and humbly begged of the emperor to accept the condolence of his faithful subjects of Troy upon the loss of his empress. "I thank you," answered Tiberius, with all gravity, "and I beg of *you* in return to accept *my* condolence upon the death of Hector!"

The courteous reader must excuse me for introducing Sir Simon so much oftener than any other member of the family in this little memoir; but the truth is, that my chief knowledge of the Saunters was acquired in his time, when circumstances caused me, on several occasions, to make rather long sojourns at the castle. Of the present proprietor, Sir Hargrave, who has now been for two or three years in the enjoyment of the estate and title, I know very little, except that he set out about seven months back upon the tour of Europe, and that I yesterday saw a letter from him which had just arrived, bearing the Amiens post-mark! The young baronet very superfluously mentioned in a postscript that he was going up to Paris *by easy stages*.

When I first visited Castle Saunter, I was only twelve years old; and never shall I forget the severe rebuke I met with one day from Lady Saunter, (who, I should mention, was my maternal aunt,) for *running* across the drawing-room to look at Sir Simon mounting Slug, his favourite charger.

"You ought to punish him, Louisa," said her sister-in-law, the notable "femme sole," who has been already on the stage, reprimanding Ralph (the courier) for his unseemly despatch with the letters.

"Indeed, Catherine, I believe I ought," replied her ladyship, with a most maternal air; "how would you advise me to do it?"

Miss Catherine Saunter pondered.

"Give him some pretty passage from the Lounger to get by heart," said Augusta, her ladyship's eldest daughter, who was engaged in painting an albatross upon velvet.*

"Or from the Idler," said the second girl, Letitia, who was sedulously stringing some coral beads at the incredible rate of a bead every ten minutes.

"No, no, mamma," said Henrietta, "let it be the beautiful story of the "Seven Sleepers."

"Do not speak so fast, Henrietta, my dear," said Lady Saunter.

"What do you think, mamma," said the eldest girl again, "of the introductory lines to the second canto of the Corsair?

> "Slow sinks, more glorious ere his race be run,
> Along Morea's hills the setting sun.

You made Hildebrand once commit them to memory, the day he chased the rabbit in the laurel-walk under the western tower."

"You are mistaken, my love," said her ladyship, "it was the beginning of the Traveller—

> "Remote, unfriendly, solitary, slow,—

Both passages, however are extremely beautiful; nothing can be more exquisite than that word *slow;* but we must hear what Aunt Catherine says before we decide."

Aunt Catherine was a kind of lady high chancellor in the domestic government of Castle Saunter: her decrees were of the highest authority; and it is no more than justice to her to say that no court of equity could have been less hasty in pronouncing a decision.

"I am just thinking," said this mirror of ancient maidenhood.

"Aunt Catherine is thinking!" said Augusta, reverentially. "Aunt Catherine is thinking!" said the two younger girls at the same moment; the subdued, awe-stricken tone of voice in which they said it, betokening the highest veneration

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* The albatross, the reader will remember, if he be aught of an ornithologist, is the bird which is said to *sleep* flying. Moore alludes to this circumstance, probably a mere fancy, in "The Fire Worshippers," describing the dizzy height of the Gheber's tower.

> ——Oft the sleeping albatross
> Struck the lone ruin with his wing:
> And from his wind-rocked slumbering
> Started to find man's dwelling there,
> In his own silent fields of air.

for the shrine from which the oracle was expected to issue.

The operations of mind were as slow in the Saunter family as the movements of the body. Twenty minutes elapsed; my cousin Letitia had threaded *two* of her coral beads before the intellectual machinery of aunt Catherine's understanding manufactured the final sentence upon my misdemeanour.

I was condemned to read aloud "the Legend of Sleepy Hollow;" and Hildebrand, who had hitherto been silent, offered to go for the Sketch Book.

"Mi venga la muerte de Spagna—" let my death come from Spain, for then it will be sure to be long in coming, says the old proverb; and it applied well to Hildebrand Saunter, who, as a gentleman of small despatch, might have challenged comparison with any hidalgo in either Castile.

What became of Hildebrand after he left the drawing-room I never learned; I know not even whether he performed the journey to the library, or not; all I know is this, that he never executed the commission he undertook, or returned with the works of Geoffrey Crayon. Perhaps he sat him down in the hall, which he had to traverse in the course of his expedition, and gazed upon the portraits of his ancestors, until their drowsy faces, staring at him from all sides, worked the same soporific effect upon his faculties that the reader may remember to have experienced, if ever (under some malignant star) it was his lot to have been present in a conclave of whig legislators, assembled at the Crown and Anchor, or a congregation of the broad-brimmed followers of George Fox in a Quaker's meeting-house. Perhaps on reaching the library, he took up by mistake some modern epic poem, (Bloxham's Paradise Regained, for instance*), and in the natural order of things fell asleep in Sir Simon's blue velvet arm-chair before he got half way through the first somniferous sentence. Perhaps; but a truce to speculation! it is enough to say that Hildebrand did *not* return; and, to my inexpressible satisfaction, the arrival of General and Mrs. Tardy, to pay a morning visit, banished the whole transaction from the not very tenacious memory of my fair relatives.

Of General Tardy I now recall but very few particulars: he was an old officer who had commanded a regiment of heavy dragoons in the American war; all his ideas of military tactics were taken from the Spartan phalanx; and he considered Fabius, surnamed Cunctator, the greatest captain that ever appeared in any age or country. Hildebrand had always some new anecdote of Fabius ready for the general; and upon one occasion, when Lady Saunter bought a handsome gold seal to present him with for a Christmas-box, Hildebrand got a head of the old Roman engraved upon it, with the words "*Cunctando restituit rem*" round the border.

The Saunters, it is scarcely necessary for me to say, are the most decided opponents of all the modern innovations, commonly called improvements, in the art of traveling. Their triennial trip to London is performed, to this day, in the old family coach in which Sir Christopher Saunter made the journey to the metropolis in the reign of Queen Anne, upon being elected knight of the shire for his native county. By the by, I find, by reference to the parliamentary debates of that period, that this gentleman distinguished himself, the very night that he took his seat, by a speech of considerable eloquence, and marvellous energy (for a Saunter) in opposition to a grant of money to reward an eminent philosopher of that day, who, it was alleged, had discovered the perpetual motion. Motion of all kinds and in all degrees was repugnant (Sir Christopher declared) to the principles of his family; and as to the idea of *rewarding* a man for perpetuating what for the repose of society it would be most desirable, were it possible, to *abolish altogether*, he would just as soon think of making pecuniary compensation to a rebel or a traitor for the concoction of an ingenious plan for overturning the throne and altar.

In the same spirit, though not always with the same activity, have the descendants of this profound senator opposed, from time to time, all projects for establishing more rapid modes of communication between different parts of the country, as well as between this country and others. It is not the fault of the Saunters that steam is now so rapidly supplanting the ancient dominion of Æolus and his myrmidons. They objected to steamboats and steam-coaches in the most decided manner. They threw the whole "vis inertiæ" of their house into the opposite scale. Mr. Onslow Saunter wrote a pamphlet; the sole literary effort of the family since the era of the discovery of the circulation of the blood, when a Doctor Saunter manfully supported the theory of the stagnation of the vital fluid in a very learned essay in reply to Harvey. The production of Mr. Onslow Saunter was also an able one; so much so, indeed, that the late lord high chancellor, in his famous speech-making tour through North Britain, availed himself to a great extent of its topics and arguments. The author exhibited the steam-engine in all its horrors. He contended that the application of its power to the purposes of traveling, whether by sea or by land, was fraught with danger and impiety. Providence, when he caused the winds to blow, had given them the exclusive sovereignty of the ocean, and steam was a profane attempt to rob them, as Mr. Canning had well expressed it, of their royal prerogative and birthright. In England, he said, this attempt was particularly criminal by reason of its flagrant *ingratitude*. To the winds she owed her commercial greatness and her naval glory. In how many magnificent enterprises, mercantile and martial, had they not piped in her shrouds and swelled her canvass? How often had they not blustered in her behalf, and earned for themselves the epithets of ruffians and bullies? Had they not more than once actually saved her from destruction? What power was it that delivered

* Bloxham ranks high amongst those amiable bards described in the Dunciad as

"Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep."

her from the Spanish yoke by dispersing and shattering the invincible Armada? What power was it that, in later times, destroyed the fleet sent by the French directory to invade Ireland? Was it not the power of the winds at both junctures? And this is the power that *now* is to be so unceremoniously discarded to make room for a new-fangled, impertinent project for impelling ships like tea-kettles? Could any ingratitude be baser, or any chimera half so wild? It was a project for degrading the British navy into something lower than a kitchen-range, and all true born Britons were called upon to resist it with their lives and fortunes.

So wrote, so argued, Mr. Onslow Saunter; but in spite of his writings and his arguments the steam-engine flourished; and ships went, with wind and tide against them, nine knots an hour; and his majesty's mails went by steam; and even that was not all, for there were steam-carriages as well as steam-packets; nay, there were even omnibuses by steam; in short, there was a general confederacy against winds and horses, and all the ancient, respectable, and deliberate modes of conveyance, by which our decent and solemn ancestors traversed the surface of the globe; traveling became like a race at Newmarket; before you were well out of Liverpool you found yourself "taking your ease" at your inn at Manchester; in a word, the whole world was in a gallop; and all this was a sad and sore sight for the Saunter family; it disturbed the serenity of their thoughts; it violated all their notions of dignity; it upset all their plans and systems; it broke the very tranquillity of their noonday slumbers with frightful visions of rampant tea-kettles, and a thousand other horrid chimeras. Miss Catherine Saunter (the veteran spinster we have already presented to the reader) had one night the most appalling dream imaginable: She dreamed that the two huge stone tortoises, that surmount the piers of the grand entrance into the demesne of Castle Saunter, took a sudden freak into their heads, and, leaping down into the lawn, frisked and capered about, and played all manner of antic tricks, like a pair of merry-andrews at St. Bartholomew's fair. Then the dream changed, and the tortoises, seeming to *recollect themselves*, and recover their gravity, stood side by side, before the gate of the castle, yoked to the family-coach, the huge, square, lumbering, rumbling old vehicle already alluded to. Sir Simon then made his appearance at the porch with his hands, as of immemorial custom, in the pouches of his nether garments. She asked him where he intended to drive. "Only as far as Pekin," said the baronet; "I shall be back to dinner." Upon which he gave a hop, step, and jump, and vaulted into the coachbox, while, at the same instant, Ralph, the footman, in a monstrous pair of jack-boots, sprang into the postilion's seat, and then the whole equipage dashed off in full speed, the tortoises kicking and curveting all the time, and old Sir Simon shouting at the top of his lungs, and offering a bet of a thousand guineas that he would overtake the steam-coach. What will not spinsters of forty dream?

Poor Sir Simon! I never shall forget him; I was a visiter at the castle when the unfortunate circumstances occurred which laid the foundation, there can be no doubt, of the illness which, in a few months after, terminated his life. As these circumstances are calculated to display in a very lively manner the characteristic oddity of the family, I need offer no apology for detailing them. At a few miles distance from Castle Saunter was Bustle Hall, the seat of the Fleetwood family, descendants from Fleetwood, one of the republican leaders in the great rebellion. This revolutionary pedigree, alone, was sufficient to raise a wall of separation between them and the Saunters, who, it is hardly needful to say, have never, at any period, belonged to the party of the movement. If the Saunters could, with propriety, be said to belong at present to any section of the political circle more than another, it is that of the moderate whigs, as they are called. They have been heard, for instance, to approve cordially of Lord Palmerston's conduct in the affairs of Belgium and Holland; they liked the rate at which the business of the Foreign Office traveled in his administration; protocol followed protocol with the pace of a duchess at a coronation; and at the close of a long tissue of treaties and negotiations, as tedious as the sermon of a Cromwellite divine, the nicest eye could not discover the minutest indication that the "corps diplomatique" had advanced a single step beyond the point where they started.

"Any news from Belgium, Onslow?" the general would frequently ask his relative, who was the politician of the family.

"None," was the everlasting reply, "things are in *statu quo*."

Now was it music to the ears of the general to hear of any thing being in *statu quo:* it was just the state in which, if he had had the power, he would have kept the affairs of the whole world. The man who could keep things for ever in *statu quo* was the man for him. That was his definition of a great statesman, as Fabius was his *beau ideal* of a great captain. You may easily conceive how he idolised such a foreign secretary as Palmerston.

"Onslow," he would say, "I wish you had an appointment in the Foreign Office; Palmerston would teach you how to do business! By the by, he is a relation of yours by your mother's side; her father and his grandmother were brother and sister, both children of my old friend Roger Sloman, the master in chancery."*

But let me return to the Fleetwoods. They were too unlike the Saunters in all their ideas, tastes, and habits, for any thing more than the most formal and distant acquaintanceship to exist between the families. Mr. Fleetwood held shares in the Manchester railway company; he hunted three times a week in the season; his character in the county was that of an active magistrate; he traveled in his own carriage ten miles an hour; and he had twice made the passage from South-

* The celebrated author of "The Law's Delays Justified"—a pamphlet which procured and fully entitled him to the lucrative place he held.

ampton to Havre la Grace in a steamboat; judge then how little the

"idem velle atque idem nolle"

must have existed between him and old Sir Simon. In fact, there was no ground whatever upon which a treaty of friendship could possibly have been arranged between Bustle Hall and Castle Saunter. Mrs. Fleetwood was a lady of the Diana Vernon school; she rode a beautiful high-mettled pony, which she called Hurricane; and she forgot herself so far one Sunday, when the families happened to meet at the church door after service, as to ask Lady Saunter if she did not intend to be at the Ascot races the following Wednesday! The utmost, therefore, to be expected under such circumstances, was an interchange of the coldest civilities; and even this was a commerce never carried on when it was practicable to avoid it.

It had been well for Sir Simon had his eldest daughter been less celebrated for painting on velvet! Odd as it may seem, her skill at that art was one of the links in the chain of causes which pushed her venerable parent down the hill of life much faster than he would have traveled, if he had been permitted to descend the slope at his own natural and constitutional rate of going. The ladies at Bustle Hall having undertaken to get up a bazaar, an active canvass was on foot in every direction to engage all the long white fingers in the county, in the manufacture of pin-cushions, thread-cases, needle-books, hand-screens, reticules, and ten thousand other nick-nackeries and fashionable trumperies, as hard to number or name as the spangles in the firmament upon a frosty December night. All the girls thirty miles round were laid under contribution, and the havoc of blue ribbon, pink satin, gold paper, and pasteboard, was prodigious. Augusta Saunter was not forgotten; the fame of the birds and flowers which her creative genius occasionally produced upon white velvet, had reached the ears of the Fleetwoods; and they determined to make an effort (without any very sanguine hopes of success) to prevail upon her to contribute a specimen of her skill to the common stock. A polite note, in form of a triangle, on rose-coloured paper, was written by Mrs. Fleetwood, conveying the request in the most winning terms, and Frederick, her eldest son —a lad of about sixteen, then at home for the vacation—was appointed envoy-extraordinary to present it to Miss Saunter.

And a most extraordinary envoy indeed he proved! Never did ambassador make his appearance at a foreign court after a fashion less likely to make an impression in his favour. It was just the time when velocipedes, or accelerators, as they were sometimes called, were all the rage; and it struck our young bazaar-commissioner that it would be capital fun to perform the journey to Castle Saunter upon one of these whimsical vehicles which had but a few days before come into his possession. The thing was done almost as soon as imagined. The road being perfectly smooth and level, in little more than half an hour Mr. Frederick Fleetwood made his *entrée*, going as fast as a lamp-lighter, between the stone tortoises which had figured so grotesquely in aunt Catherine's dream.

"The Lord save us and keep us!" exclaimed the gate-keeper.

The gatekeeper thought it was "the crack of doom;" he had no conception of any more unequivocal prognostic of the general dissolution. He followed the apparition with a gaze of astonishment and horror, until a clump of trees hid it from his view, and then returned to the lodge, murmuring between his few remaining teeth, whether a benison upon himself, or a malison upon young Fleetwood, (whom he ever afterwards with bitter irony called "a promising boy,") it was not easy to determine.

But who shall paint the consternation of the castle? Who shall take it upon him to describe the mingled terror and petrifaction of its inmates, from the baronet in his blue velvet arm-chair, down to Dorothy, the fat scullery-maid in the kitchen.

All intense feelings are speechless—the "infernal machine" was within a hundred yards of the door before the amazement which its first appearance spread through the family was sufficiently mitigated to be susceptible of utterance. Lady Saunter recovered her voice first. She let Baxter's Saints' Rest fall from her hands; clapped them to her eyes; and exclaimed, with the look of one who had seen a ghost,

"Oh! Catherine, Catherine!"

Catherine was in no condition to answer; she had fallen on the floor in a kind of swoon.

"What can it be?" said Letitia, pale as any snow-drop in February.

"How frightful!" said Augusta, with a ghastly stare, now at her mother, now at the horrid object which came careering up the avenue like Mazeppa on the wild horse.

"Oh, Hildebrand!" said Henrietta, "did you ever see any thing so shocking; can you guess what it is?"

"It's the velocipede," replied Hildebrand, who had seen one at Oxford.

"The velocipede, the velocipede!" exclaimed all the girls at once.

"The velocipede!" cried her ladyship, "my love, what can bring the velocipede to Castle Saunter?"

"Of all places in the world," added Letitia, trying at the same time, by dint of smelling-salts, to recall her aunt's senses.

The cry of "the velocipede," soon found its way through every part of the castle. Lucy, the ladies' maid, had been in the drawing-room when Hildebrand announced the name, without explaining the nature of this novel and terrific visiter, and she flew immediately to the servants' hall, screaming as she went, "the velocipede, the velocipede!"

I met Ralph at the corner of the corridor leading to my bed-room, and asked him what was the matter.

"The velocipede, sir! the velocipede," was the only answer I could get as he scampered up the back-stairs as if Halley's great comet was at his heels.

Ralph was the most consummate coward I ever

met with; when the hubbub was over he was discovered, after a long search, at the bottom of a huge trunk in the house-keeper's room, covered a foot deep with blankets. He never could give any clear account of the meaning he attached to the word velocipede; but I suppose he took it for some "horrible wild-fowl," as Bottom (that prince of stage managers) says of the lion.

Proceeding to the drawing-room, in order to learn what had taken place, from the ladies, and having to traverse a dark passage, I heard a female voice a few paces before me, exclaiming in the stifled accents of extreme terror, "Joseph, will it eat us?"

The reply was worthy of as gallant a Perseus as ever drew sword for an Andromeda.

"I'll defend you, Dorothy, with my life. I will, Dorothy, my darling."

I had no occasion for day-light to tell me that I had stumbled on the coachman and the fat scullery-maid, playing Celadon and Amelia.

"Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn,
And his the radiance of the risen day."

The coachman afterwards acknowledged, that they both conceived the velocipede to be some dreadful beast of prey, escaped from an itinerant menagerie which had been very lately in the neighbourhood.

Scarcely able to move with laughing, I made my way to the drawing-room. To my surprise I found nobody there but the baronet's maiden sister, who was stretched on a sofa, looking miserably ill, and unable to articulate a syllable. I repaired to the library.

I found the poor baronet in a fit, with his wife and all his children about him, uniting all their strength to carry him back from the window, where he had fallen, to his established seat at the fire-place. With my aid this was soon accomplished; and then I begged of Henrietta, who was the least agitated, to tell me, in heaven's name, what was the matter; that something awful had happened, there was very little room to doubt.

"He saw it, he saw it!" was the only explanation I could get.

I asked all the girls, and then her ladyship, the same question, but without avail.

"He saw it!" was the only answer.

"Saw what?" said I to Hildebrand, with some impatience. "Did he see a ghost or a goblin?"

"Almost as bad," was the reply; "one of those confounded Fleetwoods on his accelerator."

Hildebrand said this with an energy that surprised me; but I was still more astonished when I heard him propose to ride off for Dr. Diddler, of Bedford.

This I had too much regard for Sir Simon to allow; I took that office on myself, representing to Hildebrand that, in the dangerous state in which his father was, it would be wrong for any of his children to leave him but for an instant.

I had to saddle my horse with my own hands: not a stable-boy was to be found. An earthquake could not have produced more general trepidation.

Riding round by the front of the castle, the first object I beheld was the innocent but unlucky author of all this confusion, just preparing, after an ineffectual battery for nearly half an-hour at the hall door, to retrace his way to Bustle Hall, under the firm impression, from the uproar that reached his ears from the interior of the castle, that the whole Saunter family had gone stark staring mad. Not wishing to expose the foible of my relatives, I made the best apology in my power to young Fleetwood for the length of time he had been detained outside the fortress; told him that it was entirely owing to the sudden illness of the baronet; and offered to take upon myself the commission with which he came charged to my cousin. I then galloped off for the doctor by the back entrance to the demesne; leaving the knight of the velocipede to return by the road he came, and astound the weak understanding of the gate-keeper a second time by a degree of speed identified in his mind with a violation of all laws, human and divine, besides being an affront of the most outrageous kind to the family he served.

Sir Simon was gradually restored by medical aid so far as to be able to totter upon crutches from one apartment to another; all the skill of Dr. Diddler could do no more. The velocipede was a blow at the very centre of his system; it unhinged the whole frame of his constitution; every body that knew him was aware from the first that his complete recovery was out of the question. He lingered, however, some months longer than was generally expected: nearly a year had elapsed from the unhappy event which has just been related, when Onslow, going into the library one morning about an hour after breakfast, found his venerable uncle dead in his chair, with one hand (steady to the last!) in his breeches-pocket, and the other grasping a crumpled letter which he had just received from his agent in London. The letter ran thus; it sufficiently accounts for Sir Simon's sudden demise —the only hasty step he was ever known to take!

"Lincoln's Inn Fields, Nov. 3, 1832.

"Dear Sir—I take the earliest opportunity of informing you that I have just concluded a treaty relative to a portion of the lands of Castle Saunter, with the Birmingham and London railway company. So convinced am I that the execution of this magnificent project will be productive of the greatest possible advantage to the landed property of Bedfordshire, that I have exerted myself, and I am happy to say with success, to have several miles of the new line of road carried through your estate in that county. It is to run in a direction from east to west through the middle of the lawn, touching the southern angle of the square pond, and at one point approaching the castle within less than fifty yards, so as to afford a full prospect of the steam-carriages, passing, or I should rather say flying, backwards and forwards to and from the metropolis. It is not easy to imagine a more lively scene than you will command from your library windows when this grand work is finished, as I trust it will in the course of the next twelve-month.

"I have the honour to remain, &c.

"Isaac Thriftwell.

"*Sir Simon Saunter, Bart.*"

From the London New Monthly Magazine.

WAS I RIGHT, OR WAS I NOT?

Was I right, or was I not?
The age exact I cannot tell,
But 'twas sometime in teens, I wot,
That I came out a dashing belle.
My mother called me "hare brain'd chit,"
But that I needed ne'er a jot,
For little Miss *must* flirt a bit,
Was I right, or was I not?

Away I sparkled in the ring;
And soon was known as false and fair:
Oh! 'tis a dear, delightful thing
When first we make a swain despair.
There was young Frederick all on fire,
Who vowed and swore—I know not what—
Of course I left him to expire.
Was I right, or was I not?

Dear me! I felt a trifle sad,
When all cried out "what have you done!"
For, sure enough, I loved the lad:
But who'd take up with number one?
So *vive l'amour!* I gaily cried,
And he, poor wretch, was soon forgot,—
For I'd a hundred sparks beside.
Was I right, or was I not?

Some shook their heads, but I had skill:
Lovers and friends I went on winning,
What will you have? I flirted still,—
Because I flirted at beginning.
A long gay train I led away;
Young Cupid sure was in the plot;
I thought the spell would last for aye:—
Was I right, or was I not?

But now 'tis come into my head
That I must grow discreet and sage;
For there are hints my charms have fled,
And I approach "a certain age."
So the next offer—that's my plan—
I'll nail, decisive, on the spot;
'Tis time that I'd secured my man.
Am I right, or am I not?

But ah! though gladly I'd say "Yes,"
The looks of all the men say "No."
Who would have thought 'twould come to this?
But mother says, "I told you so!"
Friends, lovers, danglers, now are gone:
Not one is left of all the lot,
And I'm a "maiden all forlorn!"
Is it right, or is it not? Q. Q.

Obituary.

THOMAS PRINGLE, ESQ.

Dec. 5. In London, aged 46, Thomas Pringle, Esq. late secretary to the Anti-Slavery Association, and author of several interesting works.

Mr. Pringle was born in Teviotdale, a romantic pastoral district in the south of Scotland, of which he has left some pleasing remembrances, in the poetry which, from time to time, he gave to the public. He applied himself early in life to literature, as a profession; and was concerned in the establishment and early management of Blackwood's Magazine; shortly after, however, he chose to follow the fortunes of his family, who became settlers in South Africa. There, after a time, Mr. Pringle entered into some literary speculations in Cape Town, which, however, he was speedily forced to relinquish by the government, at a pecuniary loss of little less than 1000*l*. Upon the failure of these speculations, Mr. Pringle returned to England; and his services were soon after engaged by the Anti-Slavery Society, as secretary to that body, a situation which he continued to hold until within these few months, when the object of the society was accomplished; and the duties of which responsible office he discharged, not merely as one expected to labour for hire, but as one whose heart was in the cause of humanity and justice.

Mr. Pringle is also favourably known to the public as a sweet and graceful poet. His "Ephemerides" abound in graphic pictures of African scenery; and are rich in evidences of the kind and Christian spirit which accompanied the writer, in all that he did or wrote. As the editor of "Friendship's Offering," Mr. Pringle brought to his task a sound judgment and a refined taste. The last work in which he was engaged, and which he finished only a month or two ago, was the revision of his volume entitled "African Sketches," with a view to a second edition, which, we believe, will soon appear. Early last summer, the rupture of a blood-vessel confined Mr. Pringle to a sick bed, and greatly reduced the energies of a naturally strong constitution; and towards the autumn, it became apparent, that, for the preservation of life, a removal to a warmer climate was indispensable. Mr. Pringle's circumstances not permitting a trial of the south of Europe, he again turned his thoughts towards the Cape: the necessary preparations were hastily completed; the passage money paid; and it wanted but three days of the time appointed for sailing, when a diarrhœa began to show itself, under which the powers of nature, already enfeebled by confinement, speedily sank, and he died without a struggle; exhibiting to the end that moral courage for which he had ever been remarkable, and supported by the recollection of a well-spent life, and by the hopes that spring from religion. Few men were richer in friends than Mr. Pringle; among their number we might enumerate most of the literary men of the day, and very many of those public men who have made philanthropy the beacon of their political career.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

MR. F. W. SMITH.

Jan. 18. At Shrewsbury, Frederick William Smith, second son of Anker Smith, the eminent engraver, and the first and best of the pupils of Chantrey, the sculptor.

His merits as an artist were of no ordinary kind; he had much force of conception, and singular ease and gracefulness of execution: in male figures, such as his Ajax, he united natural action with great anatomical knowledge; and his female figures were remarkable for their unconstrained elegance of posture, the round softness of their limbs, and their perfect delicacy and truth of expression. By his group of Hæmon and Antigone, he gained the gold medal of the Royal Academy, and raised expectations which were realised in his beautiful group from the Deluge, of a Mother and Child, his Ajax, and other creations of the same kind. He failed in obtaining the prize on which he had set his heart—namely, the one which entitles the winner to study three years in Rome; his model, though nothing like so smooth as the one which won it, excelled it far in originality of conception. Nor were his busts inferior to his other works; those of Chantrey, Brunel, and Allan Cunningham, are the best; it was of the latter that Flaxman, who was then arranging the works of art in Somerset House, said—"I shall give this bust, by Smith, the best place in the exhibition, for in sentiment it surpasses any head I have seen here for some years." It is needless to add, that he kept his word. This young artist was frank, spirited, and kind-hearted, and was warmly beloved by all with whom he had intercourse.—*Ib.*

JAMES HEATH, ESQ.

Nov. 15. In Coram-street, aged 78, James Heath, Esq. Senior Associate Engraver of the Royal Academy.

Mr. Heath was for more than half a century one of the most eminent engravers in Europe. He had long, however, retired from the profession, which he resigned to his son, Mr. Charles Heath, whose almost numberless illustrated works, and other exquisite productions of the graphic art, do so much honour to the country.

Mr. Heath was the early associate and friend of Stothard, the artist; they may be said to have commenced their career of popularity and distinction at the same time. The old "Novelist's Magazine," published by Harrison, which extends to twenty-two octavo volumes, is adorned by the delicately finished engravings of James Heath, from the exquisite and imperishable drawings of Thomas Stothard. This work remains at the present moment a monument of the supremacy of the genius and skill of Heath and Stothard. Heath's fame as an engraver extended all over the continent, and was by no one more highly appreciated than by that distinguished artist, Raphael Morghen at Florence. During many years he confined himself to book illustrations; but it was impossible that an artist of such high capabilities should fail to strike out a more enlarged sphere for the display and exercise of his art, and with equal success. The "Death of Major Pearson," from a painting by West, and, as a companion to it, the "Death of Lord Nelson," from a painting by the same artist; the "Dead Soldier," from a picture by Wright of Derby; a whole length of General Washington, engraved from American Stuart's well-known portrait in the possession of the Marquis of Lansdowne; and the portrait of Pitt, from the statue at Cambridge University, are a few of the many lasting specimens of Heath's graphic excellence.

In private life Heath was esteemed and loved by the large circle in which he was known. He was a delightful companion, abounding with entertaining anecdotes and stories relating to the eminent persons with whom he had associated. Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Thomas Lawrence, West, Stothard, F. Reynolds, Morton, John Kemble, Miles Peter Andrews, Wroughton the actor, and to the end of his life Jack Bannister (who, we rejoice to say, survives him in excellent health), were his attached friends. Although his engravings were highly prized in all the principal cities of Europe, we question if his visit to the continent extended beyond Calais, on an occasion when Jack Bannister was his companion, and who often tells a humorous story of an occurrence that happened to them at Dessein's Hotel.

Mr. Heath was a widower when he died. He has left behind him three children: George, Serjeant-at-law; Charles, the eminent engraver; and Mrs. Hamilton, who is understood to be almost equal to her brother as a professor of the graphic art. Godefroy of Paris, who engraved the celebrated Battle of Austerlitz, from the splendid painting by Gerard, was a pupil of Mr. Heath.

Notabilia.

Important to Sheep-Breeders.—The dipping of sheep in the autumn seems to answer fully the expectation that was formed; and wherever it was done properly, the ticks and lice, and their eggs, seem all to have been destroyed; and the wool has made a more rapid growth, the sheep are quiet and contented, and feed well, and their coats are light, with scarcely a lock of wool displaced; while the flocks in the adjoining fields, that were not dipped, are tormented with swarms of these vermin, and are continually nabbing, rubbing, or kicking, to the injury of the wool, as well as its loss, and the cause also of considerable trouble to the shepherd; neither will they feed or sleep so well, or obtain so much flesh, or so great a weight of wool, and of course are rendered of less value. This dipping will doubtless be almost universally adopted; but we would beg to state that it is a strong and powerful remedy, and requires great experience, with a careful and judicious management, or in unskilful or negligent hands a deal of mischief may be done in a very short time.—*County Chronicle.*

The Thames Tunnel.—A meeting of the Directors and Proprietors of the Thames Tunnel Company has been held to receive the report of the directors. The chairman said that they met there under circumstances different from what they had done for the last seven years. The late government had consented to provide them with a sum of money which had been considered necessary for the completion of the work, which would be done in the cheapest possible manner. The money had been advanced in the shape of exchequer bills, the interest upon which was available to the benefit of the company. There was now no doubt of the final success of this great national undertaking, which had engaged attention in all parts of the world.—Mr. Burkitt read the report of the directors, which stated that for the last six years they had used their exertions to fulfil the duty imposed on them, and they had, at length, succeeded under the sanction of the lords of the treasury, who, by act of parliament, were provided with money on account of the improvement of public works, in obtaining a loan from the commissioners for issuing exchequer bills, and which was considered sufficient to complete the magnificent work. In order to obtain the required assistance, Lord Morpeth and Sir Harry Inglis, with a deputation, waited on Lord Althorp, to whom a statement was given that 246,000*l.* would be as much as they should want, and which was readily acceded to. Under the advice of their solicitor, 30,000*l.* on the 5th of December last, was placed in the Bank of England. At no distant period, therefore, the Tunnel would be finished. The report concluded by stating that not only the late, but the present government, have afforded every facility for the promotion of the work, while the Duke of Wellington and Lord Morpeth have manifested the greatest interest throughout its progress. The report of Mr. Brunell was next read, which expressed the fullest conviction of that gentleman as to the possibility of the Tunnel being perfected, for which purpose a house had been taken for him close by the Tunnel. A new shield will have to be made; but in the making of this there will be no impediment in the prosecution, as many preparatory steps must be taken, and which have been going on since the beginning of November last. Mr. Brunell will not commence the Tunnel from the north side, but continue the line on the south side, beginning where they left off. The accounts were then read by Mr. Burkitt, beginning from January 1, 1834, to December, 1834. On the credit side there was an account of admission-money to view the Tunnel, 1,119*l.* 18*s.*; while on the debit side, on account of advertising the exhibition of the Tunnel, 300*l.*

Savings' Banks.—In the county of Hants, containing a population of about 314,313 souls, Savings' Banks are established at Alton, Andover, Basingstoke, Fareham, Gosport, Havant, Lymington, Newport (I. W.), Portsmouth, Portsea, Southampton and Winchester. According to the last official returns, the number of accounts kept at these banks amounted to 8773, while the average amount of each deposit was 35*l.* In the Wiltshire banks of a similar description, the number of accounts opened is 7089. The average amount of each is 37*l.* Population, 239,181.

Antiquarian Discovery.—In the dissenters' burial-ground, near Dover-road, there were recently found a sepulchral urn, fractured pieces of a metallic mirror of elegant workmanship, the fragments of a glass urn, and some glass lachrymatories in the shape of a tear. A