THE

# ECLECTIC MUSEUM

OF

## FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

**JANUARY TO APRIL, 1843.**

VOLUME I. OF THE UNITED SERIES.

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# JOHN MARTIN.

PROBABLY of all the Artists who have ever lived, there are none so distinguished for *originality* as John Martin and Rembrandt van Ryn. Other great painters may have carried to perfection some quality or department of art, but their style or method did not originate with themselves, and the structure which their genius completed was already much advanced by less fortunate and gifted predecessors. This is true of Raffaelle, Michael Angelo and Correggio, whose transcendent powers were employed in the application and perfecting of principles, which had been gradually developed by the earlier Italians during the preceding centuries. But John Martin and the great Hollander are isolated in their glory, they have each produced that which had no prototype, and which other men will be proud to imitate, thus manifesting that high faculty which has been named Invention.

The qualities which have been assigned as the peculiarities of the late President of the Royal Academy, (Lawrence,) and the chief cause of his almost universal popularity, are accomplishments which to him were absolutelyindispensable; but we see by the productions of Martin, that to a man of high genius they may be comparatively unimportant, for, with but mediocre talent in almost all the mechanical aids of art, excepting perspective, he has elevated himself to the very highest station among painters. That his pictures derive no aid from the charm of fine coloring, freedom of penciling, and the other graces of execution that are so captivating, is proved by the increased power of his designs when reduced to the mere black and white of Mezzotinto prints. The emanations of his mind seem to come upon us with a severer grandeur thus divested of mechanical adjuncts. Those who ridicule the ignorance of his admirers have been lavish in their praise of his engravings. But that which stirs great emotions within us, is nearly the same in the picture which they revile and the print which they admire; and they thus tacitly acknowledge that they have attended more to the mere imperfections of the setting, than the precious jewel it contained.

What most distinguishes Martin from other artists is, his power of depicting the vast, the magnificent, the terrible, the brilliant, the obscure, the supernatural, and sometimes, the beautiful. These are noble elements and are often used by him with a masterly hand. Who like him ever represented the immensity of space, or made architecture so sublime, merely through its vastness? what other has so piled mountain upon mountain to the sky, or shadowed forth the "darkness visible" of the infernal deeps? His genius is essentially epic, not dramatic. He can work with Homer or with Milton in presenting a great event with all its magnificent concurrents of physical sublimity, darkness and tempest; but he can do nothing with Shakspeare in embodying the fine philosophy and solemn musings of Hamlet. In attempting to mark in the countenance the workings of the heart he rarely, if ever, succeeds, but although deficient in the power of *physiognomical* expression, there is another species of expression in which he stands almost unrivalled—that by which every part of his picture is made, as it were in one grand harmony, to sound the chord of that emotion which is to it as the soul by which it lives: it is the convergence of every ray towards the one burning point; the bowing down of every subject-part before the throne of the one ruling sentiment. In this fine concord resides the real unity of a picture, and the work may thus possess its integrity unbroken, whilst out of its fractional parts might be formed a hundred pictures.

The overstrained, theatrical and exaggerrated attitudes observable in his figures, is perhaps a necessary consequence of their relative diminutiveness compared with the whole surface of the picture; for the sober truth of nature would, under the circumstances, appear but feeble and ineffective. The same necessity compels him also not unfrequently to give an entire group nearly the same action, and thus, by reiterating the lines, command the attention which a single figure could hardly obtain. The subject selected for the Eclectic Museum is less objectionable on this score than most of his works. The foreground group of Javan and Miriam, surrounded and relieved as it is by the gloomy solitude of the secret path, displays a sentiment and pathos unusual in the mere figures of this painter, and their value in the picture is still further enhanced by the remoteness of the Roman army, which is so subordinate as not to break in at all on this beautiful episode.

With all his faults then, and some of them are obvious, there can be no doubt that wherever grandeur of conception or pictorial greatness shall be fostered and cherished, there will be held in high and honorable estimation the name of JOHN MARTIN.

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// AMERICAN ECLECTIC

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MUSEUM OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

JANUARY, 1843.

# ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE.

## INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE has attracted universal attention. It comprises a most eventful period in the current of human affairs, and passes in review before us the most prominent actors in the momentous scenes then displayed on the theatre of life. It is most ludicrously erroneous, however, in its statements in respect to the government and religion of the United States, and indicates a want of information on these subjects truly surprising; or else a wilful misrepresentation, which we can scarcely attribute even to so virulent a hater of republicanism.

The subsequent article, however, is not a running review of the author's volumes, abounding in extracts of tedious length, but is devoted principally to a bold exposure of Mr. Alison's Toryism, and an able defence of the democracy of England and of democracy in general. But by democracy is meant, not the rule of the masses in popular assemblies, but that of any government, in which the numerical majority has the influential, controlling power.

We think the writer, who is evidently an English Whig of note, has made out an admirable defence of the propriety and safety of our own republican constitution of government. His hope, however, like our own, relies on the general diffusion of proper education; and he cannot see why, with such a basis, a superstructure cannot be raised that will be both beautiful and permanent.

He believes in the *improvability*, but not in the *perfectibility* of human nature; and notwithstanding the tumultuous passions that tossed themselves, like angry waves, on the sea of the French Revolution, he thinks the ultimate results of it will be beneficial to the world.

Our own opinion is not dissimilar. That revolution may be looked upon as the eruption of a moral volcano, disastrous, of course, in its direct effects on those more immediately subjected to the overflowings of its burning lava, but operating, at the same time, as a safety valve, and letting off inflammable gases, which had else grumbled beneath the surface until they had heaved up the earth with terrific earthquakes.—ED.

From the Edinburgh Review.

*History of Europe, from the Commencement of the French Revolution in* 1789, *to the Restoration of the Bourbons in* 1815. By ARCHIBALD ALISON, Esq., F. R. S. E., Advocate. 10 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh and London: 1839–1842.

THERE is much in Mr. Alison's History of the French Revolution against which we intend to record our decided protest; and there are some parts of it which we shall feel compelled to notice with strong disapprobation. We therefore hasten to preface our less favorable remarks by freely acknowledging that the present work is, upon the whole, a valuable addition to European literature, that it is evidently compiled with the utmost care, and that its narration, so far as we can judge, is not perverted by the slightest partiality.

A complete history, by an English author, of all the great events which took place in Europe from 1789 to 1815, has long been a *desideratum;* and whatever may be the imperfections of Mr. Alison's work, we cannot say that it does not supply the vacancy. Its defects, or what we deem such, are matter partly of taste, and partly of politi-



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cal opinion. Some readers may consider them as beauties—many will overlook them; and even the most fastidious must acknowledge that they are not such as materially to interfere with the great plan of the work. Its merits are minuteness and honesty—qualities which may well excuse a faulty style, gross political prejudices, and a fondness for exaggerated and frothy declamation.

We cannot better illustrate the fulness and authenticity of Mr. Alison's history, than by quoting his own statement of the admirable plan on which he has selected and applied his authorities. His invariable rule, we are informed by his Preface, has been 'to give, on every occasion, the authorities by volume and page from which the statement in the text was taken. . . . Not only are the authorities for every paragraph invariably given, but in many instances also those for every sentence have been accumulated in the margin. . . . Care has been taken to quote a preponderance of authority, in every instance where it was possible, from writers on the opposite side to that which an English historian may be supposed to adopt; and the reader will find almost every fact in the internal history of the Revolution, supported by two Republican and one Royalist authority; and every event in the military narrative drawn from at least two writers on the part of the French, and one on that of their opponents.' We feel convinced that Mr. Alison has acted up to the spirit of this candid and judicious system throughout his whole work. We cannot, of course, pretend to have verified his statements by constant reference to the writers from whom he has drawn his information. The events which he records are of such recent occurrence, and such deep interest, that the enormous mass of details published respecting them may well defy the curiosity of an ordinary reader. But we are bound to remark, that whenever we have been led to compare the conflicting accounts of any important event in Mr. Alison's history, we have almost invariably found that his narrative steers judiciously between them, and combines the most probable and consistent particulars contained in each. We apply this remark more especially to his narration of the intestine commotions of the French Revolution, and of the military conflicts of the Empire—particularly those which occurred in Spain. No one, we think, can read the various accounts of the troubles which led to the Reign of Terror, as collected in the able work of Professor Smyth, or the histories of the Peninsular war by Napier, Foy, and others, without feeling satisfied of the care and judgment which Mr. Alison has shown in constantly selecting, where authorities differ, the most probable and most authoritative statements.

We have already hinted our opinion, that Mr. Alison's general style is not attractive. It is not, however, at least in the narrative part of his work, either feeble or displeasing. Its principal defect is the cumbrous and unwieldy construction of its sentences, which frequently cause them to appear slovenly and obscure, and sometimes render their precise meaning doubtful. We quote, almost at random, a single passage by way of specimen:—'Mortier, following the orders which he had received to keep nearly abreast of, though a little behind the columns on the right bank, and intent only upon inflicting loss upon the Russian troops which he knew had passed the river, and conceived to be flying across his line of march from the Danube towards Moravia, was eagerly emerging from the defiles of Diernstein, beneath the Danube, and the rocky hills beneath the towers of the castle where Richard Cœur de Lion was once immured, when he came upon the Russian rearguard, under Milaradowitch, posted in front of Stein, on heights commanding the only road by which he could advance, and supported by a powerful artillery.'—(v. 444.) We have purposely selected a sentence obscure merely by its length and involution, and not disfigured by any tangible solecism; and we believe we speak within compass when we say, that it would be difficult to select half a dozen consecutive pages, from any part of Mr. Alison's work, in which one or more passages of at least equally faulty construction might not be found. But there are not wanting offences of a still less excusable nature. Whenever the historian warms with his subject, he is constantly hurried into the most singular verbal blunders—some puzzling, some ludicrous—but all of a kind which a careful reperusal could scarcely have failed to discover. We quote three or four instances, not for the sake of ridiculing a few slight oversights in a long and laborious work, but in order to draw Mr. Alison's attention to a defect which, comparatively trivial as it is, might give great and unjust advantage to critics less disposed than we are to treat him kindly. Thus he speaks of the '*vast* and varied inhabitants' of the French empire—a phrase which can scarcely be actually misunderstood, but which sounds ludicrously inapplicable, considering that the

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average size of the French conscripts is stated, a few pages before, at only five feet English.—(ix. 105.) In 1800, the French armies appear to have unjustly seized some English vessels at Leghorn, 'an acquisition which,' in the singular phraseology of Mr. Alison, 'speedily *recoiled upon the heads* of those who acquired them.'—(iv. 381.) In the campaign of Austerlitz we find the Austrians defeated by Murat, 'who made 1800 of their wearied *columns* prisoners, (v. 406) —a capture which, supposing the statement to be literally true, and the columns of average size, must have embraced nearly the whole male population of the empire. And shortly after, we are informed, that the French army celebrated the anniversary of Napoleon's coronation by the '*spontaneous combustion*' of their huts.—(v. 474.) We will not go farther with examples of this sort, but we cannot forbear soliciting Mr. Alison's attention to two crying defects;—his profuse and unscrupulous use of the most barbarous Scotticisms, and the confused and even ambiguous arrangement of his antecedents and relatives. With all these imperfections, Mr. Alison's history has merits sufficient to atone, even to those readers who consider only their own amusement, for the want of an easy and polished style. The stirring interest of the events which he relates, his judgment in selecting striking traits of character for preservation, his earnest seriousness of manner, and his obvious honesty of purpose—all combine to make his narrative on the whole both interesting and impressive.

We cannot speak so favorably of the disquisitions on political events and characters, which abound throughout his work. With all our respect for his merits as a historian, we are bound to declare our honest opinion, that the attempts displayed in them at impassioned and declamatory eloquence, are generally very far below mediocrity. We have already noticed some of the blunders into which he has been betrayed in the course of his ordinary narrative. Few writers soar more easily or more securely than they walk; and Mr. Alison's oratorical digressions abound in examples of pointless anti-climax, of quaint and ungrammatical inversion, of the carefully balanced antithesis of synonymous ideas, of periods rounded with sonorous pomp, yet constructed with slovenly obscurity. But we are in haste to dismiss this ungracious part of our task, and we shall therefore content ourselves with pointing out a few individual blemishes, the removal of which we are particularly anxious to effect.

Figurative illustrations are as fatal to Mr. Alison as they are, indeed, to most writers who are at once careless and ambitious. His opinion of the age of George III. is expressed by an astronomical metaphor, which he has contrived to distort with a perverse ingenuity rarely surpassed. 'Bright,' he says, 'as were the *stars* of its *morning* light, more brilliant still was the *constellation* which shone forth in its *meridian* splendor, or cast a glow over the twilight of its evening shades.'—(vii. 3.) The simile would have been perfect of its kind, if Mr. Alison had but added that his constellation had disappeared, as constellations are wont to do, in the darkness of the ensuing night. In the same manner, he speaks of a narrative as 'tinged with undue bias,' (Pref. xxxi.)—of a historical work as 'closed with a ray of glory,' (Pref. xxxviii.)—of a truth as 'proclaimed in characters of fire to mankind.' (viii. 7.) We cannot omit the two following sentences, which we consider to be almost unique. The first contains a simile which to us is utterly unintelligible—the other an elaborate confusion of metaphor, which nothing but the most patient ingenuity can unravel. 'In 1787,' says Mr. Alison,' 'Goethe, profound and imaginative, was reflecting on the destiny of man on earth, *like a cloud which* "*turns up its silver lining to the moon.*"'—(vii. 103.) 'In Linnæus she (Sweden) has for ever unfolded the hidden key by which the endless variety of floral beauty is to be classified, and the mysterious link is preserved between vegetable and animal life.'—(viii. 612*.)

Mr. Alison does not wear his borrowed plumes with a better grace than his original ornaments. The following is an instance of a fine thought carelessly appropriated and thoroughly spoiled. The British Bard in Gray's famous ode speaks of the banners of his victorious enemy as 'fanned by conquest's crimson wing.' Mr. Alison has adorned a passage of his history with this easy and spirited metaphor; but he has most unskilfully transferred the ventilation from the banners to the minds of the conquerors, and assures us, that 'it is not while "fanned by conquest's crimson wing," that the *real motives* of human conduct can be made apparent.'—(ix. 104.) A similar and still more painful example of bad taste is to be found in the very next page. 'All the *springs*,' says he, 'which the world can furnish to sustain the fortunes of an empire, were in full activity, and worked with consummate ability; but *one* (query *three?*) was wanting, without which, in the hour of trial, all the others are but as *tinkling brass*—a

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belief in God, a sense of duty, and a faith in immortality.' The celebrated passage from which Mr. Alison has here borrowed an illustration, is familiar to all our readers. It is that in which St. Paul compares the eloquence of an idle declaimer to the tinkling of a cymbal. The original phrase is one of such admirable point and force as to have become almost proverbial. But how has its merit survived Mr. Alison's appropriation? He seizes on one half of the simile, severs it from the other, and tacks it to a new object with which it has no natural connexion whatever. Nothing can be more apt and lively than the comparison of unmeaning verbosity to the empty ringing of metal, as every one who studies Mr. Alison's specimens of declamation will allow. But how does such a comparison express the inefficiency of a mechanical force? For aught we know, a spring may be of brass, and of tinkling brass too, and yet be sufficiently strong and elastic. A better illustration, or a worse adaptation, of the apostle's forcible image, than the passage just quoted, we do not expect again to see.

Tedious self-repetition, the most inveterate fault of careless and declamatory writers, has been carried by Mr. Alison to an almost unprecedented extent. We have neither space nor time to extract some of his digressions, in which the selfsame current of ideas is run through twice or thrice in various language. But the mere recurrence of favorite phrases cannot fail to strike and displease the most careless reader. The bow of Esop, the small black cloud of Elijah, the boon of Polypheme to Ulysses, together with numberless less remarkable allusions and expressions, are applied three or four times each, precisely under the same circumstances, and almost in the same words. Winds, waves, meteors, thunderbolts, earthquakes, and similar phenomena of all sorts, are constantly ready to be let loose upon the reader; nor, however frequently he may have sustained them, is he ever, for a single page, secure against their recurrence. As a proof that we have not exaggerated the frequency of this unpleasing practice, we must, in justice to ourselves, refer our readers to the first fifteen pages of Mr. Alison's *eighth* volume; within which short space they will find no less than thirteen similes and illustrations drawn from light and color, of which nearly one-half are crowded into twenty-five consecutive lines, and no less than four are expressed in the same identical phrase.

We do not think it necessary to apologize for having dwelt so long upon a subject which we have already admitted to be of secondary importance. If we believed that Mr. Alison had failed in one branch of his history from real want of ability, we should have thought it ungenerous to mortify the author of a valuable and laborious work, by cavilling at the false taste of its embellishments. But we cannot imagine that this is the case. It is impossible that a man of Mr. Alison's talents and knowledge should be deliberately blind to the defects and the nonsense we have been quoting. Most of these blemishes are such as a little reflection would induce a sensible schoolboy to strike out of his theme. We are apt to think that Mr. Alison has neglected these parts of his work; that he has sketched them when fatigued and excited by his labors; and that he has left the first rough draught unaltered for publication. We are unwilling to deal harshly with such errors. There is something both striking and gratifying in the spectacle of a writer who is scrupulous of historical truth and justice, but negligent of his own literary fame—who lavishes that time and trouble in ascertaining his facts, which he omits to employ in polishing his style. We are confident that Mr. Alison might, with a little care and patience, correct more serious faults than those we have noticed; and should this prove to be the case, we shall not be sorry if we have made him feel a certain degree of regret for their commission.

As a military historian, Mr. Alison has received general and merited applause. His narratives of warlike operations are well arranged, minute, and spirited; and display considerable scientific knowledge. He is particularly remarkable for the clear and accurate descriptions which he never fails to give of the situations in which the most important manœuvres of the war took place. His sketches are written with as much spirit as topographical knowledge; and he not only impresses on the memory the principal features of the scene of action, but generally succeeds in conveying a vivid picture of them to the imagination. He appears, indeed, to have been induced, by his strong interest in the subject, to visit most of Napoleon's fields of battle in person; and it is but just to say, that he has surveyed them with the feeling of an artist and the precision of a tactician.

The lively coloring of Mr. Alison's descriptions of battles is, in general, as pleasing as the accuracy of the outline is praise-

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worthy. He has a strong and manly sympathy with military daring and devotion, which never blinds him to the sufferings inflicted by war, but which leads him to give warm and impartial praise to every brave action, by whichever party achieved. We might easily fill our pages with interesting extracts of this nature; but we must content ourselves with referring our readers to the work itself. There is scarcely an important victory of the war which Mr. Alison has not related in the fullest detail, and with the strictest impartiality. We may also remark the successful art with which he occasionally pauses, in the most critical moment of a great battle, to remind his readers, by a word dexterously thrown in, of the mighty interests at stake. It is an artifice to which he has perhaps too freely resorted, but which he occasionally employs with marked effect.

Still, Mr. Alison's finest descriptions are occasionally marred by the same faults which we have remarked in his political dissertations; by the same tendency to flights of poetical extravagance; the same wearisome repetitions; the same flow of sonorous verbosity. We forbear to recommence our reluctant strictures upon these faults of style; but there is a single error which we are unwilling to pass over, because we believe it to be peculiar to this branch of the narrative. We allude to the occasional substitution of the present for the past tense in the relation of events. It is one of the most unimpressive and unpleasing artifices which a writer can employ—rarely admissible in narrative poetry, scarcely ever in prose romance, and utterly inconsistent with the sober dignity of the historical style. Much of all this is, no doubt, to be attributed to the incorrectness of taste indisputably displayed by Mr. Alison in many of the more impassioned passages of his work; but much, we suspect, is owing to an injudicious and indiscriminate, though just and laudable, admiration for the genius of a rival historian.

Mr. Alison frequently speaks with warm and generous applause of the ardent military eloquence which distinguishes the style of Colonel Napier. Nothing can be more handsomely expressed than this feeling; but we suspect that it has occasionally betrayed Mr. Alison into unconscious, and not always happy, imitation. We appreciate as highly as any one the force and originality of the language employed by this great military historian. Among all his high qualities none is more conspicuous than the warmth and vigor of his narration. It is impossible not to feel animated by the fiery energy, and the graphic minuteness of his descriptions. But his most partial admirers will allow, that the more fanciful and brilliant peculiarities of his style, are such as must make all attempts at imitation difficult and dangerous to an unusual degree. Its fervent impetuosity occasionally overpowers even its master, and it is unlikely to prove more docile in less familiar hands. Colonel Napier's genius, if we may be pardoned the comparison, resembles those Indian *figurantes* described by Captain Mundy in his amusing sketches, whose chief difficulty is to restrain within graceful limits the superabundant suppleness and agility of their limbs. It is the luxuriant vivacity of the writer's imagination, and his unlimited command of pointed and original language, that occasion the principal blemishes in his style. And it is impossible to deny, that when he gives the rein to his fancy, it occasionally hurries him across the fatal step which separates the sublime, we will not say from the ridiculous, but assuredly from the quaint and grotesque.

We are far from accusing Mr. Alison of caricaturing Colonel Napier's manner. We think his descriptions a softened, and in some respects an improved copy of those of his great original. But Colonel Napier's battle-pieces are in a style which will not bear softening—we had almost said, in a style which will not bear improvement. We know no description so appropriate to it as the quaint expression applied by Henry Grattan to Lord Chatham's oratory—that 'it was very great, and very odd.' Its eccentricity cannot be corrected without weakening its energy; it is either strikingly yet irregularly lofty, or it becomes tame, hollow, and exaggerated. With Colonel Napier himself the last is never the case. His faults are as racy and as characteristic as his beauties; and in his boldest offences against taste, his originality and vigor are conspicuous.

Still, this lively melodramatic style, even when most successful, is not that which we prefer for historical narrative. We are no very rigid advocates for what is called the *dignity* of history. We have no doubt that thousands of interesting facts have perished, never to be recovered, by the supercilious neglect of over formal historians. We would have all circumstances preserved which can add the least effect to the narrative, however trivial they may appear. But we do not see the advantage of ornamental descriptions, however striking in-

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themselves, which comprise merely general and common-place particulars, such as could not but accompany the main facts related. There is, surely, something unpleasing in seeing a historian, while recounting events which shook and terrified all Europe, glance aside to notice the trembling of the earth under a heavy cannonade, or the glittering of helmets in a charge of cavalry. We object to such flights, not because they are beneath the *dignity* of the narrative, but because they diminish the simplicity to which it must owe much of its awful effect; and because they can be far more imposingly supplied by the imagination of the reader. It is not by such rhetorical arts as these, that the great masters of history have produced their most successful effects. Thucydides has never once throughout his work departed from the grave and simple dignity of his habitual style. Yet what classical scholar will ever forget the condensed pathos and energy with which he has described the desolation of Athens during the pestilence, or the overthrow of the Syracusan expedition? Froissart is a still more extraordinary instance. Without for a moment suffering himself to be raised above his ordinary tone of easy and almost childish garrulity, he has yet attained that chivalrous ardor of expression, which, to borrow the emphatic words of Sidney, 'stirs the heart like the sound of a trumpet.' What soldier ever read without enthusiasm his account of the battle of Crecy? Not, we are confident, Colonel Napier, whose warm and ready sympathy with the brave is one of his noblest qualities as a historian. The brilliant array of the French chivalry—the fierce gestures and 'fell cry' of the undisciplined Genoese—the motionless silence of the English archery—the sudden and deadly flight of arrows—the mad confusion of the routed army;—all are painted with the life and vigor of Homer himself. And yet the chronicler has not employed a shade of fanciful coloring or poetical ornament—his whole narrative is full of the same simple and delightful *naïveté* with which he commends the innocence of the Black Prince's oaths; or celebrates the 'small hat of beaver' which became Edward III. so marvellously at the battle of Sluys. In reading such passages as these, we feel the same admiration as in seeing an athlete perform some feat of surpassing strength, without the distortion of a feature or a muscle. They are, in comparison with the florid and highly wrought style on which we have been remarking, what the Belvidere Apollo is in comparison with the beautiful statue of the Attacking Gladiator. Both figures are admirable works of art, and both are represented in the act of vehement and victorious exertion. But how striking is the contrast between the desperate energy of the mortal, and the serene indifference of the divinity!

During the twenty-five years included in Mr. Alison's History, Europe was so perpetually involved in war, that in giving our opinion of his merits as a military historian, we may be said to have pronounced upon those of the whole narrative part of his work. But he has taken great pains to give his readers the most complete information of all the internal transactions of the chief European nations, during that period. He has, as he informs us, made it his rule 'to give the arguments for and against any public measures in the words of those who originally brought them forward, without any attempt at paraphrase or abridgement. This is more particularly the case in the debates of the National Assembly of France, the Parliament of England, and the Council of State under Napoleon. . . . . It is,' as he justly remarks, 'the only mode by which the spirit and feelings of the moment could be faithfully transmitted to posterity, or justice done to the motives, on either side, which influenced mankind.'—(Pref. xliv.) 'Providence,' says Mr. Alison, 'has so interwoven human affairs, that when we wish to retrace the revolutions of a people, and to investigate the causes of their grandeur or misfortune, we are insensibly conducted step by step to their cradle.'—(ii. 536.) The historian has accordingly interwoven with his narrative several very interesting and comprehensive sketches of the previous history and political state of those nations who took the most prominent share in events. We may particularize those of France, England, Russia, Turkey, and Poland, as the most complete and elaborate. They include a general description of the population, of the nature and capabilities of the countries in question, and contain much valuable statistical information. We think Mr. Alison mistaken in some of the maxims and theories which he draws from these views of European history; but it is impossible to refuse him the merit of much accurate knowledge, and much patient and ingenious reflection.

Mr. Alison's principal and fatal error is one which we can only lament; for we can neither blame him for its existence, nor wonder at its effects—he is a rigid, a sin-

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cere, and an intolerant Tory. This is the whole extent of his offence. His opinions are displayed with sufficient fairness, if not always with perfect taste and modesty;—he does not permit them to pervert his statements of facts, though he seldom loses an opportunity of asserting them in all their uncharitable austerity. To this practice every liberal-minded reader, of however opposite principles, will easily reconcile himself. He will, it is true, have to travel through an interesting tract of history, in company with an honorable opponent, instead of a sympathizing friend. He will necessarily lose much pleasure, and some instruction; but a few precautions will ensure him against injury or annoyance.

In common with nearly all political writers of the present day, we have had repeated occasion to pronounce our opinion both upon revolutions in general, and in particular upon that which forms the main subject of Mr. Alison's history. We shall not, of course, repeat our arguments in detail; as we see no occasion to correct the conclusions which we drew from them. We shall merely allude to them so far as may be necessary for the purpose of comparing them with the opinions of Mr. Alison respecting the causes, the character, and the consequences of the French Revolution.

We must, however, preface our observations by declaring, that we have found considerable difficulty in extracting any consistent and definite opinion, from the present work, upon the general tendency of that event. We have been wholly unable to reconcile the author's calm and just remarks upon the nature of the French government under the ancient *régime*, with his vague and incoherent bursts of invective against the spirit by which it was subverted. He speaks of violent revolutions, sometimes as the stern but beneficial punishments of tyranny and corruption—sometimes as national fits of insanity, the judgment of Providence upon moral profligacy and religious skepticism. His *logic* convinces us that what he is pleased to call the revolutionary mania is in itself a very natural feeling—the instinctive desire of the oppressed for peace and security. His *rhetoric* would persuade us that it is a mysterious epidemic, displaying itself merely by a morbid thirst for innovation, and an insane delight in crime. In his second chapter, he details nearly a dozen intolerable grievances which existed in France down to the first outbreak of popular violence; almost any one of which would appear, to a free-born Englishman, sufficient to cause a civil war. He then proceeds to notice several circumstances which were likely to render the French nation, at that moment, peculiarly impatient of the hardships they had to endure. So far, nothing can be more satisfactory. He has clearly shown that a sudden and violent change was inevitable; and that, without the utmost skill and firmness in the government, that change was likely to be followed by fatal excesses. But he goes on to declare, in all the emphasis of capital type, that 'the circumstances which have now been mentioned, without doubt *contributed* to the formation of that discontent which formed the predisposing cause of the Revolution. But the exciting cause, as physicians would say—the immediate source of the convulsion—was the SPIRIT OF INNOVATION, which, like a malady, overspread France at that crisis, precipitated all classes into a passion for changes, of which they were far from perceiving the ultimate effect, and in the end produced evils far greater than those they were intended to remove. . . . . It would seem,' he adds, 'as if, at particular periods, from causes inscrutable to human wisdom, an universal frenzy seizes mankind; reason, experience, prudence, are alike blinded, and the very persons who are to perish in the storm are the first to raise its fury.'—(i. 149.) This is a good specimen of the superficial verbiage which formed the chorus of the English Tory press fifty years ago. We confess that we always considered it strange language to come from shrewd, sensible men of the world—from men who, when reasoning on the crimes and follies of social life, would have been the first to laugh such vague jargon to scorn. Still these men had at least an excuse which Mr. Alison has not. The explanation, bad as it was, was the best they had to give. They did not possess the information which we now have, respecting the system which had brutalized and enraged the French people; and if they had, they might be excused, at such a crisis, for failing to reason justly upon it. But we are at loss to conceive how Mr. Alison can think it necessary to aid the effect of his able and conclusive details, by a solution so feeble and unmeaning as the above. We forgive the schoolmen of the middle ages for saying that the water rises in the pump because nature abhors a vacuum; for the answer was merely a pompous confession of ignorance. But what should we think of a modern philosopher who should solve the same problem by telling

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us—'The pressure of the external atmosphere overcomes that of the rarefied air in the cylinder; this circumstance, without doubt, contributes to the phenomenon; but its immediate cause is, that nature abhors a vacuum!' If Mr. Alison means, by the 'spirit of innovation,' that natural wish for redress which is the consequence of intolerable suffering, then the sentence we have quoted, besides being a truism in itself, is incorrect in its application; for that spirit must have been an intermediate, not a collateral cause of the Revolution. But this he does *not* mean; for it would be absurd to call so rational a desire an inscrutable frenzy. It is therefore clear that he speaks of 'a spirit of innovation,' wholly unconnected with existing inconveniences—a spirit against which the wisest institutions cannot guard, and which is almost as likely to break forth in a free, as in an oppressed nation. We shall permit ourselves a few observations upon this theory; because, briefly as it is here expressed, it appears to be the text of most of his mournful and discouraging speculations both upon the future destiny of France, and the progress of Reform throughout the world.

In the first place, the remark naturally occurs, that admitting the possibility of the explanation, we do not want its assistance. Mr. Alison has ably shown that the worst follies and excesses of the Revolution may be fully accounted for by the ordinary motives of human conduct. Why then have recourse to 'causes inscrutable to human wisdom?' Why call down a divinity, when the knot can be disentangled by mortal skill? Assume, if you will, that nations, like elephants, are subject to periodical accesses of frenzy; but why apply your theory to such a case where every provocation existed to justify an outbreak of natural resentment? Nothing can, by Mr. Alison's account, be more evident, than that the political privileges of the noblesse, the oppressions of the feudal law, and the ruinous state of the finances, must have been in 1789 sources of daily and hourly annoyance to the great majority of the French nation. Most of them, even in the plebeian class, must, in the existing state of intelligence, have felt that their property had been injured, and their prospects in life disappointed, by the accident of their birth. And surely they must have been the meekest race in existence, if the severity of their sufferings, and the consciousness of their strength, and the knowledge of the impotence of their oppressors, would all have been insufficient to urge them to violence, without the assistance of this casual fit of unaccountable insanity.

In speaking thus, we fully bear in mind the wild and visionary speculations which were so common in France at the time of the Revolution. But we cannot see the necessity of referring these delusions to inscrutable causes. No one will deny that a frantic spirit of innovation *did* exist in France at that period;—the question is, whether it originated in natural resentment or spontaneous frenzy—whether, in short, the nation was driven mad, or went mad of its own accord. The latter, as we have seen, is Mr. Alison's opinion; and this opinion induces him, as well it may, to fear that the feelings which convulsed France half a century since, may be awakened in free and well governed countries by the progress of constitutional reform. To us nothing can seem more natural than that men, who knew no more of political liberty than a blind man knows of light, should form an extravagant notion of its blessings. All our ideas of human nature would have been confounded, if we had found the French Jacobins recommending the constitution of 1789 in the calm and rational language in which Hampden might have spoken for the abolition of the Star-Chamber, or Lord Somers for the Bill of Rights. It is certain that nations, like individuals, are sometimes captivated by delusive theories. But we appeal to the common sense of our readers whether any reasonable being ever abandoned substantial comforts, or confronted real dangers, with no better motives. Can it be conceived that empty dreams about universal equality, and an age of innocence, would have nerved peaceable men to defy the cannon of the Bastile? Would the mob have massacred good and popular rulers for the sake of resembling Brutus and Timoleon? When an *homme-de-lettres* risked his life as a demagogue, was it to realize his fancies of republics and democracies, or to escape from hopeless poverty and obscurity? When a peasant set fire to the chateau of Monseigneur, was it because he admired the eloquence of Danton or Desmoulins, or because he found it easier to revolt at once, than to stay at home and be ruined by *corvées* and feudal services?

At the conclusion of his first chapter, Mr. Alison has explained, with admirable sense and moderation, the causes of the sanguinary violence which distinguished the French Revolution. We are not sure that his remarks upon the various crimes which he has to relate, are always characterized by

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the same rational calmness; but he has here at least recorded his deliberate opinion, that the atrocities of the French populace were the natural and inevitable fruit of the oppression which they had suffered. We have long ago expressed our belief, that the excesses of every popular convulsion will generally be proportioned to the misgovernment which occasioned it. We are aware that this has been eagerly disputed; but without pausing to discuss particular examples, we submit that the general rule approaches very nearly to a truism. Will not the violence of the popular party in a revolution be in proportion to their exasperation and their political ignorance? And will not their exasperation be in proportion to their sufferings, and their political ignorance to their inexperience in the use of political power?

Of course, no one will deny that the exactness of the proportion may be disturbed by various causes. The influence of accidental circumstances, the authority of particular classes, even the personal character of individuals, may have the greatest effect in exciting or restraining popular revenge. We need not remind our readers of the various unhappy coincidences which combined to increase the natural resentment of the French nation;—of the foolish weakness, and more foolish insolence of the court, the unprincipled character of the popular leaders, the want of moral and religious feeling among the lower classes. Still, we do not comprehend the argument which attributes the crimes and impieties of that unhappy time to the demoralizing effects of the Revolution itself. Sudden anarchy may bring evil passions and infidel opinions to light; but we do not understand how it can bring them into existence. Men do not insult their religion and massacre their fellow-creatures, simply because it is in their power. The desire to do so must previously exist, and in France we have every proof that it did exist. We might give innumerable instances of the cruel and vindictive temper displayed from the most ancient times by the lower classes in France. In the *Jacquerie*, in the civil wars of the *Bourguignons* and *Armagnacs*, and in the seditions of the *League* and the *Fronde*, they constantly displayed the ferocity naturally excited by slavery and oppression. Their scorn for Christianity, though more recently acquired, had become, long before the Revolution of 1789, as inveterate as their desire for revenge. We shall give, in Mr. Alison's own words, one very singular proof of the extent to which it prevailed. In speaking of the Egyptian expedition, he says—'They' (the French soldiers) 'not only considered the Christian faith as an entire fabrication, but were for the most part ignorant of its very elements. Lavalette has recorded that hardly one of them had ever been in a church, and that in Palestine they were ignorant even of the names of the holiest places in sacred history.'—(iii. 419.) This was in 1799, only ten years after the first symptoms of popular innovation. Here, then, were 30,000 full-grown men, collected promiscuously from all parts of France—many of them well educated, and all of sound mind and body—who appear to have felt about as much interest in the religion of their ancestors as in that of Brahma or Confucius. And yet the great majority of this army must have been born fifteen or twenty years before the first outbreak of the Revolution; and the very youngest of them must have passed their childhood entirely under the ancient *régime*. There cannot, surely, be a stronger proof that, long before the royal authority was shaken, the great mass of the French nation had become such thorough infidels as to be almost ignorant of the very existence of Christianity.

Our limits will not permit us to discuss with Mr. Alison the great question, whether the French Revolution was on the whole a benefit, or a disaster to mankind. Though some passages in the earlier part of his History seem to bear a more hopeful interpretation, it is clear that upon the whole he considers it as an event most fatal to France, and most menacing to the rest of Europe. The following are, in his opinion, its most pernicious consequences, as regards France alone—'The national morality has been destroyed in the citizens of towns, in whose hands alone political power is vested.—There is no moral strength or political energy in the country. . . . France has fallen into a subjection to Paris, to which there is nothing comparable in European history. The Prætorian guards of the capital rule the state. . . . Commercial opulence and habits of sober judgment have been destroyed, never to revive. A thirst for excitement everywhere prevails, and general selfishness disgraces the nation. Religion has never resumed its sway over the influential classes. . . . And the general depravity renders indispensable a powerful centralized and military government. In what respect,' he asks, 'does this state of things differ from the institutions of China or the Byzantine empire?'—(x. 548.) In what respect, we prefer to in-



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quire, does it differ from the institutions of France *before* the Revolution? We are no implicit admirers of the present French government; but we appeal to Mr. Alison's own statements, whether it is not infinitely preferable to that of Louis XVI.? Still less are we blind to the many and serious faults of the present generation of Frenchmen; but we are at a loss to conceive how any reasonable being, who compares the second revolution with the first, can deny the superiority of the Frenchman of 1830 to the Frenchman of 1793—that is, to the Frenchman of the ancient *régime*, when seen in his true colors. But, without stopping to argue so extensive a question in detail, we must confess that we should be glad to hear from Mr. Alison a distinct answer to a few such plain questions as the following:—Would Louis-Philippe, though he were the most depraved and violent man in Europe, dare to imitate the orgies of the regency, or the tyranny of Louis XV.? Are life, property, and honor, less safe than in the time of the Bastile, and the *Parc aux Cerfs?* Is the present condition of the peasantry worse than it was under the feudal law? Have the middle classes less political power than in 1742? Is France less prosperous at home, or less respected abroad, than in 1763 or 1783? However common infidelity may unhappily be, is religion less respected than in the days of Voltaire? However low the national standard of morality, was it higher when Madame de Parabére, or Madame du Berri, was the virtual ruler of France? All the declamation in the world about Oriental tyrannies, and centralized despotisms, will not get rid of these simple tests; and we are at a loss to imagine how even Mr. Alison could reply to one of them in the affirmative.

If we are right on this important point, we shall not allow the crimes of the Revolution, or the sufferings which it caused, to prevent us from considering it a beneficial change. In saying this we trust that we shall not be understood as wishing to palliate the excesses of the popular party, or to undervalue the evils inseparable from all popular convulsions. A revolution, at its best, is a painful and perilous remedy; at its worst, it is the severest trial which a nation can undergo. If we are inclined, notwithstanding, to consider such trials as benefits, it is because we believe that they seldom occur, except in cases where hopeless slavery and irreparable decay are the only alternatives. There is no doubt that the French Revolution was an instance of the worst kind;—perhaps it was the very worst that ever occurred. Not only did the popular movement result in atrocities, but the exhaustion which followed led to the usurpation of Napoleon and the wars of the empire. Three millions and a half of Frenchmen,* and a prodigious number of foreigners, perished, who but for the Revolution and its consequences might have ended their days in peace. Human ingenuity, in short, can scarcely imagine means by which a greater amount of violence and bloodshed could have been crowded into a quarter of a century. Still we are persuaded that an escape from this fiery trial would have been dearly purchased by the continuance of the ancient *régime* for another century. The evils of violence and bloodshed, dreadful as they are, cannot be compared to those of oppressive institutions. Violence and bloodshed are necessarily partial, but oppressive institutions are universal. It is impossible to guillotine a whole nation; it is impossible to enrol a whole nation as conscripts; but it is easy to make a whole nation miserable by disabilities and exactions. Even under the Reign of Terror, each individual citizen must have felt that there were many hundred chances to one in favor of his escape from denunciation; but no peasant had a hope of escaping the tyranny of the feudal customs. Violence and bloodshed are in their nature transitory; but oppressive institutions may be perpetual. Crimes which spring from passion soon exhaust themselves; but crimes which spring from habit may continue for ever. The Reign of Terror was over in fourteen months; but the ancient *régime* might have subsisted until its effects had reduced France to the decrepitude of China or Constantinople. Violence and bloodshed produce merely suffering; but oppressive institutions produce degradation also. A French peasant might retain the pride and spirit of a free man, though he knew that the next day he might be dragged before a revolutionary tribunal, or hurried off to join the army in Spain or Russia. But a French peasant who had been placed in the stocks for want of due servility to his *seigneur*, who had seen his son sent to the galleys for destroying a partridge's eggs, who knew that the honor of his family had been outraged by some

* Mr. Alison enumerates the victims of the Revolution, including those of the civil war in La Vendée, at 1,022,351 souls; and the soldiers who perished in the wars of the Empire, at 2,200,400.—(See vi. 410, ii. 400.) This does not include those who fell at Waterloo, in the battles of the revolutionary contest, and in the various naval actions of the war.

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licentious noble, such a man could not but feel himself a debased and unhappy slave. The sufferings of the Revolution, in short, were to the sufferings of the ancient *régime* as the plague of London to the *malaria* of a tropical climate. The one was a temporary though overwhelming blow, the other a wasting pestilence—the perpetual source of terror and misery to every successive generation existing within its influence.

Mr. Alison's opinions upon the French Revolution induce him to speak with triumphant admiration of the foresight shown by Mr. Pitt and Mr. Burke upon that subject, and with condescending compassion of the blindness of Mr. Fox. 'Posterity,' he assures us, 'will not search the speeches of Mr. Fox for historic truth, nor pronounce him gifted with any extraordinary political penetration. On the contrary, it must record with regret that the light which broke upon Mr. Burke at the outset of the Revolution, and on Mr. Pitt before its principal atrocities began, only shone on his fervent mind when descending to the grave.'—(v. 720.) That, we presume, will depend upon the view taken by posterity of the events in question. It is impossible to deny that Mr. Burke appreciated the character of the then existing generation of Frenchmen more truly than Mr. Fox. But if future ages see in the French Revolution a shock which, dreadful as it was, saved France from hopeless and lingering decay, they will scarcely deny their admiration to the statesman who discerned its true character; merely because his sanguine and generous nature led him to think too favorably of the individuals who conducted it. The physical evils inflicted by the French Revolution are already almost effaced, and their last traces will vanish with the present generation. But its moral consequences may endure for ages, and it is by their ultimate character that the comparative wisdom of the rival statesmen must be tried.

It may be true that Mr. Fox was induced, late and reluctantly, to despair of French liberty. But it was not the turbulence of the Revolution which changed his opinions. It was the forcible interruption, not the natural tendency, of its progress, which caused his despondency. He had foreseen that the excesses of the French people were incapable of being a permanent evil; but no human skill could enable him to foresee the downfall of Napoleon. It would be unfair to blame a physician for ignorance in recommending sea-bathing, because his patient happened to be carried off by a shark; and it is equally unjust to assert that Mr. Fox was originally wrong in his opinion of the French Revolution, because he lived to see its benefits destroyed for a time by the unexpected interference of a powerful usurper.

We are at a loss to comprehend the precise moral lesson which Mr. Alison would lead his readers to draw from the French Revolution. Nor, to say truth, is it easy to conceive how he can find any instruction at all in an event which he believes to have originated in mysterious insanity, and to have terminated in hopeless slavery. It is true that we find in his work plenty of sonorous declamation about the fatal career of guilt, the short-lived triumphs of wickedness, and the inevitable laws of retribution. But we know nothing more annoying to the reader than this sort of rhetorical amplification, upon subjects which require to be discussed with the most rigid precision of which language is capable. No doubt Robespierre was a wicked man, and was as miserable as wicked men generally are. No doubt Napoleon was rash and ambitious, and owed his downfall to his own pride and recklessness. No doubt the French populace were madmen and ruffians, and made themselves as wretched by their crimes as they deserved to be. But all this is not the sort of instruction which we expect from an elaborate history of the Revolution. We have searched Mr. Alison's work for a calm dispassionate discussion of the means by which the evils of the ancient government might have been removed, and yet the excesses of the Revolution prevented; and we have found ourselves again and again baffled and bewildered by a mazy tissue of words. No reasonable being who reads Mr Alison's narrative requires to be lectured about the horrors of anarchy. Every body knows that anarchy is a tremendous evil; but was it an avoidable evil? was it a greater evil than continued subjection? was there no middle course by which the dangers of both might have been avoided? These are questions which we cannot discover any direct attempt to resolve. If Mr. Alison were to see a drover trampled to death by an ox, would not his first reflection naturally be upon the danger of over-driving oxen, and the best means of keeping them in order? And would he not think that the bystanders had lost their senses if they began to dilate upon the shocking nature of the accident, as a proof that it is the duty of over-driven oxen to keep their temper?

Men are wisely forbidden to do evil that good may ensue; but they are not forbidden to admire the merciful arrangements

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of Providence, by which the sin and folly of individuals are so often made the source of blessings to mankind. We feel as much aversion as Mr. Alison for the cruelty and injustice of the French Revolutionists; but we do not pronounce, as he does, that their crimes must bring ruin upon their innocent posterity. We see neither sense, nor justice, nor Christian principle, in his theory of a law of retribution not confined to the guilty parties. Let Mr. Alison, if he will, regard the French Revolution as 'the second revolt of Lucifer, the prince of the morning.'—(x. 18.) We prefer to recognize in its vicissitudes the same severe but merciful hand which employs earthquakes and tornadoes to dispel the pestilential stagnation of the physical atmosphere.

However vague Mr. Alison's digressions may occasionally appear, there is one feeling, in the expression of which he is uniformly clear and consistent. This is his dread and detestation of democratic institutions. So far as these sentiments are called forth by the facts of his narrative, we admit them to be perfectly reasonable. Whatever benefits we may hope from the consequences of the French Revolution, we acknowledge that the democracy which it established was in itself the worst of all possible governments. What we doubt is the intrinsic evil of a democracy in a community prepared for its reception. Still, as we admit that no such community now exists, or is likely to exist for many ages, it may be thought that the subject of our dissent from Mr. Alison's opinion is merely theoretical, and therefore scarcely worth discussion. But this is far from being the case. If Mr. Alison is right, every political innovation, in every country, is necessarily absurd and mischievous in proportion as it increases the influence of the lower classes. If we are right, such innovations are only dangerous when they give influence to a class unfit to exercise it. The question therefore is, whether the great body of a nation is necessarily and intrinsically unfit to exercise political power.

Mr. Alison's first argument, if we rightly understand it, is the utter inutility of such an experiment, whether successful or not. He draws, or attempts to draw, a distinction between social freedom and political power, and contends that the one may exist in perfect security without the protection of the other. 'There is, in the first place,' he says, 'the love of freedom; that is, immunity from personal restriction, oppression, or injury. This principle is perfectly innocent, and never exists without producing the happiest effects. Every concession which is calculated to increase this species of liberty, is comparatively safe in all ages and in all places. But there is another principle, strong at all times, but especially to be dreaded in moments of excitement. This is the principle of democratic ambition;—the desire of exercising the powers of sovereignty, and of sharing in the government of the state. This is the dangerous principle;—the desire, not of exercising industry without molestation, but of exerting power without control.'—(i. 174.) The principles may certainly be said to be distinct; but they are so closely connected that we scarcely see how one can exist without the other. They are equally natural, and in themselves equally harmless. The one is the wish for present relief—the other the desire of future security. The former, we suppose, is felt by every human being; the latter by every human being possessed of the commonest sense and foresight. What security, we would ask Mr. Alison, can a man have that he will continue to exercise industry without molestation, except the possession, by the class to which he belongs, of a share in the government of the state? The present existence of just and equal laws is not such a security. Who is to guard our guardians? Who is to assure us that those laws will not be repealed, if our rulers can repeal them at any moment without our consent? Suppose that they enact a new law to-morrow, declaring us all slaves and bondmen, what resource have we against it but civil war?

This, it is true, is an extreme case. When the subjects are men of spirit, and the rulers men of sense, there is no fear of such open tyranny as this. But there is fear of insensible encroachment on the national liberties—of that encroachment which has sapped the constitution and undermined the national spirit of so many continental nations—of that encroachment whose progress in England, two centuries ago, was only arrested by seven years of desperate war. Even when the popular rights are so clearly defined as to make this impracticable, there is fear that the class which is passive in the administration of affairs will suffer much unnecessary hardship. There is scarcely any conceivable political measure, which is not certain, sooner or later, directly or indirectly, more or less, to affect the personal happiness of the poorest citizen of the commonwealth. And it is in vain to hope that the best absolute government will consult the happiness of such a

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citizen as impartially as it would if he had the power to interfere; and the wisdom to interfere with effect.

No man of sense will consider political power as an end; but it is surely a means. It is not happiness; but Mr. Alison will scarcely dispute that, properly used, it is a powerful instrument for securing happiness. We admit that, like other useful things, it may be desired with reckless eagerness or with pernicious designs; but we say that it is in itself a legitimate object of desire. We admit that the exclusion of the great body of the community from all share in the government, is at present, in almost all European states, a necessary evil. But we say that it *is* an evil; and that, if it ever shall become unnecessary, its continued existence will be a practical as well as a theoretical injustice.

Mr. Alison's next objection is the abstract injustice of a democracy. Admitting political power to be a great benefit, he still argues that its extension to the poorer classes is necessarily an unfair and unequal measure; even though 'every man, in whatever rank, were equally capable of judging on political subjects.' His reasoning on this point is more plausible than on the preceding, but, we think, equally fallacious. 'In private life,' he says, 'men are never deceived on this subject. In the administration of any common fund, or the disposal of common property, it never was for a moment proposed to give the smallest shareholder an equal right with the greatest; to give a creditor holding a claim for 20s., for example, on a bankrupt estate, the same vote as one possessed of a bond for £10,000. The injustice of such a proceeding is quite apparent.'—(i. 351.) This analogy is far from satisfactory. There are several circumstances which make the exclusion of a citizen from the management of the state a greater hardship, than the exclusion of a shareholder from the management of the common fund. In the first place, the shareholder may withdraw his stake if he considers it insecurely deposited. Mr. Alison's twenty-shilling creditor may sell his dividend at a fair discount, if he thinks that the assignees are mismanaging the estate. In a commonwealth it is different. Every English citizen must share the fate of his country, or become a homeless emigrant. Secondly, the amount of a shareholder's *pecuniary* interest in the joint stock, is generally a tolerably fair representation of his *moral* interest in the prosperity of the speculation. It is certainly possible that a poor man, with a small venture, may be more deeply involved than a rich man with a much larger one; but this is not likely to be a common case. There is certainly every reasonable probability that the small creditor cares comparatively little for the loss of his twenty shillings, and that the large creditor will be ruined by the loss of his £10,000. And therefore, if we distribute authority among the shareholders in proportion to each man's pecuniary risk, we shall probably distribute it, in most cases, in proportion to each man's actual chance of enjoyment or suffering. Here again the analogy fails. The whole property of the lower classes in a commonwealth, is almost invariably staked upon that commonwealth's existence. An English peasant, who possesses nothing but a cottage and a garden, would dread the loss of his property by foreign conquest or domestic anarchy, as much as if he were Duke of Sutherland or Marquis of Westminster. Lastly, in the disposal of a joint fund, each shareholder incurs a pecuniary hazard, and nothing more. In the management of a commonwealth, the personal safety of its citizens is risked. A mechanic, living solely by his daily labor, cannot strictly be said to have any property to lose by the ruin of the state; but he may lose his life, his liberty, his means of future subsistence. A Reign of Terror, or a French invasion, could not deprive him of fortune, but they might cause him to be murdered, or enslaved, or starved in the streets. These are our reasons for thinking that, if no other obstacles existed, it would be unjust to deprive the poorer classes of all political influence; merely on the ground that their interest in the welfare of the state is insufficient to withhold them from wanton misgovernment.

Mr. Alison repeatedly enlarges, with great justice, upon the practical evils which have hitherto been found to accompany democratic institutions. But we think that he does not sufficiently distinguish between necessary and accidental disadvantages—between the dangers inseparable from popular power, and the dangers arising from its abuse. He does not sufficiently consider that in no state which has yet existed have the poorer classes been equal, or nearly equal, to the richer in civilization and intelligence; and that consequently in no state which has yet existed, could any form of government, at all approaching to what can be properly called a democracy, have any chance of a fair trial. In ancient Athens and modern France, that constitution was adopted by men utterly unfit for

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its exercise. The consequences were perfectly natural—in the one case, perpetual turbulence and speedy decay—in the other, rapine, bloodshed, and anarchy. In the United States of America, the experiment is now in progress on a far wiser plan, and under far more favorable circumstances. But even here we admit that Mr. Alison is justified in regarding the result as more than doubtful. Popular power, perhaps from unavoidable causes, has even here outrun popular sense and knowledge; and the consequences have been seen in frequent outbreaks of democratic tyranny, which have created serious alarm for the security of the state. Upon the whole, the British constitution, as established in 1688, may perhaps be considered the most democratic form of government ever yet exercised with continued and undisputed success. And therefore the world has yet to behold the full effect which would be produced by the insensible progress of popular influence in a nation enlightened, religious, and confirmed in sober wisdom by centuries of advancing freedom and civilization.

Mr. Alison, in his concluding chapter, points out several important advantages possessed by the aristocratic over the democratic form of government. They may generally be included under two heads: superior security to private property, and superior prudence in public measures. 'It has uniformly been found,' says Mr. Alison, 'that the holders of property advocate measures to protect that property, while the destitute masses are perpetually impelled to those likely to induce revolutionary spoliation.'—(x. 965.) 'Agrarian laws,' he elsewhere asserts, 'and the equal division of property, or measures tending indirectly to that effect, will in every age be the wish of the unthinking multitude, who have nothing apparently to lose, and every thing to gain, by such convulsions. Their real ultimate interests, indeed, will in the end inevitably suffer from such changes; but this is a remote consequence, which never will become obvious to the great body of mankind.'—(i. 352.) That is assuming the question. If the great body of mankind are really so obtuse as to be incapable, with every advantage of instruction, of comprehending that a state where the poor unite to rob the rich will inevitably be ruined, then we acknowledge their natural unfitness for political power. But Mr. Alison forgets that in the passage we have quoted he is arguing on the supposition of 'every man, in whatever rank, being equally capable of judging on political subjects. Surely, if this were the case, no reasonable being would be found to advocate an agrarian law. It is precisely when the multitude cease to be unthinking—when they become competent to judge of their own real and ultimate interests—that we assert, and Mr. Alison denies, the necessity of allowing them a share of political power.

Mr. Alison's first argument for the superior political skill of aristocratic governments appears to us singular, if not incomprehensible. 'Those classes,' he says, 'who from their affluence possess leisure, and from their station have received the education requisite for acquiring extensive information, are more likely, in the long run, to acquire and exhibit the powers necessary for beneficial legislation, than those who, from the necessities of their situation, are chained to daily toil, and from the limited extent of their funds have been disabled from acquiring a thorough education. . . . . No person of a different profession would think of competing with a physician in the treatment of a person afflicted with a dangerous disease, or with a lawyer in the management of an intricate or difficult lawsuit. . . . . . And it would be surprising indeed if the science of government could be as successfully pursued by those classes whose time is almost wholly absorbed in other pursuits, as by those who have made it the undivided object and study of their life.'—(i. 966.) All this is perfectly true; but what conclusion does Mr. Alison draw from it? What is to prevent a democratic state from making proper use of the superior intelligence of any class of its citizens? Does Mr. Alison suppose that, if a democracy were established in England, the whole nation would assemble on Salisbury Plain to pass laws and transact business? Or does he think that the representative assembly and the public offices would be filled with laborers and mechanics? Every state where the supreme power is placed in the hands of the numerical majority is a democracy; just as every state where it is held by an individual is a despotism. The people, like the king, may exercise their power by any machinery that may appear convenient; they may delegate it to presidents, senators, ambassadors, and secretaries of state; and they may intrust these offices to the most deserving persons to be found in the community. Why, then, is the science of government likely to be less successfully cultivated in a democratic state? Or why have the statesmen and legislators of such a state less encouragement to make that science the object and

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study of their lives? History does not convince us that the fact is so. Faulty as popular governments generally are, their fault has seldom been a want of able and experienced servants. Neither America, nor Athens, nor even revolutionary France, found reason to complain of the mediocrity of their statesmen. Such ministers as Pericles, Washington, and Carnot, were surely worthy of the confidence of any aristocratic government on earth.

But, however able might be the rulers of a democratic state, Mr. Alison thinks that their policy would be constantly baffled by the thoughtless impatience of the supreme multitude. "Whoever," he says, "has closely observed the dispositions of large bodies of men, whether in social or political life, must have become sensible that the most uniform and lasting feature by which they are distinguished, is that of insensibility to the future."—(x. 969.) Undoubtedly this is the great defect of all popular governments. They are machines of prodigious power; but it is difficult to set them in motion with quickness, or to direct them with precision. In persevering policy, in cautious secrecy, in unwearying vigilance, a democracy is far inferior to an aristocracy, as an aristocracy is far inferior to a despotism. Nor do we deny that this is in some measure an intrinsic disadvantage, which no degree of national intelligence could entirely eradicate. Still Mr. Alison will scarcely contend that it is a disadvantage which all democracies possess in an equal degree. He will allow that the Athenian democracy was less infatuated than the French; and that the American democracy is less thoughtless than the Athenian. He will allow, in short, that the insensibility to the future of which he speaks, varies inversely as the average intellect of the people. If this is the case, the question is, whether the great body of mankind are capable of such a degree of improvement as to diminish the want of foresight peculiar to popular governments, until it is more than balanced by their peculiar advantages.

Mr. Alison replies decidedly in the negative; but we do not think that he has fairly stated the point in dispute. He says that 'the doctrine of human *perfectibility* is so agreeable to the human heart, so flattering to human vanity, and withal so nearly allied to the generous affections, that it will in all probability, to the end of the world, constitute the basis on which all the efforts of the popular party will be rested, and all the visions of social amelioration justified.'—(x. 938.) He cites as examples the visions of Rousseau and Condorcet, and proceeds of course, with perfect success, to show that such theories have always been disappointed; and that they are wholly inconsistent with the revealed doctrine of human corruption. We perfectly agree in all this. No Christian, no philosopher, no experienced man of the world, can reasonably believe in human perfectibility, in the sense in which that term is commonly understood. But will Mr. Alison allow no schemes of social amelioration short of angelic purity?—no popular government except by impeccable beings? Does he confound all hopes of human improvement with the dreams of the enthusiasts who predicted that crime, war, disease, and death itself, would shortly yield to the advance of science and virtue? We entertain no such visionary ideas; the only means by which we look for improvement, are the natural progress of reason and religion; and the only result which we expect, is the communication of those qualities to the many, which our own observation has shown us in the few. Mr. Alison tells us that a good democracy is a dream, because men can never become angels. We reply that we shall be perfectly contented to try the experiment, when they all become Washingtons and Wilberforces.

Surely we shall not be told that this too is an idle vision. If experience, reason, and revelation deny that man is perfectible, do they not combine to assert that he is *improvable*—improvable to a degree which those who have only known him in his lowest state can scarcely imagine? All we venture to hope is, that a certain degree of this improvement will, in course of time, become general. We do not believe in human perfectibility, because we never saw or heard of a perfect man. But we are so fortunate as to have known many wise and good men; many men to whose integrity we would cheerfully intrust our dearest interests. What presumption is there in believing that the advance of knowledge and of Christianity may hereafter multiply their number? We can conceive that a savage, whose highest ideas of human excellence are drawn from the barbarians of his tribe, might ridicule such a hope. But why an Englishman, who perhaps is aware of the actual existence of many excellent men, should deny the possible existence of thousands, is to us incomprehensible.

There is one great difference between aristocratic and democratic constitutions, which Mr. Alison does not appear to notice. He constantly speaks as if wisdom and foresight were as inseparable from aristocracy,

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as he pronounces rashness and indolence to be from democracy. Whether he is right or wrong in the latter opinion, in the former he is assuredly mistaken. The truth appears to be, that a bad democracy displays great faults and great powers, while a bad aristocracy, with faults nearly as great, displays no power at all. The defects of an aristocracy are intrinsic, but its merits are variable; there are certain faults which it must possess, and certain advantages which it may possess. The best aristocracy cannot call forth democratic enthusiasm; but a bad aristocracy may rival democratic recklessness. The aristocracy of Austria was no match for the French republic in its moments of awakened energy; the aristocracy of Venice was as supine as the same republic in its feeblest intervals of exhaustion. The reverse of this will apply to a democracy. Its merits are intrinsic; for the worst democracies, such as Athens or revolutionary France, have surpassed, when aroused by imminent danger, the vigor of the best aristocratic governments. Its defects, on the contrary, are variable. They depend upon the average sense and principle of its citizens. When that average is low, the anarchy which ensues is worse than the severest despotism; but when it is raised as high as the imperfection of human nature will permit, it might enable a popular government to exert the self-denying vigilance of the wisest aristocracy.

We have been induced by Mr. Alison's undistinguishing abhorrence to say so much more than we had intended in favor of democratic institutions, that we feel ourselves compelled to add a few words in explanation. We are as averse, then, as the most rigid Conservative to sudden or violent political changes. It is to avoid the necessity of any such change, whether it assume its sternest or its mildest form—whether it appear as a Revolution or a Reform Bill—that we think the institutions of every state should be gradually modified in proportion to the intellectual progress of its subjects. Whether that progress will ever attain such a height, as to make unrestrained self-government practicable in any community of human beings, we greatly doubt. Such a change may be an idle, though surely not an ignoble or unimproving hope. But the principle for which we contend is simply this, that the fitness of the people for the exercise of political power, is the sole criterion by which political power can be safely or justly granted or denied them.

Mr. Alison, as might be expected, applies his whole theory upon popular government to the reforms of the last reign in this country; and most dismal are the forebodings with which it inspires him. We have said that we cannot condemn his devotion to his political creed; but we think we have a right to complain of it as sometimes betraying him into a tone of arrogant assumption. We have been frequently amused, and occasionally, for a moment, provoked, by the cool dogmatical decision with which he finally settles, by a passing remark, the great public controversies of the age, and then proceeds to reason upon his own opinion as upon an indisputable foundation. Thus, he alludes to Catholic Emancipation as 'that loosening of the constitution in Church and State under which the nation has so grievously labored,' (viii. 20,)—'that momentous change in our religious institutions which first loosened the solid fabric of the British empire,' (viii. 43;)—and he pronounces upon the Reform Bill, and the abolition of Slavery, in the same peremptory language. If he would condescend to overthrow our political tenets by deliberate argument, we might endeavor to own his superiority with a good grace; but it is too much for human patience to find them dismissed in a parenthesis, as unworthy serious discussion. Mr. Alison must surely be aware, that many of the best and wisest of his countrymen approved of the changes which we have mentioned, and still expect them to prove fully successful. Are they at once to be condemned, because an overweening and pompous historian chooses to shake his head, with a compassionate sneer, at their 'well-meaning but injudicious' philanthropy? Or is Mr. Alison so much their superior, that he has a right to assume, on his own authority, that they are mistaken, and to draw matter of argument and rebuke from that assumption? If the measures in question were the subject of his narrative—if any part of his work were devoted to their details, and to proof of their pernicious tendency—we should not object to his delivering his opinion, however we might disapprove the self-sufficiency of his language. But we must protest against his practice of interweaving with a history of past events, what lawyers call *obiter dicta* upon the politics of the day. The writer of such a work as the present ought to imitate the dignity and self-restraint of a judge on the bench, and carefully to abstain from throwing out imputations and assertions not strictly warranted by the evidence before the court.

We have no intention, as may be suppos-

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ed, of discussing with Mr. Alison the merits of the individual changes which have lately caused so much anxiety in the British nation. Those who hold what are called reforming opinions, may possibly have been wrong in the precise measure of the particular innovations which they proposed; but we certainly apprehend no danger to the British constitution from their general tendency. It is unnecessary to recapitulate the general arguments upon the progress of popular influence which we have already advanced; but we think there are many reasons for hoping that its late advance in this country will be as peaceful in its immediate effects, as beneficial in its final result.

Our chief ground for this hope is the high character, moral influence, and peculiar constitution, of the British aristocracy. That body, splendid and powerful as it is, has for ages been so intimately blended with the middle classes, and so frequently recruited from their ranks, that it is now almost impossible to draw the precise line which separates the gentleman from the *roturier*. The social rank of an Englishman depends upon his wealth, his polical influence, and his personal character—not upon arbitrary heraldic distinctions. We do not see, as in Vienna, accomplished families excluded from society because their ancestors were enriched by commerce. We do not see, as in Hungary, ignorant menials assuming ridiculous airs of superiority because they trace their pedigree to some obscure baronial family.

Mr. Alison, devoted as he is to the aristocratic form of government, speaks with strong and just detestation of those odious oligarchies, in which an impassable barrier is placed between the nobility and the people, and all political power is treated as the hereditary privilege of a certain number of families. It is this tyrannical system which has so often converted the progress of liberty into a servile war—a struggle between anarchy on the one hand, and slavery on the other. It is this which causes so many rulers to resent every effort for political emancipation as a conspiracy to rob them of their private property: and which so often excites, with the first ray of popular intelligence, the deadly jealousy of the government, and the vindictive discontent of the subject. In France we have seen one dreadful instance of the consequences which an obstinate adherence to such institutions may produce. There are still European states in which the nobility, though mild and just in the exercise of their power, cling to their exclusive privileges with a tenacity which is beginning to be bitterly resented by the more aspiring of the middle classes. There may be persons to whom an aristocracy constituted upon this system of haughty superiority may appear a singularly chivalrous and interesting race. There may be persons who consider nobility as the ornament of the state—the Corinthian capital of the column—made to be looked at, boasted of, and paid for. We know that there are tourists who judge of the most important institutions of foreign states according to their own ideas—not always the most tasteful or refined—of the picturesque;—who detest democracy because the ladies of Cincinnati are cold and repulsive; who adore despotism because the countesses of Vienna are graceful and polite; and who forget the cowardly cruelty of a cold-blooded tyrant, in their admiration of his simple habits and familiar manners. To such judges an English gentleman may appear a far less romantic personage than the imbecile Spaniard, in whose veins stagnates the *blue blood* of Guzman or Mendoza; or than the servile and frivolous Austrian, whose worst fear is a frown from Prince Metternich; whose noblest ambition is to be *crême de la crême*, and whose proudest boast is his descent from a long succession of titled Teutonic boors. To us, and, we have no doubt, to Mr. Alison, the popular constitution of the British aristocracy appears, not merely a ground of pride and pleasure, but a blessing.

It is certain that the higher classes in England are generally opposed to all political reform. But the existence of a strong minority who hold the contrary opinion, is a sufficient proof that their opposition is that of men acting on conviction, not from sordid *esprit de corps*. They would not risk the peace of the country rather than sacrifice their prejudices; and if they had the wish of doing so, they have no longer the power. The time is past when their influence was able to provoke the collision of physical force. The people, when thoroughly roused, can now find legal and constitutional means of redress, which, slow, toilsome, and painful as they may be, are irresistible when perseveringly used. This state of things is not perfect, but it is tolerable and hopeful. We no doubt believe that it would be best for the country if all Englishmen approved of the gradual progress of reform. But as that cannot be, it is well that there should be a strong party whose error is an over cautious wish to retard it. It is well, while there is such an endless variety of opinions, that there should



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be every security against their result being wrong on the more dangerous side.

If the character of the British aristocracy is favorable to the temperate progress of reform, that of the popular party, generally speaking, is, in our opinion, scarcely less so. This is an assertion which we are aware will find many opponents, and none more strenuous than Mr. Alison. But it must be recollected that the Englishmen of the present generation have passed through an ordeal of no common severity—an ordeal which would have driven most nations frantic with party animosity and triumphant exultation. We do not say that they have borne it without some degree of dangerous excitement. But if the great constitutional change of 1832 has encouraged the hopes of a few crazy demagogues—if it has fostered for a time the dreams of Chartists and Socialists—how frequently has it not led to the display of temptation manfully resisted, of distress patiently borne, of power soberly exercised, and of political contests forbearingly carried on!

Mr. Alison thinks that a most alarming symptom in the present state of the British nation is 'the constant and uninterrupted increase of crime, through all the vicissitudes of peace and war, unchecked by penal vigilance, undiminished by intellectual cultivation.'—(vii. 11.) A most alarming symptom, indeed, and withal a most unaccountable one. But is the last clause of the sentence really supported by the fact? It is unfortunately true that crimes of the less atrocious kind have of late years considerably increased in this country. But among whom have they increased? Among the members of the aristocracy?—among substantial farmers and tradesmen?—among decent peasants and mechanics? Far from it. The morals of the educated ranks have indisputably improved. Generations have passed since the peerage was disgraced by a Ferrers or a Lovat. Our fathers were more scandalized by a breach of the peace, or a life of open indecorum, in a man of rank, than our great-grandfathers by murder or felony. The Barrymores and Queensburys of the last generation, were but spiritless successors to such men as Mohun and Charteris, the bravos and libertines of Queen Anne's golden days. Noble lords now find it easy to acquire an unenviable notoriety by frolics which would have appeared ingloriously tame and tranquil to the Mohocks of the last century. They have the honor of a trial before the Lord Chief-Justice for breaking the head of a single constable, while their ancestors were hardly carried to Bow Street for running half a dozen through the body. Serious crime, in short, is now almost wholly confined to the lowest of the populace. Vice has spread precisely in that direction in which it was not opposed by 'intellectual cultivation.' This is a very natural effect of advancing civilization. In a barbarous community, crime is almost universal. In a well governed community, it concentrates itself in the most ignorant and most destitute classes; but the general enmity which narrows its limits increases its intensity. In such a country as Afghanistan or Caffraria, almost every man is occasionally guilty of violence and dishonesty; but the professed outcasts from society are comparatively few. In such a country as England, nineteen men in twenty are incapable, under any ordinary circumstances of temptation, of a criminal misdemeanor; but there is a large class who entirely subsist by the practice of petty depredation. But why should Mr. Alison pronounce this last stronghold of vice impregnable? Why are our means of improvement unequal to finish what they have so well begun? We do not, indeed, venture to hope that our posterity will ever regard a burglar or a pickpocket with the surprise and curiosity with which we regard a riotous peer of the realm—as a curious specimen of a singular and nearly extinct species. But it will at least be admitted, that the instruction which has produced a change scarcely less striking in the higher ranks, has yet to exert its full influence upon that class of the community which stands most in need of its benefits.

Whether the advance of civilization will necessarily draw with it an advance of political wisdom, let the experience of posterity decide. Hitherto it will scarcely be denied to have done so. We gather from various passages in Mr. Alison's history, that he considers the English constitution, until modified by the Reform Bill, to have been admirably adapted to the state of the nation. Was it equally adapted to the state of the nation three centuries before? Is it not probable, that if that constitution had practically existed in the days of Tyler or Cade, it would have led to anarchy and ruin? This is at least a proof, that at the end of the seventeenth century a degree of popular influence had become useful and necessary, which would have been highly dangerous in the fourteenth or fifteenth. May not a similar improvement have taken place between 1688 and 1842? Might not the restraints swept away by the Reform Bill have become

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as exasperating to our descendants as the absolute rule of the Tudors and Stuarts to our ancestors?

It is certainly probable that the present year may be the turning point of British civilization. It is even possible that the British constitution has reached, if it has not overshot, the utmost limit which popular power can safely be allowed to attain, in any community liable to human vice and folly. We only remind our readers that this assertion has been a hundred times made, and a hundred times refuted. In every stage of unbalanced imperfection, the constitution has been extolled as the masterpiece of human wisdom. One part of it after another has been pronounced the keystone of the fabric, and has yet been discovered to be a mere excrescence. In all ages of British history there have been men, deficient neither in sense nor in honesty, who thought that the growth of liberty should have stopped short precisely when they first became acquainted with it. Such were the men who would have rejected the *Habeas Corpus* act because it was omitted in 1216; and who opposed the Reform Bill because it was not thought of in 1688. And we have no doubt there were honest Conservatives in the ninth and thirteenth centuries, who dreaded king Alfred as a radical reformer, and thought *Magna Charta* a fatal innovation. We are none of those who affect contempt for the present or former state of freedom in this country. We avow our faith in British superiority, and our love for British institutions. But we think it presumption, we might almost say impiety, to speak of any system of human origin as sacred from decay and from improvement.

Supposing, however, that in England political innovation is not likely to produce the anarchy of the French Revolution, it is still, in Mr. Alison's opinion, destined to put an end to her prosperity by more lingering means. Two centuries, as nearly as we can gather, are the longest term which he assigns for her independent existence; and the principal causes from which he anticipates her ruin, are the neglect of national defence, and the existence of the national debt. His only plan of safety appears to be, to increase our present expenditure by several millions yearly; to fortify London; to enlarge our naval force; and to establish an effectual sinking fund. But he acknowledges that no government could at the present time carry through such a system as this, and therefore he avowedly despairs of the republic.

It is our intention, as we have elsewhere noticed, carefully to avoid all questions relating merely to party politics. We shall therefore permit Mr. Alison to assume, that of late years the resources of the British empire have really been suffered to remain dormant to an extent which the present state of our foreign relations renders in the highest degree imprudent. But we are astonished to find him calling this an 'extraordinary decline,' and averring that its 'immediate cause is to be found in the long-continued and undue preponderance, since the peace, of the popular part of the constitution.'—(vii. 777.) When, we would ask, was it otherwise? When did the English nation, or the English government, show themselves wary in providing for remote dangers? How did our ancestors display that far-sighted prudence which Mr. Alison boasts as the characteristic merit of aristocratic governments? By leaving the Thames exposed to the Dutch fleet in 1667? by allowing 5000 daring Highlanders to overrun half England in 1745? by their admirable state of military preparation in 1756, in 1775, and in 1793? The truth is, that the British people have for generations been as impatient of vigilance and precaution in time of peace, as they are daring and obstinate in actual war. The present generation may have inherited the reckless imprudence of their ancestors; but we think they would find considerable difficulty in surpassing it.

Mr. Alison, however, to our utter perplexity, fixes upon the sixty years preceding the peace of 1815, as an example of the mighty effects of 'combined aristocratic direction and democratic vigor.'—(x. 981.) He even maintains, that 'if to any nation were given, for a series of ages, the combined wisdom and energy of England, from the days of Chatham to those of Wellington, it would infallibly acquire the empire of the world.'—(x. 982.) This, if we glance at the history of that period, will appear strange language. A court intrigue cut short the triumphs of Chatham by an abrupt and inglorious peace. Those of Wellington were achieved by the high qualities of a single individual, in spite of the obstacles thrown in his way by an imbecile government. And against these successes are to be set off the loss of the American provinces, the wilful blunders of the revolutionary war, and the Walcheren expedition. We are not insensible to the glory acquired by the national character during the interval of which Mr. Alison speaks. We are aware that neither Lord North nor Mr. Pitt could incapacitate British soldiers and sailors

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from doing their duty. But they could, and did, employ the national energies in such a manner as to deprive them of their reward; and it is doubly mortifying to an Englishman to find his countrymen, after a useless display of strength and courage, baffled and dishonored by the folly or corruption of an irresponsible oligarchy.

Mr. Alison has given us a very clear and comprehensive history of the national debt. Its present state he is inclined to view in the most gloomy light; but this feeling of despondency by no means interferes with his admiration of the statesman to whose unparalleled profusion we owe its sudden and enormous increase. His principal arguments in defence of Mr. Pitt's system of finance are two; the absolute necessity of contracting immense obligations, and the effectual provision made for their speedy discharge. On the former point, we shall at present say nothing. It is, as we shall soon see, Mr. Alison's own opinion, that the loans raised during the war were both extravagantly large, and lamentably misapplied. But that war was necessary, and that ample supplies were required to support it, we are not prepared to deny. Of the sinking fund, Mr. Alison speaks in terms of exaggerated, and to us incomprehensible, rapture. He considers it worthy, as a scientific conception, to rank with 'the discovery of gravitation, the press, and the steam-engine.' Surely we are not to believe that Mr. Pitt was the first demonstrator of the simple theorem, that a sum of money accumulating at five per cent will quadruple itself in twenty-eight years. Nor can we imagine that the natural and obvious plan of forming a fund, on this principle, for the reduction of the national debt, had failed to occur to hundreds of arithmeticians from the very first year in which that debt existed. The *expediency* of the plan is another matter. That is a question on which the best-informed financiers have differed, and still differ. If Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Pitt alone, judged rightly on this point, he undoubtedly deserves high credit, not as a discoverer in political arithmetic, but as a practical statesman. Even in this respect, indeed, we are inclined to doubt both the originality and the correctness of his opinion. But we cannot think that the mere *possibility* of his scheme could long escape the notice of any man capable of working a sum in compound interest.

This marvellous invention is sufficient, in Mr. Alison's opinion, to atone for all Mr. Pitt's financial errors; and yet, by his own showing, these were neither few nor trifling. We pass over his just and forcible remarks on the ruinous system of borrowing in the three per cents; and on the undue extent to which the funding system was carried. These faults, serious as they were, are dust in the balance, compared with the one great blunder of Mr. Pitt's financial policy. We allude to the obvious, the glaring disproportion between the sacrifices and the exertions which the nation made under his direction. He lavished the wealth of England as if he expected to finish the war by one convulsive effort; while he husbanded her other resources so as to ensure its lasting for a whole generation. He wasted the courage of his countrymen in colonial expeditions—he kept eighty thousand of the finest troops in the world in inglorious repose—and he paid Russian and German armies, incomparably inferior in the most formidable qualities of the soldier, to face the enemy on the continent. 'Here,' as Mr. Alison truly and pointedly remarks, 'lay the capital error of Mr. Pitt's financial system, considered with reference to the warlike operations it was intended to promote—that while the former was calculated for a temporary effort only, and based on the principle of great results being obtained in a short time by an extravagant system of expenditure, the latter was arranged on the plan of the most niggardly exertion of the national strength, and the husbanding of its resources for future efforts, totally inconsistent with the lavish dissipation of its present funds.'—(v. 600.) Consider for a moment to what this admission amounts. Simply to this—that Mr. Pitt expended 150 millions of the national treasure without the smallest reasonable chance of any decisive advantage in return! This he did at a moment when half the sum, judiciously applied, would have spared a subsequent expense of 500 millions to England, and twenty years of bloodshed and desolation to Europe. And all this is to be forgiven because he abhorred the French Revolution, and established the sinking fund! Mr. Alison, zealous as he is in Mr. Pitt's defence, has most satisfactorily confirmed the bitter sentence of his enemies, that his war administration, from 1793 to 1799, was at once the most reckless, and the most feeble, that ever disgraced a British cabinet.

Mr. Alison, in concluding his dissertation on the national debt, coolly states that, by the abolition of the sinking fund, 'irretrievable ultimate ruin has been brought upon the state.'—(v. 616.) We would fain dissent from this startling conclusion, and we shall endeavor to state a few plain

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reasons which induce us to look upon the present state of our finances, not indeed without anxiety, but still with cheerfulness and hope.

Mr. Alison gives two reasons for his prediction of ruin from the national debt, one of which at least he makes no attempt to prove. 'Not only,' he says, 'is the burden now fixed upon our resources inconsistent with the permanent maintenance of the national independence, but the steady rule has been terminated under which alone its liquidation could have been expected.'—(v. 616.) The latter of these two propositions we in substance admit, but the former we greatly doubt. We admit that there is no immediate prospect of any considerable reduction in the amount of the national debt; but we trust there is every prospect that the resources of the nation will continue to increase so as to make that amount comparatively immaterial. Let us look to the past history of our finances. During the American war, the mad misgovernment of the sovereign and his ministers increased the national debt by more than 100 millions in seven years. In 1783, its whole amount was 240 millions—more than three-fourths of the revenue was eaten up by its interest —and yet, since all parties agreed that the country was on the verge of bankruptcy, it is but fair to conclude that the national expenditure was as large as any reasonable scale of taxation could supply. The wisest statesmen spoke of our prospects as despondently, if not quite as poetically, as Mr. Alison does at present. And yet we know that, if our present debt were no larger than that of 1783, we could, if it were thought advisable, pay it off in ten or twelve years, merely by applying to its reduction the surplus of our present annual income. But the vast strength of the British empire was to be proved in a far more wonderful manner. In 1793 broke out the most dreadful war in modern history. With two brief intervals it lasted twenty-three years. The wealth of England, squandered as it was with wasteful prodigality, was found sufficient to nourish the contest throughout the whole of Europe. In 1815, peace returned, and the British people found themselves nearly 900 millions in debt; and yet their annual expenditure more than tripled the interest of this enormous sum—a proof that the nation, which thirty years before had been nearly ruined by a debt of 240 millions, was now able to support with safety, though not without suffering, a burden nearly four times as large! Have we since become less able to bear it? Have our energies been paralyzed by this tremendous pressure? Let Mr. Alison himself answer the question. 'Five-and-twenty years of uninterrupted peace have increased in an extraordinary degree the wealth, population, and resources of the empire. The numbers of the people during that time have increased nearly a half; the exports and imports have more than doubled; the tonnage of the commercial navy has increased a half; and agriculture, following the wants of the increased population of the empire, has advanced in a similar proportion.'—(vii. 774.) Surely, if we go no further, there is even here ground for hope. It is easy to see that the increase of our national incumbrances, rapid as it has been, has been less rapid than that of our national resources;—that we now bear a debt of 800 millions, with less difficulty than we bore one of 80 millions a century ago.

Let us suppose that in the year 1783, some soothsayer had hazarded such a prediction as the following:—'It is at present believed, that a long interval of undisturbed peace and rigid economy will barely save the country from open bankruptcy. I aver that in ten years England shall be struggling for existence with the mightiest prince in the world. For twenty years her resources shall be lavished with a profusion never before imagined; and yet, when the trial is over, it shall be found that all her reckless extravagance has barely enabled her embarrassments to keep pace with the vigorous growth of her prosperity.' How wild would such a prophecy have appeared, even to the most penetrating statesman! Yet we know that it would have been literally fulfilled. We have borne the debt which sixty years ago seemed so overwhelming; we have survived a sudden addition of 650 millions to its amount; for a quarter of a century we have thriven and flourished under this monstrous load, and we can already look back with thankfulness to a time when it tasked our strength far more severely than at present. And now, it is dogmatically assumed that it must crush us after all! Surely there is no reason why the progress of British prosperity should, for the first time during so many ages, be suddenly arrested. And if this does not happen, who will pronounce it impossible that our descendants may look upon the debt of 1816 as lightly as we look upon the debt of 1783?

These are the considerations which incline us to hope that the national debt has not yet outrun our ability to bear it. We will now give our reasons for thinking that

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it is not likely to do so, and that it may even fail to keep pace with the future progress of the national wealth, as it has hitherto done. The national debt has now existed about one hundred and fifty years; and no addition has ever been made to its amount, except in time of war. Now, during this period, there have been no less than seven important wars, all perilous and burdensome, and one in particular beyond all comparison the most expensive in which this or any other nation was ever engaged. The present is the only peace, for more than a century past, which England has enjoyed during so many as ten successive years. And, upon the whole, more than seventy of the last hundred and fifty years, or about one year in every two since the origin of the debt, have been employed in active hostilities. This proportion is remarkably, indeed almost unprecedentedly, large. During that part of the seventeenth century which preceded the Revolution, only one year in four was occupied by war, and only one in seven by foreign war. During the sixteenth century, the proportion was about one year in five. It is therefore clear that the increase of the national debt has been hitherto promoted by an unusual succession of difficulties; and it does not seem unreasonable to think that, according to the usual course of human events, so long a period of trouble and danger may probably be succeeded by one of comparative tranquillity.

But let us suppose the worst. Let us suppose that England is next year plunged in a fresh struggle with enemies as formidable, and a war administration as imbecile, as in 1793. We have no doubt that, backed by the obstinate courage and vast resources of the British people, the most incapable ministry would sooner or later achieve a triumphant peace. But the result of a prolonged and mismanaged war would of course be a heavy addition to our present burdens. In such a case we admit that national bankruptcy might appear close at hand. But does even this imply loss of national independence? It is now only fifty years since France underwent a national bankruptcy of the most disastrous kind. Is she now less formidable or less prosperous than before that misfortune? But we should not fear even this; for we do not believe that any amount of embarrassments would compel England to o degrading an expedient. Even in so dismal an emergency as we are supposing, we will not doubt that the national spirit would be found equal to the trial. We acknowledge that fearful sacrifices might be necessary—sacrifices which would be bitterly felt by every family in the united kingdom—sacrifices which might long impede the advance of prosperity and civilization. But that a nation containing twenty millions of the Anglo-Saxon race, crowned and strengthened by a century and a half of foreign glory and domestic freedom, could be deprived of its European rank by pecuniary embarrassments, is what we cannot bring ourselves to think possible.

We have attempted, we trust with proper courtesy and forbearance, to express our dissent from some of Mr Alison's political opinions. But there are passages in his work which we own have made us feel some difficulty in preserving this tone of moderation. We allude to the spirit of contempt and suspicion in which he occasionally permits himself to speculate on the motives and probable conduct of the reforming party in this country. When he predicts the speedy ruin of the British empire from the progress of democratic innovation, we admit that we have no right to complain. The utmost which such a prediction imputes to the most democratic politician, is an error of judgment. But when he accuses the liberal party in England of meditating the most atrocious acts of violence and treachery, and that upon mere conjecture, we certainly find it difficult to restrain our indignation. And we think that these calumnies are rendered, if possible, more offensive by the calm affectation of historical impartiality with which they are delivered. After relating with just abhorrence the atrocities committed by the British troops, in storming some of the Spanish fortresses, he concludes his remarks with the following reflection:—'A consideration of these mournful scenes, combined with the recollection of the mutual atrocities perpetrated by both parties on each other in England during the wars of the Roses, the horrors of the Tyrone rebellion in Ireland, the cold-blooded vengeance of the Covenanters after the battle of Philiphaugh, the systematic firing and pillage of London during Lord George Gordon's riots in 1780, and the brutal violence in recent times of the Chartists in England, suggest the painful doubt whether all mankind are not at bottom the same, in point of tendency to crime, when exposed to the influence of the same temptations; and whether there do not lie, smouldering beneath the boasted glories of British civilization, the embers of a conflagration as

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fierce, and a devastation as widespread, as those which followed and disgraced the French Revolution.'—(ix. 821.) Taken in its literal sense, this passage is a mere truism. Not only are Englishmen capable of such atrocities as disgraced the French Revolution, but they will infallibly be guilty of them, if they are ever situated as the French were fifty years ago. Deprive the British people of their free constitution, oppress and degrade them for a century or two as Louis XV. oppressed and degraded the French, and you will make them what the great body of the French nation was in 1789—a mob of ignorant, degraded, vindictive serfs. But it is impossible to mistake the insinuation which Mr Alison really intends to convey. No one can seriously suppose that he feels real surprise and alarm at finding that his countrymen are not intrinsically exempt from the ordinary vices of human nature. He clearly wishes to impress his readers with the fear, that the *present* temper of the English nation resembles that of the French in 1793; and that the progress of reform in this country is likely to terminate in a violent revolution. It is against this conjecture that we wish to protest.

Nothing can be clearer than that the virtues of our national character do not belong to us by birthright. Two thousand years ago, the inhabitants of Britain offered human sacrifices at Stonehenge. Eight hundred years after, our Saxon ancestors, in morals and humanity, were much upon a par with a modern South Sea islander. The Danes and Normans were some centuries later still in abandoning their savage habits. All this does not, of course, prevent us from claiming a place for the modern English among the most enlightened nations of the world; but it induces us to attribute their sympathy with the fallen, their aversion to blood, their generous spirit of fair play, purely to the humanizing effect of free institutions and protecting laws. For 150 years, the British constitution, however imperfect in some particulars, has been, upon the whole, one of the best that ever existed; and even for some centuries earlier, the English had enjoyed more political freedom, and personal security, than almost any nation in the world. These blessings have done much to improve our character; but they have not eradicated the innate passions and weakness of humanity. They have made us a generous and humane nation; but they have not made us incapable of ever becoming otherwise. The descendants of twenty generations of English gentlemen continue to be born with the same natural propensities as the nursling of an Indian wigwam. Send them to be educated in Australia or Sumatra, and they will grow up cannibals and barbarians like their comrades. Had Howard or Romilly been kidnapped in their infancy by a Pawnee war party, they would have undoubtedly acquired a taste for stealing horses, taking scalps, and massacreing prisoners. In the same manner, had the English people been trodden down by tyrants when their liberties were insecure, they would have become cowardly, cruel, and revengeful. They may still become so, if these liberties should ever be abandoned. Bnt whether this is probable—whether they are likely deliberately to resume the savage habits so long shaken off—this is the true question at issue.

The examples cited by Mr. Alison can mislead no one. They occurred at remote times, or under extraordinary circumstances. He might as well argue the probability of a bloody rebellion from the crimes of Good, or Greenacre, as from the sacking of San Sebastian, or the violence of the Chartist mobs. The question to which his observations point, is this:—whether there are symptoms of an approaching civil war in the British empire. He appears inclined to answer in the affirmative; but how does he support his opinion? We naturally ask whether the British are a sanguinary nation? He tells us that they were so 400 years ago. We ask whether the great body of the people are attached to the laws? He tells us that there have occurred three or four destructive riots during the last half century. We ask whether British citizens are likely to rob and murder their peaceable neighbors? He tells us that British soldiers are sometimes guilty of violence in towns taken by storm. We admit the facts, but we deny that they afford any criterion of the ordinary temper of the nation. We do not flatter ourselves that we are differently constituted from the savage warriors of the middle ages, or the brutal rioters of the last generation. We found our hopes of avoiding their example, simply upon the obvious difference of circumstances. When the English return to the barbarism of the 15th century, or the fanaticism of the 17th, then they will treat their political opponents as the Yorkists treated the Lancastrians, or the Covenanters the Royalists. When the mass of the English nation becomes as crazy or as depraved as the madmen and ruffians of the No Popery mob, then they will imitate the plunder and violence of 1780. When

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English citizens engage in political contests with the excitement of soldiers in a desperate attack, then they will accompany political success with the atrocities of a victorious storming party. All this was really the case in France. In 1789, the French populace were as barbarous as the Yorkists, as fanatical as the Covenanters, as depraved as the lowest follower of Lord George Gordon, as hardened by suffering, as mad with triumph, and as thirsty for revenge, as Picton's grenadiers when they carried Badajos. But the violence of human passion is generally proportioned to the provocation received. Men do not feel the same fury at the refusal of a political privilege, as at a tyranny which makes their lives miserable. The English are on the whole a free and happy nation. They may wish to improve their condition, and the wish may be perfectly justifiable; but their present political state is at least tolerable. The progress of reform in England has long been peaceful and constitutional. The Catholic might be indignant when he was refused a fair chance of public honors and profits; the citizen of Birmingham or Manchester might complain when he was denied a representative in the legislature; but they could not feel like the French peasantry under the feudal laws. The measures which they demanded might be anxiously desired, but they were not matter of life and death. Men might dislike Mr. Perceval when he refused Catholic emancipation, or the Duke of Wellington when he opposed Parliamentary reform; but it was impossible that they should hate them as the French populace hated Foulon and Berthier. Angry partisans might be found to abuse them in the papers, or even to throw mud at their windows; but it was not in human nature that any one should wish to hang them upon a lamp-post.

Still we cannot wonder at the sombre influence which Mr. Alison's anxious and prejudiced imagination exercises upon his judgment of the future, when we see how strangely it perverts his memory of the past. Singular as it may appear, he actually discovers a resemblance between the agitation of the Reform Bill, and the excesses of the French Revolution. Now we, in common with numerous writers of the liberal persuasion, have more than once remarked, with satisfaction and triumph, the circumstances which attended the great constitutional change of 1832. A desperate struggle, a complete victory, an important transfer of political power—all took place without the loss of a life, or the confiscation of an acre. But this is not the most remarkable part of the transaction. If the moderation of the popular party had been remarked and admired at the time, we should have thought the example less striking. But it was not so. Not only did the general tranquillity pass as a thing of course, but the few and slight symptoms of insubordination which did appear, excited universal alarm and indignation. Tumultuous assemblies, seditious harangues, and menacing outcries, were deplored as amounting in themselves to unprecedented atrocities. If a rabble of thoughtless rioters cheered for a republic, or displayed a tri-color flag, words were found wanting to characterize the portentous act. A violent party journal ventured to threaten popular violence, and received from the general resentment an opprobrious *soubriquet* which is not yet forgotten. Is is well known that the Duke of Wellington was, for the moment, most unjustly indeed, but naturally and excusably, one of the least popular men in England. He was known to be the strenuous opponent of a measure which the great body of the nation sincerely believed to be indispensable; and he was reported, we believe most falsely, to have accompanied the expression of his disapprobation with a haughty and contemptuous threat. An angry mob followed his carriage with hisses, and threw stones at the windows of Apsley House; and throughout all England one party was transported with rage and dismay, and the other overwhelmed with shame and sorrow. Men of all opinions, in short, were shocked and scandalized to find, that in England the surface of society was ruffled by a movement which in most countries would have broken up its very foundations. We would not be thought to palliate the partial irregularities which did occur. Riot and insult may be almost as criminal in a free citizen, as murder and plunder in an ignorant slave. But we may be permitted to exult in a national temper which leaves those irregularities so little excuse. Nobody thought of pausing among the massacres of 1792, to complain of abusive clamors or broken windows. And surely there is a strong presumption of the ordinary gentleness of an individual, when he overwhelms his friends with surprise and consternation by a slight frown, or a peevish murmur.

Such is not Mr. Alison's reasoning. He remembers only the panic of the Conservative party, and forgets the insufficiency of the causes which excited it. In his fourth chapter, he has made some strong and just remarks on the infatuation of the French

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nobility, in deserting their country in a body, almost on the first appearance of danger. In a note to this passage, he quotes the pointedly expressed, but very feeble apology of M. de Chateaubriand, which in effect amounts to this—that the French aristocracy ought not to be blamed, because the danger was fearful and immipent, and because no one, living in a peaceful country, can tell whether he himself would have behaved better in such an emergency. The answer to all this is perfectly obvious. M. de Chateaubriand's arguments may induce us to look upon cowardice and folly as venial faults; but cannot possibly prove that the French nobility were brave or wise men. We perfectly agree with him, that it is the height of presumption to speak with violent indignation of persons who, in trying circumstances, have failed in wisdom and courage; and that no man can decide, without trial, whether he possesses such qualities himself. This is an excellent reason for pardoning and pitying those who are guilty of imprudence or pusillanimity; but none at all for permitting them to deny their guilt; M. de Chateaubriand's defence is at best merely a plea for mercy, and can never be taken as a ground for acquittal. Our author's reply is very different. He takes M. de Chateaubriand at his word, and says—We *have* been tried, and we have stood the trial; for the English aristocracy did not fly their country when the Reform Bill passed. For the benefit of the incredulous reader, we hold ourselves bound to quote this most astonishing passage entire. 'Admitting,' says Mr. Alison, 'the caustic eloquence of these remarks, the British historian cannot allow their justice. The example of the nobility of his own country, in the disastrous days which succeeded the passing of the Reform Bill, has furnished him with a decisive refutation of them. The flames of Bristol and Nottingham proved that danger had reached their dwellings as well as those of the French noblemen; and if they had, in consequence, deserted their country and leagued with the stranger, it is hardly doubtful that similar excesses would have laid waste the whole fair realm of England. They did not do so; they remained at home, braving every danger, enduring every insult; and who can over-estimate the influence of such moral courage in mitigating the evils which then so evidently threatened their country?'—(i. 312.) We will fairly compare the circumstances of each case, and for that purpose we will quote from Mr. Alison a few of the threatening symptoms which overcame the resolution of the French noblesse. 'Everywhere the peasants rose in arms, attacked and burnt the chateaux of the landlords, and massacred or expelled the possessors. The horrors of the insurrection of the Jacquerie, in the time of Edward III., were revived on a greater scale, and with deeper circumstances of atrocity. In their blind fury they did not even spare those seigneurs who were known to be inclined to the popular side, or had done the most to mitigate their sufferings, or support their rights. The most cruel tortures were inflicted on the victims who fell into their hands.'—(i. 228.) We gladly spare ourselves and our readers the revolting details which follow. Now, what parallel has Mr. Alison to produce from English history teh years ago? 'The flames of Bristol and Nottingham!' Two isolated riots, *occurring at an interval of several years*—each confined to a single town, and each effectually put down and signally punished by the power of the law. The disturbances of Bristol undoubtedly originated in a political cause; but it is clear that those who were guilty of the chief excesses committed there, acted merely from thirst of plunder. No vindictive feeling was displayed by the mob; no certain plan, no submission to command, was observable in their excesses,—all was indiscriminate thirst for spoil. The fact is, that the civil authorities failed to do their duty in repressing the first symptoms of tumult, and a rabble of thieves and desperadoes seized the opportunity of license and robbery. But in every large community there are numbers of indigent and depraved men, who gladly plunder their neighbors whenever they can do so with impunity. What happened in Bristol would most certainly happen to-morrow in every large city in Europe, if there were reason to suppose that the attempt would not be properly repressed. But how were the British aristocracy peculiarly menaced by a destructive riot in a great commercial town? Had Clumber or Strathfieldsay been burnt to the ground, instead of half-a-dozen streets in Bristol, the case would have been somewhat different. It was not by disturbances at Lyons or Bordeaux that the French noblesse were driven to Coblenz.

We do not know how we can better expose the injustice of Mr. Alison's comparison, than by requesting our readers to imagine what their feelings of astonishment would have been, on finding by the papers, the day after the Reform Bill passed the House of Lords, that the Conservative gentry of England had emigrated in a body!



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Let them imagine an English emigrant peer landing, in 1822, at Calais or New-York. He is eagerly pressed to describe the horrors he has witnessed—to communicate the names of the most illustrious victims—to give the particulars of the new British republic. What is his reply? 'England is in an awful state. At Bristol, only two hundred miles from my family seat, there has been a dangerous riot and great destruction of property. I have been abused in the county newspapers. The *Times* has threatened the aristocracy with brickbats and bludgeons. The Duke of Wellington's windows have been broken.' And all this would have been addressed to men who could remember the Reign of Terror, or the forays of Brandt and Butler. The French emigration is a subject for serious blame; but that of the English aristocracy would have defied the gravity of all Europe. We pity and despise the selfish cowardice of a man who flies from a dangerous conflagration, instead of staying to rescue his family and protect his property. But our pity and contempt give way to a sense of the ludicrous, when we hear of his jumping headlong from a garret window, because a few idlers in the street have raised the cry of fire.

Not only, it seems, are the liberal party in England prepared to imitate the crimes of the French Revolution, but they are, or were, on the point of betraying their country to the actual perpetrators of those enormities. After noticing that Napoleon had intended to follow his descent upon Great Britain by a proclamation, promising 'all the objects which the revolutionary party in this country have ever had at heart,' Mr. Alison proceeds as follows:—'That the French emperor would have been defeated in his attempt, if England had remained true to herself, can be doubtful to no one. . . . . . But would she have remained true to herself under the temptation to swerve produced by such means? This is a point upon which there is no Briton who would have entertained a doubt, till within these few years; but the manner in which the public mind has reeled from the application of inferior stimulants since 1830, and the strong partiality to French alliance which has grown up with the spread of democratic principles, has now suggested the painful doubt, whether Napoleon did not know us better than we knew ourselves, and whether we could have resisted those methods of seduction which had proved fatal to the patriotism of so many other people. . . . . . The warmest friend to his country will probably hesitate before he pronounces upon the stability of the English mind under the influence of the prodigious excitement likely to have arisen from the promulgation of the political innovations which Napoleon had prepared for her seduction. If he is wise, he will rejoice that in the providence of God his country was saved the trial, and acknowledge with gratitude the inestimable obligations which she owes to the illustrious men whose valor averted a danger under which her courage, indeed, would never have sunk, but to which her wisdom might possibly have proved unequal.'—(v. 379.)

We have frequently found occasion to differ from Mr. Alison, but this is one of the few passages of his work which we have read with serious regret and deep displeasure. Its meaning is simply this—that had Napoleon landed in England, those Englishmen who approved of the reforms he intended to promise, would have deserted their countrymen and joined his army. The calumny is most disingenuously enveloped in the language of pretended self-abasement; but this disguise is too slight to conceal its real nature for a moment. The suspicion expressed by Mr. Alison is obviously applicable only to his political opponents. It is therefore of *their* honor alone that he feels all this timid distrust. The temptation of which he expresses so much anxious dread, is one which could not have attracted *him*; the merit which he is so modestly reluctant to vaunt, is one in which *he* could have had no share. This candid renunciation of other people's credit has a twofold advantage; for it combines the grace of humility, with the pleasure of slander.

We might easily show that the political opinions of what Mr. Alison is pleased to call the revolutionary party, are perfectly consistent with the national virtues, and even with the wholesome prejudices, of true born Britons. We might plead, that an honest Englishman may consider the British constitution as the best in the world, without thinking it absolutely perfect; that he may religiously believe himself able to beat three Frenchmen, without longing to be perpetually employed in doing it. We might plead, that it is one thing to desire the support of France abroad, and another to invoke her interference at home; one thing to wish for reform by act of parliament, and another to attempt it by high treason. But we prefer giving Mr. Alison a practical proof of the dangerous nature of such rash and odious imputations. We gather two maxims from the elaborate and insidious

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passage we have just quoted. Every man who wishes for any alterations in the British constitution, is willing to become a traitor to obtain them. Every man who wishes for the alliance of a foreign power, is willing to be its slave. Let us see whether these rules will not cut both ways. Mr. Alison is a conscientious opponent of Parliamentary reform, and a warm admirer of Russia. Suppose a Russian army to land at Leith, and to proclaim their intention of repealing the Act of 1832. Is Mr. Alison conscious of the slightest inward misgiving lest he should be tempted to assist the invaders? Does he not feel the same instinctive scorn of such treachery, as of theft or forgery, or any other infamous crime? And what would be his sensations if such a suspicion were publicly expressed, and if some Whig friend of his own were to answer it by moralizing upon the frailty of human resolution, and expressing thankfulness that the test is not likely to be applied? We know and feel that in such a case we could depend upon the loyalty of every respectable Conservative as upon our own; and we are heartily sorry, for Mr. Alison's own sake, that he cannot bring himself to feel the same honest confidence in the opposite party.

British loyalty has not, in Mr. Alison's opinion, survived British honor and patriotism. 'The more advanced of the present generation,' he says, 'still look back to the manly and disinterested loyalty with which, in their youth, the 4th of June was celebrated by all classes, with a feeling of interest increased by the mournful reflection, that amidst the selfish ambition and democratic infatuation of subsequent times, such feelings, in this country at least, must be numbered among the things that have been.'—(viii. 22.) We certainly shall not attempt to maintain that the same feverish and thoughtless loyalty now prevails in England, which was so common thirty or forty years ago. We acknowledge our belief that the men of the present generation would scarcely abandon an important political measure, because it was understood to be repugnant to the private opinion of a 'good old King,' or even of a good young Queen. But we do sincerely believe that there never was a period when Englishmen felt more solid, sober, trustworthy attachment to the throne than at present. No man having the slightest pretension to political importance, has, of late years, expressed dislike of the monarchical form of government. No man having the least regard for his character, has with impunity offered any public insult to the reigning monarch. We do not say this without warrant, for the attempt has been made. It was thought that a young and inexperienced Princess might possibly be intimidated by slander and invective. We will not remind Mr. Alison with what party the design originated; but we are sure that he remembers, with as much pride and pleasure as ourselves, the signal defeat which it encountered from the generous indignation of the British people. We might go much further than this. We might speak of the general respect, we might almost say the general affection, which is felt for the present occupant of the throne. We might refer to the kindly warmth with which the name of that august lady is almost invariably mentioned in society—to the universal grief and alarm excited by the late supposed attempts upon her life—to the personal unpopularity which certain zealous Conservatives have incurred by a disrespectful mention of her name. Was the return of the fourth of June, we would ask, hailed with a more exuberant loyalty than that the expression of which made the farthest hills and mountains of Scotland echo back its heart-stirring sounds, on the late royal visit to this quarter of the Island?

We have now given a few sketches of Mr. Alison's opinions respecting his liberal countrymen. The person holding these sentiments is, we believe, a well-educated gentleman, of respectable talents, of extensive historical information, of a benevolent temper, of strong religious feelings, and of a calm and contemplative turn of mind. With all these means and capacities for forming a candid judgment, he has, as we have seen, made up his mind that in 1803 the reforming party in England were prepared to betray their country to Napoleon—that in 1831 they were bent upon imitating the worst excesses of the French Revolution—and that at the present moment they would rather see the British empire perish than contribute to its aid at the risk of personal inconvenience. And yet with what contempt and indignation would the author of these imputations listen to the ravings of some poor, angry, ignorant, thick-headed Chartist, about the depraved morals and evil designs of the British aristocracy!

Mr. Alison has shown much good sense and impartiality in his remarks upon the policy of the principal European powers towards France. He speaks with just admiration of the persevering courage displayed by England and Austria; but he notices, with equally just severity, the procrastination, the timidity, the obstinate prejudices, and the unreflecting ignorance

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of military affairs, which deprived both nations of so many opportunities of victory, and placed such fearful advantages in the hands of their keen and wary antagonist. The errors of Prussia were of a more serious nature; and Mr. Alison has too much sense of moral rectitude not to visit them with deserved indignation. We need not retrace his account of the truly degrading policy in which, for ten years, the rulers of that state persisted. The guilty parties have been punished by the scorn of every European nation, and of none more signally than their own injured countrymen. We think, however, that Mr. Alison shows far too much lenity in his remarks, upon the personal share of Frederick-William, in the disgrace of this period. It is clear, from his own statements, that the treaty by which Prussia accepted Hanover from France, as the price of her treason to the cause of Germany, originated in the unprincipled cupidity of the King himself. Such an instance of political depravity deserved far stronger censure than any which Mr. Alison has applied to its author.

The unhappy situation of Prussia from 1795 to 1806 is, in our opinion, a most striking example of what Mr. Alison denies,—the close connection between political impotence and social insecurity. The Prussians are generally considered admirable specimens of the true German character;—brave, generous, honest to a proverb, and distinguished by a simplicity of manners and a kindness of heart, which has often surprised and delighted the traveller, accustomed to the levity of the French, or the reserve of the English. The ardor which they displayed in the struggles of 1806 and 1813, proves that they had felt their disgrace as became an honorable nation. But their rulers were irresponsible, and they were without a remedy. Had Frederick-William been a limited sovereign, Napoleon would have been crushed for ever in the campaign of 1805. Even as it was, the grief and indignation of the people did, too late, what their legitimate interference would have done speedily and effectually. Frederick-William, though not a man of strong sense, was not destitute of all manly feeling. The united voice of his honest and loyal subjects, and the rash insults of the French emperor, at length roused him to a sense of his duty. An army of 120,000 men, who had lain idle in their barracks while Napoleon was struggling for life and empire in the valley of the Danube, marched to encounter him returning in triumph from Austerlitz. A decisive battle was fought—the Duke of Brunswick completed in the field what the King had begun in the cabinet—and a campaign of six weeks left Prussia the powerless slave of France for as many years. Never, with one terrible exception, did a civilized sovereign meet with a more deserved, a more signal, or a more strictly personal chastisement, than Frederick-William. The overthrow of his brave army, the capture of his capital, the misery of his faithful subjects, the shameful defection of his most trusted lieutenants—all this was but the more ordinary part of his punishment. He was compelled to attend at Tilsit, humiliated by his political ruin, and embarrassed by his intellectual incapacity—the helpless suppliant of the triumphant Napoleon, and the acute and accomplished Alexander. He was compelled to endure in person the insulting neglect, or the supercilious condescension of his ungenerous enemy, and his faithless ally. He saw his high-minded queen throw herself in tears at the feet of the French emperor, and receive an obdurate repulse. He returned home to witness her melancholy and lingering death—the result of humbled pride and hopeless sorrow. He survived these miserable events many years—he lived to see his country free and victorious, and he ended his life in peace and prosperity. His early want of faith had brought upon him such a prompt and overwhelming punishment as few princes have undergone in this life; and the honorable consistency of his subsequent conduct may induce us to hope that so dreadful a lesson was not inflicted in vain.

We are glad to find that Mr. Alison's strong monarchical principles have not tempted him to imitate certain historians of that persuasion, in their perverted accounts of the Peninsular war. He relates the many indelible disgraces incurred by the Spanish nation in his usual tone of calm forbearance; but he does not disguise his opinion, that Spain owed to England alone her escape—if escape it can be called, from becoming a French province. We acknowledge, however, that while we admire the steady equanimity of Mr. Alison's remarks, we have occasionally, in reading this part of his history, felt more inclination to sympathize with the scornful indignation of Colonel Napier. We cannot help thinking that the resistance of the Spanish nation, fortunate as it was for Europe, was actually more discreditable to themselves than the tamest submission. Submission would at least have enabled us to suppose that the people were not averse to the French yoke.

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Thus the passive conduct of the Italian states in 1796, did not destroy the military reputation of their citizens. It merely proved that their unhappy political condition had, as might be expected, extinguished public spirit among them; and, therefore, no one was surprised at the bravery afterwards displayed by the Italian corps of Napoleon's army. But the struggles of Spain were as furious as they were feeble; and their rancorous violence displayed the resentment of the nation, without disguising its weakness. They made it clear, in short, that every Spaniard hated the French, but that very few had the courage to meet them in the field. Many of our readers will remember the enthusiastic sympathy which the Peninsular contest excited in England. Orators declaimed upon the impotence of military discipline to withstand righteous enthusiasm; as if military discipline tended to extinguish enthusiasm, or as if enthusiasm were impossible except in a righteous cause. Poets wrote sonnets about the power of armies being a visible thing, while national spirit was invisible and invincible;—as if the spirit which impelled a brave German to march manfully to battle, had been less formidable, or less noble, than that which prompted a Spanish peasant to lurk in some remote *sierra*, shooting stragglers and robbing convoys. But the unsparing exposures of Colonel Napier at once and for ever fixed the opinion of the English nation upon the events of the Spanish war; the substance of his narrative is confirmed, generally speaking, by the more lenient statements of Mr. Alison; and their united testimony shows, that the Spanish nation displayed in that struggle a want of common sense, of common honesty, of veracity, of humanity, and of gratitude, scarcely to be paralleled in the history of Bengal or of China.

To some of our readers—though to none, we think, who have given much attention to the subject—these observations may appear unjust and illiberal. Their justice is soon vindicated. Every British writer has allowed that the history of the regular Spanish armies, during the Peninsular war, is a mere tissue of folly, cowardice, and disaster. The shameful names of Somosierra, Rio Seco, Belchite, and Ocana, are sufficient to recall the long succession of their miserable overthrows. Their sole achievement in the field—the surrender of the French army at Baylen—has long been attributed to its true cause—the unaccountable rashness, and more unaccountable despair, of the unhappy Dupont. A few, and but a few, of the sieges sustained by their towns, have done them more honor. The heroic defence of Gerona stands unrivalled, as an example of Spanish skill and valor. That of Zaragossa, considered merely as a military exploit, was one of far inferior brilliancy. The true glory of that celebrated city consists in the invincible patience with which its defenders endured the ravages of pestilence and famine. That is a species of courage in which the Spaniards have never been deficient. Like many unwarlike nations, they are endued by their moral or physical constitution with a passive courage, under suffering, which is rarely displayed by the bold and hardy soldiers of northern Europe. But, putting this out of the question, it was surely no unparalleled achievement for 30,000 regular troops, aided by 15,000 well-armed peasants, to defend an imperfectly fortified town for six weeks against 43,000 Frenchmen.

There are persons who think the desultory exploits of the *Partidas* sufficient to redeem the honor of Spain; and who judge of Castilian skill and prowess, not from the disgraces of Blake and Cuesta, but from the adventurous feats of Mina and the Empecinado. We own that we attach little importance to the isolated and imperfect successes of such leaders as these. We see little glory in firing from a thicket, or rolling rocks down a ravine, especially at a moment when a regular force was vainly summoning recruits for the open defence of Spanish independence. It was not so that the gallant Tyrolese defended their country. They did not desert their Emperor to ensconce themselves in the fastnesses of their mountains. While a hope remained of resisting the enemy in the open field, they were constantly foremost in the ranks of the Austrian army. The partisan warfare of the Spanish peasantry may captivate romantic imaginations; but such are not the means by which a great nation should assert its independence. The details of modern warfare may wear an aspect of formal routine; but it is in the ranks of disciplined armies, with all their unpoetical accompaniments, that the true post of honor and danger is to be found. A regiment of grenadiers trudging along the high-road, may be a less picturesque spectacle than a party of brigands wandering among forests and precipices; but if they do their duty, they incur more risk, and perform more service, and therefore deserve more credit. Even were it otherwise, it is not the bravery of a few straggling guerillas that can efface

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the dishonor incurred by the regular Spanish armies. It would be a poor consolation to a Spaniard, that his country, with a population of twelve millions, and a military force of 70,000 regular soldiers under arms, found her most effectual defenders in a few thousand undisciplined sharpshooters.

The accusation of illiberality we are less careful to answer. We confess that we have no idea of complimenting away the hardly-won glory of our gallant countrymen—of displaying modesty and generosity at the expense of the heroic army which really delivered the Peninsula. Still less are we restrained by any scruple of delicacy from exposing the infamy of that unworthy ally, whose jealousy constantly thwarted our generals; whose cowardice repeatedly betrayed our soldiers; whose imbecility caused our dreadful loss at Albuera; who shamefully deserted our wounded at Talavera; and who actually assasinated our stragglers during the retreat from Burgos. The inflexible justice of Angelo is all that we can grant the Spaniards:—if in the strict letter of history they can find credit or excuse, it is well; if not, let them not seek it from us.

We now come to what we certainly consider the most incomprehensible peculiarity of Mr. Alison's work—the strong and apparently causeless interest which he seems to feel in favor of the Russian nation. If this predilection had displayed itself by misrepresentations of the real history of Russia—by the suppression, or the sophistical palliation, of her numerous political crimes—it would have called for a tone of remonstrance very different from any which Mr. Alison's work has given us occasion to employ. But we have been able to detect no such attempt. Judging solely from the account before us, we should unhesitatingly conclude that the national character of the Russians is very unamiable; that their domestic government is very corrupt; and that their foreign policy is very unprincipled. How far a hostile historian might have aggravated the picture, we shall not venture to pronounce; but certain we are that the ordinary prejudices against Russia require no stronger confirmation than the statements of Mr. Alison. If, after fairly laying the case before his readers, the historian chooses to retain his own prejudices in defiance of his own facts and arguments, we cannot see that we are called upon to interfere. The truth, we suppose, is, that the formidable power and deep policy of Russia have excited in Mr. Alison's mind that species of capricious *quasi*-admiration, which good and clever men sometimes feel for certain worthless characters, so long as they are not seriously called upon to form any practical judgment respecting them. The pleasure with which the characters alluded to are contemplated, proceeds entirely from the taste and imagination; and rather resembles our admiration of a striking work of art than our love or esteem for a human being. If this is all that Mr. Alison feels toward Russia, we have little more to say. The prepossession, however, is not such as we should have expected to remark in a British historian of the nineteenth century, nor is its display always regulated by the best taste. Still it may amount to no more than this—that while Mr. Alison acknowledges the numerous faults of the Russian character, he is involuntarily dazzled and attracted by some of its peculiarities. We do not, by any means, sympathize with this feeling; but so long as it does not betray its entertainer into any serious defence of Russian policy, we are content to look upon it as a harmless though somewhat unpleasing caprice.

The most interesting subject of Mr. Alison's history, next to the great Revolution which forms the groundwork of the whole, is undoubtedly the character of the extraordinary man who made that Revolution the instrument of his power. We scarcely know any stronger illustration of the genius and influence of Napoleon Bonaparte, than the simple fact, that for twenty years his life and the history of Europe are convertible terms. During the whole of that time, the annals of the smallest European state would be absolutely unintelligible without a clear view of the policy and character of the French emperor; and, on the other hand, every change of rulers in the pettiest principality—every intrigue at Petersburg or Naples—every motion in the British Parliament—was of immediate and vital concern to Napoleon. This is more than can be said of any other conqueror or statesman in modern times. The direct influence of Louis, Frederick, and Catharine, was comparatively limited. A Russian or a Turk cared little for the invasion of Holland or the Spanish succession; and an Italian was comparatively indifferent to the conquest of Silesia or the division of Poland. But no such supineness prevailed during the wars of the French empire. Wherever the great conqueror was engaged, the breathless attention of all Europe was fixed. Every citizen of every state felt his hopes or his fortunes raised or depressed by the event. The death of an English minister

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was hastened by the battle of Marengo; the treaty of Tilsit was felt as an object of interest in the deserts of Central Asia; the battle of Leipsic roused or paralyzed every European from Cadiz to the North Cape. The French empire, in a word, resembled the talismanic globe of the sorcerers in *Thalaba*, the slightest touch upon which caused the whole universe to tremble.

There are few subjects upon which public opinion has differed more widely than upon the moral character of Napoleon. Thirty years ago, most Englishmen believed him to be one of those wretched monomaniacs who have seemed to feel a pleasurable excitement in tormenting their fellow-creatures. Even now, he is generally considered as a man naturally cold and unfeeling, and hardened by habit into a total indifference to human suffering. But we do not think that either opinion will satisfy any person who impartially examines the present account of his actions and policy.

Mr. Alison has supplied us with a new and very plausible palliation of Napoleon's ambition. He repeatedly and very reasonably insists on the precarious foundation of the French empire, and on the irresistible necessity which compelled its chief at once to dazzle and unite his subjects, by engaging them in successful war. If, indeed, this excuse stood alone, we should think comparatively little of its force. Necessity is the tyrant's plea. No spectacle can be more painfully interesting than that of a character naturally great and noble, whose moral sense has been blunted by the influence of early habit, and the encouragement of vulgar applause. But we feel no such sympathy for the man who knowingly and wilfully prefers his interest to his duty. Many a mind, which would have defied both intimidation and seduction, has been warped and weakened by the imperceptible force of custom; but when the strong temptation is combined with the enervating influence, we may well cease to wonder at its victory. Napoleon, bred, and almost born, a soldier and a revolutionist, preferred unjust war to political extinction. How many legitimate sovereigns have preferred it to undisturbed security!

We have been much gratified by the calm and impartial spirit in which Mr. Alison discusses the general character of this extraordinary man. Indeed, we feel bound to remark, that throughout the whole of the present work, we do not recollect a single case in which the political prejudices of the author, uncharitable as they sometimes appear, have been able to hurry his calm and patient mind into a harsh or hasty condemnation of individuals. His censure of Napoleon's ambition is, as we have seen, lenient almost to excess. Of his other misdeeds, real and imputed, he speaks with equal, though we trust better merited, forbearance. He is willing to acquit the First Consul of the mysterious deaths of Wright and Pichegru, which he ascribes to the apprehensive cruelty of the French police—men too well known to have been familiar with every form of violence and treachery. His narrative of the lamented fate of the Duc d'Enghien does the highest credit both to his humanity and his self-command. Nothing can be more feelingly expressed than his commiseration of the brave and innocent sufferer; but he has not permitted it to hurry him into rash or unthinking denunciations against the guilty party. He represents the crime of Napoleon in its true light—not as an act of wanton murder, but as the blind vengeance of a violent man, justly alarmed and enraged by the atrocious attempts of the French Royalists against his life. But there is one scene in Napoleon's career which no sophistry can palliate—which no imagination can elevate—which his most devoted partisans can but endeavor to forget. We allude to the treacherous detention of the English families travelling in France in 1801. We do not say that none of Napoleon's acts were more criminal; but we think that none were so inconsistent with the character of a great man. His other crimes, heavy as they may be, were at least the crimes of a conqueror and a statesman. They were crimes such as Attila or Machiavel might have committed or approved—crimes of passion, or of deep and subtle policy. The massacre of Jaffa, and the invasion of Spain might have been forgotten by a generation which had witnessed the atrocities of Ismail and Warsaw—which had pardoned Frederick-William for his sordid occupation of Hanover—and Alexander for the vile treachery which wrested Finland from his own brave and faithful ally. The ambition which provokes unjust war—the passions which prompt a violent and bloody revenge—even the craft which suggests deep-laid schemes of political treachery—have but too often been found consistent with many brilliant and useful virtues. But the measure of which we speak displayed the spirit of a Francis or a Ferdinand—the spirit which has peopled Siberia with Polish nobles, and crowded the dungeons of Austria with Italian patriots. It displayed the cold unrelenting spite of a legitimate despot, inured

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from childhood to the heartless policy of what is called a *paternal* government. We are not partial to a practice in which Mr. Alison frequently indulges—that of attempting to trace the immediate interference of Providence in every remarkable coincidence of human affairs; but we cannot avoid being struck by a melancholy resemblance between the captivity in which Napoleon ended his life, and the lingering torments which he had wantonly inflicted on ten thousand of his harmless fellow-creatures.

We are pleased to find in Mr. Alison a zealous, though discriminating admirer of the military genius of Napoleon. The contrary judgment has lately been proclaimed by a few military critics, and supported with a vehement and disdainful asperity, which strikes us, to say the least, as singularly ungraceful. This is perhaps most unsparingly and offensively exemplified in a series of essays which appeared some years since in a professional Journal, and which, if we are rightly informed, excited considerable notice among military men. They are understood to be the production of an officer in the British army, well known for his speculations in the theory of war, and possessing, we believe, much experience in actual service. They are full of ingenious reasoning, of contemptuous invective, and of ironical derision. Now we have not the slightest wish to set up authority against argument. We shall not turn upon this critic and say, 'The oldest and bravest generals in Europe still tremble at the memory of the man whom you undertake to prove a mere fortunate fool:—is it likely that your judgment should be more correct than theirs?' But we think that the opposition of authority is a good reason, not for suppressing a theory, but for delivering it in modest and tolerant language. We know that argument is a weapon which the weakest may successfully wield, and which the strongest cannot resist. As the Chevalier Bayard complained of the arquebuse, in the hands of a child it may strike down the most valiant knight on earth. We therefore think it no presumption in the youngest ensign in the army to plead against Napoleon's claims to military glory. Let him fairly state his opinion, and fairly endeavor to establish it. The greater the impostor, the more dazzling the illusion—the higher will be our obligation to the bold and keen-sighted advocate who brings him to justice. We do not, therefore, complain of the military critics in question for attempting to place Napoleon's military reputation a step below that of Cope or Mack. But we protest against the advocate's usurping the functions of the judge. We protest against his assuming that he has triumphed—against his referring to the question as one irrevocably settled in his favor—against his pouring upon the accused the contempt and ridicule to which posterity alone can fitly sentence him. This is worse than mere disrespect to the memory of a celebrated man; it is arrogant and ridiculous self-flattery. A century and a half ago Louis XIV. acquired a high reputation as a general. Posterity has weighed and found him wanting. But suppose that a young officer of that day had written of Louis as the critics of whom we speak write of Napoleon. We should have said that he might be a clever, clear-headed man; but that, if he chose to deliver a paradox in the tone of an oracle, it was his own fault that nobody listened to him. But this is the most favorable point of view. What do we say of the detractors whom posterity has pronounced in the wrong? What do we say of the slanderers of Marlborough and of Moore? The destruction of a brilliant but unmerited reputation is the most useful, the most difficult, the most invidious, and therefore, perhaps, the noblest task of an honest investigator of historic truth. But it requires candor and delicacy no less than boldness and acumen. When it is attempted from an obvious sense of duty, we admire the unflinching sincerity of the assailant, even though we condemn his severity. But when he undertakes it in the exultation of superior discernment—when he performs it with the insolence of personal antipathy—his victory will be unhonored and unsympathized with, and his defeat will be embittered by universal scorn and indignation.

We do not possess the technical knowledge necessary to dissect the criticisms to which we have alluded. We can only judge as unlearned mortals, let scientific tacticians say what they will, always must judge—by general results. We can only consider what Napoleon did, and whether, according to the ordinary doctrine of chances, it is conceivable that he could have done so much had he been a man of no extraordinary powers. Napoleon, then, commanded in person at fourteen of the greatest pitched battles which history has recorded. Five times—at Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, and Wagram—he crushed the opposing army at a blow; finished the war, in his own emphatic phrase, by a *coup-de-foudre;* and laid the vanquished power humbled and hopeless at his feet. Five

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times—at Borodino, Lutzen, Bautzen, Dresden, and Ligny—he was also decidedly victorious, though with less overwhelming effect. At Eylau the victory was left undecided. At Leipsic, the French were defeated, as is well known, by a force which outnumbered their own as five to three. At Waterloo, it is generally acknowledged that the overthrow of Napoleon was owing, not to any deficiency in skill on his part, but to the invincible obstinacy of the British infantry, who are admitted, even by the French accounts, to have displayed a passive courage, of which the most experienced warrior might be excused for thinking human nature incapable. At Aspern alone, to judge from the able account of Mr. Alison, does the partial defeat of the French emperor appear to have been owing to any faulty arrangement of his own. Five of his ten actions were gained over equal or superior forces; and among the generals defeated by him, we find the distinguished names of Wurmser, Melas, Benningsen, Blucher, and above all, the Archduke Charles. We might produce still stronger testimonies. We might relate the glorious successes of his first Italian campaign, in which four powerful armies were successively overthrown by a force comprising, from first to last, but 60,000 men. We might notice his romantic achievements in Egypt and Syria, against a new and harassing system of hostility. We might enlarge on the most wonderful of all his exploits—the protracted struggle which he maintained in the heart of France, with a remnant of only 50,000 men, against the quadruply superior numbers of the Allies. But all this is unnecessary. If the successes to which we have alluded are insufficient to prove that Napoleon was a general of the first order, the reputation of no soldier who ever existed can be considered as established. If such numerous and extraordinary examples are insufficient to establish a rule, then there is no such thing as reasoning by induction. It is in vain to endeavor to explain away such a succession of proofs. Technical cavils can no more prove that Napoleon was a conqueror by chance, than the two sage Sergeants mentioned by Pope could persuade the public that Lord Mansfield was a mere wit. The common sense of mankind cannot be permanently silenced by scientific jargon. Plain men, though neither lawyers nor mathematicians, see no presumption in pronouncing Alfred a great legislator, or Newton a great astronomer. It is equally in vain to attempt to neutralize the proofs of Napoleon's superiority, by balancing them with occasional examples of rash presumption; or, even did such exist, of unaccountable infatuation. No number of failures can destroy the conclusion arising from such repeated and complete victories. The instances in which fools have blundered into brilliant success are rare; but the instances in which men of genius have been betrayed into gross errors are innumerable. And, therefore, where the same man has brilliantly succeeded and lamentably failed, it is but fair to conclude, that the success is the rule, and the failure the exception. Every man constantly forms his opinions respecting the affairs of real life upon this theory. In literature, in science, in the fine arts, no man's miscarriages are allowed to diminish the credit of his successes. Nobody denies that Dryden was a true poet because he wrote *Maximin;* for it was more likely that a true poet should write *Maximin* than that a dunce should write *Absalom and Achitophel.* Nobody denies that Bacon was a true philosopher because he believed in alchemy; for it was more likely that a true philosopher should believe in alchemy, than that an empiric should compose the *Novum Organum.* No classical scholar denies the merit of Bentley's edition of Horace, because he failed in his edition of Milton. No man of taste refuses to enjoy the wit and humor of Falstaff, because the same author imagined the pedantic quibbles of Biron.

We shall not attempt to sketch the personal character of Napoleon. Yet it is a subject upon which, could we hope to do it justice, the ample materials supplied by the present history might well tempt us to linger. No labored eulogium could impress us with so much admiration for his surpassing genius, as the simple details collected by Mr. Alison. We never before so clearly appreciated the mighty powers of Napoleon—his boundless fertility of resource—his calm serenity in the most desperate emergencies—his utter ignorance of personal fear—his piercing political foresight—the vast fund of miscellaneous knowledge collected by the almost involuntary operation of his perspicacious and tenacious intellect—the rapid and vigorous reasoning faculties, which applied themselves, with the ease and precision of some exquisite machine, to every subject alike which for an instant attracted his attention.

In his seventy-second chapter, Mr. Alison has collected a variety of highly interesting details, respecting the private manners and habits of Napoleon. It is scarce-



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ly possible to describe the impression which its perusal leaves on the mind. The strange contrast of warm affection and vindictive hatred, of fiery impetuosity and methodical precision, of royal luxury and indefatigable self-denial, of fascinating courtesy and despotic harshness—the indomitable pride, the vehement eloquence, the magnanimous power of self-command, the fearful bursts of passion—all combine to produce an effect by which the dullest imagination must be enchanted, but which the most versatile genius might fail of depicting. The interest of the portrait is augmented by those minute personal peculiarities on which the romantic devotion of Napoleon's followers has so often dwelt—by the classical features, the piercing glance, the manners, now stern, abrupt, and imperious, now full of princely grace—even by the small plain hat, and the *redingote grise*, which have supplanted the white plume of Henri Quatre in French song and romance. We almost sympathize with the attachment of his soldiers, wild and idolatrous as it was, when we remember Mr. Alison's simple but imposing narrative of the events of the empire—of the congress of Tilsit, the farewell of Fontainbleau, and the unparalleled—the marvellous march to Paris. It is impossible, in reading the striking details which record the personal demeanor of Napoleon during such scenes as these, not to recall the noble lines in which Southey has described Kehama:

"Pride could not quit his eye,
Nor that remorseless nature from his front
Depart; yet whoso had beheld him then
Had felt some admiration mix'd with dread,
And might have said
That sure he seem'd to be the king of men;
Less than the greatest, that he could not be,
Who carried in his port such might and majesty."

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## PROGRESS OF THE OPIUM-WAR.

From the Spectator.

It is impossible to read the accounts of the military operations in China without shame and disgust. It is not war, but sheer butchery—a *battu* in a well-stocked preserve of human beings. Captain Bingham, of the Royal Navy, in a book which we have not seen, but which the *Standard* has quoted with a justly indignant commentary, thus describes the capture of Ningpo:

"About 12,000 [Chinese] advanced upon the southern and western gates, the guards retiring before them. On the Chinese penetrating to the market-place in the centre of the city, they were received by a heavy fire from our troops drawn up. This sudden check so damped their ardor, that their *only object appeared to be to get out of the city* as fast as they could; in doing which they were crowded *in dense masses* in the narrow street. The Artillery now coming up, unlimbered *within one hundred yards of the crowded fugitives*, and poured in a destructive fire of grape and canister. So awful was the destruction of human life, that *the bodies were obliged to be removed to the sides of the streets to allow the guns to advance*; and the pursuit was followed up by them [the Artillery and the Forty-ninth Regiment for several miles."

Such scenes, it appears, are continually recurring in Captain Bingham's narrative. For instance, we read of the British placing a large body of Chinese between two fires, and killing six hundred with the loss of only one man: "the Chinese could do nothing against the terrific broadsides of the ships, the shells, and the rockets." Again, we are told of a Chinese army thrown into confusion by the unexpected appearance of two bodies of troops, which had advanced under cover while they were engaged with a third, and of fifteen hundred of them being killed with the loss of sixteen British killed and a few wounded. Nor are the armed soldiery the only sufferers:

"With such a tremendous bombardment as had been going on for two hours in this densely-populated neighborhood, it must be expected that pitiable sights were to be witnessed. At one spot were four children struck down, while the frantic father was occasionally embracing their bodies, or making attempts to drown himself in a neighboring tank. *Numerous similar scenes were witnessed.*"

There can be no mistake as to these facts. The Chinese are a muscular race: that they do not effeminately shrink from pain—that they can brave death—has been shown repeatedly in the course of these massacres. But they have no practical experience of war; they are ill-armed; and the tremendous effects of British artillery, bombs, and rockets, are to them at once fearful and inconceivable. The contest between them and the British forces is more unequal than that between the surprised bewildered mob of Manchester and the armed soldiery of Peterloo. They are hacked, shot, and drowned, without resistance, overcome by their own sense of helplessness and their excited imaginations; and the details of the butchery are such that we should feel sickened to see it exercised on cattle or game.

And it is a butchery of which there can be no end so long as British troops remain in China. The territories subject to the Emperor of China are as large as the whole of Europe. The superficial extent of the

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densely-peopled part of China alone (the districts on the sea-coast, the great canal, and the two great rivers) is more than twice the size of the British Islands. This large space is dotted at brief intervals with towns as large and crowded as our first-rate and second-rate manufacturing towns. The inhabitants are prejudiced against foreigners: they are identified with the civil government of the country; for the career of office is open to every one who chooses to study, and schools and colleges and foundations for poor scholars are numerous. Such a population can only be kept in subjection by a present force. It will effect nothing to take one town and move on to another: every town that is taken must be garrisoned, or after the capture of every second town the British army must move back to retake that which surrendered to them before it. The occupation of China by the British must be a constant succession of popular insurrections and military executions. And in the perpetration of these continuous outrages on humanity, one British army after another will be absorbed, as a tall frigate is sucked down into a quicksand, producing no effects, leaving no trace of its having been there. The troops necessary for the defence of the rest of the empire will be drafted off for the still beginning never ending conquest of China, leaving us naked to the aggression of any enemy. The Chinese Government is aware of this source of strength arising out of its very weakness. It is strong in the power of countless numbers infinitely dispersed. It feels confident, that though the foreign invaders were to kill year by year ten times as many as they have killed since the war began, the natural increase of the population would more than fill up the vacuum. Army after army is sent into the field, where certain defeat awaits it; town after town is defended with a foreknowledge that it must fall. The Chinese Government looks forward, and not without reason, to the time when their fierce and irresistible assailants will be stretched in sheer exhaustion on the top of the hecatombs they are slaughtering—passing away like pestilence, famine, and other mysterious visitations. And as the rulers think, so think and feel the people.

Is it a sign of wisdom in the British nation to persist in a struggle which can only weaken it? Is it a sign of humanity to sanction such wholesale butchery of human beings? Is it a sign of morality to do all this in order that a poisonous drug may be smuggled into the markets of China?

## AMERICAN CRIMINAL TRIALS.

From the Spectator.

*American Criminal Trials.* By PELEG W. CHANDLER. Volume I.

WHEN we received this volume, in the height of the London season, we could do little more than chronicle its arrival and commend its scope and purpose. The autumnal leisure having enabled us to peruse it with attention, we propose to notice it more fully, as well for the merits of its execution as for the curious picture of old colonial manners it presents, and the suggestions it offers to the students of history and human nature.

The plan and execution of the *American Criminal Trials* are rather peculiar. They are not a mere servile copy or dry abridgment of existing reports, where the only merit of the compiler consists in calling public attention to certain proceedings, and facilitating their perusal by collecting the scattered records into a series; nor are they merely a skilful and elaborate description of singular trials, suppressing what is formal or subordinate and bringing out the more striking points. Although skilful in his treatment and often graphic in his effects, Mr. Chandler, by accident or design, has generally chosen such American criminal trials as throw a light upon American colonial history, or exhibit the phases of public opinion—it may be, of public madness. Hence there is frequently an interest over and above that of the facts of the trials themselves, from the public events with which they were connected, or the singular and criminal public delusion which they record; whilst Mr. Chandler, by introductory notices, or observations intermixed with the text, makes the reader sufficiently acquainted with the period to follow the trials with advantage, as by judicious observations at their close he often points the moral which they illustrate.

The volume commences in 1637, with the case of Anne Hutchinson for "sedition and heresy," and closes in 1770, with the trial of Captain Preston and some soldiers for murder, in consequence of firing on the people in the riot, called at the time the Boston Massacre. The principal other cases are those connected with the New England persecution of the Quakers, 1656–1661; the bloody and fanatical proceedings against witchcraft in 1692; the trial of John Peter Zenger for libel on the Government of New York, in 1735; the Negro Plot trials at New York, in 1741, for a conspiracy to burn the city, murder the inhabitants, erect a White pot-house-keeper as

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King, with a certain Black called Cæsar as Governor; to which panic was added the terror of a Spanish-Popish-plot. Of these cases, Anne Hutchinson's is curious, not only in itself, as exhibiting the fanaticism of a female apostle, but for the indirect picture it furnishes of New England at the time, where every individual seems to have been a theological controvertist, and where a private woman, by very nice and not always very intelligible points of doctrine, could throw a whole community into confusion. The trial of the soldiers at Boston has an interest as being the first blood shed in the dispute which eventually lost England her colonies, and for the picture it furnishes of the excitable and excited state of the American mind at the time. The case of Zenger is chiefly remarkable for the boldness of the advocate's line of defence, in which he maintained that the jury in cases of libel were judges of *law* as well as fact, and for the jury's coincidence in that view; a point that was doubtful in England for half a century afterwards.* The trials for Witchcraft and the Negro Plot are specimens of that panic fear affecting a whole society, and satiating itself in blood, which arises at certain periods without any adequate cause that is apparent to an inquirer; of which the Popish plot in England is another example, and, on a much larger scale, the Reign of Terror in France. The persecutions of the Quakers have often been adduced as an example of New England fanaticism, and of the bloody spirit that animated the Puritans. Of the fanaticism there is no doubt; but, looking at the opinion of the age and the circumstances under which the colony was founded, the charge of bloody-minded persecution must be received with some limitations. The Quakers were intruders into the colony, and, bating that they were English subjects, foreign intruders. A cruel and extremely penal spirit, no doubt, characterizes the laws against them, (it was also characteristic of the age,) but the *object* was to deter persons from bringing them into the jurisdiction, and to confine them until they could be expelled. When these measures failed of effect, they were banished, under pain of death; and though several, on returning, were executed, the execution rested with themselves: they had the option of undertaking to leave the colony; but, as they had come into it without any secular vocation or rational purpose, and solely to brave their fate in obedience to the "inner light," they refused. It must also be remarked, that freedom of opinion for themselves was not so much their aim as the freedom of insulting the opinion of others.

"Many of the sect, which at this day is remarkable for a guarded composure of language, an elaborate stillness, precision, and propriety of demeanor, were at the time referred to as guilty of conduct 'which the experience of a rational and calculating age finds it difficult to conceive.' They openly denounced the Government of New England as treason. They reviled at all orders of magistrates, and every civil institution. They stigmatized a regular priesthood as a priesthood of Baal. Some of them, in the apprehension of the colonists, were guilty of the most revolting blasphemy against the Sacraments, which they termed carnal and idolatrous observances. They interrupted public worship in a manner as indecent as it was illegal and unbecoming. The female preachers exceeded their male associates in these acts of frenzy and folly, and excited the utmost disgust among a people remarkable for their staid and sober deportment. * * * * *

"In 1665, Lydia Wardell, a respectable married woman, entered stark naked into the church in Newbury where she formerly worshipped; and was highly extolled for her submission to the inward light, that had revealed to her the duty of illustrating the spiritual nakedness of her neighbors by this indecent exhibition of her own person. 'The people,' says Besse the Quaker, who wrote long after the excitement attending these scenes had subsided, and in another country, 'instead of religiously reflecting on their own condition, which she came in that manner to represent to them, fell into a rage, and presently laid hands on her and hurried her away to the court at Ipswich;' where she was hastily sentenced to be severely whipped at the next tavern-post. She was accordingly stripped, and tied with her naked breasts against the splinters of the post, and lashed with more than a score of stripes; 'which, though they miserably tore her bruised body, were yet to the great comfort of her husband and friends, who, having unity with her in those sufferings and in the cause of them, stood by to comfort her in so deep a trial.' In the same year, Deborah Wilson, a young and respectable married woman, made a similar display in the streets of Salem; for which she was sentenced to be tied to the cart's tail and whipped, with her mother and sister, who, it was said had counselled her. Her young husband, who was not a Quaker, followed after, sometimes thrusting his hat between the whip and her back.

"In July 1675, four women and one man were arrested in Boston, for 'creating a horrible disturbance, and,' as the warrant set forth, 'affrighting people in the South church at the time of the public dispensing of the word on the Lord's day, whereby several women are in danger of miscarrying.' Margaret Brewster, the leader of the band, appears to have arrived in the town from Barbados on the Lord's day, and leaving her riding-

* In the case of Junius's "Letter to the King," the jury, puzzled by Lord Mansfield's charge, brought in a special verdict "guilty of printing and publishing *only*"; which, after various delays, and a question as to how far judgment for libel could be pronounced upon such a verdict, ended in the triumph of the printer.

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clothes and shoes at the door of the South church, she rushed into the house with her female companions, creating an alarm in the astonished assembly that baffles description. She was clothed in sackcloth, with ashes upon her head, and her hair streaming over her shoulders: her feet were bare, and her face was begrimmed with coal-dust. She announced herself as an illustration of the black-pox, which she predicted as an approaching judgment on the people. Upon her examination before the Magistrates, she said that God had three years since laid this service upon her in Barbados, and she had her husband's consent to come and perform it. She and her female companions were sentenced to be stripped from the middle upwards, and tied to a cart's tail at the South meeting-house, and drawn through the town, receiving twenty lashes on their naked backs."

The true moral of the whole, however, is the *uselessness* of persecution. As long as the Quakers were made objects of attention and punished, so long they persisted in disturbing the colony; when neglected or treated with contempt, they came not to it, or sank down into quiet citizens. Rhode Island, founded on a principle of perfect freedom, saw this from the beginning; and the letter in which the colony announced to the Government of Massachusetts their determination to pass no laws upon the subject, contains the rationale of civil interference with religious freedom, which so many have yet to learn.

"'We find,' they said in a letter to the General Court, 'that in those places where these people aforesaid, in this colony, are most of all suffered to declare themselves freely, and are only opposed by arguments in discourse, there they least of all desire to come; and we are informed that they began to loathe this place, for that they are not opposed by the civil authority, but with all patience and meekness are suffered to say over their pretended revelations and admonitions: nor are they like or able to gain many here to their way: and surely we find that they delight to be persecuted by civil powers; and when they are so, they are like to gain more adherents by the conseyte of their patient sufferings than by consent to their pernicious sayings.'"

As matter of attraction respecting what Cotton Mather's title calls "The Wonders of the Invisible World," the trials for witchcraft are the most amusing. They are also the best treated (perhaps they admitted of the best treatment) by Mr. Chandler; a brief narrative telling the history of the public delusion, and the general mode of carrying on the trials, whilst any particular case is exhibited at length. Except in the illegality of the proceedings, the Governor having no power to appoint the court he nominated to try the witches, the proceedings do not essentially differ from similar cases in this country, unless in the predominance of the evidence touching acts of the accused when they were "not present in the body"—a species of evidence so easy to invent, and of course impossible to disprove. It is difficult to say whether the following statements are pure inventions of folly or malice, or optical delusions, arising from deranged health and the melancholy temperament so likely to be induced by the fanaticism of New England, and taking the shape of the current superstition. The evidence was given on the trial of Bridget Bishop, an old woman who had been in ill-repute as a witch for more than twenty years.

PRANKS OF A WITCH NOT PRESENT IN THE BODY.

Samuel Gray testified, that about fourteen years ago (1678) he waked on a night and saw the room where he lay full of light; and that he then saw plainly a woman between the cradle and the bedside, which looked upon him. He rose and it vanished, though he found the doors all fast: looking out at the entry-door, he saw the same woman in the same garb again, and said, "in God's name, what do you come for?" He went to bed and had the same woman assaulting him. The child in the cradle gave a great screech, and the woman disappeared. It was long before the child could be quieted; and though it was a very lively thriving child, yet from this time it pined away, and after divers months died in a sad condition. He knew not Bishop nor her name; but when he saw her after this, he knew by her countenance and apparel, and all circumstances, that it was the apparition of this Bishop which had thus troubled him. * * * * * *

Richard Cowan testified, that eight years ago, as he lay awake in his bed, with a light burning in the room, he was annoyed with the apparition of the prisoner and of two more that were strangers to him, who came and oppressed him so that he could neither stir himself nor wake any one else; and that he was the night after molested again in the like manner; the said Bishop taking him by the throat and pulling him almost out of the bed. His kinsman offered for this cause to lodge with him; and that night, as they were awake discoursing together, the witness was once more visited by the guests which had formerly been so troublesome, his kinsman being at the same time struck speechless and unable to move hand or foot. He had laid his sword by him; which those unhappy spectres did strive much to wrest from him, but he held it too fast for them. He then grew able to call the people of his house; but although they heard him, yet they had not power to speak or stir, until at last, one of the people crying out "what is the matter?" the spectres all vanished.
* * * * * * *

John Louder testified, that upon some little controversy with Bishop about her fowls, going well to bed, he awoke in the night by moonlight and saw clearly the likeness of this woman grievously oppressing him; in which miserable condition she held him unable to help himself till near day. He told Bishop of this; but she utterly denied it, and

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threatened him very much. Quickly after this being at home on a Lord's day with the doors shut about him, he saw a black pig approach him; which endeavoring to kick, it vanished away. Immediately after, sitting down, he saw a black thing jump in at the window and come and stand before him. The body was like that of a monkey, the feet like a cock's, but the face much like a man's. He being so extremely affrighted that he could not speak, this monster spoke to him and said, "I am a messenger sent unto you, for I understand that you are in some trouble of mind; and if you will be ruled by me you shall want for nothing in this world." Whereupon he endeavored to clap his hands upon it; but he could feel no substance, and it jumped out of the window again; but immediately came in by the porch though the doors were shut, and said, "you had better take my counsel." He then struck at it with a stick; but struck only the groundsel, and broke the stick. The arm with which he struck was presently disabled; and it vanished away. He presently went out at the back door, and spied this Bishop in her orchard, going toward her house; but he had not power to set one foot forward unto her. Whereupon, returning into the house, he was immediately accosted by the monster he had seen before, which goblin was going to fly at him; whereat he cried out, "the whole armor of God be between me and you!" So it sprung back and flew over the apple-tree, shaking many apples off the tree in its flying over. At its leap, it flung dirt with its feet against the stomach of the man; whereon he was then struck dumb, and so continued for three days together.

"Upon the producing of this testimony," says Cotton Mather, "Bishop denied that she knew this deponent. Yet their two orchards joined, and they had often had their little quarrels for some years together."

William Stacy testified, that receiving money of this Bishop for work done by him, he was gone but a matter of three roods from her, and looking for his money found it unaccountably gone from him. Some time after, Bishop asked him whether his father would grind her grist for her? He demanded why? She replied because folks count me a witch. He answered, "no question but he will grind it for you." Being then gone about six roods from her with a load in his cart, suddenly the off-wheel slumpt and sunk down into a hole, upon plain ground; so that the witness was forced to get help for the recovering of the wheel. But, stepping back to look for the hole which might give him this disaster, there was none at all to be found. Some time after, he was waked in the night; but it seemed as light as day, and he perfectly saw the shape of this Bishop in the room troubling of him; but upon her going out all was dark again. He charged Bishop afterwards with it; and she denied it not, but was very angry. Quickly after, this witness having been threatened by Bishop, as he was in a dark night going to the barn, he was very suddenly taken or lifted from the ground and thrown against a stone wall; after that, he was again hoisted up and thrown down a bank at the end of his house. After this, again passing by this Bishop, his horse, with a small load, striving to draw, all his gears flew to pieces and the cart fell down; and this deponent going then to lift a bag of corn of about two bushels, could not budge it with all his might. Many other pranks of this Bishop the witness was ready to relate. He also testified, that he verily believed the said Bishop was the instrument of his daughter Priscilla's death: "of which suspicion, pregnant reasons were assigned."

John Bly and William Bly testified, that being employed by Bridget Bishop to help take down the cellar wall of the old house wherein she formerly lived, they did in holes of the said old wall find several poppets, made up of rags and hog's bristles, with headless pins in them, the points being outward; "whereof the prisoner could now give no account unto the Court that was reasonable or tolerable,"

Before we quit this able and interesting volume, let us note two points: either Colonial America produced no case of private crime so atrocious as to be remarkable for its atrocity, or Mr. Chandler has not recorded it: how rapidly opinion changes if the change be marked at some elapsed time, and not in its gradual progress. It is customary to talk of the wonderful fluctuations in public opinion during the present century, and no doubt they have been very great; but they are nothing so great as took place during a similar space of time in the Plantations respecting Quakers and Witchcraft—although some suppose the age of the Stuarts was an age of stagnation. The fact is, history is progress; and it would form a curious chapter of it to note the changes that have taken place in the world's mind at comparatively short periods.

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## DIETETICS.

From the Spectator.

*Food and its Influence on Health and Disease; or an Account of the Effects of different kinds of Aliment on the Human Body. With Dietetic Rules for the Preservation of Health.* By MATTHEW TRUMAN, M. D.

THIS is a very pleasant volume on a very *vital* subject, and in which the most philosophical engage some twice or thrice a day, unless they belong to that unfortunately large class (which Dr. Truman expressly excludes from consideration) whose ill condition arises from a "paucity rather than a superabundance of food." In this essay on aliment, an immense number of facts are brought together, relating to some of the four thousand articles with which man at various times and under various circumstances has gratified his palate or satisfied his hunger. The curious epicure may obtain from Dr. Truman's essay on Food, a précis of the history, not of eating, but of things eaten; and learn the reason why certain

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national dainties, to him nauseous—as whale-blubber—are desired by the peoples which indulge in them. Here too he will find a judicious and discriminating advocacy of cookery as a chemical art, whose object, like that of all arts, is to develope for the gratification of man the qualities found in nature; a medical inquiry into the nutritive properties of the different classes of food—animals, vegetables, fish, and so forth; together with some hints touching the management of his own diet, and an interesting exhibition of some physiological wonders in our microcosm or little world. The execution of the whole, moreover, is as agreeable as the matter is attractive; the style, with a gossipy character, possessing a closeness and neatness which rise to easy clearness in the chemical or physiological expositions.

The reader must not extend this praise, or expect from the work, what it does not possess, and probably never aimed at: essentially it has no principle of any novelty; the account of the elements of animal and vegetable food—the fibrin, albumen, &c. of animals—the gluten, mucilage, &c. in vegetables—with the respective proportions of nourishment they yield, and their respective facilities of digestion—may be found in many books on chemistry and dietetics. Some of the physiological expositions, though not new, are less popularly known; and many of the facts are not to be called new in strictness, for we all knew that Frenchmen eat frogs, and cannibals human flesh. The attraction lies in the clear arrangement, the novel air imparted to the facts by bringing so many of them together, and the easy pleasantness of style with which they are presented.

The defect of the book, to us, is its want of conclusion. When we have read it through, we are much where we were as regards specific rules of diet. Dr. Truman says, indeed, that many constitutions have an idiosyncracy which enables them to take, and even with benefit, things that are injurious to others: but this we knew before. He cautions the reader against improper abstinence, as likely to be injurious: but Celsus, nearly two thousand years ago, announced a somewhat similar opinion, when he warned mankind, in varying their mode of life (by sleep, watching, food, fasting, &c.) to tend towards the benign extreme. Our author dwells upon the advantage of influencing the body by diet rather than medicine: but Bacon, and probably others before him, propounded a similar rule, and for the reason that "diets alter the body more and trouble it less." Dr. Truman, however, gives the *modus operandi* of diet —which, no doubt, imparts more impress and conviction to the rule. The principal axiom we have deduced from *Food and its Influence on Health and Disease*, is the popular and genial one—Live variously and well; eat mixed food; Nature intended man to live on variety; and do not be deluded into Cornaro systems of diet, for the old Venetian had a peculiar idiosyncracy, and was an invalid to boot.

"The instance of Cornaro, who improved his health so much by great frugality of diet, is therefore frequently most improperly quoted; for, though the plan of living he followed might suit some persons, it would infallibly cause disease, and ultimately death, if rigorously adopted by most people. The account he has left of the small quantities of food he was in the habit of subsisting on, is alone sufficient to show how injurious the majority of individuals would find an attempt to live in a similar manner. He tells us that he was extremely unhealthy and decrepid up to the age of forty, when he determined on adopting a most abstemious plan of diet, and eating every thing by weight. The entire quantity of food he took daily consisted of twelve ounces of bread, eggs, &c., and fourteen ounces of liquids, making altogether only twenty-six ounces of food, solid and liquid. By following this course, he recovered his health, and lived to be one hundred and four years of age. Many may suppose that the long life he attained proves the healthiness of his mode of living; it was certainly healthy for him, and might be so for any other person in a similar state of body to himself: but he must always be considered as a sort of invalid, in whom the powers of nutrition were very weak, and unable to assimilate a larger quantity of nourishment; for if he had ever required more food, he could not have borne it—as was proved by the addition of merely two ounces of solid food to his usual allowance always causing him fever; and yet a more generous diet would undoubtedly have been very beneficial to him, if he could have supported it. It is by no means desirable to try and subsist upon too little food; for this practice occasionally induces a peculiar condition of the stomach, which renders it incapable of bearing the stimulus of the quantity of nourishment necessary for a vigorous state of body."

As we know not that our general account of Dr. Truman's book has conveyed a sufficiently distinct idea of its nature and execution (which is indeed not very easily conveyed by description), we will draw pretty freely upon its varied contents, that they may speak for themselves.

### REPTILE FOOD.

The animals belonging to the class Reptilia which afford food to man are not numerous. The turtle supplies a very nutritious and wholesome article of diet; and, now that the voyage between this country and the West Indies is made in such

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a short time by steamboats, it will no doubt be imported in greater abundance, with much advantage to our population at large. Turtle was first introduced into this country, as an article of food, about the middle of the seventeenth century. The following extract from the *Gentleman's Magazine* for the year 1753 shows it was at that time considered a great rarity:—"Friday, August 31. A turtle weighing 350 pounds was ate at the King's Arms Tavern, Pall Mall: the mouth of an oven was taken down to admit the part to be baked." The greater number of turtle consumed in London are brought from Jamaica; where much care is bestowed on breeding and preserving them: they are sold in the shops in that island at a less cost than beef or mutton. Some of them are so large, that one would be a sufficient repast for a hundred persons, and admit of fourteen men standing with ease at the same time on its back.

Serpents are eaten in many parts of the world: the American Indians are very fond of rattlesnakes, cooked as we dress eels. The anaconda, and other boas, afford a wholesome diet to the natives of the countries they inhabit. Adders are stated to be used as food in many parts of France and Italy. Crocodiles, the guana, and other lizards, are eaten in South America and the Bahama Islands. The bull-frog is considered in America as good as turtle.

#### THE DELUDED PARISIANS.

The Rana esculanta, or edible frog, is a favorite article of diet in France, Germany, and Italy. Toads seem also to be eaten by the French, though unwittingly. Professor Dumeril used to relate, in his lectures at the Jardin des Plantes, that the frogs brought to the markets in Paris are caught in the stagnant waters round Montmorenci, in the Bois de Vincennes, Bois de Boulogne, &c. The people employed in this traffic separate the hind-quarters and legs of the frog from the body, denude them of their skin, arrange them on skewers as larks are done in this country, and then bring them in that state to market. In seeking for frogs, these dealers often meet with toads; which they do not reject, but prepare them in the same way as they would frogs; and, as it is impossible to determine whether the hind-quarters of these creatures, after the skin is stripped off, belong to frogs or toads, it continually happens that great numbers of the supposed frogs sold in Paris for food are actually toads.

#### INSECT FOOD.

Humboldt says, the children in some parts of South America may be seen dragging enormous centipedes from their holes and craunching them between their teeth without compunction. The white ant is eaten by the Indians in Brazil, Guana, on the banks of the Rio Negro, and Cassiquiaire. The Negroes in the West Indies are very partial to a caterpillar found on the palm-tree. The Caffre hordes of South Africa feed upon locusts, ants, and a variety of insects too numerous for detail. Locusts and grasshoppers are eaten in Syria, Arabia, Egypt, Abyssinia, Madagascar, and China. The Chinese also eat the chrysalises of the silk-worm, the larva of the sphynx-moth, and a grub found at the root of the sugar-cane. Snails are taken as food in many parts of Europe. The earth-worm is eaten in Van Diemen's Land. The Greenlanders, Negroes, and Chinese eat the pediculus humanus; the Javans have also been accused of eating these insects, but this they deny, though they confess to biting them.

#### PRE-EMINENCE OF MILK.

This is one of the most important articles of diet derived from the animal kingdom, and has many remarkable properties worthy of notice belonging to it. In the course of this work it will be shown, that the higher orders of animals require a mixture of different alimentary substances for their nutrition; for when they are limited to any one kind of food, their condition is either deteriorated, or disorganization of structure ensues. Milk is the only aliment which offers an exception to this rule—that is to say, which is capable of supporting life alone. Dr. Prout has well remarked, that all other alimentary matters exist for themselves, or for the use of the animal or vegetable of which they form a constituent part. Milk, however, is prepared by nature expressly as food, being of no other use to animals whatever. It would naturally be expected, that since milk possesses the nutrient property in so eminent a degree, its composition must be peculiar, and contain a greater diversity of the principles forming alimentary matter than other kinds of food. Such, indeed, is the fact; for every sort of animal milk is composed of albumen, oil, and sugar, suspended in a large quantity of water. The proportions in which these three substances are united in different kinds of milk vary exceedingly, but they have always been found to exist in the milk of all animals.

#### RATIONALE OF RAW OYSTERS.

Albumen coagulates on being exposed for a few minutes to a temperature of 165 deg. Fahrenheit; which causes different processes of cookery greatly to vary the digestible properties of substances containing an abundance of it. Eggs exposed to a high temperature, merely long enough to cause partial coagulation of the albumen, are much lighter and more digestible than they are after the application of heat to them has been continued to complete it, or as it is termed, till they are boiled hard. The digestible qualities of oysters may be modified in a similar manner. In a raw state, or when the albumen they contain is uncoagulated, a great number may be eaten without causing any bad effects. One of the most distinguished French physiologists of the present day used to declare, he did not care about eating oysters unless he could be supplied with at least twelve or fourteen dozen for his own share; a number he was continually in the habit of taking at one meal, without experiencing any symptoms of indigestion. Numerous other instances could be adduced of persons eating similar quantities with impunity. Stewed oysters, however, in which the albumen is coagulated, could not, in all probability, be partaken of with similar freedom, without causing a great derangement of the stomach.

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TAPIOCA.

Starch is often combined with poisonous substances; and many anxious mothers will be surprised to hear that the mild, bland, demulcent tapioca, is obtained from the root of the jatropha manihot, a plant indigenous to the Brazils, Guiana, and the West India Islands, which is one of the most active poisons known, causing death in a few minutes after it has been swallowed. The roots of this plant, which contain a great quantity of sap, are peeled and subjected to pressure in bags made of rushes. The juice thus forced out is so deadly a poison, that it is employed by the Indians as a poison for their arrows. On being allowed to stand, however, it soon deposits a white starch, which, when properly washed, is quite innocent. This starch is then dried in smoke, and afterwards passed through a sieve; and is the substance from which tapioca and the cassava bread of the Indians is prepared. The discovery of the process for separating this powder from the jatropha manihot has been of the greatest importance to the human race, since it enables us to obtain a most valuable article of food from a plant that is of a highly poisonous nature, but which contains an enormous quantity of nutritious matter; for it is asserted that one acre of manihot will afford nourishment for more persons than six acres of wheat.

MODERN EPICUREAN EXPLOITS.

Europeans may justly lay claim to the merit of having been most instrumental in conveying the different animals and vegetables most useful as articles of diet from one country to another. From Europe and Asia they have carried our common ruminants, and fowls, corn, sugar, rice, tamarinds, tea, coffee, some spices, oranges, and many other vegetables, to America and Australasia. They have brought back from America in return, the turkey, maize, potatoes, manihot, the pine-apple, &c., and transported them to different regions in Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australasia, where the climate and soil are fitted for their existence and growth. They have thus conferred a great benefit on the human race in general; for the more completely this interchange is carried out, the more will the means for nourishing the body be multiplied, which is the best way to improve its condition.

EFFECTS OF CULTURE.

The almond, with its tough coriaceous husk, has been changed by long culture into the peach, with its beautiful, soft, and delicious pulp; the acrid sloe, into the luscious plum; and the harsh, bitter crab, into the golden pippin. Attention to nutrition has produced quite as marked changes in the pear, cherry, and other fruit-trees; many of which have not only been altered in their qualities and appearance, but even in their habits. Celery, so agreeable to most palates, is a modification of the apium graveolens, the taste of which is so acrid and bitter that it cannot be eaten. Our cauliflowers and cabbages, which weigh many pounds, are largely-developed coleworts, that grow wild on the sea-shore, and do not weigh more than half an ounce each. The rose has been produced by cultivation from the common wild-brier. Many plants may be modified with advantage by suppressing the growth of one part, which causes increased development of other parts.

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## MOFFAT'S MSSIONARY LABORS AND SCENES IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

From Tait's Magazine.

This, in its leading feature, the personal record of its author, is a very remarkable book, and one which is better calculated to show the utility of missions to Africa than any work that has appeared for many years back. It is the narrative of a man who has been for twenty-three years a faithful and diligent laborer among the heathen, as the agent, in South Africa, of the London Missionary Society,—of a man of quick intelligence, and remarkable sagacity, and one who appears to have been in every way singularly well adapted to the difficult situation into which Providence has thrown him From youth to middle age he has spent his life in privations, vicissitudes, and dangers, of which stay-at-home people can hardly form an idea; and which few men possess the courage, fortitude, and physical hardihood to encounter, and much less to persevere under.

The missionary to barbarous or half-civilized countries is the true hero of modern times. He is the successor of the hardy and enterprising navigator and discoverer of the middle ages; though he follows in their track for much nobler purposes, and in the strength of a purer spirit. But, independently altogether of his sacred vocation, we have seldom read any narrative which more powerfully stirs the sympathies than this of Moffat; or which interests the reader more deeply, in the perils, conflicts, and personal adventures of the actor, and in the display of those varied intellectual and physical qualities and resources which, in the face of what seemed insurmountable obstacles, has enabled him to work what looks like miracles, among the barbarous tribes for whose improvement he has labored with untiring courage; often cast down, but never despairing. He and his coadjutors may now be hailed as the civilizers of the barbarous tribes of South Africa, whom they have conquered and civilized by Christianizing. But these—civilization and Christianity—are phrases which ought to be synonymous.

From the published Reports of the Missionary Society, and the African Narratives of the Rev. John Campbell, late of Kingsland, some of our readers must probably have some previous knowledge of the author of this work. At a very early age he



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was sent out to Africa by the London Society. The principal scene of his missionary labors has been among the *Bechuanas;* and his head-quarters is now the flourishing Kuruman Station, which he was mainly instrumental in planting. But his has been a wandering life, and one wholly spent among "savage tribes and roving barbarians;" nor does John Campbell, over-rate Moffat's extraordinary powers and achievements when he says,—"To master the language he wandered the deserts with the savage tribes, sharing their perils and privations. He *outdid* Paul in accommodating himself to all men, in order to save some. Paul never became a *savage* in lot, to save savages. Many might indeed thus stoop to conquer, but few could retain both their piety and philosophy in such society!" On Campbell's second journey to Africa, Mr. Moffat was his companion from Cape Town into the interior. Though much younger in years, and perhaps inferior to Campbell in some secondary attainments, we should infer that Moffat is a man of loftier intellect, and one who possesses, in a far higher degree, those qualities which enable the missionary to acquire and retain influence over a barbarous people. His personal courage alone, and skill in the chase and in many useful arts, must have given him an immense advantage with the Africans.

In the course of his long sojourn among the Bechuanas and Namaquas, and the neighboring tribes, Mr. Moffat has made several journeys to Cape Town on private business, or for objects connected with his missionary labors. On one of these journeys he was married to a young lady to whom he appears to have been engaged before he left England, and who has been his faithful companion in the desert. In the wilds of Africa he has had a large family, and experienced a full share of domestic affliction and calamity, though his wife must have been not only a very great addition to his happiness, but to his usefulness as a laborer among the heathen. The year before last, Mr. Moffat, for the first time since his departure, visited England, to give an account of his extraordinary labors, and more extraordinary ultimate success. This, we understand, he has frequently done orally, but better by the publication of the interesting work before us, which he has bequeathed as a legacy to the multitudes of friends of all classes who have shown him kindness, before he shall finally return to the far-distant scene of his labors, his conflicts, and his triumphs. The country of his adoption has become that of his affections; the wilderness, now no longer a wilderness, his beloved home. We presume that Mr. Moffat is now far on his way to the shores of Africa.

In an old note-book of John Campbell's, there appears this notice of Mr. Moffat, which we cite in the first place:—"His education does not qualify him to preach at Cape Town; but I believe him to be a first-rate missionary to the heathen. He is also acquainted with agriculture, carpentery work, the sextant, map-making," &c. &c. A knowledge of medicine and surgery appear to have been among Mr. Moffat's useful acquirements; and with his own hands he printed the Gospels, which he had translated into the language of the country, as well as school-books, hymn-books, and other useful tracts. To own the truth, we are not certain that Campbell was able to appreciate the full merits of this breaker-up of the fallow-ground, in a field to which he was himself but a transient though a most useful visitor. As to Moffat not being qualified to preach at Cape Town, if such be the fact, the fault must rest with the audience, and not with the *Preacher;*—the actor in, and the author of, the remarkable narrative before us. Preaching—and we wish this was as generally understood among the clergy as it is among the laity—admits of much greater variety than is usually imagined, and of a far wider range of topics. If a man who has spent an active life, replete with wild adventure and daring enterprise, among the barbarous hordes of Africa, propagating the Gospel by exhibiting its fruits in his lessons and in his life, be not an adept in the conventionalities and usages of monotonous sermonizing, as they are practised among us and transmitted from generation to generation almost unchanged—if he may not be what is called a "good preacher," he is something of a far higher character, which not one "good preacher" in a thousand is fitted to become. A feeling of undue humility has led Mr. Moffat to make superfluous apologies for the imperfections of his style, and for his inability to enter upon philosophical disquisition and analysis. He has done much better; he has supplied philosophers, and all orders of men, with copious materials, and much novel matter for reflection; and the actor in the wild scenes he describes, the witness of the strange facts he relates, could not fail of apt expressions to convey his own vivid feelings and recollections of the events he had witnessed; could not, in short, fail to be imaginative and

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eloquent in the best sense. Moffat is so in an eminent degree. He is a native of Scotland, which says something for the early nurture of the higher faculties of his mind; and his residence in the wilderness has wonderfully preserved the originality and raciness of his mental constitution. An able man he must have been under all circumstances; but had he lived at home, aiming to become such a preacher as, for a season, is pretty sure to captivate a town or *civilized* audience, he would probably have been tamed down into respectable mediocrity.

He was accepted by the Directors of the Society, and set apart for his work at the same time with the lamented Williams, the "Martyr of Erromanga." His career has been more arduous, his conflict more protracted; and when the nature of his position is closely examined, his final success appears to us more remarkable. He has eminently been a breaker-up of the fallow-ground; one who bears the burden in the heat of the day. His volume must, we imagine, engage the attention of many who are not particularly interested in missionary enterprise, from the curious and novel aspects in which it presents a portion of the great human family, and from its copious additions to natural history. Intelligent travellers, passing through these tribes, describe superficially their condition and manners; but men like Moffat, who have spent a lifetime among them, studied and used their language, and adopted their usages so far as this was advisable, becoming, as it were, children of their family, are able to do much more. The missionaries, if tolerably enlightened men, are certainly much better qualified to tell us of the people among whom they labor, than any other description of travellers.

Mr. Moffat's volume opens with a general view of the condition of the tribes of Southern Africa; and a retrospective history of missions to that division of the great continent. He begins with Schmidt, who was sent forth by the Moravians to the Hottentots upwards of a century since. The fascinating history of Schmidt's successful labors has long been familiar to the world. They were suspended by the jealousy of the Dutch East India Company; but fifty years afterwards, when Missionaries were again sent out, the good fruits of Schmidt's labors were still visible, and his memory paved the way for the favorable reception of Vanderkemp and others. The retrospect of the various South-African Missions, from their commencement until the period when Mr. Moffat became himself an actor in the scenes he describes, and the principal hero of his own tale, is interesting, though it falls below the personal narrative, both from the tamer nature of the events, and the greater animation of the author, when he comes to be the actor, instead of the chronicler, of those daring and perilous adventures. From the Hottentots the missions were gradually extended to the Bushmen, the Namaquas, Corannas, Griquas, and Bechuanas; the native converts becoming efficient instruments in spreading religious knowledge among their savage and nomade neighbors. In 1806, the Orange River was first crossed by the missionaries, and the mission of Namaqua-land established, under very disastrous circumstances, by the brothers Albrechts. A fierce, predatory chief, named *Africaner*, a name which afterwards became familiar and dear to the friends of African Missions, was at that time the scourge and terror of the country, but particularly of the Dutch settlers on the frontier of the colony. The history of this noble African is not a little romantic. The first missionaries were ready to despond, and to abandon the enterprise under the many and grievous discouragements; and, among other reasons, from their proximity to this noted freebooter and cattle-stealer. One day this dreaded personage appeared at the station, and thus addressed them:

"As you are sent by the English, I welcome you to the country; for though I hate the Dutch, my former oppressors, I love the English; for I have always heard that they are the friends of the poor black man." . . . Jager, the eldest son of the old man, from his shrewdness and prowess, obtained the reins of the government of his tribe at an early age. He and his father once roamed on their native hills and dales, within 100 miles of Cape Town; pastured their own flocks, killed their own game, drank of their own streams, and mingled the music of their heathen songs with the winds which burst over the Witsemberg and Winterhoek mountains, once the strongholds of his clan. As the Dutch settlers increased, and found it necessary to make room for themselves, by adopting as their own the lands which lay beyond them, the Hottentots, the aborigines, perfectly incapable of maintaining their ground against these foreign intruders, were compelled to give place by removing to a distance, or yielding themselves in passive obedience to the farmers. From time to time he found himself and his people becoming more remote from the land of their forefathers, till he became united and subject to a farmer named P——. Here he and his diminished clan lived for a number of years. In Africaner, P—— found a faithful, and an intrepid shepherd; while his valor in defending and increasing the herds and flocks of his master, enhanced his value, at the same time it rapidly ma-

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tured the latent principle which afterwards recoiled on that devoted family, and carried devastation to whatever quarter he directed his steps. Had P—— treated his subjects with common humanity, not to say with gratitude, he might have died honorably, and prevented the catastrophe which befell the family, and the train of robbery, crime, and bloodshed, which quickly followed that melancholy event.

We omit the tragedy, in which the farmer, by treachery, provoked his fate. When the horrible outrage was completed,

Africaner, with as little loss of time as possible, rallied the remnant of his tribe, and, with what they could take with them, directed their course to the Orange River, and were soon beyond the reach of pursuers, who, in a thinly-scattered population, required time to collect. He fixed his abode on the banks of the Orange River; and afterwards, a chief ceding to him his dominion in Great Namaqua-land, it henceforth became his by right, as well as by conquest.

The subsequent wild adventures of this bold and generous outlaw, carry the imagination back to the days of Johnny Armstrong and Robin Hood, or of the "landless" Macgregor; but his end was of a very different character. The man who lived in continual strife with all around him, whose hand was against every man; whose business was rapine, and whose passion revenge; whose name was a terror not only to the colonists on the north, but to the native tribes of the south; "whose name carried dismay into the solitary places," became an eminent instance of the power of the principles of the Gospel over a mind which, however fierce and untaught, had never been treacherous nor ungenerous. Mr. Moffat relates, that after this great change had taken place—

As I was standing with a Namaqua chief, looking at Africaner, in a supplicating attitude, entreating parties ripe for a battle, to live at peace with each other: "Look," said the wondering chief, pointing to Africaner, "there is the man, once the lion, at whose roar even the inhabitants of distant hamlets fled from their homes! Yes, and I" (patting his chest with his hand) "have, for fear of his approach, fled with my people, our wives and our babes, to the mountain glen, or to the wilderness, and spent nights among beasts of prey, rather than gaze on the eyes of this lion, or hear his roar."

Another native chief, with whom Africaner was at deadly feud, was named Berend. Several of their bloody conflicts and cattle forays are described, in which great skill as well as prowess were displayed upon both sides. Theirs were generally drawn battles, and they continued to harass and to breathe hatred and defiance to each other, until Berend also was subdued by the power of the Gospel of Peace. Probably both the chiefs about the same time began to perceive the unprofitable nature of their sanguinary quarrels. Of Nicholas Berend, a brother of the chief, and one of his best captains, it is told that he was afterward attached to different missions as a native teacher. He was, says Moffat,

A very superior man both in appearance and intellect. I have frequently travelled with him, and many a dreary mile have we walked over the wilderness together. Having an excellent memory, and good descriptive powers, he has often beguiled the dreariness of the road, by rehearsing deeds of valor in days of heathenism, in which this struggle with Africaner bore a prominent part, and on which he could not reflect without a sigh of sorrow. . . . . . . . .
Nicholas finished his Christian course under the pastoral care of the Rev. T. L. Hodgson, Wesleyan missionary at Boochuap. His end was peace.

Among the earlier exploits of Africaner was sacking the Namaqua mission-station, probably for the sake of plunder, but avowedly because some of his property had been unjustly seized by a settler. A conciliatory letter, which John Campbell, when travelling through Namaqua-land, in deadly terror of Africaner, addressed to the formidable free-booter, is said to have produced a powerful effect upon his naturally intelligent and elevated mind. Two of his brothers were converted by the preaching of the missionary Ebner, and were baptized shortly before Mr. Moffat, in 1817, left Cape Town for Africaner's village in the wilderness. He says—

It was evident to me, as I approached the boundaries of the colony, that the farmers, who, of course, had not one good word to say of Africaner, were skeptical to the last degree about his reported conversion, and most unceremoniously predicted my destruction. One said he would set me up for a mark for his boys to shoot at; and another, that he would strip off my skin, and make a drum of it to dance to; another most consoling prediction was, that he would make a drinking cup of my skull. I believe they were serious, and especially a kind motherly lady, who, wiping the tear from her eye, bade me farewell, saying, "Had you been an old man, it would have been nothing, for you would soon have died, whether or no; but you are young, and going to become a prey to that monster."

But we shall see more of this remarkable person. The privations and dangers of the journey to Africaner's village might have interest in the narrative of an ordinary traveller; but Moffat's subsequent adventures far eclipse these early trials of his faith and patience, his manliness and hardihood. His reception by the tamed Wolf, and scourge of the desert, is interesting. Africaner had

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applied for a missionary; but as Moffat advanced, the inhabitants of another *kraal* intercepted and wished to detain him among them, and almost forced him to remain, until the appearance of a party of the chief's people and three of his brothers ended the contest. Moffat's reception seemed cold; and his brother missionary Ebner, who had baptized the Africaners, described the whole inhabitants as a "wicked, suspicious, and dangerous people, baptized and unbaptized." The chief was so long of making his appearance that young Moffat's heart began to fail, but at length Africaner welcomed him with frank kindness; hoped that as he was so young he would live long among them; and he immediately set the laborers, the usual drudges, the beasts of burden, the poor women, to build a hut for the missionary:

A circle was instantly formed, and the women, evidently delighted with the job, fixed the poles, tied them down in the hemispheric form, and covered them with the mats, all ready for habitation, in the course of little more than half an hour.—Since that time, I have seen houses built of all descriptions, and assisted in the construction of a good many myself; but I confess I never witnessed such expedition. Hottentot houses, (for such they may be called, being confined to the different tribes of that nation,) are at best not very comfortable. I lived nearly six months in this native hut, which very frequently required tightening and fastening after a storm. When the sun shone, it was unbearably hot; when the rain fell, I came in for a share of it; when the wind blew, I had frequently to decamp to escape the dust; and in addition to these little inconveniences, any hungry cur of a dog that wished a night's lodging, would force itself through the frail wall, and not unfrequently deprive me of my anticipated meal for the coming day; and I have more than once found a serpent coiled up in a corner. . . . . . . . But to return to my new habitation, in which, after my household matters were arranged, I began to ruminate on the past,—the home and friends I had left, perhaps, for ever; the mighty ocean which rolled between, the desert country through which I had passed, to reach one still more dreary. In taking a review of the past, which seemed to increase in brightness, as I traced all the way in which I had been brought, during the stillness of my first night's repose, I often involuntarily said and sung,

"Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come."

The inimitable hymn from which these lines are taken, was often sung by Mr. and Mrs. Kitchingman and myself, while passing through the lonely desert. But my mind was frequently occupied with other themes. I was young, had entered into a new and responsible situation, and one surrounded with difficulties of no ordinary character. Already I began to discover some indications of an approaching storm, which might try my faith. The future looked dark and portentous in reference to the mission.

This was a cheerless beginning, and worse evils were at hand. Mr. Ebner, the missionary at this station, was, from some unexplained cause, on very ill terms with Titus Africaner, and he shortly after this abandoned the station, and returned to Germany, his native land. It is not unfair to conclude that he was not well adapted to a situation so difficult, and requiring so much sagacity; and it appears to have been owing to the presence and influence of Moffat that he at last got away unharmed. The condition of the solitary young man he left was painful in the extreme; and he had not yet made trial of himself. He tells—

I was left alone with a people suspicious in the extreme; jealous of their rights, which they had obtained at the point of the sword; and the best of whom Mr. E. described as a sharp thorn. I had no friend and brother with whom I could participate in the communion of saints, none to whom I could look for counsel or advice. A barren and miserable country; a small salary, about £25 per annum. No grain, and consequently no bread, and no prospect of getting any, from the want of water to cultivate the ground; and destitute of the means of sending to the colony. . . . . . . Soon after my stated services commenced—which were, according to the custom of our missionaries at that period, every morning and evening, and school for three or four hours during the day—I was cheered with tokens of the Divine presence. The chief, who had for some time past been in a doubtful state, attended with such regularity, that I might as well doubt of morning's dawn, as of his attendance on the appointed means of grace. To reading, in which he was not very fluent, he attended with all the assiduity and energy of a youthful believer; the Testament became his constant companion, and his profiting appeared unto all. Often have I seen him under the shadow of a great rock, nearly the livelong day, eagerly perusing the pages of Divine inspiration; or in his hut he would sit, unconscious of the affairs of a family around, or the entrance of a stranger, with his eye gazing on the blessed book, and his mind wrapt up in things divine. Many were the nights he sat with me, on a great stone, at the door of my habitation, conversing with me till the dawn of another day, on creation, providence, redemption, and the glories of the heavenly world. He was like the bee, gathering honey from every flower, and at such seasons he would, from what he had stored up in the course of the day's reading, repeat generally in the very language of Scripture, those passages which he could not fully comprehend. He had no commentary, except the living voice of his teacher, nor marginal references; but he soon discovered the importance of consulting parallel passages, which an excellent memory enabled him readily to find. He did not confine his expanding mind to the volume of revelation, though he had been taught by experience that that contained heights and depths, and lengths and breadths,

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which no man comprehends. He was led to look upon the book of nature; and he would regard the heavenly orbs with an inquiring look, cast his eye on the earth beneath his tread, and regarding both as displays of creative power and infinite intelligence, would inquire about endless space and infinite duration. I have often been amused, when sitting with him and others, who wished to hear his questions answered, and descriptions given of the majesty, extent, and number of the works of God; he would at last rub his hands on his head, exclaiming, "I have heard enough; I feel as if my head was too small, and as if it would swell with these great subjects."

Before seasons like these to which I am referring, Titus, who was a grief to his brother, and a terror to most of the inhabitants on the station, as well as a fearful example of ungodliness, had become greatly subdued in spirit. . . . . . . He was the only individual of influence on the station who had two wives, and fearing the influence of example, I have occasionally made a delicate reference to the subject, and, by degrees, could make more direct remarks on that point, which was one of the barriers to his happiness; but he remained firm, admitting, at the same time, that a man with two wives was not to be envied; adding, "He is often in an uproar, and when they quarrel, he does not know whose part to take." He said he often resolved when there was a great disturbance to pay one off.

This poor man's trials and perplexities with his brace of wives are amusing enough; but in the character of his brother, the once fierce heathen, there is a mild dignity, a noble simplicity, which illustrates the influence of the pure faith of the Gospel better than a hundred homilies. Of him we have this testimony:

But to return to the character of Africaner; during the whole period I lived there, I do not remember having occasion to be grieved with him, or to complain of any part of his conduct; his very faults seemed to "lean to virtue's side." One day, when seated together, I happened, in absence of mind, to be gazing steadfastly on him. It arrested his attention, and he modestly inquired the cause. I replied, "I was trying to picture to myself your carrying fire and sword through the country, and I could not think how eyes like yours could smile at human wo." He answered not, but shed a flood of tears! He zealously seconded my efforts to improve the people in cleanliness and industry; and it would have made any one smile to have seen Christian Africaner and myself superintending the school children, now about 120, washing themselves at the fountain. It was, however, found that their greasy, filthy carosses of sheep-skins soon made them as dirty as ever. The next thing was to get them to wash their mantles, &c. . . . . . At an early period I became an object of his charity, for, finding out that I sometimes sat down to a scanty meal, he presented me with two cows, which, though in that country giving little milk, often saved me many a hungry night, to which I was exposed. He was a man of peace; and though I could not expound to him that the "sword of the magistrate" implied, that he was calmly to sit at home, and see Bushmen or marauders carry off his cattle, and slay his servants: yet so fully did he understand and appreciate the principles of the Gospel of peace, that nothing could grieve him more than to hear of individuals, or villages, contending with one another. He who was formerly like a firebrand, spreading discord, enmity, and war among the neighboring tribes, would now make any sacrifice to prevent any thing like a collision between two contending parties; and when he might have raised his arm, and dared them to lift a spear or draw a bow, he would stand in the attitude of a suppliant, and entreat them to be reconciled to each other; and, pointing to his past life, ask, "What have I of all the battles I have fought, and all the cattle I took, but shame and remorse!" At an early period of my labors among that people, I was deeply affected by the sympathy he, as well as others of his family, manifested towards me in a season of affliction. The extreme heat of the weather, in the house which I have described, and living entirely on meat and milk, to which I was unaccustomed, brought on a severe attack of bilious fever, which, in the course of two days, induced delirium. Opening my eyes in the first few lucid moments, I saw my attendant and Africaner sitting before my couch, gazing on me with eyes full of sympathy and tenderness. Seeing a small parcel, containing a few medicines, I requested him to hand it to me, and taking from it a vial of calomel, I threw some of it into my mouth, for scales or weights I had none. He then asked me, the big tear standing in his eye, if I died, how they were to bury me. "Just in the same way as you bury your own people," was my reply; and I added, that he need be under no apprehensions if I were called away, for I should leave a written testimony of his kindness to me. This evidently gave him some comfort, but his joy was full, when he saw me speedily restored, and at my post, from which I had been absent only a few days.

In addition to Christian Africaner, his brothers, David and Jacobus, both believers, and zealous assistants in the work of the mission, especially in the school, were a great comfort to me. David, though rather of a retiring disposition, was amiable, active, and firm; while Jacobus was warm, affectionate, and zealous for the interest of souls. His very countenance was wont to cheer my spirits, which, notwithstanding all I had to encourage, would sometimes droop. Long after I left that people, he was shot, while defending the place against an unexpected attack made on it by the people of Warm Bath.

After Moffat had labored for a considerable time among the Bechuanas, and had made several distant excursions on objects connected with his mission, he induced Africaner to accompany him on a visit to the Cape, though the expedition was not without danger to the chief, who for his former marauding upon the settlers was still an outlaw with 1000 rix-dollars offered for his head. He said, when the journey was proposed, that he thought Mr. Moffat had loved him better than to give him up

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to the government to be hanged. The affair was for three days publicly discussed; and when it was concluded, nearly the whole inhabitants of Africaner's village—all his subjects, or clansmen—accompanied them to the banks of the Orange River, and parted from them with tears. At Warm Bath, the place referred to in the subjoined extract, there was a mission-station, from whence religion and civilization had emanated to the wilds; and on the journey, it is said—

Arriving at Pella, (the place as before stated, to which some of the people from Warm Bath had retired when the latter was destroyed by Africaner,) we had a feast fit for heaven-born souls, and subjects to which the seraphim above might have tuned their golden lyres. Men met who had not seen each other since they had joined in mutual combat for each other's wo; met—warrior with warrior, bearing in their hands the olive branch, secure under the panoply of peace and love.

We spent some pleasant days while the subject of getting Africaner safely through the territories of the farmers to the Cape, was the theme of much conversation: To some the step seemed somewhat hazardous. Africaner and I had fully discussed the point before leaving the station; and I was confident of success. Though a chief, there was no need of laying aside any thing like royalty, with a view to travel in disguise. Of two substantial shirts left, I gave him one; he had a pair of leather trowsers, a duffel jacket, much the worse for wear, and an old hat, neither white nor black, and my own garb was scarcely more refined. As a farther precaution, it was agreed, that for once I should be the chief, and he should assume the appearance of a servant, when it was desirable, and pass for one of my attendants.

Ludicrous as the picture may appear, the subject was a grave one, and the season solemn and important; often did I lift up my heart to Him in whose hands are the hearts of all men, that his presence might go with us. It might here be remarked, once for all, that the Dutch farmers, notwithstanding all that has been said against them by some travellers, are, as a people, exceedingly hospitable and kind to strangers. Exceptions there are, but these are few, and perhaps more rare than in any country under the sun. Some of these worthy people on the borders of the colony, congratulated me on returning alive, having often heard, as they said, that I had been long since murdered by Africaner. Much wonder was expressed at my narrow escape from such a monster of cruelty, the report having been spread that Mr. Ebner had but just escaped with the skin of his teeth. While some would scarcely credit my identity; my testimony as to the entire reformation of Africaner's character, and his conversion, was discarded as the effusion of a frenzied brain. It sometimes afforded no little entertainment to Africaner and the Namaquas, to hear a farmer denounce this supposed irreclaimable savage. There were only a few, however, who were skeptical on this subject. At one farm, a novel scene exhibited the state of feeling respecting Africaner and myself, and likewise displayed the power of Divine grace under peculiar circumstances. . . . . . . I gave him in a few words my views of Africaner's present character, saying, "He is now a truly good man." To which he replied, "I can believe almost any thing you say, but *that* I cannot credit; there are seven wonders in the world: that would be the eighth." I appealed to the displays of Divine grace in a Paul, a Manasseh, and referred to his own experience. He replied *these* were another description of men, but that Africaner was one of the accursed sons of Ham, enumerating some of the atrocities of which he had been guilty. By this time, we were standing with Africaner at our feet, on whose countenance sat a smile, well knowing the prejudices of some of the farmers. The farmer closed the conversation by saying, with much earnestness, "Well, if what you assert be true respecting that man, I have only one wish, and that is, to see him before I die; and when you return, as sure as the sun is over our heads, I will go with you to see him, though he killed my own uncle." I was not before aware of this fact, and now felt some hesitation whether to discover to him the object of his wonder; but knowing the sincerity of the farmer, and the goodness of his disposition, I said, "This, then, is Africaner!" He started back, looking intensely at the man, as if he had just dropped from the clouds. "Are you Africaner?' he exclaimed. He arose, doffed his old hat, and making a polite bow, answered, "I am." The farmer seemed thunder-struck; but when, by a few questions, he had assured himself of the fact, that the former bugbear of the border stood before him, now meek and lamb-like in his whole deportment, he lifted up his eyes, and exclaimed, "O God, what a miracle of thy power! what cannot thy grace accomplish!" The kind farmer, and his no less hospitable wife, now abundantly supplied our wants; but we hastened our departure, lest the intelligence might get abroad that Africaner was with me, and bring unpleasant visitors.

The Governor at the Cape was Lord Charles Somerset, who was somewhat surprised to learn that the lion of the wilderness had been led in to him like a lamb. About this time, Dr. Philip and John Campbell had arrived from England to examine the state of the African missions. It was Mr. Campbell's second visit to Africa, and it appeared—

To be one of the happiest moments of Mr. Campbell's life to hold converse with the man, at whose very name, on his first visit to Namaqua-land, he had trembled, but on whom, in answer to many prayers, he now looked as a brother beloved. Often while interpreting for Mr. C., in his inquiries, I have been deeply affected with the overflow of soul experienced by both, while rehearsing the scenes of bygone days.

Africaner's appearance in Cape Town excited considerable attention, as his name and exploits had been familiar to many of its inhabitants for more than twenty years. Many were struck with the unexpected mildness and gentleness of his

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demeanor, and others with his piety and accurate knowledge of the Scriptures. His New Testament was an interesting object of attention, it was so completely thumbed and worn by use. His answers to a number of questions put to him by the friends in Cape Town, and at a public meeting at the Paarl, exhibited his diligence as a student in the doctrines of the Gospel, especially when it is remembered that Africaner never saw a Catechism in his life, but obtained all his knowledge on theological subjects from a careful perusal of the Scriptures, and the verbal instructions of the missionary.

Might it not be inquired whether the absence of catechisms and theological works, and the careful study of the Scriptures, without gloss or commentary, might have been the main cause of Africaner's growth in true knowledge, as in true grace; and that many things esteemed helps, as often prove impediments? The conduct of Africaner to his dying hour was edifying and consistent. His latter years were spent in conducting the public offices of religion at the station, and in teaching in the schools. In his dying exhortation to the people, whom he had called together to hear his last words, when he had given them directions for their future conduct in temporal affairs, he bade them remember that they were no longer *savages*, but men professing to be taught by the Gospel, and that it was accordingly their duty to walk by its precepts. In summing up the character of Africaner, who from a fierce predatory warrior, the chief of a savage tribe, had by the power of the Gospel been converted into the Alfred of his subjects, Mr. Moffat remarks:

Many had been the refreshing hours we had spent together, sitting or walking, tracing the operations of the word and Spirit on his mind, which seemed to have been first excited under the ministry of Christian Albrecht. Subsequent to that period, his thoughts were frequently occupied while looking around him, and surveying the "handy-works" of God, and asking the question, "Are these the productions of some great Being? —how is it that his name and character have been lost among the Namaquas, and the knowledge of Him confined to so few?—has that knowledge only lately come to the world?—how is it that he does not address mankind in oral language?" . . . . In trying to grasp the often indistinct rays of light, which would occasionally flit across his partially awakened understanding, he became the more bewildered, especially when he thought of the spirit of the Gospel message, "Good-will to man." He often wondered whether the book he saw some of the farmers use said any thing on the subject; and then he would conclude, that if they worshipped any such being, he must be one of a very different character from that God of love to whom the missionaries directed the attention of the Namaquas.

How often must the same doubt have occurred to the Hindoo, the Mussulman, and the gentle savage of many other regions!

Mr. Moffat gives a very interesting account of the rise and progress of the Griqua mission, in which he was personally concerned; and a retrospective view of other inroads on heathendom, which will be perused with pleasure, were it only from the enterprise and bold adventures of the daring pioneers, and the light incidentally thrown upon the moral and physical condition of the barbarous tribes that they visited. His relation of his own conflicts and long fruitless endeavors have yet deeper interest. His actual experiences bring great doubt upon the theories of a natural conscience, a *moral sense*, and the idea of a "vicarious offering" or atonement said to be diffused over the whole globe, and also of man being a religious creature. The existence of a Supreme Being, and the immortality of the soul of man, had never, even in a shadow or tradition, been heard of among these people:

A chief, after listening attentively to me while he stood leaning on his spear, would utter an exclamation of amazement, that a man whom he accounted wise, should vend such fables for truths. Calling about thirty of his men, who stood near him, to approach, he addressed them, pointing to me, "There is Ra-Mary, (Father of Mary,) who tells me, that the heavens were made, the earth also, by a beginner, whom he calls Morimo. Have you ever heard any thing to be compared with this? He says that the sun rises and sets by the power of Morimo; as also that Morimo causes winter to follow summer, the winds to blow, the rain to fall, the grass to grow, and the trees to bud;" and casting his arm above and around him, added, "God works in every thing you see or hear! Did ever you hear such words?" Seeing them ready to burst into laughter, he said, "Wait, I shall tell you more; Ra-Mary tells me that we have spirits in us, which will never die; and that our bodies, though dead and buried, will rise and live again. Open your ears to-day; did you ever hear litlamane (fables) like these?" This was followed by a burst of deafening laughter; and on its partially subsiding, the chief man begged me to say no more on such trifles, lest the people should think me mad! . . . . . . . . . . . .

One day, while describing the day of judgment, several of my hearers expressed great concern at the idea of all their cattle being destroyed, together with their ornaments. They never for one moment allow their thoughts to dwell on death, which is according to their views nothing less than annihilation. Their supreme happiness consists in having abundance of meat. Asking a man who was more grave and thoughtful than his companions what was the finest sight he could desire, he instantly replied, "A great fire covered with pots full of meat;" adding, "how ugly the fire looks without a pot!"

The grander phenomena of nature had

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no power to awaken or fix their attention. The following is a true picture of these wandering children of the wilderness, of man in his natural state :

"They looked on the sun," as Mr. Campbell very graphically said, "with the eye of an ox." To tell them, the gravest of them, that there was a Creator, the governor of the heavens and earth, of the fall of man, or the redemption of the world, the resurrection of the dead, and immortality beyond the grave, was to tell them what appeared to be more fabulous, extravagant, and ludicrous than their own vain stories about lions, hyenas, and jackals. To tell them that these were articles of our faith, would extort an interjection of superlative surprise, as if they were too preposterous for the most foolish to believe. . . . . What they heard was all right, provided they got a bit of tobacco, or some little equivalent for their time—a thing of no value to them—which they spent in hearing one talk. Some would even make a trade of telling the missionary that they prayed, by which means God directed them to their lost cattle, at a few yards' distance, after having been in search of them several days; and that in the same way he had brought game within reach of their spears. Replies to questions as to what they thought of the Word of God, were very cheap; and if they supposed that by such means they had obtained favor and respect, their success would be the subject of merriment in their own circles. Some individuals, to my knowledge, who had carried on this deception in the early period of the mission, many years afterwards boasted how expert they had been in thus gulling the missionary.

Although they had received much instruction, they appeared never for one moment to have reflected upon it, nor did they retain traces of it in their memories, which are generally very tenacious. Accordingly, most of those who at an early period made professions to please, died as they had lived, in profound ignorance. Munameets, though an early friend of the mission, the travelling companion of Mr. Campbell, and one of the most sensible and intelligent men of the nation, than whom no one at the station had enjoyed equal privileges, made the following remark to the writer, in his usual affectionate way, not long before his death—"Ra-Mary, your customs may be good enough for you, but I never see that they fill the stomach," putting his hand on his own; "I would like to live with you, because you are kind, and could give me medicine when I am sick. Though I am the uncle of Mothibi, I am the dog of the chief, and must gather up the crumbs (gorge at festivals). I am one of the elders of the people, and though I am still a youth (seventy years!) my thoughts and perceptions are neither so swift nor acute as they were. Perhaps you may be able to make the children remember your mekhua (customs)."

They could not see that there was any thing in our customs more agreeable to flesh and blood than in their own, but would, at the same time, admit that we were a wiser and a superior race of beings to themselves. For this superiority some of their wise heads would try to account: but this they could only do on the ground of our own statements, that a Great Being made man.

A wily rain-maker, who was the oracle of the village in which he dwelt, once remarked after hearing me enlarge on the subject of the creation, "If you verily believe that that Being created all men, then, according to reason, you must also believe, that in making white people he has improved on his work; he tried his hand on Bushmen first, and he did not like them, because they were so ugly, and their language like that of the frogs. He then tried his hand on the Hottentots, but these did not please him either. He then exercised his power and skill and made the Bechuanas, which was a great improvement; and at last he made the white people: therefore," exulting with an air of triumph at the discovery, "the white people are so much wiser than we are, in making walking-houses (wagons), teaching the oxen to draw them over hill and dale, and instructing them also to plough the gardens instead of making their wives do it, like the Bechuanas." His discovery received the applause of the people, while the poor missionary's arguments, drawn from the source of Divine truth, were thrown into the shade.

In a country where extreme drought is the greatest natural calamity to be dreaded, the *rain-maker* is an important personage; and one who, if clever and cunning, turns his knavery to excellent account. The arts of the rain-maker among these African tribes are very similar to those described by Catlin, as employed by the rain-makers among the Indians on the Upper Missouri. Though the Bechuanas, like the Hottentots, have now adopted many of the customs of civilized life, and made considerable progress in the useful arts, they, in the early period of Mr. Moffat's labors, despised and ridiculed European customs, and gave a decided preference to their own :

They could not account for our putting our legs, feet, and arms into bags, and using buttons for the purpose of fastening bandages round our bodies, instead of suspending them as ornaments from the neck or hair of the head. Washing the body, instead of lubricating it with grease and red ochre, was a disgusting custom, and cleanliness about our food, house, and bedding, contributed to their amusement in no small degree. A native, who was engaged roasting a piece of fat zebra flesh for me on the coals, was told that he had better turn it with a stick, or fork, instead of his hands, which he invariably rubbed on his dirty body for the sake of the precious fat. This suggestion made him and his companions laugh extravagantly, and they were wont to repeat it as an interesting joke wherever they came.

Mr. Moffat gives a long and minute account of their national usages, ending thus:

These ceremonies were prodigious barriers to the gospel. Polygamy was another obstacle, and the Bechuanas, jealous of any diminution in their



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self-indulgence, by being deprived of the services of their wives, looked with an extremely suspicious eye on any innovation on this ancient custom. While going to war, hunting, watching the cattle, milking the cows, and preparing their furs and skins for mantles, was the work of the men, the women had by far the heavier task of agriculture, building the houses, fencing, bringing firewood, and heavier than all, nature's charge, the rearing of a family. The greater part of the year they are constantly employed; and during the season of picking and sowing their gardens, their task is galling, living on coarse, scanty fare, and frequently having a babe fastened to their backs, while thus cultivating the ground.

The men, for obvious reasons, found it convenient to have a number of such vassals, rather than only one; while the women would be perfectly amazed at one's ignorance, were she to be told that she would be much happier in a single state, or widowhood, than being the mere concubine and drudge of a haughty husband, who spent the greater part of his life in lounging in the shade, while she was compelled, for his comfort as well as her own, to labor under the rays of an almost vertical sun, in a hot and withering climate. . . .

While standing near the wife of one of the grandees, who, with some female companions, was building a house, and making preparations to scramble by means of a branch on to the roof, I remarked that they ought to get their husbands to do that part of the work. This set them all into a roar of laughter. Mahuto, the queen, and several of the men drawing near to ascertain the cause of the merriment, the wives repeated my strange, and, to them, ludicrous proposal, when another peal of mirth ensued. Mahuto, who was a sensible and shrewd woman, stated that the plan, though hopeless, was a good one, as she often thought our custom was much better than theirs. It was reasonable that woman should attend to household affairs, and the lighter parts of labor; while man, who wont to boast of his superior strength, should employ his energy in more laborious occupations; adding, she wished I would give their husbands medicine to make them do the work. This remark was made rather in a way of joke.

The government of the Bechuanas is similar to that found everywhere in the same state of society,—patriarchal, but monarchical, mild in its character, and essentially popular. The head chief, or king, is restrained by the petty chiefs; and in the public assemblies or parliaments an eloquent speaker will often attack the chief, and turn the weight of opinion against him:

I have heard him inveighed against for making women his senators and his wife prime minister, while the audience were requested to look at his body, and see if he were not getting too corpulent; a sure indication that his mind was little exercised in anxieties about the welfare of his people. He generally opens the business of the day with a short speech, reserving his eloquence and wisdom to the close of the meeting, when he analyzes the speeches that have been delivered, and never forgets to lash in the most furious language those who have exposed his faults, and who, as he would express it, have walked over his body, placing their feet upon his neck. This is all taken in good part, and the exhausted chieftain is heartily cheered when the meeting dissolves. These assemblies keep up a tolerable equilibrium of power between the chiefs and their king: but they are only convened when differences between tribes have to be adjusted, when a predatory expedition is to be undertaken, or when the removal of a tribe is contemplated; though occasionally matters of less moment are introduced.

Any custom which might be construed into some vague idea of the necessity of an atoning sacrifice and of a future state, is by Mr. Moffat assigned to the cunning of the sorcerers or rain-makers, who order an ox to be sacrificed for the benefit of their own stomachs, though the ostensible purpose is the public weal, or to avert national calamity, or cure disease.

One will try to coax the sickness out of a chieftain by setting him astride of an ox, with his feet and legs tied, and then smothering the animal by holding its nose in a large bowl of water. A feast follows, and the ox is devoured, sickness and all. A sorcerer will pretend he cannot find out the guilty person, or where the malady of another lies, till he has got him to kill an ox, on which he manœuvres, by cutting out certain parts. Another doctor will require a goat, which he kills over the sick person, allowing the blood to run down the body; another will require the fat of the kidney of a fresh slaughtered goat, saying, that any old fat will not do; and thus he comes in for his chop. These slaughterings are prescribed according to the wealth of the individual, so that a stout ox might be a cure for a slight cold in a chieftain, while a kid would be a remedy for a fever among the poor, among whom there was no chance of obtaining any thing greater. The above ceremonies might with little difficulty be construed into sacrifices, if we felt anxious to increase the number of traditionary remains. Is it, however, to be wondered at, among a pastoral people, whose choicest viand is broiled or boiled meat, and to whom fat of any kind is like the richest cordials, that they should solemnize every event or circumstance with beef?

A treaty or covenant between parties is always ratified by the slaughter of one or more animals, and a consequent feast. In brief, Mr. Moffat's reasoning goes far to demolish many plausible theories of the innate perception of a Supreme Being, and an innate sense of rectitude in the human mind, and of the universal idea of the necessity of a vicarious atonement.

Years rolled on, and the benighted, or rather the embruted people, remained in apparently the same state of apathy and ignorance as at the first. As long as they were gratified with presents they remained good-humored; but when the streams of

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**bounty or bribery ceased to flow they became rude, abusive, and even dangerous. The life passed by Mr. and Mrs. Moffat, and their fellow-laborer Mr. Hamilton, was not only one of great discomfort and hardship, but of peril and bitterness.**

Our time was incessantly occupied in building, and laboring frequently for the meat that perisheth; but our exertions were often in vain, for while we sowed, the natives reaped. . . . . The native women, seeing the fertilising effect of the water in our gardens, thought very naturally that they had an equal right to their own, and took the liberty of cutting open our water-ditch, and allowing it on some occasions to flood theirs. This mode of proceeding left us at times without a drop of water, even for culinary purposes. It was in vain that we pleaded, and remonstrated with the chiefs,—the women were the masters in this matter. Mr. Hamilton and I were daily compelled to go alternately three miles with a spade, about three o'clock P. M., the hottest time of the day, and turn in the many outlets into native gardens, that we might have a little moisture to refresh our burnt-up vegetables during the night, which we were obliged to irrigate when we ought to have rested from the labors of the day. Many night watches were spent in this way; and after we had raised with great labor vegetables, so necessary to our constitutions, the natives would steal them by day as well as by night, and after a year's toil and care, we scarcely reaped any thing to reward us for our labor. . . . . . When we complained, the women, who one would have thought would have been the first to appreciate the principles by which we were actuated, became exasperated, and going to the higher dam, where the water was led out of the river, with their picks completely destroyed it, allowing the stream to flow in its ancient bed. By this means the supply of water we formerly had was reduced to one-half, and that entirely at the mercy of those who loved us only when we could supply them with tobacco, repair their tools, or administer medicine to the afflicted. But all this, and much more, failed to soften their feelings towards us. Mrs. Moffat, from these circumstances, and the want of female assistance, has been compelled to send the heavier part of our linen a hundred miles to be washed.

Our situation might be better conceived than described: not one believed our report among the thousands by whom we were surrounded. Native aid, especially to the wife of the missionary, though not to be dispensed with, was a source of anxiety, and an addition to our cares; for any individual might not only threaten, but carry a rash purpose into effect. . . . . . . As many men and women as pleased might come into our hut, leaving us not room even to turn ourselves, and making every thing they touched the color of their own greasy red attire; while some were talking, others would be sleeping, and some pilfering whatever they could lay their hands upon. This would keep the housewife a perfect prisoner in a suffocating atmosphere, almost intolerable; and when they departed, they left ten times more than their number behind—company still more offensive. As it was not pleasant to take our meals amongst such filth, our dinner was often deferred for hours, hoping for their departure; but, after all, it had to be eaten when the natives were despatching their game at our feet. Our attendance at public worship would vary from one to forty; and these very often manifesting the greatest indecorum. Some would be snoring; others laughing; some working; and others, who might even be styled the *noblesse*, would be employed in removing from their ornaments certain nameless insects, letting them run about the forms, while sitting by the missionary's wife. Never having been accustomed to chairs or stools, some, by way of imitation, would sit with their feet on the benches, having their knees, according to their usual mode of sitting, drawn up to their chins. In this position one would fall asleep and tumble over, to the great merriment of his fellows. On some occasions an opportunity would be watched to rob when the missionary was engaged in public service. . .

Some nights, or rather mornings, we have had to record thefts committed in the course of twenty-four hours in our houses, our smith-shop, our garden, and among our cattle in the field. . . . . . . Some of our tools and utensils which they stole, on finding the metal not what they expected, they would bring back, beaten into all shapes, and offer them in exchange for some other article of value. Knives were always eagerly coveted, our metal spoons they melted; and when we were supplied with plated iron ones, which they found not so pliable, they supposed them bewitched. Very often, when employed in working at a distance from the house, if there was no one in whom he could confide, the missionary would be compelled to carry them all to the place where he went to seek a draught of water, well knowing that if they were left they would take wings before he could return. . . . . . . . . . .

Sometimes the missionary is called to suffer much greater privations than have now been described. This may be the most proper place, briefly to introduce a sketch of the general character of my manner of living, while on this station. As before noticed, I had neither bread nor vegetables. But Mr. Bartlett, of Pella, once sent me a bag containing a few pounds of salt, but, on examining it, I could scarcely tell whether there was most sand or salt, and having become accustomed to do without it, I hung it upon a nail, where it remained untouched. My food was milk and meat, living for weeks together on one, and then for a while on the other, and again on both together. All was well so long as I had either, but sometimes they both failed. . . . . . I shall never forget the kindness of Titus Africaner, who, when he visited the station, would come and ask what he could do for me, and, on receiving a few shots, would go to the field, and almost always bring me home something, for he was an extraordinary marksman.

The contents of my wardrobe bore the same impress of poverty. The supply of clothes which I had received in London were, as is too often the case, made after the dandy fashion, and I being still a growing youth, they soon went to pieces. There were no laundry-maids there, nor any thing like ironing or mangling. The old woman who washed my linen sometimes with soap, but oftener

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without, was wont to make one shirt into a bag and stuff the others into it, and I just took them out as they were, and more than once have I *turned* one to feel the comfort of a clean shirt. My dear old mother, to keep us out of mischief in the long winter evenings, taught me both to sew and knit; and when I would tell her I intended being a man, she would reply, "Lad, ye dinna ken whar your lot will be cast." She was right, for I have often had occasion to use the needle since.

These are but a specimen of the privations and hardships to which all these good men and their families had, more or less, to submit.

One main object with Moffat was the acquisition of the language, in which he has since made so great a proficiency. But this important acquirement was attended with many difficulties, and made under the most unfavorable circumstances. He relates—

It was something like groping in the dark, and many were the ludicrous blunders I made. The more waggish of those from whom I occasionally obtained sentences and forms of speech, would richly enjoy the fun, if they succeeded in leading me into egregious mistakes and shameful blunders; but though I had to pay dear for my credulity, I learned something. After being compelled to attend to every species of manual, and frequently menial, labor for the whole day, working under a burning sun, standing on the saw-pit, laboring at the anvil, treading clay, or employed in cleaning a water-ditch, it may be imagined that I was in no very fit condition for study, even when a quiet hour could be obtained in the evening for that purpose. And this was not all; an efficient interpreter could not be found in the country; and when every thing was ready for inquiry, the native mind, unaccustomed to analyze abstract terms, would, after a few questions, be completely bewildered.

Upon this subject Mr. Moffat makes observations not less important to persons endeavoring to acquire an unwritten language than to philologers. Among the most formidable enemies of the missionaries were the sorcerers or rain-makers, whose province they had, it was suspected, come to usurp; for these crafty vagabonds, who live by adroitly cheating and deluding the people, seemed to think that the missionaries and themselves were of the same calling. A famous rain-maker, of grand pretensions, had been sent for from a great distance during a season of extreme drought, of whom it is told:

The rain-makers, as I have since had frequent opportunities of observing, were men of no common calibre; and it was the conviction of their natural superiority of genius, which emboldened them to lay the public mind prostrate before the reveries of their fancies. Being foreigners, they generally amplified prodigiously on their former feats. The present one, as has been noticed, was above the common order. He kept the chiefs and nobles gazing on him with silent amazement, while the demon of mendacity enriched his themes with lively imagery, making them fancy they saw their corn-fields floating in the breeze, and their flocks and herds return lowing homewards by noonday from the abundance of pasture. He had in his wrath desolated the cities of the enemies of his people, by stretching forth his hand, and commanding the clouds to burst upon them. He had arrested the progress of a powerful army, by causing a flood to descend, which formed a mighty river, and arrested their course. These, and many other pretended supernatural displays of his power, were received as sober truths. The report of his fame spread like wildfire, and the chiefs of the neighboring tribes came to pay him homage. We scarcely knew whether to expect from him open hostility, secret machinations, or professed friendship. He, like all of his profession, was a thinking and calculating soul, in the habit of studying human nature, affable, engaging, with an acute eye, and exhibiting a dignity of mien, with an ample share of self-esteem, which, notwithstanding all his obsequiousness, he could not hide. . . . . . He found we were men of peace, and would not quarrel. For the sake of obtaining a small piece of tobacco, he would occasionally pay us a visit, and even enter the place of worship. He was also studious not to give offence. While in the course of conversation, he would give a feeble assent to our views, as to the sources of that element, over which he pretended to have a sovereign control. . . . . . . . . . .

It might be briefly noticed, that in order to carry on the fraud, he would, when clouds appeared, order the women neither to plant nor sow, lest they should be scared away. He would also require them to go to the fields, and gather certain roots and herbs, with which he might light what appeared to the natives mysterious fires. Elate with hope, they would go in crowds to the hills and dales, herborize, and return to the town with songs, and lay their gatherings at his feet. With these he would sometimes proceed to certain hills, and raise smoke; gladly would he have raised the wind also, if he could have done so, well knowing that the latter is frequently the precursor of rain. He would select the time of new and full moon for his purpose, aware that at those seasons there was frequently a change in the atmosphere. It was often a matter of speculation with me whether such men had not the fullest conviction in their own minds that they were gulling the public; and opportunities have been afforded which convinced me that my suspicions were well grounded. I met one among the Barolongs, who, from some service I had done him, thought me very kind, and, before he knew my character, became very intimate. He had derived benefit from some of my medicines, and consequently viewed me as a doctor, and one of his own fraternity. In reply to some of my remarks, he said, "It is only wise men who can be rain-makers, for it requires very great wisdom to deceive so many;" adding, "you and I know that." At the same time he gave me a broad hint that I must not remain

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there, lest I should interfere with his field of labor.

As those savages who are idolaters become enraged with their gods when their desires are not complied with, and break and tear them in pieces, so do these Africans act with their sorcerers. This great rain-maker was afterwards put to death by a chief; and his wife, who was considered too handsome for him, given to the chief's son. When all his arts, contrivances, and shifts had failed—and some of them were most ingenious—he insinuated that the cause of his failure was the presence of the missionaries, who rendered the clouds "hard-hearted," and "dried up the *teats* of heaven." The situation of the missionaries became at this juncture extremely perilous. It is said—

The people at last became impatient, and poured forth their curses against brother Hamilton and myself, as the cause of all their sorrows. Our bell, which was rung for public worship, they said, frightened the clouds; our prayers came in also for a share of the blame. "Don't you," said the chief rather fiercely to me, "bow down in your houses, and pray and talk to something bad in the ground!" A council was held, and restrictions were to be laid on all our actions. We refused compliance, urging that the spot on which the mission premises stood, had been given to the missionaries. The rain-maker appeared to avoid accusing us openly; he felt some sense of obligation, his wife having experienced that my medicines and mode of bleeding did her more good than all his nostrums. He would occasionally visit our humble dwellings, and when I happened to be in the smith's shop, he would look on most intently when he saw a piece of iron welded, or an instrument made, and tell me privately he wished I were living among his people, assuring me that there was plenty of timber and iron there.

One day he came and sat down, with a face somewhat elongated, and evincing inward dissatisfaction. On making inquiry, I found, as I had heard whispered the day before, that all was not right; the public voice was sounding ominous in his ears. He inquired how the women were in our country; and supposing he wished to know what they were like, I pointed him to my wife, adding, that there were some taller, and some shorter than she was. "That is not what I mean," he replied; "I want to know what part they take in public affairs, and how they act when they do so?" I replied, "that when the women of my country had occasion to take an active part in any public affairs, they carried all before them;" adding, in a jocose strain, "wait till we missionaries get the women on our side, as they now are on yours, and there will be no more rain-makers in the country." At this remark he looked at me as if I had just risen out of the earth. "May that time never arrive!" he cried, with a countenance expressive of unusual anxiety. I replied, "that time would assuredly come, for Jehovah, the mighty God, had spoken it. He was evidently chagrined, for he had come for advice. "What am I to do?" he inquired; "I wish all the women were men; I can get on with the men, but I cannot manage the women." I viewed this as a delicate moment, and, feeling the need of caution, replied, "that the women had just cause to complain; he had promised them rain, but the land was dust, their gardens burned up, and were I a woman, I would complain as loudly as any of them."

The rain-maker kept himself very secluded for a fortnight, and, after cogitating how he could make his own cause good, he appeared in the public fold, and proclaimed that he had discovered the cause of the drought. All were now eagerly listening; he dilated some time, till he had raised their expectation to the highest pitch, when he revealed the mystery. "Do you not see, when clouds come over us, that Hamilton and Moffat look at them?" This question receiving a hearty and unanimous affirmation, he added that our white faces frightened away the clouds, and they need not expect rain so long as we were in the country. This was a home-stroke, and it was an easy matter for us to calculate what the influence of such a charge would be on the public mind. We were very soon informed of the evil of our conduct, to which we pleaded guilty, promising, that as we were not aware that we were doing wrong, being as anxious as any of them for rain, we would willingly look to our chins, or the ground, all the day long, if it would serve their purpose. It was rather remarkable, that much as they admired my long black beard, they thought that in this case it was most to blame. However, this season of trial passed over, to our great comfort, though it was followed for some time with many indications of suspicion and distrust.

Matters were now coming to extremity. The long-continued drought, and all its attendant miseries, were attributed to the missionaries, who were ordered to leave the country; and it was hinted that violence would be employed unless the orders of the chiefs for their departure were obeyed. The missionaries refused to go away, and stated their reasons for remaining, which were of a nature quite incomprehensible to the aborigines, who however remarked, "These men must have ten lives. When they are so fearless of death, there must be something in immortality." The suspicions excited among these people, from the most trivial causes, forcibly illustrate the power of prejudice over ignorant minds. Two little images of soldiers, stuck upon a Dutch clock fixed in the wall in the place of worship, were magnified into something vast and sinister.

The little images in the clock were soon magnified into Goliahs, and the place of worship looked upon as an *eintlu ea kholego*, a house of bondage. It was necessary to take down the fairy-looking strangers, and cut a piece off their painted bodies, to convince the affrighted natives that the objects of their alarm were only bits of colored wood. Many, however, thought themselves too wise to be

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thus easily deceived. Though perfectly convinced of the egregious folly of believing that the little *lisélo*, "carved ones," would one day seize them by the throat in the sanctuary, they nevertheless continued to suspect, that the motives of the missionary were any thing but disinterested.

Mr. Moffat had been, even when matters looked the darkest, unconsciously laying the foundation of his future success; and now a crisis was at hand, of which he availed himself with singular boldness and sagacity, and at length fully gained the confidence and regard of the people, who could no longer doubt of his will and power to serve them. The details of those transactions which gained him the esteem and confidence of the tribe, exhibit one of the most complete pictures of savage warfare,—where the great impeller is hunger, and where one horde pours forth from the wilderness after another, spreading dismay and devastation in their course,—that ancient or modern literature affords.

For more than a year, numerous wild rumors of war, brought by the hunters and traders, had reached the mission-station, but of so extravagant a nature, that they were at first treated as the dreams of madmen. It was said that a mighty woman named *Mantatee*, was coming on at the head of an invincible army, numerous as the locusts, marching onward among the interior nations, bringing devastation and ruin wherever she appeared; and that she nourished the army with her own milk, sent out hornets before her, and was laying the world desolate. Mr. Moffat began to think that there must be some foundation for these extraordinary gazettes, and concluded that they were magnified rumors of the destructive wars carrying on by Chaka the tyrant of Zoolus; and though this monster was at too great a distance to cause alarm, the missionary had various reasons for wishing to ascertain the state of public affairs among the neighboring tribes, and he accordingly resolved to visit *Makaba*, the chief of the Bauangketsi; and by opening a friendly intercourse, or mediating between hostile tribes, prevent, if possible, their perpetual bloody conflicts. He wished, besides, to become acquainted with their manners and language. The chief and people among whom he had so long resided on the Kuruman, were averse to his journey. Makaba was represented as a ferocious murderer, from whose territory he would never return alive. He however persisted in his purpose, and had not advanced far on his march when he ascertained, beyond a doubt, that the fierce and warlike tribe of Mantatees, typified by the gigantic woman, had actually reached some of the neighboring tribes, whose towns were already in the hands of the marauders. The spies sent out to ascertain the movements of this advancing army,—which, like the ancient hordes, moved onward, accompanied by their wives, children, cattle, and dogs,—could give no satisfactory tidings; and Mr. Moffat and his company proceeded for the town of the chief, Makaba; but the party had not advanced much farther when they were driven to their wits' end.

We were on the alert, and made inquiries of every stranger we met about the invaders, but could learn nothing, although we were not more than fifteen miles from the town, of which it was reported the enemy were in possession. We saw, on a distant height, some men who were evidently looking our way, and their not approaching our wagons was so unusual with hungry natives, that we thought they must be strangers from a great distance, or some of the Mantatees. Two days passed over, and on the next, when we were about to start for the Bauangketsi, two Barolongs passing by, informed us of the fact that the Mantatees were in possession of the town, which lay rather in our rear, behind some heights, which we distinctly saw. As one of these men had narrowly escaped with his life in the conflict with that people, no doubt was left in our minds as to the propriety of returning immediately to the place whence we had come, particularly as there was a probability that our course might be intercepted, some prisoners who had escaped having reported that the enemy were about to start for Lithako. We lost no time in returning to Nokaneng, and were met there by individuals who authenticated my report to some thousands, who were pleasing themselves with the idea that there was no such enemy. When I arrived at our station the fearful news spread rapidly. A public meeting was convened, and the principal men met, to whom I gave a circumstantial account of all the information I had gathered respecting the character and progress of the Mantatees. That they were really a numerous and powerful body, had destroyed many towns of the Bakone tribes, slaughtered immense numbers of people, laid Kurrechane in ruins, scattered the Barolongs, and, in addition, were said to be cannibals! The alarming tidings produced at first a gloom on every countenance, and when I had finished speaking, a profound silence reigned for some minutes. Mothibi then replied in the name of the assembly, that he was exceedingly thankful that I had been *tloga e thata*, hard-headed, and pursued my journey, for, by so doing, I had discovered to them their danger.

All were now ready to bless me for having taken my own way. They solicited counsel, but all I could give was to flee to the colony, or call in the assistance of the Griquas; that as the Bechuanas were entirely unable to resist so numerous and savage a force as the Mantatees, I would proceed instantly to Griqua Town, give information, convey their wishes, and obtain assistance and wagons to remove our goods from the station. Some pro-

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posed fleeing to the Kalagare desert: but from this I strongly dissuaded them, fearing that many would perish from want. As no time was to be lost, in the absence of horses, I proceeded with my wagon to Griqua Town, where I had the pleasure of meeting, at Mr. Melvill's house, George Thompson, Esq., of Cape Town, who was on a tour, and about to visit Lithako.

In brief, the services which Mr. Moffat, by his promptitude and sagacity, rendered to the tribe at this critical period, gained for him an ascendency which he never afterwards lost. A public meeting or parliament was instantly assembled; the proceedings and eloquence of which are minutely described, and at which there was "little cheering, and less hissing, while every speaker fearlessly stated his sentiments." Our specimen of the eloquence of the *pitsho* must be brief. An old chief, when his turn came to address the assembly, said,—

"Ye sons of Molehabangue, ye have now had experience enough to convince you that it is your duty to proceed against the Mantatees, who have no object but to steal and destroy. Ye sons of Molehabangue! ye sons of Molehabangue! ye have done well this day. You are now acting wisely, first to deliberate and then to proceed: the missionary has discovered our danger like the rising sun after a dark night; a man sees the danger he was in when darkness shuts his eyes. We must not act like Bechuanas, we must act like Makoōas (white people). Is this our pitsho? No, it is the pitsho of the missionary; therefore we must speak and act like Makoōas."

But we have no space for eloquence. The time for action had come; the Griqua auxiliaries arrived; and the *commando* marched forth, accompanied by Mr. Moffat. It had been resolved in council, that the scene of combat had best be chosen at a distance from their town. The bold, yet becoming and consistent part which the missionary acted throughout this campaign, must have raised him still higher in the esteem of the tribe, though he only acted as the consistent servant of the Prince of Peace. He and another individual advanced before the main body to learn how matters stood, and, if possible, to prevent a collision; but the Mantatees would not approach him; and he relates,—

At sunset I left Waterboer and the scouts, and rode back, to confer with Mr. Melvill and the Griqua chiefs, and to advise some scheme to bring the enemy to terms of peace, and prevent, if possible, the dreadful consequences of a battle. The Griquas had come, headed by their respective chiefs, Adam Kok, Berend Berend, Andries Waterboer, and Cornelius Kok; but it was unanimously agreed that Waterboer should take the command. Cornelius, nobly and generously, insisted on my taking his best horse, urging that my life was far more valuable than his. This kind act was the more sensibly felt as the horse was one of the strongest in the commando; and but for this circumstance, I could not have done what I did, nor, humanly speaking, could I have escaped with my life.

Having spent an almost sleepless night on the plain, from extreme cold, we were all in motion next morning before daylight. The attempt made the preceding day to bring about a friendly communication having entirely failed, it was judged expedient for the commando to ride up to the invaders, hoping, from the imposing appearance of about one hundred horsemen, to intimidate them, and bring them to a parley. For this purpose the commando approached within 150 yards, with a view to beckon some one to come out. On this the enemy commenced their terrible howl, and at once discharged their clubs and javelins. Their black dismal appearance, and savage fury, with their hoarse and stentorian voices, were calculated to daunt; and the Griquas, on their first attack, wisely retreated to a short distance, and again drew up.

Soon after the battle commenced, the Bechuanas came up, and united in playing on the enemy with poisoned arrows, but they were soon driven back; half-a-dozen of the fierce Mantatees made the whole body scamper off in wild disorder. After two hours and a half's combat, the Griquas, finding their ammunition fast diminishing, at the almost certain risk of loss of life, began to storm; when the enemy gave way, taking a westerly direction. The horsemen, however, intercepted them, when they immediately descended towards the ravine, as if determined not to return by the way they came, which they crossed, but were again intercepted. On turning round, they seemed desperate, but were soon repulsed. Great confusion now prevailed, the ground being very stony, which rendered it difficult to manage the horses. At this moment an awful scene was presented to the view. The undulating country around was covered with warriors, all in motion, so that it was difficult to say who were enemies or who were friends. Clouds of dust were rising from the immense masses, who appeared flying with terror, or pursuing with fear. To the alarming confusion was added the bellowing of oxen, the vociferations of the yet unvanquished warriors, mingled with the groans of the dying, and the widows' piercing wail, and the cries from infant voices. The enemy then directed their course towards the town, which was in possession of a tribe of the same people, still more numerous. Here again another desperate struggle ensued, when they appeared determined to inclose the horsemen within the smoke and flames of the houses, through which they were slowly passing, giving the enemy time to escape. At last seized with despair, the fled precipitately. It had been observed during the fight that some women went backward and forward to the town, only about half a mile distant, apparently with the most perfect indifference to their fearful situation. While the commando was struggling between hope and despair of being able to rout the enemy, information was brought that the half of the enemy under Chuane were reposing in the town,

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within sound of the guns, perfectly regardless of the fate of the other division, under the command of Karaganye. It was supposed they possessed entire confidence in the yet invincible army of the latter, being the more warlike of the two. Humanly speaking, had both parties been together, the day would have been lost, when they would, with perfect ease, have carried devastation into the centre of the colony. When both parties were united, they set fire to all parts of the town, and appeared to be taking their departure, proceeding in an immense body towards the north. If their number may be calculated by the space of ground occupied by the entire body, it must have amounted to upwards of forty thousand. The Griquas pursued them about eight miles; and though they continued desperate, they seemed filled with terror at the enemies by whom they had been overcome.

As soon as they had retired from the spot where they had been encamped, the Bechuanas, like voracious wolves, began to plunder and despatch the wounded men, and to butcher the women and children with their spears and war-axes. As fighting was not my province, of course I avoided discharging a single shot, though, at the request of Mr. Melvill and the chiefs, I remained with the commando, as the only means of safety. Seeing the savage ferocity of the Bechuanas, in killing the inoffensive women and children, for the sake of a few paltry rings, or of being able to boast that they had killed some of the Mantatees, I turned my attention to these objects of pity, who were flying in consternation in all directions. By my galloping in among them, many of the Bechuanas were deterred from their barbarous purposes. It was distressing to see mothers and infants rolled in blood, and the living babe in the arms of a dead mother. All ages and both sexes lay prostrate on the ground. Shortly after they began to retreat, the women, seeing that mercy was shown them, instead of flying, generally sat down, and, baring their bosoms, exclaimed, "I am a woman, I am a woman!" It seemed impossible for the men to yield. There were several instances of wounded men being surrounded by fifty Bechuanas, but it was not till life was almost extinct that a single one would allow himself to be conquered. I saw more than one instance of a man fighting boldly, with ten or twelve spears and arrows fixed in his body. The cries of infants which had fallen from the breasts of their mothers, who had fled or were slain, were distinctly heard, while many of the women appeared thoughtless as to their dreadful situation. Several times I narrowly escaped the spears and war-axes of the wounded, while busy in rescuing the women and children. The men, struggling with death, would raise themselves from the ground, and discharge their weapons at any one of our number within their reach; their hostile and revengeful spirit only ceased when life was extinct. . . . . . . The Mantatees are a tall, robust people, in features resembling the Bechuanas; their dress consisting of prepared ox hides, hanging double over the shoulders. The men during the engagement were nearly naked, having on their heads a round cockade of black ostrich feathers. Their ornaments were large copper rings, sometimes eight in number, worn round their necks, with numerous arm, leg, and ear rings of the same material. Their weapons were war-axes of various shapes, spears, and clubs; into many of their knob-sticks were inserted pieces of iron resembling a sickle, but more curved, sometimes to a circle, and sharp on the outside. Their language was only a dialect of the Sechuana, as I understood them nearly as well as the people among whom I lived. They appeared more rude and barbarous than the tribes around us, the natural consequences of the warlike life they had led. They were suffering dreadfully from want; even in the heat of battle, the poorer class seized pieces of meat and devoured them raw. At the close of the battle, when Mr. Melvill and I had collected many women and children, and were taking them to a place of safety, it was with the utmost difficulty we could get them forward. They willingly followed till they found a piece of meat, which had been thrown away in the flight, when nearly all would halt to tear and devour it, though perfectly raw.

When, a few days afterwards, upon an alarm reaching the station that the Mantatees were advancing to attack the Kuruman town, the female captives were carried along with the people who fled towards Griqua Town. We are told,—

Halting in the evening, a dead horse was found that had belonged to one of the Griquas, and which had been killed by the bite of a serpent. Next morning the women fell on the swollen and half-putrid carcase, and began, like so many wolves, to tear it limb from limb, every one securing as much as she could for herself. Mr. Hamilton, who looked on with utter amazement, advised them to avoid the part where the animal was bitten. To his friendly warning they paid no attention whatever; in the space of about an hour a total dissection was effected, and every particle of skin, meat, bone, the entrails, and their contents, were carried off. Mr. H. was obliged to remain the whole day, finding it absolutely impossible to induce them to leave the spot till every particle was devoured, and in the evening they actually danced and sang with joy! This will appear the more astonishing, as the women were allowed a regular supply of rations; but when people have fasted for a year they require quantities of food, which, if mentioned, would appear incredible, and a long period elapses before the stomach regains its wonted tone. It would only excite disgust were the writer to describe sights of this kind which he has been compelled to witness. . . . . . . . . . . . . .

In the preceding sketch, I have glanced but very briefly at the varied scenes connected with the mournful picture of that day. It would have been an easy matter to give more facts, but my mind still shrinks from farther details of feats of savage barbarity, and lion-like ferocity, which I witnessed among the Mantatee warriors. No less furious and revengeful was the spirit manifested by the Batlapi and other tribes, who though the most accomplished cowards, compared with the invaders, showed that they were, if less inured to war, still as cruel as those who, for years, had been imbruing

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their hands in the blood of thousands. The wounded enemy they baited with their stones, clubs, and spears, accompanied with yellings and countenances indicative of fiendish joy. The hapless women found no quarter, especially if they possessed any thing like ornaments to tempt the cupidity of their plunderers. . . . . . .

The women evinced the most entire indifference to the objects of terror by which they were surrounded; but still mothers clung to their infants, whose piteous cries were sufficient to melt a heart of stone. With all their conquests and the many thousands of cattle which they must have captured, they were dying from hunger. Their march for hundreds of miles might have been traced by human bones. Not having seen horsemen before, they imagined horse and rider constituted only one animal; but this, as we afterwards heard, did not intimidate them, for their determination was fixed on attacking the colony, having heard that there were immense flocks of sheep there. Had they succeeded in reaching the Orange river, or the borders of the colony, where they would most probably have been defeated, the destruction of human life would have been even more dreadful, as they must have perished from want, when retreating through exasperated thousands of the tribes they had vanquished, towards their own country. Some of the Bechuanas were so sensible of this, that they secretly wished that it might be so, in order that they might satiate their vengeance on a conquered foe. . . . . .

The Mantatees, after finally leaving the country, separated into two divisions. The one proceeded eastward, towards the Bakone country, while the other proceeded to that of the Basuto, from the eastern parts of which they had emigrated, or rather been driven, by the destructive inroads of the Zoolu, Matabele, and other tribes. Like many other pastoral people, when robbed of their cattle, they have nothing left; and thus must either perish or rob others; and from being wild men they became more like wild beasts. It is a deeply interesting fact, that a missionary is now laboring with success among the latter, conquering them with far other weapons than those which were found necessary to arrest their devastating career at Old Lithako.

**We have next this picturesque account of a night alarm in an African village:**

This was a night of great anxiety. Messengers arrived announcing the certain approach of the Mantatees. It was dark and dreary. The town, without lights of any description, except the few embers of the house-fires, round which sat the trembling families. Most of the men were out of doors, listening to any thing like an unusual sound. The dogs kept up incessant barking. No watches were set, no spies sent out. There was no inhabitant between us and the field of battle. Every one appeared afraid to move from the spot where he stood. A cry of sorrow was raised in one part of the town which made every heart palpitate. It was the intelligence of one newly arrived,—the melancholy tale of the parent of a family having been slain by the Mantatees. Occasionally a chief would come to our houses to announce his terror. Imagination painted the town surrounded by a host of the enemy, waiting the dawn of day to commence a general massacre. The Mantatee women in our kitchens and outhouses perceived the alarm, and looked on, or slept with the most perfect indifference. Again and again parties came and knocked violently at our door, relating new fears,—the spectres of their feverish minds. Mrs. M. put warm clothes on the two sleeping babes, in case of being able to escape on foot towards the mountain, while I hung my cloak on my gun fast by the door, ready to seize it for protection in our flight, from beasts of prey. A woman who had the day before but scarcely escaped the deadly weapons of the enemy, ran the whole night, and on reaching the threshold of one of the houses, fainted with fatigue, and fell to the ground. On recovering, the first word she articulated was, "The Mantatees!" This went through the thousands like an electric shock. As morning light drew near, the intensity of feeling increased a hundred-fold. This was a season for the exercise of prayer, and faith in the promises of our God. The name of Jehovah was to us a strong tower, for, on looking back to that as well as to similar periods, we have often wondered that our fears were not greater than they were.

It was not until tranquillity was restored, after this alarming invasion, that Mr. Moffat accomplished his visit to Makaba. The picturesque details of all his journeys form delightful reading; but we press onward to the head-quarters of this formidable chief, who, as is proverbially said of another great personage, was found to be not quite so bad as he was sometimes called. They were welcomed by one of his sons and a party of his warriors; and—

Next day, before we had proceeded far, we were met by messengers from Makaba, who said he had not slept for joy, because of our approach. We passed many women, who were employed in their gardens, who, on seeing us, threw down their picks, and running to the wagons, lifted up their hands, exclaiming, "Ruméla," (their manner of salutation,) which was followed by shrill cries sufficient to affright the very oxen. Our guide conducted us through a winding street to the habitation of Makaba, who stood at the door of one of his houses, and welcomed us to the town in the usual way. He seemed astonished and pleased to see us all without arms, remarking, with a hearty laugh, that he wondered we should trust ourselves, unarmed, in the town of such a *villain* as he was reported to be. In a few minutes a multitude gathered, who actually trode on each other in their eagerness to see the strangers and their horses. Meanwhile Makaba walked into a house, and sent us out a large jar, or pot of beer, with calabashes, in the form of a ladle. Being thirsty, we partook very heartily of the beer, which possessed but little of an intoxicating quality. . . . . .

Having thus reached the metropolis of the Bauangketsi, and having cast our eyes over a dense population, we were in some measure prepared for the din of many thousands of voices on the coming day. We were not mistaken, for, early next morning, and long before we were out of bed, we were surrounded by crowds, so that it was with difficulty

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we could pass from one wagon to another. On going up the hill to have a view of the neighboring country, I was followed by a number of men, who, while I was taking some bearings, were not a little surprised at the compass, which they regarded as an instrument certainly belonging to a sorcerer, though they laughed when I asked them if they thought that I was one.

About ten o'clock A. M., Makaba made his appearance, with his retinue, and sat down opposite to my wagon. The bustling crowd retired to a distance, and a dead silence ensued. He addressed us nearly as follows:—"My friends, I am perfectly happy; my heart is whiter than milk, because you have visited me. To-day I am a great man. Men will now say, 'Makaba is in league with white people.' I know that all men speak evil of me. They seek my hurt. It is because they cannot conquer me that I am hated. If they do me evil, I can reward them twofold. They are like children that quarrel; what the weaker cannot do by strength, he supplies with evil names. You are come to see the villain Makaba; you are come, as the Batlapis say, 'to die by my hands.' You are wise and bold to come and see with your eyes, and laugh at the testimony of my enemies," etc. A long conversation afterwards ensued respecting the state of the country, and the Mantatee invasion. On this topic he was eloquent while describing the manner in which he entrapped many hundreds of the enemy by ambuscades; and stretching forth his muscular arm in the direction of the field of conflict, he said, "There lie the bleached bones of the enemy who came upon our hills like the locusts, but who melted before us by the shaking of the spear;" adding, with a stentorian voice, and with superlative self-complacency, "Who is to be compared to Makaba, the son of Meleta, the man of conquest?" The listening multitude broke the silence in deafening applause. I then told him that the object of my present journey was to open a communication, that we might consider him in future as one of our chief friends.

**Makaba's city was very large for an African town. He had many wives, each of whom had a large separate establishment. The houses, or clusters of huts, though not larger, were neater and better built than those of the tribe among whom Mr. Moffat lived; and there was one rare feature in their economy—cleanliness.**

The accuracy with which circles were formed, and perpendiculars raised, though guided only by the eye, was surprising. Their outer yards and house-floors were very clean, and smooth as paper. No dairy-maid in England could keep her wooden bowls cleaner and whiter than theirs were. In this respect they formed a perfect contrast to the Batlapis. Makaba frequently referred to the barbarous manners of his southern neighbors, and asked me, with an air of triumph, if the Batlapis ever washed a wooden bowl, or if ever they presented me with food which did not contain the mangled bodies of flies, in a dish which had had no better cleaning than the tongue of a dog.

In the early part of the day Makaba was generally employed in cutting out skins to sew together for cloaks, and in the afternoon he was frequently found in a measure intoxicated, from a stronger kind of beer made for his own use. He appeared aged, although his mother was then alive. He was tall, robust, and healthy; had rather the appearance of a Hottentot; his countenance displayed a good deal of cunning; and, from his conversation, one might easily discern that he was well versed in African politics. He dreaded the displeasure of none of the surrounding tribes; but he feared the Makoöas, or civilized people. . . . . . While walking to a neighboring height, I was able to count fourteen considerable villages; the farthest distant about one mile and a half; and I was informed that there were more towns, which I could not see.

**Though Makaba was a shrewd man about all ordinary affairs, and very fond of what he called *news*, it was impossible to engage, or even to awaken his attention to any of those serious topics upon which his visitor wished to converse. When told that he was to be entertained with news,**

His countenance lighted up, hoping to hear of feats of war, destruction of tribes, and such like subjects, so congenial to his savage disposition. When he found that my topics had solely a reference to the Great Being of whom, the day before, he had told me he knew nothing, and of the Saviour's mission to this world, whose name he had never heard, he resumed his knife and jackal's skin, and hummed a native air. One of his men, sitting near me, appeared struck with the character of the Redeemer, which I was endeavoring to describe, and particularly with his miracles. On hearing that he raised the dead, he very naturally exclaimed, "What an excellent doctor he must have been, to make dead men live!" This led me to describe his power, and how that power would be exercised at the last day in raising the dead. In the course of my remarks the ear of the monarch caught the startling sound of a resurrection. "What!" he exclaimed with astonishment, "what are these words about? the dead, the dead arise!" "Yes," was my reply, "all the dead shall arise." "Will my father arise?" "Yes," I answered, "your father will arise." "Will all the slain in battle arise?" "Yes." "And will all that have been killed and devoured by lions, tigers, hyenas, and crocodiles, again revive?" "Yes; and come to judgment." "And will those whose bodies have been left to waste and to wither on the desert plains, and scattered to the winds, again arise?" he asked with a kind of triumph as if he had now fixed me. "Yes," I replied, "not one will be left behind." This I repeated with increased emphasis. After looking at me for a few moments, he turned to his people, to whom he spoke with a stentorian voice;—"Hark, ye wise men, whoever is among you, the wisest of past generations, did ever your ears hear such strange and unheard of news?" . . . Makaba, then turning and addressing himself to me, and laying his hand on my breast, said, "Father, I love you much. Your visit and your presence

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have made my heart white as milk. The words of your mouth are sweet as honey, but the words of a resurrection are too great to be heard. I do not wish to hear again about the dead rising! The dead cannot arise! The dead must not arise!" "Why," I inquired, "can so great a man refuse knowledge, and turn away from wisdom? Tell me, my friend, why I must not 'add to words' and speak of a resurrection?" Raising and uncovering his arm, which had been strong in battle, and shaking his hand as if quivering a spear, he replied, "I have slain my thousands, (bontsintsi,) and shall they arise?"

There is much to interest in the character and romantic history of this barbarous chief, who, in his own fashion, treated his visitors with princely munificence. Before their departure, he entreated Mr. Moffat to let him see muskets discharged on horseback. Mr. Moffat says,

I declined, observing that there were others of the company far more expert; but he would not be satisfied unless I did it, as I was a white man. After much persuasion I submitted, and going into my wagon, professedly to fetch my jacket, put into my pocket a brace of pistols, charged with powder only. After going a few turns round the smooth grassy plain, while the king and his attendants were roaring aloud with admiration, I galloped past them, discharging the contents of both pistols nearly at once, which astonished the Bauangketsi more than any thing they had ever seen, and frightened them too, for they all fell prostrate to the earth, supposing they were shot. As soon as I alighted from the horse, Makaba began to unbutton my jacket to see the "little rogues," as he called them, exclaiming, "What a blessing that you white men seek to be friends with all nations, for who is there that could withstand you?" Laying his hand on my shoulder, he added, "I do, indeed, see that you were without fear, or you would have had your pistols this morning." After remaining for a couple of hours we parted, Makaba highly gratified, and the Griquas [they had been distrustful] no less so with the explanation which had taken place.

A still more remarkable and more distant chief named *Moselekatse*, the king of a division of Zoolus named the Matabele, had heard of the white men of Peace, and sent two of his chief men, in company with some traders who had ventured into his country, to make themselves acquainted with the manners and arts of the Kuruman teachers. Knowledge of the art of war, of the means of destroying their enemies was, at first, the great object of all the chiefs in these embassies to the mission-stations. The strangers were astonished at all they saw—

Our houses, the walls of our folds and gardens, the water-ditch conveying a large stream out of the bed of the river, and the smith's forge, filled them with admiration and astonishment, which they expressed not in the wild gestures generally made by the mere plebeian, but by the utmost gravity and profound veneration, as well as the most respectful demeanor. "You are men, we are but children," said one; while the other observed, "Moselekatse must be taught all these things." . . . Nothing appeared to strike them so forcibly as the public worship in our chapel. They saw men like themselves meet together with great decorum; mothers hushing their babes, or hastily retiring if they made any noise, and the elder children sitting perfectly silent. When the missionary ascended the pulpit, they listened to the hymn sung, and though from their ignorance of the Bechuana language they could not understand all that was said, they were convinced that something very serious was the subject of the address. . . . . . . We embraced every opportunity of telling them the simple truths of the Gospel, and labored to impress on their minds the blessings of peace.

It is often remarked that the Roman Catholic religion, from its imposing and, in some respects, impressive ceremonial, is the form of Christianity which is best adapted to a barbarous people; because it appeals at once to their senses. But may not this imposing ritual, with its attendant pomps and ceremonies, which so powerfully affect the untutored mind, in reality interpose a barrier between the understanding and the reception of spiritual truth?—may not those endless outward observances continue to hold the place of what they are meant to typify, and thus become hinderances and obstacles instead of helps? A picture of the Madona, a strain of music, the priests' vestments, the lights, the altar, and the picturesque celebration of the Catholic worship may, like any other spectacle, arrest the attention of those who cannot all at once apprehend the unadorned and simple, but sublime truths of the Gospel; but to gain this early advantage, is it wise to lay a false foundation and endanger the rearing of a superstructure of idle pageantry and useless ceremonial, while professing to teach the heathen that "God is a spirit, and that they that worship Him aright must worship him in spirit and in truth?"

When these intelligent barbarians had satisfied their curiosity, they proposed to return to their tyrannical and capricious sovereign, to report their embassy; but their way home, lying through hostile tribes, was unsafe, and any evil happening to the ambassadors of the fierce and warlike chief of the powerful and hostile tribe of the Matabele, must be productive of the worst consequences to the Bechuanas, and to the interests of the missionary cause in South Africa. Mr. Moffat, accordingly, resolved to become their escort as far as the Bahu-

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rutsi country, after which they could safely proceed to their own land. The adventures on this journey are, like the details of all Moffat's wanderings in those wild regions, full of incident of the most stirring kind. We shall refer to them again in connection with some of the other encounters and perils from lions and other wild animals, which so often in this narrative freeze one's blood. We now take up the travellers on the tenth day of their journey:

We arrive at Mosega, the abode of Mokhatla, regent over the fragments, though still a large body, of the Bahurutsi. These had congregated in a glen, and subsisted on game, roots, berries, and the produce of their corn-fields; having been deprived of their flocks by the Mantatees. They were evidently living in fear, lest Moselekatse should one day make them captives. From these people I received a hearty welcome, though I was known to few of them except by name.

Having fulfilled my engagement, in conveying my charge in safety to the Bahurutsi, I, in a solemn and formal manner, delivered them over to the care of Mokhatla, requesting him either to go himself, or send a strong escort to accompany them until they reached the outposts of the Matabele. To this proposal the Tunas were strongly opposed, and entreated me most earnestly to accompany them to their own country; urging, that as I had shown them so much kindness, I must go and experience that of their king, who, they declared, would kill them if they suffered me to return before he had seen me. Mokhatla came trembling, and begged me to go, as he and his people would flee if I refused. I pleaded my numerous engagements at the Kuruman; but argument was vain. At last, to their inexpressible joy, I consented to go as far as their first cattle outposts. Mokhatla had long wished to see the fearful Moselekatse, who had desolated the Bakone country, and the proximity of whose residence gave him just reason to tremble for the safety of his people; and it was only because they were not the rich owners of herds of cattle, that they had not already become the prey of this African Napoleon.

The rain fell heavily for successive days, during which they halted with Mokhatla, who did not stand high in favor of the missionary. His

Physiognomy and manœuvres evinced, that, while he had very little of what was noble about him, he was an adept at intrigue, and exhibited too much of the sycophant to command respect. He resolved to make himself one of my retinue. The country through which we had to travel was quite of a different character from that we had passed. It was mountainous, and wooded to the summits. Evergreens adorned the valleys, in which numerous streams of excellent water flowed through many a winding course towards the Indian Ocean. During the first and second day's journey I was charmed exceedingly, and was often reminded of Scotia's hills and dales. As it was a rainy season, every thing was fresh; the clumps of trees that studded the plains being covered with rich and living verdure. But these rocks and vales, and picturesque scenes, were often vocal with the lion's roar. It was a country once covered with a dense population. On the sides of the hills and Kashan mountains were towns in ruins, where thousands once made the country alive, amidst fruitful vales now covered with luxuriant grass, inhabited by game. The extirpating invasions of the Mantatees and Matabele had left to beasts of prey the undisputed right of these lovely woodland glens. The lion, which had revelled in human flesh, as if conscious that there was none to oppose, roamed at large, a terror to the traveller, who often heard with dismay his nightly roaring echoed back by the surrounding hills. We were mercifully preserved during the nights, though our slumbers were often interrupted by his fearful howlings. We had frequently to take our guns and precede the wagon, as the oxen sometimes took fright at the sudden rush of a rhinoceros or buffalo from a thicket. More than one instance occurred when, a rhinoceros being aroused from his slumbers by the crack of the whips, the oxen would scamper off like race-horses; when destruction of gear, and some part of the wagon, was the result.

We have little space for African landscapes; yet, for the sake of our juvenile readers, we must copy this pretty picture of a singular community, which will remind some of them of a description given by Humboldt of the Ottomaques on the banks of the Orinoco.

Having travelled one hundred miles, five days after leaving Mosega we came to the first cattle outposts of the Matabele, when we halted by a fine rivulet. My attention was arrested by a beautiful and gigantic tree, standing in a defile leading into an extensive and woody ravine, between a high range of mountains. Seeing some individuals employed on the ground under its shade, and the conical points of what looked like houses in miniature protruding through its evergreen foliage, I proceeded thither, and found that the tree was inhabited by several families of Bakones, the aborigines of the country. I ascended by the notched trunk, and found, to my amazement, no less than seventeen of these aërial abodes, and three others unfinished. On reaching the topmost hut, about thirty feet from the ground, I entered, and sat down. Its only furniture was the hay which covered the floor, a spear, a spoon, and a bowl full of locusts. Not having eaten any thing that day, and from the novelty of my situation, not wishing to return immediately to the wagons, I asked a woman who sat at the door with a babe at her breast, permission to eat. This she granted with pleasure, and soon brought me more in a powdered state. Several more females came from the neighboring roosts, stepping from branch to branch, to see the stranger, who was to them as great a curiosity as the tree was to him. I then visited the different abodes, which were on several principal branches. The structure of these houses was very simple. An oblong scaffold, about seven feet wide, is formed of straight sticks. On one end of this platform a small cone is formed, also of straight sticks, and thatched grass. A person can nearly stand upright in it; the diameter of the floor is about six feet.

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The house stands on the end of the oblong, so as to leave a little square space before the door. On the day previous I had passed several villages, some containing forty houses, all built on poles about seven or eight feet from the ground, in the form of a circle; the ascent and descent is by a knotty branch of a tree placed in front of the house. In the centre of the circle there is always a heap of the bones of game they have killed. Such were the domiciles of the impoverished thousands of the aborigines of the country, who, having been scattered and peeled by Moselekatse, had neither herd nor stall, but subsisted on locusts, roots, and the chase. They adopted this mode of architecture to escape the lions which abounded in the country. During the day the families descended to the shade beneath to dress their daily food. When the inhabitants increased, they supported the augmented weight on the branches, by upright sticks, but when lightened of their load they removed these for fire-wood.

In the original work there is a wood engraving of the tree in which are perched those human nests. It is of the fig species, and, we need not say, very large. The houses in the boughs look like so many bee-hives. Though anxious to return to his station on the Kuruman, Mr. Moffat was induced to go forward by the eloquent entreaties of his companions, of whom he conceived a very high opinion. When for the last time he proposed to go back,

'Umbate laying his right hand on my shoulder, and the left on his breast, addressed me in the following language: "Father, you have been our guardian. We are yours. You love us, and will you leave us?" and pointing to the blue mountains on the distant horizon, "Yonder," he added, "dwells the great Moselekatse, and how shall we approach his presence, if you are not with us? If you love us still, save us; for when we shall have told our news, he will ask why our conduct gave you pain to cause your return; and before the sun descend on the day we see his face, we shall be ordered out for execution, because you are not." . . . . . I now found myself in a perplexing position, these noble suppliants standing before me, 'Umbate, whose intelligent countenance beamed with benevolence, while his masculine companion, another Mars, displayed a sympathy of feeling not to be expected in the man of war, who could count his many tens of slain warriors which had adorned his head with the ring or badge of victory and honor. My own attendants, whom I had the day before been commending for their intrepidity, were looking on the transaction as if the destinies of an empire were involved; and heard, not without strong emotion, my consent to accompany the strangers to their king.

We now travelled along a range of mountains running near E. S. E., while the country to the north and east became more level, but beautifully studded with ranges of little hills, many isolated, of a conical form, along the bases of which lay the ruins of innumerable towns, some of which were of amazing extent. The soil of the valleys and extended plains was of the richest description. The torrents from the adjacent heights had, from year to year, carried away immense masses, in some places laying bare the substratum of granite rocks, exhibiting a mass of rich soil from ten to twenty feet deep, where it was evident native grain had formerly waved; and water-melons, pumpkins, kidney-beans, and sweet reed, had once flourished. The ruins of many towns showed signs of immense labor and perseverance; stone fences, averaging from four to seven feet high, raised apparently without mortar, hammer, or line. Every thing was circular, from the inner walls which surrounded each dwelling or family residence, to those which encircled a town. In traversing these ruins, I found the remains of some houses which had escaped the flames of the marauders. These were large, and displayed a far superior style to any thing I had witnessed among the other aboriginal tribes of Southern Africa. The circular walls were generally composed of hard clay, with a small mixture of cow-dung, so well plastered and polished, a refined portion of the former mixed with a kind of ore, that the interior of the house had the appearance of being varnished. The walls and door-ways were also neatly ornamented with a kind of architraves and cornices. The pillars supporting the roof in the form of pilasters, projecting from the walls, and adorned with flutings and other designs, showed much taste in the architectresses.

In short, there were many signs of a comparatively advanced state of civilization visible in the dominions of the terrible Moselekatse, dominions not long obtained by his conquest of the Bakones, whose beautiful country had recently been desolated by the Matabele. Mr. Moffat relates:

Having Matabele with me, I found it extremely difficult to elicit local information from the dejected and scattered aborigines who occasionally came in our way. These trembled before the nobles, who ruled them with a rod of iron. It was soon too evident that the usurpers were anxious to keep me in the dark about the devastations which everywhere met our eyes, and they always endeavored to be present when I came in contact with the aborigines of the country, but as I could speak the language some opportunities were afforded. One of the three servants who accompanied the two ambassadors to the Kuruman was a captive among the Mantatees, who had been defeated at Old Lithako. He, as well as his fellow-servants, felt a pleasure in speaking with us in Sechuana, their native language. . . . . He was a native of the regions through which we were now passing, and would sometimes whisper to me events connected with the desolations of his father-land. These nations he described as being once numerous as the locusts, rich in cattle, and traffickers, to a great extent, with the distant tribes of the north. . . . . . . On a Sabbath morning I ascended a hill, at the base of which we had halted the preceding evening, to spend the day. I had scarcely reached the summit and sat down, when I found that my intelligent companion had stolen away from the party, to answer some questions I had asked the day before, and to which he could not reply, because of the pre-

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sence of his superiors. Happening to turn to the right, and seeing before me a large extent of level ground covered with ruins, I inquired what had become of the inhabitants. He had just sat down, but rose, evidently with some feeling, and stretching forth his arm in the direction of the ruins, said, "I, even I, beheld it!" and paused as if in deep thought. "There lived the great chief of multitudes. He reigned among them like a king. He was the chief of the blue-colored cattle. They were numerous as the dense mist on the mountain brow; his flocks covered the plain. He thought the number of his warriors would awe his enemies. His people boasted in their spears, and laughed at the cowardice of such as had fled from their towns. 'I shall slay them, and hang up their shields on my hill. Our race is a race of warriors. Who ever subdued our fathers? they were mighty in combat. We still possess the spoils of ancient times. Have not our dogs eaten the shields of their nobles? The vultures shall devour the slain of our enemies.' Thus they sang and thus they danced, till they beheld on yonder heights the approaching foe. The noise of their song was hushed in night, and their hearts were filled with dismay. They saw the clouds ascend from the plains. It was the smoke of burning towns. The confusion of a whirlwind was in the heart of the great chief of the blue-colored cattle. This shout was raised, 'They are friends;' but they shouted again, 'They are foes,' till their near approach proclaimed them naked Matabele. The men seized their arms, and rushed out, as if to chase the antelope. The onset was as the voice of lightning, and their spears as the shaking of a forest in the autumn storm. The Matabele lions raised the shout of death, and flew upon their victims. It was the shout of victory. Their hissing and hollow groans told their progress among the dead. A few moments laid hundreds on the ground. The clash of shields was the signal of triumph. Our people fled with their cattle to the top of yonder mount. The Matabele entered the town with the roar of the lion; they pillaged and fired the houses, speared the mothers, and cast their infants to the flames. The sun went down. The victors emerged from the smoking plain, and pursued their course, surrounding the base of yonder hill. They slaughtered cattle; they danced and sang till the dawn of day; they ascended, and killed till their hands were weary of the spear." Stooping to the ground on which we stood, he took up a little dust in his hand; blowing it off, and holding out his naked palm, he added, "That is all that remains of the great chief of the blue-colored cattle!" It is impossible for me to describe my feelings while listening to this descriptive effusion of native eloquence; and I afterwards embraced opportunities of writing it down, of which the above is only an abridgment. I found also from other aborigines that his was no fabled song, but merely a compendious sketch of the catastrophe.

This extract shows Moffat's command of the language, besides affording a fine specimen of the natural eloquence of the men we are pleased to call savages. One of the ambassadors preceded Moffat to announce his arrival to the king; "to make his path straight" to the place where dwelt "the great King of Heaven, the Elephant, the Lion's paw." The inhabitants, who for the first time beheld men on horseback, scampered off in great alarm when Mr. Moffat and some of his attendants appeared mounted. The account of this African sovereign, his metropolis, his court, and his army, is one of the most original parts of the work, and that which will probably have the greatest interest for the geographer. We pass at once into the august presence of the monarch, which was not reached until due care had been taken to impress the white man with a sense of his power and dignity.

We left our intrepid missionary making his way to the court of the renowned African sovereign, Moselekatse, the king of the warlike Matabeles, "The Great King of Heaven," "The Elephant," "The Lion's paw." Moffat was the first white man who had ever penetrated so far in this direction. It will be remembered that he came hither with the ambassadors whom Moselekatse had sent to the mission station to examine and report on the wonders to be seen there; and with other secret diplomatic objects which were not avowed. In his reception of the white man, the representative of the powerful race of whom so many fables were told—this barbarous sovereign, the Napoleon of the desert, endeavored to impress him with a due sense of his own power and dignity. As this is the most important of the native tribes whom Mr. Moffat visited, and equal in interest to any of the relations given by Park or Clapperton, we must present the "Lion's Paw" with some ceremony.

He came up to us, and having been instructed in our mode of salutation, gave each a clumsy but hearty shake of the hand. He then politely turned to the food, which was placed at our feet, and invited us to partake. By this time the wagons were seen in the distance, and having intimated our wish to be directed to a place where we might encamp in the outskirts of the town, he accompanied us, keeping fast hold of my right arm, though not in the most graceful manner, yet with perfect familiarity. "The land is before you; you are come to your son. You must sleep where you please." When the "moving houses," as the wagons were called, drew near, he took a firmer grasp of my arm, and looked on them with unutterable surprise; and this man, the terror of thousands, drew back with fear, as one in doubt as to whether they were not living creatures. When the oxen were unyoked, he approached the wagon with the utmost caution, still holding me by one hand, and placing the other on his mouth, indicating his surprise. He looked at them very intently, particularly the

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wheels, and when told of how many pieces of wood each wheel was composed, his wonder was increased. After examining all very closely, one mystery yet remained,—how the large band of iron surrounding the felloes of the wheel came to be in one piece without either end or joint. 'Umbate, my friend and fellow-traveller, whose visit to our station had made him much wiser than his master, took hold of my right hand, and related what he had seen. "My eyes," he said, "saw that very hand," pointing to mine, "cut these bars of iron, take a piece off one end, and then join them as you now see them." A minute inspection ensued to discover the welded part. "Does he give medicine to the iron?" was the monarch's inquiry. "No," said 'Umbate, "nothing is used but fire, a hammer and a chisel." Moselekatse then returned to the town, where the warriors were still standing as he left them, who received him with immense bursts of applause.

Some thousands of the Matabele, composing several regiments, are distinguished by the color of their shields, as well as the kind and profusion of feathers which generally adorn their heads, having also a long feather of the blue crane rising from their brows, all which has an imposing effect at their onset. Their arms consist of a shield, short spear, and club. The club, often made of the horn of a rhinoceros or hard wood, they throw with unerring precision, so as even to strike dead the smaller antelope. . . . . Moselekatse did not fail to supply us abundantly with meat, milk, and a weak kind of beer, made from the native grain. He appeared anxious to please, and to exhibit himself and people to the best advantage. In accordance with savage notions of conferring honor, all the inhabitants and warriors of the neighboring towns were ordered to congregate at head-quarters, and on the following day a public ball was given in compliment to the strangers. A smooth plain adjoining the town was selected for the purpose, where Moselekatse took his stand in the centre of an immense circle of his soldiers, numbers of women being present, who with their shrill voices and clapping of hands took part in the concert. About thirty ladies from his harem, with long white wands, marched to the song backward and forward on the outside of the ranks, their well lubricated shining bodies being too weighty for the agile movements which characterized the matrons and damsels of lower rank. They sang their war songs, and one composed on occasion of the visit of the strangers, gazing on and adoring with trembling fear and admiration the potentate in the centre, who stood and sometimes regulated the motions of thousands by the movement of his head, or the raising or depression of his hand. He then sat down on his shield of lion's skin, and asked me if it was not fine, and if we had such things in my country. . . . . Whenever he arose or sat down, all within sight hailed him with a shout, *Bauite!* or *Aaite!* followed by a number of his high sounding titles, such as Great King, King of heaven, the Elephant, &c.

The farther account of the court and the nobles of "the great king" is full of interest. The history of an officer of the king's, degraded for some crime, but who was saved from death by the intercession of the missionary, shows that the proud, conventional sense of honor, the feelings "of chivalry," may glow as intensely in the sable breast of a barbarian in South Africa, as in the heart of a descendant of the highest Norman noblility. The sable warrior disdained the poor boon of life if deprived of his rank and privileges, and the badges of his honors; and rejected the commutation of his sentence which, to the astonishment of the other nobles, the missionary had obtained.

The sentence passed, the pardoned man was expected to bow in grateful adoration to him whom he was wont to look upon and exalt in songs applicable only to One, to whom belongs universal sway and the destinies of man. But, no! holding his hands clasped on his bosom, he replied, "O king, afflict not my heart! I have merited thy displeasure; let me be slain like the warrior; I cannot live with the poor." And, raising his hand to the ring he wore on his brow, he continued: "How can I live among the dogs of the king, and disgrace these badges of honor which I won among the spears and shields of the mighty? No, I cannot live! Let me die, O Pezoolu!" His request was granted, and his hands tied erect over his head. Now, my exertions to save his life were vain. He disdained the boon on the conditions offered, preferring to die with the honors he had won at the point of the spear—honors which even the act that condemned him did not tarnish—to exile and poverty among the children of the desert. He was led forth, a man walking on each side. My eye followed him till he reached the top of a precipice, over which he was precipitated into the deep pool of the river beneath, where the crocodiles, accustomed to such meals, were yawning to devour him ere he could reach the bottom! This was a Sabbath morning scene, such as heathenism exhibits to the view of the Christian philanthropist; and such as is calculated to excite in his bosom feelings of the deepest sympathy. This magnanimous heathen knew of no hereafter. He was without God and without hope. But, however deplorable the state of such a person may be, he will not be condemned as equally guilty with those who, in the midst of light and knowledge, self-separated from the body, recklessly rush into the presence of their Maker and their Judge. . . . . . .

Moselekatse's conduct in this affair produced a strange impression among his people, some of whom regarded me as an extraordinary being, who could thus influence one more terrible to them than the fiercest lion of the forest. His government, so far as I could discover, was the very essence of despotism. The persons of the people, as well as their possessions, were the property of their monarch. . . . . Although his tyranny was such, that one would have supposed his subjects would execrate his name, they were the most servile devotees of their master. Wherever he was seated, or wherever he slept, a number of sycophants, fantastically dressed, attended him, whose business was to march, jump, and dance about, sometimes standing adoring his person, then

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manœuvring with a stick and vociferating the mighty deeds of valor performed by himself and Machobane. The same things are repeated again and again, and often with a rapidity of articulation which baffles the understanding of their own countrymen. After listening many times, I was able, with the assistance of one of these parasites, to pick up the following expressions :—"O Pezoolu, the king of kings, king of the heavens, who would not fear before the son of Machobane, mighty in battle! Where are the mighty before the presence of our great king? Where is the strength of the forest before the great elephant? The proboscis is breaking the branches of the forest! It is the sound of the shields of the son of Machobane. He breathes upon their faces; it is the fire among the dry grass! His enemies are consumed before him, king of kings! Father of fire, he ascends to the blue heavens; he sends his lightnings into the clouds, and makes the rain to descend! Ye mountains, woods, and grassy plains, hearken to the voice of the son of Machobane, king of heaven!" This is a specimen of the sounding titles which incessantly meet the ear of this proud mortal, and are sufficient to make the haughty monarch believe that he is what the terror of the name of Dingaan convinced him he was not; for, notwithstanding all his vain boasts, he could not conceal his fears of the successor of the bloody Chaka, against whose iron sway he had rebelled.

Monarchy was seen here in its highest perfection. The character of the monarch, the Napoleon, or the Nicholas of Africa, is of itself a study. We can only give a faint indication of his previous career, which is described at great length.

Though but a follower in the footpaths of Chaka, the career of Moselekatse, from the period of his revolt till the time I saw him, and long after, formed an interminable catalogue of crimes. Scarcely a mountain, over extensive regions, but bore the marks of his deadly ire. His experience and native cunning enabled him to triumph over the minds of his men, and made his trembling captives soon adore him as an invincible sovereign. Those who resisted, and would not stoop to be his dogs, he butchered. He trained the captured youth in his own tactics, so that the majority of his army were foreigners; but his chiefs and nobles gloried in their descent from the Zoolu dynasty. He had carried his arms far into the tropics, where, however, he had more than once met with his equal; and on one occasion, of six hundred warriors, only a handful returned to be sacrificed, merely because they had not conquered, or fallen with their companions. . . . . In his person he was below the middle stature, rather corpulent, with a short neck, and in his manner could be exceedingly affable and cheerful. His voice, soft and effeminate, did not indicate that his disposition was passionate; and, happily for his people, it was not so, or many would have been butchered in the ebullitions of his anger.

The above is but a faint description of this Napoleon of the desert,—a man with whom I often conversed, and who was not wanting in consideration and kindness, as well as gratitude. But to sympathy and compassion his heart appeared a stranger. The following incident, for a day or two, threw a mystery over my character which he could not understand, though it was only an illustration of the principles I labored to implant in his heart, apparently impervious to any tender emotion which had not self for its object.

The affecting incident which afforded the missionary an opportunity to display what are Christian feelings and principles, tended, with many other circumstances, to excite Mokhatla's curiosity, is too long for us. The missionary was to him a completely new specimen of humanity, and consequently a mystery, whose motives of action were incomprehensible. Mr. Moffat says—

He asked me if I could make rain. I referred him to the Governor of the universe, who alone could give rain and fruitful seasons. 'Umbate was more than once called to bear his testimony as to our operations and manner of living at the Kuruman. Our leaving our own country for the sake of the natives, obedient to the will of the invisible Being whose character I described, was to him a bewildering fact; for he did not appear to doubt my word; and how we could act independently of our sovereign, or without being his emissaries, he could not understand: but his greatest puzzle was, that I had not seen my king, and could not describe his riches, by the numbers of his flocks and herds. I tried to explain to him the character of the British government, the extent of our commerce, and the good our nation was doing in sending the Gospel of peace and salvation to the nations which know not God; and told him also, that our king too had his instructors to teach him to serve that God, who alone was "King of kings, and King of the heavens." "Is your king like me?" he asked. I was sorry I could not give him a satisfactory reply. When I described the blessed effects of peace, the populousness of my own country, the industry of the people, the number of sheep and cattle daily slaughtered in the great towns, the reigning passion again burst forth in the exclamation, "Your nation must be terrible in battle; you must tell your king I wish to live in peace."

The day after this conversation he came to me, attended by a party of his warriors, who remained at a short distance from us, dancing and singing. Their yells and shouts, their fantastic leaps, and distorted gestures, would have impressed a stranger with the idea that they were more like a company of fiends than men. Addressing me, he said, "I am a king, but you are Machobane,"* and I am come to sit at your feet for instruction." This was seasonable; for my mind had just been occupied in contemplating the miseries of the savage state. I spoke much on man's ruin, and man's redemption. "Why," he asked, "are you so earnest that I abandon all war, and not kill men?" "Look on the human bones which lie scattered over your dominions." was my reply. "They speak in awful language,

* The name of the king's father, which he in reverence gave to the missionary.—*E. T. M.*

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and to me they say, 'Whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man also will his blood be shed.'" This was fearful language in the ears of such a murderer. "You say," he added, "that the dead will rise again." My remarks on this subject were startling in the ears of a savage, and he interrupted by hastily assuring me that he would not go to war. While we were yet speaking, a body of *Machaha* soldiers advanced, and bowed behind their shields at a distance, to wait his awful nod. The Entoto (married man) their leader, then addressed him in language and attitude the most suppliant. The burden of the petition was, "Permit us, O king of heavens, to obtain new shields:" in other words, "Allow us to go and attack some distant town, to acquire new spoils and fresh glory." This was an inauspicious moment for these ambitious men. Turning to me, the monarch said, "You see it is my people who wish to make war," and instantly dismissed them from his presence.

As he was rather profuse in his honorary titles, especially in calling me a king, I requested him rather to call me teacher, or any thing but a king. "Then," he said, "shall I call you my father?" "Yes," I rejoined, "but only on condition that you be an obedient son." This drew from him and his nobles a hearty laugh. When I recommended a system which would secure not only safety, but plenty to his people, without the unnatural one of keeping up a force of many thousands of unmarried warriors, he tried to convince me that his people were happy; and to a stranger they might appear so, for, alas! they dared not let any murmur reach his ear; but I knew more than he was aware of. I knew many a couch was steeped with silent tears, and many an acre stained with human blood. About ten minutes after the conversation, a lovely boy, the son of one of his many wives, sat smiling on my knee, caressing me as if I were his own father. As some of the king's harem were seated near, I asked the boy which was his mother. He shook his little head and sighed. I asked no more, but learned soon after that the mother, who was the daughter of a captive chief, was a superior woman, and took the liberty of remonstrating with her lord on the multitude of his concubines. One morning she was dragged out of her house, and her head severed from her body.

The happiness of the king and his subjects appeared to be entirely derived from their success in war, and the reward of a wife was a stimulus to his men to multiply their victims. Days of feasting were held, when they glutted themselves with flesh. The bloody bowl was the portion of those who could count the tens they had slain in the day of battle.

The parting scene of the missionary and this barbarous monarch is characteristic:

Having resolved on returning, Moselekatse accompanied me in my wagón a long day's journey to one of his principal towns. He soon became accustomed to the jolting of an African wagon, and found it convenient to lay his well-lubricated body down on my bed, to take a nap. On awaking he invited me to lie down beside him; but I begged to be excused, preferring to enjoy the scenery around me. Two more days we spent together, during which I renewed my entreaties that he would abstain from war, promising that one day he should be favored with missionaries, which he professed to desire. Having obtained from me my telescope, for the purpose, he said, of seeing on the other side of the mountains if Dingaan, the king of the Zoolus, whom he justly dreaded, was approaching, I bade him farewell, with scarcely a hope that the Gospel could be successful among the Matabele, until there should be a revolution in the government of a monarch, who demanded that homage which pertains to God alone. . . . To my solemn exhortations he only replied, "Pray to your God to keep me from the power of Dingaan."

Mr. Moffat made a subsequent visit to this monarch, who had in the interval been constantly engaged in wars, and has since been driven from his conquests. Before he fled, the influence and admonitions of Moffat had this good effect:

Overwhelmed by such superior and unexpected forces, he fled to the north; and it merits notice, that before his departure he allowed all the captive Bahurutsi, Bakhatla, and other neighboring tribes, to return to their own land. This was a measure which astonished the natives, who have since congregated on the ancient domains of their forefathers; and if no foreign power again drive them from their native glens, they will erelong become the interesting objects of missionary labor.

By this time the tide had fairly turned in favor of the missionaries among the people amidst whom Mr. Moffat was stationed. The progress of evangelizing and civilizing, slow in the beginning, became rapid. The country, which had suffered from several successive years of great drought, had, in the season after he returned from visiting the Matabele, been blessed with plenteous fertilizing rains, and the fields and gardens teemed with a plenty which had been unknown for years. The native settlers began to cultivate the new sorts of grain and vegetables presented to them by the missionaries, and to plant fruit-trees; and all was cheerfulness and good-humor. The new converts among the natives soon became eminently useful in spreading knowledge and the love of improvement. Many were learning to read their native language; and Mr. Moffat had translated the Gospel of St. Luke, and Dr. Brown's Scripture Texts. A neat chapel, a school-house, dwellings for the missionaries, and workshops, had been substantially built by the voluntary assistance of the natives; and the important improvement of irrigation had been attended to: the natives, seeing the uses of water-courses, imitated what they saw, and gradually adopted those barrows, ploughs, harrows, spades and mattocks, which they had formerly ridiculed and despised, as innovations on the wisdom of their ancestors. Great progress was



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made at the station during the year in which Mr. Moffat was at Cape Town getting his translations printed, and acquiring a knowledge of the art of printing, which, together with that of the blacksmith, the mason, the carpenter, &c., was now brought to the station. A small hymn-book was first printed there. We are told—

Among the treasures brought with us from the colony, was a box of materials for clothing, for the encouragement of such as were making efforts to clothe themselves. This was the first supply of the kind, and nothing could be more seasonable to a people just beginning to emerge from barbarism, the impoverished remains of scattered tribes, but the first-fruits of the Gospel among the Bechuanas. The needy were supplied, and many a heart was made glad.

Mr. Moffat contends that "evangelization must precede civilization." Among his converts they seem to have gone hand in hand. It was either made a condition or was a decent custom observed, that those who were baptized should previously procure decent clothing. How much of happy change to a whole people is comprehended in the following passage.

Hitherto, a sewing school had been uncalled for, the women's work being that of building houses, raising fences and cultivating the ground, while the lords of the creation, for their own convenience and comfort, had from time immemorial added to their pursuits the exercise of sewing their garments, which, from their durability and scanty supply, was any thing but a laborious work. It was a novel sight to observe women and young girls handling the little bright instrument, which was scarcely perceptible to the touch of fingers accustomed to grasp the handle of a pickaxe, or to employ them to supply the absence of trowels. But they were willing, and Mrs. M., in order to encourage them, engaged to meet them as often as her strength would permit. She had soon a motley group of pupils, very few of the whole party possessing either a frock or gown. The scarcity of materials was a serious impediment to progress; and living as we did far beyond the reach of traders, and six hundred miles from a market town, it was next to impossible to obtain them, at least just when wanted. The same Gospel which had taught them that they were spiritually miserable, blind, and naked, discovered to them also that they needed reform externally, and thus prepared their minds to adopt those modes of comfort, cleanliness and convenience, which they had been accustomed to view only as the peculiarities of a strange people. Thus, by the slow but certain progress of Gospel principles, whole families became clothed and in their right mind. Ornaments which were formerly in high repute, as adorning, but more frequently disfiguring their persons, were now turned into bullion to purchase skins of animals, which being prepared almost as soft as cloth, were made into jackets, trowsers, and gowns. When opportunity was afforded by the visit of a trader, British manufactures were eagerly purchased.

For a long period, when a man was seen to make a pair of trowsers for himself, or a woman a gown, it was a sure intimation that we might expect additions to our inquirers; abandoning the custom of painting the body, and beginning to wash with water, was with them what cutting off the hair was among the South Sea islanders, a public renunciation of heathenism.

The garments were, and probably still are, awkward, grotesque, and incongruous enough, according to European ideas; but what an advance from the grease and ochre besmeared persons and filthy customs of former times!

Our congregation now became a variegated mass, including all descriptions, from the lubricated wild man of the desert, to the clean, comfortable, and well dressed believer. The same spirit diffused itself through all the routine of household economy. Formerly a chest, a chair, a candle, or a table, were things unknown, and supposed to be only the superfluous accompaniments of beings of another order. Although they never disputed the superiority of our attainments in being able to manufacture these superfluities, they would however question our common sense in taking so much trouble about them. They thought us particularly extravagant in burning fat in the form of candles, instead of rubbing it on our bodies, or depositing it in our stomachs.

A bunch of home-made candles hanging from the wall of a hut was now often to be seen; and afforded the missionary more gratification than the most charming picture; as an indication that instead of moping over the embers, unable to see what they were eating, or each other, the inmates could now read, work, and converse by the steady light of a candle. "We have been like the beasts," the poor Bechuanas would now exclaim; "what shall we do to be saved?"

The lovers of Natural History, and juvenile readers, will find much to gratify their tastes in this volume, which abounds in anecdotes of lions, elephants, baboons, hyenas, buffaloes, &c.; and of the dangers incurred in numerous encounters with them, while the missionary was travelling through the arid deserts. The perils and adventures of Mr. Catlin among the Red Indians, and the buffaloes and bisons of the "Far, *far* west," are not nearly so stirring as those of the missionary Moffat, in the wilds of Africa, while bivouacking or seeking food for himself and his attendants in the chase. And he appears to have handled a rifle quite as bravely and as skilfully as a text. One night, when sorely in want of "a collop," he went with two of his company, to watch

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**at a place where wild cattle were likely to come to drink, resolving to shoot whatever first appeared, rather than be, next day, exposed to the burning sun, on an arid plain, in hunting for food. The hunters lay in a hollow place, close by the fountain.**

It was half moonlight, and rather cold, though the days were warm. We remained for a couple of hours, waiting with great anxiety for something to appear. We at length heard a loud lapping at the water, under the dark shadowy bank, within twenty yards of us. "What is that?" I asked Bogachu. "Ririmala," (be silent,) he said; "there are lions, they will hear us." A hint was more than enough; and thankful were we, that, when they had drunk, they did not come over the smooth grassy surface in our direction. Our next visitors were two buffaloes, one immensely large. My wagon-driver, Mosi, who also had a gun, seeing them coming directly towards us, begged me to fire. I refused, having more dread of a wounded buffalo than of almost any other animal. He fired; and though the animal was severely wounded, he stood like a statue with his companion, within a hundred yards of us, for more than an hour, waiting to see us move, in order to attack us. We lay in an awkward position for that time, scarcely daring to whisper; and when he at last retired we were so stiff with cold, that flight would have been impossible had an attack been made. We then moved about till our blood began to circulate. Our next visitors were two giraffes; one of these we wounded. A troop of quaggas next came; but the successful instinct of the principal stallion, in surveying the precincts of the water, galloping round in all directions to catch any strange scent, and returning to the troop with a whistling noise, to announce danger, set them off at full speed. The next was a huge rhinoceros, which, receiving a mortal wound, departed. Hearing the approach of more lions, we judged it best to leave; and after a lonely walk of four miles through bushes, hyenas and jackals, we reached the village, when I felt thankful, resolving never to hunt by night at a water-pool, till I could find nothing to eat elsewhere. Next day the rhinoceros and buffalo were found, which afforded a plentiful supply.

**The thrilling adventures of Mr. Moffat, and other travellers in Africa, throw the feats of our lion-tamers of the theatre into the shade.**

**In another place our hunter relates—**

When I had occasion to hunt, in order to supply the wants of myself and people, a troop of men would follow, and as soon as a rhinoceros or any other animal was shot, a fire was made, and some would be roasting, while the others would be cutting and tearing away at the ponderous carcase, which is soon dissected. During these operations they would exhibit all the gestures of heathenish joy, making an uproar as if a town were on fire. I do not wonder that Mr. Campbell once remarked on a similar occasion, that from their noise and gestures he did not know his travelling companions. Having once shot a rhinoceros, the men surrounded it with roaring congratulation. In vain I shouted that it was not dead: a dozen spears were thrust into it, when up started the animal in a fury, and tearing up the ground with his horn, made every one fly in terror. These animals were very numerous in this part of the country; they are not gregarious, more than four or five being seldom seen together, though I once observed nine following each other to the water. They fear no enemy but man, and are fearless of him when wounded and pursued. The lion flies before them like a cat; the mohohu, the largest species, has been known even to kill the elephant, by thrusting the horn into his ribs.

**On another occasion, when Moffat was traversing the desert, bound on a distant expedition, he relates—**

Our journey lay over a wild and dreary country, inhabited by Balalas only, and but a sprinkling of these. On the night of the third day's journey, having halted at a pool, (Khokhole,) we listened, on the lonely plain, for the sound of an inhabitant, but all was silent. We could discover no lights, and, amid the darkness were unable to trace footmarks to the pool. We let loose our wearied oxen to drink and graze, but as we were ignorant of the character of the company with which we might have to spend the night, we took a firebrand, and examined the edges of the pool to see, from the imprints, what animals were in the habit of drinking there, and, with terror, discovered many *spoors* of lions. We immediately collected the oxen, and brought them to the wagon, to which we fastened them with the strongest thongs we had, having discovered in their appearance something rather wild, indicating that either from scent or sight, they knew danger was near. The two Barolongs had brought a young cow with them, and though I recommended their making her fast also, they very humorously replied that she was too wise to leave the wagon and oxen, even though a lion should be scented. We took a little supper, which was followed by our evening hymn and prayer. I had retired only a few minutes to my wagon to prepare for the night, when the whole of the oxen started to their feet. A lion had seized the cow only a few steps from their tails, and dragged it to the distance of thirty or forty yards, where we distinctly heard it tearing the animal, and breaking the bones, while its bellowings were most pitiful. When these were over, I seized my gun, but as it was too dark to see any object at half the distance, I aimed at the spot where the devouring jaws of the lion were heard. I fired again and again, to which he replied with tremendous roars, at the same time making a rush towards the wagon, so as exceedingly to terrify the oxen. The two Barolongs engaged to take firebrands, advance a few yards, and throw them at him, so as to afford me a degree of light, that I might take aim, the place being bushy. They had scarcely discharged them from their hands, when the flame went out, and the enraged animal rushed towards them with such swiftness, that I had barely time to turn the gun and fire between the men and the lion, and providentially the ball struck the ground immediately under his head, as we found by ex-

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amination the following morning. From this surprise he returned, growling dreadfully. The men darted through some thorn-bushes with countenances indicative of the utmost terror. It was now the opinion of all that we had better let him alone if he did not molest us.

Having but a scanty supply of wood to keep up a fire, one man crept among the bushes on one side of the pool, while I proceeded for the same purpose on the other side. I had not gone far, when, looking upward to the edge of the small basin, I discerned between me and the sky four animals, whose attention appeared to be directed to me, by the noise I made in breaking a dry stick. On closer inspection, I found that the large, round, hairy-headed visitors were lions; and retreated on my hands and feet towards the other side of the pool, when, coming to my wagon-driver, to inform him of our danger, I found him looking, with no little alarm, in an opposite direction, and with good reason, as no fewer than two lions, with a cub, were eyeing us both, apparently as uncertain about us as we were distrustful of them. They appeared, as they always do in the dark, twice the usual size. We thankfully decamped to the wagon, and sat down to keep alive our scanty fire, while we listened to the lion tearing and devouring his prey. When any of the other hungry lions dared to approach, he would pursue them for some paces, with a horrible howl, which made our poor oxen tremble, and produced any thing but agreeable sensations in ourselves. We had reason for alarm, lest any of the six lions we saw, fearless of our small fire, might rush in among us. The two Barolongs were grudging the lion his fat meal, and would now and then break the silence with a deep sigh, and expressions of regret that such a vagabond lion should have such a feast on their cow, which they anticipated would have afforded them many a draught of luscious milk. Before the day dawned, having deposited nearly the whole of the carcase in his stomach, he collected the head, backbone, parts of the legs, the paunch, which he emptied of its contents, and the two clubs which had been thrown at him, and walked off, leaving nothing but some fragments of bones, and one of my balls, which had hit the carcase instead of himself.

When it was light we examined the spot, and found, from the foot-marks, that the lion was a large one, and had devoured the cow himself. I had some difficulty in believing this, but was fully convinced by the Barolongs pointing out to me that the foot-marks of the other lions had not come within thirty yards of the spot, two jackals only had approached to lick up any little leavings. The men pursued the spoor to find the fragments, where the lion had deposited them, while he retired to a thicket to sleep during the day. I had often heard how much a large, hungry lion could eat, but nothing less than a demonstration would have convinced me that it was possible for him to have eaten all the flesh of a good heifer, and many of the bones, for scarcely a rib was left, and even some of the marrow-bones were broken as if with a hammer. . . . . . Much has been written about African lions, but the half has not been told. The following trait in their character may not be intrusive, or partaking of the marvellous, with which the tales of some travellers are said to abound. I give it as received from men of God, and men who had been experienced Nimrods too. The old lion, when in company with his children, as the natives call them, though they are nearly as big as himself; or, when numbers together happen to come upon game, the oldest or ablest creeps to the object, while the others crouch on the grass; if he be successful, which he generally is, he retires from his victim, and lies down to breathe, and rest, for perhaps a quarter of an hour; in the mean time, the others draw around, and lie down at a respectful distance. When the chief one has got his rest, he commences at the abdomen and breast, and after making havoc with the tit-bits of the carcase, he will take a second rest, none of the others presuming to move. Having made a second gorge, he retires, the others, watching his motions, rush on the remainder, and it is soon devoured. At other times, if a young lion seizes the prey, and an old one happens to come up, the younger retires till the elder has dined. This was what Africaner called better manners than those of the Namaquas, [who abandon their aged parents.]

Passing along a vale, we came to a spot where the lion appeared to have been exercising himself in the way of leaping. As the natives are very expert in tracing the manœuvres of animals by their footmarks, it was soon discovered that a large lion had crept towards a short black stump, very like the human form; when within about a dozen yards, it bounded on its supposed prey, when, to his mortification, he fell a foot or two short of it. According to the testimony of a native who had been watching his motions, and who joined us soon after, the lion lay for some time steadfastly eyeing its supposed meal. It then arose, smelt the object, and returned to the spot from which he commenced his first leap, and leaped four several times, till at last he placed his paw on the imagined prize. On another occasion, when Africaner and an attendant were passing near the end of a hill, from which jutted out a smooth rock of ten or twelve feet high, he observed a number of zebras pressing round it, obliged to keep the path, beyond which it was precipitous. A lion was seen creeping up towards the path, to intercept the large stallion, which is always in the rear to defend or warn the troop. The lion missed his mark, and while the zebra rushed round the point, the lion knew well if he could mount the rock at one leap, the next would be on the zebra's back, it being obliged to turn towards the hill. He fell short, with only his head over the stone, looking at the galloping zebra switching his tail in the air. He then tried a second and a third leap, till he succeeded. In the mean time two more lions came up, and seemed to talk and roar away about something, while the old lion led them round the rock, and round it again; then he made another grand leap, to show them what he and they must do next time. Africaner added, with the most perfect gravity, "They evidently talked to each other, but though loud enough, I could not understand a word they said; and, fearing lest we should be the next objects of their skill, we crept away and left them in council."

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**At an earlier period, and in another part of the country, the following circumstance occurred, and formed Mr. Moffat's first introduction to the companionship of lions:**

One night we were quietly bivouacked at a small pool on the 'Oup River, where we never anticipated a visit from his majesty. We had just closed our united evening worship, the book was still in my hand, and the closing notes of the song of praise had scarcely fallen from our lips, when the terrific roar of the lion was heard: our oxen, which before were quietly chewing the cud, rushed upon us, and over our fires, leaving us prostrated in a cloud of dust and sand. Hats and hymn books, our Bible and our guns, were all scattered in wild confusion. Providentially, no serious injury was sustained; the oxen were pursued, brought back, and secured to the wagon, for we could ill afford to lose any. Africaner, seeing the reluctance of the people to pursue in a dark and gloomy ravine, grasped a firebrand, and exclaimed, "Follow me!" and but for this promptness and intrepidity we must have lost some of our number, for nothing can exceed the terror of oxen at even the smell of a lion. Though they may happen to be in the worst condition possible, worn out with fatigue and hunger, the moment the shaggy monster is perceived, they start like race-horses, with their tails erect, and sometimes days will elapse before they are found.

**While travelling with the ambassadors of Mokhatla, the chief or king mentioned above, he relates—**

As we were retiring to rest one night, a lion passed near us, occasionally giving a roar, which softly died away on the extended plain, as it was responded to by another at a distance. Directing the attention of these *Balala* to this sound, and asking if they thought there was danger, they turned their ears as to a voice with which they were familiar, and, after listening for a moment or two, replied, "There is no danger; he has eaten, and is going to sleep." They were right, and we slept also. Asking them in the morning how they knew the lions were going to sleep, they replied, "We live with them; they are our companions."

**There is greater loss of human life from the hyenas entering the towns and villages by night, and lying in wait at the pools whence the women and children fetch water, than from the "monarch of the wild." Upon one occasion Mr. Moffat ran more danger from what are considered very ignoble animals—from baboons, than he ever had done from the lion. The whole passage is full of beauty, and shows the author to be a man who really need not fear to preach before the most cultivated audience that Cape Town or any other town could furnish. When travelling towards Griqua Town, and near the Orange River, he had the following animating series of adventures:—**

On one occasion I was remarkably preserved' when all expected that my race was run. We had reached the river early in the afternoon, after a dreadfully scorching ride across a plain. Three of my companions, who were in advance, rode forward to a Bushman village, on an ascent some hundred yards from the river. I went, because my horse would go, towards a little pool on a dry branch, from which the flood or torrent had receded to the larger course. Dismounting, I pushed through a narrow opening in the bushes, and lying down, took a hearty draught. Immediately on raising myself I felt an unusual taste in my mouth, and looking attentively at the water, and the temporary fence around, it flashed across my mind that the water was poisoned for the purpose of killing game. I came out, and meeting one of our number, who had been a little in the rear, just entering, told him my suspicion.

**He recovered, after great suffering, and tells—**

I was deeply affected by the sympathy of these poor Bushmen, to whom we were utter strangers. When they saw me laugh, they deafened our ears with expressions of satisfaction, making a croaking and clicking, of which their language seemed to be made up. And these barbarians to the letter "showed us no little kindness," for they gave us some meat of zebras, which had died from drinking the same water on the preceding day. This was very acceptable; for having fasted that day, we were all ready for a meal; and, though the poisoned water had partially blunted my appetite, I enjoyed a steak of the black-looking flesh mingled with its yellow fat.

On leaving the next morning, I gave these poor people a good share of our small stock of tobacco, which set them all dancing like Merryandrews, blessing our visit with the most fantastic gestures. It grieved me that, from the want of an interpreter, I could say but little to them about Him who came to redeem the poor and the needy.

These people had come down from the desert on the north in search of water, and were subsisting by the chase, by catching a solitary animal in a pit-fall, or else destroying it with water poisoned by an infusion of bulbs, or other roots. They were evidently living in some fear of the Corannas on the opposite side of the river, whose cattle form a tempting bait to these hungry wanderers. Thinking, and *justly too*, that some part of the earth's surface *must be theirs*, they naturally imagine that if *their* game is shot, and their honey pilfered, they have a right to reprisals, according to natural law, and therefore cannot resist the temptation of seizing the property of their more wealthy neighbors, when it lies within reach.

On the seventh day we reached that part of the river called Quis or Kwees, from which we intended to go in a direct course to Griqua Town, leaving the Orange River far to the right. We had previously made inquiries about the country which lay between: some said there was water; others, that we should find none. We had eaten a small portion of meat that morning, reserving only enough for *one* single meal, lest we should get no more; and drank freely of water, to keep the stomach distended; and felt tolerably com-

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fortable. At night we came to some old huts, where were remains of tobacco gardens, which had been watered with wooden vessels from the adjoining river. We spent the evening in one of these huts; though, from certain holes for ingress and egress, it was evidently a domicile for hyenas, and other beasts of prey. We had scarcely ended our evening song of praise to Him whose watchful care had guided and preserved us through the day, when the distant and dolorous howls of the hyena, and the no less inharmonious jabbering of the jackal, announced the kind of company with which we were to spend the night; while, from the river, the hippopotami kept up a blowing and snorting chorus. Our sleep was any thing but sweet. On the addition of the dismal notes of the hooting owl, one of our men remarked, "We want only the lion's roar to complete the music of the desert." "Were they as sleepy and tired as I am," said another, "they would find something else to do." In the morning we found that some of these night scavengers had approached very near the door of our hut.

Having refreshed ourselves with a bath and a draught of water, we prepared for the thirsty road we had to traverse; but, before starting, a council was held, whether we should finish the last small portion of meat, which any one might have devoured in a minute, or reserve it. The decision was to keep it till evening. We sought in vain for ixia bulbs. Our only resource, according to the custom of the country, was to fill ourselves with as much water as our bodies could contain. We were obliged to halt during the day, fearing our horses would give up, from the excessive heat. When the evening drew on, we had to ascend and descend several sand-hills, which, weary and faint from two days' fasting, was to us exceedingly fatiguing. Vanderbyle and myself were somewhat in advance of the rest, when we observed our three companions remaining behind; but supposing they staid to strike light and kindle their pipes, we thoughtlessly rode forward. Having proceeded some distance we halted, and hallooed, but received no reply. We fired a shot, but no one answered. We pursued our journey in the direction of the high ground near the Long Mountains, through which our path lay. On reaching a bushless plain, we alighted, and made a fire: another shot was fired, and we listened with intense earnestness; but gloomy, desert silence reigned around. We conversed, as well as our parched lips would allow, on what must be done. To wait till morning would only increase the length of our suffering,—to retrace our steps was impossible:—probably they had wandered from the path, and might never overtake us: at the same time we felt most reluctant to proceed. We had just determined to remain, when we thought we would fire one more shot. It was answered—by the lion, apparently close to the place where we stood. No wood was at hand to make a fire, nothing but tufts of grass; so we ran, and remounted our horses, urging them on towards a range of dark mountains, the gloom increasing as we proceeded; but as our horses could not go much above a walking pace, we were in dread every moment of being overtaken. If we drew up to listen, his approach in the rear was distinctly heard. On reaching the winding glen or pass through the mountains, despairing of escape from our enemy, we resolved to ascend a steep, where, from a precipice, we might pelt him with stones; for we had only a couple of balls left. On dragging ourselves and horses up the steep, we found the supposed refuge too uneven for a standing-place, and not one fragment of loose stone to be found. Our situation was now doubly dangerous; for, on descending to the path, the query was, on which side is the lion? My companion took his steel and flint, to try, by striking them, if he could not discover traces of the lion's paws on the path, expecting every moment that he would bound on one of us. The terror of the horses soon told us that the object of our dread was close to us, but on the right side, namely, in our rear. We instantly remounted, and continued to pursue the track, which we had sometimes great difficulty in tracing along its zig-zag windings, among bushes, stones and sand. The dark towering cliffs around us, the deep silence of which was disturbed by the grunt of a solitary baboon, or the squalling of some of its young ones, added to the coloring of the night's picture. We had not proceeded very far before the lion gave a tremendous roar, which, echoing from precipice to precipice, sounded as if we were within a lion's den. On reaching the egress of the defile through which we had passed, we were cheered by the waning moon, rising bright in the east. Descending again, we would gladly have laid our weary limbs down to rest; but thirst, and the possibility of the lion's resolving to make his supper on one of us, propelled our weary steps, for our horses were completely jaded.

We continued our slow and silent march for hours. The tongue cleaving to the roof of the mouth from thirst, made conversation extremely difficult. At last we reached the long-wished for "waterfall," so named because, when it rains, water sometimes falls, though in small quantities; but it was too late to ascend the hill. We allowed our poor worn-out horses to go where they pleased, and having kindled a small fire, and produced a little saliva by smoking a pipe, we talked about our lost companions, who happened for their comfort to have the morsel of meat, and who, as Jantye thought, would wander from the position in which we left them towards the river. We bowed the knee to Him who had mercifully preserved us, and laid our heads on our saddles. The last sound we heard to soothe us, was the distant roar of the lion, but we were too much exhausted to feel any thing like fear. Sleep came to our relief, and it seemed made up of scenes the most lovely, forming a glowing contrast to our real situation. I felt as if engaged, during my short repose, in roving among ambrosial bowers of paradisaical delight, hearing sounds of music, as if from angels' harps; it was the night wind falling on my ears from the neighboring hill. I seemed to pass from stream to stream, in which I bathed and slaked my thirst at many a crystal fount, flowing from golden mountains enriched with living green. These Elysian pleasures continued till morning dawn, when we awoke, speechless with thirst, our eyes inflamed, and our whole frames burning like a coal. We were, however, somewhat less fatigued, but wanted water, and had recourse to another pipe before we could articulate a word.

My companion then directed me to a projecting rock, near the top of the hill, where, if there

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were water at all, it would be found. I took up the gun to proceed in that direction, while he went in search of the horses, which we feared might have been devoured by the lion. I ascended the rugged height to the spot where water once was, but found it as dry as the sandy plain beneath. I stood a few minutes, stretching my languid eye to see if there were any appearance of the horses, but saw nothing; turning to descend, I happened to cough, and was instantly surrounded by almost a hundred baboons, some of gigantic size. They grunted, grinned, and sprang from stone to stone, protruding their mouths, and drawing back the skin of their foreheads, threatening an instant attack. I kept parrying them with my gun, which was loaded; but I knew their character and disposition too well to fire, for if I had wounded one of them, I should have been skinned in five minutes. The ascent was very laborious, but I would have given any thing to be at the bottom of the hill again. Some came so near as even to touch my hat while passing projecting rocks. It was some time before I reached the plain, when they appeared to hold a noisy council, either about what they had done, or intended doing. Levelling my piece at two that seemed the most fierce, as I was about to touch the trigger, the thought occurred, I have escaped, let me be thankful; therefore I left them uninjured, perhaps with the gratification of having given me a fright.

Jantye soon appeared with the horses. My looks, more expressive than words, convincing him that there was no water, we saddled the poor animals, which, though they had picked up a little grass, looked miserable beyond description. We now directed our course towards Witte water, where we could scarcely hope to arrive before afternoon, even if we reached it at all, for we were soon obliged to dismount, and drive our horses slowly and silently over the glowing plain, where the delusive mirage tantalized our feelings with exhibitions of the loveliest pictures, of lakes and pools studded with lovely islets, and towering trees moving in the breeze on their banks. In some might be seen the bustle of a mercantile harbor, with jetties, coves, and moving rafts and oars; in others, lakes so lovely, as if they had just come from the hand of the Divine artist, a transcript of Eden's sweetest views, but all the result of highly rarefied air, or the reflected heat of the sun's rays on the sultry plain. Sometimes, when the horses and my companion were some hundred yards in advance, they appeared as if lifted from the earth, or moving like dark living pillars in the air. Many a time did we seek old ant hills, excavated by the ant-eater, into which to thrust our heads, in order to have something solid between our fevered brains and the piercing rays of the sun. There was no shadow of a great rock, the shrubs sapless, barren, and blighted, as if by some blast of fire. Nothing animate was to be seen or heard, except the shrill chirping of a beetle, resembling the cricket, the noise of which seemed to increase with the intensity of the heat. Not a cloud had been seen since we left our homes.

The hardships of the missionary, on this wild journey, were not yet ended, nor was his every day course of life without severe privation.

We have been tempted beyond all due bounds by this fascinating narrative, which combines beauty and interest of every sort, divine and human. One more isolated picture, and we have done, sincerely hoping that tens and hundreds of thousands may experience the same delight and instruction from the perusal of this narrative, that it has afforded to ourselves. By a happy suggestion, the singing of hymns, which Moffat had composed or translated into the native language, was adopted, and it charmed the natives. A distant chief, of mild and highly interesting character, named Mosheu, had, at different times, visited, the station, and had brought his family to be instructed; and while out on a tour, Moffat visited his village, where this animated scene occurred:

The moment I entered the village, the hue-and-cry was raised, and old and young, mother and children, came running together as if it were to see some great prodigy. . . . . I took my Testament and a hymn-book, and with such singers as I had, gave out a hymn, read a chapter, and prayed; then taking the text, "God so loved the world," etc., discoursed to them for about an hour. Great order and profound silence were maintained. The scene (so well depicted in the vignette in the title-page) was in the centre of the village, composed of Bechuana and Coranna houses and cattle-folds. Some of these contained the cattle, sheep, and goats, while other herds were strolling about. At a distance a party were approaching riding on oxen. A few strangers drew near with their spears and shields, who, on being beckoned to, instantly laid them down. The native dogs could not understand the strange looking being on the front of the wagon, holding forth to a gazing throng, and they would occasionally break the silence with their bark, for which, however, they suffered the penalty of a stone or stick hurled at their heads. Two milk maids, who had tied their cows to posts, stood the whole time with their milking vessels in their hands, as if afraid of losing a single sentence. The earnest attention manifested exceeded any thing I had ever before witnessed, and the countenances of some indicated strong mental excitement. . . . When I had concluded, my hearers divided into companies, to talk the subject over; but others, more inquisitive, plied me with questions. While thus engaged, my attention was arrested by a simple-looking young man at a short distance, rather oddly attired. . . . The person referred to was holding forth with great animation to a number of people, who were all attention. On approaching, I found, to my surprise, that he was preaching my sermon over again, with uncommon precision, and with great solemnity, imitating as nearly as he could the gestures of the original. A greater contrast

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could scarcely be conceived than the fantastic figure I have described, and the solemnity of his language, his subject being eternity, while he evidently felt what he spoke. Not wishing to disturb him, I allowed him to finish the recital, and seeing him soon after, told him that he could do what I was sure I could not, that was, preach again the same sermon verbatim. He did not appear vain of his superior memory. "When I hear any thing great," he said, touching his forehead with his finger, "it remains there." This young man died in the faith shortly after, before an opportunity was afforded him of making a public profession.

In the evening, after the cows were milked, and the herds had laid themselves down in the folds to chew the cud, a congregation for the third time, stood before my wagon. The bright silvery moon, holding her way through a cloudless starry sky, and shining on many a sable face. made the scene peculiarly solemn and impressive, while the deepest attention was paid to the subject, which was the importance of religion illustrated by Scripture characters. After the service, they lingered about the wagon, making many inquiries, and repeating over and over again what they had heard. . . . The following day, Monday, was no less busy, for though the wind was very high, so as to prevent a public service in the morning, I was engaged addressing different parties at their own dwellings, and teaching them to read. . . . When another deeply interesting evening service had closed, the people seemed resolved to get all out of me they could. All would learn to read there and then. A few remaining spelling-books were sought out, and the two or three young people I had with me were each inclosed within a circle of scholars all eager to learn. Some were compelled to be content with only shouting out the names of the letters, which were rather too small to be seen by the whole circle, with only the light of the moon. While this rather noisy exercise was going on, some of the principal men with whom I was conversing, thought they would also try their skill in this new art. . . . "Oh, teach us the A B C with music," every one cried, giving me no time to tell them it was too late. I found they had made this discovery through one of my boys. There were presently a dozen or more surrounding me, and resistance was out of the question. Dragged and pushed, I entered one of the largest native houses, which was instantly crowded. The tune of "Auld lang syne" was pitched to A B C, each succeeding round was joined by succeeding voices, till every tongue was vocal, and every countenance beamed with heart-felt satisfaction. The longer they sang the more freedom was felt, and "Auld lang syne" was echoed to the farthest corner of the village. The strains which infuse pleasurable emotions into the sons of the North, were no less potent among these children of the South. Those who had retired to their evening slumbers, supposing that we were holding a night service, came; "for music," it is said, "charms the savage breast." It certainly does, particularly the natives of Southern Africa, who, however degraded they may have become, still retain that refinement of taste, which enables them to appreciate those tunes which are distinguished for melody and softness. . . . The company at length dispersed; and awaking in the morning, after a brief repose, I was not a little surprised to hear the old tune in every corner of the village. The maids milking the cows, and the boys tending the calves, were humming their alphabet over again. . . . Mosheu and his people made very pleasing advances in Christian knowledge, and so eager were they to benefit by the instructions of the missionaries, that, at a considerable sacrifice of time and comfort, they made frequent journeys to the Kuruman. It was an interesting spectacle to see forty or fifty men, women, and children, coming over the plain, all mounted on oxen, and bringing with them a number of milch cows, that they might not be too burdensome either to the missionaries or the people. Their object was to obtain instruction; and they would remain at Motito and the Kuruman for more than two months at a time, diligently attending to all the opportunities afforded; and Andries, the brother of Mosheu, being the more talented individual, was soon after appointed schoolmaster, and under his humble and devoted labors they made wonderful progress. What they valued for themselves they were anxious to secure to their children; and Mosheu left his daughter to the care of Mrs. Moffat, for education, while Andries committed his son to that of Mr. Lemue, at Motito, both of whom made most satisfactory progress, not only in reading and writing, but the daughter in needlework, and in general domestic employments.

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## MADAMÉ DE SÉVIGNE.

From the Edinburgh Review.

*Madame de Sévigné and her Contemporaries.* Two vols. 8vo. London: 1842.

**Madame de Sevigne, in her combined and inseparable character as writer and woman, enjoys the singular and delightful reputation of having united, beyond all others of her class, the rare with the familiar, and the lively with the correct. The moment her name is mentioned, we think of the mother who loved her daughter; of the most charming of letter-writers; of the ornament of an age of license, who incurred none of its ill-repute; of the female who has become one of the classics of her language, without effort and without intention.**

**The sight of a name so attractive, in the title-page of the volumes before us, has made us renew an intercourse, never entirely broken, with her own. We have lived over again with her and her friends from her first letter to her last, including the new matter in the latest Paris editions.**

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We have seen her writing in her cabinet, dancing at court, being the life of the company in her parlor, nursing her old uncle the Abbé; bantering Mademoiselle du Plessis; lecturing and then jesting with her son; devouring the romances of Calprenede, and responding to the wit of Pascal and La Fontaine; walking in her own green alleys by moonlight, enchanting cardinals, politicians, philosophers, beauties, poets, devotees, haymakers; ready to 'die with laughter' fifty times a-day; and idolizing her daughter for ever.

It is somewhat extraordinary, that of all the admirers of a woman so interesting, not one has yet been found in these islands to give any reasonably good account of her—any regular and comprehensive information respecting her life and writings. The notices in the biographical dictionaries are meagre to the last degree; and 'sketches' of greater pretension have seldom consisted of more than loose and brief memorandums, picked out of others, their predecessors. The name which report has assigned to the compiler of the volumes before us, induced us to entertain sanguine hopes that something more satisfactory was about to be done for the queen of letter-writing; and undoubtedly the portrait which has been given of her, is, on the whole, the best hitherto to be met with. But still it is a limited, hasty, and unfinished portrait, forming but one in a gallery of others; many of which have little to do with her, and some, scarcely any connection even with her times. Now, in a work entitled 'Madame de Sévigné and her Contemporaries,' we had a right to expect a picture with the foreground occupied by herself and her friends, and the rest of the group at greater or less distances, in proportion to their reference to the main figure; something analogous to an interesting French print, which exhibits Molière reading one of his plays to an assembly of wits, at the house of Ninon de l'Enclos. The great comic writer is on his legs—the prominent object—acting as well as reading his play, in a lively and salient attitude, full of French expression; near him sits the lady of the house, as the gatherer together of the party; and round both, in characteristic postures, but all listening to the reader, sit Rochefoucauld, La Fontaine, Corneille, and one or two more. But in a picture of Madame de Sévigné, and those whom an association of ideas would draw round her, what have we to do with Cardinal Richelieu, and Père Joseph, and Boisrobert? What with the man in the 'Iron Mask,' with Lord Herbert of Cherbury, the Earls of Holland and Ossory, the Dukes of Buckingham, Shrewsbury, and St. Simon, and others who flourished before and after her day? There is, it is true, a sprinkling of extracts from Madame de Sévigné's letters through the greater part of the volumes; but even these naturally fail us in many of the sketches, and of whole letters we have but two or three; whereas, what the public looked for, was a regular and satisfactory account both of her writings and her life, a selection of specimens of her letters, and some talk about her friends; in short, about all of whom she talks herself; not excepting Ninon, of whom there is here scarcely a word; and assuredly not omitting such a friend as Corbinelli, whose name we do not remember seeing in the book. There is very little even about her son the Marquis, and not a syllable respecting her startling 'contemporaries,' Brinvilliers and La Voisin; while, on the other hand, we have a long account of the King and Queen of Spain, and a history of the very foreign transactions of Stradella the musician. It is much as if, in the print above-mentioned, Molière and his friends had been thrust into the background, and the chief part of the composition given up to a view of the courts of France and England. We need not dwell upon the contradictions between the 'advertisement' and the 'introduction' respecting the chief authorities consulted; or such as those in the opinions expressed about Louis the Fourteenth, who is at one time represented as 'the greatest monarch that had appeared in France previous to the times of Napoleon and Louis-Philippe,' and at another as a man whose talents were 'below mediocrity.' The work, in a word, is one of the jobbing, book-making expedients of the day, with a dishonest title-page; and yet there are sketches and passages in it so good, and indicative of a power to do so much better, that we speak of it thus with regret. It should have been called by some other name. At present it reminds us too much of the famous ode on Doctor Pococke, in which there was something about 'one Pococke' towards the middle of the composition.

Proceeding to sketch out, from our own acquaintance with her, what we conceive to be a better mode of supplying some account of Madame de Sévigné and her writings, we shall, in the order of time, speak of her ancestors and other kindred, her friends and her daily habits, and give a few specimens of the best of her letters; and we shall do all this with as hearty a relish



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of her genius as the warmest of her admirers, without thinking it necessary to blind ourselves to any weaknesses that may have accompanied it. With all her good-nature, the 'charming woman' had a sharp eye to a defect herself; and we have too great a respect for the truth that was in her, not to let her honestly suffer in its behalf, whenever that first cause of all that is great and good demands it.

Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, Baroness de Chantal and Bourbilly, afterwards Marchioness de Sévigné, was born, in all probability, in Burgundy, in the old ancestral *château* of Bourbilly, between Semur and Epoisses, on the 5th of February, 1627. Her father, Celse Benigne de Rabutin, Baron as abovementioned, was of the elder branch of his name, and cousin to the famous Count Bussy-Rabutin; her mother, Marie de Coulanges, daughter of a secretary-of-state, was also of a family whose name afterwards became celebrated for wit; and her paternal grandmother, Jeanne François Fremyot, afterwards known by the title of the Blessed Mother of Chantal, was a *saint.* The nuns of the Order of the Visitation, which she founded by the help of St. Francis de Sales, beatified her, with the subsequent approbation of Benedict XIV.; and she was canonized by Clement XIV. (Ganganelli) in 1767. There was a relationship between the families of Rabutin and De Sales;—names which it would be still stranger than it is to see in conjunction, had not the good St. Francis been the liveliest and most tolerant of his class. We notice these matters, because it is interesting to discover links between people of celebrity; and because it would be but a sorry philosophy which should deny the probable effects produced in the minds and dispositions of a distinguished race by intermixtures of blood and associations of ideas. Madame de Sévigné's father, for instance, gave a rough foretaste of her wit and sincerity, by a raillery amounting to the *brusque*, sometimes to the insolent. He wrote the following congratulatory epistle to a minister of finance, whom the King (Louis XIII.) had transformed into a marshal:—

'My Lord,

'Birth; black beard; intimacy.

'CHANTAL.'

Meaning that his new fortune had been owing to his quality, to his position near the royal person, and to his having a black beard like his master. Both the Chantals and the Fremyots, a race remarkable for their integrity, had been amongst the warmest adherents of Henry IV.; and, indeed, the whole united stock may be said to have been distinguished equally for worth, spirit, and ability, till it took a twist of intrigue and worldliness in the solitary instance of the scapegrace Bussy. We may discern, in the wit and integrity of Madame de Sévigné—in her natural piety, in her cordial partisanship, and at the same time in that tact for universality which distinguished her in spite of it—a portion of what was best in all her kindred, not excepting a spice of the satire, but without the malignity, of her supercilious cousin. She was truly the flower of the family tree; and laughed at the top of it with a brilliancy as well as a softness, compared with which Bussy was but a thorn.

The little heiress was only a few months old when the Baron de Chantal died, bravely fighting against the English in their descent on the Isle of Rhé. It was one of the figments of Gregorio Leti, that he received his death-wound from the hand of Cromwell. The Baron's widow survived her husband only five years; and it seems to have been expected that the devout grandmother, Madame de Chantal the elder, would have been anxious to take the orphan under her care. But whether it was that the mother had chosen to keep the child too exclusively under her own, or that the future saint was too much occupied in the concerns of the other world and the formation of religious houses, (of which she founded no less than eighty-seven;) the old lady contented herself with recommending her to the consideration of an Archbishop, and left her in the hands of her maternal relations. They did their part nobly by her. She was brought up with her fellow-wit and correspondent, Philippe-Emmanuel de Coulanges; and her uncle Christophe, Abbé de Livry, became her second father, in the strictest and most enduring sense of the word. He took care that she should acquire graces at court, as well as encouragements to learning from his friends; saw her married, and helped to settle her children; extricated her affairs from disorder, and taught her to surpass himself in knowledge of business; in fine, spent a good remainder of his life with her, sometimes at his own house and sometimes at hers; and when he died, repaid the tenderness with which she had rewarded his care, by leaving her all his property. The Abbé, with some little irritable particularities, and a love of extra-comfort and his bottle, appears to have been, as she was fond of calling him, *bien bon*, a right good creature; and posterity is to be

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congratulated, that her faculties were allowed to expand under his honest and reasonable indulgence, instead of being cramped, and formalized, and made insincere, by the half-witted training of the convent.

Young ladies at that time were taught little more than to read, write, dance, and embroider, with greater or less attention to books of religion. If the training was conventual, religion was predominant, (unless it was rivalled by comfit and flower-making, great pastimes of the good nuns;) and in the devout case, the danger was, either that the pupil would be frightened into bigotry, or, what happened oftener, would be tired into a passion for pleasure and the world, and only stocked with a sufficient portion of fear and superstition to return to the bigotry in old age, when the passion was burnt out. When the education was more domestic, profane literature had its turn—the poetry of Maynard and Malherbe, and the absurd but exalting romances of Gomberville, Scudery, and Calprenede. Sometimes a little Latin was added; and other tendencies to literature were caught from abbés and confessors. In all cases, somebody was in the habit of reading aloud while the ladies worked; and a turn for politics and court-gossip was given by the wars of the *Fronde*, and by the allusions to the heroes and heroines of the reigning gallantries, in the ideal personages of the romances. The particulars of Madame de Sévigné's education have not transpired; but as she was brought up at home, and we hear something of her male teachers, and nothing of her female, (whom, nevertheless, she could not have been without,) the probability is that she tasted something of all the different kinds of nurture, and helped herself with her own cleverness to the rest. She would hear of the example and reputation of her saintly grandmother, if she was not much with her; her other religious acquaintances rendered her an admirer of the worth and talents of the devotees of Port-Royal; her political ones interested her in behalf of the *Frondeurs;* but, above all, she had the wholesome run of her good uncle's books, and the society of his friends, Chapelain, Menage, and other professors of polite literature; the effect of which is to fuse particular knowledge into general, and to distil from it the spirit of a wise humanity. She seems to have been not unacquainted with Latin and Spanish; and both Chapelain and Menage were great lovers of Italian, which became part of her favorite reading.

To these fortunate accidents of birth and breeding were joined health, animal spirits, a natural flow of wit, and a face and shape which, if not perfectly handsome, were allowed by every body to produce a most agreeable impression. Her cousin Bussy Rabutin has drawn a portrait of her when a young woman; and though he did it half in malice and resentment, like the half-vagabond he was, he could not but make the same concession. He afterwards withdrew the worst part of his words, and heaped her with panegyric; and from a comparison of his different accounts we probably obtain a truer idea of her manners and personal appearance, than has been furnished either by the wholesale eulogist or the artist. It is, indeed, corroborated by herself in her letters. She was somewhat tall for a woman; had a good shape, a pleasing voice, a fine complexion, brilliant eyes, and a profusion of light hair; but her eyes, though brilliant, were small, and, together with the eyelashes, were of different tints; her lips, though well-colored, were too flat; and the end of her nose too 'square.' The jawbone, according to Bussy, had the same fault. He says that she had more shape than grace, yet danced well; and she had a taste for singing. He makes the coxcombical objection to her at that time of life, that she was too playful 'for a woman of quality;' as if the liveliest genius and the staidest conventionalities could be reasonably expected to go together; or as if she could have written her unique letters, had she resembled every body else. Let us call to mind the playfulness of those letters, which have charmed all the world;—let us add the most cordial manners, a face full of expression, in which the blood came and went, and a general sensibility, which, if too quick perhaps to shed tears, was no less ready to 'die with laughter' at every sally of pleasantry—and we shall see before us the not beautiful but still engaging and ever-lively creature, in whose countenance, if it contained nothing else, the power to write those letters must have been visible; for, though people do not always seem what they are, it is seldom they do not look what they can do.

The good uncle, the Abbé de Coulanges, doubtless thought he had made a happy match of it, and joined like with like, when, at the age of eighteen, his charming niece married a man of as joyous a character as herself, and of one of the first houses in Brittany. The Marquis de Sévigné, or Sevigny, (the old spelling,) was related to the Duguesclins and the Rohans, and also to Cardinal de Retz. But joyousness, unfortunately, was the sum-total of his character.

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He had none of the reflection of his bride. He was a mere laugher and jester, fond of expense and gallantry; and, though he became the father of two children, seems to have given his wife but little of his attention. He fell in a duel about some female, seven years after his marriage. The poor man was a braggart in his amours. Bussy says, that he boasted to him of the approbation of Ninon de l'Enclos; a circumstance which, like a great number of others told in connection with the 'modern Leontium,' is by no means to be taken for granted. Ninon was a person of a singular repute, owing to as singular an education; and while, in consequence of that education, a license was given her, which, to say the truth, most people secretly took, the graces and good qualities which she retained in spite of it, ultimately rendered her house a sort of academy of good breeding, which it was thought not incompatible with sober views in life to countenance. Now, it is probable, from the great reputation which she had for good sense, that she always possessed discernment enough to see through such a character as that of Monsieur de Sévigné. The wife, it is true, many years afterwards, accused her, to the young Marquis, of having 'spoilt (or hurt) his father,' (*gâté*,) and it may have been true to a certain extent; for a false theory of love would leave a nature like his nothing to fall back upon in regard to right feeling; but people of the Marquis's sort generally come ready spoilt into society, and it is only an indulgent motive that would palm off their faults upon the acquaintances they make there. Be this as it may, Bussy-Rabutin, who had always made love to his cousin after his fashion, and who had found it met with as constant rejection, though not perhaps till he had been imprudently suffered to go the whole length of his talk about it, avows that he took occasion, from the Marquis's boast about Ninon, to make her the gross and insulting proposal, that she should take her 'revenge.' Again she repulsed him. A letter of Bussy's fell into her husband's hands, who forbade her to see him more; a prohibition, of which she doubtless gladly availed herself. The Marquis perished shortly afterwards; and again her cousin made his coxcombical and successless love, which, however, he accuses her of receiving with so much pleasure as to show herself jealous when he transferred it to another; a weakness, alas! not impossible to very respectable representatives of poor human nature. But all which he says to her disadvantage must be received with caution; for, besides his having no right to say any thing, he had the mean and uncandid effrontery to pretend that he was angry with her solely because she was not generous in money matters. He tells us, that after all he had done for her and her friends, (what his favors were, God knows,) she refused him the assistance of her purse at a moment when his whole prospects in life were in danger. The real amount of this charge appears to have been that Bussy, who, besides being a man of pleasure and expense, was a distinguished cavalry officer, once needed money for a campaign; and that, applying to his cousin to help him, her uncle the Abbé, who had the charge of her affairs, thought proper to ask him for securities. The cynical and disgusting, though well-written book, in which the Count libelled his cousin, (for, as somebody said of Petronius, he was an author *purissimæ impuritatis*,) brought him afterwards into such trouble at court, that it cost him many years of exile to his estates, and a world of servile trouble and adulation to get back to the presence of Louis the Fourteenth, who could never heartily like him. He had ridiculed, among others, the kind-hearted La Vallière. Madame de Sévigné, in consequence of these troubles, forgave him; and their correspondence, both personally and by letter, was renewed pleasantly enough on his part, and in a constant strain of regard and admiration. He tells her, among other pretty speeches, that she would certainly have been 'goddess of something or other,' had she lived in ancient times. But Madame de Sévigné writes to him with evident constraint, as to a sort of evil genius who is to be propitiated; and the least handsome incident in her life was the apparently warm interest she took in a scandalous process instituted by him against a gentleman whom his daughter had married, and whose crime consisted in being of inferior birth; for Count Bussy-Rabutin was as proud as he was profligate.* Bussy tried to sustain his cause by forged letters, and had the felicity of losing it by their assistance. It is to be hoped that his cousin had been the dupe of the forgeries; but we have no doubt that she was somewhat afraid of him. She dreaded his writing another book.

We know not whether it was during her married life, or afterwards, that Bussy relates a little incident of her behavior at court, to which his malignity gives one of

* See a strange, painful, and vehement letter, written by her on the subject, to the Count de Guitaut. Vol. xiii. of the duodecimo Paris edition of 1823-4, p. 103.

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its most ingenious turns. They were both there together at a ball, and the King took her out to dance. On returning to her seat, according to the Count's narrative,—'It must be owned,' said she, 'that the King possesses great qualities: he will certainly obscure the lustre of all his predecessors.'—'I could not help laughing in her face,' observes Bussy, 'seeing what had produced this panegyric.' I replied, 'There can be no doubt of it, madam, after what he has done for yourself.' I really thought she was going to testify her gratitude by crying *Vive le Roi*.'*

This is amusing enough; but the spirit which induces a man to make charges of this nature, is apt to be the one most liable to them itself. Men at the court of Louis used to weep, if he turned his face from them. The bravest behaved like little boys before him, vying for his favor as children might do for an apple. Racine is said to have died of the fear of having offended him; and Bussy, as we have before intimated, was not a whit behind the most pathetic of the servile, when he was again permitted to prostrate himself in the court circle. Madame de Sévigné probably felt on this occasion as every other woman would have felt, and was candid enough not to hide her emotion; but whether, instead of pretending to feel less, she might not have pleasantly affected still more, in order to regain her self-possession, and so carry it off with a grace, Bussy was not the man to tell us, even if his wit had had good-nature enough to discern it.

The young widow devoted herself to her children, and would never again hear of marriage. She had already become celebrated for her letters; continued to go occasionally to court; and frequented the reigning literary circles, then famous for their pedantry, without being carried away by it. Several wits and men of fashion made love to her, besides Bussy. Among them were the learned Menage, who courted her in madrigals compiled from the Italian; the superintendent of the finances, Fouquet, who, except in her instance and that of La Vallière, is said to have made Danaës wherever he chose to shower his gold; and the Prince of Conti, brother of the great Condé, who, with the self-sufficient airs of a royal lover, declared that he found her charming, and that he had 'a word or two to say to her next winter.' Even the great Turenne is said to have loved her. On none of them did she take pity but the superintendent; and not on his heart, poor man! but on his neck; when it was threatened with the axe for doing as his predecessors had done, and squandering the public money. Fouquet was magnificent and popular in his dishonesty, and hence the envious conspired to pull him down. Some of the earliest letters of Madame de Sévigné are on the subject of his trial, and show an interest in it so genuine, that fault has been found with them for not being so witty as the rest!

It was probably from this time that she began to visit the court less frequently, and to confine herself to those domestic and accomplished circles, in which, without suspecting it, she cultivated an immortal reputation for letter-writing. Her political and religious friends, the De Retzes and the Jansenists, grew out of favor, or rather into dislike, and she perhaps suffered herself to grow out of favor with them. She always manifested, however, great respect for the King; and Louis was a man of too genuine a gallantry not to be courteous to the lady whenever they met, and address to her a few gracious words. On one occasion she gazed upon the magnificent gaming-tables at court, and curtsied to his Majesty, 'after the fashion which her daughter,' she says, 'had taught her;' upon which the monarch was pleased to bow, and look very acknowledging. And, another time, when Madame de Maintenon, the Pamela of royalty, then queen in secret, presided over the religious amusements of the King, she went to see Racine's play of Esther performed by the young ladies of St. Cyr; when Louis politely expressed his hope that she was satisfied, and interchanged a word with her in honor of the poet and the performers. She was not indeed at any time an uninterested observer of what took place in the world. She has other piquant, though not always very lucid notices of the court—was deeply interested in the death of Turenne—listens with emotion to the eloquence of the favorite preachers—records the atrocities of the poisoners, and is compelled by her good sense to leave off wasting her pity on the devout dulness of King James II. But the proper idea of her, for the greater part of her life, is that of a sequestered domestic woman, the delight of her friends, the constant reader, talker, laugher, and writer, and the passionate admirer of the daughter to whom she addressed the chief part of her correspondence. Sometimes she resided in Brittany, at an estate on the sea-coast, called the Rocks, which had belonged to her husband; sometimes she was at Livry, near Paris, where

* *Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules*. Tom. i. p. 158. Cologne, 1709.

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the good uncle possessed his abbey; sometimes at her own estate of Bourbilly, in Burgundy; and at others in her house in town, where the Hôtel Carnavalet (now a school) has become celebrated as her latest and best-known residence. In all those abodes, not excepting the town-house, she made a point of having the enjoyment of a garden, delighting to be as much in the open air as possible, haunting her green alleys and her orangeries with a book in her hand, or a song upon her lips, (for she sung as she went about, like a child,) and walking out late by moonlight in all seasons, to the hazard of colds and rheumatisms, from which she ultimately suffered severely. She was a most kind mistress to her tenants. She planted trees, made labyrinths, built chapels, (inscribing them 'to God,') watched the peasants dancing, sometimes played at chess, (she did not like cards;) and at almost all other times, when not talking with her friends, she was reading or hearing others read, or writing letters. The chief books and authors we hear of are 'Tasso,' 'Ariosto,' 'La Fontaine,' 'Pascal,' 'Nicole,' 'Tacitus,' the huge old romances, 'Rabelais,' 'Rochefoucauld,' the novels of her friend Madame de la Fayette, Corneille, Bourdaloue and Bossuet, Montaigne, Lucian, Don Quixotte, and Saint Augustin; a goodly collection surely, a 'circle of humanity.' She reads the romances three times over; and when she is not sure that her correspondent will approve a book, says that her son has 'brought her into it,' or that he reads out 'passages.' Sometimes her household get up a little surprise or masquerade; at others, her cousin Coulanges brings his 'song-book,' and they are 'the happiest people in the world;' that is to say, provided her daughter is with her. Otherwise, the tears rush into her eyes at the thought of her absence, and she is always making 'dragons' or 'cooking,'—viz., having the blue devils and fretting. But, when they all are comfortable, what they are most addicted to is 'dying with laughter.' They die with laughter if seeing a grimace; if told a bon-mot; if witnessing a rustic dance; if listening to Monsieur de Pomenars, who has always 'some criminal affair on his hands;' if getting drenched with rain; if having a sore finger pinched instead of relieved. Here lounges the young Marquis on the sofa with his book; there sits the old Abbé in his arm-chair, fed with something nice; the ladies chat, and embroider, and banter Mademoiselle du Plessis; in comes Monsieur de Pomenars, with the news of some forgery that is charged against him, or livelier offence, but always so perilous to his neck that he and they 'die with laughter.' Enter, with her friend Madame de la Fayette, the celebrated Duke de laRochefoucauld, gouty, but still graceful, and he and the lady 'die with laughter;' enter the learned Corbinelli, and he dies; enter Madame de Coulanges, the sprightly mixture of airiness and witty malice, and she dies of course; and the happy mortality is completed by her husband, the singing cousin aforesaid—'a little round fat oily man,' who was always 'in' with some duke or cardinal, admiring his fine house and feasting at his table. These were among the most prominent friends or associates of Madame de Sévigné; but there were also great lords and ladies, and neighbors in abundance, sometimes coming in when they were not wanted, but always welcomed with true French politeness, except when they had been heard to say any thing against the 'daughter;' and then Madame told them roundly to their faces that she was 'not at home.' There was Segrais, and Saint Pavin, and Corneille, and Bossuet, and Treville, who talked like a book; and the great Turenne; and the Duke de Vivonne, brother of Montespan,) who called her 'darling mamma;' and Madame Scarron, till she was Maintenon; and Madame de Fiesque, who did not know how to be afflicted; and D'Hacqueville, whose good offices it was impossible to tire; and fat Barillon, who said good things though he was a bad ambassador; and the Abbé Têtu, thin and lively; and Benserade, who was the life of the company wherever he went; and Brancas, who liked to choose his own rivals; and Cardinal de Retz, in retirement feeding his trout, and talking metaphysics. She had known the Cardinal for thirty years; and, during his last illness, used to get Corneille, Boileau, and Molière to come and read to him their new pieces. Perhaps there is no man of whom she speaks with such undeviating respect and regard as this once turbulent statesman, unless it be Rochefoucauld, who, to judge of most of her accounts of him, was a pattern of all that was the reverse of his 'Maxims.'

With her son the Marquis, who was 'a man of wit and pleasure about town,' till he settled into sobriety with a wife who is said to have made him devout, Madame de Sévigné lived in a state of confidence and unreserve, to an excess that would not be deemed very delicate in these days, and of which, indeed, she herself sometimes expresses her dislike. There is a well-known collection of letters, professing to have passed between

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him and Ninon de l'Enclos, which is spurious; but we gather some remarkable particulars of their intimacy from the letters of the mother to her daughter; and, among others, Ninon's sayings of him, that he had 'a soul of pap,' and the 'heart of a cucumber fried in snow.'

The little Marquis's friends (for he was small in his person) did not think him a man of very impassioned temperament. He was, however, very pleasant and kind, and an attentive son. He had a strong contempt, too, for 'the character of Æneas,' and the merit of never having treated Bussy Rabutin with any great civility. Rochefoucauld said of him, that his greatest ambition would have been to die for a love which he did not feel. He was at first in the army, but not being on the favorite side either in politics or religion, nor probably very active, could get no preferment worth having; so he ended in living unambitiously in a devout corner of Paris, and cultivating his taste for literature. He maintained a contest of some repute with Dacier, on the disputable meaning of the famous passage in Horace, *Difficile est propriè communia dicere.* His treatise on the subject may be found in the later Paris editions of his mother's letters; but the juxtaposition is not favorable to its perusal.

But sons, dukes, cardinals, friends, the whole universe, come to nothing in these famous letters, compared with the daughter to whom they owe their existence. She had not the good spirits of her mother, but she had wit and observation; and appears to have been so liberally brought up, that she sometimes startled her more acquiescent teacher with the hardihood of her speculations. It is supposed to have been owing to a scruple of conscience in her descendants, that her part of the correspondence was destroyed. She professed herself, partly in jest and partly in earnest, a zealous follower of Descartes. It is curious that the circumstance which gave rise to the letters, was the very one to which Madame de Sévigné had looked for saving her the necessity of correspondence. The young lady became the wife of a great lord, the Count de Grignan, who, being a man of the court, was expected to continue to reside in Paris; so that the mother trusted she should always have her daughter at hand. The Count, however, who was lieutenant-governor of Provence, received orders, shortly afterwards, to betake himself to that distant region: the continued nonresidence of the Duke de Vendôme, the governor, conspired to keep him there, on and off, for the remainder of the mother's existence—a space of six-and-twenty years; and though she contrived to visit and be visited by Madame de Grignan so often that they spent nearly half the time with each other, yet the remaining years were a torment to Madame de Sévigné, which nothing could assuage but an almost incessant correspondence. One letter was no sooner received than another was anxiously desired; and the daughter echoed the anxiety. Hours were counted, post-boys watched for, obstacles imagined; all the torments experienced, and not seldom manifested, of the most jealous and exacting passion, and at the same time all the delights and ecstasies vented of one of the most confiding. But what we have to say of this excess of maternal love will be better kept for our concluding remarks. Suffice it to observe, in hastening to give our specimens of the letters, that these graver points of the correspondence, though numerous, occupy but a small portion of it; that the letters, generally speaking, consist of the amusing gossip and conversation which the mother *would have had* with the daughter, had the latter remained near her; and that Madame de Sévigné, after living, as it were, for no other purpose than to write them, and to straiten herself in her circumstances for both her children, died at her daughter's house in Provence, of an illness caused by the fatigue of nursing her through one of her own. Her decease took place in April 1696, in the seventieth year of her age. Her body, it is said, long after, was found dressed in ribbons, after a Provençal fashion, at which she had expressed great disgust. Madame de Grignan did not survive many years. She died in the summer of 1705, of grief, it has been thought, for the loss of her only child the Marquis de Grignan, in whom the male descendants of the family became extinct. It is a somewhat unpleasant evidence of the triumph of Ninon de l'Enclos over the mortality of her contemporaries, that, in one of the letters of the correspondence, this youth, the grandson of Madame de Sévigné's husband, and nephew of her son, is found studying good breeding at the table of that 'grandmother of the Loves.' The Count de Grignan, his father, does not appear to have been a very agreeable personage. Mademoiselle de Sévigné was his third wife. He was, therefore, not very young; he was pompous and fond of expense, and brought duns about her; and his face was plain, and it is said that he did not make up for his ill looks by the virtue of constancy. Madame de Sévigné seems

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to have been laudably anxious to make the best of her son-in-law. She accordingly compliments him on his 'fine tenor voice;' and, because he has an uncomely face, is always admiring his 'figure.' One cannot help suspecting sometimes that there is a little malice in her intimations of the contrast, and that she admires his figure most when he will not let her daughter come to see her. The Count's only surviving child, Pauline, became the wife of Louis de Simiane, Marquis d'Esparron, who seems to have been connected on the mother's side with our family of the Hays, and was lieutenant of the Scottish horse-guards in the service of the French king. Madame de Simiane inherited a portion both of the look and wit of her grandmother; but more resembled her mother in gravity of disposition. A daughter of hers married the Marquis de Vence; and of this family there are descendants now living; but the names of Grignan, Rabutin, and Sévigné, have long been extinct—in the body. In spirit they are now before us, more real than myriads of existing families; and we proceed to enjoy their deathless company.

We shall not waste the reader's time with the history of editions, and telling how the collection first partially transpired 'against the consent of friends.' Friends or families are too often afraid, or ashamed, or jealous, of what afterwards constitutes their renown; and we can only rejoice that the sweet 'winged words' of the most flowing of pens, escaped, in this instance, out of their grudging boxes. We give the letters in English instead of French, not being by any means of opinion that 'all who read and appreciate Madame de Sévigné, may be supposed to understand that language nearly as well as their own.' Undoubtedly, people of the best natural understandings are glad, when, in addition to what nature has given them, they possess, in the knowledge of a foreign language, the best means of appreciating the wit that has adorned it. But it is not impossible that some such people, nay many, in this age of 'diffusion of knowledge,' may have missed the advantages of a good education, and yet be able to appreciate the imperfectly conveyed wit of another, better than some who are acquainted with its own vehicle. Besides, we have known very distinguished people confess, that all who read, or even speak French, do not always read it with the same ready result and comfort to the eyes of their understandings as they do their own language; and as to the 'impossibility' of translating such letters as those of Madame de Sévigné, though the specimens hitherto published have not been very successful, we do not believe it. Phrases here and there may be so; difference of manners may render some few untranslatable in so many words, or even unintelligible; but for the most part the sentences will find their equivalents, if the translator is not destitute of the spirits that suggested them. We have been often given to understand, that we have been, by translation, too much in the habit, on our own part, of assuming that French, however widely known, was still more known than it is; and we shall endeavor, on the present occasion, to make an attempt to include the whole of our readers in the participation of a great intellectual pleasure.

The first letter in the Collection, written when Madame de Sévigné was a young and happy mother, gives a delightful foretaste of what its readers have to expect. She was then in her twentieth year, with a baby in her arms, and nothing but brightness in her eyes.

*To the Count de Bussy-Rabutin.*

'*March 15th*, (1647.)*

'You are a pretty fellow, are you not? to have written me nothing for these two months. Have you forgotten who I am, and the rank I hold in the family? 'Faith, little cadet, I will make you remember it. If you put me out of sorts, I will reduce you to the ranks. You knew I was about to be confined, and yet took no more trouble to ask after my health than if I had remained a spinster. Very well:—be informed to your confusion that I have got a boy, who shall suck hatred of you into his veins with his mother's milk, and that I mean to have a great many more, purely to supply you with enemies. You have not the wit to do as much, you with your feminine productions.

'After all, my dear cousin, my regard for you is not to be concealed. Nature will proclaim it in spite of art. I thought to scold you for your laziness through the whole of this letter; but I do my heart too great a violence, and must conclude with telling you that M. de Sévigné and myself love you very much, and often talk of the pleasure we should have in your company.'

Bussy writes very pleasantly in return; but it will be so impossible to make half the extracts we desire from Madame de Sévigné's own letters, that we must not be tempted to look again into those of others. The next that we shall give is the famous one on the Duke de Lauzun's intended marriage with the Princess Henrietta of Bourbon; one of the most striking, though not the most engaging, in the collection. We

* Madame de Sévigné never, in dating her letters, gave the *years*. They were added by one of her editors.

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might have kept it for a climax, were it not desirable to preserve a chronological order. It was written nearly four-and-twenty years after the letter we have just given; which we mention to show how she had retained her animal spirits. The person to whom it is addressed is her jovial cousin De Coulanges. The apparent tautologies in the exordium are not really such. They only represent a continued astonishment, wanting words to express itself, and fetching its breath at every comma.

*To Mons. de Coulanges.*

'*Paris, Monday*, 15*th December*, (1670.)

'I am going to tell you a thing, which of all things in the world is the most astonishing, the most surprising, the most marvellous, the most miraculous, the most triumphant, the most bewildering, the most unheard-of, the most singular, the most extraordinary, the most incredible, the most unexpected, the most exalting, the most humbling, the most rare, the most common, the most public, the most private (till this moment), the most brilliant, the most enviable—in short, a thing of which no example is to be found in past times; at least, nothing quite like it;—a thing which we know not how to believe in Paris; how then are you to believe it at Lyons? a thing which makes all the world cry out, "Lord have mercy on us!" a thing which has transported Madame de Rohan and Madame d'Hauterive; a thing which is to be done on Sunday, when those who see it will not believe their own eyes; a thing which is to be done on Sunday, and yet perhaps will not be finished till Monday. I cannot expect you to guess it at once. I give you a trial of three times; *do you give it up?* Well, then, I must tell you. M. de Lauzun is to marry, next Sunday, at the Louvre, guess whom? I give you four times to guess it in: I give you six: I give you a hundred. "Truly," cries Madame de Coulanges, "it must be a very difficult thing to guess; 'tis Madame de la Vallière." No, it isn't, Madam. "'Tis Mademoiselle de Retz then?" No, it isn't, Madam; you are terribly provincial. "Oh, we are very stupid, no doubt!" say you; "'tis Mademoiselle Colbert." Further off than ever. "Well then, it must be Mademoiselle de Créqui?" You are not a bit nearer. Come, I see I must tell you at last. Well, M. de Lauzun marries, next Sunday, at the Louvre, with the king's permission, Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle de —— Mademoiselle —— guess the name;—he marries "MADEMOISELLE"—the *great* Mademoiselle! Mademoiselle, the daughter of the late MONSIEUR; Mademoiselle, granddaughter of Henry the Fourth; Mademoiselle d'Eu, Mademoiselle de Dombes, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Mademoiselle d'Orleans, Mademoiselle, cousin-german of the King, Mademoiselle, destined to the throne, Mademoiselle, the only woman in France fit to marry Monsieur. Here's pretty news for your coteries! Exclaim about it as much as you will;—let it turn your heads;—say we "lie," if you please; that it's a pretty joke; that it's "tiresome;" that we are a "parcel of ninnies." We give you leave: we have done just the same to others. Adieu! The letters that come by the post, will show whether we have been speaking truth or not.'

Never was French vivacity more gay, more spirited, more triumphant, than in this letter. There is a regular siege laid to the reader's astonishment; and the titles of the bride come like the pomp of victory. Or, to use a humbler image, the reader is thrown into the state of a child, who is told to open his mouth and shut his eyes, and wait for what God will send him. The holder of the secret hovers in front of the expectant, touching his lips and giving him nothing; and all is a merry flutter of laughter, guessing, and final transport. And yet this will not suit the charming misgiving that follows. Alas, for the poor subject of the wonder! The marriage was stopped; it was supposed to have taken place secretly; and Mademoiselle, who was then forty-five years of age, and had rejected kings, is said to have found her husband so brutal, that he one day called to her, 'Henrietta of Bourbon, pull off my boots.' The boots were left on, and the savage discarded.

The letter we give next—or rather, of which we give passages—is a good specimen of the way in which the writer goes from subject to subject;—from church to the fair, and from the fair to court, and mad dogs, and Ninon de l'Enclos, and sermons on death, and so round again to royalty and 'a scene.' It is addressed to her daughter.

*To Madame de Grignan.*

'*Paris, Friday, March* 13, (1671.)

'Behold me, to the delight of my heart, all alone in my chamber, writing to you in tranquillity. Nothing gives me comfort like being seated thus. I dined to-day at Madame de Lavardin's, after having been to hear Bourdaloue, where I saw the Mothers of the Church; for so I call the Princesses de Conti and Longueville.* All the world was at the sermon, and the sermon was worthy of all that heard it. I thought of you twenty times, and wished you as often beside me. You would have been enchanted to be a listener, and I should have been tenfold enchanted to see you listen. * * * * We have been to the fair, to see a great fright of a woman, bigger than Riberpré by a whole head. She lay-in the other day of two vast infants, who came into the world abreast, with their arms a-kimbo. You never beheld such a *tout-ensemble!* * * * * And now, if you fancy all the maids of honor run mad, you will not fancy amiss. Eight days ago, Madame de Ludre, Coëtlogon, and little De Rouvroi were bitten by a puppy belonging to Théobon, and the puppy has died mad; so Ludre, Coëtlogon, and De Rouvroi set off this morning for the coast, to be dipped three times in the sea. 'Tis a dismal journey: Benserade is in despair about it. Théobon does not choose to go, though she had a little bite too. The Queen, how-

* Great sinners, who had become great saints.



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ever, objects to her being in waiting till the issue of the adventure is known. Don't you think Ludre resembles Andromache? For my part, I see her fastened to the rock, and Treville coming, on a winged horse, to deliver her from the monster. "*Ah, Zeesus! Madame de Grignan, vat a sing to pe trown, all naket, into te sea!*"* * * * * 'Your brother is under the jurisdiction of Ninon. I cannot think it will do him much good. There are people to whom it does no good at all. She hurt his father. Heaven help him, say I! It is impossible for Christian people, or at least for such as would fain be Christian, to look on such disorders without concern. Ah, Bourdaloue! what divine truths you told us to-day about death! Madame de la Fayette heard him for the first time in her life, and was transported with admiration. She is enchanted with your remembrances. * * * * A scene took place yesterday at Mademoiselle's, which I enjoyed extremely. In comes Madame de Gèvres, full of her airs and graces. She looked as if she expected I should give her my post; but, 'faith, I owed her an affront for her behavior the other day, so I didn't budge. Mademoiselle was in bed: Madame de Gèvres was therefore obliged to go lower down: no very pleasant thing, that! Mademoiselle calls for drink; somebody must present the napkin; Madame de Gèvres begins to draw off the glove from her skinny hand; I give a nudge to Madame d'Arpajon, who was above me; she understands me, draws off her own glove, and advancing a step with a very good grace, cuts short the Duchess, and takes and presents the napkin. The Duchess was quite confounded: she had made her way up, and got off her gloves, and all to see the napkin presented before her by Madame d'Arpajon. My dear, I'm a wicked creature; I was in a state of delight; and indeed what could have been better done? Would any one but Madame de Gèvres have thought of depriving Madame d'Arpajon of an honor which fell so naturally to her share, standing as she did by the bedside? It was as good as a cordial to Madame de Puisieux. Mademoiselle did not dare to lift up her eyes; and, as for myself, I had the most good-for-nothing face!'

Had Madame de Gèvres seen the following passage in a letter of the 10th of June, in the same year, it might have tempted her to exclaim, 'Ah, you see what sort of people it is that treat me with malice!'—It must have fouud an echo in thousands of bosoms; and the conclusion of the extract is charming.

* * * 'My dear, I wish very much I could be religious. I plague La Mousse about it every day. I belong at present neither to God nor devil; and I find this condition very uncomfortable; though, between you and me, I think it the most natural in the world. One does not belong to the devil, because one fears God, and has at bottom a principle of religion; but, then, on the other hand, one does not belong to God, because his laws appear hard, and self-denial is not pleasant. Hence the great number of the lukewarm, which does not surprise me at all; I enter perfectly into their reasons; only God, you know, hates them, and that must not be. But there lies the difficulty. Why must I torment you, however, with these endless rhapsodies? My dear child, *I ask your pardon*, as they say in these parts. I rattle on in your company, and forget every thing else in the pleasure of it. Don't make me any answer. Send me only news of your health, with a spice of what you feel at Grignan, that I may know you are happy; that is all. Love me. We have turned the phrase into ridicule; but it is natural, it is good.'

The Abbé de la Mousse here mentioned was a connexion of the Coulangeses, and was on a visit to Madame de Sévigné at her house in Brittany, reading poetry and romance. The weather was so rainy and cold, that we of this island are pleased to see one of her letters dated from her 'fireside' on the 24th of June. Pomenars, the criminal gentleman who was always afraid of losing his head, was one of her neighbors; and another was the before-mentioned Mademoiselle du Plessis, whom the daughter's aversion and her own absurdities conspired to render the butt of the mother. It is said of Pomenars, who was a marquis, that having been tried for uttering false money, and cleared of the charge, he paid the expenses of the action in the same coin. It must have been some very counteracting good quality, however, in addition to his animal spirits, that kept his friends in good heart with him; for Madame de Sévigné never mentions him but with an air of delight. He was, at this moment, under a charge of abduction; not, apparently, to any very great horror on the part of the ladies. Madame de Sévigné, however, tells her daughter that she talked to him about it very seriously, adding the jest, nevertheless, that the state of the dispute between him and his accuser was, that the latter wanted to 'have his head,' and Pomenars would not let him take it. 'The Marquis,' she says, in another letter, 'declined shaving till he knew to whom his head was to belong.' The last thing we remember of him is his undergoing a painful surgical operation; after which he rattled on as if nothing had happened. But then he had been the day before to Bourdaloue, to confess, for the first time during eight years. Here is the beginning of a letter, in which he and Du Plessis are brought delightfully together.

* '*Ah, Zesu! Madame de Grignan, l'etrange sose l'être zettée toute nue tans la mer.*' Madame de Ludre, by her pronunciation, was either a very affected speaker, or seems to have come from 'the borders' Madame de Sévigné, by the tone of her narration, could hardly have believed there was any thing serious in the accident.

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*To Madame de Grignan.*

'*The Rocks, Sunday, 26th July,* (1671.)

'You must know, that as I was sitting all alone in my chamber yesterday, intent upon a book, I saw the door opened by a tall lady-like woman, who was ready to choke herself with laughing. Behind her came a man, who laughed louder still, and the man was followed by a very well-shaped woman, who laughed also. As for me, I began to laugh before I knew who they were, or what had set them a-laughing: and though I was expecting Madame de Chaulnes to spend a day or two with me here, I looked a long time before I could think it was she. She it was, however; and with her she had brought Pomenars, who had put it in her head to surprise me. The fair *Murinette** was of the party; and Pomenars was in such excessive spirits that he would have gladdened melancholy itself. They fell to playing battledoor and shuttlecock—Madame de Chaulnes plays it like you; and then came a lunch, and then we took one of our nice little walks, and the talk was of you throughout. I told Pomenars how you took all his affairs to heart, and what relief you would experience had he nothing to answer to but the matter in hand; but that such repeated attacks on his innocence quite overwhelmed you. We kept up this joke till the long walk reminded us of the fall you got there one day, the thought of which made me as red as fire. We talked a long time of that, and then of the dialogue with the gypsies, and at last of Mademoiselle du Plessis, and the nonsensical stuff she uttered; and how, one day, having treated you with some of it, and her ugly face being close to yours, you made no more ado, but gave her such a box on the ear as staggered her; upon which I, to soften matters, exclaimed, "How rudely these young people do play!" and then turning to her mother, said, "Madam, do you know they were so wild this morning, they absolutely fought! Mademoiselle du Plessis provoked my daughter, and my daughter beat her: it was one of the merriest scenes in the world; and with this turn Madame du Plessis was so delighted, that she expressed her satisfaction at seeing the young ladies so happy together. This trait of good-fellowship between you and Mademoiselle du Plessis, whom I lumped together to make the box on the ear go down, made my visitors die with laughter. Mademoiselle de Murinais, in particular, approved your proceeding mightily, and vows that the first time Du Plessis thrusts her nose in her face, as she always does when she speaks to any body, she will follow your example, and give her a good slap on the chaps. I expect them all to meet before long; Pomenars is to set the matter on foot; Mademoiselle is sure to fall in with it; a letter from Paris is to be produced, showing how the ladies there give boxes on the ears to one another, and this will sanction the custom in the provinces, and even make us desire them, in order to be in the fashion. In short, I never saw a man so mad as Pomenars; his spirits increase in the ratio of his criminalities; and, if he is charged with another, he will certainly die for joy.'

These practical mystifications of poor Mademoiselle du Plessis are a little strong. They would assuredly not take place now-a-days in society equal to that of Madame de Sévigné; but ages profit by their predecessors, and the highest breeding of one often becomes but second-rate in the next. If anything, however, could warrant such rough admission to the freedom of a superior circle, it was the coarse *platitudes* and affectations of an uncouth neighbor like this; probably of a family as vulgar as it was rich, and which had made its way into a society unfit for it. Mademoiselle du Plessis seems to have assumed all characters in turn, and to have suited none, except that of an avowed, yet incorrigible teller of fibs. Madame de Sévigné spoke to her plainly one day about these peccadilloes, and Mademoiselle cast down her eyes and said with an air of penitence, 'Ah, yes, Madam, it is very true; I am indeed the greatest liar in the world: I am very much obliged to you for telling me of it!' 'It was exactly,' says her reprover, 'like Tartuffe—quite in his tone; yes, brother, I am a miserable sinner, a vessel of iniquity.' Yet a week or two afterwards, giving an account of a family wedding-dinner, she said that the first course, for one day, included twelve hundred dishes. 'We all sate petrified,' says Madame de Sévigné. 'At length I took courage and said, "Consider a little, Mademoiselle, you must mean twelve, not twelve hundred. One sometimes has slips of the tongue." "Oh, no, Madam! it was twelve hundred, or eleven hundred, I am quite sure; I cannot say which, for fear of telling a falsehood, but one or the other I know it was;" and she repeated it twenty times, and would not bate us a single chicken. We found, upon calculation, that there must have been at least three hundred people to lard the fowls; that the dinner must have been served up in a great meadow, in tents pitched for the occasion; and that, supposing them only fifty, preparations must have been made a month beforehand.'

It is pleasant to bid adieu to Mademoiselle du Plessis, and breathe the air of truth, wit, and nature, in what has been justly called by the compiler of the work at the head of this article, one of 'Madame de Sévigné's most charming letters.'* The crime of the fine gentleman servant who would not make hay, is set forth with admirable calmness and astonishment; and never before was the art of haymaking taught, or rather exemplified, in words so simple and so few. It is as if the pen itself had become a hay-

* Mademoiselle de Murinais.

* The original appears in the 'Lettres Choisies,' edited by Girault.

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fork, and tossed up a sample of the sweet grass. The pretended self-banter also, at the close, respecting long-winded narrations, is exquisite.

*To M. de Coulanges.*

'*The Rocks, 22d July,* (1671.)

'I write, my dear cousin, over and above the stipulated fortnight communications, to advertise you that you will soon have the honor of seeing Picard; and, as he is brother to the lacquey of Madame de Coulanges, I must tell you the reason why. You know that Madame the Duchess de Chaulnes is at Vitré: she expects the duke there, in ten or twelve days, with the States of Brittany.* Well, and what then? say you. I say, that the duchess is expecting the duke with all the states, and that meanwhile she is at Vitré all alone, dying with ennui. And what, return you, has this to do with Picard? Why, look;—she is dying with ennui, and I am her only consolation, and so you may readily conceive that I carry it with a high hand over Mademoiselles de Kerborgne and de Kerqueoison. A pretty roundabout way of telling my story, I must confess; but it will bring us to the point. Well then, as I am her only consolation, it follows that, after I have been to see her, she will come to see me, when of course I shall wish her to find my garden in good order—and my walks in good order—those fine walks, of which you are so fond. Still you are at a loss to conceive whither they are leading you now. Attend then, if you please, to a little suggestion by the way. You are aware that haymaking is going forward? Well, I have no haymakers: I send into the neighboring fields to press them into my service; there are none to be found; and so all my own people are summoned to make hay instead. But do you know what haymaking is? I will tell you. Haymaking is the prettiest thing in the world. You play at turning the grass over in a meadow; and as soon as you know how to do that, you know how to make hay. The whole house went merrily to the task, all but Picard: he said he would not go; that he was not engaged for such work; that it was none of his business; and that he would sooner betake himself to Paris. 'Faith! didn't I get angry? It was the hundredth disservice the silly fellow had done me; I saw he had neither heart nor zeal; in short, the measure of his offence was full. I took him at his word; was deaf as a rock to all entreaties in his behalf; and he has set off. It is fit that people should be treated as they deserve. If you see him, don't welcome him; don't protect him; and don't blame me. Only look upon him as, of all servants in the world, the one the least addicted to haymaking, and therefore the most unworthy of good treatment. This is the sum-total of the affair. As for me, I am fond of straight-forward histories, that contain not a word too much; that never go wandering about, and beginning again from remote points; and accordingly, I think I may say, without vanity, that I hereby present you with the model of an agreeable narration.'

In the course of the winter following this haymaking, Madame de Sévigné goes to Paris; and with the exception of an occasional visit to the house at Livry, to refresh herself with the spring-blossoms and the nightingales, remains there till July, when she visits her daughter in Provence, where she stayed upwards of a year, and then returned to the metropolis. It is not our intention to notice these particulars in future; but we mention them in passing, to give the reader an idea of the round of life between her town and country houses, and the visits to Madame de Grignan, who sometimes came from Provence to her. In the country, she does nothing but read, write, and walk, and occasionally sees her neighbors. In town, she visits friends, theatres, churches, nunneries, and the court; is now at the Coulangeses, now dining with Rochefoucauld, now paying her respects to some branch of royalty; and is delighted and delighting wherever she goes, except when she is weeping for her daughter's absence, or condoling with the family disasters resulting from campaigns. In the summer of 1672 was the famous passage of the Rhine, at which Rochefoucauld lost a son, whose death he bore with affecting patience. The once intriguing but now devout princess, the Duchess de Longueville, had the like misfortune, which she could not endure so well. Her grief nevertheless was very affecting too, and Madame de Sévigné's plain and passionate account of it has been justly admired. In general, at the court of Louis XIV. all was apparently ease, luxury, and delight, (with the exception of the jealousies of the courtiers and the squabbles of the mistresses;) but every now and then there is a campaign—and then all is glory, and finery, and lovers' tears, when the warriors are setting out; and fright, and trepidation, and distracting suspense, when the news arrives of a bloody battle. The suspense is removed by undoubted intelligence; and then, while some are in paroxysms of pride and rapture at escapes, and exploits, and lucky wounds, others are plunged into misery by deaths.

*Extract from a letter to Madame de Grignan.*

'You never saw Paris in such a state as it is now; every body is in tears, or fears to be so: poor Madame de Nogent is beside herself; Madame de Longueville, with her lamentations, cuts people to the heart. I have not seen her; but you may rely on what follows. * * * They sent to Port-Royal for M. Arnauld and Mademoiselle Vertus to break the news to her. The sight of the latter was sufficient. As soon as the Duchess saw her—"Ah! Mademoiselle, how is my brother!" (the great Condé.) She did not dare to ask further. "Madame, his wound is

* He was Governor of the province.

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going on well; there has been a battle." "And my son?" No answer. "Ah! Mademoiselle, my son, my dear child—answer me—is he dead?" "Madame, I have not words to answer you." "Ah! my dear son; did he die instantly? had he not one little moment? Oh! great God, what a sacrifice!" And with that she fell upon her bed; and all which could express the most terrible anguish, convulsions, and faintings, *and a mortal silence*, and stifled cries, and the bitterest tears, and hands clasped towards heaven, and complaints the most tender and heart-rending—all this did she go through. She sees a few friends, and keeps herself barely alive, in submission to God's will; but has no rest; and her health, which was bad already, is visibly worse. For my part, I cannot help wishing her dead outright, not conceiving it possible that she can survive such a loss.'

We have taken no notice of the strange death of Vatel, steward to the Prince de Condé, who killed himself out of a point of honor, because a dinner had not been served up to his satisfaction. It is a very curious relation, but more characteristic of the poor man than of the writer. For a like reason, we omit the interesting though horrible accounts of Brinvilliers and La Voisin, the poisoners. But we cannot help giving a tragedy told in a few words, both because Madame de Sévigné was herself highly struck with it, and for another reason which will appear in a note.

'The other day, on his coming into a ball-room, a gentleman of Brittany was assassinated by two men in women's clothes. One held him while the other deliberately struck a poniard to his heart. Little Harouïs, who was there, was shocked at beholding this person, whom he knew well, stretched out upon the ground, *full-dressed, bloody, and dead*. His account (adds Madame de Sévigné) forcibly struck my imagination.*

The following letter contains a most graphic description of the French court, in all its voluptuous gayety; and the glimpses which it furnishes of the actors on the brilliant scene, from the king and the favorite to Dangeau, the skilful gamester—cool, collected, and calculating—amidst the gallant prattle around him, give to its details a degree of life and animation not to be surpassed:

*To Madame de Grignan.*

'*Paris, Wednesday, 29th July*, (1676.)

'We have a change of the scene here, which will gratify you as much as it does all the world. I was at Versailles last Saturday with the Villarses. You know the Queen's toilet, the mass, and the dinner? Well, there is no need any longer of suffocating ourselves in the crowd to get a glimpse of their majesties at table. At three, the King, the Queen, Monsieur, Madame, Mademoiselle, and every thing else which is royal, together with Madame de Montespan and train, and all the courtiers, and all the ladies—all, in short, which constitutes the court of France—is assembled in that beautiful apartment of the king's, which you remember. All is furnished divinely, all is magnificent. Such a thing as heat is unknown; you pass from one place to another without the slightest pressure. A game at *reversis* gives the company a form and a settlement. The King and Madame de Montespan keep a bank together: different tables are occupied by Monsieur, the Queen, and Madame de Soubise, Dangeau* and party, Langlée and party:—everywhere you see heaps of *louis d'ors;* they have no other counters. I saw Dangeau play, and thought what fools we all were beside him. He dreams of nothing but what concerns the game; he wins where others lose; he neglects nothing, profits by every thing, never has his attention diverted; in short, his science bids defiance to chance. Two hundred thousand francs in ten days, a hundred thousand crowns in a month—these are the pretty memorandums he puts down in his pocket-book. He was kind enough to say that I was partners with him, so that I got an excellent seat. I made my obeisance to the King, as you told me; and he returned it, as if I had been young and handsome. The Queen talked as long to me about my illness, as if it had been a lying-in. The Duke said a thousand kind things without minding a word he uttered. Marshal de Lorges attacked me in the name of the Chevalier de Grignan; in short, *tutti quanti* (the whole company). You know what it is to get a word from every body you meet. Madame de Montespan talked to me of Bourbon, and asked me how I liked Vichi, and whether the place did me good. She said that Bourbon, instead of curing a pain in one of her knees, did mischief to both. Her size is reduced by a good half, and yet her complexion, her eyes, and her lips, are as fine as ever. She was dressed all in French point, her hair in a thousand ringlets, the two side ones hanging low on her cheeks, black ribbons on her head, pearls (the same that belonged to Madame de l'Hôpital), the loveliest diamond ear-rings, three or four bodkins—nothing else on the head; in short, a triumphant beauty, worthy the admiration of all the foreign ambassadors. She was accused of preventing the whole French nation from seeing the King; she has

* We have taken the words in Italics from the version of the letters published in 1765, often a very meritorious one, probably 'by various hands,' some passages exhibiting an ignorance of the commonest terms hardly possible to be reconciled with a knowledge of the rest. The three special words above quoted are admirable, and convey a truer sense of the original than would have been attained by one more literal. The passage in Madame de Sévigné is *tout étendu, tout chaud, tout sanglant, tout habillé, tout mort.* We take the opportunity of observing that some of the directly comic as well as tragic relations in this version are rendered with great gusto; though it could not save us the necessity of attempting a new one—owing to the want of a certain life in the general tone, as well as an occasional obsoleteness of phraseology, somewhat startling to observe in so short a lapse of time as seventy-seven years. There is another version of a later date, and containing more letters; but though not destitute of pretensions of its own, it is upon the whole much inferior to the older one, of which it mainly appears to be a copy.

* The writer of the well-known Court Diary.

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restored him, you see, to their eyes; and you cannot conceive the joy it has given all the world, and the splendor it has thrown upon the court. This charming confusion, without confusion, of all which is the most select, continues from three till six. If couriers arrive, the King retires a moment to read the despatches, and returns. There is always some music going on to which he listens, and which has an excellent effect. He talks with such of the ladies as are accustomed to enjoy that honor. In short, they leave play at six; there is no trouble of counting, for there is no sort of counters; the pools consist of at least five, perhaps six or seven hundred louis; the bigger ones of a thousand or twelve hundred. At first each person pools twenty, which is a hundred; and the dealer afterwards pools ten. The person who holds the knave is entitled to four louis; they pass; and when they play before the pool is taken, they forfeit sixteen, which teaches them not to play out of turn. Talking is incessantly going on, and there is no end of *hearts*. How many hearts have you? I have two, I have three, I have one, I have four; he has only three then, he has only four;—and Dangeau is delighted with all this chatter: he sees through the game—he draws his conclusions—he discovers which is the person he wants; truly he is your only man for holding the cards. At six, the carriages are at the door. The King is in one of them with Madame de Montespan, Monsieur and Madame de Thianges, and Honest d'Heudicourt in a fool's paradise on the stool. You know how these open carriages are made; they do not sit face to face, but all looking the same way. The Queen occupies another with the Princess; and the rest come flocking after as it may happen. There are then gondolas on the canal, and music; and at ten they come back, and then there is a play; and twelve strikes, and they go to supper; and thus rolls round the Saturday If I were to tell you how often you were asked after—how many questions were put to me without waiting for answers—how often I neglected to answer—how little they cared, and how much less I did—you would see the *iniqua corte* (wicked court) before you in all its perfection. However, it never was so pleasant before, and every body wishes it may last.'

Not a word of the *morale* of the spectacle! Madame de Sévigné, who had one of the correctest reputations in France, wishes even it may last. *Iniqua corte* is a mere jesting phrase, applied to any court. Montespan was a friend of the family, though it knew Maintenon also, who was then preparing the downfall of the favorite. The latter, meantime, was a sort of vice-queen, reigning over the real one. When she journeyed, it was with a train of forty people; governors of provinces offered to meet her with addresses; and intendants presented her with boats like those of Cleopatra, painted and gilt, luxurious with crimson damask, and streaming with the colors of France and Navarre. Louis was such a god at that time—he shook his 'ambrosial curls' over so veritable an Olympus, where his praises were hymned by loving goddesses, consenting heroes, and incense-bearing priests—that if marriage had been a less consecrated institution in the Catholic Church, and the Jesuits with their accommodating philosophy would have stood by him, one is almost tempted to believe he might have crowned half-a-dozen queens at a time, and made the French pulpits hold forth with Milton on the merits of the patriarchal polygamies.

But, to say the truth, except when she chose to be in the humor for it, great part of Madame de Sévigné's enjoyment, wherever she was, looked as little to the *morale* of the thing as need be. It arose from her powers of discernment and description. No matter what kind of scene she beheld, whether exalted or humble, brilliant or gloomy, crowded or solitary, her sensibility turned all to account. She saw well for herself; and she knew, that what she saw she should enjoy over again, in telling it to her daughter. In the autumn of next year she is in the country, and pays a visit to an iron-foundry, where they made anchors. The scene is equally well felt with that at court. It is as good, in its way, as the blacksmith's in Spencer's 'House of Care,' where the sound was heard

"Of many iron hammers, beating rank,
And answering their weary turns around;"

and where the visitor is so glad to get away from the giant and his 'strong grooms,' all over smoke and horror.

*Extract of a Letter to Madame de Grignan.*

'*Friday*, 1st *October*, (1677.)

* * * 'Yesterday evening at Cone, we descended into a veritable hell, the true forges of Vulcan. Eight or ten cyclops were at work, forging, not arms for Æneas, but anchors for ships. You never saw strokes redoubled so justly, nor with so admirable a cadence. We stood in the middle of four furnaces, and the demons came passing about us, all melting in sweat, with pale faces, wild staring eyes, savage mustaches, and hair long and black; a sight enough to frighten less well-bred folks than ourselves. As to me, I could not comprehend the possibility of refusing any thing which these gentlemen, in their hell, might have chosen to exact. We got out at last, by the help of a shower of silver, with which we took care to refresh their souls and facilitate our exit.'

This description is immediately followed by one as lively, of another sort.

'We had a taste the evening before, at Nevers, of the most daring race you ever beheld. Four fair ladies, in a carriage, having seen us pass them in ours, had such a desire to behold our

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faces a second time, that they must needs get before us again, on a causeway made only for one coach. My dear, their coachman brushed our very whiskers; it is a mercy they were not pitched into the river; we all cried out 'for God's sake;' they, for their parts, were dying with laughter; and they kept galloping on *above* us and before us, in so tremendous and unaccountable a manner, that we have not got rid of the fright to this moment.'

There is a little repetition in the following, because truth required it; otherwise it is all as good as new, fresh from the same mint that throws forth every thing at a heat—whether anchors, or diamond earrings, or a coach in a gallop.

'*Paris, 29th November*, (1679.)

* * * 'I have been to this wedding of Madame de Louvois. How shall I describe it? Magnificence, illuminations, all France, dresses all gold and brocade, jewels, braziers full of fire, and stands full of flowers, confusions of carriages, cries out of doors, flambeaus, pushings back, people knocked up; in short, a whirlwind, a distraction; questions without answers, compliments without knowing what is said, civilities without knowing who is spoken to, feet entangled in trains. From the middle of all this, issue inquiries after your health; which, not being answered as quick as lightning, the inquirers pass on, contented to remain in the state of ignorance and indifference in which they were made. *O vanity of vanities!* Pretty little De Mouchy has had the small-pox. *O vanity*, et cetera!'

In Boswell's 'Life of Johnson' is a reference by the great and gloomy moralist to a passage in Madame de Sévigné, in which she speaks of existence having been imposed upon her without her consent; but the conclusion he draws from it as to her opinion of life in general, is worthy of the critic who 'never read books through.' The momentary effusion of spleen is contradicted by the whole correspondence. She occasionally vents her dissatisfaction at a rainy day, or the perplexity produced in her mind by a sermon; and when her tears begin flowing for a pain in her daughter's little finger, it is certainly no easy matter to stop them; but there was a luxury at the heart of this wo. Her ordinary notions of life were no more like Johnson's, than rose-color is like black, or health like disease. She repeatedly proclaims, and almost always shows, her delight in existence; and has disputes with her daughter, in which she laments that she does not possess the same turn of mind. There is a passage, we grant, on the subject of old age, which contains a reflection similar to the one alluded to by Johnson, and which has been deservedly admired for its force and honesty. But even in this passage, the germ of the thought was suggested by the melancholy of another person, not by her own. Madame de la Fayette had written her a letter urging her to retrieve her affairs, and secure her health, by accepting some money from her friends, and quitting the Rocks for Paris;—offers which, however handsomely meant, she declined with many thanks, and not a little secret indignation; for she was very jealous of her independence. In the course of this letter, Madame de la Fayette, who herself was irritable with disease, and who did not write it in a style much calculated to prevent the uneasiness it caused, made abrupt use of the words, 'You are old.' The little hard sentence came like a blow upon the lively, elderly lady. She did not like it at all; and thus wrote of it to her daughter:

'So you were struck with the expression of Madame de la Fayette, blended with so much friendship. 'Twas a truth, I own, which I ought to have borne in mind; and yet I must confess it astonished me, for I do not yet perceive in myself any such decay. Nevertheless I cannot help making many reflections and calculations, and I find the conditions of life hard enough. It seems to me that I have been dragged, against my will, to the fatal period when old age must be endured; I see it; I have come to it; and I would fain, if I could help it, not go any further; not advance a step more in the road of infirmities, of pains, of losses of memory, of *disfigurements* ready to do me outrage; and I hear a voice which says, You must go on in spite of yourself; or, if you will not go on, you must die; and this is another extremity, from which nature revolts. Such is the lot, however, of all who advance beyond middle life. What is their resource? To think of the will of God and of the universal law; and so restore reason to its place, and be patient. Be you then patient, accordingly, my dear child, and let not your affections often into such tears as reason must condemn.'

The whole heart and good sense of humanity seem to speak in passages like these, equally removed from the frights of the supersittious, and the flimsiness or falsehood of levity. The ordinary comfort and good prospects of Madame de Sévigné's existence, made her write with double force on these graver subjects, when they presented themselves to her mind. So, in her famous notice of the death of Louvois the minister—never, in a few words, were past ascendency and sudden nothingness more impressively contrasted.

'I am so astonished at the news of the sudden death of M. de Louvois, that I am at a loss how to speak of it. Dead, however, he is, this great minister, this potent being, who occupied so great a place, whose *me*, (*le moi*,) as M. Nicole

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says, had so wide a dominion; who was the centre of so many orbs. 'What affairs had he not to manage! what designs, what projects, what secrets! what interests to unravel, what wars to undertake, what intrigues, what noble games at chess to play and to direct! Ah! my God, give me a little time! I want to give check to the Duke of Savoy—checkmate to the Prince of Orange. No, no, you shall not have a moment—not a single moment. Are events like these to be talked of? Not they. We must reflect upon them in our closets.'

This is a part of a letter to her cousin Coulanges, written in the year 1691. Five years afterwards she died.

The two English writers who have shown the greatest admiration of Madame de Sévigné, are Horace Walpole and Sir James Mackintosh. The enthusiasm of Walpole, who was himself a distinguished letter writer and wit, is mixed up with a good deal of self-love. He bows to his own image in the mirror beside her. During one of his excursions to Paris, he visits the Hôtel de Carnavalet and the house at Livry; and has thus described his impressions, after his half-good half-affected fashion:

'Madame de Chabot I called on last night. She was not at home, but the Hôtel de Carnavalet was; and I stopped on purpose to say an Ave-Maria before it.' (This pun is suggested by one in Bussy-Rabutin.) 'It is a very singular building, not at all in the French style, and looks like an *ex voto*, raised to her honor by some of her foreign votaries. I don't think her half-honored enough in her own country.'*

His visit to Livry is recorded in a letter to his friend Montague:

'One must be just to all the world. Madame Roland, I find, has been in the country, and at Versailles, and was so obliging as to call on me this morning; but I was so disobliging as not to be awake. I was dreaming dreams; in short, I had dined at Livry; yes, yes, at Livry, with a Langlade and De la Rochefoucauld. The abbey is now possessed by an Abbé de Malherbe, with whom I am acquainted, and who had given me a general invitation. I put it off to the last moment, that the *bois* and *allées* might set off the scene a little, and contribute to the vision; but it did not want it. Livry is situate in the Forêt de Bondi, very agreeably on a flat, but with hills near it and in prospect. There is a great air of simplicity and *rural* about it, more regular than our taste, but with an old fashioned tranquillity, and nothing of *colifichet* (frippery). Not a tree exists that remembers the charming woman, because in this country an old tree is a traitor, and forfeits his head to the crown; but the plantations are not young, and might very well be as they were in her time. The Abbé's house is decent and snug; a few paces from it is the sacred pavilion built for Madame de Sévigné by her uncle, and much as it was in her day; a small saloon below for dinner, then an arcade, but the niches now closed, and painted in fresco with medallions of her, the Grignan, the Fayette, and the Rochefoucauld. Above, a handsome large room, with a chimneypiece in the best taste of Louis the Fourteenth's time; a Holy Family in good relief over it, and the cipher of her uncle Coulanges; a neat little bedchamber within, and two or three clean little chambers over them. On one side of the garden, leading to the great road, is a little bridge of wood, on which the dear woman used to wait for the courier that brought her daughter's letters. Judge with what veneration and satisfaction I set my foot upon it! If you will come to France with me next year, we will go and sacrifice on that sacred spot together.'—*Id. p.* 142.

Sir James Mackintosh became intimate with the letters of Madame de Sévigné during his voyage from India, and has left some remarks upon them in the Diary published in his Life.

'The great charm,' he says, 'of her character seems to me a *natural* virtue. In what she does, as well as in what she says, she is unforced and unstudied; nobody, I think, had so much morality without constraint, and played so much with amiable feelings without falling into vice. Her ingenious, lively, social disposition, gave the direction to her mental power. She has so filled my heart with affectionate interest in her as a living friend, that I can scarcely bring myself to think of her as a writer, or as having a style; but she has become a celebrated, perhaps an immortal writer, without expecting it: she is the only classical writer who never conceived the possibility of acquiring fame. Without a great force of style, she could not have communicated those feelings. In what does that talent consist? It seems mainly to consist in the power of working bold metaphors, and unexpected turns of expression, out of the most familiar part of conversational language."*

Sir James proceeds to give an interesting analysis of this kind of style, and the way in which it obtains ascendency in the most polished circles; and all that he says of it is very true. But it seems to us, that the main secret of the '*charm*' of Madame de Sévigné is to be found neither in her 'natural virtue,' nor in the style in which it expressed itself, but in something which interests us still more for our own sakes than the writer's, and which instinctively compelled her to adopt that style as its natural language. We doubt extremely, in the first place, whether any great 'charm' is ever felt in her virtue, natural or otherwise, however it may be respected. Readers are glad, certainly, that the correctness of her reputation enabled her to write with so much gayety and

* *Letters, &c.* Vol. V., p. 74, Edit. 1840.

* Memoirs of the Life of the Right Hon. Sir James Mackintosh. Sec. Edit., Vol. II., p. 217.

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boldness; and perhaps (without at all taking for granted what Bussy-Rabutin intimates about secret lovers) it gives a zest to certain freedoms in her conversation, which are by no means rare; for she was any thing but a prude. We are not sure that her character for personal correctness does not sometimes produce even an awkward impression, in connexion with her relations to the court and the mistresses; though the manners of the day, and her superiority to sermonizing and hypocrisy, relieve it from one of a more painful nature. Certain we are, however, that we should have liked her still better, had she manifested a power to love somebody else besides her children; had she married again, for instance, instead of passing a long widowhood from her five-and-twentieth year, not, assuredly, out of devotion to her husband's memory. Such a marriage, we think, would have been quite as natural as any virtue she possessed. The only mention of her husband that we recollect in all her correspondence, with the exception of the allusion to Ninon, is in the following date of a letter:

'Paris, Friday Feb. 5, 1672. This day thousand years I was married.'

We do not accuse her of heartlessness. We believe she had a very good heart. Probably, she liked to be her own mistress; but this does not quite explain the matter in so loving a person. There were people in her own time who doubted the love for her daughter—surely with great want of justice. But natural as that virtue was, and delightful as it is to see it, was the *excess* of it quite so natural? or does a thorough intimacy with the letters confirm our belief in that excess? It does not. The love was real and great; but the secret of what appears to be its extravagance is, perhaps, to be found in the love of power; or, not to speak harshly, in the inability of a fond mother to leave off her habits of guidance and dictation, and the sense of her importance to her child. Hence a fidgetiness on one side, which was too much allied to exaction and self-will, and a proportionate tendency to ill-concealed, and at last open impatience on the other. The demand for letters was not only incessant and avowed; it was to be met with as zealous a desire, on the daughter's part, to supply them. If little is written, pray write more: if much, don't write so much for fear of headaches. If the headaches are complained of, what misery! if not complained of, something worse and more cruel has taken place—it is a concealment. Friends must take care how they speak of the daughter as too well and happy. The mother then brings to our mind the Falkland of Sheridan, and expresses her disgust at these 'perfect-health folks.' Even lovers tire under such *surveillance;* and as affections between mother and child, however beautiful, are not, in the nature of things, of a like measure of reciprocity, a similar result would have been looked for by the discerning eyes of Madame de Sévigné, had the case been any other than her own. But the tears of self-love mingle with those of love, and blind the kindest natures to the difference. It is too certain, or rather it is a fact which reduces the love to a good honest natural size, and therefore ought not, so far, to be lamented, that this fond mother and daughter, fond though they were, jangled sometimes, like their inferiors, both when absent and present, leaving nevertheless a large measure of affection to diffuse itself in joy and comfort over the rest of their intercourse. It is a common case, and we like neither of them a jot the less for it. We may only be allowed to repeat our wish (as Madame de Grignan must often have done) that the 'dear Marie de Rabutin,' as Sir James Mackintosh calls her, had had a second husband, to divert some of the responsibilities of affection from her daughter's head. Let us recollect, after all, that we should not have heard of the distress but for the affection; that millions who might think fit to throw stones at it, would in reality have no right to throw a pebble; and that the wit which has rendered it immortal, is beautiful for every species of truth, but this single deficiency in self-knowledge.

*That* is the great charm of Madame de Sévigné—*truth.* Truth, wit, and animal spirits compose the secret of her delightfulness; but truth above all, for it is that which shows all the rest to be true. If she had not more natural virtues than most other good people, she had more natural *manners;* and the universality of her taste, and the vivacity of her spirits, giving her the widest range of enjoyment, she expressed herself naturally on all subjects, and did not disdain the simplest and most familiar phraseology, when the truth required it. Familiarities of style, taken by themselves, have been common more or less to all wits, from the days of Aristophanes to those of Byron; and, in general, so have animal spirits. Rabelais was full of both. The followers of Pulci and Berni, in Italy, abound in them. What distinguishes Madame de Sévigné is, first, that



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she was a woman so writing, which till her time had been a thing unknown, and has not been since witnessed in any such charming degree; and second, and above all, that she writes 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth;' never giving us falsehood of any kind, not even a single false metaphor, or only half-true simile or description; nor writing for any purpose on earth, but to say what she felt, and please those who could feel with her. If we consider how few writers there are, even among the best, to whom this praise, in its integrity, can apply, we shall be struck, perhaps, with a little surprise and sorrow for the craft of authors in general; but certainly with double admiration for Madame de Sévigné. We do not mean to say that she is always right in opinion, or that she had no party or conventional feelings. She entertained, for many years, some strong prejudices. She was bred up in so exclusive an admiration for the poetry of Corneille, that she thought Racine would go out of fashion. Her loyalty made her astonished to find that Louis was not invincible; and her connexion with the Count de Grignan, who was employed in the *dragonades* against the Huguenots, led her but negatively to disapprove those inhuman absurdities. But these were accidents of friendship or education: her understanding outlived them; nor did they hinder her, meantime, from describing truthfully what she felt, and from being right as well as true in nine-tenths of it all. Her sincerity made even her errors a part of her truth. She never pretended to be above what she felt; never assumed a profound knowledge; never disguised an ignorance. Her mirth, and her descriptions, may sometimes appear exaggerated; but the spirit of truth, not of contradiction, is in them; and excess in such cases is not falsehood, but enjoyment —not the wine adulterated, but the cup running over. All her wit is healthy; all its images entire and applicable throughout—not palsy-stricken with irrelevance; not forced in, and then found wanting, like Walpole's conceit about the trees, in the passage above quoted. Madame de Sévigné never wrote such a passage in her life. All her lightest and most fanciful images, all her most daring expressions, have the strictest propriety, the most genuine feeling, a home in the heart of truth;—as when, for example, she says, amidst continual feasting, that she is 'famished for want of hunger;' that there were no 'interlineations' in the conversation of a lady who spoke from the heart; that she went to vespers one evening out of pure opposition, which taught her to comprehend the 'sacred obstinacy of martyrdom;' that she did not keep a 'philosopher's shop;' that it is difficult for people in trouble to 'bear thunderclaps of bliss in others.' It is the same from the first letter we have quoted to the last; from the proud and merry boasting of the young mother with a boy, to the candid shudder about the approach of old age, and the refusal of death to grant a moment to the dying statesman—'no, not a single moment.' She loved nature and truth without misgiving; and nature and truth loved her in return, and have crowned her with glory and honor.

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## TRAVELLING ROMANCERS: DUMAS ON THE RHINE.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

*Excursions sur les Bords du Rhin, par* ALEXANDRE DUMAS. (Excursions on the Shores of the Rhine. By ALEXANDER DUMAS.) Paris. 1842.

ONE of Louis XIV.'s generals had a cook who with a few pounds of horseflesh could dress a sufficient dinner for the general's whole staff: soup, entrées, entremets, pastry, rotis, and all. This was an invaluable servant, and his dinners, especially in a time of siege and famine, must have been most welcome: but no doubt, when the campaign was over, the cook took care to supply his master's table with other meats besides disguised horseflesh, which, after all, sauce it and pepper it as you will, must always have had a villanous equine twang.

As with the race of cooks, so with literary men. If there were an absolute dearth of books in the world, and we lay beleaguered by an enemy who had cut off all our printing-presses, our circulating libraries and museums; had hanged our respected publishers; and had beaten off any convoy of newspapers that had attempted to relieve the garrison: then, if a literary artiste stepped forward, and said, Friends, you are starving, and I can help you; you pine for your literary food, and I can supply it: and so, taking a pair of leather inexpressibles, boots (or any other "stock"), should make you forthwith a satisfactory dinner, dishing you up three hot volumes in a trice:—that literary man would deserve the thanks of the public, because out of so little he had managed to fill so many stomachs.

If ever such a time of war should come,

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M. Alexandre Dumas (for by the constitution of this Review we are not allowed to look to Mr. James at home, or other authors whose productive powers are equally prodigious)—M. Dumas should be appointed our book-maker, with the full confidence that he could provide us with more than any other author could give: not with *meat* perhaps; the dishes so constructed being a thought unsubstantial and windy; but.... however, a truce to this kitchen metaphor, which only means to imply that it is a wonder how M. Dumas can produce books as he does, and that he ought, for the sake of mankind, to attempt to be less prolific. If there were no other writers, or he himself wrote no other books, it would be very well; but other writers there *are;* he himself has, no doubt, while these have been crossing the channel, written scores of volumes more, which, panting, we shall have some day or other to come up with. Flesh and blood cannot bear this over pressure, as the reader will see by casting his eye over the calculation given in the next sentence.

Here, for example (being at this instant of writing the latest published of a series of some twelve or thirteen goodly tomes of *Impressions de Voyage* of the last couple of years), are three agreeable readable volumes: describing a journey which can be most easily performed in a week, or at most nine days, and on which it is probable M. Dumas spent no more time. Three volumes for nine days is one hundred pages per diem: one hundred and twenty volumes, thirty-six thousand five hundred pages per annum. Thirty-six thousand five hundred pages per annum would produce in the course of a natural literary life, say of forty years, pages one million four hundred and sixty thousand, volumes four thousand eight hundred. How can mankind bear this? If Heaven awarded the same term of life to us, we might certainly with leisure and perseverance get through a hundred pages a day, one hundred and twenty volumes a year, and so on: nay, it would be possible to consume double that quantity of Dumas, and so finish him off in twenty years. But let us remember what books there are else in the world beides his: what Paul de Kocks and Souliés (Madame Schopenhauer of Weimar is dead, that's one comfort)! what double-sheeted *Timeses* to get through every morning! and then the duty we owe as British citizens to the teeming quires of our own country! The mind staggers before all this vastness of books, and must either presently go mad with too much reading, or become sullenly indifferent to all: preferring to quit the ground altogether, as it cannot hope to keep up with the hunt: and retreating into drink, card-playing, needlework, or some other occupation for intellect and time.

But with a protest as to the length of the volumes, it is impossible to deny that they will give the lover of light literature a few hours amusing reading: nay, as possibly the author will imagine, of instruction too. For here he is again, though less successfully than in his *Crimes Célèbres*, the minute historian: and again, we are bound to say with perfect success, the pure dramatic romancist. He says he makes "preparatory studies" before visiting a country which enable him therefore to go through i "without a cicerone, without a guide, and without a plan;" (see how the book-maker shows himself in this little sentence: any one of the phrases would have answered, but M. Dumas must take three!) and would have us to believe, like M. Victor Hugo, whose tour over part of the same country we noticed six months back, that at each place he comes to he is in a position to pour out his vast stores of previously-accumulated knowledge, to illustrate the scene before his eyes.

Other persons, however (especially envious critics, who in the course of their professional labors may possibly take a pompous advantage of the same cheap sort of learning), know very well that there is such a book as the *Biographie Universelle* in the world; and that in all ancient cities Nature has kindly implanted a certain race of antiquarians, who remain as faithful to them as the moss and weeds that grow on the old ramparts, and whose instinct it is to chronicle the names and actions of all the great and small illustrious whom their native towns have produced. Book-makers ought to thank Heaven daily for such, as the learned of old were instructed to thank Heaven for sending dictionary-makers. What would imaginative writers do without such men, who give them the facts which they can embroider; the learning which they can appropriate; the little quaint dates and circumstances, which the great writer, had he been compelled to hunt for them, must have sought in vast piles of folios, written in Latin much too crabbed for his easy scholarship? In the midst of the rubbish of centuries, in which it is the antiquarian's nature to grub, he lights every now and then upon a pretty fact or two—a needle in the midst of the huge bundle of primeval straw. The great writer seizing the

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needle, polishes it, gilds it, puts a fine sham jewel at the top, and wears it in his bosom in a stately way. Let him do so, in Heaven's name, but at least let him be decently grateful, and say who was the discoverer of the treasure. When, for instance, Signor Victor Hugo roars out twenty pages of dates, declaring on his affidavit that he gives them from memory, and that he himself was the original compiler of the same; or the noble* Alexander Dumas, after a walk through some Belgic or Rhenish town, guts the guide-book of the modest antiquary of the place to make a flaming *feuilleton* thereof, and has the assurance to call his robberies "des études préparatoires;" we feel that he is following a course reprehensible in so great a writer, and must take leave accordingly and respectfully to reprehend him.

But though we find our author so disinclined generally to state whence his information is gained, there is on the other hand this excuse to be made for him: namely, that the information is not in the least to be relied upon, the facts being distorted and caricatured according as the author's furious imagination may lead him. History and the world are stages to him, and melodramas or most bloody tragedies, the pieces acted. We have seen this sufficiently even in his better sort of books. Murders, massacres, *coups de hache*, grim humorous bravoes, pathetic executioners, and such like characters and incidents, are those he always rejoices in. Arriving at Brussels, he walks, for the length of some three pages, through the city. Returning home, the guide-book and the biographical dictionary are at work. Fires, slaughters, famines, assassinations, crowd upon the page (relieved by a humorous interlude), and so in a twinkling fifty pages are complete. At Antwerp he passes at the museum—say an hour: the museum is very small, and any non-professional person will probably find an hour's visit sufficient. After the museum he has "*two good hours* before the departure on the railroad." For the first hour, we have Rubens, his life and times: for the "two good hours," Napoleon and his system, the port of Antwerp, the only promenade in the town, (the picturesque and stately old city in which every lofty street is a promenade!) the docks and the names of frigates built there. All, of course, learned by *études préparatoires*.

* M. Dumas, in this book, talks of his paternal coat of arms, and has, we are credibly informed, assumed in some place the style and titles of Viscount Dumas. For M. Victor Hugo's display of learning, the reader is referred to the 57th number of this Review.

At Ghent he sleeps: Charles V., Napoleon again, the Béguinage, and some scandalous stories which the guides are in the habit of telling to all travellers, as it would appear; for we have had in our own experience to listen to the selfsame stories. At Bruges, M Dumas [illegible] f y p[illegible] s of legends regarding Baldwin of Flanders find an issue from his fluent pen.

His main object in going to Brussels was, he says, to see Waterloo, and as his chapter concerning that famous place is a very amusing one, we translate it entire. The first part relates picturesquely and brilliantly the author's first and last view of Napoleon.

"My chief end in going to Brussels was a pilgrimage to Waterloo.

"For Waterloo is not only for me, as for all Frenchmen, a great political date; but it was also one of those recollections of youth which leave upon the mind ever after so profound and powerful an impression. I never saw Napoleon but twice; the first time when he was going to Waterloo, the second time when he quitted it.

"The little town where I was born, and which my mother inhabited, is situated at twenty leagues from Paris, upon one of the three roads leading to Brussels. It was, then, one of the arteries which gave a passage to that generous blood that was about to flow at Waterloo.

"Already, for about three weeks, the town had worn the aspect of a camp. Every day at about four, drum and trumpet sounded, and young and old who could not weary of the spectacle, would rush out of the town at the noise, and return again, accompanying some splendid regiment of that old guard, which the world believed to be destroyed; but which, at the call of its ancient chief, seemed as it were to come forth from its icy tomb: appearing amongst us a glorious spectre, with its old, worn, bear-skin caps, and its banners mutilated by the balls of Austerlitz and Marengo. Next day it would be a splendid regiment of chasseurs with their streaming colbacks, or some incomplete squadrons of the brilliant dragoons, whose rich uniforms have disappeared from our army: too magnificent, no doubt, for times of peace. On another day we would hear the dull clatter of the cannon as they passed, crouched on their carriage, causing our houses to shake as they rattled on, and each, like the regiments to which they belonged, bearing a name which presaged victory. There were troops of all kinds, even down to a detachment of Mamelukes, the last feeble mutilated remnant of the consular guard, carrying each his drop of blood to the grand human hecatomb that was about to be offered up on the altar of our country. It was to the music of our national airs that all these warriors passed; singing those old republican songs which Bonaparte had stammered forth, but which Napoleon had proscribed; songs which can never die in our country, and which the emperor tolerated at length, knowing full well that he must address himself to the sympathies of all now, and that it was not the recollections of 1809, but of 1792, which he must recall. I was then but a

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child, as I have said, for I was scarcely twelve years old; and I know not what impression that sight, that music, those recollections may awaken in others: but I know that with me it was a delirium. For a fortnight they could not get me back to school again, but I ran through street and high-road—I was like a madman!

"Then, one morning—I think it was the 12th of June—we read in the *Moniteur*,

"'To-morrow, his Majesty the Emperor will quit the capital to join the army. His Majesty will take the route of Soissons, Laon, and Avesne.'

"Napoleon then was to take the same route with his army. Napoleon was to pass through our town: I was going to see Napoleon!

"Napoleon! It was a great name for me, and one which represented ideas strangely differing.

"I had heard the name cursed by my father, an old republican soldier, who sent back the coat of arms the Emperor sent him, saying that he had his family coat which appeared sufficient to him. And yet it was a noble shield to quarter with that of his father's; that which represented a pyramid, a palm-tree, and the heads of the three horses which my father had killed under him at Mantua, with this device, at once firm and conciliatory: *Sans haine, sans crainte!*

"I had heard the name exalted by Murat, one of the friends who remained faithful to my father during his disgrace: a soldier whom Napoleon had made a general; a general whom he had made a king; and who one fine day forgot all, though just at the time when he should have remembered it.

"Finally, I had heard it judged with the impartiality of history by my godfather, Brune, the philosophic soldier, who always fought, his Tacitus in his hand: ever ready to shed his blood for his country, whoever might be the chief demanding it, Louis XVI., a Robespierre, Barras, or Napoleon.

"All this was boiling in my young brain, when suddenly the rumor came among us, brought down by the official speaking-trumpet.

"Napoleon is about to pass.

"Now the *Moniteur* reached us on the thirteenth: it was the very day.

"There was no talk of making harangues, or raising triumphal arches in his honor. Napoleon was in a hurry. Napoleon quitted the pen for the sword, command for action. Napoleon passed like the lightning, hoping to strike like the thunderbolt.

"The *Moniteur* did not say at what hour Napoleon would pass; but very early all the town had gathered together at the end of the Rue de Paris. I for my part with other children of my age, had gone forward as far as an eminence, from which we could see the high-road for the space of a league.

"There we stayed from morning until three o'clock.

"At three o'clock we saw a courier coming. He approached us very rapidly. Very soon he was up with us. 'Is the Emperor coming?' we cried to him. He stretched his hand out to the horizon.

"'There he is,' said he.

"In fact, we saw two carriages approaching, galloping, each with six horses. They disappeared for an instant in a valley, then rose again at a quarter of a league's distance from us. Then we set off running towards the town, crying *L'Empereur! l'Empereur!*

"We arrived breathless, and only preceding the Emperor by some five hundred paces. I thought he would not stop, whatever might be the crowd awaiting him: and so made for the post-house, when I sunk down half dead with the running: but at any rate I was there. In a moment, appeared turning the corner of a street, the foaming horses; then the postilions all covered with ribbons; then the carriages themselves; then the people following the carriages. The carriages stopped at the post.

"I saw Napoleon!

"He was dressed in a green coat, with little epaulets, and wore the officer's cross of the Legion of Honor. I only saw his bust, framed in the square of the carriage window.

"His head fell upon his chest—that famous medallic head of the old Roman Emperors. His forehead fell forward; his features, immovable, were of the yellowish color of wax; only his eyes appeared to be alive.

"Next him, on his left, was Prince Jerome, a king without a kingdom, but a faithful brother. He was at that period a fine young man of six-and-twenty or thirty years of age, his features regular and well formed, his beard black, his hair elegantly arranged. He saluted in place of his brother, whose vague glance seemed lost in the future—perhaps in the past.

"Opposite the Emperor was Letort, his aide-de-camp, an ardent soldier, who seemed already to snuff the air of battle: he was smiling, too, the poor fellow, as if he had long days to live!

"All this lasted for about a minute. Then the whip cracked, the horses neighed, and it all disappeared like a vision.

"Three days afterwards, towards evening, some people arrived from Saint Quentin: they said, that as they came away they had heard cannon.

"The morning of the 17th a courier arrived, who scattered all along the road the news of the victory.

"The 18th nothing. The 19th nothing: only vague rumors were abroad, coming no one knew whence. It was said that the Emperor was at Brussels.

"The 20th. Three men in rags, two wounded, and riding jaded horses all covered with foam, entered the town, and were instantly surrounded by the whole population, and pushed into the courtyard of the town-house.

"These men hardly spoke French. They were, I believe, Westphalians, belonging somehow to our army. To tell our questions they only shook their heads sadly, and ended by confessing that they had quitted the field of battle of Waterloo at eight o'clock, and that the battle was lost when they came away.

"It was the advanced guard of the fugitives.

"We would not believe them. We said these men were Prussian spies. Napoleon could not be beaten. That fine army which we had seen pass, could not be destroyed. We wanted to put the poor fellows into prison: so quickly had we forgotten '13 and '14 to remember only the years which had gone before!

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"My mother ran to the fort, where she passed the whole day, knowing it was there the news must arrive whatever it were. During this time I looked out in the maps for Waterloo, the name of which even I could not find; and began to think the place was imaginary as was the men's account of the battle.

"At four o'clock more fugitives arrived, who confirmed the news of the first comers. These were French, and could give all the details which we asked for. They repeated what the others had said, only adding that Napoleon and his brother were killed. This we would not believe, Napoleon might not be invincible, unvulnerable he certainly was.

"Fresh news more terrible and disastrous continued to come in until 10 o'clock at night.

"At 10 o'clock at night, we heard the noise of a carriage. It stopped, and the postmaster went out with a light. We followed him, as he ran to the door to ask for news. Then he started a step back, and cried, 'It's the Emperor!'

"I got on a stone bench and looked over my mother's shoulder.

"It was indeed Napoleon: seated in the same corner, in the same uniform, his head on his breast as before. Perhaps it was bent a little lower; but there was not a line in his countenance, not an altered feature, to mark what were the feelings of the great gambler, who had just staked and lost the world. Jerome and Letort were not with him now, to bow and smile in his place. Jerome was gathering together the remnants of the army, Letort had been cut in two by a cannon-ball.

"Napoleon lifted his head slowly, looked round as if rousing from a dream, then with his brief strident voice—

"'What place is this?' he said.

"'Villers-Coteret, sire.'

"'How many leagues from Soissons?'

"'Six, sire.'

"'From Paris?'

"'Nineteen.'

"'Tell the postboys to go quick:' and he once more flung himself back into the corner of his carriage, his head falling on his chest.

"The horses carried him away as if they had wings.

"The world knows what had taken place between those two apparitions of Napoleon!

"I had always said I would go and visit the place with the unknown name, which I could not find on the maps of Belgium on the 20th of June, 1815, and which has since been inscribed on that of Europe in characters of blood. The day after arriving at Brussels, then, I went to it."

How much of this, one cannot fail to ask, with that unlucky knowledge of the author's character which a perusal of his works will force upon one, how much of this is true? It certainly is doubtful that Alexander Dumas's father, the general who must have been killed in Italy when his son was scarce four or five years of age, should have discoursed much to the lad regarding the character of Bonaparte.* It certainly is impossible that King Joachim could have spent much time at Villers-Coteret arguing with Master Alexander with regard to the merits of the Emperor. Public business, and his absence on military duty in Germany, Spain, Russia, and in his kingdom of Naples, must clearly have prevented Murat from very intimate conversation with the little boy who was to become so famous a dramatic author. With regard to Marshal Brune we cannot be so certain: let us give our author full benefit of all the chances in his favor. The rest of his evidence is no doubt true in the main, and is told, as the reader we fancy will allow, with great liveliness and an air of much truth. It is a pity sometimes, therefore, that a man should have a dramatic turn: for our impression on reading this brilliant little episode regarding Napoleon, instead of being perfectly satisfactory, was to try and ascertain whether he had passed through Villers-Coteret on his road to the army: then, whether he had returned by the same route, and at what time? And though—failing in certain decisive proofs—we are happy to leave M. Dumas in possession of the field (or road) on this occasion, it is not, we are forced to say, without strong suspicion and uncertainty.

From his account of Napoleon, let us turn to our author's description of Waterloo.

"In three hours we had passed through the fine forest of Soignées, and arrived at Mont Saint-Jean. Here the cicerones come to attend you, all saying that they were the guides of Jerome Bonaparte. One of the guides is an Englishman patented by his government, and wearing a medal as a *commissionnaire*. If any Frenchman wish to see the field of battle the poor devil does not even offer himself, being habituated to receive from them pretty severe rebuffs. On the other hand he has all the practice of the English.

"We took the first guide that came to hand. I had with me an excellent plan of the battle, with notes by the Duke of Elchingen (who is at this moment crossing his paternal sabre with the yatagan of the Arabs), and asked at once to be led to the monument of the Prince of Orange. Had I walked a hundred steps farther, there would have been no need of a guide, for it is the first thing you see after crossing the farm of Mont Saint-Jean.

* Since this was written a satisfactory piece of evidence occurs to us. In another volume of M. Dumas, we find the following passage:

"'I am the son,' said I, 'of General Alexander Dumas, the same who, being taken prisoner at Tarentum, in violation of the laws of hospitality was poisoned at Brindisi with Mauscourt and Dolomieu. This happened at the same time that Caracciolo was hanged in the bay of Naples."

Caracciolo was hanged in the year 1799; General Dumas was poisoned in the same year; his son was scarcely twelve years old in 1815, and perfectly remembers how his father used to curse Napoleon!!

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"We ascended the mountain which has been constructed by the hand of man upon the very spot where the Prince of Orange fell, struck in the shoulder while charging chivalrously, his hat in his hand, at the head of his regiment. It is a sort of round pyramid, some hundred and fifty feet high, which you ascend by means of a stair cut in the ground and supported by planks. The earth of which the hill is formed was taken from the soil over which it looks, and the aspect of the field of battle is in consequence somewhat changed; the ravine in this place possessing an abruptness which it had not originally. On the summit of this pyramid is a colossal lion (the tail of which our soldiers on their return from Antwerp would, had they not been prevented, have cut off), which has one paw placed on a ball, and with its head turned to the east menaces France. From this platform, round the lion's pedestal, you look upon the whole field of battle from Braine L'Allend and the extreme point reached by the division of Jerome Bonaparte, to the wood of Frichermont, whence Blucher and his Prussians issued; and from Waterloo, which has given its name to the battle no doubt because the rout of the English was stopped at that village, to Quatre Bras where Wellington slept after the defeat of Ligny, and the wood of Bossu where the Duke of Brunswick was killed. From this elevated point we awoke all the shadows, and noise and smoke, which have been extinguished for five-and-twenty years, and were present at the battle. Yonder, a little above La Haye Sainte, and at a place where some farm buildings have since been erected, Wellington stood a considerable part of the day, leaning against a beech, which an Englishman afterwards bought for two hundred francs. At the same time fell Sir Thomas Picton charging at the head of a regiment. Near this spot are the monuments of Gordon and the Hanoverians; at the foot of the pyramid is the plateau of Mont Saint-Jean, which would be about as high as the monuments which we have just mentioned, were it not that for the space of about two acres around this spot, a layer of ten feet of earth has been taken away in order to form the hill. It was on this point, on the possession of which depended the gain of the day, that for three hours the main struggle of the battle took place. Here took place the charge of the 1200 cuirassiers and dragoons of Kellermann and Milhaud. Pursued by these from square to square, Wellington only owed his safety to the impassability of his soldiers, who let themselves be poignarded at their post, and fell to the number of 10,000 without yielding a step; whilst their general, tears in his eyes, and his watch in his hand, gathered fresh hope in calculating that it would require two hours more of actual time to kill what remained of his men. Now in one hour he expected Blucher, in an hour and a half Night: a second auxiliary of whose aid he was certain, should Grouchy prevent the first ally from coming to his aid. To conclude, yonder on the plateau, and touching the high-road, are the buildings of La Haye Sainte, thrice taken and retaken by Ney, who had in these three attacks five horses killed under him.

"Now, turning our regards towards France, you will see on your right, in the midst of a little wood, the farm of Hougoumont, which Napoleon ordered Jerome not to abandon were he and all his troops to perish there. In face of us is the farm of Belle Alliance, from which Napoleon, having quitted the observatory at Monplaisir, watched the battle for two hours, calling on Grouchy to give him his living battalions, as Augustus did on Varres, for his dead legions. To the left is the ravine where Cambronne, when called upon to surrender, replied, not with the words *La garde meurt* (for in our rage to poetize every thing, we have attributed to him a phrase which he never used), but with a single expression of the barrack-room much more fierce and energetic, though not perhaps so genteel. In fine, in front of all this line was the high road to Brussels, and at the place where the road rises slightly, the spectator will distinguish the extreme point to which Napoleon advanced, when seeing Blucher's Prussians (for whom Wellington was looking so eagerly) debouch from the wood of Frichermont, he cried, 'Oh, here's Grouchy at last, and the battle's ours.' It was his last cry of hope: in another hour that of *Sauve qui peut* sounded from all sides in his ears.

"Those who wish to examine in further detail this plain of so many bloody recollections, over the *ensemble* of which we have just cast a glance, will descend the pyramid, and in the direction of Braine L'Allend and Frichermont, will take the Neville road which conducts to Hougoumont. It will be found just as it was when, called away by Napoleon at three o'clock, Jerome quitted it. It is battered by the twelve guns which General Foy brought down to the prince. It looks as if the work of ruin had been done but yesterday, for no one has repaired the ravages of the shot. Thus you will be shown the stone where Prince Jerome, conducted by the same guide whom he had employed before, came to sit: another Marius on the ruins of another Carthage.

"If the corn is down you may go across the fields from Hougoumont to Monplaisir where Napoleon's observatory was, and from the observatory to the house of Lacosto, the Emperor's guide, to which, thrice in the course of the battle, Napoleon returned from Belle Alliance. It was at a few yards from this house, and seated on a little eminence commanding the field of battle, that Napoleon received Jerome whom he had sent for, and who joined him at three in the afternoon. The prince sat down on the Emperor's left, and Marshal Soult was on his right, and Ney was sent for, who soon joined them. Napoleon had by him a bottle of Bordeaux wine, and a full glass which he put every now and then mechanically to his lips; and when Jerome and Ney arrived he smiled (for they were covered with dust and blood, and he loved to see his soldiers thus), and still keeping his eyes on the field sent for three glasses to Lacosto's house, one for Soult, one for Ney, and one for Jerome. There were but two glasses left, however, each of which the Emperor filled and gave to a marshal, then he gave his own to Jerome.

"Then with that soft voice of his, which he knew so well how to use upon occasion, 'Ney, my brave Ney,' said he, *thou*ing him for the first time since his return from Elba, 'thou wilt take the

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12,000 men of Milhaud and Kellermann; thou wilt wait until my old grumblers have found thee; thou wilt give the *coup de boutoir;* and then if Grouchy arrives the day is ours. Go.'

Ney went, and gave the *coup de boutoir;* but Grouchy never came.

"From this you should take the road to Genappes and Brussels across the farm of Belle Alliance, where Blucher and Wellington met after the battle; and following the road, you presently come to the last point to which Napoleon advanced, and where he saw that it was not Grouchy but Blucher who was coming up, like Desaix at Marengo, to gain a lost battle. Fifty yards off the right you stand in the very spot occupied by the square into which Napoleon flung himself, and where he did all he could to die. Each English volley carried away whole ranks round about him; and at the head of each new rank as it formed, Napoleon placed himself: his brother Jerome from behind endeavoring in vain to draw him back, while a brave Corsican officer, General Campi, came forward with equal coolness each time, and placed himself and his horse between the Emperor and the enemy's batteries. At last, after three quarters of an hour of carnage, Napoleon turned round to his brother: "It appears,' said he, 'that death will have none of us as yet. Jerome, take the command of the army. I am sorry to have known thee so late.' With this, giving his hand to his brother, he mounted a horse that was brought him, passed like a miracle through the enemy's ranks, and arriving at Genappes, tried for a moment to rally the army. Seeing his efforts were vain, he got on horseback again, and arrived at Laon on the night of the 19-20th.

"Five-and-twenty years have passed away since that epoch, and it is only now that France begins to comprehend that for the liberty of Europe this defeat was necessary: though still profoundly enraged and humiliated that she should have been marked out as the victim. In looking too, round this field where so many Spartans fell for her; the Orange pyramid in the midst of it, the tombs of Gordon and the Hanoverians round about; you look in vain for a stone, a cross, or an inscription to recall our country. It is because, one day, God will call her to resume the work of universal deliverance commenced by Bonaparte and interrupted by Napoleon,—and then, the work done, we will turn the head of the Nassau Lion towards Europe, and all will be said."

If in future ages, when the French nation have played the part of liberators of the world (which it seems they *will* play whether the world asks them or not), it will be any accommodation to France, that the tail of the Lion of Nassau should be turned towards that country, according to Dumas's notable plan, there can be no harm in indulging her in so very harmless a fancy. Conqueror never surely put forward a less selfish wish than this. Meanwhile the English reader will be pleased, we think, with M. Dumas's lively and picturesque description of the ground of this famous field: which is written too, as we believe, with not too much acrimony, and with justice in the main. As for the *déroute* of the English being stopped at the village of Waterloo, the tears of the duke as he was *chassé* from one square to another—these and other points stated we leave to be judged by military authorities, having here no call to contradict them. But what may be said honestly with regard to the author, without stopping to question his details, is, that his feeling is manly, and not unkindly towards his enemy; and that it is pleasant to find Frenchmen at last begin to write in this way. He is beaten, and wants to have his revenge: every generous spirit they say wishes the same: and the sentiment is what is called "all fair."

But suppose Dumas has his revenge and beats the English, let him reflect that the English will want their chance again: and that we may go on murdering each other for ever and ever unless we stop somewhere: and why not now as well as on a future day? Promising mutually (and oh, what a comfort would it be to hear Waterloo no longer talked of after dinner!) not to boast any more of the victory on this side of the water, and not to threaten revenge for it on the other.

Here we have another instance of absurd warlike spirit.

"The court of Berlin never allows an opportunity to escape of showing its envious and anti-revolutionary hatred of France. France on her side takes Waterloo to heart; so that, with a little good will on the part of the ministers of either country, matters may be arranged to every body's satisfaction.

"For ourselves, who have faith in the future, we would propose to King Louis Philippe, instead of that ridiculous *pancarte* which is used as the arms of revolutionary France, to emblazon the escutcheon of our country in the following way:

"In the first quarter, the Gallic cock with which we took Rome and Delphi.

"In the second, Napoleon's eagle with which we took Cairo, Berlin, Vienna, Madrid, and Moscow.

"In the third, Charlemagne's bees with which we took Saxony, Spain, and Lombardy.

"In the fourth, the fleur-de-lys of Saint Louis with which we took Jerusalem, Mansourah, Tunis, Milan, Florence, Naples, and Algiers.

"Then we should take a motto, which we would try to keep better than William of Holland did his

"*Deus dedit, Deus dabit,*

and we should just have the finest escutcheon in the world."

You rob a man of his purse: you are seized by a posse of constables whom the man calls, and obliged to give up the purse, being transported or whipped very likely for your pains. 'Rome, Delphi, Jerusalem,

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Vienna,' and the rest, are so many instances of the system: but though religion is always commendable, it is surely in this instance misapplied; nor has the footpad who cries "Money or your life," much right to say *Deus dedit* as he pockets the coin. Let M. Dumas, a man of the pen, expose the vainglories of these hectoring practitioners of the sword, and correct them as one with his great authority might do: correcting in future editions such incendiary passages as that quoted above, and of which the commencement, a manifest provocation to the Prussians, might provoke "woes unnumbered," were the latter to take the hint.

As soon as he enters the Prussian territory, our author looks about him with a very cautious air, and smartly reprehends the well-known tyranny of "his Majesty Frederick William."

"We arrived in the coach-yard just as the horses were put to. There were lucky places in the interior, which I took, and was putting my ticket into my pocket, when my friend M. Poulain told me in the first place to read it.

"For the convenience of travellers, it is written in German and French. I found that I had the fourth place in the coach, and that I was forbidden to change places with my neighbor, even with the consent of the latter. This discipline altogether military, acquainted me, even more than did the infernal jargon of the postilion, that we were about to enter the possessions of his Majesty Frederick William.

"I embraced M. Poulain, and at the appointed hour we set off.

"As I had a corner place, the tyranny of his Majesty the King of Prussia did not appear altogether insupportable, and I must confess that I fell as profoundly asleep as if we had been travelling in the freest country in the world. At about three o'clock, however, that is to say, just at daybreak, I was awakenend by the stoppage of the carriage.

"I thought at first some accident must have happened; that we were either on a bank or in the mud; and put my head out of window. I was mistaken regarding the accident, nothing of the kind had happened. We were standing alone upon the finest road possible.

"I took my billet out of my pocket. I read it once more carefully through: and having ascertained that I was not forbidden to address my neighbor, I asked him how long we had been stationary.

"'About twenty minutes,' he said.

"'And may I, without indiscretion,' I rejoined, 'take the liberty to ask why we are stopping?'

"'We are waiting.'

"'Oh, we are waiting: and what are we waiting for?'

"'We are waiting for the time.'

"'What time?'

"'The time when we have the right to arrive.'

"'There is then a fixed hour for arriving?'

"'Every thing is fixed in Prussia.'

"'And if we arrived before the hour?'

"'The conductor would be punished.'

"'And if after?'

"'He would be punished in like manner.'

"'Upon my word the arrangement is satisfactory.'

"'Every thing is satisfactory in Prussia.'

"I bowed in token of assent, for I would not for the world have contradicted a gentleman whose political convictions seemed to be so firm. My approbation seemed to give him great pleasure, and emboldened by that, and by his polite and succinct manner of answering my former questions, I was encouraged to put some new ones.

"'I beg pardon, sir,' continued I, 'but will you favor me by stating at what hour the conductor ought to arrive at Aix-la-Chapelle.'

"'At thirty-five minutes past five.'

"'But suppose his watch goes slow?'

"'Watches never go slow in Prussia.'

"'Have the goodness to explain that circumstance to me if you please.'

"'It is very simple.'

"'Let us see?'

"'The conductor has before him, in his place, a clock locked up in a case, and that is regulated by the clock at the Diligence office. He knows at what hour he ought to arrive at this or that town, and presses or delays his postilions accordingly, so that he may arrive at Aix-la-Chapelle exactly at thirty-five minutes past five.'

"'I am sorry to be so exceedingly troublesome, sir; but your politeness is such that I must venture on one question more.'

"'Well, sir?'

"'Well, sir, with all these precautions, how happens it that we are forced to wait now?'

"'It is most probably because the conductor did as you did, fell asleep; and the postilion profited of this, and went quicker.'

"'Oh that's it, is it? Well then I think I will take advantage of the delay and get out of the coach.'

"'People never get out of the coach in Prussia.'

"'That's hard, certainly. I wanted to look at yonder castle on your side of the road.'

"'That is the castle of Emmaburg.'

"'What was the castle of Emmaburg?'

"'The place where the nocturnal adventure took place between Eginhard and Emma.'

"'Indeed! will you have the kindness to change places with me, and let me look at the castle from your side?'

"'I would with pleasure, but we are not allowed to change places in Prussia.'

"'Peste! I had forgotten that,' said I.

"'*Ces tiaples de Franzés, il être très pavards*,' said, without unclosing his eyes, a fat German, who sat gravely in a corner opposite to me, and who had not opened his lips since we left Liége.

"'What was that you said, sir?' said I, turning briskly round towards him, and not over well satisfied with his observation.

"'*Che né tis rien, ché tors.*'

"'You do very well to sleep, sir. But I recommend you not to dream out loud: do you understand me? Or if you do dream, dream in your native language.'"



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We have given this story at full length, not because it is true, which it certainly is not; or because if it were true, the truth would be worth knowing: but as a specimen of the art of book-making, which could never have been produced by any less experienced workman than the great dramatist Alexander Dumas. The reader won't fail to see, how that pretty little drama is arranged, and the personages kept up. Mark the easy air which the great traveller assumes in putting his questions; the cool, sneering politeness, which, as a member of the Great Nation, he is authorized to assume when interrogating a subject of "his Majesty Frederick William." What point there is in those brief cutting questions! what meekness in the poor German's replies! All the world is on the laugh, while the great Frenchman is playing his man off; and every now and then he turns round to his audience with a knowing wink and a grin, bidding us be delighted with the absurdities of this fellow. He wonders that there should be a fixed hour for a coach to arrive. Why should there? Coaches do not arrive at fixed hours in France. There they are contented with a dirty diligence (as our friend, the *Naturforscher*, called it in the last number of this Review), and, after travelling three miles an hour, to arrive some time or other. As coaches do not arrive at stated hours in France, why should they in any other countries? If four miles an hour are good enough for a Frenchman, ought they not to satisfy a German forsooth? This is point one. A very similar joke was in the *Débats* newspaper in September; wherein, speaking of German railroads and engineers, the *Débats* said, "at least, without depreciating the German engineers in the least, they will concede that about railroads our engineers must naturally know more than they do." To be sure there is ten times as much railroad in Germany as in France; but are the French writers called upon to know this fact? or if known, to depreciate their own institutions in consequence? No, no: and so M. Dumas does well to grin and sneer at the German.

See how he follows the fellow up with killing sarcasms! You arrive at a certain hour, do you? and what is this hour, *cette heure*, this absurd hour, at which the diligence comes in? He is prepared to find something comic even in that. Then he is facetious about the timekeeper: a thing that must be ridiculous, because, as we presume, a French conductor does not use one. And, finally, in order to give the Frenchman an opportunity to show his courage as he has before exhibited his wit, a fat German placed expressly in a corner wakes just at the proper moment and says, *Il être très pavards le Franzés.* VOUS DITES MONSIEUR? says Alexander with a scowl, turning round *vivement* towards the German: and so, his points being made, the postilion cries *Vorwarts*, and off they go. It is just like the Porte Saint Martin. If the postilion did not cry forwards, or Buridan did not appear with his dagger at that very moment, the whole scene would have been spoiled. Of course, then, Buridan is warned by the call-boy, and is waiting at the slips, to rush on at the required moment.

No reader will have been so simple, we imagine, as to fancy this story contains a single word of truth in it; or that Dumas held the dialogue which he has written; or that the German really did cry out, *ce Franzé*, &c.: quiet old Germans do not speak French in their sleep, or for the purpose of insulting great fierce swaggering Frenchmen who sit with them in coaches: above all, Germans do not say *che affre* and *il être*. *French* Germans do: that is, Brunet and Levassor speak on the stage so, when called upon to represent Blum or Fritz in the play; just as they say, "yase" and "godem" by way of English. Nay, so ignorant are the French generally of the German language, that unless the character were called Blum or Fritz, and said *che affre*, and so on, no one would know that the personage was a German at all. They are accustomed to have them in that way: but let not M. Dumas fancy that Germans say *che affre* in their own country, any more than that Kean (whose life he wrote in his tragedy, which he says was very popular in Germany) was banished to Botany Bay by the Prince Regent for making love to his Royal Highness's mistress.

They say, and with some reason, that we have obtained for ourselves the hatred of Europe, by our contemptuous assumption of superiority in our frequent travels: but is it truth, or is it mere national prejudice? It has seemed to us, that the French away from home are even more proud of country than we: certainly more loud in their assertions of superiority; and with a pride far more ferocious in its demeanor. There can, however, be no harm for any young British traveller who may be about to make his first tour filled with prejudices, and what is called patriotism, to read well the above dialogue, and draw a moral therefrom. Let him remark how Dumas, wishing to have a most majestic air, in reality cuts a most ridiculous figure: let him allow

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how mean the Frenchman's affectations of superiority are, his contempt for Jordan as compared with "Abana and Pharphar," and his scorn for the usages of the country which he is entering, for its coaches, its manners, and men: and, having remarked that all these airs which the Frenchman gives himself result from stupid conceit on his part, that he often brags of superiority in cases where he is manifestly inferior, and is proud merely of ignorance and dulness (which are, after all, not matters to be proud of): perhaps having considered these points in the Frenchman's conduct, the young Briton will take care to shape his own so as to avoid certain similar failings in which, abroad, his countrymen are said to fall.

From Aix-la-Chapelle the adventurous traveller goes to Cologne, and thence actually all the way up the Rhine to Strasburg: visiting Coblentz, Mayence, Frankfort, Manheim, and Baden. That he has not much to say regarding these places may be supposed; for not more than two or three hours were devoted to each city, and with all the "preparatory studies" possible, two or three hours will hardly enable a man to find any thing new in places which are explored by hundreds of thousands of travellers every season. Hence, as he has to fill two volumes with an account of his five days' journey, he is compelled to resort to history and romance wherewith to fill his pages: now giving a description of the French armies on the Rhine, now amplifying a legend from the guide-book: and though, as may be supposed, he Frenchifies the tales, whatever they may be, we are bound to say that his manner of relating them is lively, brilliant, and amusing; and that the hours pass by no means disagreeably as we listen to the energetic, fanciful, violent French chronicler. For the telling of legends, as already shown in the notice of M. Dumas's book about Crimes in a former part of this Review, the dramatic turn of the traveller's mind is by no means disadvantageous: but in all the descriptions of common life, on which he occasionally condescends to speak, one is forced to receive his assertions with a great deal of caution: nay, if the truth must be told, to disbelieve every one of them.

We have given one specimen in the Diligence dialogue, and could extract many others as equally apocryphal. For instance, there is a long story to bear out a discovery made by M. Dumas that there is *no such thing as bread in Germany*. Now with all respect for genius, we must take leave to say that this statement is a pure fib: a fib like the coach-conversation; a fib like the adventure at Liege, where Dumas says they would give him nothing to eat because they mistook him for a Flamand; a fib like the history of the two Englishmen whom he meets at Bonn, and whom he leaves drunk amidst fourteen empty bottles of Johannisberger and Champagne, and whom he finds on board the steamer on a future day, where he causes them to drink fourteen bottles more. The story is too long to extract, but such is the gist of it. One of the Englishmen he calls Lord B—, the other Sir Patrick Warden. He describes them as always on the river between Mayence and Cologne, always intoxicated, and drinking dozens of Johannisberger. It is always in novels that Johannisberger is drunk in this way; it is only great French dramatists that fall in with these tipsy eccentric Anglais: the wonder is that he did not set them boxing after their wine, as all French Englishmen do.

At Manheim there were historical souvenirs which were of no small interest to the French dramatist, and he records at great length the history of Sand. He visits the house where Kotzbue was killed; the field where Sand was executed; and comes provided from Frankfort with a letter of recommendation to a gentleman by the name of Widemann, who can give him a great deal of information on the subject.

What a delighted dramatist must Alexander Dumas have been! This M. Widemann, Doctor of Medicine, living at Heidelberg, was no other than the hereditary executioner of Baden! His father cut off Sand's head; the son has never been called upon to execute his office on any criminal, but showed Alexander Dumas the very sword with which Sand had been killed; there were spots of rust upon the blade where the poor enthusiast's blood had fallen on it.

"M. Widemann was a handsome young man of thirty or two-and-thirty years of age. His hair was black, his complexion dark, and his whiskers were cut so as to surround his whole face. He presented himself with perfect ease and elegance, and asked 'What had procured him the unexpected honor of my visit?'

"I confess that for the moment I had not a word to say in answer. I contented myself by holding out the letter of M. D——, which he read, and then asked, bowing again, 'In what he could be useful to me? I am at your orders,' said he, 'to give you all the information in my power. Unluckily,' he continned, with a slight ironical accent, 'I am not a very curious executioner, having as yet executed no one. But, you must not, sir, be angry with me on that account:

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it is not my fault, it is the fault of these good Germans who do nothing deserving of death, and of our excellent Grand Duke, who pardons as much as he can.'

"'Sir,' said I, 'it is M. le Docteur Widemann that I am come to see; the son of the man, who in accomplishing his terrible duty on poor Sand, still exhibited towards the unhappy young man a respect which might have compromised those who showed it.'

"'There was little merit in that, sir. Every man loved and pitied Sand; and certainly if my father had thought any sacrifice on his part could have saved the criminal, he would have cut off his right hand rather than have executed the sentence. But Sand was condemned, and it was necessary that he should suffer.' . . . . . . . . . . 'Thank you, sir,' answered I, 'for your politeness in receiving a visit which might have been otherwise met. . . . There is one thing more, which must be in your possession, and which I would like to see, though in truth I scarcely know how to ask for it.'

"'And what is this one thing now,' said M. Widemann, with the same sarcastic smile that I had before remarked in him.

"'Pardon me,' said I, 'but you do not encourage me to make my demand.'

"He at once changed his expression. 'Pray excuse me,' said he, 'what is it you desire to see? I shall have great pleasure in showing it to you.'

"'The sword with which Sand was beheaded.'

"A deep blush passed over M. Widemann's face as I spoke: but shaking his head as if to shake the blush away, he said,

"'I will show it you, sir, but you will find it in bad condition. Thanks be to God, it has not been used for twelve years, and for my part this will be the first time I ever shall have touched it. Had I known that I was about to have the honor of your visit I would have had it cleaned: but you know, sir, better than any one, that this visit was quite unexpected by me.' With these words he quitted the room, leaving me much more embarrassed than he could be himself. However, I had taken the foolish part and resolved to play it out.

"In a moment M. Widemann returned, holding a large sword without a sheath. It was broader at the end than towards the hilt. The blade was hollow, and contained a certain quantity of quicksilver, which in precipitating itself from the handle to the point gave a much greater force to the blow. On several parts of the blade there was a good deal of rust, for, as is known, the rust almost always reappears upon the places where blood has stained.

"'Here is the sword that you asked to see, sir.'

"'I must make you new apologies for my indiscretion, and thank you once more for your complaisance,' answered I.

"'Well sir, if you consider you owe me any thing for my complaisance, will you let me fix one condition upon it?'

"'And what is that, sir?'

"'That is, that you will pray God as I do, sir, that I may never have occasion to touch this sword, except to satisfy the curiosity of strangers who are good enough to honor with a visit the poor house of the executioner of Heidelberg.'

"I saw that the moment was come for me to take my leave, and giving M. Widemann the promise he demanded, I saluted and left him.

"It was the first time that in half an hour's conversation I was ever so completely *floored* (*roulé*): not having found during the whole time, a single chance to take my revenge.

"Nevertheless I kept my promise to M. Widemann: and no doubt our *common prayer* was efficacious, for I have not heard that since my visit he has had occasion to take the rust off his sword."

With regard to the efficacy of the prayers of M. Alexandre Dumas it is not for us to speak. But we may question the taste of the individual who could go so far for the purpose of viewing so disgusting a relic; who could insult this unhappy gentleman (as the executioner appears to be), for the satisfaction of a curiosity which was neither more nor less than brutal; and who can talk with a sneer of praying to the Almighty that the poor executioner's hand might be kept from blood. It is a serious thing, O Dumas, to talk even in Melodramas or Impressions de Voyage about praying and killing. Even in fifth acts of plays there may be too much poetic murdering; whereby (to carry out the Alexandre-Dumatic metaphor) the brightness of the imagination is stained. *car la rouille comme on le sait reparait presque toujours aux endroits que le sang a taché.*

However, to do the dramatist justice, he is by no means so bloody-minded now as he was in earlier youth: and he has grown more moral too, and decent, so that ladies, skipping such Borgian temptations as are noted in a former part of this Review, may, on the whole, find it possible to read him, When time shall have further softened an emphatic bullying manner, which leads him at present to employ the largest and fiercest words in place of simple and conciliating ones; and he shall cease to set down as armed castles all the peaceful windmills of every-day life; it is probable that we shall be indebted to him for much amusing reading. Some we have had already, as our readers know. For he has both humor and eloquence, and in spite of his hectoring manner his heart is both manly and kind. And so schooled down as we trust he will not fail to be, we may look forward to his writing a couple of thousand volumes, even more interesting than those which he has at present produced.

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## CHATTERTON AND HIS WORKS.

From the Monthly Review.

*The Poetical Works of Thomas Chatterton, with Notices of his Life*, &c. Two vols. Cambridge.

Thomas Chatterton, whose precocious genius and tragical end have rendered him an object of much interest and speculation, was born at Bristol on the 20th November, 1752. His ancestry moved in humble life; for a hundred and fifty years having held the office of sexton of St. Mary Redcliffe; his uncle being the last that filled it. His father appears to have been to some extent a *character;* and among sundry pursuits to his liking, he latterly was master of a free-school in Pyle-street. He died several months before his extraordinary son saw the light; leaving a widow and a little daughter. The poor woman, of course, had to struggle for a maintenance, which she did by keeping a small day-school and by the needle.

Of Chatterton's earliest years there appears to be no extraordinary record, unless we except his supposed dulness. At five he was put to the school of which his father had been master; but was shortly sent back to his mother, on account of his incapacity; and it was some time before she could teach him the alphabet. At length he "fell in love," to use her precise words, with the illuminated letters of an old French musical manuscript. His father had been a member of the cathedral choir, and therefore may be supposed musically inclined, just as he was magically. Young Chatterton's attention to the illuminated manuscript was coeval with his beginning to learn his letters; and what is hardly less remarkable, and perhaps was indicative of his future bent,—his reading made its progress from an old black-letter Bible. Nor did this take place without a development of literary taste and ardor.

"At eight years of age," says a neighbor who was much in the house, "he was so eager for books, that he read from the moment he waked, which was early, until he went to bed, if they would let him." And the dreams of ambition were already commenced. A manufacturer promised to make the children a present of some earthen-ware—a cup or plaything that might gratify a child: he asked the boy what device should be inscribed on his. "Paint me," replied the future creator of Rowley. "paint me an angel with wings and a trumpet, *to trumpet my name over the world.*" This anecdote rests upon credible authority, that of his sister.

The sister also thus expresses herself:

"My brother," writes the same relation, in her expressive letter to Sir Herbert Croft, "very early discovered a thirst for pre-eminence. I remember, before he was five years old, he would always preside over his playmates as their master, and they his hired servants. He was dull in learning, not knowing many letters at four years old, and always objected to read in a small book. He learnt the alphabet from an old folio music-book of my father's, my mother was then tearing up for waste paper: the capitals at the beginning of the verses I assisted in teaching him. I recollect nothing remarkable till he went into the school, which was in his eighth year, excepting his promising my mother and me a deal of finery, when he grew up, as a reward of her care."

But there were other symptoms and of a melancholy temperament about him:

He grew reserved and thoughtful. He was silent and gloomy for long intervals together, speaking to no one, and appearing angry when noticed or disturbed. He would break out into sudden fits of weeping, for which no reason could be assigned; would shut himself up in some chamber, and suffer no one to approach him, nor allow himself to be enticed from his seclusion. Often he would go the length of absenting himself from home altogether, for the space, sometimes, of many hours; and his sister remembered his being most severely chastised for a long absence; at which he did not, however, shed one tear, but merely said "it was hard indeed to be whipped for reading."

Not unfrequently a search was instituted. His mother's house was close to the fine structure of St. Mary Redcliffe, and they well knew that the boy's favorite haunts were the aisles and towers of that noble pile. And there they would find the truant, seated generally by the tomb of Canynge, or lodged in one of the towers, reading sometimes, or—what if thus early imagining Rowley? Stealing away in this manner, he would constantly awaken the solicitude of his friends, to whom his little eccentricities were already the source of much uneasiness.

When eight years old, Chatterton was admitted into a charity-school, where the scholars were boarded and clothed, as well as instructed in reading English, writing, and casting accounts. But the rules of the foundation, and, no doubt, its charitable character, did not agree with the spirit of the young genius; and he declared that he here could not learn so much as he did at home, "for he had not books enough." Still, he remained for several years, and was noted for his arithmetical talent. The small amount of pocket-money which was allowed him by his mother, he spent at the circulating library; reading, it would appear, and as was natural for one so greedy and yet undirected, every thing that came to hand, but displaying a passion for antiquities, especially heraldry. As regarded his social disposition, he is said to have

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made few acquaintances among his schoolfellows, and only with those of a thoughtful disposition.

It is not clearly ascertained when he first began to write verses; though undoubtedly it was while but a boy. It is remarkable, however, that when of an age at which something lightsome, or that might attract immediate attention, would be likely to occupy a boy, Thomas was eagerly engaged in some business, mysterious to all about him; the inference being now that he was preparing for the Rowley poems.

In the house in which Mrs. Chatterton resided —a poor back tenement, dismally situated in a kind of court, behind a row of somewhat better houses that fronted the street—there was a small garret which had been used as a lumber-room. Of this apartment Chatterton possessed himself: he kept the key, and suffered no one, if he could help it, to have access to it. In it were deposited all his papers and parchments, and a variety of other articles, for which his relations found no other terms than "rubbish" and "litter."

From twelve to seven, each Saturday, he was always at home, returning punctually a few minutes after the clock had struck, to his little room and shut himself up. In this room he always had by him a great piece of ochre in a brown pan, pounce-bags full of charcoal-dust, which he had from a Miss Sanger, a neighbor; also a bottle of black-lead powder, which they once took to clean the stove with, and made him very angry. Every holiday almost he passed at home; and often, having been denied the key when he wanted it (because they thought he hurt his health and made himself dirty), he would come to Mrs. Edkins, and kiss her cheek, and coax her to get it for him, using the most persuasive expressions to effect his end; so that this eagerness of his to be in this room so much alone, the apparatus, the parchments (for he was not then indentured to Mr. Lambert), both plain as well as written on, and the begrimed figure he always presented when he came down at tea-time, his face exhibiting many stains of black and yellow—all these circumstances began to alarm them; and when she could get into his room, she would be very inquisitive, and peep about at every thing. Once he put his foot on a parchment, on the floor, to prevent her from taking it up; saying, "You are too curious and clear-sighted—I wish you would bide out of the room: it is my room." To this she answered by telling him it was only a general lumber room, and that she wanted some parchment to make thread-papers of: but he was offended, and would not permit her to touch any of them, not even those that were not written on; but at last, with a voice of entreaty, said, "Pray don't touch any thing here," and seemed very anxious to get her away: and this increased her fears lest he should be doing something improper, knowing his want of money and ambition to appear like others. At last they got a strange idea that these colors were to color himself; and that, perhaps, he would join some gipsies, one day or other, as he seemed so discontented with his station in life, and unhappy.

It is not of course certainly known which of the Rowley pieces was first fabricated; although the probability is that in the case of an author who was so fertile, ingenious, and industrious as the young poet of Bristol, they were composed as occasion required or tempted. The production that was earliest in the field was a genealogical account, called the Burgum Pedigree, of the family of a pewterer in Bristol, of the name of Burgum, a vain body and ready to be duped. For this Chatterton received five shillings; a reward which must have fed his vanity, and served to induce him to make another experiment, and which might be regarded as a supplement to the heraldic tree. In this he flattered the pewterer not only with a descent from noble families, but an alliance with a poet; and to complete the deception and crown the effort, he produced "The Romaunte of the Cnyghte" as writen by John de Bergham.

This poem Chatterton had transcribed in all its genuine orthography; and, the better to elucidate its beauties, as Mr. Burgum was unskilled in Gothic lore, he accompanied it with a modernized version, by *himself*. "To give you," says he to the pewterer, "an idea of the poetry of the age, take the following piece, wrote by him (John de Bergham), about 1320." This was not all; he adds a list of some of the works of which this said ancestor was the author. "This John was one of the greatest ornameuts of the age in which he lived. He wrote several books, and translated some of the Iliad, under the title *Romance of Troy*; which possibly may be the book alluded to in the following French memoire: 'Un Lyvre ke parle de quartee principal gestes, et de Charles; the romaunce Titus et Vespasian, le romaunce de Agyres; le romaunce de Marchaunce, le romaunce de Edmund et Agoland, le Riband par Monsieur Iscannus, le romaunce de Tibbot de Arable, le romaunce de Troys,' &c." He brought likewise the De Bergham arms "laboriously painted" on parchment. In this second portion of the pedigree, the "account" is carried down to the reign of Charles the Second; and there, as the pewterer was not unlikely to know something of his ancestry—it being only removed by a period of a hundred years—Chatterton very wisely stopped.

At the age of fourteen, Thomas was articled, as an apprentice, to Mr. John Lambert, an attorney at Bristol. Here he was treated as a clerk in a very humble capacity. The trustees of the charity school paid the apprentice fee. These were circumstances which are understood to have irritated the morbidly proud temperament of the lad; and most likely the stated number of hours he was obliged to spend in the attorney's office, whether employed or not,—seeing that he was thereby prevented, excepting a short space each day, from pur-

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suing his secret occupation in his own room,—was a subject of disgust. Nevertheless, he is represented as having been a faithful apprentice, and in regard to general conduct, no way exceptionable.

There was very little business transacted in Lambert's office; and, with the exception of two or three hours, Chatterton had the whole day to himself. He was kept sufficiently strict, however; being sent to the office every morning at eight o'clock, where he remained, omitting the sixty minutes allotted for dinner, till the clock stood at the same hour in the evening. He was then at liberty till ten o'clock, at which time the family went to bed. When in the house, which was distinct from the office, he was confined to the kitchen; he slept with the foot-boy, and was subjected to other indignities of a like nature. His pride, which characterized him, took offence at this mortifying treatment, and he became gloomy and sullen, exhibiting frequent fits of ill-temper.

Lambert, indeed, was a vulgar, insolent, imperious man; who, because the boy wrote poetry, was of a melancholy and contemplative disposition, and disposed to study and reading, thought him a fit object of insult and contemptuous usage. Yet, notwithstanding, he bears the highest testimony to the worth of Chatterton, to his regularity in his profession, his punctual attendance on all the duties required of him, and admits that he once only had occasion to correct him. And then Chatterton must needs satirize the head-master of the school he had just left, a Mr. Warner, in an anonymous letter, written in very abusive terms, but which the handwriting, only partially disguised, and the texture of the paper, being the same as that used in the office, brought home to the real culprit. On this occasion he struck him a few blows.

Chatterton was a good apprentice. There are still extant in his handwriting a folio book of law-forms and precedents; containing three hundred and thirty-four closely written pages; also thirty-six pages in another book of the same kind. In the noting-book are thirty-six notarial acts, besides many notices and letters transcribed in the ordinary book. These were done independently of his regular duties. At night, punctually as the clock struck ten, he would be at Mr. Lambert's door. "We saw him," his sister writes, "most evenings before nine; and he would in general stay to the limits of his time, which was ten. He was seldom two evenings together without seeing us." The time also which was at his command, when he neglected to visit his friends, was generally spent in solitary rambles. Mr. Lambert says that he never knew him in bad company, or suspected him of any inclination thereto.

The two hours a day and the Sundays, which Chatterton had for his own favorite pursuits, did not constitute all the time which he devoted to them. His sister's account shows that much of the night was spent by him awake and in study. They heard him frequently say that "he found he studied best towards the full of the moon, and would sit up all night, and write by moonlight." He also would seldom eat animal food; "not, like Byron, for fear of getting fat, but like Shelley, because he supposed it to impair the intellect." We are also told that he never tasted strong liquors; but lived "upon a tart only, and a crust of bread and a draught of pure spring water." "Sometimes his mother would tempt him, when he paid her a visit, with the offer of a hot meal; to which he would reply, that he had a work in hand, and must not make himself more stupid than God had made him." But even the leisure amid the dull routine of the attorney's office was not likely, by such an aspiring and enthusiastic youth, to be wasted apart from the dreams and the *work in hand* which are identified with the name of Chatterton.

There was in Lambert's office-library, among a heap of law-books possessing little interest to Chatterton, an old copy of Camden's Britannia. From a bookseller of Bristol he obtained, as a loan, an edition of Speight's Chaucer, which every body knows to be in black letter; and for his own use compiled from the scanty glossary which is appended to that work a counter-glossary, having for its arrangement, in something like alphabetical order, so as to be easy of reference, the words in *modern* English, with the word corresponding to each in the antiquated diction of Chaucer. The books, however, from which he derived most assistance, were the English Dictionaries of Kersey and Bailey; from which it has been incontestably proved that nearly the whole of the obsolete words employed in the Rowley poems were obtained. He had access also to the old library at Bristol, in which were to be consulted such works as Holinshed's Chronicles, Geoffry of Monmouth, and Fuller's Church History.

Chatterton was now prepared as well as inclined to practise his deceptions upon a wider scale, and wiser heads than the pewterer presented. In the year 1768, when a new bridge was completed at Bristol, there appeared in *Farley's Bristol Journal*, from a correspondent signing himself "Dunhelmus Bristolensis," "a description of the Mayor's first passing over the old bridge, taken from an old manuscript." At the office of the journal no one could tell who sent the contribution or who had discovered the alleged original. On the appearance of a second paper, however, Chatterton was recognised as the correspondent, and was instantly besieged by the Bristolian antiquaries, who never suspected the trick, in order to have a sight and an account of the original; accompanying their application with threats, although they were obliged at last to be satisfied with the story, that it had been found among manuscripts belonging to his father, which had been taken from a chest in Red-

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cliffe church. We must add some particulars with regard to this muniment-coffer.

In the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, which was founded or rebuilt by W. Canynge, an eminent merchant of Bristol, in the reign of Edward IV., there is a room in which were deposited six or seven chests, one of which was called Mr. Canynge's coffer. This chest had formerly been secured by six keys, intrusted to different persons; but in process of time the keys were lost; and when, about 1727, a notion prevailed that the chest contained some title-deeds, an order was made for its examination by an attorney and the locks were broken open. The deeds found in it were taken away; but a number of other manuscripts were left exposed to casual depredation. Many of them were carried off; but the father of Chatterton, his relationship to the sexton affording particular opportunities, was insatiable in his plunder, and removed baskets full of parchments; of which however he made no better use than as covers to books. Young Chatterton has been said, soon after the commencement of his clerkship, to have been accidentally struck with one of these parchments, converted into his mother's thread-paper, and on inquiry, to have obtained a remaining hoard of them yet unused. Whatever was the fact of his first knowledge of them, it is probable that he early formed the design of converting the circumstance into a system of literary forgery.

Every attempt of the kind had hitherto encouraged the youth; and still farther to flatter him, Mr. Calcott, the partner of the pewterer Burgum, and a person of some literary curiosity, calls upon Thomas, to learn something more about the contents of the old chest.

With this gentleman our friend is disposed to be somewhat communicative. He gives him a copy of the Bristowe Tragedy, Rowley's Epitaph upon Canynge's Ancestor, and other smaller pieces. In a few days aftewards, he gives him the Yellow Roll. About this period, Mr. Barrett, a surgeon of Bristol, and a man of great respectability, has undertaken to publish a history of Bristol, and is anxiously collecting materials for that work. His friends, eager to procure him intelligence, fail not to apprise him of the treasure of ancient poems and other manuscripts relative to Bristol, which have been discovered in the oaken repository in Redcliffe church. Mr. Calcott hastens, specimens in hand, to his study. The poems are examined, pronounced authentic, and Chatterton is introduced to the believing historian; whom he immediately supplies, not only with poems, but with materials of the utmost value for his own work. It is Mr. Barrett's purpose to collect information on the subject of the churches and public edifices of Bristol. Chatterton undertakes to examine the papers of Rowley for that purpose; and in a few days brings him a true and particular account of the *ancient* churches of Bristol, which formerly occupied the sites of the existing structures. The historian entertains no doubt of the authenticity of the document; rewards his young friend with a sum of money; and Chatterton, more elated than ever, goes off to coin his brains afresh, and invent, not only churches, but castles, and even palaces.

And from time to time does he furnish Mr. Barrett with similar documents, of such magnitude, moreover, that as he does not hesitate to publish them, they occupy no inconsiderable portion of his large quarto volume, a work otherwise of considerable value and research. Besides Mr. Barrett's book was the means of extending Chatterton's fame, so as to feed his propensity. His constitutional temperament continued also to develop itself more fully; leading people to think that he was going mad. "For days together, he would hardly utter a word; he would enter and quit his master's house without deigning to address a single individual." However, his studies extended as well as his ambition; medicine and Latin coming in for a share of his time, for a short period. In December of 1768, he wrote anonymously to Dodsley, intimating that the writer could procure a variety of productions, "wrote by one Rowley, a priest of Bristol, who lived in the reign of Henry the Sixth and Edward the Fourth," and offering to transmit copies. In the February following Chatterton wrote in more direct and explicit terms, saying that he had had an opportunity of perusing a tragedy called Ella, of which he not only pronounced a high opinion, but furnished a specimen. He required a guinea for a copy, alleging that the possessor absolutely refused giving one, "unless I give him a guinea for a consideration." But Dodsley does not appear to have paid any such heed to these letters as amounted to a money return.

Chatterton next made a bolder attempt, addressing Horace Walpole. The letter is dated March, and runs thus:—"Sir,—being versed a little in antiquities, I have met with several curious manuscripts, among which the following may be of service to you in any future edition of your truly entertaining *Anecdotes of Painting*. In correcting the mistakes (if any) in the notes, you will greatly oblige your most humble servant, Thomas Chatterton."

The *curious manuscripts* consisted of a pretended History of Painting in Great Britain, going back to its alleged introduc-

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tion in the time of Hengist, whose heraldic bearings and those of the period were also described. There were also added some notes, and a poem of a certain priest, "who was inducted in 1786." Walpole's skill was sufficient to lead him to suspect the heraldry of the story; but he sent a polite reply, intimating that he was ignorant of the Saxon language, yet willing to receive more specimens, and that he might even be induced to further the publication of Rowley's poems. Chatterton was emboldened, and supplied Walpole with not merely a variety of specimens, but with an account of his condition, and a hint about patronage. The specimens were submitted to Gray and Mason, who pronounced them fabrications. Walpole now wrote to Chatterton more guardedly and coolly, tendering some good advice; but delaying to return the manuscripts.

About the same time the poet, among other wayward notions, bethought himself of becoming a Methodist preacher, although he had grown skeptical in a religious sense. He also gave heed to his satirical powers, and bred himself sundry enemies. Bristol and the attorneyship had become altogether distasteful to him; and as he had already been a contributor to several London periodicals, he at last determined to try his fortune in the metropolis, as a literary adventurer. How he arranged matters with his master, it is needless to inquire; but with some pecuniary assistance by his friends he reached, on the 26th of April, 1770, the grand sphere of his ambitious hopes. A few days after his arrival he wrote to his mother in the following sanguine terms:

I am settled, and in such a settlement as I would desire. I get four guineas a month by one magazine: shall engage to write a history of England and other pieces, which will more than double that sum. Occasional essays for the daily papers would more than support me. What a glorious prospect! Mr. Wilkes knew me by my writings since I first corresponded with the booksellers here. I shall visit him next week, and by his interest will insure Mrs. Balance the Trinity House. He affirmed, that what Mr. Fell had of mine could not be the writings of a youth; and expressed a desire to see the author. By the means of another bookseller I shall be introduced to Townsend and Sawbridge. I am quite familiar at the Chapter Coffee House, and know all the geniuses there. A character is now unnecessary; an author carries his character in his pen. My sister will improve herself in drawing. My grandmother is, I hope, well. Bristol's mercenary walls were never destined to hold me—there I was out of my element; now I am in it—London. Good God! how superior is London to that despicable place Bristol. Here is none of your little meannesses, none of your mercenary securities, which disgrace that miserable hamlet. Dress, which is in Bristol an eternal fund of scandal, is here only introduced as a subject of taste: if a man dresses well he has taste; if careless, he has his own reasons for so doing, and is prudent. Need I remind you of the contrast? The poverty of authors is a common observation, but not always a true one. No author can be poor who understands the arts of booksellers. Without this necessary knowledge, the greatest genius may starve; and with it, the greatest dunce live in splendor. This knowledge I have pretty well dipped into.

Again, and a few days later:

Matters go on swimmingly. Mr. Fell having offended certain persons, they have set his creditors upon him, and he is safe in the King's Bench. I have been bettered by this accident; his successors in the *Freeholder's Magazine* knowing nothing of the matter, will be glad to engage me on my own terms. Mr. Edmunds has been tried before the House of Lords, sentenced to pay a fine, and thrown into Newgate. His misfortunes will be to me of no little service. Last week, being in the pit of Drury Lane Theatre, I contracted an immediate acquaintance (which you know is no hard task to me) with a young gentleman in Cheapside, partner in a music shop, the greatest in the city. Hearing I could write, he desired me to write a few songs for him. This I did the same night, and conveyed them to him the next morning. These he showed to a doctor in music; and I am invited to treat with this doctor, on the footing of a composer, for Ranelagh, and the Gardens. Bravo! hey boys, up we go! Besides the advantage of visiting these expensive and polite places gratis, my vanity will be fed with the sight of my name in copper-plate, and my sister will receive a bundle of printed songs, the words by her brother. These are not all my acquisitions: a gentleman, who knew me at the Chapter as an author, would have introduced me to the young Duke of Northumberland, in his intended general tour. But, alas! I spake no tongue but my own.

And again on the 30th May:

My present profession obliges me to frequent places of the best resort. To begin with what every female conversation begins with, dress: I employ my money in fitting myself fashionably, and getting into good company; this last article always brings me in interest. But I have engaged to live with a gentleman, the brother of a lord, (a Scotch one indeed,) who is going to advance pretty deeply into the bookselling branches. I shall have lodging and boarding, genteel and elegant, gratis: this article, in the quarter of the town he lives, with worse accommodations, would be fifty pounds per annum. I shall have likewise no inconsiderable premium, and assure yourself every month shall end to your advantage. I will send you two silks this summer; and expect in answer to this, what colors you prefer. My mother shall not be forgotten. My employment shall be writing a voluminous history of London; to appear in numbers, the beginning of the next winter. As this will not, like writing political essays, oblige me to go to the cof-



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fee-house, I shall be able to serve you the more by it; but it will necessitate me to go to Oxford, Cambridge, Lincoln, Coventry, and every collegiate church near; not at all disagreeable journies, and not to me expensive. The manuscript glossary I mentioned in my last, must not be omitted. If money flowed as fast upon me as honors, I would give you a portion of £5,000. You have, doubtless, heard of the Lord Mayor's remonstrating and addressing the King; but it will be a piece of news to inform you that I have been with the Lord Mayor on the occasion. Having addressed an essay to his lordship, it was very well received, perhaps better than it deserved; and I waited on his lordship to have his approbation to address a second letter to him, on the subject of the remonstrance and his reception. His lordship received me as politely as a citizen could; and warmly invited me to call on him again. The rest is a secret. But the devil of the matter is, there is no money to be got on this side of the question. Interest is on the other side. But he is a poor author who cannot write on both sides. I believe I may be introduced (and if I am not, I'll introduce myself) to a ruling power in the court party.

This last letter also says that "I might have a recommendation to Sir George Colebrook, an East India Director, as qualified for an office no ways despicable; but I shall not take a step to the sea whilst I can continue on land." Now, not to speak of the sort of insane hopefulness and boastings in these letters, this last mentioned statement about the *sea* and *land*, looks very like desperate circumstances. The fact is, as is proved by Chatterton's uniform asseverations about the Rowley poems, his word was unworthy of reliance. Allowance may be made for his imaginary castles, and even for his enthusiasm becoming the dupe of his own fabrications. But still, it must be from other sources that certainty is to be attained relative to his condition and doings from the moment he arrived in London. Hear how he writes about a month before committing suicide, and after he had removed to Mrs. Angel's, a dress-maker in Brook-street, Holborn:

"20th July, 1770.

"I am now about an oratorio, which, when finished, will purchase you a gown. You may be certain of seeing me before the 1st Jan., 1771. The clearance is immaterial. My mother may expect more patterns. Almost all the next *Town and Country Magazine* is mine. I have a universal acquaintance; my company is courted everywhere, and, could I humble myself to go into a compter, could have had twenty places before now: but I must be among the great; state matters suit me better than commercial. The ladies are not out of my acquaintance. I have a deal of business now, and must therefore bid you adieu. You will have a longer letter from me soon, and more to the purpose.

Yours, T. C."

If there was not gross invention in this account, in order to gull the people of Bristol and give them a most extravagant notion of his importance, there was a delusion bordering on the dreams of a madman. Most likely there was a mixture of the two elements,—of deception and of the distortions to which a diseased imagination had so habitually lent itself, as that these became like a second nature to him. That at the very time he thus wrote, his hands were full of work, there is no question. The ascertained fact is that he contributed to most newspapers and magazines of the day; and fearlessly, without any apparent diffidence, not only writing on both sides of party questions, but composing, with unexampled rapidity, tales in prose, and pieces of poetry in all its styles and departments,—the sentimental, the satirical, and the lyrical. He even essayed the drama, and had a burlesque burletta, which was set to music and performed at Marylebone Gardens. For this production, "The Revenge," he is said to have received five guineas.

It is unknown what were the receipts from his combined exertions. However, it is certain that they were not merely precarious, but inadequate to his wants. He was even so driven, that he contemplated taking the situation of a surgeon's mate to the African coast, and which must have involved the relinquishment of his grand literary dreams. Still, he appears to have used every endeavor to screen the extent and even the existence of his privations. It is believed that he had moved from one lodging to Mrs. Angel's on this account; and now starvation stared him in the face. An apothecary in Brook-street informed Mr. Warton, that while Chatterton lived in the neighborhood, he frequently called at the shop, and was repeatedly pressed to dine or sup with him in vain. One evening, however, human frailty so far prevailed over his dignity or pride, as to tempt him to partake of the regale of a barrel of oysters, when he was observed to eat most voraciously. A barber's wife in the same neighborhood afforded ample testimony, both as to his poverty and his pride. She reported that "Mrs. Angel told her, after his death, that on the 24th of August, as she knew he had not eaten any thing for two or three days, she begged he would take some

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dinner with her; but he was offended at her expressions, which seemed to hint he was in want, and assured her he was not hungry." In these desperate circumstances, his mind, uncorrected it is to be feared by religious principles, reverted to what he had accustomed himself to regard as a last resource. As appears by the coroner's inquest, he swallowed arsenic in water, on the 24th of August, 1770, and died in consequence thereof the next day. He was buried in a shell, in the burying-ground of Shoe-lane workhouse. Whatever unfinished pieces he might have, he had cautiously destroyed; and his room, when broken open, was found covered with little scraps of paper.

Thus perished the poetic prodigy of Bristol, when three months short of eighteen years of age. He was a miracle in sundry respects. Not only was his precocity marvellous; but his confidence, ambition, and pride knew no bounds. "It is my pride, my damned, native, unconquerable pride," he says on one occasion, "that plunges me into distraction. You must know that 19-20ths of my composition is pride." And then his industry, the number and variety of his productions, would have been accounted sufficient for a writer and poet who had reached a good old age; not to speak of the circumstances under which they grew into bulk and beauty, but allowing the advantages of time, ease, education, and support to have attended the author.

The Works and the Life of Chatterton have given rise to more of speculation and controversy, than almost any other literary subject of a purely English nature. It is now, however, admitted by all competent judges, that the most wonderful of his productions were pertinaciously attributed by him to a purely fictitious character, placed in the fifteenth century. The internal evidence alone sets the question at rest. But we must go farther into it.

Rowley's poems consist of pieces of all the principal classes of poetical composition,—tragedies, lyric and heroic poems, pastorals, epistles, ballads, &c. Many of them abound in sublimity and beauty, and display wonderful powers of imagination and facility of composition: yet there is also much of the common-place flatness and extravagance, that might be expected from a juvenile writer, whose fertility was greater than his judgment, and who had fed his mind upon stores collected with more avidity than choice. The spelling is designedly uncouth; and strange words are copiously besprinkled, which good judges say were never the diction of any one age of English literature, but are culled from glossaries. There is no doubt that these peculiarities have thrown a veil over the defects of the poems, and have aggrandized their beauties, by referring the imagination, even of those who were disbelievers of their genuineness, to a remote age, when they would have been really wonders. That an unknown writer of the 15th century should, in productions never heard of, but made to be locked in a chest, so far surpass the taste and attainments of his age, as to unite pieces of uniform correctness, free from all vulgarity, requiring nothing but a change of spelling to become harmonious to a modern ear, and even containing measures peculiar to the present age of English poetry, has been pronounced a moral impossibility; while, that such could be produced by a boy of fifteen, is marvellous, and must perpetuate the name of Chatterton among those of the most remarkable examples of premature genius.

Whether, had Chatterton lived to the maturity of his faculties, he would have risen to, so as to maintain, the very first rank of English poetry, has been a point for speculation. The high promise of youth is not always fulfilled in riper years. Besides, the fabricator of Rowley's poems appears to have been of a too volatile disposition to have allowed him steadily to cultivate his imagination, or to pursue perfection in any one walk; even had his mental powers never have been perverted or exhausted by disease.

The poems of Chatterton may be divided into two great classes, those ascribed to Rowley, and those which he avowed to be his own. But here an extraordinary difference appears; for the former are vastly superior to the latter in poetical power and dic ion. And yet this difference may be accounted for, and has been done, in the following way:—he produced the antiquated poems by throwing the whole powers and energies of his extraordinary talents towards the acquisition of an obsolete language and peculiar style, necessary to support a deep-laid deception. Having acquired the due skill in ancient lore for the execution of his project, he had to create the character and history of one who could properly make use of the language and style so acquired. And now, relying on the strength of his own genius, and in a direction of his own choice, he went like a giant, conscious of his potency, to work; stimulated by his favorite ambition of imposing upon the literary world.

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On the other hand, in his modern poems, which are chiefly satirical, or amatory, he engaged in a style of composition to which he had not prepared himself by a due course of time, or a fond partiality. As Rowley, he had put forth his whole strength, and exerted himself to the utmost to describe scenes of antique splendor which had captivated his imagination; but when he wrote in his own character he was cramped by being under the necessity of avoiding every thought, subject, and mode of expression, however dear to him, which could tend to identify the style of Chatterton with that of Rowley. Besides, and even with all his energies and imagination, he appears, from the habit of writing as a fictitious personage, and in a strangely obsolete dialect, to have in some degree formed a character for his supposed Rowley, superior to what he was capable of maintaining in his own person, and when the real took the place of the ideal.

It has also been justly remarked that nothing can be more extraordinary than the delight which Chatterton appears to have experienced, in executing his numberless and multifarious impositions. Indeed, it may be said, that the art and avidity with which the stripling poet seized every opportunity to deceive the credulous, was the predominant quality which elucidates his character. And how skilful was he at literary and even artistic deception; being alike an imitator of style, of MSS., and of drawings! His ruling passion was not the vanity of a poet, but the stoical pride of talent, which took its nourishment in the contemplation of superiority over the dupes who were gulled by him.

With regard to the precise order of genius which characterized Chatterton, or the peculiar merit of his works, it is not easy, it would not be safe, to speak in any positive or particular terms. That he was a poet, many of whose productions vie in original merit with pieces long acknowledged to be sterling and standard, no one can deny. He is often like a master, both in the beautiful and the sublime. His satire was less happy, and was personal and abusive, rather than essential. But even his earliest productions, and such as were acknowledged to be his own, are extraordinary things. One of these which is said to have been written about the age of eleven, bears ample testimony to the premature powers of the author. The piece which we refer to is a hymn for Christmas-day; a few of its verses must convince any reader that the boy's premature powers were almost miraculous.

Almighty Father of the skies,
O let our pure devotion rise
Like incense in thy sight!
Wrapt in impenetrable shade,
The texture of our souls were made,
Till thy command gave light.

The sun of glory gleamed the ray,
Refined the darkness into day,
And bid the vapors fly;
Impelled by His eternal love,
He left his palaces above,
To cheer our gloomy sky.

How shall we celebrate the day,
When God appeared in mortal clay,
The mark of worldly scorn,—
When the Archangel's heavenly lays
Attempted the Redeemer's praise,
And hailed Salvation's morn?

A humble form the Godhead wore;
The pains of poverty he bore,
To gaudy pomp unknown:
Though in a human walk he trod,
Still was the man Almighty God,
In glory all his own.

Despised, oppressed, the Godhead bears
The torments of this vale of tears,
Nor bid his vengeance rise:
He saw the creatures he had made
Revile his powers, his peace invade,
He saw with mercy's eyes.

It is true that Chatterton has been exalted by his admirers beyond measure, and made to be a precocious Shakspeare. On the other hand he has been degraded to the capacity of a mere puerile imitator. But surely this latter judgment is greatly more that of a person who is steeled to every charitable and generous sentiment, than of him who is alive to the inspirations, although frequently the erratic lights, of an untaught boy. We admit that there was much that was crude, unshapen, and trifling, in Thomas's effusions, real as well as fabricatory; but not to speak of the wonder of his forgeries, in the circumstances under which they were produced, there ought to be great allowance made in respect of a dreadful disease, which does not seem to have been altogether invoked by his own wilful and perverse course; seeing that there was constitutional madness in the family, which rendered it necessary to submit even his sister to restraint, and which also re-appeared in her son. To this dreadful disease it has been remarked, much that seemed vicious, and much that was irreconcilable in his character, is to be attributed. To what other indeed, but disease, can we point for a solution of his alternate fits of melancholy and bursts of high spirits, of which the strange paper, entitled his *will*, gave strong manifestations; presenting a mixture of levity, of bitter satire, and natu-

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ral despair? Indeed, the extravagant hopes which marked his arrival in London, and the circumstance of the suicide which suddenly closed his feverish career, all announce, as says a writer in the Edinburgh Review, that irregular ambition and impatience of the natural progress of society, which indicate an inflamed imagination and a precarious judgment.

Again, with regard to the moral character of Chatterton,—we do not find any thing conclusive to impugn him for profligate debauchery. On the contrary, he seems to have been exemplary as a son, also for temperance, and a sense of dignity, worthy of himself. It is admitted even by his eulogists, and also by his extenuators, that his literary fabrications were departures from virtue, and which at best must be set down to the internal satisfaction of imposing upon the world, or the obstinacy of maintaining an assertion which had been hastily made. Still, all this was done at the sacrifice not only of a poetical reputation, justly due, but at the yet more important dereliction of truth and rectitude. At the same time, we do not see that it is just to visit upon him the sentence of guilt, as if the forgery had been of a pecuniary nature by bill or bond. He derived no money-advantage from his fraud,—he cannot be said to have injured the fame of any one, unless we except the fabrication of facts connected with the antiquities of Bristol, so as to vitiate the historical value and veracity of Barrett's book. There was something of ingratitude in this, as well as of deliberate and injurious falsification. In a word, when on this branch of the subject, we may pronounce the prodigy of Bristol to have cherished no high or even ordinary standard of morality.

Three particulars remain to be noticed in our rather desultory remarks. First, with regard to Chatterton's prose pieces, it has to be said, that they never would have deservedly brought him into notice. When satirical, they were coarse and poor; when pretended translations from Saxon, they were ungenial imitations of Ossian, and utterly incongruous with the style of the language which they affected to represent.

Again, as regards his hardships and the neglect that has been thought to have blighted him,—especially Walpole's conduct, there was not more to be said for the youth than belongs to his inexperience, extravagant notions, and impatience. The author of the "Anecdotes of Painting" has very properly replied, that Chatterton could not appear to him in any other light than that of a young man, disgusted with his proper profession, and attempting to obtain his notice by passing a forgery on him. Whatever was the merit of the pieces, as he himself imputed them to another, they implied no singular abilities in him.

Once more,—the person and manners of the poet-boy of Bristol are said to have been as precocious as his genius; being stately and manly beyond his years. He had "a proud air;" and while both his gray eyes were piercingly bright, one was more remarkable than the other: it was "a kind of hawk's eye," so that a person "could see his soul through it." His manners were exceedingly prepossessing when he pleased; but he seems ever to have borne himself as a conscious and acknowledged superior; and could not only be haughty, but must have been repulsive to tamer and more judicious persons.

It remains only that we speak of the editions of Chatterton's works. In 1777, were published in one volume 8vo., "Poems supposed to have been written at Bristol, by Thomas Rowley, and others, in the fifteenth century; the greatest part now first published from the most authentic copies, with an engraved specimen of one of the MSS., to which are added, a Preface, an Introductory Account of the several pieces, and a Glossary." And in 1778, were published in one volume, 8vo., "Miscellanies in Prose and Verse, by Thomas Chatterton, the supposed author of the Poems published under the names of Rowley, &c."

The Bristol prodigy and his works gave rise to a protracted controversy among critics and antiquaries. The Poems published in 1777 were republished in 1778, with an "Appendix, containing some observations upon the language of the poems attributed to Rowley; tending to prove that they were written not by any ancient author, but entirely by Thomas Chatterton." Mr. Warton, in the third volume of the History of English Poetry, espoused the same side of the question. On the other hand, there have appeared "Observations" upon these poems, "in which their antiquity is ascertained," by Jacob Bryant, Esq., 1781, 8vo.; and another edition of the "Poems, with a Commentary, in which their antiquity is considered and defended," by Jeremiah Milles, D. D., Dean of Exeter, 1782, 4to.

A subscription edition, for the benefit of Mrs. Newton, Chatterton's sister, was announced in 1799; but for want of encouragement the publication was postponed till 1803, when it came forth under the joint editorship of Messrs. Southey and Cottle,

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with the Life of the Poet prefixed, by G. Gregory, D. D., which had appeared in Kippin's edition of the Biographia Britannica.

Over this last-mentioned and respectable edition, which is in three vols. octavo, the present appears to us to have no other claim, than that of being in a more compact shape, and at a more accessible price. It contains, we are bound also to state, a readable and sensible Life of the Poet, a History of the Rowley Controversy, a Selection of his Letters, and Notes Critical and Explanatory. We have not, however, confined ourselves to the Cambridge edition, but wandered at will; and accordingly close with Campbell's elegant, amiable, and discriminating account of Chatterton in the "Specimens of the British Poets." We throw the extract, as it deserves, into our larger type.

"When we conceive," says Mr. C., "the inspired boy transporting himself in imagination, back to the days of his fictitious Rowley, embodying his ideal character, and giving to airy nothing a 'local habitation and a name,' we may forget the impostor in the enthusiast, and forgive the falsehood of his reverie for its beauty and ingenuity. One of his companions has described the air of rapture and inspiration with which he used to repeat his passages of Rowley, and the delight which he took to contemplate the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, while it awoke the associations of antiquity in his romantic mind. There was one spot in particular, full in view of the church, where he would often lay himself down, and fix his eyes, as it were, in a trance. On Sundays, as long as daylight lasted, he would walk alone in the country around Bristol, taking drawings of churches, or other objects that struck his imagination.

"During the few months of his existence in London, his letters to his mother and sister, which were always accompanied with presents, expressed the most joyous anticipations. But suddenly all the flush of his gay hopes and busy projects terminated in despair. The particular causes which led to his catastrophe, have not been distinctly traced. His own descriptions of his prospects were but little to be trusted; for while apparently exchanging but shadowy visions of Rowley, for the real adventures of life, he was still moving under the spell of an imagination that saw every thing in exaggerated colors. Out of this dream he was at length awakened, when he found that he had miscalculated the chances of patronage or the profits of literary labors.

"The heart which can peruse the fate of Chatterton without being moved, is little to be envied for its tranquillity: but the intellects of those men must be as deficient as their hearts are uncharitable, who, confounding all shades of moral distinction, have ranked his literary fiction of Rowley in the same class of crimes with pecuniary forgery; and have calculated that if he had not died by his own hand, he would have probably ended his days upon a gallows. This disgusting sentence has been pronounced upon a youth who was exemplary for sincere, strong temperance, and natural affection. His Rowley forgery must indeed be pronounced improper by the general law which condemns all falsification of history; but it deprives no man of his fame; it had no sacrilegious interference with the memory of departed genius; it had not, like Lauder's imposture, any malignant motive, to rob a party or a country, of a name, which was its pride and ornament.

"Setting aside the opinion of those uncharitable biographers, whose imaginations have conducted him to the gibbet, it may be owned that his unformed character exhibited strong and conflicting elements of good and evil. Even the momentary project of the infidel boy to become a Methodist preacher, betrays an obliquity of design, and a contempt of human credulity, that is not very creditable. But had he been spared, his pride and ambition would have come to flow in their proper channels; his understanding would have taught him the practical value of truth and the dignity of virtue, and he would have despised artifice, when he had felt the strength and security of wisdom. In estimating the promises of his genius, I would rather lean to the utmost enthusiasm of his admirers, than to the cold opinion of those who are afraid of being blinded to the defects of the poems attributed to Rowley, by the veil of obsolete phraseology which is thrown over them.

"The inequality of Chatterton's various productions may be compared to the disproportions of the ungrown giant. His works had nothing of the definite neatness of that precocious talent, which stops short in early maturity. His thirst for knowledge was that of a being taught by instinct, to lay up materials for the exercise of great and undeveloped powers. Even in his favorite maxim, pushed it might be to a hyperbole, that a man, by abstinence and perseverance, might accomplish whatever he pleased, may be traced the indications of a genius, which nature had meant to achieve works of immortality. Tasso alone can be

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**compared to him as a juvenile prodigy. No English poet ever equalled him at the same age."**

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## FRIDOLIN; OR, THE MESSAGE TO THE FORGE.

A TRANSLATION FROM SCHILLER,

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A harmless lad was Fridolin,
 A pious youth was he;
He served, and sought her grace to win,
 Count Savern's fair ladye.
And gentle was the dame as fair—
And light the toils of service ther ;
And yet the woman's wildest whim
From her—had been but joy to him!

Soon as the early morning shone
 Until the vesper bell,
For her sweet hest he lived alone,
 Nor e'er could serve too well.
She bade him oft not labor so—
But then his eyes would overflow;
It seem'd a sin if strength could swerve
From that one thought—*her* will to serve!

And so, of all her house, the dame
 Most favor'd him always,
And from her lips for ever came
 His unexhausted praise—
On him, more like some gentle child
Than serving-youth, the lady smil'd—
And took a harmless pleasure in
The comely looks of Fridolin.

For this the huntsman Robert's heart
 The favor'd henchman cursed;
And long, till ripen'd into art,
 The hateful envy nursed.
His Lord was rash of thought and deed,
And thus the knave the deadly seed
(As from the chase they homeward rode,)
That poisons thought to fury, sow'd—

"Your lot, great Count, in truth is fair,
 (Thus spoke the craft suppress'd;)
The gnawing tooth of doubt can ne'er
 Consume your golden rest.
He who a noble spouse can claim,
Sees love begirt with holy shame;
Her truth no villain arts ensnare—
The smooth seducer comes not there."

"How now!—what say'st thou, bold Fellowe?"
 The frowning Count replied—
"Thinks't thou I build on woman's vow,
 Unstable as the tide?
Too well the flatterer's lip allureth—
On firmer ground my faith endureth;
The Count Von Savern's wife unto
No smooth seducer comes to woo!"

"Right!"—quoth the other—"and your scorn
 The fool can but supply,
Who, though a simple vassal born,
 Esteems himself so high—
And, to the dame he serves aspiring,
Harbors for her the love desiring."
"How!" cried the Count, and trembled—"How!
Of one who lives, then, speakest thou?"

"Surely; can that to all reveal'd
 Be all unknown to you?
Yet, from your ear if thus concealed,
 Let me be silent too."
Out burst the Count, with gasping breath,
"Fool—fool!—thou speak'st the words of death!
What brain has dared so bold a sin?"
"My Lord, I spoke of Fridolin!

"His face is comely to behold"——
 He adds—then paused with art.
The Count grew hot—the Count grew cold—
 The words had pierced his heart.
"My gracious master sure must see
That only in her eyes lives he;
Behind your board he stands unheeding,
Close by her chair—his passion feeding.

"And then the rhymes"——"The rhymes!" "The same—
 Confess'd the frantic thought."
"Confess'd!"——"Ay, and a *mutual* flame
 The foolish boy besought!
No doubt the Countess, soft and tender,
Forbore the lines to you to render;
And I repent the babbling word
That 'scaped my lips——What ails my lord?"

Straight to a wood, in scorn and shame,
 Away Count Savern rode—
Where, in the soaring, furnace-flame,
 The molten iron glow'd.
Here, late and early, still the brand
Kindled the smiths, with crafty hand;
The sparks spring forth, the bellows heave,
As if their task—the rocks to cleave.

Their strength the Fire, the Water gave,
 In interleagued endeavor;
The mill-wheel, whirl'd along the wave,
 Rolls on for aye and ever—
Here, day and night, resounds the clamor,
While measured beats the heaving hammer;*
And suppled in that ceaseless storm,
Iron to iron stamps a form.

Two smiths before Count Savern bend,
 Forth-beckon'd from their task.
"The first whom I to you may send,
 And who of you may ask—
'Have you my lord's command obey'd?'
—Thrust in the hell-fire yonder made;
Shrunk to the cinders of your ore,
Let him offend mine eyes no more!"

Then gloated they—the griesly pair—
 They felt the hangman's zest;
For senseless as the iron there,
 The heart lay in the breast.
And hied they, with the bellows' breath,
To strengthen still the furnace-death;
The murder-priests nor flag nor falter—
Wait the victim—trim the altar!

The huntsman seeks the page—God wot,
 How smooth a face hath he!
"Off, comrade, off! and tarry not;
 Thy lord hath need of thee!"
Thus spoke his lord to Fridolin,
"Haste to the forge the wood within,
And ask the serfs who ply the trade—
'Have you my lord's command obey'd?'"

* It would be interesting to know if Schiller lived within hearing of a forge. In the poems written during this period of his life, he is peculiarly fond of introducing descriptions of the sound of the hammer. Possibly to some external impression, we owe the origin of this very characteristic and striking ballad.

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"It shall be done"—and to the task
He hies without delay.
Had *she* no hest?—'twere well to ask,
To make less long the way.
So wending backward at the thought,
The youth the gracious lady sought:
"Bound to the forge the wood within,
Hast thou no hest for Fridolin?

"I fain," thus spake that lady fair,
In winsome tone and low,
"But for mine infant ailing there,
To hear the mass would go.
"Go thou, my child—and on the way,
For me and mine thy heart shall pray;
Repent each sinful thought of thine—
So shall thy soul find grace for mine!"

"Forth on the welcome task he wends,
Her wish the task endears,
Till, where the quiet hamlet ends,
A sudden sound he hears.
To and fro the church-bell, swinging,
Cheerily, clearly forth is ringing;
Knolling souls that would repent
To the Holy Sacrament.

He thought, "Seek God upon thy way,
And he will come to thee!"
He gains the House of Prayer to pray,
But all stood silently.
It was the Harvest's merry reign,
The scythe was busy in the grain;
One clerkly hand the rites require
To serve the mass and aid the choir.

Eftsoons the good resolve he takes,
As sacristan to serve:
"No halt," quoth he, "the footstep makes
That doth but heavenward swerve!"
So, on the priest, with humble soul,
He hung the cingulum and stole,
And eke prepares each holy thing
To the high mass administ'ring.

Now, as the ministrant, before
The priest he took his stand;
Now towards the altar moved, and bore
The mass-book in his hand.
Rightward, leftward kneeleth he,
Watchful every sign to see;
Tinkling, as the sanctus fell,
Thrice at each holy name, the bell.

Now the meek priest, bending lowly,
Turns unto the solemn shrine,
And with lifted hand and holy,
Rears the cross divine.
While the clear bell, lightly swinging,
That boy-sacristan is ringing;—
Strike their breasts, and down inclining,
Kneel the crowd, the symbol signing.

Still in every point excelling,
With a quick and nimble art—
Every custom in that dwelling
Knew the boy by heart
To the close he tarried thus,
Till the *Vobiscum Dominus;*
To the crowd inclines the priest,
And the crowd have sign'd—and ceased!

Now back in its appointed place,
His footsteps but delay
To range each symbol-sign of grace—
Then forward on his way.

So, conscience-calm, he lightly goes;
Before his steps the furnace glows;
His lips, the while, (the count completing,)
Twelve paternosters slow-repeating.

He gain'd the forge—the smiths survey'd,
As there they grimly stand:
"How fares it friends?—have ye obey'd,"
He cried, "my lord's command?"
"Ho! ho!" they shout, and ghastly grin,
And point the furnace-throat within·
"With zeal and heed, we did the deed—
The master's praise, the servants' meed."

On, with this answer, onward home,
With fleeter step he flies;
Afar, the Count beheld him come—
He scarce could trust his eyes.
"Whence com'st thou?" "From the furnace." "So!
Not elsewhere? troth thy steps are slow;
Thou hast loiterd'd long!—" Yet only till
I might the trust consign'd fulfil.

"My noble lord, 'tis true, to-day,
It chanced, on quitting thee,
To ask my duties, on the way,
Of her who guideth me.
She bade me, (and how sweet and dear
It was!) the holy mass to hear;
Rosaries four I told, delaying,
Grace for thee and thine heart-praying."

All stunned, Count Savern heard the speech—
A wondering man was he;
"And when thou didst the furnace reach,
What answer gave they thee?"
"An answer hard the sense to win;
Thus spake the men with ghastly grin,
'With zeal and heed we did the deed—
The master's praise, the servants' meed.'"

"And *Robert?*"—gasp'd the Count, as lost
In awe he shuddering stood—
"Thou must, be sure, his path have crossed?
*I sent him to the wood.*"
"In wood nor field where I have been,
One single trace of him was seen."
All deathlike stood the Count: "Thy might,
O God of heaven, hath judged the right!"

Then meekly, humbled from his pride,
He took the servant's hand;
He led him to his lady's side,
She nought mote understand.
"This child—no angel is more pure—
Long may thy grace for him endure;
Our strength how weak, our sense how dim—
GOD AND HIS HOSTS ARE OVER HIM!"

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## MEMOIR AND REMAINS OF CHARLES WOLFE.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

*Remains of the late Rev. Charles Wolfe, A.B., with a Brief Memoir of his Life.* By the Rev. JOHN A. RUSSELL, M. A., Archdeacon of Clogher. Eighth edition. Small 8vo. London. 1842.

THE deserved popularity of Archdeacon Russell's Memoir of Wolfe is probably among the reasons why it has been so little

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noticed in the Reviews, and we ourselves have hitherto felt hesitation in bringing before the public attention a work which, without any help whatever from the periodical critics, seems likely to take its place in the permanent literature of the country.

The same feeling, however, which leads us now to devote a few pages of our journal to a new edition of Cowper, or Milton, or Burns, and in which studies we have found our readers not unwilling to follow or accompany us, would afford sufficient motive for calling attention to the works of Wolfe; and, in addition to this, we have some reason to believe, that although the book before us is in the eighth edition, there are yet large classes of readers to whom this notice is likely to be the means of first making it properly known.

Charles Wolfe, the youngest son of Theobald Wolfe, Esquire, of Blackhall, in the county of Kildare, was born in Dublin, on the 14th of December, 1791. His father died early, and the family removed to England, where they resided some years. In 1805 he was placed at Winchester-school, of which Mr. Richards was then the master. In 1809 he entered Dublin College—in 1817 entered into holy orders—from that time till within a year of his death discharged the duties of a country curate, in a remote part of Ulster—and died of consumption on the 23d of February, 1822, in the 32d year of his age.

It is scarcely possible to imagine a life more uneventful than Wolfe's, and the whole interest of the volume arises from the opportunity it gives of contemplating the character of a singularly amiable and excellent man, and of studying works to which the author appears never to have attached the slightest value—which seem to have been almost accidentally preserved—no one of which was written for the press—nay, no one of which can be almost described as other than accidentally arising from the circumstances in which he was for the moment placed—and, thus to be fairly regarded rather as indications of what such a mind was likely, if fairly tasked, to have produced. Of what do these Remains consist? Copies of verses, Latin and English, written as school or college exercises; a few poems—not half-a-dozen—which are the records of a few days' ramble with friends in the country, and manifestly written with direct reference to the gratification of the party with whom the ramble was taken—a few letters to college friends—we believe Archdeacon Russell, his biographer, and Dr. Dickinson, late Bishop of Meath; both of whom, like Wolfe himself, had but just entered into the profession of the church,—and some of the sermons preached by him in the discharge of the ordinary duties of his curacy, or in Dublin, on his occasional visits there.

In Archdeacon Russell's memoir of his friend, we have but one thing to complain of—and that is, that through his volume it is difficult to make out the dates of either the few incidents which he has to record, or of the composition of such poems and essays of Wolfe's as are interwoven with his narrative. Even when a collective edition of the works of any of our great writers exhibits the compositions of very different periods of life, it is always desirable that the dates should, if possible, be given; as indeed the great value of such collections is, to exhibit the growth and progress of the mind, from its first imperfect imitation of the language of others, to the period when language is an instrument which it wields at will. The school exercises of Milton, no doubt, might be regarded as predictions of the Paradise and the Samson; but who is there that does not feel what injustice to his fame it would be not to communicate the order in which his poems were written. And in such a case as Wolfe's, where all his poems and essays, connected with general literature, were written in early boyhood, or the first dawn of manhood, the fitness of giving dates with precision, or at all events of determining with some approach to correctness the sequence of the poems is so obvious, that it ought to have been felt by the biographer as an absolute duty. Poems, written when Wolfe was in the twenty-second or twenty-third year of his age, are referred by Mr. Russell to the first year of his college life, when he was scarcely seventeen; and we but state what we know to be the effect of this confusion of dates, when we mention that it has led to a false estimate of his powers, by misleading readers into the injurious supposition, that the earlier works of the writer were those which exhibited the highest marks of genius: the contrary being, when the true dates are supplied to his respective works, more remarkably the fact than in almost any other writer we know. Of the poems, (alas! too few,) each successive poem exhibits a wonderful development of increasing powers, and the sermons—his last works—are beyond comparison the most original and striking of all. We are not, indeed, surprised, that Dr. Russell seems to have regarded them as constituting the proper and peculiar value of the



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whole. His memoir is, in fact, but introductory to them, and we are told, in his graceful preface to the early editions of the Remains, that his hope was, that the miscellaneous portions of the volume might, perhaps, lead the public to the study of that which he felt to be more instructive, and the *Poet* thus serve to introduce the *Divine*.

An appendix to Mr. Russell's volume gives some of Wolfe's juvenile poems. One is called a "Prize Poem on the Death of Abel"—and was probably a Winchester exercise. There can be no object in our reprinting it; but it is a composition of considerable talent, and with occasional gleams of Wolfe's own mind. The respective sacrifices of the brothers, and the acceptance of Abel's, are thus described:

"Each with his offering to the Almighty came.
Their altars raised, and fed the sacred flame.
Scarce could the pitying Abel bear to bind
A lamb, the picture of his master's mind;
Which to the pile with tender hand he drew,
And wept as he the bleeding victim slew;
Around with fond regard the zephyr played
Nor dared disturb the oblation Abel made."

We see something of Wolfe's own mind in the few last lines of this extract. A passage follows, describing the brothers after the fatal blow is given:

"The streaming blood distained his locks with gore,
Those beauteous tresses that were gold before.
His dying eyes a look of pity cast,
And beamed forgiveness ere they closed their last."

Among the commonplaces of a schoolboy's conception of the subject, we think we can distinguish the gleam of our author's peculiar genius, in a passage describing Cain:

"'Abel! awake, arise!' he trembling cried;
'Abel, my brother!' but no voice replied.
In frightful silence o'er the corse he stood,
And, chained in terror, wondered at the blood.
'Awake!' yet oh no voice, no smile, no breath!
'O God support me! Oh, should this be death!'"

The poem closes with a soliloquy of Cain's—half repentance, half remorse—still surely, when the author's early age is remembered, it is not without great beauty:

"My brother! thou canst not see how deep I grieve;
Look down, thou injured angel, and forgive.
Far hence a wretched fugitive I roam,
The earth my bed, the wilderness my home:
Far hence I stray from those delightful seats
To solitary tracts and drear retreats.
Yet, oh! the very beasts will shun my sight,
Will fly my bloody footsteps with affright.
No brother they, no faithful friend have slain—
Detested only for that crime is Cain.
Had I but lulled each fury of my soul,
Had held each rebel passion in control,
To Nature and to God had faithful proved,
And loved a brother as a brother loved,
Then had I sunk into a grave of rest,
And Cain had breathed his last on Abel's breast."

"The raising of Lazarus" is another of the Winchester poems, which Mr. Russell has judiciously printed. Like every thing of Wolfe's, it shows his great power of picturing scenes to his own eye, and some skill in presenting them to others. And, like every thing else, too, of Wolfe's, suggests to us that, had he felt it right to pursue poetry as a study, his most successful walk would probably have been the drama. There is nothing in the poem on Lazarus equal to the passages we have given from the poem on Abel—but there is the same evidence of objects being seen with a poet's eye. And while the language is remarkable rather for propriety and delicacy, than for any peculiar power, there is a truth of sentiment and a tone of sincerity throughout, which characterises every thing of Wolfe's, first and last.

We have mentioned that in the year 1809 Wolfe entered Dublin College, and was early distinguished there as a classical scholar. As far as we can gather, he at first paid but little attention to the prescribed studies of the place—at least, his first distinctions in college were rather recognitions of how well the foundation of sound classical scholarship had been laid at Winchester, than any thing else. Wolfe was, we fear, at this period idle; or perhaps it ought rather to be said, that he was good-natured enough to allow every idle acquaintance to loiter with him as long as he pleased. "This facility of disposition," as his biographer happily calls it, "exposed him to many interruptions in his studies." He never allowed himself to be denied to any chance visitor; a concourse of idlers was for ever about him, either in his rooms or in the courts and gardens of college, and this gave his more diligent friends fair excuse for saving themselves from the trouble of performing any routine duty, which Wolfe's college standing qualified him to discharge (he, pretty certainly, would not be doing any thing better, and they would): so between Wolfe's friends of the more idle or the more studious classes, the poor fellow was left but little time to himself.

There seems to have been some change for the worse in Wolfe's pecuniary circumstances, however, in the second or third year of his college life, which rendered it necessary for him to look round for some addition to his means of support. A college Scholarship was a seasonable aid; but in his day it was not of so much value as now—and even now, it is altogether inadequate to the support of a student, however economical his habits may be. In Dublin

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College, where every person permanently connected with the establishment has for many years to discharge the duties of tutor, the instant resource of any young man who has talents and time enough for it, is to undertake the task of private tuition. When Wolfe's wish to take pupils was known, some young men, we believe relations of his, immediately sought to avail themselves of his instructions. His habits of idleness, or of what in their effects on the mind is little different—of undirected and desultory exertion, were thus, at a very critical period of life, providentially converted into those of singular diligence. "He discharged the task of instruction with such singular devotedness and disinterested anxiety as materially to entrench on his own particular studies. He was, indeed so prodigal of his labor and of his time to each pupil, that he reserved little leisure for his own pursuits or relaxations."*

Wolfe, however, found time enough to become a successful competitor at the college examinations for the highest distinctions in science, which, till now, he had neglected; and the Historical Society (a voluntary association of college students, for the cultivation of the talents necessary for public life) seems to have broken the spell which had kept sealed the fountains of poetry and oratory, since the days of his exercises and declamations at Winchester.

The society, which has since been dissolved, existed during the greater part of Wolfe's college life; and in the same year in which he obtained a scholarship he became a member of it. It seems to have been an era in his life. We well remember the effect of his speeches there, and we regret that his biographer has not been enabled to give us some extracts from them; but it is probable that such parts of them as were written have not been preserved: it is also not improbable that some of the passages which we remember as most effective were never written.

The objects of the society were, the cultivation of such branches of study as least provision was made for by the ordinary range of college pursuits. Medals were given for oratory, for composition, and for proficiency in history; and each year of the society was opened and closed with a speech from the chair, in which the objects of the society were set forth by some one of the members of the society, specially selected for the task.

Lord Plunkett, Chief Justice Bushe, the late Mr. North, Dr. Miller, Mr. Wise, the late Mr. Taylor, Mr. Sarjeant Greene, Mr. Finlay, Mr. Peter Burrowes, and other most highly distinguished men, were among those who from time to time discharged this honorable duty; and it may be well imagined that each successive speech, on the same topics, rendered the task of the next representative of the society more difficult. Several of these speeches have been printed; in all are passages of great power and beauty; but the fragments of Wolfe's here published are perhaps more beautiful than any passages which could be selected from the others—while we are not sure that, as a whole, we should give it the preference. For this speech, and for a very beautiful composition called the "College Course," which is still better, we must refer to Mr. Wolfe's volume.

Wolfe's speech from the chair was delivered about three years after he had become a member of the Historical Society. About the same time he must have written the poem of "Jugurtha," which, by some mistake, Mr. Russell has referred to the year 1809, and a poem called "Patriotism," which was read in the Society, and given a medal. The compositions read in the society were on subjects selected by the authors themselves, and not, like those written for college prizes, on themes dictated by others. "Jugurtha was," says Mr. Russell, "written on a subject proposed by the heads of the university." This fixes the date of the poem to 1814, when that subject was the theme proposed for what are called Vice-Chancellor's Prizes—the fees to which that officer is entitled, on the graduation of each person, being the fund for their payment.* Jugurtha is, perhaps, Wolfe's best poem. Its only fault is one, which, as Goldsmith says in a similar case, it would be easy for a critic, of a different temper to insist on as a beauty;—but a fault, and a grievous fault it is, however speciously it may be defended,—we mean the tendency to amplification. A true thought is expressed, and Wolfe will not let us rest there, but repeats it in every variety of phrase—protects it behind a sevenfold shield of words. The poem is, however, a noble effort.

* Remains of Wolfe, p. 11.

* Wolfe's poem was probably unsuccessful with the board: at least we know, that among the compositions to which prizes were awarded, the most successful on this subject was one by the Rev. Mr. Halpin, who soon after entered into the church, and was for nineteen years curate of the parish of Oldcastle, in the county of Meath. Mr. Halpin still lives, is author of some political essays, chiefly on subjects connected with the Irish church, and of an exceedingly interesting paper on the Midsummer Night's Dream.

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The only poem in the volume which we do not like is one on the battle of Busaco, which seems to have been a college exercise. To this Mr. Russell has not fixed a date, but from internal evidence we are inclined to think it could not have been written in the full maturity of Wolfe's powers. The battle was fought on the 27th of September, 1810, and we think it likely that Wolfe's poem was written soon after —at least it was at that period very much the practice in Dublin College to give the victories of Wellington such chance of immortality, as prize poems in Greek, English, and Latin could give—and it went a great way to make Tories of the young poets, though we are quite sure that the seven wise men of Dublin College had not any thought of this advantage gained for Church and State. Wolfe's Busaco is not good. "Patriotism" is a poem of exceeding beauty. We are surprised that this and "Jurgurtha" have not found their way into the popular selections.

Wolfe about this time (1815) thought of reading for a college fellowship. The fellowships in Dublin College are given to the best answerers at a public examination in a very extensive course of science—the preparation for which is sufficient to occupy a clever man's attention for several years. Wolfe's habits of study were desultory— his talents for poetry and general literature were likely to mislead him—and while his success could not be doubtful if diligence could be reckoned on, yet it was quite uncertain whether Wolfe could be got to attend with perseverance to a prescribed course of study for any long time. At all events the trial was not made. One or two visits to friends in the counties of Dublin and Wicklow seem to have dispersed the dream. The contrast between the domestic happiness which he saw enjoyed by the friends with whom he was on those visits and excursions, and the dulness of his college rooms, appears to have completely put an end to any chance of his contentedly fixing himself down to the necessary plans of study. There was little chance of fellowship-reading for a man who, when he returned to his rooms from his country excursions, was engaged in describing the scenes he had left in verses such as the following:

FAREWELL TO LOUGH BRAY.

"Then fare thee well!—I leave thy rocks and glens.
And all thy wild and random majesty,
To plunge amid the world's deformities,
And see how hideously mankind deface
What God hath given them good;—while viewing thee,
I think how grand and beautiful is God.
When man has not intruded on his works,
But left his bright creation unimpaired.
'Twas therefore I approached thee with an awe
Delightful.—therefore eyed, with joy grotesque—
With joy I could not speak; (for, on this heart
Has beauteous Nature seldom smiled, and scarce
A casual wind has blown the veil aside,
And shown me her immortal lineaments.)
'Twas therefore did my heart expand, to mark
Thy pensive uniformity of gloom,
The deep and holy darkness of thy wave,
And that stern rocky form, whose aspect stood
Athwart us, and confronted us at once,
Seeming to vindicate the worship due,
And yet reclined in proud recumbency,
As if secure the homage would be paid:
It looked the Genius of the place, and seemed
To Superstition's eye, to exercise
Some sacred, unknown function. Blessed scenes!
Fraught with the primeval grandeur! or, if aught
Is changed in thee—it is no mortal touch
That sharpened thy rough brow, or fringed thy skirts
With coarse luxuriance:—'twas the lightning's force
Dash'd its strong flash across thee, and did point
The crag; or, with his stormy thunderbolt,
Th' Almighty architect himself disjoined
Yon rock; then flung it down where now it hangs,
And said, 'do thou lie there;'—and genial rains,
(Which, e'en without the good man's prayer, came down,)
Call'd forth thy vegetation. Then I watch'd
The clouds that cours'd along the sky, to which
A trembling splendor o'er the waters mov'd
Responsive; while at times it stole to land,
And smil'd among the mountain's dusky locks.
Surely there linger beings in this place,
For whom all this is done:—it cannot be,
That all this fair profusion is bestow'd
For such wild wayward pilgrims as ourselves.
Haply, some glorious spirits here await
The opening of Heaven's portals; who disport
Along the bosom of the lucid lake;
Who cluster on that peak; or playful peep
Into yon eagle's nest; then sit them down
And talk of those they left on earth, and those
Whom they shall meet in Heaven: and, haply, tired
(If blessed spirits tire in such employ.)
The slumbering phantoms lay them down to rest
Upon the bosom of the dewy breeze—
Ah! whither do I roam—I dare not think—
Alas! I must forget thee. for I go
To mix with narrow minds and hollow hearts—
I must forget thee—fare thee—fare thee well."

"The following stanzas," says Mr. Russell, "will convey some idea of the sensations with which the poet returned from such scenes as this to the sombre walls of a college, and how painfully he felt the transition from such enjoyments, to the grave occupation of academic studies.

SONG.

"Oh say not that my heart is cold
To aught that once could warm it;
That Nature's form so dear of old
No more has power to charm it;
Or, that the ungenerous world can chill
One glow of fond emotion
For those who made it dearer still,
And shar'd my wild devotion.

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"Still oft those solemn scenes I view
In rapt and dreamy sadness;
Oft look on those who lov'd them too
With Fancy's idle gladness;
Again I long'd to view the light
In Nature's features glowing';
Again to tread the mountain's height,
And taste the Soul's o'erflowing.

"Stern duty rose, and frowning flung
His leaden chain around me;
With iron look and sullen tongue
He muttered as he bound me:
'The mountain-breeze, the boundless Heaven
Unfit for toil the creature;
These for the free alone are given—
But what have slaves with Nature?'"

There is a poem, of which many of the stanzas have all the vigor of Burns—and which are so perfectly descriptive of the friend whose character inspired them—George Grierson of the Irish bar—that we wish we could transcribe them, but must refer our readers to the volume itself.

Mr. Russell, in describing Wolfe's admiration of Campbell's Hohenlinden, mentions some peculiarities of his manner, which we may as well preserve.

"It was, indeed, the peculiar temperament of his mind, to display its emotions by the strongest outward demonstrations.

"Such were his intellectaal sensibilities, and the corresponding vivacity of his animal spirits, that the excitation of his feelings generally discovered itself by the most lively expressions, and sometimes by an unrestrained vehemence of gesticulation, which often afforded amusement to his more sedate or less impressible acquaintances.

"Whenever in the company of his friends any thing occurred in his reading, or to his memory, which powerfully affected his imagination, he usually started from his seat, flung aside his chair, and paced about the room, giving vent to his admiration in repeated exclamations of delight, and in gestures of the most animated rapture. Nothing produced these emotions more strongly than music, of the pleasures of which he was in the highest degree susceptible. He had an ear formed to enjoy, in the most exquisite manner, the simplest melody, or the richest harmony. With but little cultivation, he had acquired sufficient skill in the theory of this accomplishment, to relish its highest charms, and to exercise a discriminative taste in the appreciation of any composition or performance in that delightful art. Sacred music above all, (especially the compositions of Handel,) had the most subduing—the most transporting effect upon his feelings, and seemed to enliven and sublimate his devotion to the highest pitch. He understood and felt all the poetry of music, and was particularly felicitous in catching the spirit and character of a simple air or a national melody. One or two specimens of the adaptation of his poetical talents to such subjects, may give some idea of this.

"He was so much struck by the grand national Spanish air, 'Viva el Rey Fernando,' the first time he heard it played by a friend, that he immediately commenced singing it over and over again, until he produced an English song admirably suited to the tune. The air, which has the character of an animated march, opens in a strain of grandeur, and suddenly subsides for a few bars into a slow and pathetic modulation, from which it abruptly starts again into all the enthusiasm of martial spirit. The words are happily adapted to these transitions; but the air should be known, in order that the merits of the song should be duly esteemed. The first change in the expression of the air occurs at the ninth line of the song, and continues to the end of the twentieth line.

SPANISH SONG.

Air—'Viva El Rey Fernando.'

The chains of Spain are breaking—
Let Gaul despair and fly;
Her wrathful trumpet's speaking,
Let tyrants hear and die.

Her standard o'er us arching
Is burning red and far;
The soul of Spain is marching
In thunders to the war.
Look round your lovely Spain,
And say shall Gaul remain?

Behold yon burning valley,
Behold yon naked plain—
Let us hear their drum—
Let them come, let them come!
For Vengeance and Freedom rally,
And Spaniards! onward for Spain!

Remember, Remember, Barossa,
Remember Napoleon's chain,—
Remember your own Saragossa,
And strike for the cause of Spain—
Remember your own Saragossa,
And onward, onward! for Spain!

"Another of his favorite melodies was the popular Irish air, 'Gramachree.' He never heard it without being sensibly affected by its deep and tender expression; but he thought that no words had ever been written for it which came up to his idea of the peculiar pathos which pervades the whole strain. He said they all appeared to him want *individuality* of feeling. At the desire of a friend he gave his own conception of it in these verses, which it seems hard to read, perhaps impossible to hear sung, without tears.

SONG.

Air—'Gramachree.'

If I had thought thou could'st have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou could'st mortal be;
It never through my mind had past,
The time would e'er be o'er,'
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou should'st smile no more!

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain!

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But when I speak—thou dost not say,
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid,
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

If thou would'st stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene,
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still my own,
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may sooth this heart,
In thinking too of thee;
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore!

"He was asked whether he had any real incident in view, or had witnessed any immediate occurrence which might have prompted these lines. His reply was, he had not; but that he had sung the air over and over till he burst into a flood of tears, in which mood he composed the words."

The following is, in its way, of almost unequalled beauty:

"SONG.

Oh, my love has an eye of the softest blue,
Yet it was not that that won me;
But a little bright drop from her soul was there,
'Tis that that has undone me.

I might have pass'd that lovely cheek,
Nor, perchance, my heart have left me;
But the sensitive blush that came trembling there,
Of my heart it for ever bereft me.

I might have forgotten that red, red lip—
Yet how from that thought to sever?—
But there was a smile from the sunshine within,
And that smile I'll remember for ever.

Think not 'tis nothing but lifeless clay,
The elegant form that haunts me;
'Tis the gracefully delicate mind that moves
In every step, that enchants me.

Let me not hear the nightingale sing,
Though I once in its notes delighted;
The feeling and mind that comes whispering forth,
Has left me no music beside it.

Who could blame had I loved that face,
Ere my eye could twice explore her;
Yet, it is for the fairy intelligence there,
And her warm—warm heart I adore her."

We are inclined to think the "Lines on the Burial of Sir John Moore" was the last poem that Wolfe ever wrote. They were first circulated in manuscript among his college friends, then printed in the newspapers and magazines. Byron read them out from a magazine to some friends, of whom Captain Medwin was one. At this time the author's name was not known to the public, and Medwin, in one way or other, was led to think them Byron's. The copy sent by Byron to his sister, in his own handwriting, seemed at first to Captain Medwin to give a kind of confirmation to a conjecture, which, however, in every after edition of his exceedingly interesting book, he took care to tell his readers was a mistake—adding that the poem was ascertained to be Wolfe's. Medwin's claim of the poem for Byron led to several letters, stating the true author; one from Mr. Taylor, of the English bar, which first gave to the public a substantially correct copy of the lines; another from Dr. Miller, of Armagh, in which Wolfe's character is strikingly drawn: but by far the most interesting document which the occasion called forth was the Rev. Mr. O'Sullivan's narrative of the original production of the poem. We transcribe his account from a letter of his to Mr. Taylor—

"The poem was commenced in my company. The occasion was as follows:—Wolfe came into my room one evening while I was reading the 'Edinburgh Annual Register.' I think it was the volume for 1809,* and which concluded with an account of the battle of Corunna, and the death of Sir John Moore. It appeared to me to be admirably written—and although the writer might not be classed amongst the *very* warmest admirers of that lamented general, yet he cordially appreciated his many great and amiable qualities, and eagerly seized upon every opportunity of doing him generous and ample justice. In college we do not always lay down our books when visited by our friends; at least, *you* know, to your cost, that such is not *my* practice. I made our dear departed friend listen to me while I read the account which the admirable writer (I conjectured that he must be Mr. Southey) made to assume a classical interest; and we both felt kindled and elevated by a recital which was caculated to concentrate whatever of glory or interest attached in our young imaginations to Chæronea or Marathon, upon the spotless valor of a British soldier. When I had done, Wolfe and I walked into the country; and I observed that he was totally inattentive to the objects

* "It was the volume for 1808. The following is the conclusion of the passage to which Mr. O'Sullivan alludes:

"Sir John Moore had often said, that if he was killed in battle, he wished to be buried where he fell. The body was removed at midnight to the citadel of Corunna. A grave was dug for him on the rampart there, by a body of the 9th regiment; the aides-du-camp attending by turns. No coffin could be procured; and the officers of his staff wrapped the body, dressed as it was, in a military cloak and blankets. The interment was hastened; for about eight in the morning, some firing was heard, and the officers feared that if a serious attack was made, they should be ordered away, and not suffered to pay him their last duty. The officers of his family bore him to the grave; the funeral service was read by the chaplain; and the corpse was covered with earth."—*Edinburgh Annual Register*, 1808, p. 458.

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around him, and in conversation absent and self-involved. He was, in fact, silently composing; and, in a short time, he repeated for me (without them down) the first and last stanzas of his beautiful ode, which as you have truly stated in 'the morning Chronicle,' were all that he at first intended. I was exceedingly pleased by them; and I believe the admiration I expressed partly induced him to supply the other stanzas. Every one of the corrections which you have suggested is right. Your memory has served you admirably to restore the ode to the state in which it was left by its lamented author."

It seems impossible that any mind could be uncandid or dull enough to resist such evidence as this: yet though, in addition to this evidence, Archdeacon Russell printed the poem in his remains as Wolfe's, the old reports ascribing its authorship to one or other of the popular poets of the day, or to some obscure village minstrel, were every now and then repeated. Unluckily, in Mr. Russell's memoir of Wolfe, after stating some of the absurd reports concerning the authorship of the poem, the following carelessly-written sentence occurred:—"However, the matter has been placed beyond dispute, by the proof that it appeared with the initials 'C. W.' in an Irish print, long prior to the alleged dates which its false claimants assign." A sentence is at least as likely to be carelessly read as carelessly written; and it was supposed from this that Mr. Russell knew no more about the matter than any body else, and that the whole of the evidence rested on the fact of some Irish paper having printed, at some time not stated by Mr. Russell, the lines, with the letters 'C. W.;' and we, who happen to know of our own knowledge the fact of Wolfe's being the author of the lines, happen also to know of our own knowledge, that men of the very highest rank in literature fell into what we cannot but think the very natural mistake which we have pointed out. Other passages in Mr. Russell's memoir ought to have placed the matter beyond all doubt; but in his narration of the matter, it is not easy to distinguish what is evidence and what is argument. Mr. Russell, like ourselves, or any other of Wolfe's friends, would as soon think of doubting the authorship of Marmion or any other acknowledged work of any well-known writer as that of this poem; yet we cannot but think that the mixture of argument and evidence, the boundary lines of which are not very distinctly marked in his account, tended somewhat to perplex a case which was the simplest in the world. While the friends of Wolfe were one after another stating their knowledge of his having written the poem, it was claimed, in some unintelligible local hoax, as the production of a rhyming horse-doctor in Durham. The letter, written in his name by some provincial jester, claiming it for him, was copied into the papers, and the laurels which Medwin demanded for *Byron*, were now for a while awarded to *Marshal*—that was, as we best remember, the name. A more respectable parentage was soon after found, and gave rise to a conjecture which many thought probable enough. A volume of poems was printed by a young clergyman of the name of Barnard, who soon after died of consumption. A friend of ours claiming the authorship of the poem for Wolfe, was told, under circumstances that coerced his belief—so strongly was the matter stated, and by a person whose means of knowledge were of a peculiar kind—that the poem was printed in Barnard's book; his informant, of course, asserting that Barnard was the author—not Wolfe. The facts appeared to our friend to be indisputable, and a theory instantly started up in his mind, which reconciled them with the fact of Wolfe's authorship of the poem. The conversation occurred after Wolfe's death, just at the period of Medwin's publication; and the account of Barnard's early death, and some other coinciding circumstances, led him to the conclusion that Wolfe had published a volume of poems under the assumed name of Barnard. We have had more than one argument with our friend on the subject, knowing that it was almost impossible that Wolfe, all whose movements were known to his friends, could have been the author of the poems; while we felt that it would gratify our curiosity to learn more of Barnard's book, and we had inquiries made of the publisher. The little book, a pamphlet of forty-eight pages, is now on our table—"Trifles, imitative of the chaster style of Melanger." Graceful imitations they are,—not translations, nor in any degree approaching that character: not equal to Merivale's poems from the Anthology, or even to Bland's, but still very pleasing in their way; and we are glad of the accident that introduced us to the pleasant little book; but unfortunately the sight of it at once put an end to the romance which our friend had woven out of the publication, and the fates of Barnard and Wolfe. The poem which, to the gifted eye of the printer and bookseller, whose claim of Wolfe's ode for Barnard, led to the confusion, had appeared to be "The Burial of Sir John Moore," turns out to be "Verses occasioned by the death of Captain

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——— 9th regiment of dragoons, who fell in the battle of Waterloo!!" Captain ——— of the dragoons, became identified with Sir John Moore, and Corunna and Waterloo were all one. In mistakes like this, or in the buffoonery of provincial jests, we are convinced that all the claims to this poem originated, with the exception of one, so peculiar that we feel it necessary reluctantly to notice it.

In the *Edinburgh Advertiser*, a letter dated *Temple, January*, 1841, signed *A. Mackintosh*, and addressed to the Rev. W. Muir, assistant minister of Temple, accompanied with documents of one kind or other, by which the statements of the letter were sought to be confirmed, was printed. The writer of the letter, the master of the parish school at Temple, states himself to have written the poem, and goes into a very minute detail of circumstances connected with his claim. Mr. Muir manifestly gave entire credence to Mackintosh's statement, and the editor of the *Edinburgh Advertiser* gave it also his sanction. This led to the publication of several letters on the subject, all from persons of considerable eminence, who knew the fact of Wolfe's being the author of the poem. Mackintosh published an impudent letter, admitting that Wolfe must have claimed the poem, but still asserting himself to be the writer. He was unlucky enough to assign a date to the period at which *he* composed it; and though the precise date of Wolfe's poem is not ascertained, yet it is ascertained that it was written prior to the date which Mackintosh chose to lay for his handiwork. While the discussion about Mackintosh's claim was going on in the newspapers, Dr. Luby luckily found a letter of Wolfe's, giving a complete copy of the lines in Wolfe's handwriting. The overwhelming evidence that from one quarter or another exposed the impudence of Mackintosh's pretensions, led Mr. Muir, who had at first been imposed on by him, to re-examine the plausible schoolmaster, and he succeeded in extorting from him a confession that his statement was "a lie from end to end." In Wolfe's letter, the copy of the poem is introduced by the following words:—"I have completed 'The Burial of Sir John Moore," and will here inflict it upon you; you have no one but yourself to blame, for praising the two stanzas that I told you so much." We transcribe from the proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy the following interesting particulars concerning the letter, which must for ever put an end to any controversy on the subject of the authorship:

"Dr. Anster, on the part of Dr. Luby, F.T.C.D., read a letter of the late Rev. Charles Wolfe, author of the lines on the burial of Sir John Moore. The letter, or rather fragment of a letter, had been found by Dr. Luby among the papers of a deceased brother, who was a college friend of Wolfe and of Mr. Taylor, to whom the letter was addressed. The part found had the appearance of having been torn off from the rest of the letter. It contains the address; a complete copy of the ode; a sentence mentioning to Mr. Taylor that his praise of the stanzas first written led him to complete the poem; a few words of a private nature at the end of the letter; and the signature. There is no date on the part preserved; but the post mark of September 6, 1816, fixes the time at which it was sent. Dr. Anster read passages from Captain Medwin's 'Conversations of Lord Byron,' and Archdeacon Russell's 'Remains of Wolfe,' in which mention is made of the various guesses as to the author, when the poem first appeared, without the author's name, in the newspapers and magazines. It was said Dr. Anster attributed to Moore, to Campbell, to Wilson, to Byron, and now and then to a writer in many respects equal to the highest of these names, whose poems have been published under the name of Barry Cornwall. Shelly thought the poem likely to be Campbell's; and Medwin believed Byron to be the author. When Medwin's book appeared, in which this was stated, several friends of Wolfe's, among others Mr. Taylor, to whom was addressed the letter, of which an important part has been fortunately found, stated their knowledge of Wolfe's having written the ode. One gratifying result of the controversy was the publication by Archdeacon Russell of the remains of Charles Wolfe, with a memoir written with great beauty, and, what constitutes the rare charm of the work, describing with entire fidelity the character, and habits, and feelings, of one of the most pure-minded, generous, and affectionate natures that ever existed. The question as to the authorship of the ode was for ever set at rest, to any one who had seen either the letters of Mr. Wolfe's friends, at the time of Captain Medwin's publication, or Archdeacon Russell's book. Were there any doubt on the subject of authorship, the document now produced would completely remove it; but for this purpose it would really not be worth while to trouble the academy with the communication, as it would be treating the insane pretensions now and then put forward in the newspapers for this person or the other, with too much respect to discuss them seriously, or at all; but another and a very important purpose would be answered by the publication of this authentic copy of the poem from Wolfe's autograph in their proceedings. The poem has been more frequently reprinted than almost any other in the language; and, an almost necessary consequence of such frequent reprints, it is now seldom printed as it was originally written. Every person who had occasion to compare the common editions of Milton, or Cowper, or any of our poets, with those printed in the lifetime of the authors, is aware that no dependence whatever can be placed on the text of the books in common use. Every successive reprint from a volume, carelessly edited, adds its own stock of blunders to the general mass. Wolfe's ode has been, in this way, quite spoiled in many of its best passages. The academy had now

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the opportunity of correcting these mistakes by publishing an authentic copy of the poem. Dr. Anster stated the fitness of this being done by the academy, not only from its being the natural and proper guardian of every thing relating to the literature of Ireland, which alone would seem to him a sufficient reason, but even yet more, from the circumstance that the academy's proceedings must command a circulation over the continent, which it would be in vain to expect from any private publication. The poem has been often translated, and the strange blunders which have often got into our copies are faithfully preserved in the translations. In a German translation of the ode, three stanzas of a poem, consisting of but eight, are spoiled by the translator's manifestly having read an imperfect copy of the original. In one it is quite plain that the stanza, which closes with the lines—

'And we heard the distant and random gun,
That the foe was sullenly firing,'

and in which the word 'suddenly' is often substituted for 'sullenly' was printed falsely in the copy before the German translator. In the second stanza, 'The struggling moonbeam's misty light,' is lost, probably from some similar reason. The general effect of Wolfe's poem is exceedingly well preserved in the translation, but there are several mistakes in detail, most of which, perhaps all, arise from the translator's having used an incorrect copy of the original. The translation is printed in the octavo edition of 'Hayward's Faust,' p. 304."

Dr. Anster's suggestion was adopted. Wolfe's autograph letter has been lithographed and published by the Academy. With anxiety to have this interesting document preserved, Dr. Luby generously presented the letter in his possession, on which he naturally placed a high value, to the Academy, who have undertaken the custody of it. We are not sure whether the following incident may not be worth mentioning, which would be alone, were the authorship of the poem a question of doubt, sufficient to fix it. Mr. Downes, a friend of Wolfe's, favorably known to the public by his published works, before this copy of the poem was examined, expressed considerable curiosity to see it; mentioning a conversation in which Wolfe expressed a doubt whether in the seventh stanza he should have "the clock struck the *hour* for retiring," or "the clock struck the 'note' for retiring." Every copy previously known gives it "the clock struck the *hour* for retiring." This accidentally confirms Mr. Downes's recollection, as the word in this copy is "note."

The fitness of having the autograph preserved for the reasons given by Dr. Anster, which might at first appear too strongly stated by him, is amusingly proved by the misprints in the best editions of the Remains. The printed sheets of the eighth edition contain this error in the first stanza, "*was* buried" for "*we* buried;" and in a copy now before us of "Lough Bray," "thy *mild* and random majesty" is printed for "thy *wild*," &c., and "the mountain's *dusky* locks" are altered into "*dusty* locks." But the printer's are not the only mistakes to be guarded against. The caprices of vanity are quite inexplicable. In a York paper, a few years ago, Mr. Shelton Mackenzie met a copy of Wolfe's poem, with the title, "The Burial of Sir John Moore, by the Rev. Charles Wolfe," with two additional stanzas, in no way whatever distinguished by any printer's mark, or any note or comment from the rest, but appearing as part of the poem. We print them:

"And there let him rest, tho' the foe should raise,
In zeal for the fame they covet,
A tomb or a trophy to swell the praise
Of him who has soar'd above it.

"By Englishmen's feet when the turf is trod,
On the breast of their hero pressing,
Let them offer a prayer to England's God—
To him who was England's blessing."

The date of Wolfe's letter to Mr. Taylor in all probability gives us the year at least in which the ode was composed. Mr. O'Sullivan and the Bishop of Meath assign an earlier date to it, but Mr. O'Sullivan's recollection does not fix the year with accuracy, though the *evening* walk during which two stanzas of the poem were composed, makes it probable spring or early summer was the time. The Bishop of Meath's recollection is more precise as to the year, and would decidedly fix it as written in an earlier year than 1816. He remembers having read the poem to Hercules Graves in rooms which he had ceased to occupy before 1816. So many of Wolfe's compositions were handed about in manuscript among his friends, that we cannot but think it more probable that twenty-six years after the incident, a friend recollecting an incident of the kind should mistake one poem for another, than that Wolfe, *writing a year or more after the poem was composed*, should use the language which we have quoted from his letter to Mr. Taylor.

In November of the next year—1817—Wolfe took orders. His first curacy was at Ballyclog, in Tyrone. A letter to one of his friends describes the position in which he found himself. It is dated in December. He describes himself sitting opposite a turf-fire, "with my Bible beside me, in the only furnished room of the glebe-house—surrounded by mountains, frost, and snow, and by a set of people with whom I am wholly unacquainted, except a disbanded artillery-man, his wife, and two children, who attend



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me—the churchwarden, and clerk of the parish." In another letter he describes himself as "surrounded by grandees, who count their income by thousands, and clergymen innumerable; however I have kept out of their reach: I have preferred my turf-fire, my books, and the memory of the friends I have left, to all the society that Tyrone can afford—with one bright exception. At M——'s [Meredith's—we feel it a duty to supply the name] I am indeed every way at home. I am at home in friendship and hospitality, in science and literature, in our common friends and acquaintances, and in topics of religion." This last letter from which we have quoted was written from Castle Caulfield, the principal village of Donoughmore, the parish of which (after a few weeks' service at Ballyclog) he became the curate. After a short visit to Dublin we have a few letters from his parish, one of which we must transcribe:

"*Castle Caulfield, January 28th*, 1818.

"A man often derives a wonderful advantage from a cold and fatiguing journey after taking leave of his friends; viz. he understands the comfort of lolling quietly and alone by his fireside, after his arrival at his destination—a pleasure, which would have been totally lost, if he had been transported there without difficulty and at once, from the region of friendship and society. Every situation borrows much of its character from that by which it was immediately preceded. This would have been all melancholy and solitude, if it had immediately succeeded the glow of affectionate and literary conviviality; but, when it follows the rumbling of a coach, the rattling of a post-chaise, the shivering of a wintry-night's journey, and the conversation of people to whom you are almost totally indifferent, it then becomes comfort and repose. So I found at my arrival at my own cottage on Saturday: my fireside, from contrast, became a kind of lesser friend, or at least, a consolation for the loss of friends.

"Nothing could be more fortunate than the state of things during my absence: there was no duty to be performed; and of this I am the more sensible, as I had scarcely arrived before I met a great supply of business, such as I should have been very much concerned if it had occurred in my absence. I have already seen enough of service to be again fully naturalized. I am again the weather-beaten curate: I have trudged roads, forded bogs, braved snow and rain, become umpire between the living, have counselled the sick, administered to the dying, and to-morrow shall bury the dead. Here have I written three sides without coming to the matter in hand. * * * *

"Yours affectionately, C. W."

In another his migration from Ballyclog to his cottage at Castle Caulfield is described:

"One wagon contained my whole fortune and family, (with the exception of a cow which was driven alongside of the wagon,) and its contents were two large trunks, a bed and its appendages; and on the top of these, which were piled up so as to make a very commanding appearance, sat a woman (my future housekeeper) and her three children, and by their side stood a calf of three weeks old—which has lately become an inmate in my family."

"*Castle Caulfield, Oct. 20th*, 1818.

* * * "I have no disasters now to diversify my life—not having many of those enjoyments which render men obnoxious to them, except when my foot sinks up to the ankle in a bog, as I am looking for a stray sheep. My life is now nearly made up of visits to my parishioners—both sick and in health. Notwithstanding, the parish is so large that I have yet to form an acquaintance with a very formidable number of them. The parish and I have become very good friends: the congregation has increased, and the Presbyterians sometimes pay me a visit. There is a great number of Methodists in the part of the parish surrounding the village, who are many of them very worthy people, and among the most regular attendants upon the church. With many of my flock I live upon affectionate terms. There is a fair proportion of religious men amongst them, with a due allowance of profligates. None of them rise so high as the class of gentlemen, but there is a good number of a very respectable description. I am particularly attentive to the school: there, in fact, I think most good can be done, and besides the obvious advantages, it is a means of conciliating all sects of Christians, by taking an interest in the welfare of their children.

"Our Sunday-school is very large, and is attended by the Roman Catholics and Presbyterians. The day is never a Sabbath to me; however, it is the kind of labor that is best repaid; for you always find that some progress is made—some fruit soon produced; whereas, your labors with the old and the adult often fail of producing any effect, and, at the best, it is in general latent and gradual. Yours, &c. C. W."

"*Castle Caulfield, May 4th*, 1819.

"I am just come from the house of mourning! Last night I helped to lay poor M——— in his coffin, and followed him this morning to his grave. The visitation was truly awful. Last Tuesday (this day week) he was struck to the ground by a fit of apoplexy, and from that moment until the hour of his death, on Sunday evening, he never articulated. I did not hear of his danger until Sunday evening, and yesterday morning I ran ten miles, like a madman, and was only in time to see his dead body. It will be a cruel and bitter thought to me for many a day, that I had not one farewell from him while he was on the brink of this world. Oh! ——, one of my heart-strings is broken. The only way I have of describing my attachment to that man is by telling you that next to you and D——, he was the person in whose society I took the greatest delight. A visit to Ardtrea was often in prospect to sustain me in many of my cheerless labors. My gems are falling away; but, I do hope and trust, it is because God is 'making up his jewels.' Dr. M—— was a man of a truly Chris-

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tian temper of mind. We used naturally to fall upon religious subjects; and I now revert with peculiar gratification to the cordiality with which 'we took sweet counsel together' upon those topics. You know that he was possessed of the first and most distinguished characteristic of a Christian disposition — humility. He preached the Sunday before, for ——, and the sermon was unusually solemn and impressive, and in the true spirit of the Gospel. Indeed, from several circumstances, he seems to have had some strange presentiments of what was to happen. His air and look some time before his dissolution had, as —— told me, an expression of the most awful and profound devotion. * * * Yours, &c. C, W."

We transcribe from Archdeacon Russell's memoir some account of the district in which Wolfe's life was cast, and the duties in which he was daily occupied:

"The sphere of duty in which Mr. Wolfe was engaged was extensive and laborious. A large portion of the parish was situated in a wild hilly country, abounding in bogs and trackless wastes; and the population was so scattered, that it was a work of no ordinary difficulty to keep up that intercourse with his flock, upon which the success of a Christian minister so much depends. When he entered upon his work he found the church rather thinly attended; but in a short time the effects of his constant zeal, his impressive style of preaching, and his daily and affectionate converse with his parishioners were visible in the crowded and attentive congregations which began to gather round him.

"The number of those who soon became regular attendants at the holy communion was so great as to exceed the whole ordinary congregation at the commencement of his ministry.

"Amongst his constant hearers were many of the Presbyterians, who seemed much attracted by the earnestness of his devotion in reading the liturgy, the energy of his appeals, and the general simplicity of his life; and such was the respect they began to feel towards him, that they frequently sent for him to administer spiritual comfort and support to them in the trying hour of sickness, and at the approach of death.

"A large portion of the Protestants in his parish were of that denomination, and no small number were of the class of Wesleyan Methodists. Though differing on many points from these two bodies of Christians, he, however, maintained with them the most friendly intercourse, and entered familiarly into discussion on the subjects upon which they were at issue with him.

"There was nothing in the course of his duties as a clergyman (as he himself declared) which he found more difficult and trying at first, than how to discover and pursue the best mode of dealing with the numerous conscientious dissenters in his parish, and especially with the Wesleyan Methodists who claim connexion with the Church of England. While he lamented their errors, he revered their piety; and at length succeeded beyond his hopes in softening their prejudices and conciliating their good will. This he effected by taking care in his visits amongst them, to dwell particularly upon the grand and vital truths in which he mainly agreed with them, and, above all, by a patience of contradiction, yet without a surrender or compromise of opinion, on the points upon which they differed. It is a curious fact that some of the Methodists on a few occasions sought to put his Christian character to the test, by purposely using harsh and humiliating expressions towards him in their conversations upon the nature of religion. This strange mode of inquisition he was enabled to bear wth the meekness of a child; and some of them afterwards assured him that they considered the temper with which such a trial is endured as a leading criterion of true conversion, and were happy to find in him so unequivocal proof of a regenerate spirit. . . . . .

"The success of a Christian pastor depends almost as much on the manner as the matter of his instruction. In this respect Mr. Wolfe was peculiarly happy, especially with the lower classes of the people—who were much engaged by the affectionate cordiality and the simple earnestness of his deportment towards them. In his conversations with the plain farmer or humble laborer he usually laid his hand upon their shoulder or caught them by the arm; and while he was insinuating his arguments, or enforcing his appeals with all the variety of simple illustrations which a prolific fancy could supply, he fastened an anxious eye upon the countenance of the person he was addressing, as if eagerly awaiting some gleam of intelligence to show that he was understood and felt."

Wolfe's duties were increased by the visitation of typhus fever in his parish. He knew not what it was to spare himself when any office of humanity required his exertions—and here the demand on his time and thoughts was incessant. He was overworked, and symptoms of consumption began to manifest themselves. An habitual cough, of which he himself seemed almost unconscious, alarmed his friends; and in the spring of 1821, it became too plain that the disease had made fatal progress. He was persuaded to visit Scotland, in order to see a physician distinguished for his skill in the treatment of pulmonary complaints; and on his return, was met by the affectionate friend, whose record of his virtues is likely to perpetuate his own name with that of Wolfe. Archdeacon Russell (then a curate in Dublin,) seized a moment from his duties to try and persuade Wolfe to attend for a little while to his health.

"On the Sunday after his arrival he accompanied Wolfe through the principal part of his parish to the church; and never can he forget the scene he witnessed as they drove together along the road and through the village. It must give a more lively idea of his character and conduct as a parish clergyman than any labored delineation, or than a mere detail of particular facts. As he quickly passed by, all the poor people and children ran out to their cabin-doors to welcome him, with looks and expressions of the most ardent affection, and with all that wild devotion of

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gratitude so characteristic of the Irish peasantry. Many fell upon their knees invoking blessings upon him; and long after they were out of hearing, they remained in the same attitude, showing by their gestures that they were still offering up prayers for him; and some even followed the carriage a long distance making the most anxious inquiries about his health. He was sensibly moved by this manifestation of feeling, and met it with all that heartiness of expression and that affectionate simplicity of manner, which made him as much an object of love, as his exalted virtues rendered him an object of respect. The intimate knowledge he seemed to have acquired of all their domestic histories, appeared from the short but significant inquiries he made of each individual as he was hurried along; while at the same time he gave a rapid sketch of the particular characters of several who presented themselves—pointing to one with a sigh, and to another with looks of fond congratulation. It was indeed impossible to behold a scene like this, which can scarcely be described, without the deepest, but most pleasing emotions. It seemed to realize the often-imagined picture of a primitive minister of the Gospel of Christ, living in the hearts of his flock—'willing to spend and to be spent upon them'—and enjoying the happy interchange of mutual affection. It clearly showed the kind of intercourse that habitually existed between him and his parishioners, and afforded a pleasing proof that a faithful and firm discharge of duty, when accompanied by kindly sympathies and gracious manners, can scarcely fail to gain the hearts of the humbler ranks of the people.

"It can scarcely be a matter of surprise that he should feel much reluctance in leaving a station where his ministry appeared to be so useful and acceptable; and accordingly, though peremptorily required by the physician he had just consulted, to retire for some time from all clerical duties, it was with difficulty he could be dislodged from his post and forced away to Dublin, where most of his friends resided.

"It was hoped that timely relaxation from duty and a change in his mode of living to what he had been originally accustomed, and suitable to the present delicate state of his health, might avert the fatal disease with which he was threatened. The habits of his life while he resided on his cure, were in every respect calculated to confirm his constitutional tendency to consumption. He seldom thought of providing a regular meal, and his humble cottage exhibited every appearance of the neglect of the ordinary comforts of life. A few straggling rush-bottomed chairs, piled up with his books—a small rickety table before the fire-place, covered with parish memoranda—and two trunks containing all his papers, serving at the same time to cover the broken parts of the floor, constituted all the furniture of his sitting-room. The mouldy walls of the closet in which he slept were hanging with loose folds of damp paper; and between this wretched cell and his parlor was the kitchen, which was occupied by the disbanded soldier, his wife, and their numerous brood of children, who had migrated with him from his first quarters, and seemed now in full possession of the whole concern, entertaining him merely as a lodger, and usurping the entire disposal of his small plot of ground, as the absolute lords of the soil."

He was induced for a while to leave his curacy in the hands of another, and went to Dublin and the neighborhood for medical advice and change of air and scene. There were alternations of health and debility; he was even able occasionally to preach in Dublin, but the disease continued to make its sure and insidious progress. Towards the approach of winter (1820) he was advised to go to the south of France. He sailed for Bordeaux, but was twice beaten back by violent gales, and then abandoned the plan; and settled near Exeter during the winter and ensuing spring. The summer months of 1822 he passed in Dublin and the vicinity. In August he sailed to Bordeaux and back, as some benefit was anticipated from the voyage. In November he removed to the Cove of Cork—a town sheltered by the surrounding mountains from the winds. Mr. Russell and a female relative of Wolfe's accompanied him. For a while he seemed to revive, then sank again. He died on the morning of the 21st of February, 1823, in the thirty-second year of his age. On the day before his death the physician who attended him, astonished at the solemn fervor with which he spoke, exclaimed, when he left the room of his dying patient, "There is something superhuman about that man. It is astonishing to see such a mind in a body so wasted—such mental vigor in a poor frame dropping into the grave!"

The plan of our work renders it, if not impossible, yet inconvenient that we should give any extracts from his sermons, or enter into any detailed examination of his theological opinions. This is done by Archdeacon Russell, and we have quoted sufficient from his book to render it unnecessary for us to express our opinion of the good sense and good feeling with which his task has been performed, with more distinctness. To those who have time and opportunity to study the character of Wolfe more in detail than we can give it, there is much interesting matter, communicated chiefly we believe by the late Mr. Taylor, to be fouud in the tenth volume of THE ANNUAL BIOGRAPHY AND OBITUARY; and his character and progress are sketched with great beauty in a volume to which we have before alluded, entitled, COLLEGE RECOLLECTIONS. A.

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## THE BIRTH-DAYS.

**From Fraser's Magazine.**

Since thou wert born, beloved one! ten changeful years have cast
Their shadows into Time, and now—thy life is of the Past.
And three—what dark and lonely ones!—their weary course have sped
Since, early summoned back to God, thy place was with the Dead.
The glance that spoke, the winning smile, the radiance of thy brow,
And every sweet and thrilling tone—their memory haunts me now;
For beautiful as brief, alas! hath been thy stay on earth,
And baffled Hope aye loves to muse upon the loved one's worth;
Affection sadly lingers o'er its broken dream of bliss
And mourns thee yet, though thine is now a better home than this.

Ten years ago!—how blithely stirr'd the spirit on that morn
When thou, oh, child of many hopes! to glad our hearts wert born.
Was ever deeper welcome than those hearts accorded thee?
Was ever more resemblance than all eyes would fainly see?
Oh, fond ones were around thee! and no dearer task than this
To press thy little lips to theirs and give the primal kiss.
We counted first thy life by days, which grew to happy years,
And ever, when our hopes were dull'd, thy smile dispersed our fears;
A solace wert thou, lovely one! Above a grave of mine
Methought thy tears would fall; alas! I now weep over thine.

And when—oh! far beyond thy years—thy searching spirit sought
In song and story the rich gems which lofy Genius brought,
Oh! what a whirl of joy was ours to dream what time would bring—
To think how bright thy summer when thus budding was thy spring!
Then, as the circling year's return thy birthday brought again,
Far distant were all auguries of sorrow or of pain.
We saw thee bright, we knew thee dear, nor thought that there could be
The mortal taint of ill or death in aught so fair as thee.
That was a holyday of love the circling year brought back,
In which we traced, beloved one! thy travel in life's track.

We kept that birthday joyfully, which now again we keep,
With all the tenderness of love, and struggle not to weep;
We talk of thine endearing ways, and of thy gentle mirth,
Which sunn'd our hearts, as if there were no sorrow on the earth.
Many a heart-memoried word of thine, oft-named, again we trace,
And many a burst of joy, which breathed sweet music o'er thy face.

If then our converse falter into silence still and deep—
Grief's hushed silence—do not deem it is because we weep.
Too strong for words, too deep for tears, the feelings that arise,
When Faith doth whisper—Now thou hast thy birthday in the skies.

If in that radiant spirit-land where, sinless one! thou art,
Thy mind can earthward turn, and read the thoughts that stir the heart,
Then thou dost know, though strong our grief as human grief can be,
We would not, if we could, renew Mortality for thee:
Brief was thy pilgrimage below—too brief to feel its strife—
Death to thy soul the birthday brought of an Eternal Life.
Enfranchised one! whose place is with the Watchers round the Throne,
It is for frail Humanity to mourn that thou art gone!
But Faith instructs us, whatsoe'er our crush'd affections, pain,
Unkind or vain to wish for thee the chains of earth again.

For, far beyond the world of care thy soul hath stretch'd its wing;
Thou sittest by Life's holy fount, and drinkest from its spring.
A brighter bloom is on thy cheek than what on earth it wore,
A heavenlier lustre lights thine eyes than what they had of yore.
A richer melody doth blend its music with thy voice,
As it swells in praise before the throne,—and should we not rejoice?
*Thou* hast gone home, departed one!—chainless, thou art, and free;
*We* linger for that second birth which brings us unto thee,—
Where, beautiful! thine angel-plumes are folded on thy breast,
And the cares of earth are ended, and the weary are at rest.

*February* 23, 1839. R. S. M.

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## ALEXANDER CSOMA DE KÖRÖS.

**From the Asiatic Journal.**

This remarkable personage, distinguished not less by his enterprising travels, than by the zeal and success with which he applied himself to the study of the language and literature of Tibet, in circumstances which would have conquered the perseverance of many, deserves to be rescued from the oblivion which, in this country, seems to be the fate of those who dedicate their lives to Oriental learning.

M. Alexander Csoma de Kōrōs was born in Transylvania, as he states, of a Siculian family in Hungary, of great respectability. He was educated at the College of Dehlten, at Nagy Enyed, in Transylvania, and at the University of Göttingen, where he complet-

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ed his studies in philology and theology in 1818. At this period, he became possessed with a violent desire to discover the original seat of the Magyars, and the Hungarian nation; and, strange as it may appear, this was the real motive of his extensive travels, and of his application to the language of Tibet, in the literature of which he expected to find some indication of the early abodes of his ancestors—the object of his whole life, upon which all the faculties of his mind seemed to be concentrated.

With this design, though ostensibly to perfect his philological knowledge, he left Nagy Enyed in November, 1819, crossed the Danube, and joining some Bulgarian merchants, proceeded to Philiopoli, on his way to Constantinople; but the plague prevailing there, he changed his route, and embarked at Enos for Alexandria. From Egypt, he went by sea to Palestine, and from Latakia, in Syria, he travelled on foot to Aleppo, which he reached in April, 1820. Here he joined a caravan, having adopted the Oriental costume, and in this way he journeyed on foot through Orfa, Merdin, Mosul, to Bagdad. On his arrival at this city, on the 22d July, 1820, Mr. Rich, the British resident—who was conspicuous for his hospitable attention to scientific travelers—was absent in Kurdistan; but M. Bellino, his secretary, interested himself warmly in M. Csoma's behalf, and Mr. Rich afterwards furnished him with the means of reaching Tehran, where he arrived on the 14th October, 1820. He remained at this capital four months, and made himself master of Persian. The British resident, Mr. (now Sir Henry) Willock, as well as Mr. George Willock, showed him much kindness, and supplied him with funds for the prosecution of his journey to the remoter East: he spoke in warm terms of the protection and support he received from these gentlemen. He quitted Tehran in March, 1821, wearing the Persian costume, but sustaining the character of an Armenian. He remained at Meshed, the country being in a state of disorder, till the 20th October, 1821, when he commenced his journey to Bokhara, where he arrived in November. A report of the approach of a Russian army, which created much perturbation and alarm, induced him to quit Bokhara, whence he proceeded to Balkh, thence to Khuloom, and thence, by way of Bamian, to Cabul, where he arrived in January, 1822. Joining a caravan, he proceeded from thence to Peshawur, and crossing the Indus, he met with two Europeans in the service of Runjeet Sing, and accompanied them to Lahore. He did not remain long there, but set off for Cashmere, which he reached on the 14th May, 1822, and thence travelled on foot to Ladak, which he entered on the 9th June.

M. de Körös now determined to penetrate to Yarkand; but he was unable to obtain the permission or to elude the vigilance of the Chinese authorities; and finding some obstacles to his residence at Leh, the capital of Ladak, he was on his return to Lahore, when he met Mr. Moorcroft, who took him back with him to Leh, where he was left by Mr. Moorcroft commencing the study of the Tibetan language. M. Csoma being at this time unacquainted with English (though he subsequently acquired a perfect command of the language), the two travellers communicated through the medium of Latin. During their intercourse at this period, it is stated that a despatch from Count Nesselrode to Runjeet Sing, proposing an alliance and a Russian mission to Lahore, owing to the death of the bearer, fell into Mr. Moorcroft's hands, and being translated by M Csoma de Körös from Russian into Latin, was forwarded to the Indian Government.

He subsequently rejoined Mr. Moorcroft at Cashmere, but returned to Leh again, provided with funds by our countryman, and with recommendations to the chief minister at Leh, and to the Lama of Zangla, and he remained in the establishment of the Lama at Zanskar, a district in the southwest of the province of Ladak, till June, 1824, during which time he was employed in acquiring a grammatical knowledge of the language, and in obtaining a general acquaintance with Tibetan literature: he made at this time abstracts of the contents of upwards of 300 volumes.

In the beginning of the winter of 1824, M. de Körös left Zanskar for Sultanpore, whence he proceeded to Belaspore and Soobathoo, where he arrived in March, 1825. Here he drew up, for the information of the Government (some suspicion having been excited as to his objects, Bishop Heber, in one of his letters, terming him "a spy"), an account of his travels and of his intentions, from which the aforegoing particulars are collected, and which was addressed to Captain Kennedy, assistant to the resident at Delhi.

After a short stay at this British-Indian station, M. Csoma proceeded to the province of Kunawur, and in a lamaic monastery at Kanum, romantically situated on the northern bank of the Sutlej, beyond the snowy range, with the aid of a lama, or priest, an intelligent and studious person, he devoted himself, for several years, with-

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out intermission, in spite of the severity of the climate and of slender resources, to the examination of Tibetan manuscripts, and to the compilation of a grammar and dictionary of the language, which he undertook at the instance of the Indian Government. In 1828, Mr. J. G. Gerard, travelling through these severe Himalayan regions, visited M. Csoma in the monastery of Kanum. "I found him," he said, "with his learned associate, the lama, surrounded with books. He has made great progress, but his objects are vast and comprehensive, and the works he is now engaged upon will form but a prelude to further researches. He wishes to invite learned men from Teshoo Loompoo and L'hassa, and by their assistance study the Mongol language, which he considers the key to Chinese literature, and through it get access to Mongolia, where he expects to discover much interesting knowledge. M. Csoma showed me his labors with eagerness and pride : he has read through forty-four volumes of the Tibetan Encyclopædia." At this time, his funds consisted of an allowance from the Indian Government of Rs. 50 per month, of which he paid 25 to the lama, 4 to a servant, and one for rent; leaving but Rs. 20 to purchase necessaries and comforts in that cold region. Yet he was so tenacious of his independence, that he would accept nothing but from a public source. Mr. Gerard sent him a present of some rice and sugar, of which he was in want; but he returned them. During the whole of the preceding winter, at an elevation of 10,000 feet, he had sat at his desk, wrapped up in woollens, from morning to night, without any interval of recreation, except that of his frugal meals, which consisted of greasy tea—a kind of soup, being a mess composed of the plant itself, mixed up with water, butter, and salt. At Kanum, however, the rigor of the winter is comparatively slight, compared with what it is at Zanskar, where M. Csoma resided a whole year, confined, with the lama and an attendant, to an apartment nine feet square. For more than four months they were precluded by the weather from stirring out, the temperature being below zero. Here he sat enveloped in a sheep-skin cloak, with his arms folded, reading from morning to evening, without a fire, and after dusk without a light, the ground forming his bed, and the walls his only protection against the rigors of the climate. The cold was so intense as to render it a severe task to take the hands out of their fleecy envelopes for the purpose of turning over papers or leaves. His labors and his necessities soon attracted the attention of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, who resolved to settle a monthly allowance upon this enterprising laborer in an untrodden field of Oriental philology, and provided him with books, which he much needed. Great difficulty, however, was found in overcoming his repugnance to receive pecuniary aid, his independent spirit and disinterestedness being as conspicuous as his enthusiasm and fortitude.

M. de Körös was fortunate in his choice of a companion. The lama was described by Mr. Gerard as a person of extensive acquirements, unassuming manners, and a simple gravity of demeanor, whose freedom from prejudice was evinced by his offer to submit to vaccination. Generally speaking, the lamas attached to the monastery at Kanum were ignorant and bigotted, and M. Csoma endured many restraints and encountered some inconveniences from this source. His researches were not restricted to mere philology, but embraced the religious institutions, the history, the philosophy, the cosmography, and the medicine, of Tibet and the surrounding countries. The Tibetans have many works on medicine, and Mr. Gerard says he was shown a catalogue of the names and characters of four hundred diseases, collected and arranged by M. de Körös. The lama informed him that, at Teshoo Loompoo, the anatomy of the human body was exhibited in sixty different positions, by wooden cuts. He also stated that the art of lithographic printing had long been known in that city. The medium of intercourse between M. Csoma and his preceptor was the vernacular dialect of the Zād, or Tartar tribes.

In December, 1830, he left the monastery and came to Simla, from whence he proceeded to Calcutta, with a large stock of materials, accumulated by his painful studies, and a dictionary and grammar of the Tibetan language, the fruit of several years' intense toil. These works, as well as his valuable MSS., he made over to the Asiatic Society, and the Governor-General of India (Lord William Bentinck) ordered that the dictionary and grammar should be printed, under the supervision of the author, at the expense of the Government: a printed copy of the dictionary was laid on the table of the Asiatic Society in January, 1834.

It is worthy of notice, that these works were in English, of which the author had, under the utmost disadvantages, become master. M. Jacquemont, who saw M. de Körös at Kanum in September, 1830, shortly before he left the monastery, says: "M. Csoma will carry to Calcutta the result of

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his long labors, consisting of two voluminous and beautifully neat MSS., quite ready for the press; one is a grammar, the other a vocabulary of the Tibetan language, both written in English. How he has performed his task no one can decide, since he is the only person proficient in the Tibetan language; but a conjecture, and a most favorable one, may be made: M. Csoma has never been in England, and has never had an opportunity of speaking English; yet he is thoroughly acquainted with the language."

In the Preface to the Dictionary, he declares that the work owes its existence to the liberal patronage of the Indian Government, to whom he offers it, "as a small tribute of his grateful acknowledgment for the support he met with in his Tibetan studies." He likewise expresses a strong sense of the kindness of various individuals, and describes himself as "a poor scholar, who was very desirous to see the different countries of Asia, as the scene of so many memorable transactions of former ages; to observe the manners of the several people, and to learn their languages;" and "such a man was he, who, during his peregrinations, depended for his subsistence upon the benevolence of others." He says that, though the study of the Tibetan language did not form part of his original plan, he engaged in the examination of its literature, "hoping it might serve him as a vehicle to his immediate purpose, namely, his researches respecting the origin and language of the Hungarians." He adds that his subsequent study of Sanscrit had been of more efficacy: "To his own nation, he feels a pride in announcing that the study of the Sanscrit will be more satisfactory than to any other people in Europe; the Hungarians will find a fund of information from its study respecting their origin, manners, customs, and language."

M. Csoma's investigation of the literature of Tibet proved that it is entirely of Indian origin; "the immense volumes on different branches of science, &c.," he remarks, "being exact or faithful translations from Sanscrit works, commencing in the seventh century after Christ; and many of these works have been translated, mostly from Tibetan, into the Mongol, Mandchou, and Chinese languages." This conclusion is confirmed by the testimony of Professor Wilson, in his remarks upon M. Csoma's analyses of the voluminous Tibetan collections denominated *Kah-gyur* and *Stan-gyur*, which bear an affinity to the Tantrika works in Sanscrit.

In 1832, the viceroy and nobles of Hungary, in order to mark their strong sense of the patriotic and heroic conduct of their distinguished countryman, subscribed a large sum of money in furtherance of his objects, which was remitted to Calcutta. M. Csoma for a long time refused to accept this money, and consented at last only on the condition that it should be expended not upon him, but in the purchase of MSS. to enrich the library of one of the universities in his native country.

He continued to prosecute his studies in the Tibetan and Sanscrit languages, and the pages of the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, when conducted by the late Mr. James Prinsep (with whom he was connected by the ties of friendship and of common pursuits), bear testimony to the valuable assistance he rendered to the objects of the Society, which readily availed itself of his services.

In the beginning of the present year, M. Csoma resolved to examine the literary treasures of Eastern Tibet, and, with that view he proceeded to Darjeeling, a British station recently established in the territory of the gulpo or rajah of Sikkim, a small slip of land in the Southern Himalaya country, adjoining Bengal, Bootan, Nepaul, and Tibet. He arrived at Darjeeling on the 27th March, and stated to Mr. Campbell, the British agent, his desire to proceed to Sikkim and thence to L'hassa, which, being the residence of the grand lama, he expected to find (in accordance with the assurance of the Kanum priests) the depository of the most valuable works of Tibetan literature. As the grand lama is, according to ancient custom, taken from the family of the rajah of Sikkim, Mr. Campbell thought that, by making the traveller's character and harmless objects known to the rajah, he might disarm suspicion and promote his views; he accordingly introduced him to the Sikkim vakeel. In the intercourse which this personage had with M. Csoma, he was astonished to find that a European possessed so profound an acquaintance with the language and literature of Tibet. The vakeel transmitted the traveller's application to the rajah, backed by the recommendation of Mr. Campbell, in the name of the Governor-General of India, and M. Csoma waited the result at Darjeeling, full of enthusiastic hopes, which rendered the last days of his life his happiest, since he often expatiated with delight on the prospect of reaching L'hassa.

On his journey to Darjeeling, he had contracted a country fever, which in consequence of neglect, began to assume a serious character. On the 6th of April, Mr. Campbell found him unwell, and pressed

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him to take some medicine, which he refused, alleging that he had been attacked by fever before, and only took some rhubarb and tartar emetic, the former recommended by Mr. Moorcroft, and the latter by a Persian physician. Mr. Campbell urged him to have recourse to those medicines, if he would take no other, and he accordingly took from a box a piece of rhubarb (apparently damaged) and a bottle of tartar emetic, observing, "As you wish it, sir, I will take some to-morrow, if I am not better; it is too late to-day, the sun has set." Mr Campbell sent him some broth, and next day found him better and lively in conversation. Still, the return of the fever was to be apprehended, without strong remedies, which M. Csoma, nevertheless, could not be prevailed upon to take. His frame, moreover, had become debilitated by twenty years' bodily and mental exhaustion, and was unable to resist a severe attack of illness. On the 9th Mr. Campbell visited him, accompanied by Dr. Griffith. The fever was then very strong, and M. Csoma was delirious. With great difficulty he was induced to receive some medicine. On the 10th he was somewhat better, but his speech was incoherent; the fever returned in the evening, with loss of the mental faculties, and at five in the morning of the 11th he expired without a struggle, and apparently without pain. He was buried the same evening, in the presence of all the English residents of Darjeeling, Mr. Campbell pronouncing an oration over his grave.

The effects which M. Csoma left behind consisted of four chests of books and papers; an old-fashioned blue suit, which he constantly wore, and in which he died; some shirts; a copper cooking apparatus; Rs. 5,000 in Government paper; Rs. 500 in cash, and some gold coins, which were found sewed up in his girdle. He had directed, when he left Calcutta, in February, that, in the event of his not returning from Tibet, the Rs. 5,000 should be paid to the Asiatic Society of Calcutta, to be applied to literary purposes.

The wants of this extraordinary person were indeed few. His food consisted of tea, of which he was very fond, and rice boiled in water; of this, however, he ate but little. On a straw mat, beside which stood his chests, he sat, ate, studied, and slept. He never undressed, even at night, and seldom quitted the house during the day. He never tasted wine or spirituous liquors, nor did he use tobacco, or any Asiatic stimulant.

In his general demeanor, M. de Körös exhibited a remarkable degree of modesty and diffidence, united, as we have seen, to heroic fortitude, inextinguishable zeal and perseverance, and a manly independence of character.

Some remarks upon the singular though noble traits of M. Csoma, in an account of his last moments, have been published by Baron Hugel, in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. "All those who knew M. Csoma personally, as I did," observes the Baron, "must have been astonished to find how insensible that distinguished man appeared to the difficulties and hardships he had encountered in his travels, and which he never alluded to. In one of the many conversations I had with him at Calcutta, I perceived that he did not value his own life any more than others have done whom ambition prompted to accomplish something extraordinary. He manifested feelings of mortification when he acknowldged he had discovered that the Tibetan language was but a subordinate branch of the Sanscrit, and when he seemed to reflect that he had led a wretched life, in a solitary convent, amidst the snows of the Himalaya, to learn a corrupt dialect of another tongue. With this exception, touching, as it were, the main spring of his life, he seemed indifferent to the applause of mankind, and his modesty, bordering on ascetic humility, did not warrant a belief that a consciousness of what he had performed afforded him any recompense for his toils and privations. There seemed to be some mysterious impulse in him, which gave him strength to bear up against all ills under the conviction that he might be instrumental in achieving something great, albeit at a distant period of time. It was as if there were some secret the solution of which would be a recompense for all his sufferings. Csoma's reserve was impenetrable; a confidential communication with him was utterly impracticable. Mr. Campbell must, therefore, have been surprised at the turn which he gave to one of their conversations, in which Csoma openly declared 'how sensible he was of the applause of the world; how deeply he felt the privations he had endured, and how great had been the efforts he had made in his Tibetan researches, from which so much light had resulted.' He gave details of his travels; the progress he had made in acquiring the difficult language of Tibet, and mentioned with visible satisfaction the praises he had received from the learned in India and Europe. His last conversation with Mr. Campbell related to the subject which had absorbed his attention during his whole life.



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He asked him whether the term *Hung*, which occurs in a memoir of Mr. Campbell on the Limbu nation, had any relation to the Huns, observing that the coincidence of name was curious! Csoma then developed his theory of the original seat of the Huns being in Central Asia, and expressed his conviction that he should at length find the object of his long pursuit in the country east and north of L'hassa. It cannot be doubted that Csoma, during this conversation, had a presentiment of his approaching end, since no one who knew him had ever heard him thus explicitly develope his theory. He probably wished to bequeath the discovery which he hoped to make, to some one, in order that it might reach his father-land. It seemed as if his restless spirit would not find quiet if the object of his laborious and miserably-spent life were not to be known."

The latter years of M. de Körös were exempted from pecuniary embarrassments by a present which he received from the Emperor Ferdinand, in his character of King of Hungary, and by a grant made by both Chambers of the Hungarian Parliament, as a reward for his scientific researches.

In reviewing the history of this remarkable man, it is impossible not to lament the hallucination under the influence of which he expended his time and talents, and wasted the energies of his mind and character. Even the good he effected, in the revelation of an unknown literature, was an accident, and such was the perversity of his views, that the reflection of having accomplished a task which is his sole title to the applause of his fellow-men, embittered his last moments with regret and mortification.

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## GOOD INTENTIONS.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

Je ne garantie que mon intention, et non pas mon ignorance.
BAYLE, Preface.

THERE are not many occasions, in which force of character is more fully evinced, than when a man masters his resentment, and pardons an injury under which he is smarting, merely because it was on the offender's part, unintentional. Even in the management of our own affairs, we find it difficult thoroughly to forgive ourselves our own oversights, when they are productive of mischiefs that give a permanent color to after existence. In those cases, therefore, in which such mischiefs occur from the mistaken efforts of others, it is not the desire to please or to benefit us that will screen the offenders from our displeasure: and they may think themselves lucky, if they are only browbeaten for their zeal, and escape retaliation with a modest request to be less interfering for the future. The law, it is true (that perfection of human wisdom), allows intention to be placed in abatement of overt acts, and makes even the abuse of evil intention a ground of acquittal, however dreadful the consequences to life or limb may have proved. Thus the man who fires at a partridge, and only kills his elder brother, is pardoned his bad shot, if he can manage to prove that his gun was mentally aimed at the bird, and not at the man. So, too, the facetious wight, who frightens a maid-servant into insanity, by playing on her superstitious fears, is let off for a simple "who'd have thought it?" But then the law is an unimpassioned *ens rationis*, a stranger to flesh and blood, and all their infirmities. It cares no more for the elder brother, or the maid-servant, than for the man in the moon. Not, however, that the law is quite consistent on the point: for an assault is an assault, in its eyes, notwithstanding the beator's best intention towards the beatee, in administering to him the wholesome correction of which he stood in manifest need, and teaching him "to behave himself" for the future. So, also, the most patriotic intention of the libeller to run down a dishonest or incapable minister, to unmask a traitor, or to put a stop to malversations infinite, will afford him no protection. In this case, the tendency is every thing, and the intention nothing; and a tendency to a breach of the peace is therein plainly more severely punished than an actual breach, in which intention may be pleaded; so that it is often safer to calumniate one's neighbor, than to speak truth of him. But what, reader, is the worst possible breach of the peace (though that peace be our sovereign lady the Queen's), compared with the actual loss of an eye, carelessly inflicted by a good Samaritan, in an awkward effort to remove a mote? What is it to a real peppering with small shot, dealt to you by a short-sighted Benevolus, who mistook you for a scarecrow? The law, therefore, may decide on the matter as it pleases, but it never will persuade the sufferer that a little more malice, and a great deal less injury, would not have better suited his account.

For our own part, therefore, if we do not believe that a certain place is paved (as some folks will tell you) with good intentions: it is not because we esteem the commodity too respectable for the service; but

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because we think too highly of the surveyor of the highways, *là-bas*, as a person of intelligence, to suppose him capable of employing so slippery a material, where his object is to make the passenger thoroughly sure of his footing. Every one, too, who knows what cold comfort good intentions afford, must be perfectly aware of their unfitness for the pavement of so hot a locality.

In this nineteenth century of ours, it may seem almost superfluous to insist upon the point; but notwithstanding the imputed science of the age, it is astonishing how few people are aware of the fact, that these same dealers in good intentions are by far the greatest bores to which human life is exposed; that they do more to spoil our poor modicum of threescore years and ten (taking one life with another), than plague, pestilence, and famine put together. It is this *triste vérité*, nevertheless, that gives its pith to the well-worn proverbial prayer for a special protection from heaven against friends. He would be no bad philosopher who could satisfactorily explain why it is that good intentions so often fall short in their consequence, while the evil intentions of enemies never fail in reaching their aim. For, though it may happen once in a thousand times, that a blow with a dagger may open an imposthume, and so save the charge of surgeons—or that the burning of your house may lead to the discovery of a treasure, which will more than repay the expense of rebuilding it; yet one swallow will not make a summer. Besides, such incidental benefits are mere *ricochets*, and have, or should have no influence on the character of the main action. Accordingly, a man would be mad indeed, who would submit his body to the dirk, or his house to the lucifer-match box, on the strength of such a possible contingency.

Putting, however, these strange accidents on one side, as being quite beyond the sphere of calculation, there can be little mistake in expecting from the evil intentions of enemies the full complement of practical consequence. The *tu me lo pagharai* of Italian vengeance, is not a surer forerunner of a coming assassination, than the mischievous intention in more civilized life is to the mischievous effect. Never has it occurred to our young experience, to hear of a dunning epistle being turned aside by fate and metaphysical aid, into an invitation to dinner: nor can we charge our memory with a single case in which one, intending to run away with another man's wife, mistakingly married himself to her unportioned ugly sister.

We cannot, indeed, tell what moralists mean about the designs of the wicked not prospering, of their evil recoiling on themselves. It has certainly not been our luck to stumble upon enemies, who went to work in the careless manner implied in these propositions. It must be a very fresh trick, indeed, that would be followed by such untoward consequences; and the world is too wide awake, to commit itself and its purpose by such heedless mismanagement.

Without refining too far upon the difference between good and bad intentions, we are half-inclined to suspect that the weakness of the former is most commonly attributable to the *lâchesse* of the party offending; and to affirm that if folks took half the pains to oblige and serve their friends, that they do to harass and injure their enemies, they would be as successful in the former as in the latter case. A genuine hater will leave no stone unturned to wreak his vengeance; but rarely indeed can we detect this omnilapideversile propensity manifested in the friendly intender of benefit to others. There is indeed a perfunctory manner of conferring services, which is admirably adapted to ensure their failure, but which is rarely discernible in men's efforts to serve themselves. Now it is a received maxim of law, that no man is to benefit by his own *lâchesse;* and we cannot regard that person in any other light than as a dupe, who remains answered by a profession of the very best intention, and who by admitting an excuse so easily offered, carelessly opens a wide door to the repetition of the offence.

Nature, in her comprehensive scheme of human happiness, has coupled our pains and pleasures with facts, and not with intentions. To what purpose, then, would it be that a man should surround himself with friends, and (as the saying is) should put his eyes upon sticks to captivate their good will, unless there were some proportionate relationship between the will and the deed? What difference, indeed, does it make to the sufferer, whether the evil comes from friend or foe, from a good or an evil motive; unless it be that the former is the least supportable? Of all the conspirators that joined in the murder of Julius Cæsar, Brutus alone had good intentions. All,

> save only he,
> Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
> He only in a general honest thought,
> And common good of all, made one of them.

Yet Cæsar's pathetic "*et tu Brute*" stands on eternal record, as the most natural and touching reproach, that one man ever cast

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against another. Of all their daggers, Brutus's alone was drugged with a moral poison.

How very little intentions merit consideration, is further evinced in the single fact that these must ever remain a matter of conjecture, or be received on the faith of the man's own testimony; whereas, according to the Scotch saw, "deeds show:" and herein lies the weak point of most writers of history, who give a few lines only to the setting forth a great political event, and bestow whole chapters on the vain attempt to detect the secret springs that moved the actors, and brought the matter to pass. What is the result? their argument at most reaches to placing before their readers *un grand peut-être;* while for the most part, their most elaborate guesses go only to a flagrant missing of the mark.

After all the observation which has been thrown away by professed moralists on the motives of human action, the world is not much nearer the mark in its couplings of cause and effect, than the inventor of indictments, who referred all things not exactly according to Hoyle, from the levying war against our sovereign lady the Queen, down to taking the evening air on Blackheath, or to mistaking another man's house for your own, and his window for a door—to the instigation of the devil. What a vastly good opinion, by the by, must the law have entertained of human nature, when it could not discover a weak point in its whole moral complex, upon which to charge the most paltry felony, but was forced to throw the entire responsibility on His Darkness: thereby entailing on itself the miserable *non sequitur* of punishing the innocent in the place of the guilty. If the devil did the mischief, why in the devil's name, as the Germans say when they swear, not set loose the attorneys on him, instead of the prisoner at the bar? Surely it was not from any misgivings as to these gentlemen by act of parliament being a match for the real delinquent!

But to return to our matter: the man must be a poor adept in his business, who has not a sufficiently good intention constantly ready to put forward in defence of the most abominable actions. If a tosspot is brought before the police, laboring under an exhilaration of spirits and titubation of foot unmatched by the condition of David's sow, would he be such a fool as to accuse himself of a disgraceful love of winebibbing? No, he would lay the matter on a too impressionable friendliness of disposition, which betrayed him into forgetfulness, on the casual falling in with an old acquaintance; or perhaps he would plead a touch of the cholera, and lay the sin on the medical necessities of the case; nay, it will be well if he does not directly exonerate all intoxicating liquors of the deed, and impudently attempt to mystify the magistrate out of his five shillings, by attributing the whole to "that glass of cold water," which he was imprudent enough to indulge in before leaving the tavern.

So, when a gallant has inextricably engaged the affections of a fond foolish woman, and refuses to marry her, he never is honest enough to plead fickleness, a rich widow, or a love of mischief; but he has ready in his sleeve a letter from his untractable father to call him away, or an insuperable repugnance to bringing, by an indiscreet match, want and misfortune upon a confiding and too loving woman.

We have it on record against Lieutenant-general Othello, when he was had up before the beaks for putting a pillow on his wife's head, instead of putting his wife's head on the pillow, that he laid the whole mistake to his excessive affection for the lady, which he said was a little more nice than wise—(not wisely but too well.") Not a word of his unjustifiable dislike of Michael Cassio, not a syllable of his own self-conceit, not a hint at a hastiness of temper, particularly unbecoming in a military commander. George Barnwell, with an equal show of reason, might have attributed the undue familiarity with which he treated his uncle, not to a wanton desire to injure his respectable relative, but to the warmth of his affection for Miss Milwood, a lady whose susceptible feelings were all in favor of a good supper and a bottle of the best. If he had that day got a prize in the lottery, received a timely remittance from home, or stumbled on the old gentleman's strong-box, unencumbered by his presence, he would have been the last man in the world to have put him to such personal inconvenience. Might he not, therefore, have pleaded the concatenation of causes, an unlucky mal-arrangement of the eternal nature of things, which turned the kindest disposition and the best intentions in the world against him: in short, it was more his misfortune than his fault; and if a jury persisted in hanging him, he would be the most misunderstood man who ever died midway between heaven and earth.

In such cases, who is to decide, or how is the matter to be determined? Every man, after all, is the best, if not the sole judge of his own intentions, as alone know-

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ing what really is passing within him; and if he is prone to deceit, are not we, on our parts, equally fallacious, in always thinking the worst? The most selfish rascal that ever burnt his neighbor's house to roast his own eggs, would have preferred cooking them at a smaller expense to the world at large, had a more appropriate fire been convenient. It is therefore an obvious prejudgment and an unamiable prejudice, to jump at once from the act to the motive, and then punish the act for the sake of the motive.

What, then, is the legitimate inference from these premises? Either that there is nothing in intention which renders it either good or evil, *per se;* or that if there be, it is the deed which gives it its qualification. Why indeed should any motive be called good, unless it be because it produces good acts—or why called evil, if it be not followed by any evil consequences? To appeal therefore from the deed to the action, is to run a-muck at the logic of the case, and to fly in the face of all definition. If any one doubts the truth of this inference, we only beg of him or her (for the ladies are strong upon the point of intentions) to call upon conscience, to declare upon its conscience, which would be preferable—to live surrounded by the greatest rogues on earth, whose wicked designs were by some untoward event rendered ever abortive, or be blessed with a circle of the kindest-hearted friends, whose blundering awkwardness rendered their most virtuous intentions a source of endless annoyance to all within the sphere of their unlucky activity. Do not, however, let us hurry things to a precipitate conclusion. Think, reader, before you pronounce a definitive sentence; and the better to enable you to do so, we will put before you a specimen or two of well-intentioned pests, who are the torment of all about them.

Let us begin with a great man, a minister of state, Lord Lightpromise, the kindest-hearted and the best-intentioned man in the world. You bring him a letter from his dearest friend, soliciting his protection for your son. He receives you in the most flattering manner, is warm in his eulogium on his correspondent, who he protests is the man he loves best on earth, thanks him for having procured the service of so worthy a subject for promotion, pledges himself to seize, as the French say, *avec empressement*, the first opportunity for advancing your boy, and so you take your leave. Well, sir, upon these hopes, you deprive your son of some bird in the hand of less brilliant plumage, and put him on a course of training for office that unfits him for all other pursuit. You thus lose the best years of the boy's life in idle expectation, and at the end of ten years my lord goes out of office, having in the interim, to redeem his promise, just done—nothing. Now in this there was no peculiar ill-treatment. His lordship had acted in the same manner to pretty nearly all his friends; for, in the first place, he had not much to *give;* that is, as the common people say, to give "free gratis for nothing at all:" and in the next, he held in his hand a list of *undeniable* expectants, the least considered of whom must be provided for, before he could appoint his own younger brother even to the honorable and lucrative office of a tide-waiter. Why then did he promise? Because he can never bear to give a denial to any man. He is anxious to spare you the pain of a direct refusal, and he fully intended, *if* the case should occur, to bear you in mind the first time he happened to find himself a free agent.

Now we need not ask you, reader, whether you would not have preferred dealing with an inveterate hater, who would have bluntly told you that your wife's mother's first cousin voted against him for the county thirty years ago, and that he'd see you somethinged, before he'd make your brat a parish-beadle. Nay, would you not have thought yourself better off, had you known that the rogue expected a *quid pro quo*, and had positively refused you at once, because he knew of a better offer in another quarter? Then, again, *quoad* the friend who introduced you to this exceedingly well-intentioned lord, don't you think he had better have left you alone, when you were doing your best to provide for your boy by your own exertions? There was no such pressing occasion for his interference; but the mischief-maker had such a regard for you, and was so anxious to serve you, that he never stopped to weigh the value of a ministerial promise, or to ask himself if he had a *quid pro quo*, to repay the patronage he so foolishly drew upon.

But what need of looking about for illustration? You surely, within your own family circle, must be acquainted with some most excellent mother, who, with the best intentions in the world, has crammed her children into sickness, and physicked them, one after the other, into the grave! Do you know no one in your own neighborhood, who labors under a morbid respect for the maxim respecting the preference of learning over house and land, and who im-

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agines that he is fulfilling the duties of a careful parent in setting his daughter's shoulders awry over a tapestry frame, or in "cramming" his son into a consumption, that he may enter college with *éclat?* Or what think you of that other gentleman who, duly impressed with the danger of sparing the rod and spoiling the child, has brought up a family with such severity, that one son ran away to sea, and was eaten by the cannibals, that a daughter married an adventurer, to escape from the parental roof, while his youngest boy remains little better than an idiot, without self-dependence or resolution enough to carry any honest purpose into execution? That the wretched parent was influenced by the most praiseworthy motives is proved by the depth of his affliction at these family miscarriages, which, however, he still attributes to his own soft-heartedness in spoiling a self-willed and incorrigible offspring. We are ourselves acquainted with a worthy and excellent family, who, if good intentions paved the road to heaven, would be entitled to the best place at the disposition of St. Peter, but whose deeds have scattered ruin and discontent on all sides of their neighborhood. The husband on coming to a splendid estate, and finding himself without any thing to do, married a wife to assist him in the discharge of his office. If they had only possessed the grace not to care for any body, and to have "followed their own vagary-oh," without troubling their heads with their neighbors, they might have run through their large property with credit and comfort to themselves, and have had a tombstone over their heads, on leaving this mortal coil, that would have made the reputation of a Chantrey. But the malignant fairy who was not asked to their christening, cursed these good people with a desire to benefit all mankind; and so, before the honeymoon was quite over, to work they went with their confounded benevolence.

On taking possession, they found themselves surrounded by a thriving tenantry, in the midst of a prosperous and contented village, with a well-appointed set of respectable and orderly servants. My lady began her labors by a course of what she called charity. She went through the village twice a week, scolding the children for not minding their books, and the mothers for not doing every thing in the world; and then, being somewhat ashamed of her own unnecessary severity, she scattered indulgences on all sides, to stand well with her dependents. If she heard of a couple who wanted to be married, she interfered to procure them an establishment; if a wife lay-in she provided her with stores of baby-linen from the big-house; but if the woman had twins, the family were positively pelted with gratifications. To the poor workman she gave tools, to the small tradesman materials. Coats and blankets were distributed at Christmas with a profuse and indiscriminate hand; and there was not a tramper who passed within ten miles of the manor-house, that did not go out of his way for the sixpences, shillings, and halfcrowns, which were freely doled out to every whining and canting impostor. Now what was the result of this "wondrous waste of unexampled goodness?" You need but go to the village, and it will stare you in the face. It is overloaded with mendicants, in the uttermost destitution; the cottagers, heretofore accustomed to depend on themselves, and to calculate their resources, have become careless and indolent. On every emergency they fall back on "the good lady," and lay by no savings against the rainy day. Notwithstanding all their lavish charity, the workhouse is crowded; for the husband, at his wife's intercession, built cottages, without reference to the condition of the applicants, and the place has twice the population it has the means to support. Of the workmen she had "assisted to bring forward" and to "set up in business," half have displaced the independent traders, who had no one to rely on but themselves, and were undersold by the cheap interlopers; the other half, leaning on the bounty of their protectors, became idle, dissipated, and drunken, and finally ran away, leaving the parish in for the maintenance of their wretched families. By this lady's ill-advised donations of wine and nourishing broths to the sick, and to lying-in women, she has poisoned no small numbers, whose families have been thrown on the parish; and she has expelled a very respectable village apothecary from the neighborhood, for his ill-nature in standing between her and his patients, by setting up a scamp in a dispensary of her own founding, who labors in vain in his hopeless capacity of a preventive check. But has she gained thanks for her pains? No. The peasantry dread her interference, and fly from her presence when not in immediate want of her aid; at the same time, being forced upon improvements which they do not themselves require, they make no efforts after comfort but as they are compelled. Where they formerly paid a penny a week cheerfully to the village schoolmistress, they are now difficultly driven into sending

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their children to the gratuitous school; and they abuse their benefactress for forcing them from their field-work. So effectually, indeed, has she labored in her vocation, that the paupers she has created have quite outgrown her means of relief; and she is hourly abused by the poor, for the scanty shabbiness of her donations; and by the farmers, for raising the parish-rates.

The husband, on his part, set out as an improver of husbandry, and assisted his tenantry so effectually to make improvements which were generally failures, that they will no longer do any thing without an advance of cash; while he tied them down so closely in their leases to certain rotations of cropping, that they ceased to think on the subject, and lived and worked by the rule of thumb. By ill-judged relaxations of his just demands, he created a prevalent absence of punctuality in the payment of his rents; and then, struck with the mischief of lenity, he became senselessly severe, that he might improve the bad habits he had created. So, having filled the village with poachers, by winking at their offences, he was roused by a savage murder which one of the crew committed, and covered his premises with man-traps and spring-guns, in the service of morality. As a magistrate he is exemplary for punctuality of attendance; but his humanity lets loose the evil-doer, while his respect for authority supports the county officials placed under his control in oppressions and plunders infinite. On a very recent occasion, he half-ruined the people, by causing a strike of the manufacturers, through a well-meant lecture from the bench on wages and profits.

In their own family this couple are not more happy. By good-naturedly overlooking faults innumerable, they have not a sober servant left on their establishment; and they were compelled to transport their butler for participating in the robbery of their plate-chest, because they had not the heart to punish a series of petty dishonesties.

If from private life we turned our attention to what is done in Parliament, it would not be difficult to show that the worst miscarriages in legislation are owing to the good intentions of gentlemen who never thought on politics, economy, or any one public question, before they found their way into the house. How many hundred men, for instance, were hung for forgery, without the slightest effect on the statistics of crime, by the repeated votes of men who had no other intention than to secure the Bank, and preserve the credit of the paper currency! How many years were Catholics persecuted and Jews incapacitated by members voting conscientiously in support of the reformed religion! How many men at this day would root up trade and beggar the nation, for the express purpose of preserving us from depending for food on our natural enemies!!

Our readers will, we flatter ourselves, by this time agree with us in thinking that Bayle's guaranteeing his intentions and not his ignorance, was no such promising surety; and that the world requires for its moral government much more than the purest motives. Fools, it must be clear to evidence, are ten times more mischievous than knaves, and a hundred times more numerous. The worst of it is, too, that your well-intentioned blockheads are about the most obstinate animals in creation, and that they will consummate more mischief than the great fire of London, before they can be persuaded that they are not as wise as King Solomon, and as dexterous as the king of all the conjurors. We beg, therefore, in conclusion, to assure our readers, that in writing this paper we have not the slightest good intention (or hope either) of making them wiser or better—nay, not so much as a desire for their amusement, further than in as far as that end is mixed up with a thoroughly selfish wish to turn this and other such lucubrations to the best pecuniary account. We therefore hope that they will not be materially the worse for favoring us with a perusal; and so we heartily bid them farewell.

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## NO!

No sun—no moon—
No morn—no noon—
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
No sky—no earthly view—
No distance looking blue—
No road—no street—no "t'other side the way"—
No end to any Row—
No indications when the Crescents go—
No top to any steeple—
No recognitions of familiar people—
No courtesies for showing 'em—
No knowing 'em!—
No travelling at all—no locomotion,
No inkling of the way—no notion—
"No go"—by land or ocean—
No mail—no post—
No news from any foreign coast—
No Park—no Ring—no afternoon gentility—
No company—no nobility—
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flow'rs, no leaves, no birds, November.

T. H.

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## MISCELLANY.

Paris Academy of Sciences.—*Oct.* 17.—Papers were read "On the Diffraction of Sound," by M. Cauchy; "On the Manufacture of Sugar," by M. Peligot.—*Oct.* 24.—"On the Means of Improving the Resources of the French Peasantry," by M. de Romanet. The means suggested are a sort of joint stock cheese manufactory, after the Swiss fashion. In Switzerland, it was said, until of late, the making of Gruyère cheese was limited to a few wealthy persons; for as it was necessary, for the quality of the article, that the cheese should be very large, and that the milk should be coagulated on the day of its being taken from the cow, it was only by keeping a very large number of cows that the manufacture of Gruyère cheese could be carried on. The owner of one, two, or three cows, was, therefore, unable to profit by the demand for this particular kind of cheese in foreign countries. At length, however, an ingenious mode of enabling the poor peasantry to compete with the more wealthy was hit upon. It was proposed to establish a cheese-dairy, to keep an account of the quantity of milk delivered by each person, and to apportion the profits arising from the sale of the cheese, to the different contributors, according to the amount of their contributions. The idea was carried into execution, and has become general in Switzerland; and M. de Romanet proposes that the plan should be tried in France.—M. Dumas read a paper on the food of herbivorous animals. M. Dumas states that he has ascertained that the quantity of fat in animals in a healthy state, does not depend on some peculiar process in the digestion, but upon the quantity of fatty matter contained in the food that is eaten; and he gives an account of several practical experiments. He begins by stating, that on an analysis of hay and maize, or indian corn, he found the former yield two per cent of fatty matter, and the latter nine per cent. Herbivorous animals, says M. Dumas, always make less fat than the amount of the fat contained in their food, but the milch cow furnishes a larger quantity than any other animal, and the quantity of butter that she supplies, would, if weighed, be found equivalent to that contained in her food.—*Athenæum.*

State of the Crops.—In the *Journal de Saint-Etienne*, we find an account of a branch of industry, and a class of commercial travellers, which has been but slightly noticed by the travellers in Normandy and Brittany, the principal scene of their operations:—"A correspondent from Roanne informs us, that the commercial travellers *in hair* have just made a descent upon several villages of the *arrondissement*, where they have commenced getting in their harvest, of the fair and the brown, upon the usual terms of transactions in their line—viz., that the gentlemen-travellers-in-hair give to the women and girls who consent to pass under their scissors, neck or pocket-handkerchiefs and other articles of the kind, in exchange for their tresses. The writer does not say if the year's crop has been a good one. Certain, however, it is that this species of trade long confined to parts of Normandy, Brittany, and Auvergne, is extending itself to the South. Statistics, that science which catalogues and counts all things, even the hairs of the head, have calculated that the annual crop of this article furnishes, on the average, a mass weighing two hundred thousand pounds. The hair is bought *on the head*, at the rate of about five francs per pound. It is then sent to Paris; where it is sold, at ten francs to the dressers,—and, by them, sold again, according to the more or less of skill employed in its preparation, at from thirty to forty francs. A wig, whose price is twenty-five francs, consumes but three ounces of hair, and of this the original price is one franc."—*Ibid.*

Meteoric Phenomena.—From the interest which still attaches to the observation of the Meteoric Phenomena of November, I am led to point out to you an accidental notice of them, which occurs in Cowper's Correspondence. In a letter to Lady Hesketh, dated November 10, 1787, Cowper says,—"At three this morning I saw the sky as red as a city in flames could have made it." Hayley's 'Life of Cowper,' Vol. i. p. 253. An observation of more interest, from the extent of country over which the phenomena were seen, is related by Mr. Masson in the 2nd volume of his 'Travels in Affghanistan:'—"One morning, a little before the break of day, the heavens displayed a beautiful appearance, from the descent of numberless of those meteors called falling stars; some of the globes were of large size, and of amazing brilliancy. They pervaded the whole extent of the visible firmament, and continued to be discernible long after the light of day dawned. The phenomena, I afterwards found, were in like manner observed in Kabal, and, I have since learned, on the banks of the Jalem, in the Panjah." p. 419. Unfortunately, Mr. Masson mentions neither the day, the month, nor the year, but it appears to have been about the commencement of winter when they occurred. If Mr. Masson's attention could be called to the importance of recording the precise date when these phenomena occurred, a valuable fact in Meteorology would be established.—*Athenæum.*

Mr. Clement's Sillometer.—The experiments on board the *Lightning* steam-vessel have been so satisfactory, that the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty have directed that £200 be paid to M. Clement, and the machiner deposited in Woolwich dockyard. The following details are from the official report.

"Thursday, Oct. 13, 1842.

"About one mile and a quarter below Gravesend commenced a trial between Massey's patent log and M. Clement's sillometer. After a run of two hours and a half (being off Sheerness)—

| | Miles. |
|---|---|
| "Distance given by Massey's log | 15 1-10th |
| "Distance given by sillometer | 15 |
| "Distance from the Nore Light to Deal by sillometer | 42 |
| "Distance by tables | 41½ |

The sillometer has a dial upon deck, which constantly shows the number of miles per hour that the vessel is going; consequently it is easy to discover, under all circumstances, what is the best trim of the vessel, and the most advantageous quantity and distribution of the sails for obtaining the greatest speed. As the sillometer shows immediately the effect which every alteration in the sails or trim of the ship has on its velocity, it follows, also, that ships fitted with the sillometer can constantly maintain the speed they may have agreed upon, and so keep company together, and maintain the same relative position, though, from the darkness of the night, or thickness of the weather, they cannot see each other. To ascertain the distance run after any number of hours, it is simply to take the number of minutes one of the watches of the sillometer has gained over the other, and to multiply that number by 6, which gives the distance run in miles.

Royal Society of Literature.—The prize of £200, which was proposed in 1840 by some un-

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naval hygiene matters since his time, it is unfortunate that his system of cutting out the bones before meat-salting has not been followed up: as the known benefactor, through the Bishop of Calcutta, for the best essay in refutation of Hinduism, has been awarded by the judges to the Rev. J. B. Morris, M. A., fellow of Exeter College, Oxford.—*Literary Gazette.*

The Population of Paris, according to the census of 1841, amounts to 912,330; and if the troops of the garrison and strangers are added, to 1,035,000. —*Ibid.*

Testimonial to the Rev. Mr. Mathew.—Preliminary steps have already been taken for the purpose of commemorating the great moral revolution effected by the labors of the Rev. Mr. Mathew. The object of the originator of this National Testimonial has a twofold tendency—first, to perpetuate the temperance movement which has taken place, and it is proposed to do this by collecting the national voice in its favor—for while individuals have always been ready to acknowledge the vast benefits conferred on society by the progress of temperance, still Ireland as a nation has not testified to the incalculable good produced by the change. And, secondly, it is considered that, by effecting the first object in a suitable manner, a great national compliment will be paid to Mr. Mathew in a way the most gratifying to his feelings—that is, by a testimonial that will extend and render permanent the great movement he originated. The testimonial is of such a nature that every man in the country, totally irrespective of politics or creed, can cordially and consistently contribute towards it.—*Dublin Monitor.*

Marine Thermometer.—From the trials on board the Lightning it appears that the marine thermometer, in its variations, followed the inequalities of the bottom of the sea, so far as these inequalities could be ascertained from the heaving of the lead, or from the information of the pilot; that is, on the approach to shoal-water the thermometer fell, and on the approach to deep water it rose, and distinguished the difference very distinctly and rapidly, according to the transition from shallow to deep water, and *vice versâ*. It may therefore be inferred, that the marine thermometer would indicate the approach to rocks and icebergs from the influence these bodies are known to have on the temperature of the sea for a considerable distance. The dial of the marine thermometer is also on deck, and shows, by inspection merely, the exact depth of the water in which the vessel may be sailing at the time.—*Lit. Gaz.*

Ancient Manuscripts.—Carried, probably, from the Abbey of Clairvaux, it is stated that there has been found in the library of Troyes an amazingly fine square manuscript of the Ven. Bede's Commentary on St. Augustine and the Epistles of St. Paul, and said to be in many parts far superior to the extant printed copies. It is of the eighth, or early in the ninth century. In the same library of Troyes (adds the *Oxford Herald*, quoting the *Journal des Savans*), are many MSS. formerly belonging to Port-Royal, and among them more than 300 volumes entirely composed of the writings and autograph correspondence of the illustrious solitaries of that celebrated retreat. They are almost wholly in the French language, and contained in thirty portfolios, exclusively filled with the letters of Arnauld, Ancelot, de Sacy, the Abbé de Rancé, St. Cyran, la Mère Angélique, Etemane and Hamon, and of individuals who were in correspondence with these distinguished characters. One MS. in particular is entitled to attention, consisting of a life of Pascal by Mademoiselle Perier, his niece; letters from Pascal to Mademoiselle de Roanez; the correspondence of several members of Pascal's family with Mère Agnes, Arnauld, and Nicole; letters from the Duchesse de Longueville, the Procureur-Général de Harlay, and other celebrated personages of that period. This MS. also contains some *pensées* of Pascal, which are perhaps inedited, and disclose some interesting particulars in his life. It does not appear to have been consulted by any of the French writers who have composed biographies of Pascal, although Reuchlin, in his recent German life, seems to have been acquainted with some portions of it.—*Ibid.*

Source of the Nile.—The late accounts from Egypt state that it is the purpose of Mehemet Ali, next season, to send small steamers to the White River, in order to ascend and explore the source of the Nile.—*Ibid.*

Mr. Holman, the celebrated blind traveller, was on the 8th ult. presented at Alexandria to the Pasha of Egypt, who was much entertained by an anecdote, that our extraordinary countryman had been mistaken for a Russian spy,—of course pretending to be blind!—*Ibid.*

Preservation of Meat and Water for Sea-voyages.—The substitution of iron tanks for casks in ships has enabled double the quantity of water to be stowed in a given space; and a similar stowage-saving might be effected with salted provisions, by following Captain Cook's plan of removing the bones from the meat previously to salting; by which there would be also an annual saving of at least 6,000 tons of bones for manure, that are now thrown waste into the sea, from the ships of our war and mercantile marine.

Salt in excess is a scurvy producer; whilst it hardens the lean, and tends to expel its nutritious juices, as well as the oleaginous particles of the fat during the heat of boiling. Olives, on this account, are salted previously to hot pressure, in order to force out the oil from the pulp. Sugar, on the contrary, is a scurvy preventive; whilst aiding the retention of the nutritious juices of the lean, and the oleaginous particles of the fat, and thereby counteracting the hardening and shrinking of the meat, by the escape of these from it during the heat of boiling. When I was serving on the Brazil station, the dry fatless beef there was constantly found to be inedible in the mess, after being a fortnight in corn, on account of its excessive saltness, hardness, and dryness; but after sugar was combined with the salt, no fault was found with it at table as long as it lasted. Hence the benefits that would result to the health of our seamen, soldiers, and emigrants, from having a sufficiency of sugar in the cured meats to neutralize the salt's action, so as to make these meats no salter than was agreeable to the palate, thereby assimilating them to the meats that are fresh. Captain Cook, by introducing into ships the English housewifery practices of cleanliness and ventilation for health-preservation, established a new era in naval hygiene; but had he adopted also the English housewifery practice of combining sugar with salt in the meat-curing, he would have had less occasion for the various scurvy-antidotes he was obliged to employ; and although there has been a great advance in many



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meat nearest the bone is not only the first to spoil when the salt does not sufficiently take, but eventually becomes the saltest when it does so. Were, indeed, the bone removed, and the mixture of sugar with the salt universally adopted in meat-curing, ship's beef would cease to be known among sailors, when long in brine by the sobriquets of old horse, old junk, mahogany, &c.; or a ship-carpenter be puzzled to tell what species of wood it was on a salt-hardened piece of lean cut square and polished being presented for his inspection.

Water in ships' casks soon becomes so nauseous to taste and smell as to be a frequent source of disease, owing to the evolution of inflammable noxious gases by the chemical action of the water upon the wood. A table-spoon-full of fresh lime well mingled with a butt of water, by a stick agitation through the bung hole, not only prevents this, but destroys the contained animalcules, and precipitates the dissolved vegetable matter; thus keeping the water pure, sweet and wholesome, during the longest voyages; a desideratum so conducive to health and comfort, that the lime-mingling ought to be enforced in every emigrant-ship by the Government-agents. P. CUNNINGHAM, R. N. —*Colonial Gazette.*

PENSION TO WORDSWORTH.—"There have been statements and counter-statements in the newspapers in respect to the grant of a Civil List pension to Wordsworth, the poet. We understand the fact to be, that her Majesty has been graciously pleased to grant a pension of £300 per annum on the Civil List to Mr. Wordsworth.

"Her Majesty has also, we are informed, granted a pension of £100 per annum to each of the Miss Kennedys, the sisters of the late Sir Robert Kennedy; to whose distinguished services during the war, as Commissary-General of the Forces, such honorable testimony was borne by the Duke of Wellington in his place in the House of Lords during the last session of Parliament.

"Every friend to science will rejoice to hear that the name of Mr. Owen, the Hunterian Professor of the College of Surgeons, has been added to the list of eminent men (Airey, Faraday, and others of equal distinction) whose claims upon public gratitude have been acknowledged by the Sovereign.—*Colonial Gazette.*

THE THREE SOVEREIGNS.—The following anecdote has often been told by the Emperor Alexander, and is amongst the traditions of the Russian court:—In 1814, during the period that the allies were masters of Paris, the Czar, who resided in the Hotel of M. de Talleyrand, was in the daily habit of taking a walk (in strict *incognito*) every morning in the gardens of the Tuileries, and thence to the Palais Royale. He one day met two other sovereigns, and the three were returning arm-in-arm to breakfast in the Rue St. Florentin, when, on their way thither, they encountered a provincial, evidently freshly imported to Paris, and who had lost his way. "Gentlemen," said he, "can you tell me which is the Tuileries?" "Yes," replied Alexander, "follow us, we are going that way, and will show you." Thanks on the part of the countryman led them soon into conversation. A few minutes sufficed to arrive at the palace; and, as here their routes lay in opposite directions, they bade each other reciprocally adieu. "*Parbleu!*" cried all at once the provincial, "I should be glad to know the names of persons so amiable and complaisant as you are?" "My name?" said the first—"Oh, certainly; you have, perhaps, heard of me; I am the Emperor Alexander!" "A capital joke," exclaimed the Gascon; "an Emperor!"—and you," addressing the second individual, "who may you be?" "I," replied he; "why, probably I am not wholly unknown to you, at least by name—I am the King of Prussia!" "Better and better," said the man; "and you, what are you, then, ?" looking at the third person. "I am the Emperor of Austria!" "Perfect, perfect," exclaimed the provincial, laughing with all his might. "But you, monsieur," said the Emperor Alexander, "surely you will also let us know whom we have the honor to speak to?" "To be sure," replied the man, quitting them with an important strut, "I am the Great Mogul."—*Bell's Life in London.*

MACHINE FOR MAKING BRICKS AND TILES.—A very ingenious machine, constructed by Mr. Ainslie, is now on view at the pin-manufactory in the Borough-road. A very short description of the objects and operation of this invention will show its value to manufacturers of tiles or bricks, and more especially to those persons who are engaged in draining lands. The clay is thrown in on the top of two circular cylinders, which are placed perpendicularly at a distance of about a quarter of an inch from each other; and the clay is thus ground between them and falls into a receiver below, crushing to atoms all stones or other impurities, so that even bad material can be used. The clay is then propelled forward against the iron plate on which are cut the apertures through which the tiles, bricks, etc., to be manufactured are forced. The material moves forward on a sheet of felt, and a wire cuts each tile or brick as it moves forward into equal lengths. The clay comes through the iron plate in three supplies at once, and it is calculated that on an average thirty tiles of the most perfect form are made in one minute under ordinary circumstances, but much more may be done; bricks, about the same; flat tiles double the number. The great advantages in this process are that the articles made come from the machine in perfect form and ready for drying for the kiln; and, being thus perfected by machinery, the backs of the curved drainage tiles are stronger than those made by any other process. Here the substance must be of one thickness, and the shape uniform and smooth in all respects. The cost of making 3,000 drain tiles a day, by hand, is calculated at £1 0s. 6d., or of 1,000 at 6s. 10d. The cost of manufacturing 10,000 of the same article in a day by this machine is 14s. 6d.—*Britannia.*

A PARALLEL TO "THE GRAPES ARE SOUR."—A black slave in one of the southern states of the American Union, to whom meat was a rare blessing, one day found in his trap a plump rabbit. He took him out alive, held him under his arm, patted him, and began to speculate on his qualities. "Oh, how berry fat! De fattest I ebber did see! Let us see how me cook him. Me roast him? No; he be so fat me lose all de grease. Me fry him? Ah, he be so berry fat he fry himself. Golly, how fat he be! Den me stew him." The thought of the savory stew made the nigger forget himself, and, in spreading out the feast to his imagination, his arm relaxed, when off hopped the rabbit, and squatting at a goodly distance, eyed his last owner with great composure. The negro knew there was an end of the matter, so, summoning all his philosophy, he thus addressed the rabbit—"You long-eared, white-whiskered, red-eyed rat, you not so berry fat after all!"—*Ibid.*

SUPERSTITIONS OF CORNWALL.—The ceremony of dipping children afflicted with various diseases in a well in the parish of Cubert, and afterwards passing them through a hole in the cliff near the spot, actually takes place every Holy Thursday, at which

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time the waters of the well are supposed to possess more miraculous powers than at any other period. These rites are performed in the morning: in the afternoon a fair is held, at which all the old Cornish exercises of wrestling, quoiting, and single stick, are kept up with much spirit.—*Ibid.*

Population of Ancient Rome.—Dr. Loudon of Paris, in his late work on population, of which we propose giving a more extended notice, asserts that ancient Rome, in her greatest splendor, contained 8,000,000 souls. M. de la Maille, and the modern French academicians generally, will scarcely admit that there ever were more than from 400,000 to 500,000, inhabitants within the walls of the Eternal City. Other antiquaries are equally contradictory. Gibbon and Hume supposed the numbers to have been 1,000,000. Mr. Jacob, in his history of the precious metals, has calculated them at 1,200,000; so did Brottier, the celebrated commentator on Tacitus. The late Professor Nibby, in his *Roma Antiqua*, conjectured that the citizens, strangers, and slaves, with their children, must have reached 2,000,000. Chateaubriand reckons 3,000,000. Justus Linaius and Mengotti computed them at 4,000,000. Iasac Vossius allowed the possibility of 8,000,000, perhaps, said he, 14,000,000. There are still more extravagant calculations on this obscure point of archaeology. Rolefinchus and several other writers have actually declared their belief that in the time of the early emperors there were conglomerated on the seven hills, and on the banks of the Tiber, around the seven hills, upwards of 27,000,000 of human beings. Amidst this discrepancy of opinions, it is probable that the notion of 8,000,000 of souls in ancient Rome, as maintained by Dr. Loudon, is that which is the most correct, being founded on 16 different statistical facts drawn from the ancient authors, each leading to the same conclusion. In the year 1377, when Gregory XI. was pontiff, the city of Rome contained no more than 17,000 people! At present the entire numbers do not exceed 160,000. How mutable are human events! Albion, the Botany Bay of Rome, is now the mistress of the world. The Palatine-hill is partly occupied by an English College, and a large portion of it is owned by an Englishman, Mr. C. Mills.—*Ibid.*

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## OBITUARY.

Mr. Sergeant Spankie.—This eminent lawyer, who has for some days past been suffering greatly, expired on Wednesday morning, between six and seven o'clock, at his town residence in Russell-square, Bloomsbury. Mr. Spankie was long known as one of the leading barristers in the Court of Common Pleas. He commenced his career on the *Morning Chronicle* (then the property of Mr. Perry) nearly half a century since, and was considered one of the best parliamentary reporters of his day. He was for some years the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*. He resigned that situation on being called to the bar in 1808. Having strong interest at the India house (through his marriage), he was appointed Attorney-General of Bengal, and repaired to India, where he practised with the greatest success, and was rapidly making a fortune, when he was seized with an affection of the liver, and compelled to return to England. Having recovered his health at home he was appointed standing-counsel to the East India Company, a situation of a very lucrative nature. He was a powerful and clever speaker, but, though his elocution was clear and distinct, his Scotch accent was disagreeably harsh. As a lawyer he was not considered of the first order. On the passing of the Reform Bill, Mr. Spankie contested the representation of Finsbury, on which occasion he was returned with the Right. Hon. R. Grant. Mr. Spankie wrote one of the very best pamphlets in favor of Parliamentary Reform, and entered the House of Commons as a Reformer, but occasionally voted with the opposition. On the dissolution in 1835, he declared himself favorable to a Conservative Government, and was ejected by the present member, T. S. Duncombe, Esq. The deceased married a daughter of Mr. Manning, a London merchant, by whom he has left a large family. Mr. Spankie possessed strong natural abilities, and in any situation of life must have distinguished himself. When a parliamentary reporter, he possessed the greatest influence with his associates, and displayed a strong leaning towards Conservatism.—*Globe.*

Death of Dr. Channing.—The Boston papers last received bring the melancholy news, of the death of Dr. Channing. He expired at Bennington, Vermont, on the evening of Sunday, the 2d of October. His disease was, it is stated, typhus fever. He was in the 62d year of his age. He had long been in a feeble state of health, which had compelled him to relinquish active pastoral duties. The following sketch of his life and character appears in the *New York Evening Post:*

Dr. Channing was born at Newport, Rhode Island. His grandfather was William Ellery, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. His father was an eminent merchant of Newport, of the firm of Gibbs and Channing. His grandfather retained the powers of his mind to extreme old age, being accustomed to read one or more chapters every morning in his Greek Testament—a practice which he continued until he was upwards of ninety years of age. He once remarked that, if old men would exercise their minds more, they would retain their intellectual faculties as long as they did their physical powers. Dr. Channing inherited the vigorous intellect of this revered relative.

Of the doctor's father we are not particularly informed, but Dr. Channing himself, though for many years an invalid, was, in early life, quite vigorous. Though small in stature, and possessing a light frame, he had muscular strength, and in college was considered an athletic young man. He was also one of the leading spirits in his class. During a part of his collegiate course his friends expected that he would, on taking his degree, pursue the study of medicine; but his attention was turned to the ministry by the Hollis professor of divinity in Harvard College, where Dr. Channing graduated. At commencement, when he took the degree of A. B., he had a distinguished part, and was then looked upon by competent judges as one of the most promising young men of the day. Soon after he went to Virginia, where he resided some time, we believe, as a teacher. Here he was supposed, by exposure or neglect of his health, to have undermined his constitution. He never fully recovered the robust state of health which he had previously enjoyed.

In 1803 Mr. Channing was ordained over the congregation in Federal-street, Boston. The lines between the Orthodox and Unitarian denominations were not, at that day, so distinctly drawn as they are at the present time. In fact, the term Unitarian was not in general use. Mr. Channing was considered a serious-minded young preacher of irreproachable morals, with a cultivated mind, refined taste, unique eloquence, and leaning to evangelical views in theology. The Rev. Dr. Mason, of this city, and other stanch divines of orthodox sentiments, in different parts of the country, used to preach in Mr. Chan-

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ning's pulpit. Circumstances occasioned a more marked division of theological men, not many years after, and Mr. Channing's preaching and theological writings assumed a more decided character. His celebrated sermon at Baltimore at the ordination of the Rev. Jared Sparks (the historian) made this division more complete. Mr. Channing's congregation increased—his people erected a more spacious edifice on the site of the old church—and a colleague, the Rev. Mr. Gannett, was associated with him in the charge of the congregation.

Dr. Channing's published sermons during the war of 1812 brought him into general notice throughout the country. Subsequently his review of the writings of Milton, the character of Napoleon Bonaparte, and other able performances, established his reputation among the eminent scholars and belles lettres writers of the country and the world. The taunt of the *Edinburgh Review*, at an early period, that Dr Channing "touched lofty keys, but with no very great force," was not echoed by the numerous readers and admirers of his writings. Dr. Channing's publications on the subject of American slavery have attracted no little attention throughout this country and Europe. He belonged to no anti-slavery society—he even doubted the wisdom of these associations—but he was an uncompromising enemy to slavery, and thought, spoke, and wrote accordingly. One of the latest, if not the last, public performances of Dr. Channing was on the 1st of August, the anniversary of emancipation in the British West Indies, when he delivered a discourse in Berkshire County, Massachusetts. A report of it was published, and attracted the admiration even of those who do not espouse the cause in behalf of which Dr. Channing directed so much labor and sympathy.

Dr. Channing was a man of great independence of mind. He was never swayed by popular applause to do an act which his principles condemned. He paid no respect to men on account of their wealth or office. He honored moral worth wherever he found it. His sermons on the paternal character of God, on the loveliness of the example of Jesus Christ, on the evidences of Christianity, and on political and moral integrity, are admirable. He spoke out, in intelligible terms, on conjugal infidelity and licentiousness. In the pulpit his gravity and solemnity exceeded that of most preachers, and many who boast of more correct theological principles might have taken useful lessons from him, not only in the pulpit, but in all his social circles. In all circumstances his feelings were under great self-command. On one occasion, at a dinner party, where a distinguished orthodox clergyman overstepped the boundaries of propriety, Dr. Channing remarked to a person near him, "A strange man that." On another occasion, when the audience were greatly affected by the eloquence of a distinguished preacher, a professional brother, whose feelings were easily excited, expressed astonishment that Dr. Channing appeared to be so little moved. "My tears," said Dr. Channing, "are not so near my eyes as yours are."

Dr. Channing had great contempt for ephemeral popularity, for office-hunting, for the airs often assumed by upstart aristocrats, for the tricks and compliances of politicians. What was worthy of esteem and veneration in men, whether they were rich or poor, white or colored, he reverenced, and could look down upon arrogance, folly, and the unprincipled, with pity and virtuous indignation. His elocution, as has been intimated, was peculiar; his eloquence unlike that of any other man. His preachings and his writings were corroborated by a life of high moral character.

Dr. Channing was the poor man's friend and advocate. He prized the principles of our government, but was chiefly anxious that the people should be righteous rather than prosperous. He loved the cause of peace, and by his tongue and pen did all he could to avert the calamities of war. In fine, however much men might dislike his theological opinions, no one who knew him could fail to prize his purity of character, his inflexible integrity, his lofty purposes, his literary taste, his eloquence, and his able discussions. His death is a great loss, not only to his family but to the city where he resided, to the country which gave him birth, to the cause of letters and freedom throughout the world.

WILLIAM HONE.—The author of the "Every Day Book,' the 'Year Book,' the 'Table Book,' all excellent works, genial in character, and as extensively read as any in our modern literature, died on Sunday last, at Grove Place, Tottenham.

Mr. Hone was born at Bath, on the 3rd of June, 1780, but his parents removed soon after to London, and his father was employed for many years as a writing clerk in an attorney's office, into which his son was introduced at a very early age; his whole previous education having been limited to such instruction as he could pick up at a dame school. Though a mere boy at the time, Mr. Hone, we have heard, took an active interest in the proceedings of the London Corresponding Society, and in consequence his father sought for, and obtained a situation for him in the country. Mr. Hone married early, and opened a little circulating library, where he sold prints and stationery; his wife attending to the business, while he himself followed the more active duties of his life. Though he had enough, and more than enough, to do to provide for the wants of an increasing family, Mr. Hone, always zealous in what he considered the public good, was instrumental in bringing under the consideration of government the subject of Savings Banks, which have since been so extensively and beneficially introduced all over Europe. In 1807 he commenced bookseller in the Strand, and took a prominent part in what he called the "O. P. Row." He wrote many of the squibs, the only pleasant recollections we have of that very silly affair. Soon after he became bankrupt, and from that hour to the day of his death, his life was one of unsuccessful struggle. But Mr. Hone was not a man to be beaten down by private misfortune, and at this very time he took part in getting up the grand procession which was to accompany Sir Francis Burdett on his liberation from the Tower. Enthusiastic and sincere himself, he was proportionately disappointed and mortified when the Baronet, after sanctioning, or at least permitting, those public manifestations of rejoicing, slunk away by water, and left his friends to return with their flags and banners and decorated carriage, but without the golden calf. An anecdote relating to this processional affair, will show the temper of many parties at the time. Lady Augusta Murray, with her sister, son and daughter, like thousands of humble people, all anxiety to see the show, and testify their sympathy, were at Mr. Hone's house. They had the drawing-room to themselves, and their presence might not be generally known; "for you know," she said, "I must be careful lest I pay for my patriotism with my pension." From this period Mr. Hone devoted his leisure to literature, and wrote for many of the magazines and newspapers. In public life he took an active part in the inquiries, then forced on the public by the exertions of individuals, into the abuses in lunatic asylums. It was about 1815 that he became generally known as a publisher of political sketches and satires; these were illustrated by George Cruikshank, then in the freshness of youth, and they first brought the artist into fame. In 1818 Mr. Hone was prosecuted for a profane libel, as it was called, though, in truth, a mere satire on the ministers and government of the day. He was, after the

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fashion of the lawyers, charged with three several publications, or three several offences. At the first trial, Mr. Justice Abbott presided; and an anecdote was current at the time, that the Judge on his way home called on Lord Ellenborough to announce Hone's acquittal. "How did you charge?" inquired Lord Ellenborough; "Constitutionally," said Abbott. Lord Ellenborough paused for a moment, and then added, "I will go to him myself to-morrow." He did so. But Mr. Hone, who conducted his own defence with extraordinary energy, and ability, again triumphed. The putting him a third time on his trial, was a proof how temper could master reason; he was a third time acquitted; and the public now so generally sympathized with him, that the sum of three thousand pounds was, we believe, raised for him by subscription. After this, Mr. Hone tried many ways of obtaining a livelihood for his large family, but was [illegible]ssful; and when illness was added to his [illegible]es, he suffered, we fear, [illegible]ions [illegible] property which resulted f[illegible] his 'Every Day Book' [illegible]ook,' [illegible] only to provide for the [illegible] the hour; and the 'Year Book' w[illegible]ed, if we mistake not, at so much a sh[illegible]

Grace Darling.—In an account of the death of Grace Darling, in the *Durham Advertiser*, it is stated that she had been removed from Longstone Lighthouse, on the recommendation of her medical attendant to Bamborough, where she remained for a short time under the care of Mr. Fender, surgeon. Finding herself no better, she desired to be removed to Wooler, for change of air. Her wish was complied with, but, alas! she found no relief, and, at the request of her father, she met him at Alnwick, with a view to proceed to Newcastle for further medical advice. The Duchess of Northumberland having heard of the arrival of the heroine of Longstone at Alnwick, immediately procured for her a comfortable lodging in an airy part of the town, supplied her with every thing requisite, and sent her Grace's own medical attendant to give her the benefit of his advice; all, however, was of no avail, and it was deemed advisable to remove her once more to Bamborough, where she arrived only ten days before her dissolution. For some time previous to her death she was perfectly aware that her latter end was approaching, but this gave her no uneasiness. She had been nurtured in the fear and love of God and dependence on the merits of her Redeemer, and her hope of mercy increased as her bodily strength diminished. She was never heard to utter a complaint during her illness, but exhibited the utmost Christian resignation throughout. Shortly before her death she expressed a wish to see as many of her relations as the peculiar nature of their employments would admit of, and, with surprising fortitude and self-command, she delivered to each of them some token of remembrance. This done, she calmly awaited the approach of death, and finally resigned her spirit into the hands of Him who gave it, without a murmur. The celebrity which this amiable female had acquired effected no change in her conduct or demeanor. She was from her earliest years of a meek, kind, and gentle disposition, and so she continued to the last moment of her existence. Having been once asked how she could think of continuing to reside upon a barren rock after having become so celebrated, and why she did not come on shore and enjoy the gayeties of life, she replied, "Had you seen the awful wreck of the Forfarshire, the melancholy sight would have been more than sufficient to have driven the pleasures of this world out of your mind for life." The funeral took place at Bamborough on Monday last, and was very numerously attended.

Allan Cunningham.—The death of Allan Cunningham cannot be recorded here without feelings of deeper interest than are usually consequent on such announcements. Whether we regard him as yet another literary man called away from a remarkable circle, already seriously narrowed by Time—as a type of the poetical spirit developing itself under circumstances which increasing cultivation will make more and more rare—or as one who, some years since, lent an efficient hand in aid of our own labors,—his death awakens in us thoughts and reflections which cannot be fully developed at the moment. It comes touchingly home to us.

Allan Cunningham, the fourth son of his parents, was born at Blackwood, in Dumfrieshire, late in the last century. Though his family was in humble circumstances, it can hardly be said to have belonged to the peasant class, in the common acceptation of the word: for a biographical memoir, published some years since, tells us that one of the poet's ancestors, by taking the side of Montrose, lost for the family their patrimony in Ayrshire. Such a tradition, however, is, in some sort, an inheritance, [illegible] endowed with Allan Cunningham's poetical [illegible]. Then, again, his father was the possessor of [illegible] good books, and the treasurer of those antique legends, which abound on the banks of the Solway; "a man," to quote the poet's own words, "fond of collecting all [illegible] characteristic of his country; and possessing [illegible] heart, lively fancy, benevolent humor, a[illegible] happy wit." In his schoolmasters Allan [illegible] less lucky. The two men under whose care he was successively placed, were sturdy and precise Cameronians. He was taken from school when eleven years old, and apprenticed to a mason. Little calculated as such a position might seem, to allow much leisure for cultivation, it is certain that from an early age Allan must have been a diligent and miscellaneous reader; while to foster his tastes for song and tradition, there were "Ro'kings" and trystes of Nithsdale, at which neither the labor nor the mirth was thought complete, without some ditty being sung, or some story recited by one of those vagrants,—the prototypes of Scott's Edie Ochiltree—who rambled from homestead to homestead maintaining themselves after the fashion of the tale-tellers of the East. The traces of these early studies and early habits were never effaced from his works. While his prose and poetry displayed a variety of fancy, which one poorer in allusion could not have maintained, they never lost, to the last, the echo and the savor of a joyous, pastoral district. There is all the freshness and geniality of an open air-life in every line Allan Cunningham wrote, without a trace of that monotony which accompanies the lucubrations of those who. well read in the pages of nature, are familiar with few other books besides.

It was about the year 1810 that Allan Cunningham's name began first to be seen in print; one of his earliest appearances being as a contributor to Cromek's 'Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song.' Most of the old fragments, which there bear his name, were recast,—not a few were fabricated by him. Some of his ballads in this collection are exquisitely tender, touching and beautiful. We have not forgotten the 'Lord's Marie,' or 'It's Hame,' or that wild and picturesque dream, 'The Mermaid of Galloway.' In the year 1810, too, according to the memoir already cited, our poet came to seek his fortune in London. This advanced progressively, thanks to his own prudence and industry. By turns he tried most of the means of which a literary man can avail himself: reported for a newspaper, and wrote for the periodicals, being one among the variously-gifted and brilliant company who gave life to the *London Magazine*. More substantial labors, such as 'Sir Marmaduke Maxwell,'

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a drama,—the novels 'Paul Jones,' and 'Sir Michael Scott,' with the 'Songs of Scotland,' attested in succession his literary industry. Meanwhile his other craft was not forgotten. He obtained a situation in the *studio* of Sir Francis Chantrey, and this he continued worthily to occupy till his own death.

It was, probably, by this advantageous circumstance, that Allan Cunningham's attention was first drawn to Art. His 'British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects' will long be a popular work; since, though its writer falls short of that calm and far-sighted knowledge which is every year increasingly demanded of the English critic, the spirit of poetry is every where present in it. One of the memoirs —'The Life of Blake'—is a contribution to our national biography, which will live, as being, after its kind, little less exquisite than Johnson's famous apology for Richard Savage. Besides this work, Mr. Cunningham published, during the last fifteen years, a series of illustrations to 'Major's Gallery of Pictures'—'The Maid of Elvar,' a poem; 'The Life of Burns;' and 'Lord Roldan,' a romance. It was generally understood, that he had made considerable progress in an extended edition of Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets:' and he put the finishing touches to his 'Memoirs of Sir David Wilkie' but two days before his own decease. This was caused by a paralytic seizure: for some previous months, however, his health h-d been very infirm; and the shock of his loss will be mitigated to his attached family by the remembrance that he passed away from among them peacefully, free from all pain, and, as the first record of his death tells us, "in a kind of solemn stillness."

The office held by the late Solomon Herschel, D. D., (Chief Rabbi of the Eastern Synagogue), has become extinct by that gentleman's death; the committee for regulating the ecclesiastical affairs of the Jewish boly having passed a resolution, about two years since, that the office should be abolished at the death of its then occupant. The salary of the late Rabbi is stated to have been 1,000*l* per annum; and a considerable addition to his income was derived yearly from presents of various descriptions from the more wealthy members of his nation.—*Morning Chronicle.*

REV. E. J. DANIEL.—The death of Mr. Daniel took place at Adelia, on the coast of Lycia, 30th last September. With Mr. Fellowes and Mr Hamilton, he was one of the most ardent explorers of Asia Minor; and his admirable drawings of remarkable places are spoken of with enthusiastic praise by his surviving fellow-laborers. His private virtues, literary acquirements, and amiable manners, are also remembered with sincere sorrow for his loss.—*Lit. Gaz.*

THE PARIS SOLITARY.—We lately gave, from the lively pen of Jules Janin, a sketch of Chodrin Duclos The following less attractive, but more authentic, account of this singular person, from the *Commerce*. has only lately met our eye:—"Every person who has been in Paris during the last twenty five years will recollect a man of powerful stature, wearing a long beard, who throughout the day promenaded the gallery of the Palais Royal. The subjoined account of his death will be read with some interest, when it shall be recollected that the unfortunate man had figured not only in good society, but in some of the leading political events of the restoration. He distinguished himself at that period at Bordeaux as an ultra-Royalist, fought several duels, and, if I remember rightly, in some instances had the misfortune to leave his opponents dead on the ground. Being disappointed in his expectations from his party, particularly by that which he deemed the unkindness of his friend and countryman, Count de Peyronnet, he vowed that he would not change or renew his outward clothing or shave his beard until justice should be done him. The revolution of 1830 seemed, however, to have released him from his vow, for shortly afterwards he doffed his rags, shaved his beard, and enlarged his walks to the Boulevards. On Tuesday, at two o'clock in the afternoon, Chodrin Duclos, who was called the man with a long beard, was struck with apoplexy as he entered the gate of the house, No. 221, in the Rue St. Honoré. He was carried to the Hotel de Lyons, Rue Pierre Lescot, where he had resided the last seventeen years. Medical men were immediately called in, but all their endeavors to restore animation proved unavailable. Duclos had been indisposed during the last eight days, and was advised to enter a hospital. His pride was shocked at such an idea: 'I must walk to the end,' was his reply. He kept [illegible] for it was in repairing from his hotel to [illegible] Royal, to take his usual walk, that he [illegible] Du[illegible] formerly in the most fa[illegible] ci[illegible] deaux, but, after exhausti[illegible] his re[illegible] to try his fortune in Paris. M. de Pe[illegible] other Royalists, his friends, offered him [illegible] ations which he declined accepting, b[illegible] they did not come up to his expectations. He resolved to lead in Paris the same life he had led in Bordeaux; but he was unable to keep it up any time, and, falling all at once into extremes, he became the cynic which Paris beheld during the last twenty years. He was sixty-eight years of age."—*Britannia.*

DR. ALEXANDER ALLEN.—The daily papers announce the death of Dr. Allen, after a few weeks' illness, on Sunday last, Nov. 6th, at Hackney, in the twenty-ninth year of his age. This intelligence will be read with regret by all who are interested in the advancement of classical learning. The works of Dr. Allen. of which the number is really extraordinary, considering his age, evince more than usual stores of learning, united with sagacity and acuteness The work by which Dr. Allen is best known to scholars—'An Etymological Analysis of Latin Verbs'—was published when he was only two-and-twenty, and contains. as was remarked in this journal at the time of publication, (*Athen.* No. 450), the most complete developement of the principles of the Latin language that has yet appeared in an English form. This work not only excited the attention and obtained the approval of our most distinguished scholars, but was also noticed in a flattering manner by several German philologists; and it was from the University of Leipzig that he received, in consequence, the honorary degree of Dr. of Philosophy.

Dr. Allen was born at Hackney, September 23d, 1814, and was the son of Mr. John Allen, who is know to theological students by his translation of 'Calvin's Institutes,' and his 'History of Modern Judaism.' He received his early education in his father's school, at Hackney, and completed his studies at University College, London where he signalized himself by his great proficiency in the learned languages. But Dr. Allen's studies were by no means confined to the classical languages. Few men were better acquainted with the formation and early history of our own language. He had collected materials for an extensive work upon this subject, and had for two or three years preceding his death been actively engaged in the study of the Anglo-Saxon, Danish, Swedish, Icelandic, and several of the Teutonic languages. But we fear that he had not reduced any of his works to a form fit for publication; and this loss is not one of the smallest that the literary world has to deplore in his death.—*Athenæum.*

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## BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

### Great Britain.

1. *Polynesia: by the Rev. M Russell, LL. D. The XXXIII. Volume of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library. Edinburgh*, 1842.

This interesting and elaborate production must find a ready acceptance with a very numerous class of readers: it undertakes to unfold the workings of Christianity, civilization, and commerce, in those countless Isles that constitute the watery world called Oceanica, and the mind of the writer appears to have been amply stored and abundantly active for the laborious task.—Paying less regard to the origin of the various Polynesian tribes, and the common source, if there be one, of their languages, the author has proceeded more directly to useful knowledge.—Here the gradual development of the policy which Europeans have adopted, in their attempts to civilize and conciliate the Polynesians, is shown, and the results afford lessons of permanent value to the statesman and philanthropist.—Amongst the difficult questions which present themselves in the discharge of his labors, the author has touched upon that of the Missionaries, their conduct, their successes, their failures,—and it is not possible that more indifferent justice could have been rendered to any cause submitted for adjudication. As for ourselves, we look on missionaries generally with admiration and respect: and deprecate the wholesale condemnation of these exemplary men, because a few instances of presumption, superciliousness, and political intrigue may be shown. We well remember a West Indian missionary, who was a disgrace not merely to his philanthropic profession but to the human race, and rejoiced at learning that the magistracy of the settlement exercised summary justice upon him for his offences. Surely such an instance cannot for a moment weigh against the accumulation of benefits and blessings which Christian missionaries have conferred upon every part of the globe. It is not, however, to be concluded that "Polynesia" is devoted solely, or too much, to an account of missionary labors; it treats both minutely and extensively of politics and commerce; but so much are we indebted to these same maligned missionaries for our historical information of the Pacific Archipelago, that the defence of their amiable exertions necessarily presents itself.—*Colonial Journal.*

2. *Attica and Athens. Translated from the German of K. O. Müller, Grotefend, and others. By John Ingram Lockhart.*

"An Inquiry into the Civil, Moral, and Religious Institutions of the Inhabitants, the Rise and Decline of the Athenian power, and the Topography and Chorography of Ancient Attica and Athens, with a Map and Plan." This is an indespensable book for the student, not less than to the classical tourist. Its minuteness and accuracy are extraordinary; presenting to us a notable example of German learning, enthusiasm, industry, and care; at the same time that the whole inquiry has been regulated by a philosophical spirit, and so as to elicit and produce philosophical views and perceptions. The clearest idea of what is intended and professed to be given over the wide and diversified field mentioned, is conveyed by this book. We know of no other work, in which the principles as well as the facts inseparable from the subjects handled, are so satisfactorily and briefly disclosed and arranged. The production is a model of its kind in every particular and sense.—*Monthly Review.*

3. *The Anatomy of Sleep; or the Art of procuring sound and refreshing Slumber at will. By Edward Binns, M. D.* Churchill, 1842.

Dr. Binns has produced a very curious work, which, apart from its specific object, abounds with amusing matter, comprehending the phenomena of dreams, mesmerism, somnambulism, catalepsy, ecstasy (of which Lord Shrewsbury has published such remarkable examples in Italy), hallucinations, trances, etc. The author's theory is, that sleep is a faculty, the organ of which is situated in the spinal cord, between the cervicular and lumbar vertebræ, in the ganglia formed from the nerves given off by this portion of the spinal column. The mode of procuring sleep at will he prescribes as follows: "Let the patient turn on his right side, place his head comfortably on the pillow, so that it exactly occupies the angle a line drawn from the head to the shoulder would form, and then, slightly closing his lips, take rather a full inspiration, breathing as much as he can through the nostrils. The lungs are then to be left to their own action, respiration not being accelerated or retarded. The attention must now be fixed upon the action in which the patient is engaged. He must depict to himself that he sees the breath passing from his nostrils in a continuous stream, and the very instant that he brings his mind to conceive this, apart from all other ideas, consciousness and memory depart; imagination slumbers; fancy becomes dormant; thought subdued; the sentient faculties lose their susceptibility; the vital or ganglionic system assumes the sovereignty, and he no longer wakes, but sleeps."

The soundness of the theory may, therefore, be tested by every one of our readers when he adjusts his night-cap.—*Asiatic Journal.*

### Germany.

1. *Hand-book of Latin Etymology, by Ludwig Döderlein. Leipzig*, 1841.

Professor Döderlin has already exhibited his theory of the forming of Latin words, in a copious treatise; and in the present little manual he offers to the public an elaborate Latin Etymology in accordance with the fundamental principles developed in the larger work, and in the method tenaciously adhered to by him. Although in a compendious form it embraces pretty much the entire linguical stores of the Latin idiom, and seeks either to trace back the several words to their roots, or, where this seems impossible, at least to compare them with their cognates, both native and foreign, in order, as the author modestly says, to do his part of the preparatory work for a proper root-lexicon, whose composition shall be reserved for other hands at some future day. As in his theoretic treatise, so also here, the author has mostly introduced the Greek, and in juxtaposition often placed the German, both the old dialect (according to Grimm and Graff, sometimes also Adelung), and the new, and made use of them to illustrate the derivation of the Latin. Whilst this Etymology contains numerous accurate derivations, striking compositions and spirited comparisons, which often throw a new light over a whole series of words, it also presents, as was to be expected, many etymologies, in res-

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pect to which Prof. D. has manifestly not discovered the truth, indeed not even the probability. For the confirmation of what is here given, the author has constantly, as often as seemed needful, referred to his theory of Latin Etymology and included the paragraph referred to in brackets. The same terminology is employed in both works. In the preface, the author has explained, at length, a part of this grammatical terminus, according to his own understanding of it. It were to be wished that the book contained an explanation of the abbreviations used, (ags., Hes., ahd., etc.,) for the benefit of scholars.—*Gersdorf's Repertorium.*

2. *History of Philosophy in the Middle Ages; with a Sketch of Literature derived from its Sources. By Dr. G. O. Marbach. Leipzig*, 1841.

We have already spoken of the volume of Dr. Marbach's on the Philosophy of the Greeks and Romans. This is conducted with the same research, and we shall, therefore, content ourselves here with a brief statement of the arrangement and consecutive order which the author has adopted. The introduction, p. 3—15, begins with a glance at Grecian Philosophy and the development of the question as to the influence of the entrance of Christianity on the philosophy of the middle ages. Accordingly the latter is first characterized in general. The historic representation is divided into two principal parts—"the "Ante-historical" and the "Historical." The first unfolds the Alexandrine-Jewish, the Alexandrine-Gentile, (Neoplatonic) and the Arabian philosophy. The second, after some general discussion as to the relation of Christianity to Philosophy, and the character of the Christian philosophy of the middle ages, as determined by it, treats first of the Fathers, (Tertullian, Arnobius, Lactantius, Justin, Athenagoras, Tatian, Clemens, Origen, Synesius, Aeneas, Nemesius, Augustin the most copiously of all,) then of the gradual decline of Greek and the first rise of Christian-Germanic culture; finally, from p. 207, of Scholastics in four parts. The principle of this discrimination is partly the opposition between Realism and Nominalism, partly the influence which the increasing acquaintance with the writings of Aristotle exercised in widening the circle of thought among the Scholastics. The first part commences with John Scotus Erigena; the second with the first appearance of Nominalism; the third with the extended study of Aristotle; the fourth with the revival of Nominalism through Occam.—*Ibid.*

### France.

1. *On the Resurrection of the Body. By M. Tachard-Gaubil, de Montauban (Tarn et Garonne).*

M. Tachard undertakes to prove that the resurrection is *possible* and *probable* according to reason, *certain* according to revelation. The rational considerations in favor of his thesis are—1. The constitution of man. 2. The attributes of God. 3. The analogies of nature. But these he presents only as presumptions or probabilities. Coming to the real proof, the testimony of the Scriptures, he distinguishes the instruction of the Old from that of the New Testament on this subject; and in the study of both, he places beside the declarations which affirm the dogma, the facts which imply it, or in some sort prophesy it.

M. Tachard discusses objections; he gives an aperçu of the biblical doctrine on the nature of the glorified body, and concludes by pointing ont the practical consequences of the truth which he has established.—*Revue Théologique.*

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Die wichtigsten und schwierigsten Abschnitte des Pentateuches. Erläutert. Thl. 1. Die Geschichte Bileams und seine Weissagungen: von. Dr. G. W. Hengstenberg. Berlin, 1842.

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# AMERICAN ECLECTIC

AND

# MUSEUM OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

**FEBRUARY, 1843.**

## THE NOVEMBER METEORS.

Translated from the Deutsche Vierteljahrs Schrift. By the Editor, J. H. A.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

The subject of the following article is interesting, and the author one, whose writings have attracted considerable attention.

The falling stars of 1833 were, at the time, a phenomenon of unusual interest, exciting the admiration of some, the wonder of others, and the fears of multitudes. Had they fallen in November, 1842, they would doubtless have been interpreted as certain prognostics of the coming of the Son of Man in 1843, and Mr. Miller's opinions would now be more popular than they are.

Men of science were busy, for some time after, in collecting and arranging facts in respect to this shower of stars, in order to arrive at some probable conclusions as to their source, distances, periodicity, etc.

In Silliman's Journal of 1834 will be found the explanations of Professors Olmsted, Hitchcock, and Twining, founded on the facts as reported by observers in different parts of the United States and of the Atlantic Ocean.

The opinion of Professor Olmsted, in which Professor Twining concurs, is, that these meteors were not originated in the earth's atmosphere, but far beyond it; that they were not ordinary fire-balls, but parts of a nebulous body, revolving in an orbit around the sun, and within that of the earth; and consequently that, at certain periods, it will come within the sphere of observation from our planet.

Wolfgang Menzel, in the present article, has given us the result of extended search into the philosophical annals and chronicles of Europe, and has discovered so many similar phenomena occurring between the 12th and 15th of November, that they seem very much to strengthen the opinion of our own scientific observers. Menzel himself inclines to the opinion, from a view of all the facts, that the stars of 1833 were sup a-atmospheric in their origin, and are probably related to the auroral and zodiacal lights. The article will reward any one for a perusal. Ed.

In a periodical maintaining the laudable basis of discussing practical matters of present interest, it will, perhaps, seem hazardous to devote an article to a phenomenon of nature which presents no practical aspect. But discoveries, which promise new explications of the great economy of the solar system, are not limited in their interest to astronomers and meterologists, but awaken the attention of all the cultivated on our globe. As the meteors of November have more and more attracted the general observation, and led to a new comparative view of the striking facts, and the various attempts at their explanation, we may be justified in giving a place here to the consideration of this subject.

Fire-balls and shooting stars are well-known phenomena. But they have only attracted any special attention since the celebrated travellers, Alexander von Humboldt and Bonpland, witnessed an almost fabulous multitude of these meteors, a thick, incessant shower of shooting stars, during the whole night of the 12th of November, 1799, at Cumana, on the coast of South America. Already some years earlier (1794), the sagacious and unwearied experimenter Chladni had, in a brief essay on meteoric stones, explained these heterogeneous metallic and rocky masses as the product of bursted fire-balls, and conjectured



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that they are not generated in our atmosphere, but cosmic (supra-atmospheric) in their origin. But his opinion obtained so little credit that, in 1803, the Academy of Paris, before which he laid his views as a modest German scholar, pronounced them fanciful. It so happened, however, that just at that time, during the sitting of the Academy, there occurred in France itself, near l'Aigle, a most remarkable and abundant shower of meteoric stones. The Academy sent an examining commission to the very spot, and found all the suppositions of our Chladni confirmed, as they then penitently confessed. In 1819 Chladni published his larger work on meteors (continued and enriched by M. von Schreiber), in which his view is supported by innumerable facts, collected with the greatest industry from both ancient and modern times. There was abundant opposition to his affirmation of the cosmic origin of meteoric stones; but that they proceeded immediately from fireballs was generally acknowledged, and was confirmed almost every year by new occurrences.

Whilst attention generally was rather directed to meteoric stones than to shooting stars, Messrs. Benzenberg and Brandes devoted themselves to the latter, and took pains to enumerate and determine the transient appearances in the heavens. Brandes founded a society at Breslau in 1817, whose object was to make observations on shooting stars, from different points exactly at the same moment of time, and then to compare their collected observations. They actually ascertained the height of many of the falling stars, and as some were reckoned at 60, indeed even at 100 German miles, this new experience seemed to establish Chladni's cosmic hypothesis. We must believe that our atmosphere does not reach such an elevation; therefore the falling stars come from regions beyond it, as Chladni had already affirmed of the fireballs and meteoric stones.

Still, nothing was yet known of a *periodic* return of remarkable showers of falling stars. True, on the 10th of August, 1815, very many of these meteors were seen to fall, but who should thence think of a connection with the 12th of November, 1799? Again, on the night of the 12th and 13th of November, 1822, numerous falling stars were observed at Potsdam (Comp. Gilbert's Annalen, Band 72, p. 219); but this correspondence of the date still seemed to be accidental. No more did the consequence become confessed in the meteoric shower of the night of the 10th and 11th of August, 1833. In 1821 and the immediately following years, the regular return of the great meteoric shower on certain days of the year, particularly in November, was first clearly acknowledged. On the 12th and 13th of Nov. 1831, Berard saw this beautiful phenomenon in all its splendor, on the coast of Spain. On the same night of the following year, 1832, it was seen almost throughout Europe; and on the same night of the next year, 1833, most gloriously in America. Denison (Davison, Menzel has it.—ED.) Olmsted observed it in Connecticut, (Massachusetts it is in the German. —ED.) and enumerated, at a reasonable estimate, 240,000 falling stars. In 1834 fewer meteors appeared, and just one night later, that of the 13th and 14th of November. Nothing noteworthy occurrred in 1835. In 1836 the younger Herschel witnessed numerous fireballs on the night of the 13th and 14th of November, at the Cape of Good Hope; and in North America shooting stars were seen on the 17th. The next year was destitute of such phenomena, but in 1838 meteors were seen again in Germany on the 12th, and in 1839 from the 10th to the 14th of November. All these recent occurrences are carefully recorded in the meteorological chronicles of Professor Plieninger, which are published in the circular of the royal agricultural society of Würtemberg, and are excellent models for others. In respect to the remarkable showers of 1832 and 1833, Puggendorf's Annals, Bände 33 and 38 ought to be consulted.

Although, however, the regular return of the November meteors was proved, yet the hypothesis of their cosmic origin had not also obtained an unquestioned acceptance. As the physical nature of the meteors, as far as the same was discoverable, became more closely examined, new doubts necessarily existed, and to this hour the most penetrating and most celebrated natural philosophers are not agreed in their explanations of the phenomenon.

In respect to the fireballs which frequently appear in connection with the falling stars, are certainly nearly related to them, and allow us a better opportunity of investigation, as they are larger and approach nearer, we consider the following facts established.

Fireballs are usually seen just when they have reached their greatest brilliancy, and burst asunder. Their beginning has been seldom observed. In such cases, however, which Chladni has carefully designated, there first appeared a distant streak of light,

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which, as it approached nearer, rounded itself into a ball; sometimes, also, several streaks (e. g. at Utrecht in 1812), and these, too, crossing each other (as in England in 1799). This seems to indicate that the balls, as such, are formed in our atmosphere, and that the matter composing them flows together into a ball, from different directions, out of the higher regions of space, without having been previously united, or pursued its path anywhere in the firmament, as an independent, substantial body. To this, however, other examples are opposed. Chladni records many large fireballs, which took their course across an entire continent, were seen for hundreds of miles, and yet fell nowhere, but shot upwards again, and disappeared in the distant space of the heavens. He considered these to be independent bodies, which had accidentally approached our earth, but glided away again on meeting the atmosphere, and pursued their course in the blue vault around us.

The form of the fireballs is that of a round body, revolving rapidly on its axis, sometimes running to a point behind, pear-like, or extending far out in a fiery beam, sometimes emitting flames, throwing off glowing balls, or like a detonating rocket, leaving behind a long line of smoke.

Their color is usually red, sometimes even white, more rarely blue, and still more seldom green. The colors also sometimes vary in the same body (e. g. 1756, in Ireland); once the ball was red, the tail green (1817, in Hesse). In the fireball at Glasgow, 1752, the bright colors of the rainbow were seen.

Many fireballs vanish without detonation, and without leaving any trace behind. Frequently, however, they burst with a very loud crash, which has been heard 40 German miles, and then they regularly throw out the so-called meteoric stones, or other materials. In modern days, a stone-shower of this kind has been frequently examined, immediately after its fall, and the oblique direction in which the fireball must have entered the atmosphere has been determined from the elliptical manner in which the stones were strewed abroad.

The dejected masses themselves are either meteoric iron or meteoric stone, sometimes more, sometimes less solid, always, however, so peculiarly composed of the same elements, that no similar composition can be found among the minerals of the earth. The chief ingredients are always iron, pyrites of sulphur, Olivin, Nickel, Chrome, Magnesia, etc. Very careful analyses have been made, which, however, need not be here quoted, as they would contribute nothing towards the settlement of our present inquiry. For the fact that these meteoric masses differ from all other minerals of the earth has not been considered decisive as to their cosmic origin, inasmuch as it is held to be possible that such new minerals may be originated within our atmosphere, somewhat like the hail, merely out of materials evaporated from the earth.

Other substances, of a viscous nature, or like water, or dust, occur more rarely, and still less seldom allow us to believe them the products of bursted fireballs. The meteoric paper, supposed to have fallen from the heavens in Courland, in 1686, according to the latest investigations of Ehrenberg (Records of the Berlin Academy, 1838), consists of dry Confervæ (a spongy plant). The showers of red dust, since the recent inquiries of Agardt, in Lund, and of Agassiz, in Neufchatel, have been discovered to be microscopic sea-weed, mingled with Infusoria. These, of course, can no longer be attributed to fireballs, falling stars, and cosmic influences.

A phenomenon observed in tempests, seems not unfrequently to have been confounded with fireballs: namely, flames—such especially as rise up out of the earth or the sea, but also those which, falling downwards, sometimes assume the form of perfect fireballs, and move on, then in a moment stop again. Arago has adduced numerous instances, in an extended treatise on lightning, in his last annual. Similar balls are found in the noxious vapor of mines, revolving eolipiles, which grow larger and larger, and suddenly burst asunder with a flash and frightful detonation. MacGregor, in his description of the Canary Islands (German edition, p. 11), says that he has seen a fireball having the appearance of swimming on the surface of the ocean. In 1822, in the vicinity of St. Omer, fireballs were thrown out by a water-spout (Annales de Chemie et Physique, v. 24, p. 435). These electrical phenomena and gaseous appearances on the surface of the earth and of the sea, must not be confounded with those great phenomena, which come down from unmeasured heights, and throw whole continents into alarm.

Falling Stars are distinguished from Fireballs by a whiter, mostly phosphorescent light, denominated planetary, whilst the glaring red of the fireballs is somewhat solar. These stars, too, fall noiselessly; at least the rustling supposed to have been heard

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in connection with them, is very questionable. Moreover, they leave no solid material behind. The gelatinous substance, for a long time thought to be deposited by them, is now well known to be a species of plant (tremella Nostoc). However, where falling stars have reached the earth, there has sometimes really been found, immediately afterwards, a singular slime, which, alas! has never been analyzed. It was seen first by Christian Menzel at Siena in 1652, by others in 1718, 1796, 1811, and last in Massachusetts, N. A., in 1819. Comp. Gilbert's Annalen, vol. 55, p. 271 ; v. 63, p. 55 ; v. 66. p. 329 ; v. 71, p. 354, and Schumacher's Jahrbuch, 1832, p. 39). But solid meteoric stones have always been seen to originate from fireballs, never from falling stars. Even that meteoric slime seems still problematical ; at least, it must strike us as remarkable, that in the few cases in which it has been found, it has been in connection with a single shooting star, whilst the observer of the great showers of stars, when thousands fell at once, never mentions the deposit of any gelatinous or viscous substance, which, however, if it were the product of falling stars, ought then to appear in very large quantities.

Falling stars appear, partly as small, quickly evanishing sparks, partly as long, rocket-like star-shootings, or large moon-like globes, with sparkling tails. The smaller ones, and those falling obliquely, are always pale ; the bright ones are said to fall perpendicularly. Some put on the colors of the rainbow. Sometimes the tail continues to be luminous for minutes after the star itself has disappeared. In 1833 strange forms were seen ; one sickle-shaped, another quadrangular. As the height of some of these falling stars has been reckoned at 100 miles, it would seem that they scarcely derive their light from the earth's atmosphere, but bring it with them ; and yet they seem not to be constantly luminous, but evanish before our eyes, like rockets. They must also be proportionably smaller. The Prussian circumnavigator Meyen relates, that he saw a star fall between himself and the Cordilleras, so that the mountains served for the back-ground to its brilliant light. Perhaps, however, the most remarkable thing of all about these falling stars, is their velocity. Brandes has reckoned it at 5 German miles in a second.

The course of the falling stars is of special importance. They have, indeed, been seen in all directions, shooting out from and towards all parts of the heavens, and although falling in immense numbers, yet rising in much less, or floating down and up again in a wave-like line. But in those nights, when a great shower of stars falls, they exhibit a certain regularity in their forthcoming, their diffusion, and their course. Alexander von Humboldt marked their direction, on the 12th November, 1799, to be chiefly from the northeast towards the south ; Brandes, on the 10—11th of August, 1823, principally from N. E. to S. W. Their course was just the same in 1832, and consequently, in both cases, the opposite of the earth's motion. They meet the earth in its annual revolution around the sun. In 1833, they all issued from the vicinity of the star ✓ in the constellation of the Lion, and spread out from that point like a fan. So likewise, in 1834. On the other hand, in 1838, they came only in part from the constellation Leo, in part from that of Cancer, of Orion, and of the Great Bear, and indeed, shooting out again from these four centres in divergent beams.

When the falling stars are numerous, we generally see also fireballs, like large meteors, intermingled with the smaller. But besides these, many other striking phenomena appear at the same time, and in connection with the fall of stars : such as lightning, momentary flashing of the heavens, and, without a beam or a shooting meteor, long, luminous streaks, zodiacal light, auroræ boreales, strange rednesses, singular clouds, storms, flood-tides, earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and even unusual obscurations of the sun, and spots on its surface. All these appearances, some of them indeed very rarely, have been seen on the critical days (or nights) on which the great showers of stars usually return ; either contemporaneously with the falling stars, or without them, as their complement and substitute. We must now, above all things, take cognizance of these critical days, as all phenomena which are similar acquire a greater significance from the fact, that they occur in points of time nearly related.

Already in ancient times, there were seen showers of stars falling in extraordinary numbers. As in 533, under the reign of the emperor Justinian, and in 763, under that of Constantine Capronymus. But there was no note of the date. In 1099 the month of November is first distinguished in this respect ; at least, it is said in Vogel's Leipzig-Chronicles, that at that time, 'especially about all-saints' day,' there was seen an unheard-of number of falling stars, burning torches, and fiery darts in the sky. On the 7th of November, 1494, as is well known, the great meteoric stone fell at Ensisheim,

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in Alsace. Then under the year 1574 we find, in Vogel's Chronicles, that on the 15th of November, large and terrific beams of fiery light were seen during the night. Similar appearances are noted in the same work, as having occurred on the 7th of November, 1637, and the 16th, 1661. Had these Chronicles, to which I shall yet more than once refer, been already carefully collated, we should probably have found there many remarkable testimonies of great importance to science. I can only give here some few contributions out of these volumes, as also out of the Meteorological Annals of the old Breslau Collections, which have been hitherto little consulted, but are of great weight in respect to the subject under consideration. In the latter, there is mention made, under the 10th of November, 1688, of a large moonlike meteor, which passed off with an explosion; under the 12th November, 1721, of a great fire-flash or flame-emitting comet; and under the 13th November, 1719, 1721, and 1722, of an aurora borealis. Herewith it is to be remarked, that in 1721, on the first mentioned day (the 12th), a fireball was seen, and on the second (the 13th), the northern light—variations which we still see frequently occurring. On the 13th of November, 1822, there was an extraordinarily dense fog in England (Froriep's Notices, iv. p. 214). On the 12—13 November, 1824, at Maintz, a fireball was seen, and an earthquake felt; both also in Tuscany, together with a dense mist. Fearful hurricanes were experienced on the Caspian sea, from the 12th to the 14th Nov. 1826. In 1822, on the 12—13th November, the phenomena were strikingly various. There were seen not only throughout Europe falling stars (innumerable at Orenburg, Russia), but at Warsaw and Köln lightnings, at Odessa a meteor like the aurora, and at Lüttich a flash, from which unfolded itself a kind of curtain of light, and then rolled itself up again, and glistened in the brightest colors of the rainbow. On the same day occurred one of the most frightful eruptions of Ætna. On the 17th November, 1836, falling stars were again seen in North America, and at the same time, the aurora borealis; on the 12—13 November, 1837, in North America, innumerable falling stars, without the aurora; in England, the aurora, without the falling stars. (This last case is noticed by Hind, of England, in the Literary Gazette, 31 October, 1840.) On the 12—13 November, 1838, at Vienna and Bremen, there appeared again, at the same time, falling stars and the northern light, and so also on the 13—14 November, 1839, at Königsberg and London. At the latter place a very dense fog followed on the 15th.

Earthquakes have also been felt on the critical days, from the 12th to the 14th of November, yet we must be cautious about attributing much importance to this concurrence, as the most fearful earthquakes have most frequently occurred, not just on these, but on entirely other days. A complete explanation of them will be found in the recently published history of earthquakes, by Von Hoff. Here we find, from 1318 to 1832, scarcely twenty years in which earthquakes were noticed on the 12—14 November. Only a single case seems to us worthy of remark in respect to periodicity: namely, on the 13th November, 1646, a volcano burst out in Palma, one of the Canary Islands, and on the same day, 1677, there was a terrible earthquake on the same island. We may here also adduce the repetition of eruptions of Ætna, on the 15th November, 1802, and the 12th November, 1832: as also the remarkable volcanic eruption in Kampschatka on the 12th November, 1789.

Another coincidence is also, without doubt, full of significance. Every one knows the high storm-tide, by which Petersburg was threatened with destruction, on the 17th Nov. 1824. A similar tide, almost exactly at the same time, one hundred years earlier, had threatened to overwhelm the same place, then scarcely arisen yet out of the Finnish marshes, on the 16th Nov. 1724. Shall we not then be tempted to conjecture, that the meteors of the 12—14 Nov. exerted an influence on the currents of wind and ocean, which, setting forth upon the surface of the earth, had, some days later, effected the storm-tide in the Finnish sea, and that in this fearful phenomenon of nature a certain regularity prevails, though its periods can only be measured by centuries? Yet, where so few facts lie before us, we must refrain from conjectures.

So much for the celebrated November days, whose annual return is now so eagerly looked for, by all the friends of astronomy and meteorology, and whose phenomena have been, for some time, so regularly observed and compared, that we may hope, from year to year, to approach nearer to an understanding of them. But we were not content with this terminus alone. When curiosity was once excited, and the inquirer's vision sharpened, still more extended critical days were discovered and brought into certain mutual relations. Capocci of

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Naples, for instance, has designated as critical meteoric days, besides the 13th of November, the 29th of the same month, and also the 29th of July and the 10th of August. (Echo du Monde savant, 26 August, 1824, Ausland, of the same year, No. 251.) He supposes that the earth, in its course round the sun, passes twice through the path of this host of falling stars, which is thus at each time cut into two parts, once in summer, once in the late autumn. The phenomena of the 29th of July he connects with those of the 10th of August, and those of the 29th of November with those of the 13th. The autumnal meteors, however, are more numerous and more striking than those of the summer, and, separately considered, those of the 13th of Nov. and 10th of Aug. more abundant than those of the 29th of Nov. and 29th of July.

And indeed the traces of these critical days and of their interchangeable relations can be followed up far into the past. The 29th of Nov., as complement to the 13th, presents little that is striking. On this day meteors have been rarely seen, which may, however, be in consequence of little attention having been directed to it. According to Vogel's Leipzig-Chronicles, there appeared on the 30th of Nov. 1663, a large cross, and other signs in the skies. In the ten years of the preceding century, of which we have accurate meteorological observations, recorded in the Breslau Jahrbücher, we find something valuable: viz., under the 28th Nov. 1719, and 2nd Dec. 1723, fireballs; under the 29th Nov. 1720, an aurora borealis, and under the 27th Nov. 1725, a remarkable 'dirty and dense fog.' If other decennia had been as accurately noted, probably many more phenomena would have been seen on those days. However, in most recent times, in which accurate observations have been made again, Capocci has recorded the falling of meteoric stones on the 29th of Nov. 1809, 1830 and 1839; on the 28th, 1810 and 1822; on the 30th, 1821; on the 27th, 1824; and on the 26th, 1831; a storm-tide in the mouths of the Elbe is also reported on the 26—28 of Nov. 1825, a strange submundane thunder frequently occurring on the same day of the year at Bessarabia, and a tremendous storm in London on the 29th of Nov. 1839. Von Hoff, too, has designated an astonishing number of earthquakes, which have been experienced on the 29th of November, and generally between the 28th and 30th. More than twice as many have occurred on these days as on the 13th of November. The volcanic eruptions on these days, however, are very infrequent. I find only the 30th of Nov. 1744 distinguished by an eruption of Cotopaxi. In respect to the connection between the 29th and 13th of November, it must be observed, that in Philadelphia two earthquakes occurred in succession, precisely on the 29th of Nov. 1800, and on the 12—13 Nov. 1801.

The 10th of August and the days immediately preceding and following, are distinguished less by fireballs and falling stars than by other phenomena. I find the following notices in ancient works. On the 11th of August, 1561, according to Vogel's Leipzig-Chronicles, there was seen, in the forenoon a very remakable red meteor, emitting frequent flashes of light, of course in bright day. There is much information of this kind recorded in the above-mentioned Breslau Collections. It is there stated, under the year 1717, October, p. 218, that numerous meteors had been seen at Freyburg in Uechtland, in August, 1715, (the day is not noted). On the 10th of August, 1717, a large fireball was seen at the same time in Lusace, Silesia, Poland and Hungary. On the 8th of Aug. 1723, numerous falling stars appeared 'in many parts of the heavens, like fire-flies.' On the 12th of Aug. 1724, stellæ cadentes were again seen. To this multitude of August meteors there are no corresponding November meteors. During the years 1716—1726, of which the Collections give more particular accounts, there occurred only a single fire-flash, as it is called, on the 12th Nov. 1721; as a compensation, however, for the fireballs and falling stars, there were frequent northern lights. Is there perhaps a variation in the brightness and the strength of the phenomenon? May it be that, for a length of time, the August meteors, and then again the November-meteors prevail? And does there lie in this variation, perhaps, the reason why the regular recurrence of the phenomenon has not been much earlier observed?—In modern times only the 10th of Aug. 1815, and the 10—11 of Aug. 1823, have been distinguished by falling stars. On the 13th of Aug. 1823, Hansteen saw a falling star in clear daylight, for a second and a half, through the telescope (Froriep's Notices, xiv. 168). A fireball with mist and earthquake was seen in Tuscany on the 12—13 of Aug. 1824. Earthquakes in general occur (according to Von Hoff's work) but seldom on these days; yet they were felt in the Pyrenees on the 10th of Aug. 1784, and on the 11th, 1797. On the other hand, we must notice the proportionably greater number of volcanic eruptions.

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The 29th of July has as yet been but very little investigated. According to Vogel's Leipzig-Chronicles, there fell a great star from heaven on the 26th of July, 1568, followed by stormy winds and earthquakes. There is nothing of moment, meteorologically, as to the July days, in the Breslau Collections. Von Hoff represents earthquakes as rather frequent on those days. A meteoric stone fell on the 29th of July, 1840. The subsequent new comparisons may be of importance, as they certainly shed surprising light over the relations of the different critical days to each other. In the Basle-Chronicle of Urstisius, I find under the year 1566, on the 28th and 29th of July, the sun and moon became blood-red, and on the 7th of August, this striking phenomenon was repeated. And in the Frankfort-Chronicle of Lersner, under the year 1694, on the 29th of July, the heavens, without wind or rain, were full of fiery flames, as also again on the 9th of August. According to the same Chronicle a remarkable redness of the sun occurred on the 29th of July, 1575. From Von Hoff's work on earthquakes we learn farther, that there were frequent outbursts of flame from Vesuvius precisely on these critical days of July and August. They took place, for example, on the 28th of July, 1707, 29th, 1779, and on the 28th, 1790, on the one hand; and on the other, on the 12th of Aug. 1682, 7th, 1767, and 8th, 1832.

Finally, the connection of the 29th of July with the 29th of November is striking. On the former day remarkable earthquakes occurred at the Antilles, in two successive years, 1784 and 1785; and the same phenomena took place in the same islands on the 30th of November, again, of 1824, 1825, and 1826.

As striking, however, as these coincidences are, yet it is not superfluous to add here a warning. Caution is perhaps needful in discovering critical days. Fireballs and falling stars have been observed at all times of the year. Very frequently the repeated appearance of them on a certain day of the year has probably been accidental in itself, or has only been accidentally observed and denoted. If there had, always and everywhere, been a sharp lookout and a careful recording of phenomena, we should soon have had many more than the four given critical days, indeed but too many. I shall only remark, by way of example, that in the Breslau Collections, in which only three of the critical days of Capocci play an important part, the fourth none at all, there are found some particular days, on which within a decennium several remarkable meteors have appeared. In February: on the 21st, 1718, an aurora borealis; on the 22nd, 1719, a large fireball, observed at the same time in Italy, Switzerland, Suabia, Bohemia, and Silesia; on the 22d, 1720, an immense red cross at Novogorod and Kiew; on the 23d, 1721, an aurora; on the 19th, 1722, a huge fireball. In March: on the 29th and 30th, 1719, there were seen in France large fiery meteors, on the 27th, 1723, numerous stellæ cadentes, and on the 17th, 1716, 22nd, 1718, 25th, 1722, 24th, 1724, and 24th, 1726, the northern lights; so that the 22—25 of March of the preceding century, corresponds with the 12—14 of November, in respect to the frequency of auroras (not of fireballs and falling stars). Hence it is apparent that, if Mr. Capocci had made his observations a hundred years earlier, he must doubtless have fixed on other critical days.

We conclude here our review of the facts, and proceed to essay an explanation of them, whilst we reserve to ourselves, before concluding, the presentation of still more enigmatical facts, requiring yet deeper reflection.

On the principle, that far-fetched explanations must not be resorted to, when we have them nearer at hand, it seems questionable to many naturalists whether we ought to attribute a cosmic origin to meteoric fires and lights. They prefer to explain these phenomena as belonging exclusively to our planet, as atmospheric. Already prior to Chladni and Humboldt, before general observation had been directed to this subject, Lavoisier and Volta had occasionally spoken of the rise of vapors into the higher regions of our atmosphere, and in them found the origin not only of the northern lights, but also of other meteoric lights, which do not, like the lightning, belong to the lower atmosphere. Reynolds assumed, instead of vapors, fine minera. particles, which thus ascended to the upper regions. Dalton supposed them to be originated from indeterminate gases which did not arise from the earth, but must have been formed just beyond our atmosphere out of bases foreign to us; indeed it appeared probable to him, even that between our inferior atmosphere, in which the vapory meteors, rain, hail, lightning occur, and that superior region of foreign gases, there exists a mutual repulsion.

Alexander von Humboldt, with that peculiar moderation and profoundness for which he is distinguished, has always preferred to wait for some new development of

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physics, rather than to anticipate it by any decisive opinion. So in this case also he has stimulated to observations, and that by his own example, without tying himself down to any hypothesis. Yet he seems to give a preference to that explanation which attributes to them the nearer origin, at least inasmuch as he speaks, in his g eat Travels (German edit. Bd. II. p. 296), of a more frequent occurrence of meteors in the equinoctial regions, on the coasts, and in the vicinity of volcanoes, and throws out the quere, whether perhaps the electric charge of the lower atmosphere does not operate on the higher regions, out of which the falling stars proceed? Many others of the Berlin circle of savans affirmed the atmospheric origin of these phenomena. So C. G. Fischer, who in the discussions of the Berlin Academy of 1820, proposed the view, that fireballs and falling stars are enkindled from oleaginous mundane vapors, which ascend from the earth above the rain-zone, and with their fiery explosions and ejections, penetrate the regions of aqueous meteors. Ideler also, in a volume of his published at Berlin in 1832, asserts the atmospheric origin of fireballs in special relation to the northern lights. The elements, however, out of which they are formed, seem to him to be of an organic nature. He thinks they are diffused above the lower atmosphere, and that the processes going on there are originated by changes of temperature, as are those of the inferior regions of the air. Towards the poles, these fine materials become combined in forming the northern light; towards the equator, discharge themselves in fireballs and shooting stars; yet that medial states or processes occur in the same, characterized by remarkable mists, lofty columns of smoke, and sometimes very high luminous clouds. The organic came forth significantly, however, to the aid of the matter in dispute, in the Algæ and Infusoria of the red snow, sulphurous rain, etc. We have here to do with atmospheric organisms. No less acutely did Egen (in Gilbert's Annals, Bd. 75) maintain the atmospheric origin of these meteors, founding his opinion principally on the metallic elements found in meteoric stones, and believed the material out of which they were in part formed to be the immense quantity of metallic vapor which daily ascends from mines, etc. Meanwhile, some elements of meteoric stones could not be derived from this source, as for example, Nickel. Then, again, besides iron, there ought to be found oftener in meteoric stones other metals more frequently evaporated from the earth, such as copper, zinc, etc.; which, however, is by no means the case. It must certainly be of the highest importance to the advocates of the atmospheric hypothesis to become more intimately acquainted with the constituent elements of those highest regions of vapor; and to this end, have Egen and Ideler first contributed any thing of importance. J. W. Ritter also has already, in the 16th vol. of Gilbert's Annals, explained the meteoric fires, together with the aurora borealis and the electrical developments of the storm, as telluric phenomena, and has assumed periods of from 9 to 10 years within which the activity of these atmospheric processes rises to its height and abates again. Among the Italians, Belani affirmed the atmospheric origin of falling stars, whilst he explained them to be inflammable gases, dispersed in streaks through the upper air (Giornale di Fisica in Froriep's Notices, V. 246). Meyer, in Schweiger's Journal (Bd. XII. p. 412), made the very interesting remark, that the greater number of meteoric stones and fireballs occur at the time when the moon (seen from the sun) is hasting on its course, consequently in the last quarter, and usually when she is in one of her nodes. But he is very far from holding that these phenomena proceed from the moon, believing, on the contrary, in their purely atmospheric origin.

On the other hand, the celebrated astronomer Lalande has maintained that meteoric stones are really ejected from volcanoes in the moon (moon-stones). Benzenberg has affirmed the same, in a treatise published at Bonn in 1834, and very recently, too, the great and highly respectable chemist Berzelius has thrown out this view (Poggendorf's Annals, Bd. 33). He has subjected the meteoric stones to most careful chemical analysis, and distinguished two principal species of stones which are not found on our globe, and which he thinks can be considered nothing but stones ejected from two different lunar volcanoes. But independently of the fact, that the crystalline structure of the meteoric stones, the remarkable triple crossings observed in them (the so-called Widmannic figures) and the absence of all scoria (except on the surface) appear not to indicate a volcanic origin, Chladni has triumphantly shown, that a stone falling from the moon to the earth, must come to us with the velocity of 35,000 feet in a second, whilst this far exceeds that of fireballs and falling stars. Finally, it cannot be supposed that a stone falling down from the moon could remain stationary in the air for seconds and min-

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utes, then proceed on its way, and mount up again in a curved course; all which has been observed in fireballs. If at last the view of Berzelius should ever be confirmed, we should with justice complain of our treacherous satellite moon, for having been shooting at us, incessantly, for thousands of years, out of her two volcanic craters, as out of a pair of huge cannons, the almost innumerable meteoric stones already enumerated by Chladni.

Chladni and Bergmann (independently of him and almost at the same time) were the first to assert the cosmic origin of fire-meteors. Chladni believes that they come from parts of space in the solar system, where our earth exercises no attractive power, foreign bodies from a distance greater than that of our planets, and that they may be first ignited by friction on the circumference of our atmosphere. Now it was of importance to compare these new-comers of our solar system with those already known. They were entirely too insignificant in size to be considered planets. Nor could any well venture, at first, to regard them as comets revolving round the sun. It was conjectured that they might, although sweeping far away beyond us in space, nevertheless be connected with the earth, and related to it as comets to the sun. Zach calls them earth-comets; Farey, very small satellites of the earth.

The circumspect and cautious experimenter Von Hoff, after all the experience hitherto possessed, found no reason to assign these small bodies to any one of the larger of our solar system, either to the sun or to the earth, nor to subordinate them exclusively to any one. He says (Poggendorf's Annals, Bd. 36), that they become ignited by a kind of gaseous matter, which is diffused abroad amid the heavenly bodies, without belonging to the atmosphere of one or another; which, however, coming in contact with our earth in its course round the sun, is then first formed by a physico-chemical process into a mass (hence the internal crystalline structure), and becomes immediately enkindled (hence the vitrified surface of the meteoric stones). The Neapolitan savant Capocci, however, goes a little farther in this view. He makes fireballs and falling stars the immediate relatives of the comets, and holds the opinion, that both are originated out of this primitive matter, or out of the atoms diffused amid the heavenly bodies, and indeed by means of the attraction of these bodies. The smaller formations of this kind, fireballs and shooting stars, yield to the power of attraction, and fall down upon the planets: the comets, on the other hand, sweep on freely among the planets, and follow only the attraction of the sun. This primary matter, or the aggregate of atoms, out of which fire-meteors and comets are formed, must be distributed through the solar system in certain magnetic currents, in such manner that the earth in its annual course comes in contact with it only on particular days; and these are the days or nights, on which the meteors are seen in such numbers (Echo du Monde savant, 26 Aug. 1840.)

Professor Wildt went still farther, who even represented fireballs and falling stars as small planets. He calls them (in Voigt's Magazine, Bd. 9, p. 408,) remains of a shattered planet. As already the four asteroids, by the peculiar combination of their paths, lead us to consider them as fragments of a single larger planet, which perhaps formerly occupied that space alone, in which we now find them, so may the fireballs and falling stars be looked upon only as remains, complements, even as a gleaning, of the last and least remains of that shattered planet. Olbers, on the contrary, the celebrated astronomer, was inclined to regard fireballs as comets of a diminished scale, and it appeared to him, as if an immense host of them revolves regularly around the sun and reaches the plain of the earth's orbit in that part through which it annually passes from the 10th to the 14th of November. If the earth also meets such hosts of falling stars on other days, then it may be that there are several of them, which further investigation may prove. (Schumacher's Jahrbuch of 1837, p. 60.)

It is evident how entire and irreconcilable is the opposition between the purely cosmic and the purely atmospheric hypotheses. On the one hand, the fire-meteors are taken to be substantial comets, or perhaps planetary bodies, which, entirely independent of the earth, yield only to the greater attraction of the sun; on the other, they are supposed to be mere vapors, which rise up out of the earth and are discharged with an appearance of lightning, consequently something infinitely smaller. The advocates of the atmospheric doctrine say, with Shakspeare:

> "The earth has bubbles, as the water has,
> And these are of them."

And yet, incongruous as the two hypotheses are, we feel compelled by the real circumstances, to attempt an accommodation.

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Biot, who pays special attention to the zodiacal light, is in some degree opposed to those who, like Ideler and Ritter, attach particular weight to the aurora borealis. Whilst the latter rise with the aurora from the earth, the former descends with the zodiacal light from the sun. Although Biot maintains the cosmic hopothesis, and explains the fire-meteors as a meteoric cloud full of little cometary and planetary bodies, which revolve round the sun, yet he gives to the earth a certain influence over these bodies, since he assumes, that the force with which the earth strikes that cloud, when they meet, causes many of these little bodies to be violently separated from it, which then fall down to us. (Poggendorf's Annals, Bd. 59.)

We here firmly hold to the relation between the northern and zodiacal lights and the meteors. If it be the most difficult point of the inquiry, yet it is probably also the most important. The northern light streams forth from the pole of the earth, the zodiacal from the equator of the sun. Do they perhaps both extend out so far that they may meet?

The northern light certainly throws out its beams to a very great distance. Hansteen believes that it shines only beyond the circumference of our atmosphere. The fiery pillars, which it erects from the pole to our zenith, and the auroral crowns which it forms, certainly rise very high. Above all, we must not attach too little moment to the radius, within which the globe exerts physical effects (not merely the mechanical of gravitation). A body of more than 1700 miles diameter has the power to extend its influence proportionately by means of its exhalations and magnetic currents, or even to attract to itself, within a wide circumference, the fine particles it meets in its path, and, in its forward movement, to magnetize, electrify, and galvanize them, i. e., to call out, in its light, explosions and even organic developments, though they be but of the lowest order.

The zodiacal light is of a far more mysterious nature, and much less accurately observed than the northern. It is known, however, that it always rises in a red pillar from the sun's equator, and is seen in the morning, preceding the sun, in the evening, following it. This pillar assumes a pyramidal form, it is said, and consists of ether or of some fine gaseous matter or other, which the sun carries along with it in its revolution around its axis in the plain of its equator. I must, however, confess that it has never been my good fortune to witness this pointed pyramid. I never have seen the zodiacal light otherwise than in an inverted pyramid, the shaft opening outwards, like the so-called water-drawing of the sun. This depends probably only on the size of the appearance, or the length of the luminous pillar. If we think of it only as an ether-disk of small diameter adjoined annularly to the sun's equator, then we must necessarily see it in profile, as a pointed cone. If, however, we conceive of this disk as very widely extended, reaching almost to ourselves, then must it appear to us as an inverted cone. We then stand near to it, as to an avenue, and the end next to us seems to us wider than that which is lost in the perspective distance.

However great the difference between this luminous appearance connected with the sun's equator and that with the pole of the earth, yet is there much that is similar between the zodiacal and northern light. Both are ruddy glows on our horizon, of about the same intensity—they appear to consist of the same fine material, or to cast the same reflexions, whether the light come from the sun or from the luminous pole of the earth. They both seem to prove the existence of an ether, of a thin primitive matter diffused amidst the heavenly bodies. Were this so, then this ether would be considered a leader of the physical effects interposed between the sun and us, and as well the northern as the zodiacal light would be, in a greater or less extent, the visible signs of such a far-reaching efficacy. Between these two there occur other phenomena of light, which are neither northern nor zodiacal lights, but similar to both, and have sometimes appeared precisely on the critical meteoric days. Of this sort was that remarkable redness which, on the 29th of July and 7th of Aug. 1566, dyed the sun and moon with purple; and those rainless lightnings which, on the 29th of July and 9th of Aug. 1694, filled the entire horizon. So also those mysterious morning and evening-glows which, in a very unusual manner, preceded the rising of the sun for more than an hour, and succeeded his setting for the same length of time.

Is it perhaps possible that the beams of the northern and of the zodiacal light are really a medium through which the primary and subordinate heavenly bodies, sun and planet, act on each other physically? The zodiacal light may be well denominated the heliocomet, as the polar light forms the geocomet. In the comets the shining is constant, which in the zodiacal and northern light is transitory.

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Just as if, now, all these proper and improper comets should have brought forth again smaller ones of their kind, the fire-meteors have been considered as really of a cometic nature, although only very insignificant heavenly bodies. It is a wonder that there has not been connected with this the mythical idea of children from the marriage of the sun and planet.

In a very surprising manner, there appear also on the sun, besides the zodiacal light, other strange bodies, precisely as fireballs and shooting stars appear on our earth together with the northern light: and the similarity of the two appearances tends to the conclusion of some relationship between them.

We have above adduced instances in which, on the critical days, either an aurora took the place of the falling stars, or both had been seen at the same time in different parts of the earth, or even both simultaneously in the same country. From this it would seem that they are only different operations of one primary cause, or different momenta of the same process of nature, or interchangeably the complements of each other. But it might also be thought, that they have proceeded from very different causes and react on each other as opposites. Be this as it may, it cannot at least be doubted, that they stand in some relation to one another.

It is found however that, in the vicinity of the sun also, besides the zodiacal light, which seems to be analogous to our aurora borealis, other bodies are met with, which appear to correspond with our fireballs and falling stars, and are, perhaps, even identical with them.

Ermann has, in Poggendorf's Annals (Bd. 48, p. 582), ventured the bold affirmation, that a host of falling stars encircles the sun and passes by our earth twice a year in two divisions, once, to wit, by night in August and November, and a second time by day in February and May. He infers the latter from the occurrence of very irregular obscurations of the sun in the specified spring months. His view is instructive, although he has reckoned the periods with too much haste. The instances he quotes vary much in time. In 1206, the last of February, there occurred an entirely abnormal obscuration of the sun for six hours. In 1545 the days of obscuration were from the 23d to the 25th of April, in 1706 the 12th of May. The examples also are much too few, to prove the Spring-revolution of those questionable heavenly bodies. But the occurrence of bodies obscuring the sun, of which we have not a trace besides, is in itself interesting, independently of the correct or erroneous designation of periods, and doubtless specially so in respect to the inquiry before us. Under the Emperor Tiberius there was witnessed a remarkable obscuration of the sun at the time of full moon. In Gilbert's Annals (Bd. 59, p. 88) we find mention of many more cases of unusual darknesses—in the years 537, 789, when darkness is said to have continued for many days; and in the year 1793, when a long body passed obliquely over the sun. According to the Museum of Wonders, ix., p. 429, the sun was obscured throughout the day in New England, on the 9th of May, 1798. The most remarkable, but also most questionable case is mentioned in the Theatrum Europæum, Bd. iv., p. 660. On the 13th of June, 1636, at Ehingen in Suabia, the sun was observed to be all obscured except a very slender but still visible sickel, and at the same time to throw off a multitude of black balls, which were widely dispersed over the heavens, and were not an optical illusion of the blinded eye, but evidently cast shadows on the wall, and fell in great numbers in the streets, spread out on the earth to "a table's breadth" with blue sulphurous flames issuing from them. It is, perhaps, not unallowable to doubt some circumstances of these facts as reported to us by a very wonder-seeking age: yet are they not altogether without reason.

As abnormal obscurations in general, so also have distinctly-formed bodies been observed passing over the sun. Dr. Rostan saw a spindle-formed body pass over it, partly obscuring it. We find the same described in the Acts of the Parisian Academy of 1763. Many astronomers have occasionally seen little planet-like bodies course their way over the sun. Must these singular phenomena be taken for yet undiscovered planets, or for comet-like meteors? When Lichtenberg's brother saw a small body on the sun's disk for three hours; Scheutter another in the vicinity of Venus (of which a satellite has sometimes been sought) just three hours; Dangos a small round spot for not quite two hours, etc., it certainly seems as if here we were obliged rather to suppose a heavenly body pursuing its slow path, than an immense flaming meteor. Genuine meteors, on the contrary, would be those luminous balls, often seen in the neighborhood of the sun (Comp. Poggendorf's Annals, Bd. 6, p. 247), and those streaks of light, which Schröter and other astronomers have sometimes seen gliding over the field of vision of their telescopes. These appearances are certainly

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not always and merely to be looked upon as optical illusions and reflections of particles of dust found in the telescope, as Göbel in Poggendorf's Annals (Bd. 14) assumes. There is, however, one observation more weighty than all these, which has hitherto lain concealed in the Breslau Collections. It is there reported that, for three days from the 11th to the 13th of November, 1725, "just at mid-day remarkable maculæ" were seen on the sun, which remained no longer than the time named. The remarks are not of meteors. But the sun-spots just on these critical November days must be regarded as an offset for the meteors. Their connection is, at least after so numerous witnesses for the meteorological importance of those November-days, undeniable. The occurrence of unusual sun-spots at this period is of especial weight, because it seems to prove that the falling stars, which we see at night, even in the most favorable cases, only as scattered and quickly-vanishing lights, are interchanged with compact bodies, which by day are able to obscure the sun. Are the two phenomena the same? Are they perhaps falling stars when in the aphelion and perigee, opaque bodies when in the perihelion and apogee? Does this phenomenon appear to us in one year near at hand, in another afar off? or are they two distinct phenomena?

Perhaps we may also reckon among these mysterious bodies some so-called comets of earlier times, which were strikingly different from the ordinary comets. In Lubiniecii, Hist. Comet., under the year 1107, there is an account of a dark comet, of which only the tail was luminous; and under 1200 a round tailless comet is mentioned, from which there fell sulphurous stones offensive to the smell. The comet observed by Phranza in 1450 passed between us and the moon, and covered the moon with its shadow. A comet is said to have done the same in 1540, unless indeed the latter has been wholly confounded with the former. Recent astronomers are accustomed to take no more notice of this problematical case. But if astronomy lets it go, cannot meteorology perhaps take it up? The celebrated new star, which shone out suddenly in the brow of Cassiopeia in 1572, and indeed precisely on the critical November-days—for Tycho Brache discovered it on the 11th of November—and which also betrayed something meteor-like in its wondrous play of colors, for it was first pure white, then yellow, blue, red, and lastly green, cannot however be enumerated here, because it kept the same place in the heavens fourteen months in succession, and showed no parallax, and therefore presumably existed, at an immense distance from us beyond the solar system.

It lies, in the nature of the case, that the advocates of the cosmic hypothesis must seek to approach nearer to a tracing out of those ambiguous bodies, which have been observed partly as obscurations of the sun, partly as extraordinary comets. Especially is there need to recommend observations of the sun and of its spots on the critical days and a careful examination of the old designations of comets, the ancient meteorological tables, and particularly of the ancient Chronicles, in which there is contained so much that is important, but which has hitherto received so little attention, and out of which there is yet to be deduced much richness of facts, confirmation of the critical days, etc. Only consider all that the industrious Chladni has collected, exclusively in respect to meteoric stones. A similar collection of facts, by means of which falling stars, abnormal comets, northern and zodiacal lights, and other similar luminous phenomena, as well as obscurations of the sun, as they have been witnessed for many centuries past, should be brought under review, is yet a desideratum in science.

Perhaps by further observations we shall arrive at the result, that with so very different phenomena a far more complex causality must also be adopted, than has hitherto been sought for. When, in order to carry out an exclusive hypothesis, we draw from certain inexplicable facts, which cannot yet by any possibility be compassed, we shall find ourselves on a path, which leads perhaps aside from the truth. Leave the sun out of the game, and we fail; give too little weight to the efficacy of the earth, and we fail again. May not then very different effects proceed from the conflict of the two with the ether diffused between them? Effects, which might, on the one hand, correspond more with the supra-mundane, on the other more with the atmospheric hypothesis?

Clusters of planets move in the plain of the sun's equator, an evidence of the immense, overpowering influence of the sun's centrifugal force, as it revolves on its axis, over the whole space, in which the planets revolve. Unless now, all the primitive matter originally present in this space, or which is perhaps perpetually generated anew within it or supplied from without, became concentrated and absorbed in the sun, the planets and comets; if some of it is yet present, sweeping freely like a vapor,

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above and beneath the planetary orbits, then will it probably, at least in part and by degrees, in the revolution of these orbs, be drawn along with them; and could we see it, this vapor revolving with them would correspond with the zodiacal light. It would also be apprehensible, that it might, at least to some extent, run together and form new planetary or cometary bodies, which would then revolve round the sun; and could we see them, they would either obscure the sun by day, or shine by night. In this way might the sun stand related to the meteors, of which we speak.

But the earth has, on a small scale, just the same centrifugal motion as the sun. It also draws into the plain of its equator every thing it meets on its way, that is weaker than itself. Its atmosphere comes in contact with the ether, through which it passes. Resistances, reactions may take place between the two, or comminglings. The thinner and weaker the ether, the less severe will the conflict be; there will perhaps only be flashes emitted. The more concentrated the force which meets the earth, the more severe will the conflict be, and explosions will occur. Who shall affirm whence always comes the material requisite for the processes themselves and their precipitation? Whether only out of the ether, which the earth catches up on its way? Whether only from the evaporations of the earth itself? or whether from both together—now principally from these, then from that? If, however, not merely ether, but also solid bodies, in any way whatever formed out of it, like small planets or comets, come in the way of the earth, they also, inasmuch as their gravity is much less, must be forcibly drawn by the centrifugal motion of the earth, into the direction of its equator. And hence it seems to be, that the plentiful showers of falling stars, which have been witnessed in the northern hemisphere, take their course towards the south. But it does not follow as a necessary consequence, that these falling stars which appear to us are the same bodies that sometimes obscure the sun by day. Even if large trains of meteoric bodies come periodically in contact with our earth's orbit, yet there may perhaps be an essential difference between those, which approach near to us, are caught up and ignited by our planet, and those which remain at a distance from us. For the space between us and the sun is immense, and very diverse bodies may be formed and move therein. Bodies of very different sizes and qualities may be there orginated; and according to the degree of external force, on which they strike, become variously modified by physical and chemical processes. Between fireballs and falling stars there exists a difference not yet explained. Even so between the meteoric masses which fall to the earth. They are metal or stone, of two principal species; they are jelly, paste or dust. And this dust swarms with microscopic organisms. We are far yet from knowing the course of nature so exactly, as to be able to determine the origin of these organisms. Through Ehrenberg's immortal discoveries with the microscope, the geography of organism has been widely extended. We are almost ready to believe in a law of nature, according to which the glorious extension of the species is in inverse proportion to the size of the individual. If whole mountains consist of only shales of ante-mundane infusoria, if every drop of water contains thousands of living creatures, then the idea is, perhaps, not too far-fetched, that organisms may be formed in certain regions above us.

A portion of space, whose heterogeneous forms vary from the magnitude of a body obscuring the sun to the microscopic diminutiveness of the protococcus in the red snow, allows not itself to be conquered by an hypothesis. We must study it with patient and toilsome industry.

We must yet advert to one circumstance, for it is necessary here to proceed like a circumspect general, who, on coming into an unknown country, stations his videttes in all directions. Grant, that meteors are of cosmic origin, and belong, like comets, to the solar system, revolving round the sun between us and it, then must the path lie either between that of Mercury and the sun, or between that of Venus and Mercury, or that of the earth and Venus. In either case must the two inferior planets exercise some influence on the meteors, at least when in perigee. Hence it seems fit, by future observations, to look into the state of these planets, as well as of the moon, to which Mayer has already directed his attention.

From all hitherto developed, a sound and satisfactory conclusion of the present treatise is not to be expected. It could only be sought in an hypothesis at the expense of sound reason. Science here does not yet see into the clear daylight, but only into a dusky region, fearfully yet beautifully illuminated by manifold and mysterious strokes of light.

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## GOLDSMITH'S AUBURN.

From the Britannia.

THE county of Longford contains the birth-place of Oliver Goldsmith; he was born at Pallas, on the 10th of November, 1728. The village of Pallas, Pallice, or Pallasmore, about two miles from the small village of Ballymahon, is now a collection of mere cabins; the house in which the poet was ushered into life has been long since levelled with the ground; we could discover no traces of it, nor could we perceive in the neighborhood any objects to which the poet might have been supposed to have made reference in after life. The village of Lissoy, the

"Seat of his youth, when every sport could please,"

is in Westmeath on the high road to Edgeworthstown to Athlone, from which it is distant about six miles. Here the childish and boyish days of the poet were passed, and here his brother—the Rev. Henry Goldsmith—continued to reside after his father's death, and was residing when the poet dedicated to him his poem of "The Traveller."

The village of Lissoy, now and for nearly a century known as Auburn, stands on the summit of a hill. We left our car to ascend it, previously, however, visiting at its base "the busy mill," the wheel of which is still turned by the water of a small rivulet, converted now and then by rains into a sufficient stream. It is a mere country cottage, used in grinding the corn of the neighboring peasantry, and retains many tokens of age. Parts of the machinery are no doubt above a century old, and probably are the very same that left their impress on the poet's memory. As we advanced, other and more convincing testimony was afforded by the localities. A tall and slender steeple, distant a mile, perhaps, even to-day indicates—

"The decent church that tops the neighboring hill,"

and is seen from every part of the adjacent scenery. To the right, in a miniature dell, the pond exists; and while we stood upon its bank, as if to confirm the testimony of tradition, we heard the very sounds which the poet describes,—

"The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool."

On the summit of the ascent, close beside the village ale-house, where "nut-brown draughts inspired," a heap of cemented stones points out the site of "the spreading tree,"—

"The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made."

The hawthorn was flourishing within existing memories: strengthened and sustained by this rude structure around it—a plan of preserving trees very common throughout the district—but, unhappily, about forty or fifty years ago, it was "knocked down by a cart" laden with apple trees; one of them struck against the aged and venerable thorn and levelled it with the earth. There it remained until, bit by bit, it was removed by the curious as relics; the root, however, is still preserved by a gentleman of Athlone. On the opposite side of the road, and immediately adjoining the "decent public," is a young and vigorous sycamore, upon which now hangs the sign of "the Pigeons." Upon conversing with two or three of the peasantry, old as well as young, we found they did not recognise their home either as Lissoy or Auburn; but, on asking them plainly how they called it, we were answered, "The Pigeons, to be sure." Nevertheless, it was pleasant to be reminded, even by a modern successor to the "spreading tree," that we stood

"Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye."

"The public" differs little from the generality of way-side inns in Ireland. The "kitchen," if so we must term the apartment first entered, contained the usual furniture: a deal table, a few chairs, a "settle," and the potato pot beside the hob, adjacent to which were a couple of bosses, or rush seats. There was a parlor adjoining, and a floor above; but we may quote and apply, literally, a passage from the "Deserted Village:"—

"Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlor splendors of that festive place;
The whitewash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door"—

objects that, we suspect, never existed at any period, except in the imagination of the poet, being as foreign to the locality as "the nightingale," to which he alludes in a subsequent passage—a bird unknown in Ireland. The old inn, however, was removed long ago; and the present building, although sufficiently "decent," gave ample evidence that it was not "a house of call."

The remains of the Parsonage House stand about a hundred yards from "The Pigeons." It is a complete ruin. The roof fell about twenty-five years ago, if our in-

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formant, a neighboring peasant, stated correctly; it was always thatched, according to his account, and up to that period "a gentleman had lived in it." It must have been a "modest mansion" of no great size. At the back of the building the remains of an orchard are still clearly discernible; there are no "garden flowers" "growing wild" about it; but there exists "a few torn shrubs," that even now "disclose" the place where

"The village preacher's modest mansion rose."

Goldsmith left the neighborhood of Lissoy for a school at Athlone, and subsequently for another at Edgeworthstown, from which he removed to the University.

The circumstances under which he pictured "Sweet Auburn" as a "*deserted*" village remain in almost total obscurity. If his picture was in any degree drawn from facts, they were, in all likelihood, as slender as the materials which furnished his description of the place, surrounded by all the charms which poetry can derive from invention. Some scanty records, indeed, exist to show that about the year 1738 there was a partial "clearing" of an adjoining district—

"Amidst thy boughs the tyrant hand is seen;"

and this circumstance might have been marked by some touching episodes which left a strong impress upon the poet's mind; but the poem bears ample evidence that, although some of the scenes depicted there had been stamped upon his memory, and had been subsequently called into requisition, it is so essentially English in all its leading characteristics—scarcely one of the persons introduced, the incidents recorded, or the objects described, being in any degree Irish—the STORY must be either assigned to some other locality, or traced entirely to the creative faculty of the poet. —*Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall's Ireland.*

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## MOLLY AND RICHARD'S DIALOGUE.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

In a part of Pembrokeshire, chiefly along the coasts, inhabited by the descendants of Flemish settlers, and sometimes called "Little England beyond Wales," a peculiar dialect is spoken, seemingly allied to the Lowland Scotch, and what prevails in the northeastern English counties. As a specimen of this form of speech, we present the following dialogue, which has been written and forwarded to us by an ingenious correspondent, whose good sense shines through the rude versification of the piece:

SCENE—*A Cottage.*

Richard Warlow standing watching the rain, which is falling in torrents; his wife Molly, with her children, are near the fire preparing supper.

MOLLY.

I tell thee what, Richard—'tis better for thee.
To be stayin at hame with the young uns an me,
Than be gwayin[1] about, a preachin an talkin,
Fur thou knawest as much as the dead in their coffin,
How to mayke thim things right that thou sayest be wrong,
Should'st thee claver[2] an talk all the livin day long:
D'ya think them great folks with their heads full av larning?
Can't kip[3] them an us from all trouble and harmin?

RICHARD.

Thairsilves they will kip, thares no doubt av it, Molly,
An leave us to starve: so they can be jolly,[4]
They'll say we're well fid on trelawny[5] an salt,
An if we complains, why, 'tis we be in fault;
They will give us the heft[6] of the burden to bear,
Whilst thair awn lathy[7] shoulders be free from a share.

MOLLY.

If some was more like 'um in some things, 't were better;
Let each pay his debts, an ware is the debtor?
D'ya nind[8] that new cottage so heighty[9] an cleane?
Not a neater or nicer once ivar was sin,
An now a 's[10] as unkid[11] as unkid can be;
There poor Peggy sits lone. like an owl on a tree,
For her children be stivlin[12] an starvin to death,
Whilst their feythar be wastin his time an his breath.

RICHARD.

Thare's somethin like reasin in what ya do saay,
But then if ya'd heard Billy Williams to-daay,
As cute as a lawyer, a tould us the waay,
If we would but jouin[13] to mayke maisters to pay
A nation good price for the work that we do,
Thay'd look dern[14] for a bit, but main rathe[15] thay'd come to;
"For," says he, "can they live without 'sistance from you?
'Tis kift[16] they would be at the spaide or the pleugh—
An no bread can be gat, without using av these,
An if thay would live, thay must pay an they please;
Then we should have plenty av all that we wanted,
Our children be fid, an no fear of bein cranted."[17]

MOLLY.

Why, Richard, thou'rt leesing thy sinces, yindeed,
To be listnin to him, an the trash a can plead!
Did a ivar do any thing good in his life,
For hisself, or his childarn, or poor sickly wife?
Who afore she knawed hin, was as hearty a crawtur
As ivar broke bread, an the lovinest daughter;
The people used stop to see Sall an her feythar
A gwayin to church so happy togather;
The auld man so shouk,[18] so tidy, an clean;
An a smarter than Sally whare could thare be sin?
'Twas a black day for both when Billy com'd back,
With his ramassin[19] stories, so glib with his clack,
That nawthin the naighbors could say, her 'ld persuade,
That a still was the same, and not changed a grinch[20] shade,

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Since when a was called the curst[21] fidlar Bill,
When his poor widow'd mother his wild ways did kill;
But she knaw'd it too soon: why, from morning to night,
He is erying[22] av her, she has nivar no quiat,
With his quarlin[23] at hame, bullyraggin[24] his neighbors:
And now a would turn honest men from thair labors!
If I could come at him, I'ld "call him to rags;"
T'othar day a was sayin, so "conk[25] in his brags,"
That he could do more with his fiddle an fife
Than ten parsons an more with their prayers all thair life;
An thou, that wast always so tindar to me,
As good an as quiat as man ivar could be.
To be 'ticed by a scrimigin,[26] white lizzard fellaw.[27]

RICHARD.

Blady,[28] Molly, thou'lt beat him in talking quiat hollaw;
An but that I promised, I'ld sure to be thare,
I would seat myself down in this snug yasy chair:
Why, sure it is raining as hilding[29] as ivar!

MOLLY.

An thou can'st be trapsin three miles in such weathar,
An leave this snug fire! come, doff thy best jeckit,
An taste my good porridge, with someat to deck it,
That'ill sarve us for sowl[30] for many a day—
'Tis a prisan our Jinny had given in pay
For winding some yern that was snaffled[31] so bad,
That missis was sayin no one could be had
With pashance to clear it; but Jinny bein by,
She axed her to leave[32] her just have it to try:
She's a clivar young maid, an takes after thee,
Thou wast ivar a deal longer-headed than me;
She favors[33] thee, too, in the turn av the eye;
D'ye mind 'twas thy eyes I first fancied thee by?

RICHARD, *looking out*—

Well, Molly, I thinks twinna[34] scarvy[35] to-night,
I shall leave Billy Williams to fight his awn fight,
An if I had ta'en, as they calls it, the chair,
I'ld have bin "like a sow in a saddle up thare."
Yis, yis. I do say it is always much better
To think, an ya'll come to the rights of the matter.

MOLLY.

Ay, I knaw'd when ya'ld think "all by leasures"[36] a bit,
Ya'ld sartanly give the right nail the right hit;
Thare's many will bend like a lizzah[37] young bough,
An but few will, like thee, be true throu an throu;
Thay'll awhile keep to right, then be timpted to leave it,
An go crawlin in mud like a young cutty-evat;[38]
But thou art the saame as thou ivar hast bin,
An I wouldna change thee to be mayde a true queen.

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1 Going. 2 Dispute. 3 Keep. 4 Jovous, jovial. 5 Barley-meal boiled in water. 6 Weight. 7 Strong. 8 Remember. 9 Pleasant, cheerful 10 It is. 11 Miserable, wobegone. 12 Perishing from cold. 13 Join. 14 Sulky. 15 Early. 16 Awkward. 17 Stunted. 18 Hale, hearty. 19 Wandering. 20 The least part of any thing. 21 Mischievous. 22 Continually finding fault. 23 Quarrelling. 24 Insulting abusively. 25 Pert, impudent. 26 Vagabondizing. 27 White-livered. 28 By our lady. 29 Pouring heavily. 30 Any thing eaten with bread or potatoes—as butter, meat, &c. 31 Entangled. 32 Allow. 33 Resembles. 34 It will not. 35 Clear, applied to the weather only, as "the scarving shower," &c. 36 Slowly. 37 Lissom. 38 Cutty, small; cutty-evat, a small lizard.

## CONQUEST OF SIBERIA, AND HISTORY OF TRANSACTIONS BETWEEN RUSSIA AND CHINA.

From the Literary Gazette.

*Conquest of Siberia, and the History of the Transactions, Wars, Commerce, &c., &c., carried on between Russia and China, from the earliest Period.* Translated from the Russian of G. F. Müller, Historiographer of Russia, and of P. S. Pallas, M. D., F. R. S., &c. Pp. 156.

For this timely pamphlet, applicable to several of the most interesting commercial topics of the day, both as regards Russia and China, we are, we believe, indebted to the Chevalier Dillon, the enterprising discoverer of the relics of La Peyrouse. It is without a publisher's name; but we presume and hope it is not confined to private presentations; for its contents are of very general utility, and relate to circumstances of trade which ought to be publicly known.

After describing the earliest intercourse which existed between Russia and China, M. Müller (well translated and edited by M. Dillon) comes down to the *status quo* of Kiachta, the frontier town of Siberia, and Maitmatschin, the adjoining frontier town of the Chinese, at which it was agreed, by a treaty, 14 June, 1728, that the barter of the two countries should be carried on. Another place was also appointed, Zuruchaitu; but its traffic has never grown into any consequence, and the great exchange of commodities has been confined to Kiachta and Maitmatschin. And here we are told:

"One innovation in the mode of carrying on the trade to China, which has been introduced since the accession of the present empress, Catherine II., deserves to be mentioned in this place. Since the year 1755 no caravans have been sent to Pekin. Their first discontinuance was owing to a misunderstanding between the two courts of Petersburg and Pekin, in 1759. Their disuse, after the reconciliation had taken place, arose from the following circumstances. The exportation and importation of many principal commodities, particularly the most valuable furs, were formerly prohibited to individuals, and solely appropriated to caravans belonging to the crown. By these restrictions the Russian trade to China was greatly shackled and circumscribed. The empress (who, amidst many excellent regulations which characterize her reign, has shown herself invariably attentive to the improvement of the Russian commerce) abolished, in 1762, the monopoly of the fur-trade, and renounced in favor of her subjects the exclusive privilege which the crown enjoyed of sending caravans to Pekin. By these concessions the profits of the trade have been considerably increased; the great expense, hazard, and delay, of transporting the merchandise occasionally from the frontiers

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of Siberia to Pekin has been retrenched; and Kiachta is now rendered the centre of the Russian and Chinese commerce."

Pallas's account of Kiachta, and the regions around, is quoted in so far as it throws light upon the main subject; and from it we learn that "this settlement is but indifferently provided with water, both in quality and quantity; for although the brook Kiachta is dammed up as it flows by the fortress, yet it is so shallow in summer, that, unless after heavy rains, it is scarcely sufficient to supply the inhabitants. Its stream is troubled and unwholesome, and the springs which rise in the neighborhood are either foul or brackish; from these circumstances, the principal inhabitants are obliged to send for water from a spring in the Chinese district. The soil of the adjacent country is mostly sand or rock, and extremely barren. If the frontiers of Russia extended about nine versts more south to the rivulet of Bura, the inhabitants of Kiachta would then enjoy good water, a fruitful soil, and plenty of fish, all which advantages are at present confined to the Chinese."

And farther of this cunning people:

"The most elevated of the mountains that surround the valley of Kiachta, and which is called by the Mongols Burgultei, commands the Russian as well as the Chinese town; for this reason, the Chinese, at the conclusion of the last frontier treaty, demanded the cession of this mountain, under the pretext that some of their deified ancestors were buried upon its summit. The Russians gave way to their request, and suffered the boundary to be brought back to the north side of the mountain."*

With respect to the interchange of goods:

"The merchants of Maitmatschin come from the northern provinces of China, chiefly from Pekin, Nankin, Sandchue, and other principal towns. They are not settled at this place with their wives and families; for it is a remarkable circumstance that there is not one woman in Maitmatschin. This restriction arises from the policy of the Chinese government, which totally prohibits the women from having the slightest intercourse with foreigners. No Chinese merchant engages in the trade to Siberia who has not a partner. These persons mutually relieve each other. One remains for a stated time, usually a year, at Kiachta; and when his partner arrives with a fresh cargo of Chinese merchandise, he then returns home with the Russian commodities. Most of the Chinese merchants understand the Mongol tongue, in which language commercial affairs are generally transacted. Some few, indeed, speak broken Russian; but their pronunciation is so soft and delicate, that it is difficult to comprehend them. They are not able to pronounce the *r*, but instead of it make use of an *l*; and when two consonants come together, which frequently occurs in the Russian tongue, they divide them by the interposition of a vowel. This failure in articulating the Russian language seems peculiar to the Chinese, and is not observable in the Calmucs, Mongols, and other neighboring nations. The commerce between the Russians and Chinese is entirely a trade of barter; that is, an exchange of one merchandise for another. The Russians are prohibited to export their own coin, nor, indeed, could the Chinese receive it, even should that prohibition be taken off; for no specie is current among them except bullion. And the Russians find it more advantageous to take merchandise in exchange, than to receive bullion at the Chinese standard. The common method of transacting business is as follows:—the Chinese merchant comes first to Kiachta, and examines the merchandise he has occasion for in the warehouse of the Russian trader; he then goes to the house of the latter, and adjusts the price over a dish of tea. Both parties next return to the magazine, and the goods in question are there carefully sealed in the presence of the Chinese merchant. When this ceremony is over, they both repair to Maitmatschin; the Russian chooses the commodities he wants, not forgetting to guard against fraud by a strict inspection. He then takes the precaution to leave behind a person of confidence, who remains in the warehouse until the Russian goods are delivered, when he returns to Kiachta with the Chinese merchandise."

The Russian exports are—

1. *Furs and peltry.*—"The greatest part of these furs and skins are drawn from Siberia and the New-discovered Islands; this supply, however, is not alone fully adequate to the demand of the market at Kiachta. Foreign furs are therefore imported to St. Petersburg, and from thence sent to the frontiers. England alone furnishes a large quantity of beaver and other skins, which she draws from Hudson's Bay and Canada."

2. *Cloth.*—"The coarse sort is manufactured in Russia; the finer sort is foreign, chiefly English, Prussian, and French."

3. Various—such as *velvets, glass and hardware, cattle*, &c.; and "the Chinese also pay very dear for hounds, greyhounds, barbets, and dogs for hunting wild boars."

But of *meal*, "the Chinese no longer import

* Although unconnected with trade, the following particulars may be repeated as possessing another sort of *interest* In a Mongol temple of several idols, before them "there are tables or altars on which cakes, pastry, dried fruit, and flesh are placed on festival and prayer days; on particular occasions even whole carcasses of sheep are offered up. Tapers and lamps are kept burning day and night before the idols. Among the utensils of the temple, the most remarkable is a vessel shaped like a quiver, and filled with flat pieces of cleft reed, on which short Chinese devices are inscribed. These devices are taken out by the Chinese on New-year's day, and are considered as oracles, which foretell the good or ill-luck of the person, by whom they are drawn, for the following year. There lies also upon a table a hollow wooden black-lackered helmet, which all persons of devotion strike with a wooden hammer, whenever they enter the temple. This helmet is regarded with such peculiar awe, that no strangers are permitted to handle it, although they are allowed to touch even the idols themselves."



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such large quantities as formerly, since they have employed the Mongols to cultivate the lands lying near the river Orchon, &c., &c."

From China the most valuable articles are—

1. *Raw and manufactured silk;* for though "the exportation of raw silk is prohibited in China under pain of death, large quantities are smuggled every year into Kiachta, but not sufficient to answer the demands of the Russian merchants."

2. *Raw and manufactured cotton.*

3. *Teas*, much superior in flavor and quality to those sent to Europe from Canton. The best costs about 8*s.* per lb. at Kiachta, and 12*s.* at Petersburg.

4. *Porcelain* of all sorts, *Japan wares, artificial flowers, spices, rhubarb, precious stones,** &c., &c. "The Chinese transport their goods to Kiachta chiefly upon camels. It is four or five days' journey from Pekin to the wall of China, and forty-six from thence across the Mongol desert to Kiachta."

"Russia (we are informed) draws great advantages from the Chinese trade. By this traffic its natural productions, and particularly its furs and skins, are disposed of in a very profitable manner. Many of these furs, procured from the most easterly parts of Siberia, are of such little value, that they would not answer the expense of carriage into Russia; while the richer furs, which are sold to the Chinese at a very high price, would, on account of their dearness, seldom meet with purchasers in the Russian dominions. In exchange for these commodities the Russians receive from China several valuable articles of commerce, which they would otherwise be obliged to buy at a much dearer rate from the European powers, to the great disadvantage of the balance of their trade. * * The government of Russia has reserved to itself the exclusive privilege of purchasing rhubarb: it is brought to Kiachta by some Bucharian merchants, who have entered into a contract to supply the crown with that drug in exchange for furs. These merchants come from the town of Selin, which lies southwestward of the Koko-Nor, or Blue Lake, towards Thibet. Selin, and all the towns of Little Bucharia, viz., Kashkar, Yerken, Atrar, &c., are subject to China. The best rhubarb purchased at Kiachta is produced upon a chain of rocks, which are very high, and for the most part destitute of wood; they lie north of Selin, and stretch as far as the Koko-Nor. The good roots are distinguished by large and thick stems. The Tanguts, who are employed in digging up the roots, enter upon that business in April or May. As fast as they take them out of the earth, they cleanse them from the soil, and hang them upon the neighboring trees to dry, where they remain until a sufficient quantity is procured; after which they are delivered to the Bucharian merchants. The roots are wrapped up in woollen sacks, carefully preserved from the least humidity, and are in this manner transported to Kiachta upon camels. The exportation of the best rhubarb is prohibited by the Chinese, under the severest penalties. It is procured, however, in sufficient quantities, sometimes by clandestinely mixing it with inferior roots, and sometimes by means of a contraband trade. The College of Commerce at Petersburg is solely empowered to receive this drug, and appoints agents at Kiachta for that purpose. Much care is taken in the choice; for it is examined, in the presence of the Bucharian merchants, by an apothecary, commissioned by government, and resident at Kiachta. All the worm-eaten roots are rejected; the remainder are bored through, in order to ascertain their soundness; and all the parts which appear in the least damaged or decayed are cut away. By these means even the best roots are diminished to a sixth part, and the refuse is burnt, in order to prevent its being brought another year."

These extracts, unaccompanied as they are by the useful details of the prices of the articles enumerated, will serve to show the nature of M. Dillon's work. The extended researches of Müller are as yet confined to the state-depositories of Russia; and it is therefore the more important to have the outlines, and such information as has transpired, thus laid before the British nation. We have only to add, that there is also an excellent sketch of Kamtchatka, the Aleütian, and other isles on the far-north coast of America, and of the fur-trade pursued there by the Russians. Every line of the publication is, indeed, a valuable contribution to our acquaintance with matters of much commercial and national consequence, of which we know far too little.

* "Rubies are generally procured by smuggling; and by the same means pearls are occasionally disposed of to the Chinese, at a very dear rate. Pearls are much sought for by the Chinese; and might be made a very profitable article."

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## MISS EDGEWORTH AT EDGEWORTHSTOWN.

From Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall's Ireland.

Our principal object, in Longford county, was to visit Edgeworthstown, and to avail ourselves of the privilege and advantage of spending some time in the society of Miss Edgeworth. We entered the neat, nice, and pretty town, at evening; all around us bore—as we had anticipated—the aspect of comfort, cheerfulness, good order, prosperity, and their concomitants—contentment. There was no mistaking the fact that we were in the neighborhood of a resident Irish family—with minds to devise and hands to effect improvement everywhere within reach of their control.

The demesne of Edgeworthstown is judiciously and abundantly planted; and the dwelling-house is large and commodious. We drove up the avenue at evening. It was cheering to see the lights sparkle

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through the windows, and to feel the cold nose of the house-dog thrust into our hands as an earnest of welcome; it was pleasant to receive the warm greeting of Mrs. Edgeworth; and it was a high privilege to meet Miss Edgeworth in the library—the very room in which had been written the immortal works that redeemed a character for Ireland and have so largely promoted the truest welfare of human kind. We had not seen her for some years—except for a few brief moments—and rejoiced to find her in nothing changed; her voice as light and happy, her laughter as full of gentle mirth, her eyes as bright and truthful, and her countenance as expressive of goodness, and loving-kindness as they had ever been.

The library at Edgeworthstown is by no means the reserved and solitary room that libraries are in general. It is large and spacious, and lofty; well stored with books, and embellished with those most valuable of all classes of prints—the suggestive; it is also picturesque—having been added to so as to increase its breadth—the addition is supported by square pillars, and the beautiful lawn seen through the windows, embellished and varied by clumps of trees, judiciously planted, imparts much cheerfulness to the exterior. An oblong table in the centre is a sort of rallying-point for the family, who group around it—reading, writing, or working; while Miss Edgeworth, only anxious on one point—that all in the house should do exactly as they like without reference to her,—sits quietly and abstractedly in her own peculiar corner on the sofa; her desk, upon which lies Sir Walter Scott's pen, given to her by him when in Ireland, placed before her upon a little quaint table, as unassuming as possible. Miss Edgeworth's abstractedness, would puzzle the philosophers; in that same corner, and upon that table, she has written nearly all that has enlightened and delighted the world; there she writes as eloquently as ever, wrapt up, to all appearance, in her subject, yet knowing by a sort of instinct when she is really wanted in dialogue; and, without laying down her pen, hardly looking up from her page, she will by a judicious sentence, wisely and kindly spoken, explain and elucidate in a few words so as to clear up any difficulty, or turn the conversation into a new and more pleasing current. She has the most harmonious way of throwing in explanations;—informing without embarrassing. A very large family party assemble daily in this charming room; young and old bound alike to the spot by the strong chords of memory and love. Mr. Francis Edgeworth, the youngest son of the present Mrs. Edgeworth, and, of course, Miss Edgeworth's youngest brother, has a family of little ones, who seem to enjoy the freedom of the library as much as their elders;—to set these little people right, if they are wrong; to rise from her table to fetch them a toy, or even to save a servant a journey; to mount the steps and find a volume that escapes all eyes but her own, and, having done so, to find exactly the passage wanted, are hourly employments of this most unspoiled and admirable woman. She will then resume her pen, and what is more extraordinary, hardly seem to have even frayed the thread of her ideas; her mind is so rightly balanced, every thing is so honestly weighed, that she suffers no inconvenience from what would disturb and distract an ordinary writer.

This library also contains a piano; and occupied, as it is, by some members of the family from morning till night, it is the most unstudied, and yet, withal, from its shape and arrangement, the most inviting to cheerful study—the study that makes us more useful both at home and abroad,—of any room we have entered. We have seen it under many circumstances; in the morning early—very early for London folks, yet not so early but that Miss Edgeworth had preceded us. She is down stairs before seven, and a table heaped with roses upon which the dew is still moist, and a pair of gloves too small for any hands but hers, told who was the early florist; then,—after the flower-glasses were replenished, and a choice rose placed on each cup on the breakfast table in the next room, and such of the servants as were Protestants had joined in family worship, and heard a portion of Scripture read, hallowing the commencement of the day;—then, when breakfast was ended, the circle met together again in that pleasant room, and daily plans were formed for rides and drives; the progress of education or the loan fund was discussed, the various interests of their tenants, or the poor were talked over, so that relief was granted as soon as want was known. It is perhaps selfish to regret that so much of Miss Edgeworth's mind has been, and is, given to local matters, but the pleasure it gives her to counsel and advise, and the happiness she derives from the improvement of every living thing, is delightful to witness. But of all hours those of the evening in the library at Edgeworthstown were the most delightful; each member of the family contributes without an effort to the instruction and amusement of

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the whole. If we were certain that those of whom we write would never look upon this page—if we felt it no outrage on domestic life—no breach of kindly confidence—to picture each individual of a family so highly gifted, we would fill our number with little else than praise; but we might give pain—and we believe should give pain—to this estimable household; and although Miss Edgeworth is public property belonging to the world at large, we are forced every now and then to think how the friend we so respect, esteem, and love, would look if we said what—let us say as little as we will—she would deem, in her ingenuous and unaffected modesty, too much; yet we owe it to the honor and glory of Ireland not to say *too* little. It was indeed a rare treat to sit, evening after evening, by her side, turning over portions of the correspondence kept up with her, year after year, by those "mighty ones," who are now passed away, but whose names will survive with *hers*, who, God be thanked, is still with us; to see her enthusiasm unquenched; to note the playfulness of a wit that is never ill-natured; to observe how perfectly justice and generosity are blended together in her finely-balanced mind; to see her kindle into warm defence of whatever is oppressed, and to mark her indignation against all that is unjust and untrue. We have heard Miss Edgeworth called "cold;" we can imagine how those who know her must smile at this; those who have so called her have never seen the tears gush from her eyes at a tale or an incident of sorrow, or heard the warm genuine laugh that burst from a heart, the type of a genuine Irish one, touched quickly by sorrow or by joy. Never, never shall we forget the evenings spent in that now far away room, stored with the written works and speaking memories of the past, and rendered more valuable by the unrestrained conversation of a highly-educated and self-thinking family. Miss Edgeworth is a living proof of her own admirable system; she is all she has endeavored to make others; she is—TRUE, fearing no colors, yet tempering her mental bravery by womanly gentleness—delighting in feminine amusements—in the plying of her needle, in the cultivation of her flowers; active, enduring—of a most liberal heart; understanding the peasantry of her country *perfectly*, and while ministering to their wants, careful to inculcate whatever lesson they most need; of a most cheerful nature—keeping actively about from half-past six in the morning until eleven at night—first and last in all those offices of kindness that win the affections of high and low; her conversational powers unimpaired, and enlivening all by a racy anecdote or a quickness at repartee which always comes when it is unexpected.

It is extraordinary that a person who has deserved and is treated with so much deference by her own family should assume positively no position—of course it is impossible to converse with her without feeling her superiority, but this is *your* feeling, not *her* demand. She has a *clearness* in conversation that is exceedingly rare; and children prefer it at once—they invariably understand her. One advantage this distinguished woman has enjoyed above all her contemporaries—two indeed—for we cannot call to mind any one who has had a father so capable of instructing and directing; but Miss Edgeworth has enjoyed another blessing. She never wrote for bread! She was never *obliged* to furnish a bookseller with so many pages at so much per sheet. She never received an order for "a quire of Irish pathos," or "a ream of Irish wit." She was never forced to produce humor when racked by pain, nor urged into the description of misery by thinking over what she had herself endured; this has been a great blessing. She has not written herself out, which every author, who has not an independence, must do sooner or later. It is to their high honor that women were the first to use their pens in the service of Ireland—we do not mean politically but morally. For a number of years a buffoon, a knave, and an Irishman, were synonymous terms in the novel or on the stage. Abroad, to be met with in every country, and in the first society of Europe, were numberless Irishmen whose conduct and character vindicated their country, and who did credit to human nature; but in England, more particularly, such were considered as exceptions to the general rule, and the insulting jibe and jeer were still directed against the "mere Irish;" the oppressed peasant at home and abroad was considered as nothing beyond a "born thrall;" and, despite the eloquence of their Grattans and Sheridans, the high standing taken by their noblemen and gentlemen in the pages of history, when an Irish gentleman in every day life was found what he ought to be, his superiority was too frequently referred to with the addition of an insulting comment, "though he is an Irishman." When this prejudice was at its height, two women, with opposite views and opposite feelings on many subjects, but actuated by the same ennobling patriotism, rose to the rescue of their country—Miss

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Owenson by the vivid *romance*, and Miss Edgeworth by the stern reality of portraiture, forcing justice from an unwilling jury! spreading abroad the knowledge of the Irish character, and portraying, as they never had been portrayed before, the beauty, generosity and devotion of Irish nature—it was a glorious effort, worthy of them and of the cause—both planted the standard of Irish excellence on high ground, and defended it, boldly and bravely, with all loyalty, in accordance with their separate views.

We rejoice at this opportunity of expressing our respect and affection for Miss Edgeworth; and tender it with the whole heart. If we have ourselves been useful in communicating knowledge to young or old—if we have succeeded in our hopes of promoting virtue and goodness—and, more especially, if we have, even in a small degree, attained our great purpose of advancing the welfare of our country—we owe, at least, much of the desire to do all this to the feelings derived in early life from intimacy with the writings of Miss Edgeworth; writings which must have formed and strengthened the just and upright principles of tens of thousands; although comparatively few have enjoyed the high privilege of treading—no matter at how large a distance—in her steps. Much, too, we have owed to this estimable lady in after life. When we entered upon the uncertain, anxious, and laborious career of authorship, she was among the first to cheer us on our way—to bid us "God speed;" and to anticipate that prosperity—of which we could speak only in terms of humble but grateful thankfulness.

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## WORDSWORTH'S POEMS.

From the British and Foreign Review.

*Poems, chiefly of Early and Late Years.* By William Wordsworth. London: Edward Moxon, 1842.

The task of the reviewer, when Mr. Wordsworth offers a new work to the public, differs considerably from his duty in the case of most other writers. The works of most authors, especially the poets, are commonly laid before us either separately or in selections, which, if not absolutely miscellaneous, claim little or no connection with anything beyond the volume in which they are found;—the produce of occasional hours or occasional efforts, they are defrauded of none of their interest by being regarded apart, nor is any instruction lost by such a mode of viewing them. Even when, as happily sometimes still occurs, a really elaborate composition is published, its consistency is usually confined to its own boundaries; it is satisfied to be at one with itself, and makes no pretensions to any wider harmony. But Mr. Wordsworth's is a mind which sees its own processes so distinctly, and has arranged its powers and objects in so orderly and definite a scheme, that the degree of coherency with which most writers are content both to write and to be read, is rejected by him as insufficient; he aims to be the exemplar of a whole system himself.

Even at their first appearances, his works have seldom come forward in reliance on their own merits solely; they have claimed attention, at the same time, as illustrations of peculiar views of his art and its principles, or expositions of his system of moral duty or metaphysical truth. And as his years and industry have gradually enabled him to look back on the long series of his productions with more of the quiet of a man who has done his work, he has come more and more to insist on regarding them as a *whole*. By a fanciful but not inapt simile, he compares his greater work (of which the 'Excursion' forms the only published part) to a cathedral, to which his lesser pieces are to be considered either as ornamental or additional,—"the little cells, oratories and sepulchral recesses." Various as his works are—for he has written a philosophical poem, a tragedy, songs, odes, ballads, lines, sonnets—and these on subjects as various as the kinds of verse, all these he lays before us and insists on our regarding *as a whole*.

The point of view is the painter's own secret, and the poet has an analogous privilege. Mr. Wordsworth, then, in availing himself of this right, has decided that none of his poems are viewed justly but in their relation to all the rest. If we do not agree with him entirely, we are compelled to do so in great part; for though the artist's own point of view may not always be the only one, and, by possibility, may not even be the best, there can be no question that it can never be *neglected*, without loss of instruction, by those who are studying his art. And thus, in the present case, though not convinced that another mode of regarding them might not be productive of much profit, we yet propose to obey Mr. Wordsworth's admonitions, and regard his newly-published poems less as new, than as supple-

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mentary to those which have preceded them. We shall look at his works as we should look at some large composition of many figures, where each, while we stand near it, demands and satisfies a separate inspection, while yet, if we go to a greater distance, we see that each draws a higher significancy from its relation to the rest. These new poems must sink into their places, though, as figures now seen for the first time, we shall endeavor to describe them as minutely as is compatible with the generalization which we have principally in view.

Studying Mr. Wordsworth's literary life, then, by the aid of the dates which in the later editions he has generally appended to his productions, we seem able to divide it into three periods of very unequal length indeed, but not indistinctly showing their diversity of character and spirit. By the help of these divisions, which we shall call respectively, the educational, the poetical, and the philosophical periods, we hope to show in an intelligible form the growth and development of one of the most remarkable minds of our day.

But we must begin by confessing that our division still leaves out one volume of Mr. Wordsworth's works, viz., that published in 1793. It contained the 'Evening Walk' and 'Descriptive Sketches.' with a few shorter poems of the same date. But these, though eminently characteristic of the man—of his quiet and truthful observation, his serious tone of thought, and his turn for lofty and ornate language,—belong so little to the poet, the *artist*, whose native tendencies are modified by his principles of composition, that in our present investigation they are only in the way; all that they teach us is taught elsewhere, while they show nothing to the point which is our especial subject. Of the original composition of Mr. Wordsworth's mind, they do indeed give us some information; but of its development none whatever, because in truth they were produced before it had begun to grow. It seems, therefore, best wholly to disregard them, and with the confession of having so done, we proceed to our remarks on the first—the *educational* period, as we have taken the liberty to call it, of Mr. Wordsworth's genius.

Of this period, which we should make extend from about 1793 to 1797, from the poet's twenty-fourth to his twenty-eighth year, Mr. Wordsworth, as if conscious himself of the preparatory and imperfect character of the poems then produced, had, until the present volume was published, given the world no more than the 'Female Vagrant.' Two very short pieces only require to be excepted, and these assigned to the two last years of the period. With these exceptions, these years—so momentous in history, so critical usually to the individual—presented a blank in the series of Mr. Wordsworth's productions. That it was really a blank, no one could believe who considered the man and the circumstances; but it was a blank to the public. Now then for the first time the sealed chamber is opened, and certainly it is not without a deep interest that we enter to see what occupied the mind of such a man at such a time. We learn that during these years he composed two long poems; 'Guilt and Sorrow,' a tale, of which the 'Female Vagrant' was a portion, and the 'Borderers,' a tragedy. Both these pieces are now published, and we must endeavor so to draw up our abstracts of them as to make them describe the period of their composition.

The first poem in order of production is that called 'Guilt and Sorrow, or Incidents on Salisbury Plain.' Of this the story is as follows:—

A traveller is discovered about evenfall, on "the skirt of Sarum's Plain," in evil plight and with no pleasant prospects. The dress, described in the two last verses of the first stanza, as

> "A coat of military red,
> But faded, and stuck o'er with many a patch and shred,"

appears to have been adopted to mislead either the reader or the police, for the traveller is in fact a sailor, guilty of a barbarous murder, of which the poet seems to perceive the atrocity less strongly than might have been expected. After a three years' engagement in his original calling he had been impressed, and on returning from this second detention cheated of his gains, by whom it does not appear, but the effect was, that just as he was approaching his home he fell on a chance-met traveller, robbed and murdered him. For this murder he is now a vagrant when we first meet him on Salisbury Plain. The desolation is finely described in the fourth stanza:

> "No tree was there, no meadow's pleasant green,
> No brook to wet his lip or soothe his ear:
> Long files of corn-stacks here and there were seen,
> But not one dwelling-place his heart to cheer.
> Some laborer, thought he, may perchance be near;
> And so he sent a feeble shout—in vain:
> No voice made answer, he could only hear
> Winds rustling over plots of unripe grain,
> Or whistling thro' thin grass along the unfurrowed plain.

As he proceeds the evening deepens. A

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gibbet, on which he comes, fills him with affright:

"It was a spectacle which none might view,
In spot so savage, but with shuddering pain;
Nor only did for him at once renew
All he had feared from man, but rous'd a train
Of the mind's phantoms, horrible as vain.
The stones, as if to cover him from day,
Rolled at his back along the living plain;
He fell, and without sense or motion lay;
But, when the trance was gone, rose and pursued his way."

He next finds Stonehenge and next a guide-post, no sooner seen than lost. Lastly, he discovers a lonely spital, which

"Kind pious hands did to the Virgin build,"

and which had since gained the name of the Dead House. Entering the miserable hospice he hears a deep sigh, and perceives by the faint light a woman who is mourning in her sleep:

"He waked her—spake in tone that would not fail,
He hoped, to calm her mind; but ill he sped,
For of that ruin she had heard a tale
Which now with freezing thoughts did all her powers assail,
Had heard of one who, forced from storms to shroud,
Felt the loose walls of this decayed Retreat
Rock to incessant neighings shrill and loud,
While his horse pawed the floor with furious heat;
Till on a stone, that sparkled to his feet,
Struck, and still struck again, the troubled horse;
The man half raised the stone with pain and sweat,
Half raised, for well his arm might lose its force
Disclosing the grim head of a late murdered corse."

This unfortunate person is the woman whom we have so long known as the Female Vagrant; she repeats her unhappy story, of which we need not remind the reader. When that is concluded he attempts to comfort her,

"And not in vain, while they went pacing side by side."

Ere they have proceeded far they hear a shrill scream:

"They paused and heard a hoarser voice blaspheme,
And female cries."

A peasant, in fact, was savagely beating his child, who, in his play had provoked him: the child was screaming, the father blaspheming, and the "female cries" proceeded from the mother. Hereupon the sailor,

"His voice with indignation rising high
Such further deed in manhood's name forbade;
The peasant, wild in passion, made reply
With bitter insult and revilings sad;
Asked him in scorn, *What business there he had?*" etc.

The sailor, without answering this natural inquiry, lifts up the poor child and discovers on his "battered head"

"Strange repetition of the deadly wound
He had himself inflicted."

Between compassion and self-reproach he bursts into "tears of wrath," which "beguile the father," who now relenting kisses his son, and "so all is reconciled;" and after a short, and we fear not very intelligible lesson delivered by the sailor, the pair pass on, and travel in company as far as an inn, where "they in comfort fed." "Their breakfast done," they are obliged to part, and leaving the sailor there, the woman proceeds alone. But she has gone only a very short distance when she finds a cart and horse standing beside a rivulet, and within the cart

"A pale-faced woman, in disease far gone.
The carman wet her lips as well behoved:
Bed under her lean body there was none;
Though even to die near one she most had loved
She could not of herself those wasted limbs have moved."

In simple compassion the woman now retraces her steps after the cart as far as the inn, where the host, hostess and sailor run out and charitably bestow on the sufferer the attention her case requires. Then reviving for a short time, she says enough to discover that she is the sailor's wife, driven in destitution from the shed she has occupied by the suspicion which attached to her husband, which however she entirely disbelieves, and expatiates warmly on his goodness and kindness. The sailor in his anguish declares himself to her; but the joy is too much for her:

"To tell the change that Voice within her wrought
Nature by sign or sound made no essay;
A sudden joy surprised expiring thought,
And every mortal pang dissolved away.
Borne gently to a bed, in death she lay;
Yet still while over her the husband bent,
A look was in her face which seemed to say,
'Be blest; by sight of thee from Heaven was sent
Peace to my parting soul, the fulness of content.'"
"Her corse interred, not one hour he remained,"

but

"to the city straight
He journeyed, and forthwith his crime declared,"

and was hanged. We must add the last consolatory stanza:

"His fate was pitied. Him in iron case
(Reader, forgive the intolerable thought)
They hung not:—no one on *his* form or face
Could gaze, as on a show by idlers sought;
No kindred sufferer to his death-place brought
By lawless curiosity or chance.
When into storm the evening sky is wrought,
Upon his swinging corse an eye can glance,
And drop, as once he dropped, in miserable trance."

Of the second poem, the tragedy of the 'Borderers,' written in 1795–6, we must needs give a briefer account, nor indeed does it contain those verbal peculiarities which rendered frequent quotation neces-

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sary to give a true idea of the former poem.

The principal characters of the drama are Marmaduke, Oswald, the Baron Herbert and his daughter, Idonea; the rest are of secondary importance. The scene is laid in the reign of Henry III., a time chosen, we conclude, to gain historical connivance to a story which contains a dispossessed baron, an organized band of borderers, and other ingredients of a troublous period. Beyond this use, however, it is entirely disregarded: almost every one of the characters is as modern as the language they speak. Oswald, who is properly the principal personage, being the prime mover of the whole action, is a member of a band of borderers. In his youth this man had been brought by deception to commit a horrible murder, and resisting from his native strength of character the remorse which was oppressing him, had succeeded in reasoning it (and of course all other natural emotions with it) away. In this state of "devil's freedom" we find him at the opening of the drama—a member of the company from which the play derives its name. Of this band, Marmaduke, a young man of frank and ardent character, is chosen chief, and thus becomes an object of dislike and jealousy to Oswald, who has no taste for his good qualities and despises his weakness. Partly in jealousy, partly for the pleasure of experiment, and partly from the dreadful want of sympathy, which we are happy to learn that he experienced, Oswald determines to bring Marmaduke into the same condition as his own, and by similar means—the murder of an innocent man. The victim chosen is Herbert, an old, blind, dispossessed baron, of whose daughter, Idonea, Marmaduke has been long enamored. To compass his diabolical purpose, he prevails on Marmaduke to believe a story so horrible and unnatural that we should have thought no imagination less perverted than his own could either have conceived it or supposed it credible. This is, that the baron is not Idonea's real father, but had procured her, when a child, from her mother, with the horrible intention of making favor by her beauty when grown up for the recovery of his lost estates. This intention Oswald now represents him to be in the act of fulfilling by betraying the maiden to Lord Clifford. The greater part of the play (which we shall not minutely follow) is occupied by the scruples of Marmaduke at executing the justice which he conceives this crime to demand, and the endeavors of Oswald to overcome them and bring him to commit the murder. At length Marmaduke is found serving as guide to the old blind man over a desolate moor. Still shrinking from the full measure of justice which he thinks himself called on to inflict, he gladly welcomes the thought that if he *deserts* him here instead of murdering him, he will only be casting him on an *ordeal* which God will deliver him from, if innocent, by sending some one who will lead him to some shelter, while if he perishes he will be thereby proved to have been guilty. This idea he executes; carrying away by accident the scrip containing Herbert's provisions. In this state of the case Oswald finds him, and, believing the murder committed, relates his own history and informs Marmaduke that Herbert was innocent. Marmaduke's state of mind may be conceived, especially when he discovers that he has left the old man without food. Meanwhile the old baron has perished between cold and hunger, and the discovery of this fact is brought about both to Marmaduke and to Idonea, who was then seeking for her father to take him the news that the king had restored him to his estates. In her distress, and wholly unsuspicious of his share in the event, she flies to Marmaduke, whom she had long loved in a quiet way as her protector and her only friend. He then informs her that he knows who caused her father's death, and she curses the man who could do so cruel a deed. Marmaduke tells her that it was himself.

Meanwhile Oswald's device has in fact become known by the confession of a vagrant whom he had bribed to represent Idonea's mother, and one of the band stabs him. Marmaduke, after a mild reproof—"A rash deed!" resigns his station as chief, commends the senseless Idonea to an old servant, and departs, declaring himself a wanderer, till heaven will let him die.

We have now before us sketches of the two Stories, we may therefore make some remarks upon them, and endeavor to show how they justify the title of 'Educational.' which we have applied to the period of Mr. Wordsworth's life in which they were composed.

And first of the tale. It is here—in a poem, that is commenced in 1793, Mr. Wordsworth's twenty-fourth year—that we first find his well-known poetical theory in action, and we may discern, as well from other circumstances as most decisively from the difference this poem presents to its predecessors of only a year or so earlier, that it was then new. The difference is indeed most striking. In his former pieces

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we had plentiful personifications; "the half-seen Form of Twilight roams astray," "Desolation stalks afraid;" "Content," "Independence," "Despair," and the rest of the mythology of the eighteenth century, are nearly as familiar to Mr. Wordsworth as to Gray or Collins. But here we have a new world indeed: and if the other was a world of gas-light, this may be compared to the chill bleak light of a snowy dawn. A prominent article of the theory was the use of the actual language of men, "purified," that is, "from all rational causes of dislike or disgust." This principle, which, as most of our readers will remember, has been ably combated by Coleridge in his 'Biographia Literaria,' is one of those fallacies which perhaps only philosophers can refute, but which every one can feel. Accordingly in no point did Mr. Wordsworth come into more direct collision with the the public feeling. Our younger readers often, we believe, feel some astonishment at the dislike which the polished critics of that time manifested to a poet whom all now admire; but the truth is, that almost all the passages which furnished them with their triumphant accusations of meanness and vulgarity have been gradually replaced or altered. Who remembers now, that the blind boy, who sails so poetically in his turtle-shell, made his first expedition in

> "A household tub, like one of those
> Which women use to wash their clothes?"

Who again recollects that "We are seven" began,

> "A simple child, dear brother Jim"—

or remembers the descriptions of dress and other such circumstances which are now recalled to mind by the two concluding lines of stanza i. (quoted above) of the present poem? Of the faults of this nature, which 'Guilt and Sorrow' once exhibited, there can be no doubt that many must have disappeared under that unsparing hand of correction and alteration which this poet is known to exercise, and to which this particular piece has now been lying subject for fifty years. Yet we have quoted many passages in our abstract which could no more proceed from Mr. Wordsworth's writing now than the first lisp of the child can be recovered by the man. There is one remarkable instance of his fearless carrying out of the principle we have mentioned in the present poem, surely sufficient to convince himself that the natural language of men, even on "extraordinary occasions," is not sufficient for the purpose of "giving immediate pleasure to a human being," under which necessity Mr. Wordsworth confesses the poet to lie. We allude to stanza liv., which me must quote again:

> "His voice with indignation rising high
> Such further deed in manhood's name forbade;
> The peasant, wild in passion, made reply
> With bitter insult and revilings sad;
> *Asked him in scorn, What business there he had;*
> *What kind of plunder he was hunting now;*
> *The gallows would of him one day be glad.*"

Here, if the first four lines, which certainly can*not* claim the defence of being natural language, are extremely bad, the three next, which undeniably are as natural as it is possible to conceive, seem to us to be far worse.

But the educational character of this period, which is shown in this baldness and awkwardness of composition, is evidenced still more decisively, we conceive, in the nature of the incidents chosen and the manner in which they are treated. The theory itself appears to have been the fruit of the first burst of real thought in the young poet—thought, which, meeting with less passion in his nature than in that of most men, or at least most poets of that age, became almost at once conscious philosophical reflection. Not so much then in that *feeling* of power, which is the impulsive principle with most young men of genius, as in the *knowledge* of it, Wordsworth set forth on his journey to the heights of Parnassus; and far from the improvidence of too many travellers on that road, he not only provides his compass and map, but before he actually sets off he obliges himself to practise diligently all the arts which so great an undertaking will be likely to require. Like a man who should have to accomplish some perilous feat of the mountains, he is out early and late, accustoming his eye to distinguish objects in the different lights of day and night, steadying his head by surveying precipices and chasms, and assuring his foot by practice of difficult passages. Daring the deepest recesses of our nature with an audacity drawn in great measure probably from the consciousness that he was only experimentalizing, he chooses for his heroes in both these cases characters which even the metaphysical analyst can only regard without feelings of distress, when the professional has overcome the natural and healthy taste. In the one case, scenes of the utmost wretchedness, murder, desolation, brutality, death from want and misery, relieved with that dismal light, the consolation of the hero's being *only* hanged;

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in the other, a minutely-realized picture of the most fearful disease that human nature has ever exhibited, the less distressing portions of the picture exhibiting the weak and well-meaning overcome by the strong and bad, the helpless and good starved to death, the innocent defrauded of happiness for life, and positively the brightest incident of all being the murder upon the stage of the causer of all these horrors. Surely we are comforted to think that Mr. Wordsworth had to take fifty years before he could overcome his scruples at the exhibition of such frightful and unalleviated miseries; surely, too, we are glad, while looking at them, to regard them as an experimental exhibition, a wax-work execution of some possible diseases, rather than to be called upon to sympathize with them as representing the actual sufferings of flesh and blood. It is this feeling only which makes them tolerable. The rule,

> " Si vis me flere, dolendum est
> Primum ipsi tibi,"

has a converse as true as itself; where the poet suffers, the reader suffers too; but where the poet is only an actor, the reader is a spectator only.

That considerable unhealthiness of mind is shown both in this point and others is undeniable; but who can be surprised if, at the time when all Europe was lighted up with the most fearful eruption of evil which history has witnessed, the faces even of the healthiest of men looked pale and livid in the blaze? This, however, is to be emphatically remarked, that if Mr. Wordsworth has, for the exercise they afforded him, taken subjects which had best been left alone, if he has " murdered to dissect," he has never, like the followers of the satanic school (of whom England and France at present revel in so undeniable an affluence), allowed the excitement of evil to appear more enticing than the evil itself was disgusting. If he had done so, he would indeed have made better poems; but—horrendum!—we should have had our honored and noble-minded bard in the same category with Harrison Ainsworth and Victor Hugo.

Having said thus much to one particular point, we must be allowed to add a few words on the merits of the tragedy generally considered. Few will be surprised to learn, that what merit it has is essentially *undramatic*. He is the true dramatist who represents men as they appear, not to himself but to his neighbors,—mankind as they appear to mankind. Here we have men as they appear to the analyst of motives and the association of ideas. If all Byron's heroes were " perfect Byron," Mr. Wordsworth's characters down to the lowest are—not indeed images of himself, but figures betraying his hand, his observation, his awkwardness or his skill in every turn of their construction. But overlooking this prevailing defect, there are passages—how should it be otherwise?—of very great power. Some of the sophistries of Oswald are put with great force, and many of the minor incidents excellently imagined. Of these we would remark, Marmaduke's notice of the old man's shaking (Act II. Sc. 1,) and Oswald's exclamation

> " Ha! speak! What thing art thou?"

immediately after his free-thinking soliloquy. The whole of the following dialogue we think as fine as it could be made; it takes place when Oswald meets Marmaduke, who has just left the old man to his fate on the desolate moor.

MARMADUKE (*alone*).

Deep, deep and vast, vast beyond human thought,
Yet calm.—I could believe, that there was here
The only quiet heart on earth. In terror,
Remember'd terror, there is peace and rest.

*Enter* OSWALD.

OSWALD.

Ha! my dear Captain.

MARMADUKE.

A later meeting, Oswald,
Would have been better timed.

OSWALD.

Alone, I see;
You have done your duty. I had hopes, which now
I feel that you will justify.

MARMADUKE.

I had fears,
From which I have freed myself—but 't is my wish
To be alone, and therefore we must part.

OSWALD.

Nay, then—I am mistaken. There 's a weakness
About you still; you talk of solitude—
I am your friend.

MARMADUKE.

What need of this assurance
At any time? and why given now?

OSWALD.

Because
You are now in truth my Master; you have taught me
What there is not another living man
Had strength to teach;—and therefore gratitude
Is bold, and would relieve itself by praise.

MARMADUKE.

Wherefore press this on me?

OSWALD.

Because I feel
That you have shown, and by a single instance,
How they who would be just must seek the rule
By diving for it into their own bosoms.
To-day you have thrown off a tyranny
That lives but in the torpid acquiescence
Of our emasculated souls, the tyranny

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Of the world's masters, with the musty rules
By which they uphold their craft from age to age:
You have obeyed the only law that sense
Submits to recognise; the immediate law,
From the clear light of circumstances flashed
Upon an independent Intellect.
Henceforth new prospects open on your path;
Your faculties should grow with the demand;
I still will be your friend, will cleave to you
Through good and evil, obloquy and scorn,
Oft as they dare to follow on your steps.

MARMADUKE.

I would be left alone.

OSWALD (*exultingly*).

I know your motives!
I am not of the world's presumptuous judges,
Who damn where they can neither see nor feel,
With a hard-hearted ignorance; your struggles
I witness'd, and now hail your victory.

MARMADUKE.

Spare me awhile that greeting.

OSWALD.

It may be,
That some there are, squeamish half-thinking cowards,
Who will turn pale upon you, call you murderer,
And you will walk in solitude among them.
A mighty evil for a strong-built mind!—
Join twenty tapers of unequal height
And light them joined, and you will see the less
How 't will burn down the taller; and they all
Shall prey upon the tallest. Solitude!—
The eagle lives in solitude!

MARMADUKE.

Even so,
The sparrow so on the house-top, and I,
The weakest of God's creatures, stand resolved
To abide the issue of my act, alone.

OSWALD.

*Now* would you? and for ever?—My young friend,
As time advances either we become
The prey or masters of our own past deeds.
Fellowship we *must* have. willing or no;
And if good angels fail, slack in their duty,
Substitutes, turn our faces where we may,
Are still forthcoming; some which, though they bear
Ill names, can render no ill services,
In recompense for what themselves required.
So meet extremes in this mysterious world,
And opposites thus melt into each other.

MARMADUKE.

Time, since man first drew breath, has never moved
With such a weight upon his wings as now;
But they will soon be lightened.

OSWALD.

Ay, look up—
Cast round you your mind's eye, and you will learn
Fortitude is the child of Enterprise;
Great actions move our admiration, chiefly
Because they carry in themselves an earnest
That we can suffer greatly.

MARMADUKE.

Very true.

OSWALD.

Action is transitory—a step, a blow,
The motion of a muscle—this way or that—
'T is done, and in the after vacancy
We wonder at ourselves like men betrayed:
Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark,
And shares the nature of infinity.

MARMADUKE.

Truth—and I feel it.

OSWALD.

What! if you had bid
Eternal farewell to unmingled joy
And the light dancing of the thoughtless heart;
It is the toy of fools, and little fit
For such a world as this. The wise abjure
All thoughts whose idle composition lives
In the entire forgetfulness of pain.
—I see I have disturbed you.

MARMADUKE.

By no means.

OSWALD.

Compassion!—pity!—pride can do without them;
And what if you should never know them more?
He is a puny soul, who, feeling pain,
Finds ease because another feels it too.
If e'er I open out this heart of mine
It shall be for a nobler end—to teach
And not to purchase puling sympathy.
—Nay, you are pale.

MARMADUKE.

It may be so.

OSWALD.

Remorse—
It cannot live with thought; think on, think on,
And it will die. What! in this universe,
Where the least things control the greatest, where
The faintest breath that breathes can move a world;
What! feel remorse, where, if a cat had sneezed,
A leaf had fallen, the thing had never been
Whose very shadow gnaws us to the vitals?

MARMADUKE.

Now, whither are you wandering? That a man
So used to suit his language to the time,
Should thus so widely differ from himself—
It is most strange.

OSWALD.

Murder!—what's in the word!—
I have no cases by me ready made
To fit all deeds. Carry him to the camp!—
A shallow project;—you of late have seen
More deeply, taught us that the institutes
Of Nature, by a cunning usurpation
Banished from human intercourse, exist
Only in our relations to the brutes
That make the fields their dwelling. If a snake
Crawl from beneath our feet we do not ask
A license to destroy him: our good governors
Hedge in the life of every pest and plague
That bears the shape of man; and for what purpose,
But to protect themselves from extirpation?—
This flimsy barrier you have overleaped.

MARMADUKE.

My office is fulfilled—the man is now
Delivered to the Judge of all things.

OSWALD.

Dead!

MARMADUKE.

I have borne my burthen to its destined end."

We have said nothing of the baron Herbert, the doting father, or Idonea, the dutiful daughter of this play, for, in fact, they deserve little notice. Either Mr. Wordsworth did not think it worth while to draw

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with more care characters which seem only put in, like the back figures of a sketch, to make the two prominent ones intelligible, or else he fell here into that common error of persons of undramatic mind who attempt this kind of composition, the mistake of making the characters no more than that which their *persona* demands. No man, however fond of his children, is *only* a father, nor is any woman, however devoted to her parents, *only* a daughter. If this were a true play, the whole interest would depend on the sympathy which these two characters excited. As it is, it remains an important fault that we should be left without any counteracting sympathy with the good and innocent concerned—for sympathy with such mere spectra is out of the question—to the uninterrupted contemplation of the moral weakness of Marmaduke and the diabolical malignity of the God-deserted Oswald. Thus much for the Educational Period of Mr. Wordsworth's life, and the greater part of the present volume.

But with the year 1798 commences the true harvest of this poet's genius—what we have called, to distinguish it from that which follows, the Poetic Period. Rich indeed was this! within the next six years, i. e., between 1798 and 1803 inclusive, was composed almost every one of those darling poems, which we venture to prophesy will be treasured safely by love and admiration, whatever becomes of those of greater pretension and possibly of deeper but not such perfect beauty.

"Non satis est pulchra esse poemata: *dulcia sunto*," is what we have too often to feel in Mr. Wordsworth's works; but in this period they are often dulcia—of a persuasive sweetness indeed almost unequalled in English poetry—at any rate since Shakspeare, or shall we say Herrick? Poems, spontaneous as the songs of Burns, finished as those of Horace, worthy of Shakspeare in their grace and tenderness and philosophical insight, and in their peculiar tone of thought and language entirely original, were poured forth at this time, if not in profusion, with a copiousness which bespoke a "well-spring." It would be too much to say that all the productions of this period can claim praise like this, yet it is remarkable that scarcely any one is entirely deficient in that tenderness and loveliness which gives his gems their greatest charm. Almost all those pieces which have been approved by that best criticism, the love of those who, whether able to give a reason for their delight or not, are yet marked by their affection for all things purest and loveliest, will be found to lie within the dates we have named. 'Lucy Gray,' 'We are seven', 'Tintern Abbey', 'She dwelt amid the untrodden ways', 'The Two April Mornings and the Fountain', 'The Solitary Reaper', 'Nutting', 'Three years she grew in sun and shower,' with others, especially pieces of blank verse, are those which present in its greatest perfection the peculiar spirit of this time. Nor is it to the Theory that we owe these exquisite productions. The Theory indeed was not without its use; without it we should probably not have had the strictness of truth and clearness, whether of language or imagery; to it we are also indebted for the conciseness which here at least is not abruptness. But it is not by a difference in these points that the poems of this time are distinguished from those before and after. The difference is to be found in their impenetration with the tenderest feeling and a holy and almost solemn sweetness. Mr. Wordsworth's poems since, while composed of excellent material, pure and sweet fancies, moulded by a clear oversight into harmonious or melodious verse, too often betray their machinery, if not throughout yet in parts, so as to destroy their unity. But here all is fused into the perfect form,—the "best words in the best order." Others of his poems are made, these grow like plants: others too grow like plants, but these grow like the loveliest of the race of flowers, born, budded, and expanded in an atmosphere of the most genial warmth and brightness, pure, free, and above all, perfect. There was another magician more powerful than the theory at work to produce this effect—another more powerful than even Genius alone. For the serious purpose with which we remark it, there can be no impropriety in noticing that the poems of the year 1798 first bear witness to the passion of Love. Under the softening and exalting influence of the affections it seems to have been that Mr. Wordsworth reached his truest inspiration.

But of this period the present volume affords so few specimens that we have no excuse for dwelling upon it, and those which it does give us are not among the happiest. A poem entitled 'The Forsaken,' which looks like an excluded portion of the 'Affliction of Margaret,' is too short to produce the required effect. One or two new poems on the subject of Matthew are inferior to those we had by a great deal. But the following and another, upon the grave of Burns, are very spirited, and though in parts obscure, very beautiful.

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"AT THE GRAVE OF BURNS—1803.

"I shiver, Spirit fierce and bold,
At thought of what I now behold:
As vapors breathed from dungeons cold
Strike pleasure dead,
So sadness comes from out the mould
Where Burns is laid.

And have I then thy bones so near,
And thou forbidden to appear?
As if it were thyself that 's here,
I shrink with pain;
And both my wishes and my fear
Alike are vain.

Off weight—nor press on weight!—away,
Dark thoughts!—they came, but not to stay;
With chastened feelings would I pay
The tribute due
To him, and aught that hides his clay
From mortal view.

Fresh as the flower, whose modest worth
He sang, his genius "glinted" forth,
Rose like a star that touching earth,
For so it seems,
Doth glorify its humble birth
With matchless beams.

The piercing eye, the thoughtful brow,
The struggling heart, where be they now?—
Full soon the Aspirant of the plough,
The prompt, the brave,
Slept, with the obscurest, in the low
And silent grave.

Well might I mourn that He was gone
Whose light I hailed when first it shone;
When, breaking forth as Nature's own,
It showed my youth
How Verse may build a princely throne
On humble truth.

Alas! where'er the current tends,
Regret pursues and with it blends,—
Huge Criffel's hoary top ascends
By Skiddaw seen,—
Neighbors we were, and loving friends
We might have been;

True friends though diversely inclined;
But heart with heart and mind with mind,
Where the main fibres are entwined,
Through Nature's skill,
May even by contraries be joined
More closely still.

The tear will start, and let it flow;
Thou 'poor inhabitant below,'
At this dread moment—even so—
Might we together
Have sate and talked where gowans blow,
Or on wild heather.

What treasures would have then been placed
Within my reach; of knowledge graced
By fancy what a rich repast!
But why go on?—
Oh! spare to sweep, thou mournful blast,
His grave grass-grown.

There, too, a Son, his joy and pride,
(Not three weeks past the Stripling died,)
Lies gathered to his Father's side,
Soul-moving sight!
Yet one to which is not denied
Some sad delight.

For *he* is safe, a quiet bed
Hath early found among the dead,
Harbored where none can be misled,
Wronged, or distrest;
And surely here it may be said
That such are blest.

And oh for Thee, by pitying grace
Checked oft-times in a devious race,
May He who halloweth the place
Where Man is laid
Receive thy Spirit in the embrace
For which it prayed!

Sighing I turned away; but ere
Night fell I heard, or seemed to hear,
Music that sorrow comes not near,
A ritual hymn,
Chanted in love that casts out fear
By Seraphim."

We have too soon ended the poetical and enter on the philosophical portion of this poet's life, which we should extend from about 1803 to the present time. In the 'Ode on the Intimations of Immortality,' while there still remains much of the divine inspiration, there are noticeable also the first stirrings of a change of spirit—an effort and constraint arising from the presence in the poet's mind of a new and unmastered element—visible even, at the first appearance of the poem, in an awkwardness of language and metre which has since been in a great measure smoothed away. Here we have the second awakening of the poet into the philosopher—the unconscious or semi-conscious philosopher into the conscious one;—a change of grievous import in a nature where, as in this poet's, there was so little of human passion to subordinate the intellectual to the sensuous, the complex to the simple, the spiritual to the passionate. In a man of warmer animal temperament either the change could not have taken place, or the excitement under which he would have composed would have prevented the evil consequence from being so visible on his poems,—would, at least for the time, have re-embodied the philosopher in the poet. With Mr. Wordsworth himself in earlier youth this, as we have seen, had been the case, and the new element, though obtrusive for a while, had been gradually fused by the ardor of youthful sympathies with men and nature into that pure and genuine vein of poetry which so enriched our literature. But now it seems as if that ardor was declining, and, unable to recover his former freedom, he strove for a new kind of liberty. A very considerable change came over his whole style, and his manner of writing underwent an alteration as great as his manner of thinking. As the consciousness which now in-

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sinuated itself into his compositions destroyed their grace, he seems to have endeavored to regain his lost satisfaction by elaboration of the verse and expression,—to supply beauty which could be *felt* by beauty which could be *proved* and *demonstrated*. The Theory might have done good service now, but in the confidence of assured and acknowledged power, he came into a gradual neglect of some at least of its main principles. He consequently soon began to fall into those faults, both of his natural genius and acquired talents, against which those published and strongly contested opinions had hitherto served as useful guards. He is often diffuse and languid; his ingenuity often leads him into an intricacy which nothing but his own truthfulness of language could save from being entirely unintelligible. In the edition of 1832, "She dwelt among the untrodden ways" stands only a page distant from "Ere with cold beads of midnight dew." *Quantum mutatus ab illo!*

In this stage, we have said, we regard Mr. Wordsworth's genius to be at present, nor can there be any probability that it should now either return to its former state, or assume any condition essentially new. Yet mistaken, if we venture to think him, in his attempt to bring the Muse into such regular habits as he would make her submit to, we are convinced that the real Poet remains indestructible in his heart. Here it is that he refutes himself. If a subject touch his *heart*, then we have the true fire again—the language clears, the measure disentangles itself, and he is again in the empyrean. If we seek those poems of this later period which, though in a different kind, show yet a true kindred with the master-pieces of his youth, we shall find them where his *heart* is stirred; as if we seek the direst and least happy, we shall find them on the subjects which he *set himself*. If any one wish to be satisfied of this, let him compare the noble series of sonnets dedicated to Liberty with the Ecclesiastical Sonnets, the one almost throughout a stream of living poesy; the other a mine of thought perhaps, but how little more! The Occasional Sonnets show almost as great a superiority over the series on the Dudden. But look still closer and we see still more clearly the same case to be true. If we sought for a sonnet which would exactly be

> "the feeling from the bosom thrown
> In perfect shape,"

we should quote that beginning "Why art thou silent?" If further proof be needed, let it be found in the exquisite poems addressed to his wife: never will a poet's wife possess a fairer memorial than this lady.

We may here take up again and conclude our notice of the present volume. Of the poems which we have not already mentioned the greater part fall within this period, and as they belong chiefly to its latter years, they exhibit strongly its characteristic marks. Elaboration is evident in every line,—every composition betrays an intimate acquaintance with the art of weaving words. The blank verse especially, while yet far removed from that exquisite and truly original melody of the 'Tintern Abbey' and parts of the 'Poems on the Naming of Places,' is in another style extremely beautiful. The following piece, however, we quote less for its metrical than its other attractions.

"ADDRESS TO THE CLOUDS.

"Army of Clouds! ye winged host in troops
Ascending from behind the motionless brow
Of that tall rock, as from a hidden world,
O whither with such eagerness of speed?
What seek ye, or what shun ye? of the gale
Companions, fear ye to be left behind,
Or racing o'er your blue ethereal field
Contend ye with each other? of the sea
Children, thus post ye over vale and height
To sink upon your mother's lap—and rest?
Or were ye rightlier hailed, when first mine eyes
Beheld in your impetuous march the likeness
Of a wide army pressing on to meet
Or overtake some unknown enemy?—
But your smooth motions suit a peaceful aim;
And Fancy, not less aptly pleased, compares
Your squadrons to an endless flight of birds
Aërial, upon due migration bound
To milder climes; or rather do ye urge
In caravan your hasty pilgrimage
To pause at last on more aspiring heights
Than these, and utter your devotion there
With thunderous voice? Or are ye jubilant,
And would ye, tracking your proud lord the Sun,
Be present at his setting; or the pomp
Of Persian mornings would ye fill, and stand
Poising your splendors high above the heads
Of worshippers kneeling to their up-risen God?
Whence, whence, ye Clouds! this eagerness of speed?
Speak, silent creatures!—They are gone, are fled,
Buried together in yon gloomy mass
That loads the middle heaven; and clear and bright
And vacant doth the region which they thronged
Appear; a calm descent of sky conducting
Down to that unapproachable abyss,
Down to the hidden gulf from which they rose
To vanish—fleet as days and months and years,
Fleet as the generations of mankind,
Power, glory, empire, as the world itself,
The lingering world, when time hath ceased to be.
But the winds roar, shaking the rooted trees,
And see! a bright precursor to a train
Perchance as numerous, overpeers the rock
That sullenly refuses to partake
Of the wild impulse. From a fount of life

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Invisible, the long procession moves
Luminous or gloomy, welcome to the vale
Which they are entering, welcome to mine eye
That sees them, to my soul that owns in them,
And in the bosom of the firmament
O'er which they move, wherein they are contained,
A type of her capacious self and all
Her restless progeny.
A humble walk
Here is my body doomed to tread, this path,
A little hoary line and faintly traced,
Work, shall we call it, of the Shepherd's foot
Or of his flock ?—joint vestige of them both.
I pace it unrepining, for my thoughts
Admit no bondage and my words have wings.
Where is the Orphean lyre, or Druid harp,
To accompany the verse ? The mountain blast
Shall be our *hand* of music ; he shall sweep
The rocks, and quivering trees, and billowy lake,
And search the fibres of the caves, and they
Shall answer, for our song is of the Clouds.
And the wind loves them ; and the gentle gales—
Which by their air re-clothe the naked lawn
With annual verdure, and revive the woods,
And moisten the parched lips of thirsty flowers—
Love them ; and every idle breeze of air
Bends to the favorite burthen. Moon and stars
Keep their most solemn vigils when the Clouds
Watch also, shifting peaceably their place
Like bands of ministering Spirits, or when they lie,
As if some Protean art the change had wrought.
In listless quiet o'er the ethereal deep
Scattered, a Cyclades of various shapes
And all degrees of beauty. O ye Lightnings!
Ye are their perilous offspring ; and the Sun—
Source inexhaustible of life and joy,
And type of man's far-darting reason, therefore
In old time worshipped as the god of verse,
A blazing intellectual deity—
Loves his own glory in their looks, and showers
Upon that unsubstantial brotherhood
Visions with all but beatific light
Enriched—too transient were they not renewed
From age to age, and did not, while we gaze
In silent rapture, credulous desire,
Nourish the hope that memory lacks not power
To keep the treasure unimpaired Vain thought!
Yet why repine, created as we are
For joy and rest, albeit to find them only
Lodged in the bosom of eternal things ?"

A piece entitled 'The Cuckoo at Laverna,' one of a series of memorials of an Italian tour in 1837, also seems to us very delightful ; and the 'Norman Boy,' with its sequel, if still, like the rest, devoid of the pure and Grecian grace of his earlier years, have a touching beauty of their own. But three of the sonnets appear to us really to claim admission among his master-pieces ; and if the reader desire to be satisfied about what we have said of the difference between Wordsworth writing from the Affections and Wordsworth setting himself a task, we would desire them to compare these following with the series on the 'Punishment of Death.'

XII.

"Lo! where she stands fixed in a saint-like trance,
One upward hand, as if she needed rest
From rapture, lying softly on her breast!
Nor wants her eyeball an ethereal glance ;
But not the less—nay more—that countenance,
While thus illumined, tells of painful strife
For a sick heart made weary of this life
By love, long crossed with adverse circumstance.
—Would she were now as when she hoped to pass
At God's appointed hour to them who tread
Heaven's sapphire pavement, yet breathed well content,
Well pleased, her foot should print earth's common grass,
Lived thankful for day's light, for daily bread,
For health, and time in obvious duty spent."

XIII.

"TO A PAINTER.

"All praise the Likeness by thy skill portrayed ;
But 'tis a fruitless task to paint for me,
Who, yielding not to changes Time has made,
By the habitual light of memory see
Eyes unbedimmed, see bloom that cannot fade,
And smiles, that from their birth-place ne'er shall flee
Into the land where ghosts and phantoms be ;
And, seeing this, own nothing in its stead.
Couldst thou go back into far-distant years,
Or share with me, fond thought! that inward eye,
Then, and then only, Painter! could thy Art
The visual powers of Nature satisfy,
Which hold, whate'er to common sight appears,
Their sovereign empire in a faithful heart."

XIV.

"ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

"Though I beheld at first with blank surprise,
This Work, I now have gazed on it so long
I see its truth with unreluctant eyes ;
O, my Beloved! I have done thee wrong,
Conscious of blessedness, but, whence it sprung,
Ever too heedless, as I now perceive :
Morn into noon did pass, noon into eve,
And the old day was welcome as the young,
As welcome, and as beautiful—in sooth
More beautiful, as being a thing more holy :
Thanks to thy virtues, to the eternal youth
Of all thy goodness, never melancholy ;
To thy large heart and humble mind, that cast
Into one vision, future, present, past."

If we here close our account of the present volume, it is not without feeling how differently we should have looked at it coming from any one else. A drama, exhibiting such deep knowledge of human nature, abounding in such evidences of high poetical power, couched throughout in such pure and noble language ; a body of miscellaneous poems exhibiting such various metrical and rhythmical skill, so free and vigorous a fancy, such noble and tender affections, wisdom so deep, piety so sincere—who but Mr. Wordsworth himself could have cast such works as these into even a comparative shade ?

But we relinquish the last opportunity perhaps which Mr. Wordsworth may afford us, without giving vent to the general reflections which a publication from him at his age suggests.

The love of universality is one of the most obvious characteristics of the present day. Cecil—not the statesman nor the clergyman, but the coxcomb—tells us in one of those flashes of thought which so

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brilliantly illuminate his Autobiography, that it is all a mistake to suppose those to be the great men of the world whom we have always been admiring: such men, according to him, are those who either possessed powers only capable of one direction, or subjected by force of will a more universal capacity to a single object. The *real* great men are not, he considers, the Homers, Miltons, Shakspeares, etc., but persons like himself, who are never heard of except by some such fortunate circumstances as have secured to the world his own history; their merit and their misfortune being, that being able to do all things equally well, no sufficiently salient point is left for Fame to take hold of. This doctrine is found much beyond the range of the novels: who has forgotten that brightest sally of the Bar, when on Lord Brougham's becoming chancellor it was said, "Well, if Lord Brougham knew only a little law, he would know a little of every thing"?

Now it is well to have universalists, but in an age of universalism it is of the *utmost* importance to have specialists. This is a general truth, and would at any time make the example of a man who, with a consistency and success like Mr. Wordsworth's, has devoted himself to one object, a most important benefit. But in a time when the doctrine in question has produced a very decided and evil influence on the generation which has grown up under its reign, when our liberality has so often become indifference, our cosmopolitism destroyed our patriotism, our generalization injured our investigation and analysis, then almost our only hope lies in the eminence of the exceptions. Such an exception to the prevalent character is Mr. Wordsworth. Whatever his faults may be they are the opposite ones to those of his age; and whatever his excellences, they spring from an individuality least to be expected in the circumstances of his time. He has always been in opposition—in his early life to the Toryism then manacling men's minds, in latter days to the Liberalism dissolving ours. Yet he is not to be confounded with those who are in opposition to the present because they can only see behind them. He is a true man, he has ever looked before and after—ever trusted and watched the life and disregarded the form: he has written sonnets in favor of railroads and steamboats in the same spirit in which he has written against the abolition of the punishment of death.

We are not among those who look with contempt or terror on the present aspect of our time and country, yet there is unquestionably much ground for anxiety, as there is more we trust for hope. But with abounding evidences of a low and shallow spirit about us in every day's newspaper, in every day's novel, in every day's new speech, and perhaps we may say, in every Sunday's new sermon, we have to look to men who stand in opposition like Mr. Wordsworth, and to that large body of sounder feeling shown to exist by the respect in which such men are held, for our hope and encouragement. But as long as we have such to look to we need not fear. Examples make the life of a nation, for the strength of the social body lies in the individual energies by which it is vivified. "La France, c'est moi," was an arrogant boast in the lips of Louis; it would have been a profound truth in those of Napoleon.

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## ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

So MANY of those who but a few months ago constituted a prominent portion of the *present* of my own time are become so completely of the *past*, that I cannot look back without chronicling death after death, so as to force the considerations we too often try to put far from us, as to the uncertainty of life. We are all, indeed, ready to admit the uncertainty of this precious treasure, yet we act as if it were, at least, as enduring as the sky above us, or the earth upon which we tread.

Wilkie, Chantry, and Allan Cunningham—painter, sculptor, and poet—men eminent amongst their fellows, not only for talent, but for high moral worth and integrity of purpose—are passed away. It seemed as if, united as they were by the strong bonds of friendship, in death they should not be divided. The completion of Chantry's works was intrusted to Allan Cunningham, who had finished a life of Sir David Wilkie only two days before he was struck, for the *second time*, with paralysis, which terminated fatally on Saturday last. This estimable man has left behind him an honorable name, and a noble example of what may be accomplished by those who, combining talents with industry, are capable of the great effort of concentrating their energies upon a given point, and are thus certain to conquer difficulties and achieve greatness, if God spare them health and life. The career of Allan Cunningham is one of the most encouraging instances of literary success

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in modern times; progressing steadily onward, not jerked forward by unnatural excitement, nor drawn back by any decided failure. True, it must be borne in mind, that his occupation in Chantry's studio gave him a steady income, (steadied from literary fluctuation,) and that this was a great step towards victory; still his success, under all circumstances, was worthy of a strong and original mind.

It is now about fifteen years since I first saw Allan Cunningham; and I can recall the interview as clearly as though but an hour had intervened. It was before I had been much in literary society, or become personally acquainted with those whose works had entered into my heart. I remember how my cheek flushed when he took me by the hand, and how pleased and proud I was of the few words of praise he bestowed upon one of the first efforts of my pen. He was at that time a tall, stout man, somewhat high shouldered, broad chested, and altogether strongly proportioned; his head was well and exactly placed, his mouth close yet full, his nose thick and firm; his eyes, of intense *darkness*,—for I never could define their colour,—were deeply set beneath shaggy yet movable eyebrows, and were, I think, as powerful, and yet as soft and winning, as any eyes I ever saw. His brow was *very* noble and expanded, indicative not only of imagination and observation, but, in its towering height, of that veneration and benevolence which formed so conspicuous a portion of his character. His accent was strongly Scotch, and he expressed himself when warmed into a subject with eloquence and feeling, but, generally speaking, his manner was quiet and reserved; not, however, timid and *gauche*, like that of Sir David Wilkie, but easy and self-possessed, quiet from a habit of observing rather than a dislike to conversation. Admire him or not as you pleased, it was impossible not to respect the man who, so completely the architect of his own fortune, was never ashamed of being so, and would state the fact as an encouragement to those who needed his example to steady their progress. Burns cultivated his poetic vein while performing the laborious duties of a husbandman, and Allan Cunningham, while chiselling granite in his native country, breathed forth his soul in poetry. A gentleman, who for a long time conducted *one* of the most influential and *the* most fashionable journals of the day, told me, that it was a letter from him to the young poet which brought him to London, some five and thirty years ago. Whether this was really so or not I cannot tell, but, whatever *brought* him to London, his own exertions kept him there, and his own steady, manly, and straightforward conduct, united to considerable and varied talent and most extraordinary industry, both in the acquirement and application of knowledge, rendered his society courted by the first people in the country. In after years, when it was my privilege to meet him frequently, it was pleasant to note the respect he commanded from all who were distinguished in art and literature. Miss Landon used to say, that "a few of Allan Cunningham's words strengthened her like a dose of Peruvian bark;" and there certainly was something firm and substantial rather than brilliant in the generality of his observations, except when roused upon a literary or political question; then, in the brief pause that preceded the utterance of his opinions, his mouth would open and his eyes dilate with those lightnings that were sure to flash in unison with a bright rush of strong und natural feeling. He never referred to his own works in conversation. If any questions were asked about them, or any compliment paid to them, he gave the required information, or received the praise without any display or affectation. Constant and familiar association with persons of high mind and extensive cultivation creates, if not a harsh spirit, certainly a spirit of criticism, where pretensions are made by the unworthy or feeble to a high intellectual position. Allan Cunningham was considered a severe critic; but, setting aside his knowledge of books, the friend of Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, and Wilson, had a right to be fastidious. And, in addition to this, he entertained a most sovereign contempt—a decided antipathy—to every species of affectation, particularly of literary affectation, and certainly lashed it, even in society, by a terrible word or look, which could never be forgotten. But in the same degree that he abhorred affectation was his love of Nature. "Wherever," he would say, "wherever there is nature—wherever a person is not ashamed to *show a heart—the*-*e* is the germ of excellence. *I love nature!*" And so he did. His dark eyes would glisten over a child or a flower; and a ballad, one of the songs of his own dear land, move him, even to tears, that is, provided it was sung "according to nature," the full rich meaning given to the words, and no extra flourish, no encumbering drapery of sound forced upon melody. One of the happiest and most interesting evenings of my life I passed at his house, about ten years ago, in the society of Captain



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(now Major) Burns, (the poet's son,) and poor James Hogg, just at the time when the Londoners, glad of any thing to get up an excitement, turned the head of the Ettrick Shepherd by a public dinner, at the period when the seven or eight hundred pounds so expended would have been of incalculable value to a man who, with some of Burns's talents, inherited all his heedlessness. On that particular evening nothing could exceed poor Hogg's hilarity; in person he was burly, of a ruddy complexion, with the eye of a Silenus, and one of those loosely formed mouths that indicate a love of pleasure, be it purchased how it may. Captain Burns sang several of his father's songs with a pathos and expression that added to their interest, and stimulated the Shepherd to sing his own. Nothing could be more opposite than the minstrelsy of these two men; but both were natural, according to their nature, and so Allan Cunningham enjoyed both. I can recall James Hogg sitting on the sofa; his countenance flushed with the excitement, and the "toddy," of which he was not sparing, more in his earnestness, his wildness, his irascibility, (particularly when he alluded to "the poets,") certainly more like a half wild Irishman than a steady son of the thistle, shouting forth his songs in an untunable voice, rendered almost harmonious by the spirit he threw into it, and giving us an idea of the circumstances connected with the birth of each song at its conclusion; one in particular I remember, "The women folk." "Ah, ah," he exclaimed, echoing our applause with his own hands, "that is my favorite humorous song, sure enow! when I am forced by the *leddies* to sing against my will, which happens mair frequently than I care to tell; and notwithstanden that my friend Allan stands glowerin' at me with his twa een, that might have been twins with those of Bobby Burns, they're so like his. That song, notwithstanden my wood-notes wild, will never be sung by any so well again." "An' that's true!" replied Cunningham, "that's true; *because you have the nature in you;* but you're wrong about the eyes; the only ones I ever saw flash like his father's (alluding to Capt. Burns) were those of Michael Thomas Sadler."

This opinion I heard Allan Cunningham frequently repeat, and I suppose that both were right; for, certainly, there was a great similarity between the eyes, both as to color and expression, of the then popular member for Leeds and Cunningham's own. I had an opportunity of comparing them a few evenings after at my own house, where the same party were assembled, with numerous literary additions not easily forgotten. There was Miss Landon in a dress of scarlet cashmere, that rendered the purity of her complexion and the dark brilliancy of her hair and eyes a perfect atonement for the want of distinctive features; there she was, full of ready smiles, and kind, appropriate words; brilliant with an unwounding wit, and ready to withdraw herself to exhibit the perfections of others—the most generous of her sex and calling. There was Miss Jewsbury, new to the vastness and extent of London literary society, her quick and generous appreciation of excellence leading her to admire what deserved admiration, while, at the same time, her womanly vanity was wounded to see that *she*, the marvel of Manchester, was no wonder in London. There was Barry Cornwall, with his calm, philosopher-like repose of observation; Mrs. Hofland, true, earnest, and faithful; Laman Blanchard, an animated epigram; Wilkie, whose pale, sad brow gave little intimation of the vigor of "The Chelsea Pensioners," or the humor of "Blind Man's Buff;" Miss Edgeworth, a rare visitor in London, but an honored one wherever she goes. Amongst them Hogg, not quite so noisy as before, and anxious to see L. E. L., who well knew that he had written much and harshly about her. Their meeting was singular enough. Hogg edged towards where she sat, fidgeting as she always did upon her chair; he went up like a schoolboy that deserved a flogging, and half expected he should get it, instead of which the slight, girlish-looking poetess extended her small white hand towards the huge red fist that seemed uncertain what to do. The appeal, accompanied by her bright smile, was irresistible. "God bless ye!" he exclaimed, involuntarily, "God bless ye! I did na' think ye'd been sae bonny. I ha' written many a bitter thing about ye, but I'll do so no mair. I did nae think ye'd been sae bonny.' In one corner poor Emma Roberts was talking orientally to Martin the painter; and in another, in deep, undertoned discussion, sat Wordsworth, Sadler, and Allan Cunningham. I never saw three more striking heads grouped together: Wordsworth's—so expanded and full—sprinkled with hair too thinly to add to its size, or change the character of its proportions; Sadler's smaller and feebler, but beautiful, covered with folds of premature white hair; Cunningham's, as full but not as white as Wordsworth's—fuller, indeed, for the organs of observation were more

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developed—and the aspect of the head and face was darker, more concentrated than either; and then I compared the eyes of Cunningham and Sadler, having great faith in eyes, which are, according to my belief, the true indexes of a poetic temperament, and the most expressive of all the features. After their discussion was ended, so quickly were my ears attuned to catch their words, that I heard the deep, monotonous voice of the author of "The Excursion" reciting some lines that forced his friends, who gathered in his words with bended heads, to exchange glances of admiration, until at last Allan could not help exclaiming, "Ah! but that is nature!"

Those were brilliant hours—brilliant and full of pleasant memories. I often please myself by fixing my mind upon them without suffering it to dwell upon the intermediate times, when so few remain of those who enjoyed with me that and other evenings as full of wit as mirth, and all that gives a relish to the realities of life.

Where are they all now? Of the five literary ladies who were present on that evening only two survive. (Miss Edgeworth and Mrs. S. C. Hall.) The other three died prematurely in foreign lands—Miss Landon in Africa, Miss Jewsbury in India, and Miss Roberts in India too. Miss Jewsbury's fate was, it is said, not much happier than poor Miss Landon's. Be that as it may, there was no one to tell the tale to those who loved them in their native England. "They died and made no sign." Miss Landon's existence was replete with performance. Miss Jewsbury's was certain to bring forth a late, but abundant, fruitage. Her mind was a treasure-house of things as rich as rare. But now all is over for time in this world. The heather blooms upon the grave of the Ettrick Shepherd; Michael Thomas Sadler died at Belfast; Wallace, the amiable and kind-hearted barrister, whom all men loved, and, though he could hardly be called "literary," was so much with literary persons as to be so called, he is dead, and would, perhaps, have slept beneath a nameless grave, but for the generosity, as deep as it is true, of his friend Macready, who erected a monument to him at his own expense. John Banim, also, was there; poor Banim! his accent was a savory of the Irish as Hogg's of the Scotch; and when he lighted up he could be as racy as the best of them, and as original. He is gathered to his fathers in his own land. Wilkie found a grave amid the billows of the ocean—Michael Thomas Sadler died a linen-manufacturer at Belfast; others have passed away, crowding the graves with their honored remains. But a few days ago Allan himself was amongst us; at his post during the day to fulfil Chantry's wishes, and at night poring over his last great work. No man was ever more just or more unflinching than the poet Cunningham. He was a brave and sincere Conservative, firm to Church and State. Sir Robert Peel proved his respect for the man by providing for one of his sons. But, though Allan Cunningham was proud and grateful for such a distinction, he craved no favors —HE WORKED—and must have died with the comfort that his family were what the world calls "settled" by the fruits of his honorable industry. I have often heard it said that he had good friends; and so he had, because he commanded respect; nor would Allan have admitted any person to his house whom he did not think entitled to this distinction. It is difficult to portray any human being more perfect in all the relations of private life than Allan Cunningham; as a husband, a father, a friend, he was perfection. And, great as is his loss to the republic of letters, it is as nought, when compared to what his family and friends must suffer. Some of his fugitive poems are unrivalled for purity of composition; they are delicate and exquisite in their delineations, and at the same time healthy and vigorous. His "Lives," I think, will increase in value. I should like to see a collected edition of his works; but whether such a publication would succeed during the present depression is uncertain.

Another link of the chain is broken—another of our great ones passed into eternity, the eternity we all hope for. I shall long miss his cheerful voice, and the pressure of his friendly hand, for he was indeed, for truth, talent, and uprightness, one amongst a thousand. HE LOVED NATURE.

(We copy the above from the Britannia, and are especially interested in it, from the supposition that it is written by Mrs. S. C. Hall; and that at the evening party which it describes we had the lively pleasure, for the first time, of looking at and listening to many with whose names and works we had long been familiar. E. L.)

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## IMAGINARY CONVERSATION. BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

SOUTHEY AND PORSON.

*Porson.*—Many thanks, Mr. Southey, for this visit in my confinement. I do believe you see me on my last legs; and perhaps you expected it.

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*Southey.*—Indeed, Mr. Professor, I expected to find you unwell, according to report; but as your legs have occasionally failed you, both in Cambridge and in London, the same event may happen again many times before the last. The cheerfulness of your countenance encourages me to make this remark.

*Porson.*—There is that soft, and quiet, and genial humor about you, which raises my spirits and tranquillizes my infirmity. Why (I wonder) have we not always been friends?

*Southey.*—Alas, my good Mr. Professor! how often have the worthiest men asked the same question—not indeed of each other, but of their own hearts—when age and sickness have worn down their asperities, when rivalships have grown languid, animosities tame, inert, and inexcitable, and when they have become aware of approaching more nearly the supreme perennial fountain of benevolence and truth?

*Porson.*—Am I listening to the language and to the sentiments of a poet? I ask the question with this distinction; for I have often found a wide difference between the sentiments and the language. Generally nothing can be purer or more humane than what is exhibited in modern poetry; but I may mention to you, who are known to be exempt from the vice, that the nearest neighbors in the most romantic scenery, where every thing seems peace, repose and harmony, are captious and carping one at another. When I hear the song of the nightingale, I neglect the naturalist; and in vain does he remind me that his aliment is composed of grubs and worms. Let poets be crop-full of jealousy; let them only sing well—that is enough for me.

*Southey.*—I think you are wrong in your supposition that the poet and the man are usually dissimilar.

*Porson.*—There is a race of poets—not, however, the race of Homer and Dante, Milton and Shakspeare—but a race of poets there is, which nature has condemned to a Siamese twinship. Wherever the poet is, there also must the man obtrude obliquely his ill-favored visage. From a drunken connection with Vanity this surplus offspring may always be expected. In no two poets that ever lived do we find the fact so remarkably exemplified as in Byron and Wordsworth. But higher power produces an intimate consciousness of itself; and this consciousness is the parent of tranquillity and repose. Small poets (observe, I do not call Wordsworth and Byron small poets) are as unquiet as grubs, which, in their boneless and bloodless flaccidity, struggle and wriggle and die the moment they tumble out of the nutshell and its comfortable drowth. Shakspeare was assailed on every side by rude and beggarly rivals, but he never kicked them out of his way.

*Southey.*—Milton was less tolerant; he shrivelled up the lips of his revilers by the austerity of his scorn. In our last conversation, I remember, I had to defend against you the weaker of the two poets you just now cited, before we came to Milton and Shakspeare. I am always ready to undertake the task; Byron wants no support or setting off, so many workmen have been employed in the construction of his throne, and so many fair hands in the adaptation of his cushion and canopy. But Wordsworth, in his poetry at least, always aimed at * * * *

*Porson.*—My dear Mr. Southey! there are two quarters in which you cannot expect the will to be taken for the deed: I mean the women and the critics. Your friend inserts parenthesis in parenthesis, and adds clause to clause, codicil to codicil, with all the circumspection, circuition, wariness, and strictness, of an indenture. His client has it hard and fast. But what is an axiom in law is none in poetry. You cannot say in your profession, *plus non vitiat; plus* is the worst vitiator and violator of the Muses and the Graces.

Be sparing of your animadversions on Byron. He will always have more partisans and admirers than any other in your confraternity. He will always be an especial favorite with the ladies, and with all who, like them, have no opportunity of comparing him with the models of antiquity. He possesses the soul of poetry, which is energy; but he wants that ideal beauty which is the sublimer emanation, I will not say of the real, for this is the more real of the two, but of that which is ordinarily subject to the common senses. With much that is admirable, he has nearly all that is vicious; a large grasp of small things, without selection and without cohesion. This likewise is the case with the other, without the long hand and the strong fist.

*Southey.*—I have heard that you prefer Crabbe to either.

*Porson.*—Crabbe wrote with a twopenny nail, and scratched rough truths and rogues' facts on mud walls. There is, however, much in his poetry, and more in his moral character, to admire. Comparing the smartnesses of Crabbe with Young's, I cannot help thinking that the reverend doctor must have wandered in his *Night Thoughts* rather

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too near the future vicar's future mother; so striking is the resemblance. But the vicar, if he was fonder of low company, has greatly more nature and sympathy, greatly more vigor and compression. Young moralized at a distance on some external appearances of the human heart; Crabbe entered it *on all fours*, and told the people what an ugly thing it is inside.

*Southey.*—This simple-minded man is totally free from malice and animosity.

*Porson.*—Rightly in the use of these two powers have you discriminated. Byron is profuse of animosity; but I do believe him to be quite without malice. You have lived among men about the Lakes, who want the vigor necessary for the expansion of animosity; but whose dunghills are warm enough to hatch long egg-strings of malice, after a season.

*Southey.*—It may be so; but why advert to them? In speaking of vigor, surely you cannot mean vigor of intellect? An animal that has been held with lowered nostrils in the Grotto del Cane, recovers his senses when he is thrown into the Agnano; but there is no such resuscitation for the writer whose head has been bent over that poetry, which, while it intoxicates the brain, deadens or perverts the energies of the heart. In vain do pure waters reflect the heavens to him: his respiration is on the earth and earthly things; and it is not the whispers of wisdom, or the touches of affection—it is only the shout of the multitude—that can excite him. It soon falls, and he with it.

*Porson.*—Do not talk in this manner with the ladies, young or old; a little profligacy is very endearing to them.

*Southey.*—Not to those with whom I am likely to talk.

*Porson.*—Before we continue our discussion on the merits of Mr. Wordsworth, and there are many great ones, I must show my inclination to impartiality, by adducing a few instances of faultiness in Byron. For you must bear in mind that I am counsel for the crown against your friend, and that it is not my business in this place to call witnesses to his good character.

*Southey.*—You leave me no doubt of that. But do not speak in generalities when you speak of him. Lay your finger on those places in particular which most displease you.

*Porson.*—It would benumb it—nevertheless, I will do as you bid me; and, if ever I am unjust in a single tittle, reprehend me instantly. But at present, to Byron as I proposed. Give me the volume. Ay, that is it.

*Southey.*—Methinks it smells of his own favorite beverage, gin and water.

*Porson.*—No bad perfume after all.

> "Nought of life left, save a *quivering*
> When his limbs were *slightly shivering*."

Pray, what does the second line add to the first, beside empty words?

> "Around a slaughter'd army lay."

What follows?

> "No more to combat or to bleed."

Verily! Well; more the pity than the wonder. According to historians, (if you doubt my fidelity, I will quote them,) slaughtered armies have often been in this condition.

> "We sat down and wept by the waters
> Of Babel, and thought of the day,
> When our foe, *in the hue of his slaughters*,
> Made Salem's high places his prey.

A prey "in the hue of his slaughters." This is very pathetic; but not more so than the thought it suggested to me, which is plainer:

> "We sat down and wept by the waters
> Of Camus, and thought of the day,
> When damsels would show their red garters
> In their hurry to scamper away."

Let us see what we can find where this other slip of paper divides the pages.

> "Let *he* who made thee."

Some of us at Cambridge continue to say, "Let *him* go." Is this grammatical form grown obsolete? Pray, let *I* know. Some of us are also much in the habit of pronouncing *real* as if it were a dissyllable, and *ideal* as if it were a trissyllable. All the Scotch deduct a syllable from each of these words, and Byron's mother was Scotch.

What have we here?

> "And spoil'd her goodly lands to *gild his waste*."

I profess my abhorrence at *gilding* even a few square leagues of waste.

> Thy fanes, thy temples."

Where is the difference?

> "Rustic plough."

There are more of these than of city ploughs or court ploughs.

> Have flung a desolate cloud o'er Venice' lovely walls."

What think you of a desolate cloud

> "O'er Venice' lovely walls?"

Where poets have omitted, as in this instance, the possessive *s*, denoting the genitive case, as we are accustomed to call it, they are very censurable. Few blemishes in style are greater. But here, where no letter *s* precedes it, the fault is the worst. In the next line we find

> "Athens' armies."

Further on, he makes Petrarca say that his

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passion for Laura was a guilty one. If it was, Petrarca did not think it so, and still less would he have said it.

*Southey.*—This arises from his ignorance, that *reo* in Italian poetry, means not only *guilty*, but *cruel* and *sorrowful*.

*Porson.*—He fancies that Shakspeare's Forest of Arden is the Belgian Forest of the same name, differently spelt, Ardennes; whereas it began near Stratford upon Avon, and extended to Red-ditch and the Ridgeway, the boundary of Warwickshire and Worcestershire, having for its centre the little town Henley, called to this day Henley in Arden.

*Southey.*—You will never find in Wordsworth such faults as these.

*Porson.*—Perhaps not; but let us see. I am apprehensive that we may find graver, and without the excuse of flightiness or incitation. We will follow him, if you please, where you attempted (as coopers do in their business more successfully) to draw together the staves of his quarter-cask, by putting a little fire of your own chips in it. Yet they start and stare widely; and even your practised hand will scarcely bring it into such condition as to render it a sound or saleable commodity. You are annoyed, I perceive, at this remark. I honor your sensibility. There are, indeed, base souls which genius may illuminate, but cannot elevate.

"Struck with an ear-ache by all stronger lays,
They writhe with anguish at another's praise."

Meantime, what exquisite pleasure must you have felt, in being the only critic of our age and country, laboring for the advancement of those who might be thought your rivals! No other ventured to utter a syllable in behalf of your friend's poetry. While he "wheeled his downy flight," it lay among the thread-papers and patchwork of the sedater housewifes, and was applied by them to the younger part of the family, as an antidote against all levity of behavior. The last time we met, you not only defended your fellow-soldier while he was lying on the ground, trodden and wounded, and crying out aloud, but you lifted him up on your shoulders in the middle of the fight. Presently we must try our strength again, if you persist in opposing him to the dramatists of Athens.

*Southey.*—You mistake me widely in imagining me to have ranked him with the Greek tragedians, or any great tragedians whatsoever. I only said that, in one single poem, Sophocles or Euripides would probably have succeeded no better.

*Porson.*—This was going far enough. But I will not oppose my unbelief to your belief, which is at all times the pleasanter. Poets, I find, are beginning to hold critics cheap, and are drilling a company out of their own body. At present, in marching they lift up their legs too high, and in firing they shut their eyes.

*Southey.*—There is little use in arguing with the conceited and inexperienced, who, immersed in the slough of ignorance, cry out, "*There you are wrong; there we differ,*" &c. Wry necks are always stiff, and hot heads are still worse when they grow cool.

*Porson.*—Let me ask you, who, being both a poet and a critic, are likely to be impartial, whether we, who restore the noble forms which time and barbarism have disfigured, are not more estimable than those artisans who mould in coarse clay, and cover with plashy chalk, their shepherds and shepherdesses for Bagnigge-Wells?

*Southey.*—I do not deny nor dispute it; but, awarding due praise to such critics, of whom the number in our own country is extremely small, bishoprics having absorbed and suffocated half the crew, I must, in defence of those particularly whom they have criticised too severely, profess my opinion that our poetry, of late years, hath gained to the full as much as it hath lost.

*Porson.*—The sea also, of late years, and all other years too, has followed the same law. We have gained by it empty cockle-shells, dead jelly-fish, sand, shingle, and voluminous weeds. On the other hand, we have lost our exuberant meadow-ground, slowly abraded, stealthily bitten off, morsel after morsel; we have lost our fat salt-marshes; we have lost our solid turf, besprinkled with close flowers; we have lost our broad umbrageous fences, and their trees and shrubs and foliage of plants innumerably various; we have lost, in short, every thing that delighted us with its inexhaustible richness, and aroused our admiration at its irregular and unrepressed luxuriance.

*Southey.*—I would detract and derogate from no man; but pardon me if I am more inclined towards him who improves our own literature, than towards him who elucidates any other.

*Porson.*—Our own is best improved by the elucidation of others. Among all the bran in all the little bins of Mr. Wordsworth's beer-cellar, there is not a legal quart of that stout old English beverage with which the good Bishop of Dromore regaled us. The buff jerkins we saw in Chevy Chase, please me better than the linsy-woolsy which en-

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wraps the puffy limbs of our worthy host at Grasmere.

*Southey.*—Really this, if not random malice, is ill-directed levity. Already you have acquired that fame and station to which nobody could oppose your progress; why not let him have his?

*Porson.*—So he shall; this is the mark I aim at. It is a difficult matter to set a weak man right, and it is seldom worth the trouble; but it is infinitely more difficult, when a man is intoxicated by applauses, to persuade him that he is going astray. The more tender and coaxing we are, the oftener is the elbow jerked into our sides. There are three classes of sufferers under criticism—the querulous, the acquiescent, and the contemptuous. In the two latter, there is usually something of magnanimity; but in the querulous we always find the imbecile, the vain, and the mean-spirited. I do not hear that you ever have condescended to notice any attack on your poetical works, either in note or preface. Meanwhile, your neighbor would allure us into his cottage by setting his sheep-dog at us; which guardian of the premises runs after and snaps at every pebble thrown to irritate him.

*Southey.*—Pray, leave these tropes and metaphors, and acknowledge that Wordsworth has been scornfully treated.

*Porson.*—Those always will be who show one weakness at having been attacked on another. I admire your suavity of temper, and your consciousness of worth; your disdain of obloquy, and your resignation to the destinies of authorship. Never did either poet or lover gain any thing by complaining.

*Southey.*—Such sparks as our critics are in general, give neither warmth nor light, and only make people stare and stand out of the way, lest they should fall on them.

*Porson.*—Those who have assaulted you and Mr. Wordsworth are perhaps less malicious than unprincipled; the pursuivants of power, or the running footmen of faction. Your patience is admirable; his impatience is laughable. Nothing is more amusing than to see him raise his bristles and expose his tusk at every invader of his brushwood, every marauder of his hips and haws.

*Southey.*—Among all the races of men, we English are at once the most generous and the most ill-tempered. We all carry sticks in our hands to cut down the heads of the higher poppies.

*Porson.*—A very high poppy, and surcharged with Lethean dew, is that before us. But continue.

*Southey.*—I would have added, that each resents in another any injustice; and resents it indeed so violently, as to turn unjust on the opposite side. Wordsworth, in whose poetry you yourself admit there are many and great beauties, will, I am afraid, be tossed out of his balance by a sudden jerk in raising him.

*Porson.*—Nothing more likely. The reaction may be as precipitate as the pull is now violent against him. Injudicious friends will cause him less uneasiness, but will do him greater mischief than intemperate opponents.

*Southey.*—You cannot be accused of either fault; but you demand too much, and pardon no remissness. However, you have at no time abetted by your example the paltry pelters of golden fruit paled out from them.

*Porson.*—Removed alike from the crowd and the coterie, I have always avoided, with timid prudence, the bird-cage walk of literature. I have withholden from Herman and some others, a part of what is due to them; and I regret it. Sometimes I have been arrogant, never have I been malicious. Unhappily, I was educated in a school of criticism where the exercises were too gladiatorial. Looking at my elders in it, they appeared to me so ugly, in part from their contortions, and in part from their scars, that I suspected it must be a dangerous thing to wield a scourge of vipers; and I thought it no very creditable appointment to be linkboy or pandar at an alley leading down to the Furies. Age and infirmity have rendered me milder than I was. I am loth to fire off my gun in the warren which lies before us; loth to startle the snug little creatures, each looking so comfortable at the mouth of its burrow, or skipping about at short distances, or frisking and kicking up the sand along the thriftless heath. You have shown me some very good poetry in your author; I have some very bad in him to show you. Each of our actions is an incitement to improve him. But what we cannot improve or alter, lies in the constitution of the man: the determination to hold you in one spot until you have heard him through; the reluctance that any thing should be lost; the unconsciousness that the paring is less nutritious and less savory than the core; in short, the prolix, the prosaic; a sickly sameness of color; a sad deficiency of vital heat.

*Southey.*—Where the language is subdued and somewhat cold, there may nevertheless be internal warmth and spirit. There is a paleness in intense fires; they do not

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flame out nor sparkle. As you know, Mr. Professor, it is only a weak wine that sends the cork up to the ceiling.

*Porson.*—I never was fond of the florid: but I would readily pardon the weak wine you allude to for committing this misdemeanor. Upon my word, I have no such complaint to make against it. I said little at the time about these poems, and usually say little more on better. In our praises and censures, we should see before us one sole object—instruction. A single well-set post, with a few plain letters upon it, directs us better than fifty that turn about and totter, covered as they may be from top to bottom with coronals and garlands.

*Southey.*—We have about a million critics in Great Britain; not a soul of which critics entertains the slightest doubt of his own infallibility. You, with all your learning and all your canons of criticism, will never make them waver.

*Porson.*—We will not waste our breath upon the best of them. Rather let me turn toward you, so zealous, so ardent, so indefatigable a friend, and, if reports are true, so ill-requited. When your client was the ridicule of all the wits in England, of whom Canning and Frere were foremost, by your indignation at injustice he was righted, and more than righted. For although you attributed to him what perhaps was not greatly above his due, yet they who acknowledge your authority, and contend under your banner, have carried him much further; nay, further, I apprehend, than is expedient or safe; and they will drop him before the day closes, where there is nobody to show the way home.

*Southey.*—Could not you, Mr. Professor, do that good service to him, which others in another province have so often done to you?

*Porson.*—Nobody better, nobody with less danger from interruptions. But I must be even more enthusiastic than you are, if I prefer this excursion to your conversation. My memory, although the strongest part of me, is apt to stagger and swerve under verses piled incompactly. In our last meeting, you had him mostly to yourself, and you gave me abundantly of the best; at present, while my gruel is before me, it appears no unseasonable time to throw a little salt into both occasionally, as may suit my palate. You will not be displeased?

*Southey.*—Certainly not, unless you are unjust; nor even then, unless I find the injustice to be founded on ill will.

*Porson.*—That cannot be. I stand

"Despicere unde queam tales, passimque videre Errare."

Besides, knowing that my verdicts will be registered and recorded, I dare not utter a hasty or an inconsiderate one. On this ground, the small critics of the *Edinburgh Review* have incalculably the advantage over us. I lay it down as an axiom, that languor is the cause or the effect of all disorders, and is itself the very worst in poetry. Wordsworth's is an instrument which has no trumpet-stop.

*Southey.*—But, such as it is, he blows it well.

*Porson.*—To continue the metaphor, it seems to me, on the contrary, that a good deal of his breath is whiffed on the outside of the pipe, and goes for nothing. He wants absolutely all the four great requisites—creativeness, constructiveness, the sublime, and the pathetic; and I see no reason to believe that he is capable or even sensible of the facetious, as Cowper and you have proved yourselves to be on many occasions.

*Southey.*—Among the opinions we form of our faculties, this is the one in which we all are the most liable to err. How many are suspicious that they are witty who raise no such suspicion in any one else? Wit appears to require a certain degree of unsteadiness in the character. Diamonds sparkle the most brilliantly on heads stricken by the palsy.

*Porson.*—Yes; but it is not every palsied head that has diamonds, nor every unsteady character that has wit. I am little complimentary; I must, however, say plainly, that you have indulged in it without any detriment to your fame. But where all the higher qualities of the poet are deficient, if we cannot get wit and humor, there ought at least to be abstinence from prolixity and dilation.

*Southey.*—Surely it is something to have accompanied sound sense with pleasing harmony, whether in verse or prose.

*Porson.*—What is the worth of a musical instrument which has no high key? Even Pan's pipe rises above the barytones; yet I never should mistake it for an organ.

*Southey.*—It is evident that you are ill-disposed to countenance the moderns; I mean principally the living.

*Porson.*—They are less disposed to countenance one another.

*Southey.*—Where there is genius there should be geniality. The curse of quarrelsomeness, of hand against every man, was inflicted on the children of the desert; not on those who pastured their flocks on the fertile banks of the Euphrates, or contem-

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plated the heavens from the elevated ranges of Chaldea.

*Porson.*—Let none be cast down by the malice of their contemporaries, or surprised at the defection of their associates, when he himself who has tended more than any man living to purify the poetry and to liberalize the criticism of his nation, is represented, by one whom he has called "inoffensive and virtuous," as an author all whose poetry is "not worth five shillings," and of whom another has said, that "his verses sound like dumb-bells." Such are the expressions of two among your friends and familiars, both under obligations to you for the earliest and weightiest testimony in their favor. It would appear as if the exercise of the poetical faculty left irritation and weakness behind it, depriving its possessor at once of love and modesty, and making him resemble a spoilt child, who most indulges in its frowardness when you exclaim "what a spoilt child it is!" and carry it crying and kicking out of the room. Your poetical neighbors I hear, complain bitterly that you never have lauded them at large in your *Critical Reviews.*

*Southey.*—I never have; because one grain of commendation more to the one than the other would make them enemies; and no language of mine would be thought adequate by either to his deserts. Each could not be called the greatest poet of the age; and by such compliance I should have been forever divested of my authority as a critic. I lost, however, no opportunity of commending heartily what is best in them; and I have never obtruded on any one's notice what is amiss, but carefully concealed it. I wish you were equally charitable.

*Porson.*—I will be; and generous, too. There are several things in these volumes besides that which you recited, containing just thoughts poetically expressed. Few, however, are there which do not contain much of the superfluous, and more of the prosaic. For one nod of approbation, I therefore give two of drowsiness. You accuse me of injustice, not only to this author, but to all the living. Now Byron is living; there is more spirit in Byron: Scott is living; there is more vivacity and variety in Scott. Byron exhibits *disjecti membra poetæ;* and strong muscles quiver throughout—but rather like galvanism than healthy life. There is a freshness in all Scott's scenery; a vigor and distinctness in all his characters. He seems the brother-in-arms of Froissart. I admire his *Marmion* in particular. Give me his massy claymore, and keep in the cabinet or the boudoir the jewelled hilt of the oriental dirk. The pages which my forefinger keeps open for you, contain a thing in the form of a sonnet; a thing to which, for insipidity, *tripe au naturel* is a dainty:

"Great men have been among us, hands that penned
And tongues that uttered wisdom; *better none.*
*The later Sidney, Marvel, Harrington,*
*Young Vane, and others who called Milton friend.*"

When he potted these fat lampreys he forgot the condiments, which the finest lampreys want; but how close and flat he has laid them! I see nothing in poetry since

"*Four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row,*"

fit to compare with it. How the good men and true stand, shoulder to shoulder, and keep one another up!

*Southey.*—In these censures and sarcasms you forget

"Alcandrumque Haliumque Nocmonaque Prytanimque."

From the Spanish I could bring forward many such.

*Porson.*—But here is a sonnet; and the sonnet admits not that approach to the prosaic which is allowable in the ballad, particularly in the ballad of action. For which reason I never laughed, as many did, at

"*Lord Lion King at Arms.*"

Scott knew what he was about. In his chivalry, and in all the true, gayety is mingled with strength, and facility with majesty. Lord Lion may be defended by the practice of the older poets, who describe the like scenes and adventures. There is much resembling it, for instance, in *Chevy Chase. Marmion* is a poem of chivalry, particularly in some measures of the ballad, but rising in sundry places to the epic, and closing with a battle worthy of the *Iliad.* Ariosto has demonstrated that a romance may be so adorned by the apparatus, and so elevated by the spirit of poetry, as to be taken for an epic; but it has a wider field of its own, with outlying forests and chases. Spanish and Italian poetry often seems to run in extremely slender veins through a vast extent of barren ground.

*Southey.*—But often, too, it is pure and plastic. The republicans, whose compact phalanx you have unsparingly ridiculed in Wordsworth's sonnet, make surely no sorrier a figure than

"*A Don Alvaro de Luna*
*Condestable de Castilla*
*El Re Don Juan el Segundo.*"

*Porson.*—What an admirable Spanish scholar must Mr. Wordsworth be! How completely has he transfused into his own

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compositions all the spirit of those verses! Nevertheless, it is much to be regretted that, in resolving on simplicity, he did not place himself under the tuition of Burns; which quality Burns could have taught him in perfection; but others he never could have imparted to such an auditor. He would have sung in vain to him

"*Scots who hae wi' Wallace bled.*"

A song more animating than ever Tyrtæus sang to the fife before the Spartans. But simplicity in Burns is never stale and unprofitable. In Burns there is no waste of words out of an ill-shouldered sack; no troublesome running backwards of little, idle, ragged ideas; no ostentation of sentiment in the surtout of selfishness. Where was I?

"*Better none. . . The later Sidney . . Young Vane . .*
"These moralists could act . . and . . *comprehend!*"

We might expect as much if "*none were better.*"

"They knew how *genuine* glory was . . *put on!*

What is genuine is not *put on.*

"Taught us how *rightfully* . . a nation . . !

Did what? Took up arms? No such thing. *Remonstrated?* No, nor that. What then? Why, "*shone!*" I am inclined to take the *shine* out of him for it. But how did the nation "rightfully *shine?*" In *splendour!*

"Taught us how *rightfully* a nation *shone*
In *splendor!*

Now the secret is plainly out—make the most of it. Another thing they taught us,

"*What strength was.*"

They did indeed, with a vengeance. Furthermore, they taught us, what we never could have expected from such masters,

"What strength was . . *that could not bend*
But in magnanimous *meekness.*"

Brave Oliver! brave and honest Ireton! we know pretty well where your magnanimity lay; we never could so cleverly find out your meekness. Did you leave it peradventure on the window-seat at Whitehall? *The* "*later Sidney and young Vane, who could call Milton friend,*" and Milton himself, were gentlemen of your kidney, and they were all as meek as Moses with their arch-enemy.

"Perpetual emptiness: unceasing change."

How could the *change* be unceasing if the *emptiness* was perpetual?

"No single volume paramount: no *code;*"

That is untrue. There is a Code, and the best in Europe: there was none promulgated under our Commonwealth.

"No master-spirit, no determined road,
And equally a want of books and men."

*Southey.*—I do not agree in this opinion: for although of late years France hath exhibited no man of exalted wisdom or great worth, yet surely her Revolution cast up several both intellectual and virtuous. But, like fishes in dark nights and wintery weather, allured by deceptive torches, they came to the surface only to be speared.

*Porson.*—Although there were many deplorable ends in the French Revolution, there was none so deplorable as the last sonnet's. So diffuse and pointless and aimless is not only this, but fifty more, that the author seems to have written them in hedger's gloves, on blotting paper. If he could by any contrivance have added to

"*Perpetual emptiness unceasing change,*"

or some occasional change at least, he would have been more tolerable.

*Southey.*—He has done it lately: he has written, although not yet published, a vast number of sonnets on *Capital Punishment.*

*Porson.*—Are you serious? Already he has inflicted it far and wide, for divers attempts made upon him to extort his meaning.

*Southey.*—Remember, poets superlatively great have composed things below their dignity. Suffice it to mention only Milton's translations of the Psalms.

*Porson.*—Milton was never half so wicked a regicide as when he lifted up his hand and smote King David. He has atoned for it, however, by composing a magnificent psalm of his own, in the form of a sonnet.

*Southey.*—You mean, on the massacre of the Protestants in Piedmont. This is indeed the noblest of sonnets.

*Porson.*—There are others in Milton comparable to it, but none elsewhere. In the poems of Shakspeare which are printed as sonnets, there sometimes is a singular strength and intensity of thought, with little of that imagination which was afterwards to raise him highest in the universe of poetry. Even the interest we take in the private life of this miraculous man cannot keep the volume in our hands long together. We acknowledge great power, but we experience great weariness. Were I a poet, I would much rather have written the *Allegro* or the *Penseroso*, than all those, and moreover than nearly all that portion of our metre, which, wanting a definite term, is ranged under the capitulary of lyric.

*Southey.*—Evidently you dislike the son-

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net; otherwise there are very many in Wordsworth which would have obtained your approbation.

*Porson.*—I have no objection to see mincemeat put into small patty-pans, all of equal size, with ribs at odd distances: my objection lies mainly where I find it without salt or succulence. Milton was glad, I can imagine, to seize upon the sonnet, because it restricted him from a profuse expression of what soon becomes tiresome—praise. In addressing it to the Lord Protector, he was aware that prolixity of speech was both unnecessary and indecorous: in addressing it to Vane, and Lawrence, and Lawes, he felt that friendship is never the stronger for running through long periods: and in addressing it to

"*Captain, or Colonel, or Knight-at-Arms,*"

he might be confident that fourteen such glorious lines were a bulwark, sufficient for his protection against a royal army.

*Southey.*—I am highly gratified at your enthusiasm. A great poet represents a great portion of the human race. Nature delegated to Shakspeare the interests and direction of the whole: to Milton a smaller part, but with plenary power over it; and she bestowed on him such fervor and majesty of eloquence as on no other mortal in any age.

*Porson.*—Perhaps indeed not on Demosthenes himself.

*Southey.*—Without many of those qualities of which a loftier genius is constituted, without much fire, without an extent of range, without an eye that can look into the heart, or an organ that can touch it, Demosthenes had great dexterity and great force. By the union of those properties he always was impressive on his audience: but his orations bear less testimony to the seal of genius than the dissertations of Milton do.

*Porson.*—You judge correctly that there are several parts of genius in which Demosthenes is deficient, although in none whatever of the consummate orator. In that character there is no necessity for stage-exhibitions of wit, however well it may be received in an oration from the most persuasive and the most stately: Demosthenes, when he catches at wit, misses it, and falls flat in the mire. But by discipline and training, by abstinence from what is florid and too juicy, and by loitering with no idle words on his way, he acquired the hard muscles of a wrestler, and nobody could stand up against him with success or impunity.

*Southey.*—Milton has equal strength, without an abatement of beauty: not a sinew sharp and rigid, not a vein varicose or inflated. Hercules killed robbers and ravishers with his knotted club: he cleansed also royal stables by turning whole rivers into them. Apollo, with no labor or effort, overcame the Python; brought round him, in the full accordance of harmony, all the Muses: and illuminated with his sole splendor the universal world. Such is the difference I see between Demosthenes and Milton.

*Porson.*—Would you have any thing more of Mr. Wordsworth, after the contemplation of two men who resemble a god and a demigod in the degrees of power?

*Southey.*—I do not believe you can find, in another of his poems, so many blemishes and debilities as you have pointed out.

*Porson.*—Within the same space, perhaps not. But my complaint is not against a poverty of thought or expression here and there; it is against the sickliness and prostration of the whole body. I should never have thought it worth my while to renew and continue our conversation on it, unless that frequently such discussions lead to something better than the thing discussed; and unless we had some abundant proofs that heaviness, taken opportunely, is the parent of hilarity. The most beautiful Iris rises in bright expanse out of the minutest watery particles. Little fond as I am of quoting my own authority, permit me to repeat, in this sick chamber, an observation I once made in another almost as sick.

"When wine and gin are gone and spent,
Small beer is then most excellent."

But small beer itself is not equally small nor equally vapid. Our friend's poetry, like a cloak of gum-elastic, makes me sweat without keeping me warm. With regard to the texture and sewing, what think you of

"No thorns can pierce *those* tender feet,
Whose *life* was as the violet sweet!"

*Southey.*—It should have been written "*her* tender feet;" because, as the words stand, it is the *life* of the tender feet that is sweet as the violet.

*Porson.*—If there is a Wordsworth school, it certainly is not a grammar school. Is there any lower? It must be a school for very little boys, and a rod should be hung up in the centre. Take another sample.

"There is *blessing* in the air,
Which *seems* a sense of joy to yield."

Was ever line so inadequate to its purpose as the second! If the blessing is evident and certain, the sense of joy arising from it must be evident and certain also, not merely *seeming*. Whatever only *seems* to yield

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a sense of joy, is scarcely a *blessing*. The verse adds nothing to the one before, but rather tends to empty it of the little it conveys.

> "And shady groves for recreation *framed*."

"*Recreation!*" and in groves that are "*framed!*"

> "With high respect and gratitude sincere."

This is indeed a good end of a letter, but not of a poem. I am weary of discomposing these lines of sawdust: they verily would disgrace any poetry-professor.

*Southey.*—Acknowledging the prosaic flatness of the last verse you quoted, the sneer with which you pronounced the final word seems to me unmerited.

*Porson.*—That is not gratitude which is not "*sincere.*" A scholar ought to write nothing so incorrect as the phrase, a poet nothing so imbecile as the verse.

*Southey.*—*Sincere* conveys a stronger sense to most understandings than the substantive alone would; words which we can do without, are not therefore useless. Many may be of service and efficacy to certain minds, which other minds pass over inobservantly; and there are many which, however light in themselves, wing the way for a well-directed point that could never reach the heart without it.

*Porson.*—That is true in general, but here inapplicable. I will tell you what is applicable on all occasions, both in poetry and prose: αιει αριστευειν: always without reference to weak or common minds. If we give an entertainment, we do not set on the table pap and panada, just because a guest may be liable to indigestion; we rather send these dismal dainties to his chamber, and treat our heartier friends *opiparously*. I am wandering. If we critics are logical, it is the most that can be required at our hands: we should go out of our record if we were philosophical.

*Southey.*—Without both qualities not even the lightest poetry should be reprehended. They do not exclude wit, which sometimes shows inexactnesses where mensuration would be tardy and incommodious.

*Porson.*—I fear I am at my wits' end under this exhausted receiver. Here are, however, a few more *Excerpta* for you: I shall add but few; although I have marked with my pencil, in these two small volumes, more than seventy spots of sterility or quagmire. Mr. Wordsworth has hitherto had for his critics men who uncovered and darkened his blemishes in order to profit by them, and afterwards expounded his songs and expatiated on his beauties in order to obtain the same result; like picture-cleaners, who besmear a picture all over with washy dirtiness, then wipe away one-half of it, making it whiter than it ever was before. And nothing draws such crowds to the window.

I must make you walk with me up and down the deck, else nothing could keep you from sickness in this hull. How do you feel? Will you sit down again?

*Southey.*—I will hear you and bear with you.

*Porson.*—"I on the earth will go plodding on
By myself cheerfully, till the day is done."

In what other author do you find such heavy trash?

> "How do you live? and what is it you do!"

Show me any thing like this in the worst poet that ever lived, and I will acknowledge that I am the worst critic. A want of sympathy is sometimes apparent in the midst of poetical pretences. Before us a gang of gypsies, perhaps after a long journey, perhaps after a marriage, perhaps after the birth of a child among them, are found resting a whole day in one place: What is the reflection on it?

> "The *mighty* moon!
> This way she looks, *as if at them*,
> And they regard her not!
> *O! better wrong and strife;*
> *Rather vain deeds or evil than such life!*"

Mr. Southey! is this the man you represented to me, in our last conversation, as innocent and philosophical? What! better be guilty of robbery or bloodshed than not be looking at the moon? better let the fire go out, and the children cry with hunger and cold? The philanthropy of poets is surely ethereal, and is here, indeed, a matter of moonshine.

*Southey.*—The sentiment is indefensible. But in the stoutest coat a stitch may give way somewhere.

*Porson.*—Our business is in this place, with humanity: we will go forward, if you please, to religion. Poets may take great liberties; but not much above the nymphs; they must be circumspect and orderly with gods and goddesses of any account and likelihood. Although the ancients laid many children at the door of Jupiter, which he never could be brought to acknowledge, yet it is downright impiety to attribute to the God of mercy, as his, so ill-favored a vixen as *Slaughter*.

*Southey.*—We might enter into a long disquisition on this subject.

*Porson.*—God forbid we should do all we

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might do! Have you rested long enough? Come along then to *Goody Blake's*.

"*Old* Goody Blake was *old* and poor"—

What is the consequence?

"Ill-fed she was, and thinly clad,
And any man who passed her door
Might see"—

What might he see?

"How *poor* a hut she had."

*Southey.*—Ease and simplicity are two expressions often confounded and misapplied. We usually find ease arising from long practice, and sometimes from a delicate ear without it; but simplicity may be rustic and awkward; of which, it must be acknowledged, there are innumerable examples in these volumes. But surely it would be a pleasanter occupation to recollect the many that are natural, and to search out the few that are graceful.

*Porson.*—We have not yet taken our leave of Goody Blake.

"All day she spun in her *poor* dwelling,
And then 'twas three hours' work at night;
*Alas! 'twas hardly worth the telling.*"

I am quite of that opinion.

"But when the ice our streams *did fetter*"—

Which was the *fetterer?* We may guess—but not from the grammar.

"Oh! then how her old bones would shake!
You would have said, *if you had met her*"—

Now what would you have said? "Goody! come into my house, and warm yourself with a pint of ale at the kitchen fire." No such naughty thing.

"You would have said, if you had met her,
*'Twas a hard time for Goody Blake!*"

*Southey.*—If you said only *that*, you must have been the colder of the two, and God had done less for you than for her.

*Porson.* "Sad case it was, *as you may think,
As every man who knew her says.*"

Now, mind ye! all this balderdash is from "*Poems purely of the Imagination.*" Such is what is notified to us in the title-page.—In spite of a cold below zero, I hope you are awake, Mr. Southey! How do you find nose and ears? all safe and sound? are the acoustics in tolerable order for harmony? Listen then.

"The west that burns like *one* dilated *sun*"—

Are you ready for the sublime? Come on.

"Where in a mighty *crucible* expire
The mountains."

It must now be all over with them if they *expired.* The self-same verse, however, continues to inform us, that, after this operation, they were—what think you?

"*Glowing hot.*"

*Southey.*—Rather retrograde thermometer!

*Porson.*—And what do you think the mountains were like, when they were in the crucible after their expiration? Why they were like "coals of fire."

*Southey.*—Coals of fire are generally on the *outside* of crucibles. The melting of the mountains is taken from the Holy Scriptures.

*Porson.*—And never was there such a piece of sacrilege! Away he runs with them, and passes them (as thieves usually do) into the *crucible.* [Here follows "*an anecdote for fathers, showing how the practice of lying may be taught.*"] Such is the title, a somewhat prolix one: but for the soul of me I cannot find out the lie, with all my experience in those matters.

"Now tell me *had* you rather be?"

Cannot our writers perceive that *had be* is not English? *Would you rather be* is grammatical. *I'd* sounds much the same when it signifies *I would.* The latter with slighter contraction is *I'ou'd*; hence the corruption goes further.

*Southey.*—This is just and true; but we must not rest too often, too long, or too pressingly, on verbal criticism.

*Porson.*—Do you, so accurate a grammarian, say this? To pass over such vulgarisms, which indeed the worst writers seldom fall into—if the words are silly, idle, or inapplicable, what becomes of the sentence? Those alone are to be classed as verbal critics who can catch and comprehend no more than a word here and there, and who lay more stress upon it, if faulty, than upon all the beauties in the best authors. But unless we, who sit perched and watchful on a higher branch than the *word-catchers*,* and who live on somewhat more substantial than syllables, do catch the word, that which is dependent on the word must escape us also. Now do me the favor to read the rest; for I have only just breath enough to converse, and your voice will give advantage to the poetry which mine cannot.

*Southey (reads).*—

"In careless mood he looked at me,
While still I held him by the arm,
And said 'At Kilve I'd rather be
Than here at Liznin farm.'
Now, little Edward, *say why so*—
My little Edward, *tell me why.*"

* "Like word-catchers that live on syllables."—Pope.

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*Porson*. — Where is the difference of meaning betwixt

"Little Edward, *say why so*,"

and

"Little Edward, *tell me why?*"

*Southey* (*reads*).—

"I cannot tell—I do not know."

*Porson*.—Again, where is the difference between "*I cannot tell*," and "*I do not know?*"

*Southey* (*reads*).—

"Why this is strange, said"——

*Porson*.—And I join in the opinion, if he intends it for poetry.

*Southey* (*reads*).—

"For here are woods, hills smooth and warm;
There surely must some reason be.'

*Porson*.—This is among the least awkward of his inversions, which are more frequent in him, and more awkward, than in any of his contemporaries. Somewhat less so would be

"Surely some reason there must be," or
"Some reason surely there must be," or
"Some reason there must surely be."

Without wringing more changes, which we might do, he had the choice of four inversions, and he has taken the worst.

*Southey* (*reads*).—

"His head he raised: there was in *sight*,
*It caught his eye: he saw it plain*"——

*Porson*.—What tautology—what trifling!

*Southey* (*reads*).—

"Upon the house-top glittering bright,
" A broad and gilded vane."

*Porson*.—Can we wonder that the boy saw "*plain*" "a broad and gilded vane," on the house-top just before him?

*Southey* (*reads*).—

"Thus did the boy his tongue *unlock*."

*Porson*.—I wish the father had kept the Bramah key in his breeches pocket.

*Southey* (*reads*).—

"And eased his mind with this reply"—

*Porson*.—When he had written *did unlock*, he should likewise have written *and ease*, not *and eased*.

*Southey* (*reads*).—

"At Kilve there was no weathercock,
And that's the reason why.
O dearest, dearest boy! my heart
For better lore would seldom yearn,
Could I but teach the hundredth part
Of what from thee I learn."

*Porson*.—What is flat ought to be plain; but who can expound to me the thing here signified? who can tell me where is the lie, and which is the liar? If the lad told a lie, why praise him so? and if he spoke the obvious truth, what has he taught the father? "*The hundredth part*" of the lore communicated by the child to the parent may content *him:* but whoever is contented with a hundred-fold more than all they both together have given *us*, cannot be very ambitious of becoming a senior wrangler. These, in good truth, are verses

"Pleni ruris et inficetiarum."
"Dank, limber verses, stuft with lakeside sedges,
And propt with rotten stakes from broken hedges."

In the beginning of these I forbore to remark

"On Kilve by the *green* sea."

When I was in Somersetshire, Neptune had not parted with his cream-colored horses, and there was no *green* sea within the horizon. The ancients used to give the sea the color they saw in it; Homer *dark-blue*, as in the Hellespont, the Ionian, and Ægœan; Virgil *blue-green*, as along the coast of Naples and Sorento. I suspect, from his character, he never went a league off land. He kept usually, both in person and poetry, to the "*vada cœrula*."

*Southey*.—But he hoisted purple sails, and the mother of his Æneas was at the helm.

*Porson*.—How different from Mr. Wordsworth's wash-tub, pushed on the sluggish lake by a dumb idiot! We must leave the sea-shore for the ditch-side, and get down to "*the small Celandine*." I will now relieve you: give me the book.

"Pleasures newly found are sweet"——

What a discovery! I never heard of any pleasures that are not.

"When they lie about our feet."

Does that make them the sweeter?

"February last."

How poetical!

"February last, my heart
First at sight of thee was glad;
All unheard-of as thou art,
Thou must needs, *I think*, have had,
Celandine! and long ago,
Praise of which *I nothing know*."

What an inversion! A club-foot is not enough, but the heel is where the toe should be.

"*I have not a doubt but he
Whosoe'er the man might be*,
Who the first with pointed rays
(*Workman worthy to be sainted*)
Set the signboard in a blaze," &c.

Really, is there any girl of fourteen whose poetry, being like this, the fondest mother would lay before her most intimate friends? If a taste for what the French call *niaiserie* were prevalent, he who should turn his rid-

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icule so effectively against it as to put it entirely out of fashion, would perform a far greater service than that glorious wit Cervantes, who shattered the last helmet of knight-errantry. For in knight-errantry there was the stout, there was the strenuous, there was sound homeliness under courtly guise, and the ornamental was no impediment to the manly. But in *niaiserie* thereare ordinarily the debilitating fumes of self-conceit, and nothing is there about it but what is abject and ignoble. Shall we go on?

*Southey.*—As you heard me patiently when we met before, it is but fair and reasonable that I should attend to you, now you have examined more carefully what I have recommended to your perusal.

*Porson.*—After a long preamble, your recorder saith,

"'*Tis known that twenty years are past since she*"—

Nobody has been mentioned yet, but you soon hear who *she* is.

> (*Her name is Martha Ray*)
> *Gave with a maiden's true good-will*
> *Her company to Stephen Hill,*
> *And she was blythe and gay:*
> *While friends and kindred all approved,*
> *Of him whom tenderly she loved;*
> *And they had fixed the wedding-day.*"

Now, fifty pounds' reward to whosoever shall discover, in any volume of poems, ancient or modern, eight consecutive verses so sedulously purified from all saline particles.

*Southey.*—I would not be the claimant.

*Porson.*—And pray, Mr. Southey, can you imagine what day of the week that wedding-day was?

*Southey.*—I wonder he neglected to specify it. In general he is quite satisfactory on all such dates.

*Porson.*—Neither can I ascertain the exact day of the week, entirely through his unusual inadvertence. But the wedding-day, sure enough began with—

"The morning that must wed them *both*."

Odd enough that a wedding should unite *two* persons! I believe, on recollection, that in the country parts of England such a result of such a ceremony is by no means uncommon. Here in London it is apt to embrace, in due course of time, another or more.

*Southey.*—A great deal of bad poetry does not of necessity make a bad poet; but a little of what is excellent, on a befitting subject, constitutes a good one.

*Porson.*—If ever this poet before us should write a *large* poem, (a *great* poem is out of the question,) he will stick small particles of friable earth together, and hang the conglutinated nodules under a thatched roof, the more picturesque and the more interesting (no doubt) for its procumbent elevation.

> "Strange *fits of passion* have I known,
> And I will dare to tell.
> But in the lover's ear alone,
> What once *to me befell.*"

He has never told lover, or other man, any thing like *a fit of passion:* I wish he could do that.

> "In one of those sweet dreams I slept,
> *Kind* nature's *gentlest* boon"—

What originality of thought, and what distinctness of expression!

> "My horse moved on; *hoof after hoof*
> He raised"—

What a horse! did ever another do the like?

—"and never stopped."

A wandering Jew of horse-flesh! There's a horse for you! Could any Yorkshire jockey promise more?

> "What fond and wayward thoughts will *slide*
> Into a lover's head!"

Really! are you aware of that, Mr. Southey? But, if they must slide anywhere, they can nowhere find a piece of harder ice to slide upon.

*Southey.*—Certainly there is not much warmth or much invention in several of the *Lyrical Ballads.* This species of poetry can do without them.

*Porson.*—Then we can do without this species of poetry. But invention here is: you never have looked deep enough for it: invention here is, I say again; and a sufficiency for a royal patent. What other man living has produced such a quantity of soup out of bare bones, however unsatisfactory may be the savor?

"O mercy! to myself, I cried"—

We sometimes *say* to ourselves, but seldom *cry* to ourselves in moments of reflection.

"If Lucy should be dead!"

*Southey.*—Surely this is very natural.

*Porson.*—Do not force me to quote Voltaire on the *natural*, and to show you what he calls it. If the presentiment had been followed up by the event, the poem, however tedious and verbose, had been less bald. In how different a manner has Madame de Staël treated this very thought, which many others have also entertained! Do me the favor to take down *Corinne.* Excuse my pronunciation. "Comme je tournais mes regards vers le ciel pour l'en remercier, je ne sçais par quel hazard une superstition de mon enfance s'est ranimée dans mon cœur. *La lune que je contemplais*

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*s'est couverte d'un nuage, et l'aspect de ce nuage était funeste.*"

At the close of the last volume (give it me) we find the consequence. "Elle voulut lui parler, et n'en eût pas la force. Elle leva ses regards vers le ciel, et vit la lune qui se couvrait du même nuage qu'elle avait fait remarquer à Lord Melvil, quand ils s'arretèrent sur le bord de la mer en allant à Naples. Alors elle le lui montra de sa main mourante, et son dernier soupir fit retomber cette main." Here you have the poetical, you had before the prose version of the same description.

*Southey.*—It is difficult to treat those subjects much better in the *ballad.*

*Porson.*—Why then choose them? I will however prove to you that it is no such a difficult matter to treat them much better, and with a very small stock of poetry.

*Southey.*—I am anxious to see the experiment, especially if you yourself make it.

*Porson.*—I have written the characters so minute, according to my custom, that I cannot make them out distinctly in the inclosure of these green curtains. Take up your paper from under the castor-oil bottle; yes, that—now read.

*Southey, (reads.)*

1.

"Hetty, old Dinah Mitchell's daughter,
Had left the side of Derwent water
About the end of summer.
I went to see her at her cot,
Her and her mother, who were not
Expecting a new-comer.

2.

"They both were standing at one tub,
And you might hear their knuckles rub
The hempen sheet they washed.
The mother suddenly turned round,
The daughter cast upon the ground
Her eyes, like one abashed.

3.

"Now of this Hetty there is told
A tale to move both young and old,
A true pathetic story.
'Tis well it happened in my time,
For, much I fear, no other rhyme
Than mine could spread her glory.

4.

"The rains had fallen for three weeks,
The roads were looking like beefsteaks
Gashed deep, to make them tender;
Only along the ruts you might
See little pebbles, black and white—
Walking (you'd think) must end here.

5.

"Hetty, whom many a loving thought
Incited, did not care a groat
About the mire and wet.
She went up stairs, unlocked the chest,
Slipped her clean shift on, not her best,
A prudent girl was Het.

6.

"Both stockings gartered, she drew down
Her petticoat, and then her gown,
And next she clapped her hat on.
A sudden dread came o'er her mind,
'*Good gracious! now, if I should find
No string to tie my patten!*'"

*Porson.*—Come, come, do not throw the paper down so disdainfully! I am waiting to hear you exclaim, "Sume superbiam quæsitam meritis." Ah! you poets are like the curs of Constantinople. They all have their own quarters, and drive away or worry to death every intruder. The mangier they are the fiercer are they. Never did I believe until now that any poet was too great for your praise. Well, what do you think—for we of the brotherhood are impatient to hear all about it? Jealous creature!

*Southey.*—Really I find no cause for triumph.

*Porson.*—Nor do I; but my merriment is excited now, and was excited on a former occasion, by the fervor of your expression, that, "*Pindar would not have braced a poem to more vigor, nor Euripides* have breathed into it more tenderness and passion.*"

*Southey.*—I spoke of the *Laodamia.*

*Porson.*—Although I gave way to pleasantry instead of arguing the point with you, I had a great deal more to say, Mr. Southey, than I said at the first starting of so heavy a runner in his race with Pindar. We will again walk over a part of the ground.

"With sacrifice before the rising morn
Performed, my slaughtered lord *have I 'required,'*
And in thick darkness, amid shades forlorn,
Him of the infernal gods *have I 'desired.'*"

I only remembered, at the time, that the second and fourth verses terminate too much alike. *Desired* may just as well be where *required* is, and *required* where *desired* is: both are wretchedly weak, and both are preceded by the same words, "*have I.*"

*Southey.*—He has corrected them at your suggestion—not indeed much (if any thing) for the better; and he has altered the conclusion, making it more accordant with morality and Christianity, but somewhat less perhaps with Greek manners and sentiments, as they existed in the time of the Trojan war.

*Porson.*—Truly it was far enough from

* *Imag. Conversations*, v. 1. These words are printed as Porson's—improperly, as the whole context shows.

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these before. Acknowledge that the fourth line is quite unnecessary, and that the word "*performed*," in the second, is prosaic.

*Southey.*—I would defend the whole poem.

*Porson.*—To defend the whole, in criticism as in warfare, you must look with peculiar care to the weakest part. In our last conversation, you expressed a wish that I should examine the verses "*analytically and severely*." Had I done it severely, you would have caught me by the wrist and have intercepted the stroke. Show me, if you can, a single instance of falsity or unfairness in any of these remarks. If you cannot, pray indulge me at least in as much hilarity as my position, between a sick bed and a sorry book, will allow me.

*Southey.*—I must catch the wrist here. The book, as you yourself conceded, comprehends many beautiful things.

*Porson.*—I have said it; I have repeated it; and I will maintain it: but there are more mawkish. This very room has many things of value in it: yet the empty vials are worth nothing, and several of the others are uninviting. Beside yourself, I know scarcely a critic in England sufficiently versed and sufficiently candid to give a correct decision on our poets. All others have their parties; most have their personal friends. On the side opposite to these, you find no few morose and darkling, who conjure up the phantom of an enemy in every rising reputation. You are too wise and too virtuous to resemble them. On this cool green bank of literature you stand alone. I always have observed that the herbage is softest and finest in elevated places; and that we may repose with most safety and pleasantness on lofty minds. The little folks who congregate beneath you, seem to think of themselves as Pope thought of the women:

"The *critic* who deliberates is lost."

*Southey.* — Hence random assertions, heats, animosities, missiles of small wit, clouds hiding every object under them, forked lightnings of ill-directed censure, and thunders of applause lost in the vacuity of space. What do you think now of this? "*An ethereal purity of sentiment which could only emanate from the soul of a woman.*"*

*Porson.*—Such a criticism is indeed pure oil from the *Minerva Press*.

*Southey.*—No indeed; it is train-oil, imported neat from Jeffrey's.

* *Edinburgh Review* on the Poems of Felicia Hemans.

*Porson.*—Where will you find, in all his criticisms, one striking truth, one vigorous thought, one vivid witticism, or even one felicitous expression? Yet his noxious gas is convertible to more uses than Hallam's *caput mortuum* that lies under it.

*Southey.*—Better is it that my fellow-townsman should "plod his weary way" in the Heart of Mid-Lothian, than interline with a sputtering pen the fine writing of Sismondi.

*Porson.*—If these fellows knew any thing about antiquity, I would remind them that the Roman soldier, on his march, carried not only vinegar, but lard; and that the vinegar was made wholesome by temperate use and proportionate dilution.

*Southey.*—I do not find that our critics are fond of suggesting any emendations of the passages they censure in their contemporaries, as you have done in the ancients. Will not you tell me, for the benefit of the author, if there is any thing in the *Lyrical Ballads* which you could materially improve?

*Porson.*—Tell me first if you can turn a straw into a walking-stick. When you have done this, I will try what I can do. But I never can do that for Mr. Wordsworth which I have sometimes done for his betters. His verses are as he wrote them; and we must leave them as they are: theirs are not so: and faults committed by transcribers or printers may be corrected. In *Macbeth*, for example, we read,

"The raven himself is hoarse,
That croaks the fatal enterance of Duncan," etc.

Is there any thing marvellous in a raven being hoarse? which is implied by the word "*himself*:" that is to say, *even* the raven, etc. Shakspeare wrote one letter more; "The raven himself is hoarser."

*Southey.*—Surely you could as easily correct in the *Lyrical Ballads* faults as obvious.

*Porson.*—If they were as well worth my attention.

*Southey.*—Many are deeply interested by the simple tales they convey in such plain easy language.

*Porson.*—His language is often harsh and dissonant, and his gait is like one whose waistband has been cut behind. There may be something "*interesting*" in the countenance of the sickly, and even of the dead, but it is only life that can give us enjoyment. Many beside lexicographers place in the same line *simplicity* and *silliness*: they cannot separate them as we can. They think us monsters because we do not see what they see, and because we see plainly what they never can see at all. There is



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often most love where there is the least acquaintance with the object loved. So it is with these good people who stare at the odd construction of our minds. Homely and poor thoughts may be set off by facility and gracefulness of language; here they often want both.

*Southey.*—Harmonious words render ordinary ideas acceptable; less ordinary, pleasant; novel and ingenious ones, delightful. As pictures and statues and living beauty too, show better by *music-light*, so is poetry irradiated, vivified, glorified and raised into immortal life, by harmony.

*Porson.*—Ay, Mr. Southey, and another thing may be noticed. The Muses should be as slow to loosen the zone as the Graces* are. The poetical form, like the human, to be beautiful must be succinct. When we grow corpulent, we are commonly said to *lose our figure.* By this loss of figure we are reduced and weakened. So, there not being bone nor muscle nor blood enough in your client, to rectify and support his accretions, he collapses into unswathable flabbiness. We must never disturb him in this condition, which appears to be thought, in certain parts of the country, as much a peculiar mark of Heaven's favor, as idiocy among the Turks. I have usually found his sticklers like those good folks dogmatical and dull. One of them lately tried to persuade me that he never is so highly poetical as when he is deeply metaphysical. When I stared, he smiled benignly, and said with a sigh that relieved us both, "*Ah! you may be a Grecian!*" He then quoted fourteen German poets of the first order, and expressed his compassion for Æschylus and Homer.

*Southey.*—What a blessing are metaphysics to our generation! A poet or other who can make nothing clear, can stir up enough sediment to render the bottom of a basin as invisible as the deepest gulf in the Atlantic. The shallowest pond, if turbid, has depth enough for a goose to hide its head in.

*Porson.*—I quoted to my instructor in criticism the *Anecdote for Fathers:* he assured me it is as clear as day; not meaning a London day in particular, such as this. But there are sundry gentlemen who like cats see clearly in the dark, and far from clearly any where else. Hold them where, if they were tractable and docile, you might show them your objections, and they will swear and claw at you to show how spiteful you are. Others say they wonder that judicious men differ from them: no doubt they differ; and there is but one reason for it, which is, because they are so. Again, there are the gentle and conciliatory, who say merely that they cannot quite think with you. Have they thought at all? Can they think at all? Granting both premises, have they thought or can they think rightly?

*Southey.*—To suppose the majority can, is to suppose an absurdity; and especially on subjects which require so much preparatory study, such a variety of instruction, such deliberation, delicacy, and refinement. When I have been told, as I often have been, that I shall find very few of my opinion, certainly no compliment was intended me; yet there are few, comparatively, whom nature has gifted with intuition or exquisite taste; few whose ideas have been drawn, modelled, marked, chiselled, and polished, in a *studio*, well lighted from above. The opinion of a thousand millions who are ignorant or ill-informed, is not equal to the opinion of only one who is wiser. This is too self-evident for argument; yet we hear about the common sense of mankind! A common sense which, unless the people receive it from their betters, leads them only into common error. If such is the case, and we have the testimony of all ages for it, in matters which have most attracted their attention, matters in which their nearest interests are mainly concerned, in politics, in religion, in the education of their families, how greatly, how surpassingly must it be in those which require a peculiar structure of understanding, a peculiar endowment of mind, a peculiar susceptibility, and almost an undivided application. In what regards poetry, I should just as soon expect a sound judgment of its essentials from a boatman or a wagoner, as from the usual set of persons we meet in society; persons not uneducated, but deriving their intelligence from little gutters and drains round about: the mud is easily raised to the surface in so shallow a receptacle, and nothing is seen distinctly or clearly. Whereas the humbler man has received no false impressions, and may therefore to a limited extent be right. As for books in general, it is only with men like you that I ever open my lips upon them in conversation. In my capacity of reviewer, dispassionate by temperament, equitable by principle, and, moreover, for fear of offending God and of suffering in my conscience, I dare not leave behind me in my writings either a false estimate or a frivolous objection.

*Porson.*—Racy wine comes from the high vineyard. There is a spice of the scoundrel

* "Zonamque segnes solvere Gratiæ."

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in most of our literary men; an itch to filch and detract in the midst of fair-speaking and festivity. This is the reason why I never have much associated with them. There is also another: we have nothing in common but the alphabet. The most popular of our critics have no heart for poetry; it is morbidly sensitive on one side, and utterly callous on the other. They dandle some little poet, and will never let you take him off their knees; him they feed to bursting with their curds and whey: another they warn off the premises, and will give him neither a crust nor a crumb, until they hear he has succeeded to a large estate in popularity, with plenty of dependents; then they sue and supplicate to be admitted among the number; and, lastly, when they hear of his death, they put on mourning, and advertise to raise a monument or a club-room to his memory. You, Mr. Southey, will always be considered the soundest and the fairest of our English critics; and indeed, to the present time, you have been the only one of very delicate perception in poetry. But your admirable good-nature has thrown a costly veil over many defects and some deformities. To guide our aspirants, you have given us (and here accept my thanks for them) several good *inscriptions*, much nearer the style of antiquity than any others in our language, and better —indeed much better—than the Italian ones of Chiabrera. I myself have nothing original about me; but here is an inscription which perhaps you will remember in Theocritus, and translated to the best of my ability.

INSCRIPTION ON A STATUE OF LOVE.

"Mild he may be, and innocent to view,
Yet who on earth can answer for him? You
Who touch the little god, mind what ye do!

"Say not that none has caution'd you: although
Short be his arrow, slender be his bow,
The king Apollo's never wrought such wo."

This, and one petty skolion, are the only things I have attempted. The skolion is written by Geron, and preserved by Aristenetus:

"He who in waning age would moralize,
With leaden finger weighs down joyous eyes;
Youths too, with all they say, can only tell
What maids know well:

"And yet if they are kind, they hear it out
As patiently as if they clear'd a doubt.
I will not talk like either. Come with me;
Look at the tree!

"Look at the tree while still some leaves are green;
Soon must they fall. Ah! in the space between
Lift those long eyelashes above your book,
For the last look!"

*Southey.*—I cannot recollect them in the Greek.

*Porson.*—Indeed! Perhaps I dreamt it then; for Greek often plays me tricks in my dreams.

*Southey.*—I wish it would play them oftener with our poets. It seems to entertain a peculiar grudge against the most celebrated of them.

*Porson.*—Our conversation has been enlivened and enriched by what seemed sufficiently sterile in its own nature; but, by tossing it about, we have made it useful. Just as certain lands are said to profit by scrapings from the turnpike-road. After this sieving, after this pounding and trituration of the coarser particles, do you really find in Mr. Wordsworth such a vigor and variety, such a selection of thoughts and images, as authorize you to rank him with Scott and Burns and Cowper?

*Southey.*—Certainly not: but that is no reason why he should be turned into ridicule on all occasions. Must he be rejected and reviled as a poet, because he wishes to be also a philosopher? Or must he be taunted and twitted for weakness, because by his nature he is quiescent?

*Porson.*—No indeed; though much of this quiescency induces debility, and is always a sign of it in poetry. Let poets enjoy their sleep; but let them not impart it, nor take it amiss if they are shaken by the shoulder for the attempt. I reprehended at our last meeting, as severely as you yourself did, those mischievous children who played their pranks with him in his easy chair; and I drove away from him those old women who brought him their drastics from the Edinburgh Dispensary. Poor souls! they are all swept off! Sidney Smith, the wittiest man alive, could not keep them up, by administering a nettle and a shove to this unsaved remnant of the Baxter Christians.

*Southey.*—The heaviest of them will kick at you the most viciously. Castigation is not undue to him; for he has snipt off as much as he could pinch from every author of reputation in his time. It is less ungenerous to expose such people than to defend them.

*Porson.*—Let him gird up his loins, however, and be gone; we will turn where correction ought to be milder, and may be more efficient. Give a trifle of strength and austerity to the squashiness of our friend's poetry, and reduce in almost every piece its quantity to half. Evaporation will render it likelier to keep. Without this process, you will shortly have it only in the

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form of extracts. You talk of philosophy in poetry; and in poetry let it exist; but let its veins run through a poem, as our veins run through the body, and never be too apparent; for the prominence of veins, in both alike, is a symptom of weakness, feverishness, and senility. On the ground where we are now standing, you have taken one end of the blanket, and I the other; but it is I chiefly who have shaken the dust out. Nobody can pass us without seeing it rise against the sunlight, and observing what a heavy cloud there is of it. While it lay quietly in the flannel, it lay without suspicion.

*Southey.*—Let us return, if you please, to one among the partakers of your praise, whose philosophy is neither obtrusive nor abstruse. I am highly gratified by your commendation of Cowper, than whom there never was a more virtuous or more amiable man. In some passages, he stands quite unrivalled by any poet of this century; none, indeed, modern or ancient, has touched the heart more delicately, purely, and effectively, than he has done in *Crazy Kate*. in Lines on his *Mother's Picture*, in *Omai*, and on hearing *Bells at a Distance*.

*Porson.*—Thank you for the mention of bells. Mr. Wordsworth, I remember, speaks in an authoritative and scornful tone of censure, on Cowper's "*church-going* bell," treating the expression as a gross impropriety and absurdity. True enough, the *church-going* bell does not go to church any more than I do; neither does the *passing* bell pass any more than I; nor does the *curfew*-bell cover any more fire than is contained in Mr. Wordsworth's poetry: but the church-going bell is that which is rung for people going to church—the passing-bell for those passing to heaven—the curfew-bell for burgesses and villagers, to cover their fires. He would not allow me to be called *well-spoken*, nor you to be called *well-read*, and yet, by this expression, I should mean to signify that you have read much, and I should employ another in signifying that you have been much read. Incomparably better is Cowper's Winter than Virgil's, which is, indeed, a disgrace to the Georgics, or than Thomson's, which in places is grand. But would you on the whole compare Cowper with Dryden?

*Southey.*—Dryden possesses a much richer store of thoughts, expatiates upon more topics, has more vigor, vivacity, and animation. Never sublime, never pathetic, and therefore never a poet of the first order, he yet is always shrewd and penetrating, explicit and perspicuous, concise where conciseness is desirable, and copious where copiousness can yield delight. When he aims at what is highest in poetry, the dramatic, he falls below his *Fables*. However, I would not compare the poetical power of Cowper with his; nor would I, as some have done, put Young against him. Young is too often fantastical and frivolous; he pins butterflies to the pulpit-cushion; he suspends against the grating of the charnel-house colored lamps and comic transparencies—Cupid, and the cat and the fiddle; he opens a large store-house filled with minute particles of heterogeneous wisdom, and unpalatable goblets of ill-concocted learning, contributions from the classics, from the schoolmen, from homilies, and from farces. What you expect to be an elegy turns out an epigram; and when you think he is bursting into tears, he laughs in your face. Do you go with him into his closet, prepared for an admonition or a rebuke, he shakes his head, and you sneeze at the powder and perfumery of his peruke. Wonder not if I prefer to his pungent essences the incense which Cowper burns before the altar.

*Porson.*—Young was, in every sense of the word, an ambitious man. He had strength, but he wasted it. Blair's *Grave* has more spirit in it than the same portion of the *Night Thoughts*; but never was poetry so ill put together; never was there so good a poem, of the same extent, from which so great a quantity of what is mere trash might be rejected. The worse blemish in it is the ridicule and scoffs, cast not only on the violent and the grasping, but equally on the gentle, the beautiful, the studious, the eloquent, and the manly. It is ugly enough to be carried quietly to the grave—it is uglier to be hissed and hooted into it. Even the quiet astronomer,

> "With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,"

is not permitted to depart in peace, but (of all men in the world!) is called a "proud man," and is coolly and flippantly told that

> "Great heights are hazardous to weak heads,"

which the poet might have turned into a verse, if he had tried again, as we will—

> "To the weak heads great heights are hazardous."

In the same funny style he writes—

> "O that some *courteous* ghost would *blab it out*,
> What 'tis they are."

Courtesy and blabbing, in this upper world of ours, are thought to be irreconcilable; but *blabbing* may not be indecorous, nor de-

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rogatory to the character of courtesy, in a ghost. However the expression is an uncouth one; and when we find it so employed, we suspect the ghost cannot have been keeping good company, but, as the king said to the miller of Mansfield, that his "courtesy is but small." Cowper plays in the playground, and not in the churchyard. Nothing of his is out of place or out of season. He possessed a rich vein of ridicule, but he turns it to good account, opening it on prig parsons and graver and worse impostors. He was among the first who put to flight the mischievous little imps of allegory, so cherished and fondled by the Wartons. They are as bad in poetry as mice in a cheese-room. You poets are still rather too fond of the unsubstantial. Some will have nothing else than what they call pure imagination. Now air-plants ought not to fill the whole conservatory; other plants, I would modestly suggest, are worth cultivating, which send their roots pretty deep into the ground. I hate both poetry and wine without body. Look at Shakspeare, Bacon, and Milton; were these your pure imagination men? The least of them, whichever it was, carried a jewel of poetry about him, worth all his tribe that came after. Did the two of them who wrote in verse build upon nothing? Did their predecessors? And, pray, whose daughter was the Muse they invoked? Why, Memory's. They stood among substantial men, and sang upon recorded actions. The plain of Scamander, the promontory of Sigæum, the palaces of Tros and Dardanus, the citadel in which the Fates sang mournfully under the image of Minerva, seem fitter places for the Muses to alight on, than artificial rockwork or than faery-rings. But your great favorite, I hear, is Spenser, who shines in allegory, and who like an aerolithe is dull and heavy when he descends to the ground.

*Southey.*—He continues a great favorite with me still, although he must always lose a little as our youth declines. Spenser's is a spacious but somewhat low chamber, hung with rich tapestry, on which the figures are mostly disproportioned, but some of the faces are lively and beautiful; the furniture is part creaking and worm-eaten, part fragrant with cedar and sandal-wood, and aromatic gums and balsams; every table and mantelpiece and cabinet is covered with gorgeous vases, and birds, and dragons, and houses in the air.

*Porson.*—There is scarcely a poet of the same eminence, whom I have found it so delightful to read *in*, or so tedious to read *through*. Give me Chaucer in preference. He slaps us on the shoulder, and makes us spring up while the dew is on the grass, and while the long shadows play about it in all quarters. We feel strong with the freshness around us, and we return with a keener appetite, having such a companion in our walk. Among the English poets, both on this side and the other side of Milton, I place him next to Shakspeare: but the word *next*, must have nothing to do with the word *near*. I said before, that I do not estimate so highly as many do the mushrooms that sprang up in a ring under the great oak of Arden.

*Southey.*—These authors deal in strong distillations for foggy minds that want excitement. In few places is there a great depth of sentiment, but everywhere vast exaggeration and insane display. I find the over-crammed curiosity-shop, with its incommodious appendages, some grotesquely rich, all disorderly and disconnected. Rather would I find, as you would, the well-proportioned hall, with its pillars of right dimensions at right distances; with its figures, some in high relief and some in lower; with its statues, and its busts of glorious men and women, whom I recognize at first sight; and its tables of the rarest marbles and richest gems, inlaid in glowing porphyry, and supported by imperishable bronze. Without a pure simplicity of design—without a just subordination of characters—without a select choice of such personages as either *have* interested us, or *must* by the power of association, without appropriate ornaments laid on solid materials, no admirable poetry of the first order can exist.

*Porson.*—Well, we cannot get all these things, and we will not cry for them. Leave me rather in the curiosity-shop than in the nursery. By your reference to the noble models of antiquity, it is evident that those poets must value the ancients who are certain to be among them. In our own earliest poets, as in the earlier Italian painters, we find many disproportions; but we discern the dawn of truth over the depths of expression. These were soon lost sight of, and every new comer passed further from them. I like Pietro Perugino a thousand-fold better than Carlo Maratta, and Giotto a thousand-fold better than Carlo Dolce. On the same principle, the day-break of Chaucer is pleasanter to me than the hot dazzling noon of Byron.

*Southey.*—I am not confident that we ever speak quite correctly, of those who differ from us essentially in taste, in opin-

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ion, or even in style. If we cordially wish to do it, we are apt to lay a restraint on ourselves, and to dissemble a part of our convictions.

*Porson.*—An error seldom committed.

*Southey.*—Sometimes, however. I for example did not expose in my criticisms half the blemishes I discovered in the style and structure of Byron's poetry, because I had infinitely more to object against the morals it disseminated; and what must have been acknowledged for earnestness in the greater question, might have been mistaken for captiousness in the less. His partisans, no one of whom probably ever read Chaucer, would be indignant at your preference. They would wonder, but hardly with the same violence of emotion, that he was preferred to Shakspeare. Perhaps his countrymen in his own age, which rarely happens to literary men overshadowingly great, had glimpses of his merit. One would naturally think that a personage of Camden's gravity, and placed beyond the pale of poetry, might have spoken less contemptuously of some he lived among, in his admiration of Chaucer. He tells us both in prose and verse, by implication, how little he esteemed Shakspeare.—Speaking of Chaucer, he says, "*he*, surpassing all others, without question, in wit, and leaving *our* smattering poetasters by many leagues behind him,

> 'Jam monte potitus
> Ridet anhelantem dura ad fastigia turbam.'

Which he thus translates for the benefit of us students in poetry and criticism—

> "When once himself the steep-top hill had won,
> At all the sort of them he laught anon,
> To see how they, the pitch thereof to gain,
> Puffing and blowing do climbe up in vain."

Nevertheless we are indebted to Camden for preserving the best Latin verses, and indeed the only good ones that had hitherto been written by any of our countrymen. They were written in an age when great minds were attracted by greater, and when tribute was paid where tribute was due, with loyalty and enthusiasm.

> "Drace! pererrati novit quem terminus orbis
> Quemque simul mundi vidit uterque polus,
> Si taceant homines, facient te sidera notum;
> Sol nescit comitis immemor esse sui."

*Porson.*—A subaltern in the supplementary company of the Edinburgh sharpshooters, much prefers the slender Italians, who fill their wallets with scraps from the doors of rich old houses. To compare them in rank and substance with those on whose bounty they feed, is too silly for grave reprehension. But there are certain men who are driven by necessity to exhibit some sore absurdity; it is their only chance of obtaining a night's lodging in the memory.

*Southey.*—Send the Ishmaelite back again to his desert. He has indeed no right to complain of you; for there are scarcely two men of letters at whom he has not cast a stone, although he met them far beyond the tents and the pasturage of his tribe; and leave those poets also, and return to consider attentively the one, much more original, on whom we began our discourse.

*Porson.*—Thank you. I have lain in ditches ere now, but not willingly, nor to contemplate the moon, nor to gather celandine. I am reluctant to carry a lantern in quest of my man, and am but little contented to be told that I may find him at last, if I look long enough and far enough. One who exhibits no sign of life in the duration of a single poem, may at once be given up to the undertaker.

*Southey.*—It would be fairer in you to regard the aim and object of the poet, when he tells you what it is, than to linger in those places where he appears to disadvantage.

*Porson.*—My oil and vinegar are worth more than the winter cabbage you have set before me, and are ill spent upon it. In what volume of periodical criticism do you not find it stated, that the aim of an author being such or such, the only question is whether he has attained it? Now instead of this being the only question to be solved, it is pretty nearly the one least worthy of attention. We are not to consider whether a foolish man has succeeded in a foolish undertaking; we are to consider whether his production is worth any thing, and why it is, or why it is not? Your cook, it appears, is disposed to fry me a pancake; but it is not his intention to supply me with lemon-juice and sugar. Pastiness and flatness are the qualities of a pancake, and thus far he has attained his aim; but if he means it for me, let him place the accessaries on the table, lest what is insipid and clammy, and (as housewives with great propriety call it) sad, grow into duller accretion and inerter viscidity the more I masticate it. My good Mr. Southey, do not be offended at these homely similes. Socrates uses no other in the pages of the stately Plato; they are all, or nearly all, borrowed from the artisan and the trader. I have plenty of every sort at hand, but I always take the most applicable, quite indifferent to the smartness and glossiness of its trim. If you prefer one from another

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quarter, I would ask, where is the advantage of drilling words for verses, when the knees of those verses are so weak that they cannot march from the parade?

*Southey*.—Flatnesses are more apparent to us in our language than in another, especially than in Latin and Greek. Beside, we value things proportionally to the trouble they have given us in the acquisition. Hence, in some measure, the importance we assign to German poetry. The meaning of every word, with all its affinities and relations, pursued with anxiety and caught with difficulty, impresses the understanding, sinks deep into the memory, and carries with it more than a column of our own, in which equal thought is expended and equal fancy is displayed. The Germans have among them many admirable poets; but if we had even greater, ours would seem smaller, both because there is less haziness about them, and because, as I said before, they would have given less exercise to the mind. He who has accumulated by a laborious life ore than a sufficiency for its wants and mforts, turns his attention to the matter ined, oftentimes without a speculation at t purposes to which he might apply it. T man who early in the day has overcome, by igilance and restraint, the strong impulse f his blood toward intemperance, falls not to it after, but stands composed and com acent upon the cool clear eminence, and ars within himself, amid the calm he has ated, the tuneful pæan of a godlike victor Yet he loves the Virtue more because fought for her, than because she crowne him. The scholar who has deducted m adolescence many hours of recreation, d instead of indulging in it, has embarke in the depths of literature; he who has ft his own land far behind him, and has ca ied off rich stores of Greek, not only valu t superlatively, as is just, but places all t se who wrote in it too nearly on a level o with another, and the inferior of them ab some of the best moderns.

*Porson*.—gnity of thought arose from the Athenian rm of government, propriety of expressio rom the genius of the language, from t habitude of listening daily to the most el orate orations and dramas, and of contem ting at all hours the exquisite works of invited to them by gods and heroes. T se environed the aspiring young poet, an their chasteness allowed him no swerving

*Southey*.—Yet eakly children were born to genius in Atti as elsewhere.

*Porson*.—They ere exposed and died. The Greek poets ike nightingales, sing "in shadiest covert hid;" you rarely catch a glimpse of the person, unless at a funeral or a feast, or where the occasion is public. Mr. Wordsworth, on the contrary, strokes down his waistcoat, hems gently first, then hoarsely, then impatiently, rapidly and loudly. You turn your eyes, and see more of the showman than of the show. I do not complain of this; I only make the remark.

*Southey*.—I dislike such comparisons and similes. It would have been better had you said he stands forth in sharp outline, and is, as the moon was said to be, without an atmosphere.

*Porson*.—Stop there. I discover more atmosphere than moon. You are talking like a poet; I must talk like a grammarian. And here I am reminded I found in his grammar but one pronoun, and that is the pronoun *I*. He can devise no grand character, and, indeed, no variety of smaller; his own image is reflected from floor to roof in every crystallization of his chilly cavern. He shakes us with no thunder of anger—he leads us into no labyrinth of love; we lament on the stormy shore no Lycidas of his; and even the Phillis who meets us at her cottage-gate, is not Phillis the *neat-handed*. Byron has likewise been censured for egotism, and the censure is applicable to him nearly in the same degree. But so laughable a story was never told of Byron as the true and characteristical one related of your neighbor, who being invited to read in company a novel of Scott's, and finding at the commencement a quotation from himself, totally forgot the novel, and recited his own poem from beginning to end, with many comments and more commendations. Yours are quite gratuitous: for it is reported of him that he never was heard to commend the poetry of any living author.

*Southey*.—Because he is preparing to discharge the weighty debt he owes posterity. Instead of wasting his breath in extraneous praises, we never have been seated five minutes in his company, before he regales us with those poems of his own, which he is the most apprehensive may have slipt from our memory; and he delivers them with such a summer murmur of fostering modulation as would perfectly delight you.

*Porson*.—My horse is apt to shy when I hang him at any door where he catches the sound of a ballad, and I run out to seize bridle and mane, and grow the alerter at mounting.

*Southey*.—Wordsworth has now turned from the ballad style to the philosophical.

*Porson*.—The philosophical, I suspect, is antagonist to the poetical.

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*Southey.*—Surely never was there a spirit more philosophical than Shakspeare's.

*Porson.*—True, but Shakspeare infused it into living forms, adapted to its reception. He did not puff it out incessantly from his own person, bewildering you in the mazes of metaphysics, and swamping you in sententiousness. After all our argumentation, we merely estimate poets by their energy, and not extol them for a congeries of piece on piece, sounding of the hammer all day long, but obstinately unmalleable into unity and cohesion.

*Southey.*—I cannot well gainsay it. But pray remember the subjects of that poetry in Burns and Scott which you admire the most. What is martial must be the most soul-stirring.

*Porson.*—Sure enough, Mr. Wordsworth's is neither martial nor mercurial. On all subjects of poetry, the soul should be agitated in one way or other. Now did he ever excite in you any strong emotion? He has had the best chance with me; for I have soon given way to him, and he has sung me asleep with his lullabies; it is in our dreams that things look brightest and fairest, and we have the least control over our affections.

*Southey.*—You cannot but acknowledge that the poetry which is strong enough to support, as his does, a wide and high superstructure of morality, is truly beneficial and admirable. I do not say that utility is the first aim of poetry; but I do say that good poetry is none the worse for being useful; and that his is good in many parts, and useful in nearly all.

*Porson.*—An old woman, who rocks a cradle in a chimney-corner, may be more useful than the joyous girl who wafts my heart before her in the waltz, or holds it quivering in the bonds of harmony; but I happen to have no relish for the old woman, and am ready to dip my fork into the little well-garnished *agro-dolce.* It is inhumane to quarrel with ladies and gentlemen who are easily contented—that is, if you will let them have their own way; it is inhumane to snatch a childish book from a child, for whom it is better than a wise one. If diffuseness is pardonable anywhere, we will pardon it in *Lyrical Ballads*, passing over the conceited silliness of the denomination; but Mr. Wordsworth has got into the same habit on whatever he writes. Whortleberries are neither the better nor the worse for extending the hard slenderness of their fibres, at random and riotingly, over their native wastes; we care not how much of such soil is covered with such insipidities; but we value that fruit more highly which requires some warmth to swell, and some science and skill to cultivate it. To descend from metaphor, that is the best poetry which, by its own powers, produces the greatest and most durable emotion on generous, well-informed and elevated minds. It often happens, that what belongs to the subject is attributed to the poet. Tenderness, melancholy, and other affections of the soul, attract us towards him who represents them to us; and while we hang upon his neck, we are ready to think him stronger than he is. No doubt, it is very unnatural that the wings of the Muse should seem to grow larger the nearer they come to the ground! Such is the effect, I presume, of our English atmosphere! But if Mr. Wordsworth should at any time become more popular, it will be owing in great measure to your authority and patronage; and I hope that, neither in health nor in sickness, he will forget his benefactor.

*Southey.*—However that may be, it woul be unbecoming and base in me to suppre an act of justice toward him, withholdig my testimony in his behalf, when he appels to the tribunal of the public. The reaer who can discover no good, or indeednо excellent poetry in his manifold proucations, must have lost the finer part of his senses.

*Porson.*—And he who fancies he has found it in all or most of them, is ust as happy as if his senses were entire. A great portion of his compositions is not poetry, but only the *plasma* or *matrix* o poetry, which has something of the sa e color and material, but wants the brillancy and solidity.

*Southey.*—Acknowledge at east, that what purifies the mind elevates it also; and that he does it.

*Porson.*—Such a result may be effected at a small expenditure of the poetical faculty, and indeed without any. But I do not say that he has none, or that he has little; I only say, and I stake my credit upon it, that what he has is not of the higher order. This is proved beyond all controversy by the effect it produces. *The effect of the higher poetry is excitement; the effect of the inferior is composure.* I lay down a general principle, and I leave to others the application of it, to-day, to-morrow, and in time to come. Little would it benefit me or you to take a side; and still less to let the inanimate raise animosity in us. There are partisans in favor of a poet, and oppositionists against him; just as there are in regard to candidates for a seat in Par-

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liament; and the vociferations of the critics and of the populace are equally loud, equally inconsiderate, and insane. The unknown candidate and the unread poet has alike a mob at his heels, ready to swear and fight for him. The generosity which the political mob shows in one instance, the critical mob shows in the other; when a man has been fairly knocked down, it raises him on the knee, and cheers him as cordially as it would the most triumphant. Let similar scenes be rather our amusement than our business: let us wave our hats, and walk on without a *favor* in them.

*Southey.*—Be it our business, and not for one day, but for life, "to raise up them that fall" by undue violence. The beauties of Wordsworth are not to be looked for among the majestic ruins and under the glowing skies of Greece: we must find them out, like primroses, amidst dry thickets, rank grass, and withered leaves: but there they are; and there are tufts and clusters of them. There may be a chilliness in the air about them, there may be a faintness, a sickliness, a poverty in the scent; but I am sorry and indignant to see them trampled on.

*Porson.*—He who tramples on rocks is in danger of breaking his shins; and he who tramples on sand or sawdust, loses his labor. Between us, we may keep up Mr. Wordsworth in his right position. If we set any thing on an uneven basis, it is liable to fall off; and none the less liable for the thing being high and weighty.

*Southey.*—The axiom is sound.

*Porson.*—Cleave it in two, and present the first half to Mr. Wordsworth. Let every man have his due: divide the mess fairly; not according to the voracity of the laborer, but according to the work. And (God love you) never let old women poke me with their knitting-pins, if I recommend them, in consideration of their hobbling and wheezing, to creep quietly on by the level side of Mr. Wordsworth's lead-mines, slate quarries, and tarns, leaving me to scramble as I can among the Alpine inequalities of Milton and of Shakspeare. Come now; in all the time we have been walking together at the side of the lean herd you are driving to market,

"Can you make it appear
The dog Porson has ta'en the wrong sow by the ear?"

*Southey.*—It is easier to show that he has bitten it through, and made it unfit for curing. He may expect to be pelted for it.

*Porson.*—In cutting up a honeycomb, we are sure to bring flies and wasps about us; but my slipper is enough to crush fifty at a time, if a flap of the glove fails to frighten them off. The honeycomb must be cut up, to separate the palatable from the unpalatable; the hive we will restore to the cottager; the honey we will put in a cool place for those it may agree with; and the wax we will attempt to purify, rendering it the material of a clear and steady light to our readers. Well! I have rinsed my mouth of the poetry. This is about the time I take my ptisan. Be so kind, Mr. Southey, as to give me that bottle which you will find under the bed. Yes, yes; that is it; there is no mistake.

*Southey.*—It smells like brandy.

*Porson.*—(*Drinks twice.*)—I suspect you may be in the right, Mr. Southey. Let me try it against the palate once more—just one small half glass. Ah! my hand shakes sadly! I am afraid it was a bumper. Really now, I do think, Mr. Southey, you guessed the right reading. I have scarcely a doubt left upon my mind. But in a fever, or barely off it, the mouth is wofully out of taste. If ever your hand shakes, take my word for it, this is the only remedy. The ptisan has done me good already. Albertus Magnus knew most about these matters. I hate those houses, Mr. Southey, where it is as easy to find the way out as the way in. Curse upon the architect who contrives them!

*Southey.*—Your friends will be happy to hear from me that you never have been in better spirits, or more vivacious and prompt in conversation.

*Porson.*—Tell them that Silenus can still bridle and mount an ass, and guide him gloriously. Come and visit me when I am well again; and I promise you the bottles shall diminish and the lights increase, before we part.

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## THE ROBBER'S DEATH BED.

'Unknown, untended, and alone,
Beneath the damp cave's dripping stone,
On his low bed the robber lay,
Watching the sun's departing ray,
As slowly, faintly, faded all
The dim light on that cavern's wall.
Alone, alone, and death was near,
And that stern man, unused to fear,
Whose shout had led the battle's strife,
Whose arm had bared the bloody knife,
Whose soul would neither spurn nor yield,
In secret way, or open field.
That giant frame, of sinewy make,
Why does each nerve and fibre quake?
Why glares around that eagle eye?
Can he, the dauntless, fear to die?

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Yes! fear, a stranger-guest, has come
To fill that cave's mysterious gloom
With visions dire, and monsters fell,
And some remembered—all too well.
Dim pictures of the far-off past,
All hideous now, and all defaced.
What form is that advancing slow?
His mother wipes his misty brow,—
He feels her breath, so gently warm,
His head rests on her feeble arm;
Kind words once more are heard, and felt,
A mother's knee in prayer has knelt.
'Tis all a dream! That form has gone,
The friendless one remains alone.
Yet something still sounds in his ear,
'Tis not the ocean-waves, though near;
It is the still small voice, which speaks
When nought beside the silence breaks.
That voice which neither wind nor wave
Nor aught can stifle, but the grave;
A still small voice,—yet louder far
To him who hears, than din of war;
And deep, and clear, the warning cry,
When sickness comes, and death is nigh.

At early morn there sought that cave,
On high behest, two warriors brave;
Commissioned by their prince to find
That lawless man—to guard and bind,
At safety's risk, that iron hand,
And from its terrors rid the land.

Behold he sleeps! the veriest child
Might sport beside that ruffian wild:
So still, so fix'd, so moveless now,
The marble of that fearful brow.
No passion stirs his fluttering breath,
He sleeps the long cold sleep of death.
He sleeps! but who the tale shall tell
Of that lone robber's last farewell?
When earth, and sky, and sea, and air,
And all they held of rich or fair;
When all his greedy hands had gained,
And all his hold would have retained,
Were passing swiftly, surely by,
And fading from his drooping eye;
While nought but horror, guilt, and gloom,
Remained beside his opening tomb.
Yes; then, even then, that holy book,
With trembling hand the robber took;
And such the lessons learned in youth,
And such the force of heavenly truth,
That while condemned, the page he read,
Some hope of mercy o'er it shed
A ray more bright than earth could yield;
And feeling, all too long concealed,
Burst forth, o'ermastered by his fate.
But hark! that call,—' One moment wait,'
He drops the book—it is too late!

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## ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF BORROWING.—HOPKINS'S UMBRELLA.

From the London Charivari.

You ask me to supply you with a list of books, that you may purchase the same for your private delectation. My dear boy, receive this, and treasure it for a truth: no wise man ever purchases a book. Fools buy books, and wise men—borrow them. By respecting, and acting upon this axiom, you may obtain a very handsome library for nothing.

Do you not perceive, too, that by merely borrowing a volume at every possible opportunity, you are obtaining for yourself the reputation of a reading man; you are interesting in your studies dozens of people who, otherwise, would care not whether you knew A, B, C, or not? With your shelves thronged with borrowed volumes, you have an assurance that your hours of literary meditation frequently engage the thoughts of, alike, intimate and casual acquaintance. To be a good borrower of books is to get a sort of halo of learning about you not to be obtained by laying out money upon printed wisdom. For instance, you meet Huggins. He no sooner sees you than pop, you are associated with all the Cæsars; he having—simple Huggins!—lent you his Roman History bound in best historic calf. He never beholds you but he thinks of Romulus and Remus, the Tarpeian Rock, the Rape of the Sabines, and ten thousand other interesting and pleasurable events. Thus, you are doing a positive good to Huggins by continually refreshing his mind with the studies of his thoughtful youth; whilst, as I say, your appearance, your memory, is associated and embalmed by him with things that "will not die."

Consider the advantage of this. To one man you walk as Hamlet; why? you have upon your shelves that man's best edition of Shakspeare. To another you come as the archangel Michael. His illustrated Paradise Lost glitters among your borrowings. To this man, by the like magic, you are Robinson Crusoe; to this, Telemachus. I will not multiply instances: they must suggest themselves. Be sure, however, on stumbling upon what seems a rare and curious volume, to lay your borrowing hands upon it. The book may be Sanscrit, Coptic, Chinese: you may not understand a single letter of it; for which reason, be more sternly resolved to carry it away with you. The very act of borrowing such a mysterious volume implies that you are in some respects a deep fellow—invests you with a certain literary dignity in the eyes of the lending. Besides, if you know not Sanscrit at the time you borrow,—you may before you die. You cannot promise yourself what you shall not learn; or, having borrowed the book, what you shall not forget.

There are three things that no man but a fool lends—or having lent, is not in the most hopeless state of mental crassitude if

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he ever hope to get back again. These three things, my son, are—BOOKS, UMBRELLAS, and MONEY! I believe, a certain fiction of the land assumes a remedy to the borrower; but I know no case in which any man, being sufficiently dastard to gibbet his reputation as plaintiff in such a suit, ever fairly succeeded against the wholesome prejudices of society.

In the first place, books being themselves but a combination of borrowed things, are not to be considered as vesting even their authors with property. The best man who writes a book, borrows his materials from the world about him, and therefore, as the phrase goes, cannot come into court with clean hands. Such is the opinion of some of our wisest law-makers; who, therefore, give to the mechanist of a mouse-trap, a more lasting property in his invention than if he had made an Iliad. And why? The mouse-trap is of wood and iron: trees, though springing from the earth, are property; iron, dug from the bowels of the earth, is property: you can feel it, hammer it, weigh it: but what is called literary genius is a thing not ponderable, an essence (if indeed, it be an essence) you can make nothing of, though put into an air-pump. The mast, that falls from beech, to fatten hogs, is property; as the forest laws will speedily let you know, if you send in an alien pig to feed upon it; but it has been held, by wise, grave men in Parliament, that what falls from human brains to feed human souls, is no property whatever. Hence, private advantage counsels you to borrow all the books you can; whilst public opinion abundantly justifies you in never returning them.

I have now to speak of UMBRELLAS. Would you, my son, from what you have read of Arab hospitality—would you think of counting out so many penny-pieces, and laying them in the hand of your Arab host, in return for the dates and camel's milk that, when fainting, dying with thirst, hunger, and fatigue, he hastened to bestow upon you? Would you, I say, chink the copper coin in the man's ear, in return for this kindly office, which the son of the desert thinks an "instrumental part of his religion?" If, with an ignorance of the proper usages of society, you would insult that high-souled Arab by any tender of money, then, my son—but no! I think you incapable of the sordidness of such an act,—then would you return a Borrowed Umbrella!

Consider it. What is an umbrella but a tent that a man carries about with him—in China, to guard him from the sun,—in England, to shelter him from the rain? Well, to return such a portable tent to the hospitable soul who lent it,—what is it but to offer the Arab payment for shelter; what is it but to chaffer with magnanimity, to reduce its greatness to a mercenary lodging-housekeeper? Umbrellas may be "hedged about" by cobweb statutes; I will not swear it is not so; there may exist laws that make such things property; but sure I am that the hissing contempt, the loud-mouthed indignation of all civilized society, would sibilate and roar at the bloodless poltroon, who should engage law on his side to obtain for him the restitution of a—lent umbrella!

We now come to—MONEY. I have had, in my time, so little of it, that I am not very well informed on monetary history. I think, however, that the first Roman coin was impressed with a sheep. A touching and significant symbol, crying aloud to all men,—"Children, *fleece* one another." My son, it is true, that the sheep has vanished from all coin: nevertheless, it is good to respect ancient symbols: therefore, whatever the gold or silver may bear—whatever the potentate, whatever the arms upon the obverse, see with your imaginative eye nothing but the sheep; listen with your fancy's ear to nought but—"fleece"—"fleece!"

I am aware, that a prejudice exists amongst the half-educated, that borrowed money is as money obtained by nothing; that, in fact, it is not your own; but is only trusted in your hands for such and such a time. My son, beware of this prejudice; for it is the fruit of the vilest ignorance. On the contrary, look upon all borrowed money, as money dearly, richly earned by your ingenuity in obtaining it. Put it to your account as the wages of your intellect, your address, your reasoning or seductive powers. Let this truth, my son, be engraven upon your very brain-pan. To borrow money is the very highest employment of the human intellect; to pay it back again, is to show yourself a traitor to the genius that has successfully worked within you.

You may, however, wish to know how to put off your creditor—how to dumbfound him, should the idiot be clamorous. One answer will serve for books, umbrellas, and money. As for books, by the way, you may always have left them in a hackney-coach. (This frequent accident of book-borrowers, doubtless, accounts for the literary turn of most hackney-coachmen.) Still, I will supply you with one catholic answer.

Hopkins once lent Simpson, his next-door neighbor, an umbrella. You will judge of the intellect of Hopkins, not so much from

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the act of lending an umbrella, but from his insane endeavor to get it back again.

It poured in torrents. Hopkins had an urgent call. Hopkins knocked at Simpson's door. "I want my umbrella." Now Simpson also had a call in a directly opposite way to Hopkins; and with the borrowed umbrella in his hand, was advancing to the threshold. "I tell you," roared Hopkins, "I want my umbrella."—"Can't have it," said Simpson, at the same time extending the machine dedicated to *Jupiter pluvius*. "Why, I want to go to the East-end, it rains in torrents; what"—screamed Hopkins—"what am I to do for an umbrella?"

"Do!" answered Simpson, darting from the door—"do as I did; BORROW ONE!"

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## MACAULAY'S LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE Northern is degenerate who does not, to his heart's core, relish National Ballad poetry. Indeed, we should augur unfavorably of the poetical sensibilities of any one who did not enjoy those inspiring if rude strains which rouse the soul "like a battle-trumpet." In every language in which these spontaneous bardic effusions are found—and they have a place in the earliest literature, the literature "before the letters," of every warlike people that are at all advanced from the savage state—they breathe the fire of passion; while, by small incidental natural touches, they often embody the most thrilling tenderness, and the deepest pathos. Neither the genius of its early population, nor the credible annals of Ancient Rome, were peculiarly adapted to ballad poetry, whose cradle and elements were found in the East and in the North; and which, after the Homeric period, so far as is authentically known, first flourished in the chivalrous and romantic times of the Middle Ages. Yet, in the unpromising field of the Roman annals, Mr. Macaulay has found rich materials, apt for his purpose, which he has fashioned and moulded with a skill and felicity which almost borders upon creative genius. These materials are found in the early Books of Livy, which narrate, if not as literal facts, yet without dull imagination-freezing skepticism, the wild tales and legends of the origin of the Republic; the Rape of the Sabine women; the nightly meetings of Numa and the Nymph; and those other fanciful or heroic traditions familiar to every schoolboy, which, in the opinion of Mr. Macaulay, are far more poetical than any thing else in Roman literature. And, indeed, it may be generally affirmed, that the early age of every nation is its most poetical age. Among those heroic tales which, whether authentic or not, imagination longs to adopt with entire faith, are the gallant adventures of Horatius Cocles, the defender of the Bridge; the Battle of the Lake Regillus, when, to succor the Romans, Castor and Pollux, mixed *personally* in the mêlée, and turned the fate of the day. These two brave legends Mr. Macaulay has adopted, as of sufficient verity for his purpose of imitating or personating the earliest poets of Rome. The story of Virginia may have been recommended to him by its exquisite pathos, as well as the political importance of its consequences; and in the fourth Lay, *The Prophecy of Capys*, which is supposed to be "sung at the banquet in the capitol, on the day when Marius Curius Dentatus, a second time Consul, triumphed over King Pyrrhus and the Tarentines, in the year of the City CCCCLXXIX," he has chosen no legend or tradition, but invented a medium suited to his design. The above, and many other wild and exalting tales, which find a place in the fabulous history of ancient Rome, have, by modern critics, been ascribed to an earlier Roman literature, of which every trace had perished long before the classic writers were born. Upon this idea, countenanced, if not absolutely confirmed, by the learned and acute Niebuhr, Mr. Macaulay has acted in the magnanimous attempt to make the dry bones live—to render back into animated ballad poetry those stirring and heroic incidents recorded in chronicles presumed to be wholly derived from poetical sources. In accomplishing this task—and personating not one ancient Roman poet, but four, living at different periods—he throws himself back into the times when the deeds sung by the bards were freshly remembered by their countrymen; and with, as we think, if not absolute verisimilitude—which would not, to modern readers, be desirable although it were possible—yet with very marked effect. For the secondary, the merely learned or classical part of his undertaking, Mr. Macaulay must be, if not eminently, yet sufficiently qualified, by ample knowledge of the history, usages, manners, superstitions and religion of the Roman people; of their national *genius*, and all that may be included under that sweeping word costume. He has, in brief, assumed the part of the Macpherson of the Romans; though, in those fragments of poetry, and floating traditions of bards, which were

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certainly to be found in the Highlands of Scotland, the translator of Ossian possessed more materials ready prepared.

It must be left to some future Niebuhr to settle when Mr. Macaulay actually wrote these Lays. They are, however, closely allied in genius, mode, and metre, to those kindling early ballads of his, which gave so fair a promise of poetic power; but whether they have slumbered in his desk for twenty years, to be polished and produced during his temporary [?] retreat from public life, or are the production of that brief period of leisure, we receive no hint. Nor is the question of any great importance.——If the Lays are not of the solid or utilitarian kind of literature expected from a modern Statesman and Jurist, they are in nothing incompatible with the higher part of the nature of such grave characters. At all events there they are, a free-will offering to refined literature, and as such, as well as from their intrinsic worth, deserving admiration. The Lays of Ancient Rome differ from the Spanish ballads of Mr. Lockhart in this, that Mr. Macaulay is himself the poet, the creator; and Lockhart merely the translator, though an admirable one.

The first Lay, *Horatius*, is our favourite, probably from having been the first read. The ballad opens with great animation,—with Lars Porsena, in the attempt to restore the House of Tarquin, summoning his array to march upon Rome, his messengers speeding through Tuscany in every direction. The final muster reminds one of the Scottish army, as seen by Marmion, in the Borough Moor of Edinburgh, before the battle of Flodden, though in the one case the wild levy is brought vividly before us, and in the other the representation is less dramatic.

The preparations made in Rome to resist this formidable array, the panic of the citizens, the alarm and hasty consultations of the senators, and the anxious watch of the burghers, have grace, truth and life. Yet the description of the preparations for the defence, though distinguished by the literal minuteness of the old historic ballad, is more artificial in structure and ornate in style; and perhaps it is too long-drawn out; though the final struggle and triumph are truly animating in their homely sublimity, and the close of the Lay is exceedingly beautiful. We must be content to choose merely a stanza here and there.

The citizens are dispirited, aud filled with the utmost dismay at the approach of the formidable army; but when the chief wrong-doer, the hated Sextus, is seen among the besiegers, indignation rouses their spirit, and recalls their courage.

> But when the face of Sextus
> Was seen among the foes,
> A yell that rent the firmament
> From all the town arose.
> On the house-tops was no woman
> But spate toward him and hissed;
> No child but screamed out curses,
> And shook its little fist.

When the bridge, upon the demolition of which the safety of the city depended, had been fairly beaten down, and was sinking: and when of the devoted Three who had defended it against the assailing force, two had darted back to the side of Rome and of safety, we again take up the ballad.

> Back darted Spurius Lartius;
> Herminius darted back:
> And, as they passed, beneath their feet
> They felt the timbers crack.
> But when they turned their faces,
> And on the farther shore
> Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
> They would have crossed once more.
>
> But with a crash like thunder
> Fell every loosened beam,
> And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
> Lay right athwart the stream:
> And a long shout of triumph
> Rose from the walls of Rome,
> As to the highest turret-tops
> Was splashed the yellow foam.
>
> And, like a horse unbroken
> When first he feels the rein,
> The furious river struggled hard,
> And tossed his tawny mane;
> And burst the curb, and bounded,
> Rejoicing to be free;
> And whirling down, in fierce career,
> Battlement, and plank, and pier,
> Rushed headlong to the sea.
>
> Alone stood brave Horatius,
> But constant still in mind;
> Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
> And the broad flood behind.
> "Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
> With a smile on his pale face.
> "Now yield thee!" cried Lars Porsena,
> "Now yield thee to our grace."
>
> Round turned he, as not deigning
> Those craven ranks to see;
> Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
> To Sextus nought spake he;
> But he saw on Palatinus
> The white porch of his home;
> And he spake to the noble river
> That rolls by the towers of Rome.
>
> "Oh, Tiber! father Tiber!
> To whom the Romans pray,
> A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
> Take thou in charge this day!"
> So he spake, and speaking sheathed
> The good sword by his side,
> And, with his harness on his back,
> Plunged headlong in the tide.

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No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes, in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry;
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

* * * *

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place:
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;
"Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day,
We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands:
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night:
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folk to see;
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee:
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge,
In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home;
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

There is nothing in the Lays finer than the conclusion of this ballad, though the poetry may be of a more refined character than is to be expected in the ballad strains of a rude age, however stirring or pathetic these may sometimes be. The end is this:—

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north-winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within;

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit,
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows;

When the goodman mends his armor
And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom;
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

The next Lay, of which we shall give a brief specimen, is in a different style. The interest of the tragic story of Virginia is essentially domestic. It affects the deep and universal affections of our common nature; and Roman patriotism here finds its animating principle in the purity of private life, the sacredness of female honor.

The first appearance of the young Virginia, in the light-hearted buoyancy of girlish innocence, is in exquisite contrast with the boding apparition of Appius Claudius, attended by his guard of axes, his pimps, parasites and jesters, scowling along the Forum—

Like King Tarquin in his pride.
Just then, as through one cloudless chink in a black stormy sky
Shines out the dewy morning-star, a fair young girl came by.
With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her arm,
Home she went bounding from the school, nor dreamed of shame or harm;
And past those dreaded Axes she innocently ran,
With bright, frank, brow that had not learned to blush at gaze of man;
And up the Sacred Street she turned, and, as she danced along,
She warbled gaily to herself lines of the good old song,
How for a sport the princes came spurring from the camp,
And found Lucrece, combing the fleece, under the midnight lamp.
The maiden sang, as sings the lark, when up he darts his flight,
From his nest in the green April corn, to meet the morning light;
And Appius heard her sweet young voice, and saw her sweet young face,
And loved her with the accursed love of his accursed race,
And all along the Forum, and up the Sacred Street,
His vulture eye pursued the trip of those small glancing feet.

* * * * * * *

Over the Alban mountains the light of morning broke;
From all the roofs of the Seven Hills curled the thin wreaths of smoke:

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The city-gates were opened; the Forum, all alive,
With buyers and with sellers was humming like a hive:
Blithely on brass and timber the craftsman's stroke was ringing,
And blithely o'er her panniers the market-girl was singing,
And blithely young Virginia came smiling from her home:
Ah! wo for young Virginia, the sweetest maid in Rome!
With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her arm,
Forth she went bounding to the school, nor dreamed of shame or harm.
She crossed the Forum shining with stalls in alleys gay,
And just had reached the very spot whereon I stand this day.

* * * * * * * * *

The seizure of Virginia by Marius, the minion of Appius Claudius; the hot rage of the people; the sturdy resistance of the flesher, and of the "strong smith, Muræna," are narrated with great spirit. But vain was their courage; this was in the evil and degenerate times of Rome—

There was no brave Licinius, no honest Sextius then;
But all the city, in great fear, obeyed the wicked Ten.

Yet before "the varlet Marius" had completed his odious task, and seized Virginia as his alleged slave-girl—while she "sobbed and shrieked for aid," the young Icilius started forth, stamped his foot, rent his gown, smote upon his breast, and springing upon the oft-sung column in the Forum, he—

Beckoned to the people, and in bold voice and clear
Poured thick and fast the burning words which tyrants quake to hear.
"Now, by your children's cradles, now, by your father's graves,
Be men to day, Quirites, or be for ever slaves!
For this did Servius give us laws? For this did Lucrece bleed?
For this was the great vengeance done on Tarquin's evil seed?
For this did those false sons make red the axes of their sire?
For this did Scævola's right hand hiss in the Tuscan fire?

The poet passes over the immediate effect of this rousing democratic harangue upon the populace, which sinks into their hearts, and is only revealed in the subsequent insurrection. He hurries on to the catastrophe, to the most pathetic of Roman sacrifices, which is touched with singular delicacy and tenderness. The fate of his child is foreseen by the heroic father—and

Straightway Virginius led the maid a little space aside,
To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with horn and hide,
Close to yon low dark archway, where, in a crimson flood,
Leaps down to the great sewer the gurgling stream of blood.
Hard by, a flesher on a block had laid his whittle down:
Virginius caught the whittle up, and hid it in his gown.
And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began to swell,
And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake: "Farewell, sweet child! farewell!
Oh! how I loved my darling! though stern I sometimes be,
To thee, thou know'st, I was not so—who could be so to thee?
And how my darling loved me! how glad she was to hear
My footstep on the threshold, when I came back last year!
And how she danced with pleasure, to see my civic crown,
And took my sword, and hung it up, and brought me forth my gown!
Now, all those things are over—yes, all thy pretty ways,
Thy needlework, thy prattle, thy snatches of old lays;
And none will grieve when I go forth, or smile when I return,
Or watch beside the old man's bed, or weep upon his urn.
The house that was the happiest within the Roman walls,
The house that envied not the wealth of Capua's marble halls,
Now, for the brightness of thy smile, must have eternal gloom,
And for the music of thy voice, the silence of the tomb.
The time is come. See how he points his eager hand this way!
See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon the prey!
With all his wit, he little deems, that, spurned, betrayed, bereft,
Thy father hath in his despair one fearful refuge left.
He little deems that in this hand, I clutch what still can save
Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of the slave;
Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt and blow—
Foul outrage, which thou knowest not, which thou shalt never know.
Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one more kiss;
And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no way but this."
With that he lifted high the steel, and smote her in the side,
And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she died.

The horror and tumult in the market-place are dramatically displayed,—

Some felt her lips and little wrist, if life might there be found;
And some tore up their garments fast, and strove to stanch the wound.
In vain they ran, and felt and stanched; for never truer blow
That good right arm had dealt in fight against a Volscian foe.

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When Appius Claudius saw that deed, he shuddered and sank down,
And hid his face some little space with the corner of his gown,
Till, with white lips and blood-shot eyes, Virginius tottered nigh,
And stood before the judgment-seat, and held the knife on high.
"O ! dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of the slain,
By this dear blood I cry to you, do right between us twain;
And even as Appius Claudius hath dealt by me and mine,
Deal you by Appius Claudius and all the Claudian line !"
So spake the slayer of his child, and turned and went his way;
But first he cast one haggard glance to where the body lay,
And writhed, and groaned a fearful groan, and then, with steadfast feet,
Strode right across the market-place unto the Sacred Street.

The popular *émeute*, and the resistance of the lictors and the followers, "the clients" of Claudius, are portrayed with equal spirit; and the ballad closes in this good and homely Chevy-Chase fashion,—

And when his stout retainers had brought him to his door,
His face and neck were all one cake of filth and clotted gore.
As Appius Claudius was that day, so may his grandson be.
God send Rome one such other sight, and send me there to see !

Many of Mr. Macaulay's readers, and most of his more learned critics, will probably single out the Battle of the Lake Regillus as the finest of these Lays. The main distinction which he makes between this poem and *Horatius* is, that the latter is meant to be purely Roman, while the *Battle of Regillus*, though national in its general spirit, has "a slight tincture of Greek learning, and of Greek superstition." As the Battle of Regillus is, in all respects, a Homeric battle, so does the poem in which it is chronicled, or dramatically described, aspire to be a Homeric ballad, and therefore "upon principle," incidents and images are freely borrowed from the battle-pieces of Homer. It certainly has fire and action enough. The lay is supposed to be chanted at the celebration of a solemn annual banquet given, about two centuries after the battle was gained, in honor of Castor and Pollux, the potent auxiliaries of Rome. As we have already given specimens of the descriptive style of the Lays, we may now plunge, for a stanza or two, into the tug of war, the combat hand to hand—the very heart and current of the heady fight.

Now on each side the leaders
  Gave signal for the charge;
And on each side the footmen
  Strode on with lance and targe;
And on each side the horsemen
  Struck their spurs deep in gore,
And front to front the armies
  Met with a mighty roar:
And under that great battle
  The earth with blood was red;
And, like the Pomptine fog at morn,
  The dust hung overhead;
And louder still and louder,
  Rose from the darkened field
The braying of the war-horns,
  The clang of sword and shield—
The rush of squadrons sweeping
  Like whirlwinds o'er the plain,
The shouting of the slayers,
  And screeching of the slain.

False Sextus rode out foremost:
  His look was high and bold;
His corslet was a bison's hide,
  Plated with steel and gold.
As glares the famished eagle
  From the Digentian rock,
On a choice lamb that bounds alone
  Before Bandusia's flock,
Herminius glared on Sextus,
  And came with eagle speed;
Herminius on black Auster—
  Brave champion on brave steed;
In his right hand the broadsword
  That kept the Bridge so well,
And on his helm the crown he won
  When proud Fidenæ fell.
Wo to the maid whose lover
  Shall cross his path to-day!
False Sextus saw, and trembled,
  And turned, and fled away.

* * * * *

Then far to North Æbutius,
  The Master of the Knights,
Gave Tubero of Norba
  To feed the Porcian kites.
Next under those red horse-hoofs
  Flaccus of Setia lay;
Better had he been pruning
  Among his elms that day.
Mamilius saw the slaughter,
  And tossed his golden crest,
And towards the Master of the Knights,
  Through the thick battle pressed.
Æbutius smote Mamilius
  So fiercely on the shield,
That the great lord of Tusculum
  Well nigh rolled on the field.
Mamilius smote Æbutius,
  With a good aim and true,
Just where the neck and shoulder join,
  And pierced him through and through;
And brave Æbutius Elva
  Fell swooning to the ground:
But a thick wall of bucklers
  Encompassed him around.
His clients from the battle
  Bare him some little space;
And filled a helm from the dark lake,
  And bathed his brow and face;
And when at last he opened
  His swimming eyes to light,
Men say, the earliest word he spake
  Was, "Friends, how goes the fight?"

But meanwhile in the centre
  Great deeds of arms were wrought;
There Aulus the Dictator,
  And there Valerius fought.

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Aulus, with his good broadsword,
 A bloody passage cleared
To where, amidst the thickest foes,
 He saw the long white beard.
Flat lighted that good broadsword
 Upon proud Tarquin's head.
He dropped the lance: he dropped the reins:
 He fell as fall the dead.
Down Aulus springs to slay him,
 With eyes like coals of fire;
But faster Titus hath sprung down,
 And hath bestrode his sire.
Latian captains, Roman knights,
 Fast down to earth they spring:
And hand to hand they fight on foot
 Around the ancient King.
First Titus gave tall Caeso
 A death wound in the face;
Tall Caeso was the bravest man
 Of the brave Fabian race:
Aulus slew Rex of Gabii,
 The priest of Juno's shrine:
Valerius smote down Julius,
 Of Rome's great Julian line;
Julius, who left his mansion
 High on the Velian hill,
And through all turns of weal and wo
 Followed proud Tarquin still.
Now right across proud Tarquin
 A corpse was Julius laid:
And Titus groaned with rage and grief,
 And at Valerius made.
Valerius struck at Titus,
 And lopped off half his crest;
But Titus stabbed Valerius
 A span deep in the breast.
Like a mast snapped by the tempest,
 Valerius reeled and fell.
Ah! wo is me for the good house
 That loves the People well!

The struggle is now to recover the bodies of the fallen warriors; Aulus animating the Romans to recover the body of their champion Valerius—bidding the patriot warriors remember that—

"For your wives and babies
 In the front rank he fell:
Now play the men for the good house
 That loves the People well
Then tenfold round the body
 The roar of battle rose,
Like the roar of a burning forest,
 When a strong North wind blows.

Other desperate encounters of knights and leaders take place, but auxiliaries are seen approaching the Latian array. Herminius is slain, and fortune is turning against the Romans; when, at the critical moment while the Dictator is preparing for a last desperate effort, Castor and Pollux, the Twin-gods, appear, and—

He was aware of a princely pair
 That rode at his right hand.
So like they were, no mortal
 Might one from other know!
White as snow their armor was:
 Their steeds were white as snow.
Never on earthly anvil
 Did such rare armor gleam;
And never did such gallant steeds
 Drink of an earthly stream.

Every warrior is struck with awe when these unknown knights take the van of the Roman ranks. They confess that they are called by many names, and known in many lands; that their home is by the proud Eurotas, and that they have come to battle for the right on the side of Rome. The fight is now renewed with fresh vigor. Victory is with Rome, the citizens of which, with the High Pontiff, the Fathers, the higher dignitaries, and a great promiscuous crowd, are represented as waiting, with anxious hearts, for tidings of the battle. Eve was closing, when the same princely pair who, in the hour of need, stood by Aulus, were seen "pricking towards the town."

So like they were, man never
 Saw twins so like before;
Red with gore their armor was,
 Their steeds were red with gore.
"Hail to the great Asylum!
 Hail to the hill-tops seven!
Hail to the fire that burns for aye,
 And the shield that fell from Heaven!
This day, by Lake Regillus,
 Under the Porcian height,
All in the lands of Tusculum
 Was fought a glorious fight.
To-morrow, your Dictator
 Shall bring in triumph home
The spoils of thirty cities
 To deck the shrines of Rome!"
Then burst from that great concourse
 A shout that shook the towers,
And some ran north, and some ran south,
 Crying, "The day is ours!"
But on rode these strange horsemen,
 With slow and lordly pace;
And none who saw their bearing
 Durst ask their name or race.
On rode they to the Forum,
 While laurel-boughs and flowers,
From house-tops and from windows,
 Fell on their crest in showers.
When they drew nigh to Vesta,
 They vaulted down amain,
And washed their horses in the well
 That springs by Vesta's fane.
And straight again they mounted,
 And rode to Vesta's door;
Then like a blast, away they passed,
 And no man saw them more.

We must stop here ——The generous attempt of Mr. Macaulay will, we hope, give an impulse to our younger poets. When the capabilities of the popular Ballad, for great and regenerating moral and political, as well as poetical purposes, begin to be understood, a change for the better must be visible in the character of popular verse.

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## SHORT RIDES IN AN AUTHOR'S OMNIBUS.

### MONOPOLISTS.

The greatest monopolist upon record was the philanthropic Antoninus Pius, who wish-



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ed that the whole world might become one city, an aspiration which is destined, perhaps, to receive its ultimate accomplishment from the power of steam, and the increased intercourse of nations, through the universal predominance of free trade.—When the passions and the interests of men are engaged on behalf of tranquillity and commerce, when there is rapid and unrestricted communication from one country to another, when the sea that goes round our globe like a ring, marries the uttermost ends of the earth to each other through the ministry of steam navigation; is it not possible that their nuptials may be celebrated by an all-embracing peace and love that shall realize the benevolent desire of Antoninus? The thought may be deemed visionary, but let us indulge it, however small may be the chance of its fulfilment, for though our hopes may often appear Utopian to others, may often disappoint ourselves, they have a constant tendency to produce their own accomplishment. To achieve any great object we must first believe in it, and by constantly stretching ourselves upwards, our elastic minds may eventually reach what at first seemed unattainable. The reputed visionaries and men of sanguine temperament who have predicted and hailed the uprising of a better age, have expedited its advent: while they who have written despondingly of man's prospects, if they have not in reality darkened the future, have at least thrown a cloud over the present.

And even if the visionist do sometimes "sequester himself into Utopian and Atlantic schemes," let it not be imagined that his speculations are unbeneficial to mankind; for a glittering delusion, instead of beguiling us like an *ignis fatuus* into sloughs and quagmires, may sometimes enlighten our footsteps, and guide us from the crooked and dirty paths of life into a higher and purer course. Hopes for the future are our compensation for the past, and there is consolation even in the dreams and man-elevating mistakes of our species, for we should scarcely be able to endure the degrading truths of history, were it not for its ennobling illusions.

"At all the great periods of history," writes Madame de Staël, "men have embraced some sort of enthusiastic sentiment as an universal principle of action. Chivalry is to modern what the heroic age was to ancient times: all the noble recollections of the nations of Europe are attached to it."

As these recollections fade away, we should turn from the past to the future—convert the pleasures of Memory into the pleasures of Hope, and live in the delightful and exalting conviction that there is a Golden Age to come.

### MISAPPLICATION OF TERMS.

Calling a straight canal the Serpentine River: terming the North and South American Stocks and Bonds—Securities; after some much-ado-about-nothing debate, talking of taking the sense of the House; requesting the public, in some affair of which it is profoundly ignorant, to suspend its judgment; dubbing every gross or nasty inquiry, a delicate investigation. But perhaps the most signal misnomer is that of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who, being in doubt whether or not he should publish a work he had written, went upon his knees and prayed to Heaven for a directing sign, which he received in a supernatural noise, described as being loud, though yet gentle, whereupon he published his book, and entitled it "De Veritate"

### "THERE IS A SOUL OF GOODNESS IN THINGS EVIL."

It has been said that alchemy, astrology, and superstition are the worthless parents of three noble children—chemistry, astronomy, and religion; to which might be added the old dictum, that invention is the offspring of necessity.

Would men observingly distil it out,

they would find that the great moral chemist is perpetually extracting antidotes from banes, wholesome medicaments from the most deadly poisons. As in the material world the vilest refuse stimulates the growth and expands the beauty of nature's vegetable productions, so in the moral world are our worst passions and vices sometimes converted into a measure for the noblest virtues. Goodness, in fact, could not exist independently of evil, for without hardness of heart, meanness, fraud, falsehood, hypocrisy, oppression, there would be no charity, generosity, honesty, truth, candor, justice. The latter qualities are called into existence by the former; or rather they are the contrasted lights and shades that create each other. Eradicated and burnt weeds fertilize the field on which they grew; so do our extirpated and destroyed vices improve the reclaimed heart from whose rankness they first sprang. Our virtues are like plants of which the hidden root may sometimes be surrounded with impurity; but what man, when he

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might smell to a rose, would go sniffing and groping among the compost beneath the surface?

Providence is constantly working out a purifying process through the fermentation of impure passions.

"La lègislation," writes Jules Michelet,* "considere l'homme tel qu'il est, et veut en tirer parti pour le bien de la société humaine. Ainsi de trois vices, l'orgueil fèroce, l'avarice, l'ambition, qui égarent tout le genre humain, elle tire le métier de la guerre, le commerce, la politique, dans lesquels se forment le courage, l'opulence, la sagesse de l'homme d'état. Trois vices capables de detruire la race humaine produisent la félicité publique."

CROOKED ANSWERS.

"How could you manage to *contract* so many debts?" demanded a friend of a spendthrift.

"By always *enlarging* them," was the reply.

During a rehearsal at Covent Garden, the prompter pettishly exclaimed,

"Mr. Wewitzer, I wish you would pay a little attention."

"So I am, as little as I can," rejoined the actor.

"I beg your pardon," said a gentleman, courteously saluting another in a coffee-room, "I don't immediately recollect your name: but I think I have had the pleasure of meeting you somewhere."

"Nothing is more probable, for I very often go there," replied the party, returning the bow, and resuming the perusal of his newspaper.

A medical man asked his legal adviser how he could punish a footman who had stolen a canister of valuable snuff.

"I am not aware of any Act," replied the lawyer, "that makes it penal to take snuff."

Methinks I hear the reader petulantly exclaim, "this is all very frivolous!"

Most sapient sir or madam! (as the case may be) the fact is frankly admitted. One cannot be always talking sense, and it would be wrong were it practicable.

Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem,

is the advice of Horace, and what says Seneca, writing on the tranquillity of the mind?

"Danda est remissio animis, nec in eadem intentione æqualiter retinenda mens, sed ad jocos revocanda."—if we wish the mental bow to retain its strength and elasticity, it must be occasionally unbent.

* In his translation of *La Scienza Nuova.*

TIDINESS.

Without going to the full extent of those housewives who sometimes tell their slatternly servants or children that cleanliness is next to godliness, I have a strong disposition to give tidiness precedence of many virtues that may perhaps consider themselves entitled to take the lead instead of following in its train. Even when pushed to a finical and fastidious nicety, it is an excess in the right direction, for it is surely better to go beyond the mark of neatness and regularity than to fall short of it. Tidiness has in it much more than meets the eye. It will generally be found that a love of material order involves a love of moral order, for there is a much greater sympathy than is commonly supposed between corporeal and mental habits, between the outward and visible sign, and the inward sense of grace—so that I should immediately predicate of a tidy person that he was a well-conducted person—one disposed to set his house in order metaphorically as well as literally, one who would have clean hands figuratively as well as digitally.

When I observe that a person (call him a precision, a quiz if you will) feels his eye offended if a picture hang awry, if his room be littered, if the smallest article be out of its place, I see before me a pilot balloon, which shows me the current of his inclinations, and I say to myself, that man in the great affairs of life, as well as in the small economy of his parlor, is a friend to congruity, order, arrangement, fitness, and all the properties.

What tidiness of inward feeling can be looked for from those who are slovens and slatterns in externals; what regard to appearances in conduct from those who neglect them in person? And yet we have sluts who seem to think they have a vested interest in their dirty habits, and feel themselves aggrieved when they are exposed.

"Do you call this cleaning the room?" asked a mistress, observing one bright morning that the dust, instead of being carried away, had been brushed into the recesses of the apartment.

"Yes, ma'am," was the flippant reply, "the room would be clean enough if it were not for the nasty sun, that shows all the dirty corners."

Exactly in the same spirit do our senatorial sluggards, and anti-education and very-

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well-as-we-are sort of people complain of the intrusive rays of knowledge when they penetrate into their privilege; darkness and foulness. They hate the public enlightenment which reveals all the dirty corners of the political and social system. Their own ignorance may be bliss, and they not perhaps be altogether unwise in anticipating mischief from the march of intellect in others; for in a general illumination people must either write "empty house" upon their front, or run the risk of having their dark windows pelted by the passing rabble.

### THE ARITHMETIC OF HAPPINESS.

To simple numerals, either Roman or Arabic, I make no allusion. I stop not to stigmatize the dishonest spendthrift, who, being anxious to cut a figure in the world, and to take good care of number one, makes a great dash until his affairs are all at sixes and sevens, is eventually reduced to a cipher, takes refuge in a continental hospital for pecuniary incurables, and when he dies, affords old Nick a fair opportunity to dot and carry one. No, I would simply refer to the four arithmetical rules—mutliplication, addition, subtraction, division—by a careful study of which we may steer into the harbor of happiness with the same certainty that the sailor reaches his desiderated port by consulting the points of the compass.

"Happiness!" exclaims the reader, "what so easy to lose, what so difficult to attain?"

Pardon me, you are wrong in both positions, because you have forgotten your arithmetic. Recollect how memory multiplies the joys that are past—how hope multiplies the joys that are to come. The whole life of a good man may be a continuously grateful recollection of duties discharged, an ever-present antepast of the celestial beatitudes. Take this ecstatic feeling for your multiplicand, threescore and ten years for your average multiplicator, and then add up the quantum of happiness obtainable even in this world! If we would but make a right calculation of life, how incalculably would it rise in our estimation! What a glorious and delightful enigma is mere existence, apart from all its accidents and concomitants. Is it nothing, when you might have been a spider, an earwig, a tadpole, to be a lord of this beautiful creation, a reasoning being, with all his proud privileges and enjoyments? Add up all these capacities for felicity, get the sum total by heart, and be grateful.

And sickness, failure, misfortune, unhappiness, those master miseries of which we so loudly complain when they occur, what are they but interruptions of health, success, good fortune, joy? What are they but the salutary changes and checks which will give a zest to the return of our former state, even as hunger imparts a higher relish to food, and fatigue enhances the pleasure of repose. Many are the men who would never know that they had been living in the possession of blessings unless they occasionally lost them. This is one of the advantages of subtraction, a precious rule of moral arithmetic, when we calculate it rightly.

If the grumblers who are envious of their superiors, and discontented with their own lot, would but subtract those above from the aggregate of those beneath them, they would generally find themselves much beyond the mean position. The balance is in their favor, and if they understood arithmetic they would be thankful that they are no lower, instead of being discontented that they are not higher.

And why, while complaining of present disappointments, are we so rarely grateful for past pleasures? Because we do not understand the rule of multiplication.—When the mirror, slipping from the boy's hand was shattered to pieces, showing him his face in every fragment, he exclaimed, "How fortunate that I let it fall! I have now twenty looking-glasses instead of one."

Such might be our own reflections when any long-enjoyed advantage falls broken to the ground. We should multiply it by the twenty years during which we possessed it, add the future hope of its recovery, and by deducting the whole from the quantum of our present discontent, the latter ought to be reduced to a cipher.

The most miserable man that ever lived would diminish his ground of complaint by a third at least, if he would subtract from his sufferings the hours of sleep, during which he was on a par with the happiest. An eastern fabulist, recording a king who dreamt every night that he was a beggar, and a beggar who dreamt every night that he was a king, inquires which of the two, supposing each to have slept twelve hours out of twenty-four, had the greatest or the least enjoyment of existence. If there be any truth in the *crede quod habes et habes*, and we exchange the monarch's day or the mendicant's night, we shall reduce the enjoyments of the two to an equation. And this is what Providence is constantly effecting, by a system of drawbacks and

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compensations; by balancing the fear of losing what we have, against the hope of gaining what we have not.

Instead of mournfully adding up the amount of any loss as a groundwork for complaint, it would be well to subtract it from what is left, that we may see how much remains as a basis for gratitude. It is very absurd, says Plutarch, to lament for what is lost, and not to rejoice for what it left, *à propos* to which he quotes a wise speech of Aristippus, the Cyrenaic philosopher, who, having lost a considerable farm, said to one who seemed excessively to compassionate his misfortune, "You have but one field, I have three left; why should I not rather grieve for you?"

Discontent becomes still more unreasonable when people bewail the loss of that of which the possession gave them no pleasure. Determined to reserve to themselves the right of complaint, they toss up with fate upon the same knavish principle as the schoolboy's "heads, I win—tails you lose."

Division, also, is a valuable rule, for we halve our sorrows by imparting them to a sympathizing friend; while, contradictory as it may sound, we double our own gratifications by sharing them with another.—In conclusion, let it be recollected by those who study the calculations and the arithmetic of happiness, that the merest trifles may be made to minister to its support, even as a swimmer is enabled to keep his head above water by bladders filled with air;—that the burden which is well and cheerfully borne ceases to be felt;—that not to wish for a thing is the same as to have it;—that not to regret a loss is still to possess what you have lost;—and that we may all have what we like, simply by liking what we have.

### THE LIGHT FROM ABOVE.

For one truly pious man whose looks and thoughts are fixed upon the sky, in order that he may study, like an astronomer, the wonders and the ways of heaven, there are fifty hypocrites, whose upturned eyes take the same direction in order that, like sailors steering by the stars, they may the better make their way here below. We have been told, on very competent authority, that men go into the church to live by it: but we hear little of their living *for* it, and nothing of their being prepared to die for it, if necessary. Well would it be for us all if the current of our dispositions, and the tides of our passions, like those of the sea, were always governed by a light from above.

### SONG.

Bright flowers that gem our grounds,
And perfumed air dispense,
Fair forms—gay hues—sweet sounds,
That charm our ev'ry sense—

Ye teach us if we scan
Your loving lore aright,
That Heaven, for toiling man,
Sheds prodigal delight.

Our morning claims fulfill'd,
We well may copy earth,
And let day's sunset gild
Our evening hours with mirth.

### SIMILES OF DISSIMILITUDE.

Metaphors have been called transparent veils, but they are sometimes rather more opaque than diaphonous, and bear a nearer resemblance to plate glass, which, though pellucid enough to the tenant within, is impervious to the passenger without. So it is with comparisons and resemblances, which are to be used with due direction,

For similes on plain occasions,
Obscure us by their illustrations,
As glasses to quick eyes appear
To thicken what they're meant to clear.

Of this offuscating process, a proof occurs in a sermon by the celebrated Dr. Sacheverell, who, speaking of different courses of action tending to the same result, says, "They concur like parallel lines meeting in one common centre." H.

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## THE SEPULCHRES OF ETRURIA.

From the Dublin Review.

*Tour to the Sepulchres of Etruria in* 1839, by Mrs. Hamilton Gray. London: 1840.

The volume before us is written on a subject of no ordinary interest; and we shall add of no ordinary importance. It is a subject also, which is new to a vast number of our English readers; sepulchres are not usually objects of attraction to the continental, much less to the female, tourist; and the very novelty of the present work, independently of its historical value, should make it acceptable to a larger proportion of the reading public. In the crowd of travellers who go each year the round of the continental cities; getting rid of much of their cash, and none of their prejudices; who estimate the motives of men and of actions, and the tendencies of civil and religious institutions, by the narrow and erring standard of their own preconceived opinions, and these not of the most enlight-

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ened or liberal description; it is cheering to meet one superior to the sectarian feelings or national prejudices of the country, and disposed to do justice to all, even though their religion should be different from his own. It is not every day we meet a writer who has the hardihood to assert that the Italians are a noble people, that the canons of a provincial church are intelligent and well-informed gentlemen, and that the sovereign Pontiff himself deserves the gratitude of the world for the services he has rendered to the cause of science and literature.

The attention of Mrs. Gray was first drawn to the subject of Etruscan antiquities by an exhibition of urns, vases, and sarcophagi, some years ago, in Pall Mall, by Campanari, an Italian. The beauty of these relics of an extinct and almost unknown people, excited her curiosity to such a degree, that, on a journey to Italy some time after, she resolved to explore, personally, the locality in which they were found. The collection of Campanari, which was afterwards purchased for the British Museum, was small and insignificant, compared to the magnificent collections to which she had access, in the capital of the Christian world. The Gregorian Museum, begun by the present Pontiff, was especially an object of attention. Private individuals were in possession of many beautiful and extensive collections, and valuable specimens were each day being brought to light by the zeal or the cupidity of the excavators, and to be met with in the public shops and stalls of Rome, exercising the learning and ingenuity of its antiquaries. So numerous were they, that, in the year 1815, the tombs of Tarquinii yielded no fewer than five thousand vases; and so valuable were many of them, that it was confidently stated, that, in three months, no less a sum than forty thousand scudi was realized by three speculators alone.

It is matter of surprise that they should have been so long concealed. For many years it had been suspected that the ruins of Etruria contained many relics and memorials of its former inhabitants, and a few were from time to time discovered. But the excavations were carried on with neither system nor perseverance: the discoveries that have been made are the result of comparatively a few years. A native of Toscanella, about forty miles from Civita Vecchia, and in the heart of the country formerly occupied by the Etruscans, was the first professional explorer of whom we have any record. He entered into partnership with a few other individuals. The papal government gave the necessary permission, reserving only to itself a preference of the right of purchasing any article of value or of interest that might be discovered. The excavations were accordingly commenced; the success of their efforts soon attracted others, and the results have been such as no one previously could have contemplated. Vases, urns, golden crowns, breastplates and ornaments, paintings, sculptured sarcophagi, scarabei or sacred beetles, gems of curious and costly workmanship, and in every stage of art, from the most rude to the most refined, have been found in such variety and abundance, as to startle many who had been wont to view the nations of central Italy through the false medium of Roman literature. The Romans were never ready to do justice to a rival power. They wished the world to understand, that at all periods of their history no other people could equal them in the great attributes of empire. If they were magnanimous and generous, it was only to the humbled foe who lay crushed and prostrate at their feet, and from whom they no longer had any thing to fear; not to the rival, who was their own equal in all but fortune. The labors of Niebuhr have done much to restore to the early inhabitants of Italy that place, of which the jealousy of Rome would have deprived them. He has succeeded in detecting the unsoundness of much that was generally received as history, by observing its contradictions, its incompatibility with other well-established and admitted facts, and the impossible and improbable occurrences which it admitted into its pages. No later than half a century ago, it was with considerable hesitation and timidity that a few adventurous writers could hint a suspicion of the truth of many of its early stories. The majority of readers would as soon doubt the existence of Romulus or Numa as they would the existence of Alfred or of Edward the Confessor. Niebuhr, with that unrivalled sagacity which in him amounted to a species of divination, has done much to separate the mere legend from the fact, and to point out the statements which may be true and those which are more than doubtful.

What reliance, for instance, is to be placed upon records which assign a period of one hundred and seven years to the reigns of the last three kings, and tell us that the Tarquinius who was expelled a hale strong man at the end of that period, was the son of him who ascended the throne in

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mature age, at the commencement thereof? Servius, too, marries the daughter of Tarquinius, a short time before he is made king; yet, immediately after that event, he is the father of two grown-up daughters whom he marries to the brothers of his own wife; the sons of Ancus, who murdered Tarquinius to get possession of their father's throne, are made to wait for eight and thirty years before they attempt their purpose; during which period, time and long possession must have been making their case, each day, more and more hopeless, and their claims more and more impracticable. The Roman history makes mention of no great change in the religion of the people after that of Numa; and yet we know that a complete revolution (reformation would, perhaps, be the better word) must have taken place in that respect; for when, in after times, the sacred books of Numa were dug up by accident, near the capitol, they were ordered by the senate to be burned. On being read, their contents were found to be completely opposed to the then prevailing doctrines, and their tendency and spirit subversive of the religion of the people. How imperfect and inaccurate, at least, must be the history which could be silent on a matter of such importance. Again, we find that a great change must have taken place in the extent of the Roman territory; for, by the commercial treaty made by Rome with Carthage in the first year of the Republic, and preserved by Polybius, the cities along the Latin coast as far as Terracina were then its dependencies; while twelve years later all these are independent, and we find the Romans disputing the sea-coast nearer home with the Volsci and the Latins; and the local tribes which, under Servius Tullius, were thirty in number, some time after are found to have dwindled to twenty. These are all conclusive proofs that the cities must have undergone some great religious and political changes by which the established religion was altered, and its territorial possessions diminished, at least one-third, from what they are known to have been at an earlier time. The change of government is attempted to be accounted for, but not a word is said of these other important alterations. Even the famous contest with Porsenna, which their writers could not altogether conceal, they have taken particular care to misrepresent; so far from the issue being as is stated by them, that it is now admitted that the city surrendered at discretion.* From the summit of the Janiculum, Porsenna dictated terms to the vanquished people; and believed that he had for ever made Rome powerless for evil, when he stripped it of great part of its territory, when he deprived it of the use of iron, except as far as might be necessary for the purposes of agriculture, and when he made it a mere dependency on the power of Etruria. Yet does the history of Rome make no mention of such a calamity. The heroism of Cocles, the devotedness of Scævola, and the patriotism of Clælia and her companions, beautiful legends though they be, are but a poor and inadequate substitute for the truth which it ought to give us. We of modern times are not interested in the honor or dishonor of these events; we will not receive romance, however beautiful, as a substitute for truth; and therefore we can have little difficulty in tearing away the veil which national pride would draw over the humiliating chapters of this history.

Niebuhr is of opinion that the early portions of Roman history are taken from some metrical romance of the olden time, in which, like Virgil, the writer has assumed the main facts of history as the framework of his poem, and filled it up with many an incident of his own creation. It certainly has more of the life and unity of a poem than of a history; and far surpasses in interest the chronicles of later times. Much of Livy's narrative has been also derived from the traditionary recollections of the families whose ancestors were concerned in the events which he describes. And it is perhaps less difficult, even now, to separate the truth from the large alloy of family laudation, than when his work was written. Each noble family was anxious to ascribe to its own members, whatever of valor, or of patriotism, was exhibited in the senate or the field. The truth was never tested by the criticism or the censure of contemporary or interested persons. Indeed an impartial historian could not have written in ancient Rome. The laws of the

* Tacitus says, "Sedem Jovis optimi maximi, quam non Porsenna, dedita urbe, neque Galli captâ, temerare potuissent."—Hist. book iii. What this *de ilio* means, may be seen by the form which Livy has preserved of the surrender of Collatia, and which he states to have been the one usual on such occasions: "Rex interrogavit, Estisne vos legati oratoresque missi a populo Collatino ut vos populumque Collatinum dederitis? Sumus. Estne populus Collatinus in sua potestate? Est. Deditisne vos, populumque Collatinum, urbem, agros, aquam, terminos, delubra, utensilia, divina humanaque omnia in meam populique Romani ditionem? Dedimus. At Ego recipio."—Livy book i. chap. 38. From this form we may infer the result of the victory of Porsenna over the Romans.

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twelve tables completely suppressed any free expression of censure or disapprobation. The Right Hon. Francis Blackburn was never more unwilling to have his conduct discussed or his administration found fault with, than were the civil and military officers of the Roman commonwealth. If a man dared to utter a word of censure or of blame against any public character, he was to be for ever incapable of giving testimony in a court of justice, and was deprived of the power of disposing of his property by will. The poet Nævius had to fly from Rome, through the influence of the Metelli, for no severer censure than is contained in this line,

"Fato Romæ fiunt Metelli consules."

By the influence of these laws, and the yet stronger influence of public feeling, the literature of early Rome received an inevitable tendency to eulogy. So strong and universal has this been, that no eminent person—more especially any one possessed of family influence, is ever spoken of in other terms than those of eulogy and praise. And if we cannot rely on it for the particulars of their own eventful career, how unlikely is it to do justice to a rival power. But Etruria has found a voice wherewith to urge her claims. That voice has reached us from her tombs. In more than one sense is it true, that the dead are demanding justice to their memory.

But we have left Mrs. Gray on her way to the sepulchres; and it is fitting that we should bear her company. Her tour included the cities of Veii, Tarquinia, now Corneto, Vulci, Cære, Farnum Voltumnæ, now Castel D'Asso, and Clusium, the city of Porsenna. We shall give, in her own words, some of the principal objects that attracted her attention. Here is the opening of a tomb at Veii, and the manner in which they are generally discovered.

"Several of our party had been with the men the whole morning, and seen the operation of uncovering the face of the tomb. When *we* arrived we stood upon the brink of a deep pit, probably about ten feet deep, and we looked down upon a rudely arched doorway, filled up with loose stones. It was cut in the hard tufo rock that composes the hill; very different from the rich loose soil which we saw lying all around it; and on each side of this arched door was a lesser arch, leading into a small open chamber, perfectly empty. I entered the tomb; a single chamber, arched in the rock, apparently ten or twelve feet square, and somewhat low. It was so dark that I was obliged to have a torch, which a laborer held within the door, that I might see by myself what was the arrangement of the tomb, and what it contained. The bottom was a sort of loose mud, both soil and wet having fallen in through a hole which existed at the top of the door, owing to the want of a closing stone. In this lay above twenty vases, large and small, of various forms, two of them with four handles, but they were all of coarse clay, and rude drawing, and in that style of art which is considered prior to all others, viz, purely Etruscan, and without any intermixture from Greece or Egypt."—p. 79.

This tomb had been rifled before; it contained no sarcophagus, though the place was marked where one had once stood. In virgin tombs, as they are called, the doors are made of slabs of stone, with protections to fit into the rock, above and below, like hinges, and therefore when opened are always found clean and dry. They are discovered in the following manner.

"The foreman of the laborers took his pickaxe and struck the ground in many places, but it resounded to the tufo (rock of volcanic formation, found generally in the vicinity of Rome). He went on in the same direction, however, along the hill, and at last the axe stuck in the earth, and he ordered a man to dig. About two feet deep he came upon the rock, and then, of course, desisted; at the distance of a few paces the axe stuck again, and the foreman found the earth deep. He then searched about and distinctly traced upon the grass the part where the rock and soil met upon the upper line of a door. He marked the plan, and the newly-discovered spot would be the scene of his next excavation." p. 90.

The following is the description of the "Grotte della Biga," as it is called at Tarquinii, which as it gives the reader a somewhat correct idea of all, we copy entire, though there are others of greater extent and magnificence.

"It was discovered in 1827, and is so called on account of the principal subject depicted on its walls, which is chariot races. It is a square chamber of about sixteen or seventeen feet in dimension; the roof is vaulted, with a painted beam across it, and diced in red, white, blue, and black, ornamented with wreaths of Bacchic ivy. Over the door are represented two geese and two leopards, both of which animals are sacred to Bacchus, the president of the funeral feasts. The walls are divided into two compartments, an under and upper one, on which are painted different classes of subjects. To the right of the door, on the lower part, are represented the dancers, and four dancing girls, who are animated by the sound of the double flute, which one of them plays. The dancers are clothed in a short light tunic, which leaves free play to their limbs, and the ladies' dress is at once airy and elegant, being a rich but slight robe, with a beautiful border embroidered in stars, and agitated to and fro by their rapid and fantastic movements. They have ornamented sandals on their feet, and chaplets hanging from their necks, while the men are bareheaded and barefooted. Their feet are twinkling about in rapid motion, and their extended hands beat time in the still scarcely ob-

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solete Italian fashion, as an accompaniment. Between each dancer stands a tree of olive or myrtle, sacred to the dead. In the upper compartment all is bustle and preparation for a chariot race. The Circensian games are here in full activity. There are five chariots, some already starting, guided by their charioteers, and some in the act of being yoked. At the end is the stand for spectators, with the awning folded back above, to be used if necessary, and having two stories; the one above for the more noble and distinguished spectators; the ladies being dressed in tunic and cloak, and with head-dresses, the men in mantle, without tunic; and the one below for company of inferior note. On the side of the wall opposite the entrance, the under compartment represents the funeral banquet, with three couches, and on each a man and woman leaning on rich cushions; the elegant dresses and highly ornamented furniture indicate the rank and wealth of the deceased. All are crowned with myrtle. Two are raising the goblet to their lips, while the rest are about to eat eggs, with which the Etruscans used to commence their repasts. There is the usual accompaniment of a flute-player, and there are two youthful attendants, the one with a myrtle branch and the other with a goblet. Five ducks, an animal sacred to Bacchus, are waiting at the foot of the table for the crumbs. In the upper compartment there is a continuation of the stands, which we have described, on the other wall; but here, instead of chariot races, the spectators are entertained with various gymnastic exercises and games; such as wrestling, playing with the cestus, leaping, equestrian 'tours de force,' &c. Above these compartments there is a third subject, just beneath the vault of the roof, viz., a bracket surmounted by a large vase, on each side of which stand two women with dishevelled hair, one holding a small vase, the other a sacrificial instrument, as if about to pour out a libation. On each side of them is stretched a man, leaning on double cushions; the one bearded and crowned with myrtle, the other beardless and crowned with olive. On the wall to the left of the entrance, the under compartment represents a group of dancers, and the upper, gymnastic sports; such as boxing, throwing quoits, hurling the lance, and foot-races, all similar to those which have been already described on the other side. In this, as in the other painted tombs, besides the real door there were painted doors at the sides and at the upper end opposite the entrance; these were of a red color, and studded with white spots, not unlike the heads of large nails." p. 165.

This is only one of many that are found thus decorated. The paintings give us representations of the manners and domestic habits of those who lived more than two thousand years ago, and present to us every variety of subject and story, from the scene of household grief at the loss of a loved parent to that of riot and sensual enjoyment, which, by a strange anomaly, are, as we have seen, found depicted on the walls of these sepulchral chambers. A very remarkable tomb is that which has been called "Grotta delle Inscrizione," from the number of inscriptions which are engraved upon its walls. The meaning of these it is as yet impossible to decipher. The characters are of the oldest Latin form, are read from right to left; but the language, of which they constitute the expression and the record, has been lost, and, like the characters of Persepolis, they are probably destined to remain a mystery for ever. In the time of Augustus it was understood only by a few; and even then some words were utterly unintelligible; and where the sçavans of Rome were at a loss, it would be presumption in us to expect to discover a meaning. It was in one of these tombs that Signore Avolto, a professional excavator, had for a few moments a glimpse of one of the ancient Lucumones. In the course of his labors he was exploring one of the tombs; on removing a few stones, he looked through the aperture to discover its contents, and behold! (it is a true story,) extended in state before him, lay one of the mighty men of old. He saw him crowned with gold, clothed in his armor. His shield, and spear, and arrows were by his side, and the sleep of the warrior seemed to have been but of a day. But while the signore gazed in astonishment, a sudden change came over the scene; a slight tremor, like a passing breath of air, seemed to agitate the figure, it crumbled into dust, and disappeared. When an entrance was effected, the golden crown, some fragments of arms, and a few handfuls of dust were all that remained to mark the position in which it lay.

Many of the sepulchres, more especially those on the site of the ancient Agylla or Cære, were in the interiors of earthen hillocks, raised to some height above the ground. These barrows were surrounded on the outside by walls of stone, which went round each, and contained the doors leading into the different tombs. Above this wall the earth sloped gradually away, until it came nearly to a point on the top, which was generally surmounted by the figure of a lion. On the summit of the wall, in like manner, just where the earth began to slope, there were ranged, at short distances, figures of this description. In the centre of the barrow, but above the level of the tombs, to which access was to be had through the doors of the surrounding wall, was the tomb of the principal person, to whose memory it was erected, the lower apartments generally containing the remains of his followers, dependents, and, it may be, the members of his family. Such was the tomb at Agylla, generally termed by the

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English in Rome, General Galassi's grave,—not because the general was buried there, but because it was first discovered and excavated by him, in conjunction with Father Regulini, the rector of the neighboring village of Cervetri,—which no doubt the general thought much the more agreeable reason of the two. The interest of the excavation arises not so much from its construction, as from the curious and valuable remains of antiquity which have been discovered there. It presented, externally, the appearance of a natural hillock, to which, no doubt, it owed its preservation. The experienced eye of the antiquary soon detected its nature, and suspected the purposes to which it had been once applied. Around the base, after removing the earth, they soon came to the external wall, which, as we have before said, always surrounds an Etruscan tomb in its restored condition. This went all around the tomb, having doors in it at certain distances, leading to graves within. The graves consisted of three chambers each, connected together by short, narrow passages. These doors were in the Egyptian style of architecture. There were figures of lions and griffons on the cornice above the doors. Had our space permitted us, we should have extracted the entire account, as we at first intended, but find that we must content ourselves with a brief description. Suspecting that there must be another chamber, besides those already mentioned, they excavated from the top, until they came at a slope, which by steps led them down to a massive stone door, towards the centre of the barrow. On breaking this they came upon the expected prize. The portico led them into a chamber about ten feet square. Along the sides, and on a sort of shelf beneath the immense stones which formed the roof, were found ornamented shields of bronze. Mingled with them were arrows, a bundle of which lay close to a bier. This bier had four short feet, and was made of cross bars of bronze. It stood close to a walled-up door, the top of which was open; and in this were four vases, two of which were of silver. At the head and foot of the bier were small altars for sacrifice, surrounded each by a number of small images: some bones also were on the bier, and by its side lay a very curious inkstand, having upon it an alphabet of thirteen consonants and four vowels, repeated in syllables, like the first lessons of a primer. This latter is especially valuable, as forming the key to all we know of Etruscan inscriptions. Opposite the bier stood the small household carriage, in which the corpse had been conveyed to the grave, and the sides of which were ornamented with lions in bronze, in the style of early Greek workmanship. One vase of bronze, for perfumes, also stood near the entrance, consisting of three globes, one above the other; near to which was something like a candelabra, and a tripod, for burning incense during the funeral ceremonies. But their discoveries did not terminate here. From this an entrance was effected into an inner, and a more curious, sepulchre. Here were vases of bronze, still hanging on the walls by nails; a tripod, containing a vase for perfumes; a large vase, ornamented with massive heads; some bronze vases of different forms, hanging from the roof; and, in a sort of recess at the end, were two large stones, about five feet from each other, on which had been placed the head and feet of the body buried there. Upon the stone next the end wall lay an extraordinary gold ornament, consisting of two disks, with animals carved upon them, and two gold fillets; and, sunk down below the stone, or half leaning upon it, was the superb golden breastplate already alluded to. On each side, where the wrists had once depended, lay broad golden bracelets, richly worked in relievo, and below it lay a clasp composed of three spheres of gold, and at various distances between the stones were little lumps of the same metal, which had been probably interwoven with the dress of the deceased. Attached to the wall, behind the head, were two silver vessels, covered with Egyptian figures, and some vases, on which was inscribed the name of *Larthia*. From this name Mrs. Gray supposes—nay, takes for granted,—that the deceased was a woman. We think that this conclusion has been rather hastily come to. The termination of the word may lead to such an inference in Rome, though not necessarily even there; but in Etruria it is any thing but certain; nay, if she looks at one of her previous descriptions of a painted tomb in Tarquinia, she will find that this very same name is written over one of the male figures on horseback. This tomb at Agylla is supposed by competent judges to have been constructed many years before the fall of Troy, which event took place eleven hundred years before the Christian era. It was constructed before the invention of the arch, for the architects seem as if they would have made an arch in many places if they could; and it must have been made before the custom of burning the bodies of the dead was known, or

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even the more ancient mode of inclosing the remains in a sarchophagus had been devised.

We shall now bring before our readers another species of sepulchre, one more immediately connecting Etruria with the East than any we have yet seen. After leaving Agylla, our authoress went to visit the monuments which were said to be visible at Castel d'Asso, and which have been hitherto almost unknown to the literati of Europe. It is believed, with much probability, to be the site of the ancient Voltumna, the precise position of which has been hitherto unknown, and which was the great gathering place of the Etruscan chiefs. Here it was that their great national assembly was held every year, for all purposes, whether of politics or religion, if, at these early times, a distinction can be drawn between them. Here, too, was the temple of Voltumna, the protecting divinity of their race and country, though the precise spot on which it stood can be no longer ascertained, if it be not that on which the oratory of San Giovanni now stands, and which has from time immemorial been a place of devotion to all the neighboring country. The monuments at Castel D'Asso bear a strong resemblance to those of the Egyptian kings at "Biban el Melek," near Thebes, and consist of two rows of sepulchral chambers, cut out of the solid rock. These chambers face each other, like the sides of a long and magnificent street, and extend about a mile on each side of the steep valley, in the middle of which rise the rock and castle from which it derives its name. They would be like the tombs of Petra, described by Laborde, but for the sculptured figures with which the latter are adorned. Unlike that of Petra, where not a blade of grass is to be seen, the Valley of Castel D'Asso is so overrun with trees and underwood that the ruins are not immediately perceived, and Mrs. Gray was at first about to turn back in despair;—but we shall allow her to describe her feelings on the occasion.

"We walked on about twenty yards, and then sat down to try and make out if there really was any thing remarkable within our view. We walked on twenty more, and then began to copy what we saw. We walked on twenty more, and we fairly fell into ecstasies worthy of Orioli or Marini, or any other sçavant who may have written upon Castel d'Asso. They [meaning her guides] had their revenge. 'Ay,' said one guide, 'this is just the way Signor Dodwell went on. He was a learned Englishman, who visited this place twenty years ago. He at first saw nothing, and then he began to draw, and then he measured, and then he talked, and then he held up his hands like you!'

"We condescended at last to approach these rocks, that we might examine them more closely, and found beneath each engraved door, if I may use the expression, an open one, six or eight feet lower, which led into the burial chamber. It would appear that these cavern mouths had formerly been covered up with earth; and that nothing remained above ground but the smooth face of the rock, with its false Egyptian door and narrow cornice. We entered several of these sepulchres. Of those we did enter the greater part consisted of a single low chamber, and the roof was hewn out of the rock, and was either vaulted or flat; some consisted of two chambers, the inner one being lower than the outer. Almost all, if not every one of these caverns, had a ledge round it; sometimes grooved, for vases or other ornaments, at others merely for sarcophagi; and in some instances with stones laid across the ledge, on which the uncoffined body had been placed, like the grave of the Larthia, at Agylla. The further we advanced, and the more we saw, the stronger was the impression which these caverns made upon us, and the more solemn and exalted became our ideas, as to the grand and magnificent conception which had first dedicated them to the memories of those whose fame they were intended to render immortal. We met with two or three that were very little injured. They were large and perfect in form, and deeply hewn, and we thought them truly noble monuments from their very simplicity. About a quarter of a mile from where we had first detected the hand of art, we began to perceive deep regular lines of inscription in the rocks. The letters were a foot high, and sometimes chiselled two inches deep in the stone; they were all in the oldest Etruscan character, and evidently intended to be read at a distance, perhaps even from the other side of the valley. We were shown one or two, which on account of the difficulty of access we did not attempt to enter, but which have an upper chamber above the vault, ascended by a spiral staircase cut in the rock. In the inside of some we saw the remains of a very narrow cornice, cut in the stone, and going all round beneath the roof; and in one of them the roof itself had some ornamental squares. The fortress is seen from all the tombs that we entered; and, indeed, even commanded and protected the sacred gorge. We could not help thinking it probable that the sepulchres in this glen were all the tombs of noted warriors, laid in front of the castle. Those of the centre might be of kings and statesmen, those nearer the temple of high-priests. These valleys of hallowed dust, these cliffs which were supposed to eternize the names and deeds of the mighty, whose spirits had fled, give rise to noble ideas; and so much did they grow upon us the more we considered them;—and so profound was the impression they left, that at this moment I feel as I did before we set off to visit them, that I had rather have seen the glens of Castel d'Asso than any other spot in Europe, except Rome."

These extracts may give the reader some idea of these monuments of an extinct people; and even those who may not have it in their power to consult the original work of Mrs. Gray, and the plates by which it is illustrated, will admit that they are well enti-

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tled to the attention of the learned world. Even previously to the discovery of these remarkable remains, the Etruscans occupied a distinguished place in early European history; and the evidence which these monuments present of their civilization and refinement, has but deepened the interest with which we regard a people so singular, powerful, and enlightened, as they must once have been. They must have had a literature, or at least a written language, if we are to judge from their remains; they must have been wealthy and luxurious, if we may infer from the representations depicted on their walls; their streets must once have been lined with the busy hum of industry and commerce; and we know that their sway extended from Genoa to Venice, and from Naples to the Alps. What was their origin? How were their wealth and knowledge acquired?—And how has that knowledge been subsequently destroyed, and destroyed so utterly, as to leave scarely a memorial behind, save those which the persevering zeal of the speculator and the antiquary have extracted from their tombs?

There is no part of ancient history more obscure than the migrations of those early races of men, by which the world was first possessed and peopled. The origin of the Etruscans, as of the others, can at best be nothing but a plausible conjecture. The traditions of the Greeks would derive them from the Pelasgians, and thus claim their civilization as kindred to its own. In early times, long before the Trojan war, traditionary legends would say, there dwelt in Greece, a peaceful and industrious race of men; a branch they were of a wide-spread people who possessed the countries northward to the Danube. Quiet and unwarlike in their habits, they preferred agricultural labor to the excitement and peril of war; and would rather derive subsistence from the fertility of the soil, than extort it by force, from the weakness and timidity of others. What Manco Capac was to the Peruvians, the Pelasgi were to the original inhabitants. They made them acquainted with the mysteries of agriculture; they taught them to sow the seed, to reap the corn, to gather and to save the produce, to know the fitting times and seasons, to prevent the mountain stream from carrying desolation through their fields, and from being a minister of destruction, to make it even an agent of fertility. Their quiet and industrious habits, coupled with their unskilfulness in war, made them more than once a prey to their more savage neighbors, and compelled them so often to abandon their well-tilled fields and seek more peaceful settlements elsewhere, that their very name became synonymous with wanderer, and was used to designate the man who had neither a home nor a residence in the land. A branch of this wandering people, the legend says, set sail for the shores of Italy; and after many perils by sea and land, despite the opposition of the natives, and after many a reverse of fortune, succeeded at length in finding a resting-place in the territory of the Siculi. They built the cities of Agylla and Pisa, Saturnia and Alsion, and sowed the seeds of that future eminence, which was attained by their successors and conquerors the Etruscans.—This vague tradition does not assume the consistency of history, but supported as it is by the testimony of later times, and by the monuments of remote antiquity which Agylla itself affords, it will justify us in asserting that the Pelasgian migration into Italy, must be something more than a legend, and that this city must have been among the original seats of Etrurian civilization; that before the Trojan war it must have attained a considerable degree of refinement, and prior to the domination of the Etruscans, was probably inherited by an earlier race of people. But our purpose is with the Etruscans. By some, and more especially the Greek writers, they have been confounded with the Tyrrhenians, from whom they were altogether distinct. The Romans called them indiscriminately Etrusi and Trusci, and their country Etruria. By themselves they were called Rasenæ, and their country Rasena. Pliny derives their origin from the Rhetian Alps, while others would have us believe, that the course of their migration was in an opposite direction. Müller and Micali, with much ingenuity, suppose them to have been an aboriginal people of the Apennines, who, abandoning their mountain homes, established themselves in the valleys of the Tiber and the Arno, and thence, after having become a powerful and enlightened and numerous people, to have colonized the rich plains of Lombardy, and extended their sway to the Alps. Between these opposite and conflicting statements, supported, respectively, by some of the greatest names of ancient and modern times, it is impossible to ascertain the truth. When they do come within the domain of history, they are found in occupation of the best and richest part of central Italy; constituting several great federal republics; one in northern Italy, another between the

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Tiber and the Arno, in what we may call Etruria proper; and another to the south of Rome, though the existence of the latter is denied by Niebuhr. Each of these republics was independent of the other, and was itself subdivided into twelve divisions, or cantons; for we may convey our meaning more clearly by employing a modern illustration. Each of these cantons consisted of a principal city, and of several dependencies; and was subject to a chief magistrate, elected for a term of years, and by the suffrages of the people. He is known by the peculiarly Etruscan term of Lucumo. The cities of the confederacy on the right bank of the Tiber are better known by our classical readers. They are those which have been visited by Mrs. Gray, and are intimately connected with the history of Rome. The Etruscan power, in its greatest extent (which is supposed to have been at the time of the Roman monarchy), comprehended the greatest part of central Italy. The cantons at the foot of the Alps are said to have been connected with those of Campania by an unbroken chain of tributary principalities. The Etruscan fleets were not unfrequent visitors in Ionian Greece, and in the cities of the Nile; while from Sicily to Gibraltar, they had no rivals but those of Carthagè. The commerce of the western coast of the Mediterranean was engrossed by these two maritime powers, and the Greeks have preserved the memory of several commercial treaties, which were in all probability directed chiefly against themselves. The establishment of the Greek colonies in Sicily, and on the western side of the Italian peninsula, enabled them first to compete with, and then to undermine, the Etruscan superiority by sea. It seemed never to have recovered the loss sustained in the naval victory obtained by the Greeks at Cumæ, and after a brief struggle to have resigned its legitimate commercial character, and to have sunk into that of privateers. Their rivalry and the subsequent defeat of the Etruscans, had their source in the jealousy of their commercial interests. Each power was anxious to crush the other. However extensive may have been the intercourse of the trading nations of antiquity, their commerce was never conducted on those enlarged, and if we may use the word, catholic principles, which it is the just pride of modern times to discover, and however partially as yet, to some extent at least to act on. The commerce of Tyre, and Carthage, and Etruria, and Greece, was, as far as their respective powers could make it, a strict monopoly. They would permit none else, if possible, to share it with them. The ports frequented by their traders, and the sources of their wealth, were, as far as in them lay, a mystery to the nations. No eye but their own was to see where their mines of gold, and tin, and silver lay, or to search the deep from which their amber was extracted. The "El Dorado" was only to be arrived at through the perils of many a stormy sea, and by braving the fury of many a dragon and monster dire, that kept its watchful guard over the charge committed to it. The golden apples of the Hesperides were to be won only by valor and perseverance more than human. The commerce of the ancient world was professedly exclusive. It would have no traders but its own; no merchandize but what was freighted in its own vessels; these traders must have the market entirely in their own hands, and buy and sell at their own prices alone. Acting on this principle, the Etruscans wished to destroy the commerce of the Greeks, by the destruction of their settlements in Sicily. Failing in that attempt, and probably overrating their own strength, they were vanquished and crushed themselves, and had their commercial existence destroyed, by the operation of the very same principles of monopoly and exclusiveness, by which they themselves were governed and impelled.

The remains of Etruscan art will enable us to trace their progress as a people. In the rude simplicity and massiveness of some of their architectural remains, may, we think, be traced the work of those who introduced the first knowledge of the arts. The similarity of style and construction would class them with those remains which are found in Greece, which are discovered in Thessaly and Epirus, and which, by general tradition, are said to have been the work of the Pelasgi. These remains, which Sir William Gell has traced along the line of the Etruscan cities, are undoubtedly the work of those who first introduced the knowledge of the arts into Western Europe. The tomb of Atreus, at Mycenæ, seems to have been built by the same people who erected the tomb at Agylla. The advantages of their position must have necessarily directed their attention to nautical pursuits. The remembrance of their early voyaging cannot have vanished from their minds; and we thus find, that, in very early times, they are bold and adventurous navigators of the seas. The success of their first efforts, and the wealth with which their enterprise was rewarded, must have stimulated them still further to exertion, and ex-

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cited many of the neighboring cities to an honorable rivalry of gain. How far this advance in nautical skill is to be attributed to the Etruscans, or their predecessors in the occupation of the land, it is not, at this distance of time, and with our imperfect means of information, possible to ascertain. The frequency of their intercourse with Egypt may be inferred from the strong infusion of Egyptian art which is visible in all their more ancient remains. Even though we admit that its first development was owing to the intellectual vigor of the people, still there cannot be a doubt that its after-studies were formed in an Egyptian model. To Egypt belong the numerous sarcophagi, the scarabei or beetles of gold and precious stones, which were always objects of veneration in the latter country. The style of architecture, too, has evidently had its origin on the banks of the Nile. The paintings of Tarquinia are in the manner of coloring similar to those on the tombs of the kings, near Thebes; and the admission of females to their banquets, on terms of social equality, are peculiar to Egypt and Etruria alone. The very construction of the door is that by which an oriental artist would secure the sepulchre from intrusion, as may be seen in Thebes, and in those which are called the tombs of the sons of David, near Jerusalem. This Egyptian character is so strongly manifested in the productions of Etrurian art, that the impression made on the minds of those who see them for the first time is that they are admitted to a collection of Egyptian antiquities. But this Egyptian character is not found in all, and least in those of later times. If we have the sarcophagus and scarabeus, and the images of Osiris and Horus, we have also the illustrations of Grecian story, and the fables of its mythology; we have the story of Œdipus and the sphynx, and the expedition of the Argonauts, and many an inscription in Grecian letters and language bearing testimony to the country of the artist. These vases and works of art are precisely similar in shape to those which once were made at Corinth, and which, after the destruction of the city, were dug out of the sepulchres by the Roman colonists established on its ruins. These pieces of art were purchased by the curious in ancient Rome at exorbitant prices, as those of Tarquinia and Veii are by the curious and wealthy of our time. The date of this great improvement in the arts must have been contemporary with the Roman monarchy, which was also the most briliant period of Etruscan sway. The intercourse of Etruria with Greece was frequent, when wealthy citizens of the latter country, like Demeratus, the father of Tarquin, took refuge there when driven from their own by violence, and the contemplation of the matchless productions of Grecian art served to enkindle the zeal and to correct the taste of their artists. We meet several instances of Greek artists having been employed in Etruria and in Rome, and the influence they exerted was eminently salutary. Greece was at this time becoming a noble school for the artist. To Egypt was she also indebted for the elements of her civilization and the rudiments of the arts; but on the banks of the Ilyssus and the shores of the Ægean they found a more genial home. Art came to the shores of Greece arrayed in the uncouth habiliments of Egyptian symbolism, stiff and distorted, from the monstrous and unnatural forms which it had been compelled to assume, and chilled by its connection with the sarcophagus and the tomb; but the quick imaginative genius of the Greek soon set the captive free. From the gloom of the temple, and the loneliness of the sepulchre, she was led by her votary abroad in the bright gleam of the summer sun, and by the brink of many a crystal stream and fountain, and was worshipped in the still repose of many a wooded dale, and was induced to shed her graces on the light enjoyments of the domestic hearth, and by his own fireside, and, in the very seclusion of his home, to become the handmaid of his happiness and refinement. Art was not, as in Egypt, the servile minister of a crushing despotism, or the organ of a gloomy superstition, leading, by the majesty and power of its creations, men's hearts and souls away from the best impulses of nature and the rights of social life. In Greece it was an active and useful element of society; and as it was the record and the monument, so was it among the sources, of some of its noblest achievements. The humblest citizen could look forward to the day when his name too would be inscribed on the chronicles of his country, when the memory of his deeds would be preserved on the canvas, or engraved on the marble. As he passed along the streets, or repaired to scenes of public festivity or private relaxation, the monuments of departed excellence were ever before him. The image of the patriot of other times looked on approvingly from its pedestal, and even the lips which moved not sent forth their mute encouragement. Theirs was a noiseless eloquence, which supported the sufferer in his country's cause, which discoursed sweet music to him in the hour

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of his darkest despondency; when his heart was heaving within him with the bitter feeling of injustice, when his actions were misconstrued, his motives suspected, or, like the virtuous Aristides, he became the injured victim of popular envy, the sustaining influence of art came soothingly over his soul, supporting him in the hour of his adversity, cheering his sinking spirits, and, like a herald from on high, telling him of other times and of other men who would do justice to his character.

In Etruria it would have exercised the same influence, and been productive of the same results, had not the national mind been more akin to that of Egypt. We find traces of the same serenity of thought, of the same national gravity of character, of the same gloomy massiveness—to use the word—of the public taste. Etruscan art seems never to have completely emancipated herself from the thraldom of Egypt, and, to her very latest development, to bear the impress of her dependence. All her great public works seem to speak of the subjection of the masses of the people, by whose toil they were constructed, and are but echoes of that sepulchral voice, which, in a grander scale and in louder accents, is addressed to us from the pyramids of Cairo and the palaces of Carnak.

If we strip the Grecian mythology of some of its most fanciful and legendary stories, we shall have an idea of what the Etruscan divinities were in times of old;—we shall have their gods, but under different names. Who would recognize his old acquaintances Jupiter, Juno, Venus, and Mercury, under the strange Etruscan names of Tina and Talne, Turan and Turms? The latter name is evidently the Hermes of the Greeks. The Egyptian mythos also was substantially the same, though the names and symbolical representation of the respective deities were widely different; and was, in all probability, the parent stock from which the others were derived. The religious rites and ceremonies of the Etruscan worship are known to us through the medium of the Roman ceremonial, the latter having been avowedly derived therefrom, and formed on the Etruscan model. The practice of augury, or divining by the flight of birds, was also Etruscan. This people were deeply imbued with a feeling of moral responsibility. The paintings in the chambers of Tarquinia, are conclusive evidence of their belief in a judgment to come,—and in a future state of rewards and punishments. One painting represents a procession of souls to judgment, conducted by good and evil genii. Some of these souls are light and cheerful in the consciousness of innocence: others seem afflicted with the apprehension of approaching calamity. The tears are seen to flow as the evil genius brings to the mind the torturing remembrance of the deeds done in the flesh. This evil genius is represented with almost a Christian accuracy of outline: the artist has given him, as did probably the general belief, a negro configuration of countenance, and a more than negro darkness of color; while round his temples is coiled a serpent, the head of which is brought close to the ear of the individual whom the evil genius is addressing. Another evil genius, yet more black and ugly, has his eyes depicted as very coals of fire. They are conducted by a good genius, whose color and appearance are quite the opposite of the others. These paintings are done in fresco, and in an excellent style of art: they are especially valuable, as telling us how clear a conception this people must have had of a future judgment. This great fragment of the primitive tradition seems to have been carefully preserved among them. A few, in the pride of their intelligence, may have disputed and denied its truth, as they subsequently did in Rome; and as many, in the pride of their philosophy, have done at the present day, mistaking, for the prejudices of education, what was but the witnessing of the Divine voice within them; but the great body of the people always retained some sense of their future responsibility. With their incorrect sense of moral duty, it could have had but little moral influence; but an influence of some extent it must have had and exercised. To the partial influence of this belief are generally ascribed those virtues of the natural order which distinguished the old Roman character. They were indebted for them to this maxim of their religion, which in its definite form they borrowed from the Etruscans. But while acknowledging the purity of their belief in this great truth, we must admit, that they are strongly suspected of mingling with their religious rites, the horrible and revolting practice of human sacrifices. This abominable rite was probably introduced among them from their intercourse with Carthage, where it prevailed in its foulest enormity; though it may not improbably be assigned to the frequency of their intercourse with the people of the eastern coast of the Mediterranean, where the rites of the Canaanite superstition were practised, and where every grove and altar was stained with the abominable crime of Moloch.

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The Etruscans were wealthy, and wealth creates in its owners many wants of which they would not otherwise be susceptible. Their remains disclose to us many of the contrivances by which a wealthy and a luxurious people are wont to gratify their desires of amusement and relaxation. They were skilled in all the well-known games of the circus. The numerous combinations and varieties of horse and chariot racing were not unknown among them. One of their vases gives us a perfect racing sketch. We see depicted thereon—the race-stand, the judges, the sporting gentlemen of the day, the jockeys, "et hoc genus omne," as if the artist had taken for his subject the race-course of Epsom or Doncaster. Boar hunting was also a favorite amusement, as we may see by another sketch, where sportsmen are seen in all the ardor of the chase; dogs, seemingly in full cry, and crowds of peasants, armed with axes and poles, hastily seized on the occasion. They are said to have had two principal meals in the day, and to have admitted the fair sex to an equal participation in the honors of the dining-table. This singular deviation from the practice of antiquity is found only in Etruria and Egypt: it is brought very vividly before us in one of their paintings, where persons of both sexes are at table together. One of the ladies is in the act of breaking an egg; another is eating some food, while a dog is looking up in anxious expectancy for a portion. On these festive occasions, the ladies seem to have been far more attentive to the quality, than the quantity of their habiliments;—some of them appear quite at their ease, in a costume which would make ladies of the present time, to say the least of it, exceedingly uncomfortable. The guests were entertained with concerts of instrumental music. The lyre was in much request, as was also an instrument bearing a close resemblance to a double flageolet. To the music of those instruments a company of dancers keep time with their feet and hands. Some of these are represented in most lively and animated gestures; but, we regret to add, that some of the representations confirm the accounts which early writers transmit to us, concerning the corruption and licentiousness of many of their festive entertainments. They had also periodical assemblies for the arrangement of their public business, as well as for general amusement. One of the most celebrated of these was the gathering of the noble families at the temple of Voltumna. Scenic representations were also in use, and a singular custom prevailed among them of permitting insolvent debtors to be pursued in the streets by groups of children, with empty purses in their hands, who worried the wretched pauper by the demand of money.

That they had a written language is evident from their numerous inscriptions, of which several may be seen in Sir William Gell's work on the topography of Rome, and a few in the volume of our authoress. They are read from the right to the left, but, as we before remarked, are utterly unintelligible, with the exception of a few oft-repeated words,—such as the affecting and almost Christian termination to all their monumental inscriptions, "Adieu in peace," or "Rest in peace." The only other specimen of their language which has reached our times, are those tables of brass which were dug up near Gubbio, and which are thence called the Eugubine tables; but which, like their sepulchral inscriptions, cannot be deciphered. The sculptured inkstand which was discovered at Agylla has, we believe, been found of use, in ascertaining the power and nature of the characters, and in enabling them to be copied in Roman characters, but beyond this, notwithstanding the anticipations of Mrs. Gray, we do not see that it can possibly be of utility. What pretensions they had to the possession of a literature we cannot now ascertain. It is a misfortune that they have left no historian to record their achievements, or to chronicle their deeds, for the information of after times; but it is a misfortune which it is now useless to deplore. They have left as much "engraved in the hard rock with the pen of iron," but we need a Daniel to discover their import and reveal it to the world. Their history has been an eventful one; it has been diversified with many trying incidents by sea and land. How different would have been their fame, had there been a Virgil or a Homer to surround them with a halo of light, or a Thucydides to consecrate them with the immortality of genius! The record of the marble, imperishable as it is, forms but a poor substitute for the undying record of a nation's literature. The sepulchral eulogy of the Lucumones, the sculptured obelisk of the Pharaohs, or the mysterious chronicles of the Persian kings, as seen on the ruins of Persepolis, have not been able to preserve their names and deeds from the ravages of time. They cannot compete with that lustre which the human mind is able to impart to the hero it embellishes, in the action it records. Etruscan literature has left us no trace of its existence. The industry of a few Roman writers attempted

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to supply this deficiency, and the emperor Claudius deemed Etruria a theme not unworthy his imperial pen. But the twenty-four books which were the fruit of his labor, have perished with the exception of one solitary fragment, and the writings of the less noble penmen have not been more enduring than those of their sovereign. The stream of time has washed over them all, and with them have disappeared our fullest sources of information as to the origin and history of the Etruscans.

There is a point in connection with this subject to which our authoress has not alluded, but which is well deserving of attention. The Campagna in which the cities of Etruria lay, and which was once crowded with a dense and industrious population, is now visited for some months of the year by a pestilential malaria, which is destructive of human life, and which makes even the natives desert it for a season. The few shepherds, who remain in charge of the cattle, may be known by their wan and emaciated features; for even they are not exempt from its influence. Yet was this country once the abode of a numerous population, and covered with busy and thickly peopled cities. Veii was as large as Rome, and the size of Tarquinia may to some extent, be inferred from the magnitude of its necropolis, which is said to contain no less than two millions of sepulchres. But there can be little doubt that the climate of the Campagna is not now the same as it was in times of old. Had it been then as subject to the malaria as it is at present, the fact would have been mentioned by some of the Roman writers. Yet, while they expressly mention the unhealthiness of particular districts, they are silent on that of the entire country. The virulence of the malaria, nay, its existence, arises from the absence of moisture, for while the wet grounds are comparatively free from it, the dry and sandy downs are particularly unhealthy. Not alone in the Campagna di Roma, but in every country in Europe subject to its influence, a wet summer is proved to neutralize its noxious properties. It is probable that the climate of Italy, two thousand years ago, was more exposed to cold and wet than it is now. The uncleared forests of Germany, and of Italy itself, must have contributed powerfully to this effect, by preventing evaporation from the surface of the earth, as in America at this day. The temperature and the dryness of the atmosphere depend much less on the degree of latitude than on local peculiarities, which are always liable to change. Many of the rivers of Europe which at one time were frozen every winter, are now never closed up for a day. So late as the time of the Roman empire, the barbarians were wont each winter to avail themselves of the freezing of the Danube and the Rhine, to make predatory incursions on the northern provinces;—and Pliny says, that the severity of winter was such in Rome, that the olive could not be cultivated in the open air. Nothing is more usual, at the present day, than to see the olive growing in the open air in the vicinity of Rome. But even admitting it to have been as unhealthy as now, is it certain that, despite its unhealthiness, it could not be thickly peopled? It was the native soil of the millions who dwelt there. It was the air they were from infancy accustomed to inhale; and from the power of habit it is likely that the malaria would have lost much of its malignity. The shores of Africa are unhealthy beyond comparison, as are the islands of the West Indies, yet these are not the less thickly peopled. Even the collieries and manufactories of England are known to shorten considerably the average duration of human life, yet are there thousands who are willing to brave all dangers, and to encounter, for subsistence, the perils of the factory and the mine. Peculiarities of diet and of dress, with which we are not now acquainted, may have been of use in enabling the inhabitants to defy its noxious influence; and much, also, may have been done by the general cultivation of the soil and the spread of human dwellings. Were its rich plains to be divided among a hardy and industrious peasantry, and covered with crops of golden grain, its effects on the human constitution might be very different from that of the present dreary solitude.

We have seen that the Etruscan power included nearly the entire of central Italy, and extended from Naples to the Alps. There was a time too, though not acknowledged by her chronicles, when Rome itself was numbered among its dependencies. It is now the most probable opinion, that the reigns of the three later kings was a period of Etruscan domination; and it may be, that even these kings are, as Müller supposes, but representatives of three Etruscan dynasties, who succeeded each other in regular order. It was during this period that those great architectural works were executed, whose magnitude and solidity have scarcely been exceeded by the later works of the empire. The *Cloaca Maxima*, which may be called the "Thames Tunnel" of the ancient world; the temple of Jupi-



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ter, on the Capitoline hill; the walls of Servius, which continued to be the walls of the city for eight hundred years, down to the time of Aurelian; all combine to demonstrate the power and extent to which it attained under Etruscan sway. They are collateral testimony to the certainty of that evidence which their sepulchral monuments afford. But like every earthly institution, Etruria was doomed to decay. In the arrangements of Providence it was to give way to its more fortunate rival. Its maritime strength was destroyed by its defeat at Cumæ; its internal strength was wasted away by internal disunion, as well as by outward hostility. When the Gauls poured forth from the defiles of the Alps, in the northern cantons of the Etruscan confederation, the southern states were solicited for aid, but the appeal was made in vain, and one half of Etruria was forever blotted from the page of history. The other continued to maintain an unequal contest with the encroaching power of Rome. The name of Porsenna alone stands out in bright relief from the darkness that hangs over his people, and surrounds with a passing glory the period of their decline. The cities of Veii, and Tarquinia, and Clusium, and Agylla, sunk one by one; Roman colonies occupied their ruins for a time: some preserve a sickly existence over the graves of the Larthia and the Lucumones; but the sites of others are no longer known. They are looked for in vain through the dreary solitude of the Campagna, and save the sepulchral remains of their past greatness, Tarquinia is but a name, and Veii but a recollection of the past.

We have gone with Mrs. Gray through five hundred pages of a narrative equally instructive and interesting, pleased with her antiquarian zeal, profiting by her judicious and often profound observations, and amused with the lighter incidents which she occasionally relates. Should she venture before the public again, we should with much pleasure hail her appearance amongst us. She is an authoress of much promise, and literature has a claim on her services.

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FORGET-ME-NOT. For 1843. Ackermann.

From the Examiner.

Mrs. Sigourney, an American lady, is a very graceful writer of verse in the school of Mrs. Hemans. She has contributed, to this now venerable annual, some striking and animated lines on the Return of Napoleon. In another of her contributions, Victoria opening the Parliament of 1841, the earnest and kind-hearted spirit will also be much admired. But there is in this latter poem an expression difficult to understand. Beauty, says Mrs. Sigourney, speaking of the 'Scene of Pomp,"

> Beauty lent her charms,
> For with plum'd brows, the island-peeresses
> *Bare themselves nobly.*

That the island-peeresses of 1841 did any such thing, we will not believe, and we hope that no caustic commentator of 1941 will be permitted to say so. To us, Mrs. Sigourney's phrase is at present quite unintelligible; we will look for its meaning in the next American Dictionary.

The veteran James Montgomery still writes in the *Forget-Me-Not.* His lines on The Press are full of manly thought and poetic fancy.

> . . Think me not the lifeless frame
> Which bears my honorable name:
> Nor dwell I in the arm, whose swing
> Intelligence from blocks can wring;
> Nor in the hand, whose fingers fine
> The cunning characters combine;
> Nor even the cogitative brain,
> Whose cells the germs of thought contain,
> Which that quick hand in letters sows,
> Like dibbled wheat, in lineal rows;
> And that strong arm, like autumn sheaves,
> Reaps, and binds up in gathered leaves,
> The harvest-home of learned toil
> From that dead frame's well-cultured soil.
> I am not one nor all of these;
> They are my types and images,
> The instruments with which I work;
> In them no secret virtues lurk.
> — I am an omnipresent soul;
> I live and move throughout the whole,
> And thence with freedom unconfined,
> And universal as the wind,
> Whose source and issues are unknown,
> Felt in its airy flight alone,
> All life supplying with its breath,
> And, when 'tis gone, involving death,
> I quicken souls from Nature's sloth,
> Fashion their forms, sustain their growth,
> And, when my influence fails or flies,
> Matter may live, but spirit dies.
>
> Myself withdrawn from mortal sight,
> I am invisible as light—
> Light which, revealing all beside,
> Itself within itself can hide:
> The things of darkness I make bare,
> And, nowhere seen, am everywhere.
> All that philosophy has sought,
> Science discover'd, genius wrought;
> All that reflective memory stores,
> Or rich imagination pours;
> All that the wit of man conceives;
> All that he wishes, hopes, believes;
> All that he loves, or fears, or hates;
> All that to heaven and earth relates;
> — These are the lessons that I teach
> By speaking silence, silent speech.

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## CURIOUS DOCUMENT.

From the Athenæum.

The following curious document may be added to the series which formerly appeared in this Journal. Mr. Devon, to whom we are indebted for it, has written the abbreviated words at length, and adopted the modern spelling. The passages in italics are, in the original, interlineations, in the handwriting of Cromwell, then Vicar General, Lord Privy Seal, and Master of the Rolls.

*Instructions given by the King's Highness unto his trusty and well-beloved Servant, Sir Wm. Sidney, Knight, Chamberlain of the Household of the most Noble and Right Excellent Prince Edward, Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, Earl Palatine of Chester, &c. and to Sir John Cornwallis, Steward to his Grace.*

The King's Highness willeth that his said trusty and well-beloved servants shall conceive in their minds that like as there is nothing in the world so noble, just, and perfect but that there is something contrary that evermore envieth it, and procureth the destruction of the same, insomuch as God himself hath the devil repugnant unto him, Christ hath his antechrist and persecutors, and from the highest to the lowest after such proportion; so the Prince's Grace for all nobility and innocency, albeit he never offended any man, yet by all likelyhood he lacketh no envy nor adversaries against his Grace, who, either for ambition of their own promotion or otherwise for to fulfil their malicious perverse mind, would perchance, if they saw opportunity, (which God forbid,) procure to his Grace displeasure. And although his excellent, wise, and prudent Majesty doubteth not but like as God for his consolation and comfort, of all the whole realm, hath given the said Prince, so of his divine providence he will in the point of all danger preserve and defend him. Yet, nevertheless, all diligent and honest heed, caution, and foresight ought to be taken to avoid (as much as man's wit may) all practices and evil enterprises which might be devised against his Grace or the danger of his person. For, although Almighty God is he that taketh care and thought for us, and that he furnisheth us of all necessaries, and defendeth us from all evil, yet this divine providence will have us to employ our diligence to the provision and defence of ourselves, and of such as be committed to our charge, as though it should not come of him, and that it notwithstanding we should know that without his helping hand our labor is inutile, such is his bottomless divine providence.

Item, that the King's Highness for the special trust his Grace hath conceived of his trusty servant Sir Wm. Sidney, Knight, hath constrained him to be Chamberlain to the said Prince's Grace, and hath committed and appointed to him, as well to have the keeping, oversight, care, and cure of his Maties and the whole realm's most precious jewell the Prince's Grace, and foresee that all dangers and adversaries of malicious persons and casual harms (if any be), shall be vigilantly foreseen and avoided, as also such good order observed in his Graces household as may be to his Maties honor and assured surety of the Prince's Grace's person, our most noble and precious jewell: *for which good order in the said Household the said Sir John Cornwall, being Steward, together with Vice Chamberlain and Comptroller shall always join together.*

Item, that for their best information, and for the first part of their instruction, they and every of them shall foresee that no manner stranger, nor other person or persons, of what state, degree, dignity, or condition soever they be, except the said Chamberlain, Steward, the Vice Chamberlain, Comptroller, the Lady Mistress, the Nurse, the Rocker, and such as be appointed continually to be in the Prince's Grace's private chamber and about his proper person, and officers in their offices, shall in any manner wise have access ordinary to touch his Grace's person, cradle, or any other thing belonging to his person, or have any entry or access into his Grace's privy chamber, unless they shall have a special token or commandment express from the King's Majesty, in the which case they shall regard the quality of the person, and yet, nevertheless, to suffer no such person to touch his Grace, but only kiss his hand, and yet that no personage under the degree of a knight to be admitted thereunto—and in this case the said Steward, Chamberlain, Vice Chamberlain, and Comptroller, or one of them at the least to be ever present, and to see a reverent assay taken in due order, ere any such person shall be admitted to kiss his Grace's hand.

Item, that they shall at all times cause good, sufficient, and large assayes of all kinds of bread, meat, and drinks, milk, eggs, and butter prepared for his Grace, and likewise of water and of all other things that may touch his person or ministred to him in any wise duly to be taken. To see his Grace's linen, rayment, apparel whatsoever belonging to his person, to be purely wash-

ed, clean dried, kept, brushed, and reserved cleanly by the officers and persons appointed thereunto, without any intermeddling of other persons having no office there, in such wise as no danger may follow thereof, and before his Grace shall wear any of the same, assayes to be taken thereof as shall appertain, *and that the Chamberlain, Vice Chamberlain, or one of them, shall be daily at the making ready of the Prince as well at night as in the morning to see the assayes taken as is aforesaid.*

Item, that whatsoever new stuff, apparel, or rayment shall be brought of new, to and for his Grace's body, be it woollen, linen, silk, gold, or other kind whatsoever, or be new washed, before his Grace shall wear any of the same, shall be purely brushed, made clean, aired at the fire, and perfumed thoroughly, so that the same way his Grace may have no harm nor displeasure, with assayes taken from time to time as the case shall require, *and that in the presence of the Chamberlain, Vice Chamberlain, or one of them.*

Item, that no manner other persons or officers in the house shall have access to the said privy chamber, but only such as be appointed to the same, and that other which be appointed to bring in wood, make the fires, and other offices there as the pages of the chamber incontinent as they shall have done their offices shall depart and avoid out of the same, till the time they shall be called for the doing of their offices again. Provided always, that those pages shall not resort to any infect or corrupt places, and that also they shall be clean and whole persons, without diseases.

Item, for to avoid all infection and danger of pestilence and contagious diseases, that might chance or happen in the Prince's household, by often resorting of the officers or servants of the same to London, or to some infect and contagious places, his Ma<sup>tie</sup> said servants shall provide and put such order, as none of his Grace's privy chamber, none of the officers that have any office about his Grace's person or in his household shall resort to London or to any other place during the summer or contagious time; and if they shall for some necessary things have license so to do, yet nevertheless after their return they shall abstain to resort to the Prince's Grace's presence, or to come near him for so many days as by the said Chamberlain and Steward shall be thought convenient; *and if by chance happen to any person to fall suddenly sick, that then without tract (treat) or delay of time to be removed out of the house.*

Item, that forasmuch as the officers and other servants of his Grace in the household, as well of kitchen, butter, pantry, ewery, wood-yard, cellar, lardry, pultry, skalding-house, sawcery, yomen, and grooms of the hall have under them as it is informed sundry boys, pages, and servants, which without any respect go to and fro, and be not ware of the dangers of infection, and do often times resort into suspect places. Therefore, the King's gracious pleasure is, that for the consequence which may follow of them, they shall be restrained from having any servants, boy, or page, *and none to be admitted within the house.*

Item, that such provision shall be taken as no infection may arise from the poor people, sore, needy, and sick, resorting to his Grace's gate for alms, and for that purpose there shall be a place afar off, appointed a good way from the gates where the said poor people shall stay and tarry for the alms to be distributed there by the almoners, and after that distribution to depart accordingly; *and if any beggar shall presume to draw nearer the gates than they be appointed, to be grievously punished to the example of other.*

Item, that the said Steward and Chamberlain shall see good order to be kept in that household without any superfluous charges or waste, which is utterly to be avoided, so that the King's Highness may in all points be put at the least charge that can be for that household, (so that, nevertheless, the same may always be honorably kept, as appertaineth,) and that no manner of persons, of what degree soever he or they be, shall have any more servants allowed within the Prince's house than to him shall be limited and appointed by a checker roll by the King's Ma<sup>tie</sup>s hand to be signed.

*Item, that every officer within the Prince's household shall be sworn that they shall not serve the Prince's Grace with any manner meat, drink, fruit, spice, or other thing, whatsoever it be, for his own person, but such as they shall serve, every man in his own office, in his own person, suffering none other to meddle therewith, and before he or they shall so serve the Prince, shall as well themselves as well as all other coming and having charge of the same, take and cause to be taken large assayes from time to time, as the case shall require, and that the Chamberlain for the chamber and the Steward for the household shall cause newly to be sworn, all the Prince's servants at their first entry, of what condition, degree or estate soever they be, of the due conservation of their offices and duties as appertaineth.*

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## NOREEN; OR, O'DONOGHUE'S BRIDE.*

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.†

Pretty mocking spirit! say,
Hast thou heard the Syren's lay?
Canst thou tell me, sportive sprite,
In thy wild and vagrant flight
Over mountain, over lake,
Bosky dell, and flow'ry brake,
Hast thou heard Killarney's queen,
My young, my fair, my fond Noreen?
Echo! Echo!
Pretty mocking spirit! say,
Hast thou heard the syren's lay?
Echo! Echo!

Softer than the lover's lute,
When the charmed winds are mute;
Sweeter than love's whisperd'd sighs,
Or the thousand melodies
Floating through the hall of shells,
Where "the soul of music" dwells,—
Sweeter sings Killarney's queen,
My young, my fair, my fond Noreen.
Echo! Echo!
Pretty mocking spirit! say,
Hast thou heard the syren's lay?
Echo! Echo!

* The O'Donoghues were the lineal descendants of Irish princes, and lords of the Lakes. Their ancestor it is who, in the popular legends of that terrestrial paradise Killarney, is said to ride over the surface of the lower lake on a white horse every May morning.

† Author of "Kathleen Mavourneen," "Dermot Astore," and other popular songs in the Irish "Lake Echoes."

## POSTMEN, TOWN AND SUBURBAN.

From the Spectator.

Xenophon has preserved a plausible argument of Socrates in support of the vulgar belief of his day that the future might be learned from omens—sneezes, the flight of birds, &c. There is something very pretty in the way in which the old sage adverts to the ignorance of the birds respecting the good or bad fortune they became, in the hands of a superior being, the means of heralding. Postmen much resemble birds in this respect. They, in their daily circuits, are the messengers of good and evil to thousands, yet know nothing of the contents of the pregnant missives they carry. The ignorance of Athenian birds and London postmen is their bliss: how sympathizing and anxious they would become if they knew the nature and consequences of the tidings they were bringing!

In this innocence of intention they resemble children: it never occurs to the playful boy that he must one day become an earnest and responsible being—that his simple presence is the prophecy of a future man carrying in his breast his own fate and the fate of others. And the postman's life, (to let drop the birds of omen, all dead and buried long ago with him who drank the hemlock,) at least in town, has much of the child's about it. If in the morning your walk is towards the city, you meet them packed in vans, which are to deposit each at the starting points of his daily round.—They go forth to their work laughing and light-hearted as children in a wagon to the hay-field. And their weariness at night is not unlike the fatigue of childhood—sheer physical exhaustion, the working of the mind has had no share in producing it.—Two sets of vans do we encounter in this great city, both the property of her Majesty—both known to be such by the Royal arms emblazoned upon them. The one is sacred to the uses of the gay scarlet-and-gold-liveried postmen, the other to the more sombre candidates for the hulks. Alas, that even as bull's-eyes and lollipops tempt young prides of their mothers' hearts to sin, so the money which people will put into letters, exposing postmen to temptation, frequently makes one or other of them exchange his own airy van for the close tumbril of the Police!

These are the town postmen. The suburban postman is quite a different—a more intellectual creature; and if in consequence he has more cares, as all must have who share the inheritance of the tree of knowledge, so he has higher and keener pleasures than his town compeers. The suburban postman—formerly on the Threepenny establishment, now, we believe, incorporated into the "General" service—still retains his old uniform: he belongs to "the Blues." His color is fresh, for he has to take long walks through green lanes, or what once were green lanes and still are not streets. He resides in some central part of his beat, and, except of a holyday, rarely ventures nearer town than the place of call where all his brother postmen of the same district meet to deliver up the letters posted and to receive those which they are to distribute. The suburban postman is in general married: on a fine day he may be seen leading his little son or daughter along with him as he goes his rounds. If not married he is an aspirant to the holy state of matrimony; and the lady of his affections may sometimes be seen accompanying him in the more rural and secluded parts of his beat—saving time, making love and transacting business at the same moment. The suburban postman is in a manner connected with literature; for about

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Christmas he supplies the families whose letters he delivers with their almanacks. The connection is slight, but, co-operating with his rural haunts, it lends a dignity, a dash of sentiment to his air, which is never seen about the town postman. Last summer, on a smooth firm pathway between embowering hedges, we sometimes encountered a suburban postman—one of those scholar-like figures, slender, and with more height than he can carry easily—short-sighted, or at least wearing glasses; and, ever as he paced along, a fair girl was by his side, into whose ears his speech was voluble. If that postman was not a contributor to the Annuals, we know nothing of the signs external of a poet.

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## DICKENS'S AMERICAN NOTES FOR GENERAL CIRCULATION.—By Q. Q. Q.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

*American Notes for General Circulation.* By CHARLES DICKENS. In two vols. post 8vo. London; Chapman and Hall, 1842.

WHEN the cruel and subtle grimalkin, roused from her slumbers by some sudden impulse of hunger, meditates an expedition to the regions which she knows to be occupied by mice, do you think she foolishly frustrates her purpose by heralding her approach, shoeing herself, as it were, with walnut-shells, clattering, mewing, spitting, and sputtering? Alas, unhappy mice! no; but she glides, suddenly, unseen, and noiselessly into your dusky territories; and you are not made aware of the terrible visitation you have experienced, save by her hasty departure, bearing in her ensanguined jaws the crushed writhing bodies of one or two of perhaps your best citizens, uttering faint and dying squeaks. Now, to compare small things with great, (the former Grimalkin, the latter Boz,) when we first heard it breathed that he was going to America, we thought within ourselves thus:—If *we* had the admirable talent for observation and description, and the great reputation (to give universal currency to our "*Notes*") of Boz—a man who has amused for several years, a greater number and more various classes of his fellow creatures, than any one we have for some years known, heard, or read of—and had intended to break up new ground in America, we should have imitated the aforesaid cat, in all except her bloody designs and doings. In plain English, we should have resolved to take—good-naturedly—brother Jonathan off his guard; and transmuting Mr. Charles Dickens into Mr. John Johnson, or Mr. Benjamin Brown, gone away without allowing a hint of our visit to transpire either at home or abroad. We should thus have entered America, and made all our most important observations, under a strict *incognito*. A month before quitting it, however, we might perhaps have resumed our character of "*Charles Dickens, Esquire*," and presenting the best letters of introduction with which we had come provided, mixed in the best society in our own proper person. Thus we should have seen Jonathan asleep, in dishabille; and also wide awake, and in his best clothes, and his best manners. And we hereby give him notice that, if ever we go over the water, this will be the plan of our proceeding; and our American friends will be unconscious, while we are doing it, that

> "A chiel's amang them takin' '*notes*,'
> An' faith he'll prent them."

But what did our good friend Boz do? Why, alas! to our inexpressible concern and vexation, we saw him formally announce his intentions to the whole world, months before he set off; nor was there a newspaper in Great Britain which did not contain paragraphs intimating the fact, the time, and the manner of this amusing satirist's departure for the scene of his interesting observations. From that moment, (as we then said to those around us,) we gave up all expectation of any such product as Mr. Dickens's qualifications and opportunities, prudently used, would have entitled us to rely upon. He was hamstrung and hoodwinked at starting; he doubtless unconsciously prepared himself for a triumphal progress through America—all having long before been put on their guard, and by a thousand devices of courtesy, hospitality, and flattery, disabling their admired visitor from taking, or communicating to his countrymen, just and true observations on the men and manners of America; for it was to see *them* that we supposed such a man as Boz would have gone; and not the mere cities, villages, railroads, coaches and steamboats, or the rivers and mountains and forests of America, all of which have been repeatedly scanned, and adequately described, by perhaps a hundred of his predecessors. Maga would not deserve her hard-earned and long-held position in the world of letters, were she to permit any private personal partialities—to suffer *any* consideration to warp her judgment, or induce her to withhold her real sentiments from her readers on any subject of general

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literary interest; and it is with infinite concern and reluctance, especially knowing that our judgment also will be somewhat regarded in America, that we acknowledge that our apprehensions prove to have been warranted by a perusal of these volumes. They contain many evidences of the peculiar and unrivalled powers of Boz; quite as many evidences of his literary faults and imperfections; and still more of his self-imposed difficulties and disabilities.

The suddenness and universality of the popularity of Boz, constitute a remarkable event in the literary history of the times. Who, or what he was, or had been; what his early education, and habits, and society, no one knew; yet all of a sudden, he started from the crowded ranks of his eager competitors in the race for popularity and distinction, and distanced them at a bound unapproachably. We have watched his progress with lively interest and curiosity, and with, we trust, an anxious disposition to acknowledge his undoubted merits. When he thus suddenly burst on the public, he could not have been more than six or seven-and-twenty; yet he evinced the possession of several of the best qualities of Goldsmith, Smollett, and Sterne: the same fond eye for the simplicity of nature; the same perception of broad and humorous capabilities; the same tenderness of sentiment. He touched off with ease and beauty the true characteristics of the lower orders of English, particularly of metropolitan, society. His eye was keen and clear, his heart full of generous feelings. He seemed to have been born and bred among the scenes he delineated with such accuracy and sprightliness. His humor long excelled his pathos; it was sly, caustic, spontaneous, original, always wearing a gay, good-humored expression, and governed by an impulse of evident love towards all men. Under his Hogarth-like pencil, a Cockney in all his low varieties of species, became the most entertaining creature in the community; his language, his habits, his personal peculiarities, were suddenly introduced into the drawing-rooms of the great, the haughty, the refined; into the cottages of the poor in the counties, into the little garrets and factories of the manufacturing towns—in fact, everywhere; affording universal amusement, not only at home, but abroad, and amongst those ignorant even of our language: and be it observed, that Mr. Dickens in all this never exceeded the boundaries of moral propriety; so that all, the young, the old, the virgin, the youth, the high, the low, might shake with innocent laughter. Surely in all this he showed himself to be a man of original genius. His powers of *pathos* were prominently developed not till some time afterwards. The *Quarterly Review* pronounced *ex cathedrâ*, that his forte lay *there*. Mr. Dickens seemed so satisfied of this, that his writings thenceforth assumed a somewhat different character—pathetic touches greatly predominating over the humorous. He planned, moreover, (observing how firmly fixed he was in the public favor,) far more elaborate and ambitious performances than any which he had previously contemplated. His series of light detached "Sketches" of persons and places, gave way to formal *Novels*, appearing in very copious monthly numbers, for twenty months running—each novel following close upon the heels of the other, with a sort of literary superfœtation. Shall we acknowledge our opinion, however, that each one of them, which contained, by the way, variations and re-productions of his original characters, was inferior to its predecessor; and all of them, trebled, unequal in genius and execution to the creations which originally delighted the public? His '*Sketches*,' several portions of his '*Pickwick*,' and of his '*Oliver Twist*,' we believe cannot be equalled, in their way, by any living writer; and in producing them, Mr. Dickens became his own greatest rival. Quantity, not quality, seemed subsequently, however, to become his object—to win "*golden* opinions" of one sort, at least, from his innumerable and enthusiastic admirers. He did not give his genius fair play; he did not allow himself leisure either to contrive a complete plot, (essential in the composition of a sterling and lasting novel,) to conceive distinctly the incidents of which it was to be constructed, or to sustain, consistently, the characters by whom it was to be worked out. What imagination could stand such a heavy monthly drain? You saw the man of genius, indeed, but painfully overworked and exhausted; exhibiting in his rapidly succeeding productions frequent master-strokes, but obscured and overborne by the surrounding hasty and unskilful daubing. He judged it necessary, also, at length, to extend the sphere of his action according to the growing exigencies of his stories, and introduced characters and scenes taken from the higher classes of society; and *here*, with due deference to those who may think otherwise, we consider that he is never successful—that he has never presented one single character in superior life, with a tithe of the truth, force and consistency, with which he has delineated those

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of inferior life.—We deprecate again his recourse to *history*, as in his last story, for the substratum and material of his fictions. We object to this in him—we object to it in the case of all the other writers of the day —on *principle*, as calculated to give the vast mass of partially and imperfectly educated persons, *who are in the habit of reading works of fiction only*, in the present day, most superficial, distorted, and mischievously erroneous notions on the subject. Sir Walter Scott we recognise as a magnificent *exception;* but dear and delightful, yet *youthful* Boz, consider for a moment the character and circumstances of that giant writer—the mature age at which he had arrived before he at once enchanted and instructed the public with the glorious and immortal series of his works, commencing with *Waverley*—his prodigious knowledge, his complete mastery of history and all its adjuncts, his universal reading, his facility of writing—the many years of silent acquisition, observation, and reflection he had enjoyed—his amazing natural powers, his imagination, his prodigious memory, his strong and chastened taste and judgment —all these combined to make him deservedly the wonder and idol at once of his own and all future times. What may have been Mr. Dickens's early education, opportunities, habits, acquirements, and society, we know not, nor are we intrusive or impertinent enough to inquire into, or speculate upon; but let him bear in mind how young he is, and how many years he has before him to acquire and treasure up rich and varied materials for enduring reputation. Let him reflect on Seneca's maxim, "Non quàm *multa*, sed quàm *multum!*" "Trees which abide age," it was beautifully observed by Mr. Burke, we believe, "grow slowly; *the gourd that came up in a day, withered in a day.*"

Before concluding this brief sketch of the progress of Mr. Dickens, let us advert to one or two other matters deserving to be taken into account. There can be no doubt that, originally, and all along, he has been greatly indebted for his popularity, among his numerous readers in the lower classes of society, to the spirited and often admirable *illustrations* with which all his writings have been accompanied, by Cruikshank and others—at once rousing and sustaining the most dull and torpid fancy, giving form, and substance, and corporeal and tangible shape and reality, to his characters. They have, however, had also another effect, not hitherto, perhaps, adverted to by either Mr. Dickens himself, or his readers. The constant presence of these pictorial illustrations has unconsciously *influenced his own fancy* while at work in drawing his ideal characters; which are insensibly moulded by, and accommodated to, the grotesque, quaint, and exaggerated figures and attitudes of the caricaturist's pencil. The writer's "*mind's* eye" becomes thus obedient, insensibly, to the eye of his body; and the result is, a perpetual and unconscious straining after situations and attitudes which will admit of being similarly illustrated. Thus the writer follows the caricaturist, instead of the cariacaturist following the writer; and *principal* and *accessory* change places.

Again. The credit he has attained for "a rare and happy power of placing matters of ordinary occurrence in a new light, and detecting and bringing forth to view some features of interest from the most trite and common topics," he is most justly entitled to; but it is the credit which he has already obtained by, and for, this, which may be indicated as a source of danger to him: for it is calculated, since he *must* write so much, and so frequently, to *put him upon straining after, and forcing out*, these hidden qualities and effects, instead of—so to speak—allowing them to *exude* before the eye of a minute and penetrating observation. We could fill columns with striking illustrations of this remark, taken from the volumes now before us, and from, indeed, almost all Mr. Dickens's other works. What is more natural? What requires more watchfulness? From an eye settled upon her, with a business-like determination to make the most of her delicate and hidden charms, Nature flies, alarmed and shocked. Look at her, and love her for herself, originally and solely; and treasure up your impressions afterwards, with anxious fondness, if you like, and make what use you please, hereafter, of the precious results of your observations.

Yet once again. The works of Mr. Dickens afford many evidences of their writer's great familiarity with *theatrical* matters and associations; a dangerous thing to a young writer on men and manners, as apt to induce a style of writing, turgid, factitious, and exaggerated. It is to look at the *realities* of life through a glaring, artificial, and vulgarizing medium. How painfully conscious of this are most persons of sound judgment and cultivated taste, immediately on quitting a theatre—the moment that the glitter and excitement of novelty and scenic decoration are over! Mr. Dickens, we have reason to believe, is a great frequent-

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er of such scenes; and we are sure his candor and good-nature will not take our suggestions otherwise than as well-meant and *well-founded*. Now, however, to his book on America. What were we warranted in expecting from Mr. Dickens's account of his visit to that country?

To an accomplished and philosophical observer, especially from England, America presents fruitful fields of interesting and instructive reflection and speculation; to which, however, we need not more distinctly allude, since we did not desire or expect from *Boz* any dissertation upon the political institutions of America, or their remote influence upon the habits, humors, and character of its citizens. We have long had, and are constantly acquiring, ample materials for judging whether the men, or the institutions, are to be praised or blamed for the state of things at present existing in that country. The penetrating intellect of the candid, but biassed, De Tocqueville, and the invaluable observations of our accomplished, experienced, and highly gifted countryman, Mr. Hamilton,* (the author of *Cyril Thornton*,—whose work is greatly superior, in our opinion, in point of solidity and interest, to that of any other English writer upon the subject—and others whose names will at once occur to the reader, have laid bare to us the very pulsative heart of America. We expected from Boz great *amusement;* and thought it not unlikely that, before setting off on his trip, or, at least, before publishing an account of it, he would have read the fine works of his more eminent predecessors, if not to guide his observations, at all events to enable him to avoid pre-occupied ground. An acute and watchful observer of the social, the academical, and literary characteristics of America, including such personal notices of leading men as a gentleman might feel warranted in giving, without any breach of etiquette or abuse of confidence, or sense of personal embarrassment, cannot even now fail of producing a work equally interesting and valuable to Englishmen, who have a deep stake in all that concerns their brethren in the far West. We utterly dislike and despise all those who would seek to set us against Jonathan, by dwelling, as some have done, with resolute ill-nature on the weak parts of his character—needlessly wounding his vanity, and irritating his national feelings. Jonathan may rely on it, no British heart beats which does not delight to own that he is bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh; and were we ourselves to go over to America, we feel sure that we should be greatly affected, the instant of setting our foot on the shores of the vast Western Continent, to hear *our own dear mother-tongue* spoken in our ears, in accents of kindliness and welcome. The Americans may say, that we and our institutions have our faults: we believe that they and theirs have very grave faults; but we make all such allowances for them as a kind experienced father, with willing affection, makes for the errors and imperfections of a youthful and inexperienced son.

Alas, how very sad it is to have to own the feelings of chagrin and disappointment with which we have risen from the perusal of these volumes of Mr. Dickens, and to express our fears that such will be the result of the perusal of them by the Americans! We perceive in every step he takes, in whatever he says or does, and all that he has written, the blighting effects of his original blunder in proclaiming before-hand his going to America. Where are his sketches of, at all events, the public characters, and of the pursuit and manners of the great men of America with whom he must have frequently come into close contact—the statesmen, the judges, the more eminent members of the bar, the clergymen, the physicians, the naval and military men, the professors in the universities—nay, even the theatrical men, but above all, the authors, of America? *Not one!* or if any of them are mentioned, it is in only a word or two of vague and spiritless eulogy! Yet Boz—a shrewd, a cute, watchful observer, has been six months among them all; went to the President's levees, to the Houses of Legislation during their sittings, to very many courts of justice, to churches and chapels, to universities, and into the best and most varied society of America. Why is all this? And *why* did he form the once-or-twice-expressed determination to give no notices or sketches of individuals? And if he thought fit thus to resolve—thus to exclude all possible topics of interest to the reading public—why, with his reputation and influence, did he publish a book on America at all? Would not such a performance, *iis omissis*, be indeed the play of Hamlet, with the character of Hamlet omitted? How many names of eminent persons in America occur to one's recollection, of whom personal sketches by so spirited and faithful a pencil as that of Boz, would have been delightful and invaluable! Yet in his pages, they all—

"Come like shadows, so depart."

* Men and Manners in America. 2 vols. 1834.

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His book gives one an uneasy notion of perpetual and very unpleasant locomotion; as if you had been hurried along in company with a queen's messenger over the greatest possible space of ground in the shortest possible space of time—in every possible variety of land and water carriage, continually thrown among disagreeable and vulgar fellow travellers, experiencing all sorts of personal inconveniences and annoyances; dashing past cities, towns, villages, huts, forests, plains, hills, rivers, canals:—surely, surely, dear Boz, there was no necessity to give us minute and monotonous records of such matters as *these*, great though we acknowledge even our interest in your movements. You should have left all these to the hack travellers and tourists who can see and describe nothing else. Why, again, are there such reiterated, and sometimes most sickening details of the inattention to personal cleanliness, and of the filthy habits of the inferior Americans—have we not long ago heard of all them *ad nauseam usque*? Why dwell so long and painfully on the disgusting peculiarities of your commercial and other fellow-travellers, and say nothing about the manners of the educated and superior classes—the *ladies* and the *gentlemen* of America? Are we right, or are we wrong, in concluding from these volumes, that every man, from the highest to the lowest, at all times and places—at meal times, in evening society, in the houses of legislature—in courts of justice—at the President's levees—equally in ladies' as in gentlemen's society—chews tobacco, and—faugh!—spits out his "tobacco-tinctured saliva?" Again—we do not feel the least desire to accompany Boz in his character of inspector of prisons and visitor of lunatic asylums; to discharge which melancholy duties seems to be his first and anxious object on arriving at any new town. Boz is undoubtedly always eloquent and graphic on these occasions—often painfully so; and his sketch of the system of solitary confinement at Philadelphia, is powerful and harrowing. We did not want the many political or statistical details, nor the minute descriptions of buildings, streets, squares, villages, and towns, which so frequently appear in these volumes. They are neither interesting, valuable, nor new; we expected, at all events, *different* topics from Boz. Whenever he descends from the stilts of political and moral declamation, and walks quietly along on his own ground—the delineation of manners and character, especially among the lower classes—Boz is delightful and fresh as ever; though displaying, here and there, an evident anxiety to make the most of his materials. We shall now, however, go rapidly over these volumes, making such observations as occur to us in passing along. Boz must bear with us when we speak a little unpleasant truth—recollecting that *sweet are the wounds of a friend*. Boz is strong enough in his own just consciousness of genius, and in his established reputation, to bear a little rough handling without being either shaken or hurt by it.

First, as to the title—"*American Notes for General Circulation*"—we were a little uncomfortable at the view which our countrymen might take of it; Jonathan's "notes"—his engagements in pecuniary matters—not being latterly, at all events, in very high estimation here; and before our mind's eye rose, in large black letters, "REPUDIATION!" As the Queen, however—God bless her, and in his own good time send Jonathan such another!—may legitimate foreign coin, and make it pass current here whenever she pleases, so King Boz, by his fiat, can make, and has made, even his American Notes circulate very generally.

Then comes the "*Dedication*"—and we think it calculated, by its air of pretension, to lead the reader to form expectations as to the character and object of the work, which will be quickly disappointed.

Chapter I., contains the "Going Away" of "*Charles Dickens, Esquire, and Lady*," which is feeble and exaggerated; its details are trivial and uninteresting, and display a highly Cockneyish ignorance of the commonest nautical matters. From the repeated and pathetic leave-takings between Boz and his friends, and their tearful allusions to the vast distance so soon to separate them, you might have imagined, that instead of a fourteen day's passage in her Majesty's snug and stout steam-packet, Britannia, the adventurous Boz was setting off, by some mysterious electro-magnetic conveyance, on a fifty years' voyage to one of the fixed stars! As soon, however, as Boz has got rid of his companions, and is fairly off, his peculiar talents are exhibited in describing "the Voyage Out," by far the best portion of the two volumes. Here are fully exhibited his minute observation, his facility of descriptive illustration—in fact, innumerable happy touches of every sort. Here Boz, whether above or below deck, by day or by night, whether well or ill, whether "sick" or "*going to be* sick," whether awake or asleep, even whether comic or pathetic, is inimitable. Yet are there occasional symptoms even here of *forcing*, and a tone of exaggeration.

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"We all dined together that day; and a rather formidable party we were; no fewer than eighty-six strong. The vessel being pretty deep in the water, with all her coals on board and so many passengers, and the weather being calm and quiet, there was but little motion; so that, before the dinner was half over, even those passengers who were most distrustful of themselves plucked up amazingly; and those who in the morning had returned to the universal question, 'Are you a good sailor?' a very decided negative, now either parried the inquiry, with the evasive reply, 'Oh! I suppose I'm no worse than any body else,' or, reckless of all moral obligations, answered boldly, 'Yes;' and with some irritation too, as though they would add, 'I should like to know what you see in *me*, sir, particularly to justify suspicion!'

"Notwithstanding this high tone of courage and confidence, I could not but observe that very few remained long over their wine; and that every body had an unusual love of the open air; and that the favorite and most coveted seats were invariably those nearest to the door. The tea-table, too, was by no means as well attended as the dinner-table; and there was less whist-playing than might have been expected. Still, with the exception of one lady, who had retired with some precipitation at dinner-time, immediately after being assisted to the finest cut of a very yellow boiled leg of mutton, with very green capers, there were no invalids as yet; and walking, and smoking, and drinking of brandy-and-water, (but always in the open air,) went on with unabated spirit, until eleven o'clock or thereabouts, when 'turning in'—no sailor of seven hours' experience talks of going to bed—became the order of the night. The perpetual tramp of boot-heels on the decks gave place to a heavy silence, and the whole human freight was stowed away below, excepting a very few stragglers like myself, who were probably, like me, afraid to go there.

"To one unaccustomed to such scenes, this is a very striking time on shipboard. Afterwards, and when its novelty had long worn off, it never ceased to have a peculiar interest and charm for me. The gloom through which the great black mass holds its direct and certain course; the rushing water, plainly heard, but dimly seen; the broad, white, glistening track that follows in the vessel's wake; the men on the look-out forward, who would be scarcely visible against the dark sky, but for their blotting out some score of glistening stars; the helmsman at the wheel, with the illuminated card before him, shining, a speck of light amidst the darkness, like something sentient and of divine intelligence; the melancholy sighing of the wind through block, and rope, and chain; the gleaming forth of light from every crevice, nook, and tiny piece of glass about the decks, as though the ship were filled with fire in hiding, ready to burst through any outlet, wild with its resistless power of death and ruin. At first, too, and even when the hour, and all the objects it exalts, have come to be familiar, it is difficult, alone and thoughtful, to hold them to their proper shapes and forms. They change with the wandering fancy; assume the semblance of things left far away; put on the well-remembered aspect of favorite places dearly loved; and even people them with shadows. Streets, houses, rooms; figures so like their usual occupants, that they have startled me by their reality, which far exceeded, as it seemed to me, all power of mine to conjure up the absent; have, many and many a time, at such an hour, grown suddenly out of objects with whose real look, and use, and purpose, I was as well acquainted as with my own two hands.

"My own two hands, and feet likewise, being very cold, however, on this particular occasion, I crept below at midnight. It was not exactly comfortable below. It was decidedly close; and it was impossible to be unconscious of the presence of that extraordinary compound of strange smells which is to be found nowhere but on board ship, and which is such a subtle perfume that it seems to enter at every pore of the skin, and whisper of the hold. Two passengers' wives (one of them my own) lay already in silent agonies on the sofa; and one lady's maid (*my* lady's) was a mere bundle on the floor, execrating her destiny, and pounding her curl papers among the stray boxes. Every thing sloped the wrong way; which in itself was an aggravation scarcely to be borne. I had left the door open, a moment before, in the bosom of a gentle declivity, and, when I turned to shut it, it was on the summit of a lofty eminence. Now every plank and timber creaked, as if the ship were made of wicker-work; and now crackled, like an enormous fire of the driest possible twigs. There was nothing for it but bed; so I went to bed.

"It was pretty much the same for the next two days, with a tolerably fair wind and dry weather. I read in bed (but to this hour I don't know what) a good deal; and reeled on deck a little; drank cold brandy-and-water with an unspeakable disgust, and ate hard biscuit perseveringly; not ill, but going to be.

"It is the third morning. I am awakened out of my sleep by a dismal shriek from my wife, who demands to know whether there's any danger. I rouse myself, and look out of bed. The water-jug is plunging and leaping like a lively dolphin; all the smaller articles are afloat, except my shoes, which are stranded on a carpet-bag, high and dry, like a couple of coal-barges. Suddenly I see them spring into the air, and behold the looking-glass, which is nailed to the wall, sticking fast upon the ceiling. At the same time the door entirely disappears, and a new one is opened in the floor. Then I begin to comprehend that the state-room is standing on its head.

"Before it is possible to make any arrangement at all compatible with this novel state of things, the ship rights. Before one can say, 'Thank heaven!' she wrongs again. Before one can cry she *is* wrong, she seems to have started forward, and to be a creature actively running of its own accord, with broken knees and failing legs, through every variety of hole and pitfall, and stumbling, constantly. Before one can so much as wonder, she takes a high leap into the air. Before she has well done that, she takes a deep dive into the water. Before she has gained the surface, she throws a summerset. The instant she is on her legs, she rushes backward. And so she goes on, staggering, heaving, wrestling, leaping, diving, jumping, pitching, throbbing, rolling, and rocking: and going through all these movements, sometimes by turns, and sometimes altogether; until one feels disposed to roar for mercy.

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"A steward passes. 'Steward!' 'Sir?' 'What *is* the matter? what *do* you call this?' 'Rather a heavy sea on, sir, and a head-wind.'

"A head-wind! Imagine a human face upon the vessel's prow, with fifteen thousand Samsons in one bent upon driving her back, and hitting her exactly between the eyes whenever she attempts to advance an inch. Imagine the ship herself, with every pulse and artery of her huge body swoln and bursting under this mal-treatment, sworn to go on or die. Imagine the wind howling, the sea roaring, the rain beating; all in furious array against her. Picture the sky both dark and wild, and the clouds, in fearful sympathy with the waves, making another ocean in the air. Add to all this, the clattering on deck and down below; the tread of hurried feet; the loud hoarse shouts of seamen; the gurgling in and out of water through the scuppers; with, every now and then, the striking of a heavy sea upon the planks above, with the deep, dead, heavy sound of thunder heard within a vault;—and there is the head-wind of that January morning.

"I say nothing of what may be called the domestic noises of the ship; such as the breaking of glass and crockery, the tumbling down of stewards, the gambols, overhead, of loose casks and truant dozens of bottled porter, and the very remarkable and far from exhilarating sounds raised in their various state-rooms by the seventy passengers who were too ill to get up to breakfast. I say nothing of them; for although I lay listening to this concert for three or four days, I don't think I heard it for more than a quarter of a minute, at the expiration of which term I lay down again, excessively sea-sick.

"Not sea-sick, be it understood, in the ordinary acceptation of the term; I wish I had been; but in a form which I have never seen or heard described, though I have no doubt it is very common. I lay there, all the day long, quite coolly and contentedly; with no sense of weariness, with no desire to get up, or get better, or take the air; with no curiosity, or care, or regret, of any sort or degree, saving that I think I can remember, in this universal indifference, having a kind of lazy joy—of fiendish delight, if any thing so lethargic can be dignified with the title—in the fact of my wife being too ill to talk to me. If I may be allowed to illustrate my state of mind by such an example, I should say that I was exactly in the condition of the elder Mr. Willet, after the incursion of the rioters into his bar at Chigwell. Nothing would have surprised me. If, in the momentary illumination of any ray of intelligence that may have come upon me in the way of thoughts of home, a goblin postman, with a scarlet coat and bell, had come into that little kennel before me, broad awake in broad day, and, apologizing for being damp through walking in the sea, had handed me a letter, directed to myself in familiar characters, I am certain I should not have felt one atom of astonishment; I should have been perfectly satisfied. If Neptune himself had walked in, with a toasted shark on his trident, I should have looked upon the event as one of the very commonest every-day occurrences.

"Once—once—I found myself on deck. I don't know how I got there, or what possessed me to go there, but there I was; and completely dressed too, with a huge pea-coat on, and a pair of boots, such as no weak man in his senses could ever have got into. I found myself standing, when a gleam of consciousness came upon me, holding on to something. I don't know what. I think it was the boatswain: or it may have been the pump: or possibly the cow. I can't say how long I had been there; whether a day or a minute. I recollect trying to think about something (about any thing in the whole wide world, I was not particular,) without the smallest effect. I could not even make out which was the sea and which the sky; for the horizon seemed drunk, and was flying wildly about, in all directions. Even in that incapable state, however, I recognised the lazy gentleman standing before me: nautically clad in a suit of shaggy blue, with an oilskin hat. But I was too imbecile, although I knew it to be he, to separate him from his dress; and tried to call him, I remember, *Pilot*. After another interval of total unconsciousness, I found he had gone, and recognised another figure in its place. It seemed to wave and fluctuate before me, as though I saw it reflected in an unsteady looking-glass; but I knew it for the captain; and such was the cheerful influence of his face, that I tried to smile; yes, even then, I tried to smile. I saw, by his gestures, that he addressed me; but it was a long time before I could make out that he remonstrated against my standing up to my knees in water, as I was; of course, I don't know why. I tried to thank him, but couldn't. I could only point to my boots—or wherever I supposed my boots to be—and say, in a plaintive voice, 'Cork soles:' at the same time endeavoring, I am told, to sit down in the pool. Finding that I was quite insensible, and for the time a maniac, he humanely conducted me below.

"There I remained until I got better: suffering, whenever I was recommended to eat any thing, an amount of anguish only second to that which is said to be endured by the apparently drowned, in the process of restoration to life. One gentleman on board had a letter of introduction to me from a mutual friend in London. He sent it below, with his card, on the morning of the head-wind; and I was long troubled with the idea that he might be up, and well, and a hundred times a-day expecting me to call upon him in the saloon. I imagined him one of those cast-iron images—I will not call them men—who ask, with red faces and lusty voices, what sea-sickness means, and whether it really is as bad as it is represented to be. This was very torturing indeed; and I don't think I ever felt such perfect gratification and gratitude of heart as I did when I heard from the ship's doctor that he had been obliged to put a large mustard-poultice on this very gentleman's stomach. I date my recovery from the receipt of that intelligence."

After encountering a somewhat serious accident, at the close of their voyage, owing to the ignorance of the pilot, and the stress of weather—all of which is excellently well told—Boz lands at Boston, and soon finds the results of his previously announced arrival.

"Not being able, in the absence of any change of clothes, to go to church that day, we were compelled to decline these kindnesses, one and all: and I was reluctantly obliged to forego the delight

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of hearing Dr. Channing, who happened to preach that morning, for the first time in a very long interval."

Dear Boz, we are disposed to be very angry with you! Fancy him deliberately foregoing the only opportunity he had of hearing the most distinguished of American preachers, and expressed object of high admiration to Boz himself, because he had not a change of clothes! Why not have gone as he was! What if he had struck into a corner of the gallery, with a glazed cap and damaged pea-jacket? *We* would have done so; but Boz was known to be Boz, and must dress accordingly! And now Dr. Channing is dead! How interesting and valuable *now* would have been such a graphic sketch as Boz could have given, of the countenance, person, carriage, conversation, and mode of delivery, of this eminent person! Yet there is not a word on the subject. The university—the first American university he saw—is despatched in a very few words of vague eulogy: not a word of professors, students, or college-life—dress—buildings—mode of procedure! Authors educated at our own universities, at all events, would have seized the opportunity of giving us an insight into the mode in which Jonathan manages matters at college; and we are greatly disappointed at being left entirely in the dark. What sort of discipline prevails? Have they private tutors?—lecturers? How are the classes divided? How many professors? and of what? Do they or the students wear any particular species of costumes, caps, or gowns? The following disagreeable allusion to our own universities (of which Boz can really know nothing personally or practically) is quite uncalled-for, and in very bad taste:

"Whatever the defects of American universities may be, they disseminate no prejudices; rear no bigots; dig up the buried ashes of no old superstitions; never interpose between the people and their improvement; exclude no man because of his religious opinions; above all, in their whole course of study and instruction, recognise a world, and a broad one too, lying beyond the college walls."

We regret to say that Boz takes many opportunities, in the same way, of making *gratuitous* disparaging allusions to our own institutions.

Twenty pages are then devoted to an account by Dr. How of a very remarkable occupant of that institution—a little girl, blind, deaf, dumb, and almost totally destitute of both taste and smell. We shall never hear the name of Dr. How again without feeling grateful for his profoundly interesting and instructive account of his little patient, towards whom his whole conduct—his patient training of the imprisoned soul, his gentleness, acuteness, and sagacity—is above all praise. How suggestive of metaphysical speculation is this powerfully interesting case! What a treasure would it have been to Locke or Dugald Stewart! But we pass on, sincerely thanking Mr. Dickens for his thoughtfulness in allowing so competent a person as Dr. How to tell his tale in his own words. Mr. Dickens's own description of the little girl is also beautiful and delicate.

At Hartford, Boz gets again into a lunatic asylum and jail, and describes the inmates of each. Yale College is then mentioned; only, however, to be dismissed in half-a-dozen lines, which are devoted to an indication of the style of the buildings. Here, again, was lost an opportunity of giving us highly interesting information; for Yale College is a really distinguished institution, and has very eminent professors. Then we roll rapidly along in a steam-boat, catching only hasty glimpses of what we pass—one object, "a mad-house, (how the lunatics flung up their caps, and roared in sympathy with the headlong engine and the driving tide!)" Once for all, one's feelings are quite oppressed with the perpetual introduction of these wretched topics of lunacy and lunatics; which, as in the above instance, dash away all one's cheerfulness, and fill us with feelings and associations of pain and melancholy. Arrived at New York, Boz gives some gay and graphic sketches of its general appearance, and of its coteries; and presently betakes himself—*more suo*—to the lock-ups, the prisons, the lunatic asylums, and, at midnight, to those horrid quarters of the town where the profligacy of the lowest of the low is being carried on. In all these scenes, we perceive the author of *Oliver Twist*, engaged, as it were, storing up fresh impressions, and images, and topics, for future use; but *the reader* is apt to turn aside, wearily, and with a sigh. Many of his touches are equally painful and powerful.

On his going to Philadelphia, amidst "a playful and incessant shower of expectoration" (!) Boz makes a new acquaintance; though slight and brief, we think the following a specimen of Boz's exquisite perception of the humorous—and it is not overdone:

"I made acquaintance, on this journey, with a mild and modest young Quaker, who opened the discourse by informing me, in a grave whisper, that his grandfather was the inventor of cold-drawn castor-oil. I mention the circumstance here, thinking it probable that this is the first occasion on

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which the valuable medicine in question was ever used as a conversational aperient."

Philadelphia is a "handsome city, but *distractingly regular*." Boz thinks Philadelphian society "more provincial than Boston or New-York;" and "that there is afloat in the fair city an assumption of taste and criticism, savoring rather of those genteel discussions of the same themes, in connection with Shakspeare and the Musical Glasses, of which we read in the *Vicar of Wakefield*." The remainder of the chapter (thirty pages) we spend within the gloomy walls of the "Penitentiary," and the petrifying horrors of its "Silent System" described with fearful force, and most justly condemned.

At Washington, Boz comically figures as a very angry lion, (and well he may be,) among the little street-urchins. If he be in earnest here, these young gentlemen are the most impudent varlets we ever saw or heard of. The general character and unfinished appearance of the buildings of Washington, are thus humorously described: "To the admirers of cities, it is a Barmecide Feast; a pleasant field for the imagination to rove in; *a monument raised to a deceased project, with not even a legible inscription to record its departed greatness*." His descriptions of the Senate and House of Representatives, then sitting, are very meagre and unsatisfactory; and nothing can be more turgid and feeble than the long paragraph of declamation which follows them; most irritating and offensive in tone to the Americans, however well founded in fact. Topics of this sort should be handled with great delicacy and sobriety, in order to have a chance of being beneficial in America, or appreciated by persons of judgment here. Here again, too, Boz goes out of his way to indulge in a very foolish and puerile sneer at our Houses of Lords and Commons. Its tone is more that of some wearied reporter for a radical newspaper, than of an intelligent and independent observer; and it affords a strong illustration of a remark we have already made, on the perpetual tendency of Mr. Dickens to undervalue and abuse our best institutions. We see, and even say, this, with real pain, and consider it our duty to point it out as very reprehensible. To proceed, however: Boz's ire is excited by seeing, in one of the rooms at the Post-Office, all the presents received by American Ministers and Plenipotentiaries from foreign potentates. May not this custom be supported by a reason less discreditable to the Americans than that assigned by Boz? He thinks that reason to be, their foolish fears lest by means of such petty presents their representstives should be corrupted! May they not, however, be only desirous, with a reasonable pride, of preserving for ever, for public exhibition, these various mementos *of the respect paid to the State*, through its organs and representatives? Boz, by the way, calls them "Ambassadors," but erroneously; for Chancellor Kent informs us, (1 *Commentaries*, p. 40, note, 4th edition,) "that the United States are usually represented by ministers, plenipotentiaries, and *chargés d'affaires*, and have never sent a person of the rank of ambassador in the diplomatic house." The Prince of Orange once expressed to Mr. Adams his surprise that the United States had not put themselves, in that respect, on a level with the crowned heads. The morning after Boz's arrival at Washington, he is "carried" (as he tells us, with rather an amusing swell of expression,) "to the President's house by an official gentleman, who was so kind as to *charge himself with every presentation* to the President!" The President Tyler is very slightly noticed. At a levee, which is fairly described, Boz saw "his dear friend Washington Irving," whom he takes the opportunity of paying a high compliment.

Here ends Vol. I. We feel compelled to say generally of Vol. II. that it is *almost* totally destitute of interest: a record of the personal inconveniences and annoyances experienced by Boz, while *pelting* over the country in steam-boats, canal-boats, railroads, and coaches, in which a vast portion of his time seems to have been passed, surrounded by very unpleasant and unfavorable specimens of American travellers, viz., the lower orders of commercial persons, and of settlers—almost always described as most offensively intrusive, inquisitive, vulgar, and filthy in their persons, and most disgusting in their habits. The reader will, we fear, rise from the perusal of this volume with feelings of weariness and *ennui*. Now, however, for a brief account of its contents. After dropping a hint that he travelled accompanied by a "*faithful secretary*," (!) Boz takes us into a night steamer on the Potomac river, where we are kept for eight pages. Then he travels by land along a Virginia road, which, together with the stage-coach and its sable Jehu, are described with broad comic humor, but a little strained. Then Boz reaches Virginia, justly oppressed and disgusted at the consciousness of being in a slave country. He looks in at the Legislative Assembly then sitting; and goes over a manufactory for tobacco, (for chewing,) worked entirely by slaves, whom he is

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allowed freely enough to see there employed, *but not at their meals.* He then hurries on to Baltimore, the appearance of which he dismisses in a few lines, but (as usual) soon gets into the Penitentiary, and describes some of its inmates. Before quitting Baltimore, he "sits for two evenings looking at the setting sun," which comes out for him on the occasion in quite a new character, viz. that of a "*planet.*" (!) We are not detained long at Harrisburgh. Boz makes some just and very touching observations on the subject of the treaties entered into (some of which are here shown him) between the poor unsophisticated Indian chiefs and the wealthy over-reaching white tradesmen.

"I was very much interested in looking over a number of treaties made from time to time with the poor Indians, signed by the different chiefs at the period of their ratification, and preserved in the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth. These signatures, traced of course by their own hands, are rough drawings of the creatures or weapons they were called after. Thus, the Great Turtle makes a crooked pen-and-ink outline of a great turtle; the Buffalo sketches a buffalo; the War Hatchet sets a rough image of that weapon for his mark. So with the Arrow, the Fish, the Scalp, theBig Canoe, and all of them.

"I could not but think—as I looked at these feeble and tremulous productions of hands which could draw the longest arrow to the head in a stout elk-horn bow, or split a bead or feather with a rifle-ball—of Crabbe's musings over the Parish Register, and the irregular scratches made with a pen, by men who would plough a lengthy furrow straight from end to end. Nor could I help bestowing many sorrowful thoughts upon the simple warriors whose hands and hearts were set there, in all truth and honesty; and who only learned in course of time from white men how to break their faith, and quibble out of forms and bonds. I wondered, too, how many times the credulous Big Turtle, or trusting Little Hatchet, had put his mark to treaties which were falsely read to him; and had signed away, he knew not what, until it went and cast him loose upon the new possessors of the land, a savage."

Then we make a long and dreary passage in a canal-boat, whose domestic economy, passengers and passages, are described at great length. He uses here a favorite comparison in speaking of steam-boat beds which he mistakes for "long tiers of hanging *book-shelves.*"

Fifteen pages are devoted to the details of this truly miserable passage. There is one capital sketch, however, to enliven the dreariness—the settler "from the brown forests of the Mississippi." From Pittsburgh, "the Birmingham of England," Boz hastens, after a three days' stay, to Cincinnati, in a "western steam-boat;" this, again, being described at great length, but better than the one preceding, as its subject is also much superior, in respect of the various interesting objects it presents. Boz does not particularly excel in descriptions of scenery; but some of his sketches are very pretty, and a few beautiful. In noticing this part of his book, we may observe, that he falls here, and in many other places, into the error of attempting to describe events in the present tense and first person—abruptly passing into it, moreover, from the ordinary style of the narrative in the past tense. Successfully to imitate the illustrious ancient original, in this mode of narrating past transactions, so as to place the reader really in the midst of them, requires rare powers, and even these very sparingly exercised. That great master, Sir Walter Scott, disdained all such artifices; yet see how you are bounding along, panting and breathless, with the excitement of the scene he lays before you! To return, however. Some humble and indigent settlers, quitting the boat and set ashore in the desolate regions to which they have betaken themselves, are described by Boz with great feeling and beauty. Poor souls! he makes our hearts ache for them. The following is one of tke best passages in the book!—

"Five men, as many women, and a little girl. All their worldly goods are a bag, a large chest, and an old chair: one old, high-backed, rush-bottomed chair: a solitary settler in itself. They are rowed ashore in the boat, while the vessel stands a little off awaiting its return, the water being shallow. They are landed at the foot of a high bank, on the summit of which are a few log cabins, attainable only by a long winding path. It is growing dusk; but the sun is very red, and shines in the water and on some of the tree-tops like fire.

The men get out of the boat first: help out the women; take out the bag, the chest, the chair; bid the rowers 'good-bye;' and shove the boat off for them. At the first plash of the oars in the water, the oldest woman of the party sits down in the old chair, close to the water's edge, without speaking a word. None of the others sit down, though the chest is large enough for many seats. They all stand where they landed, as if stricken into stone; and look after the boat. So they remain quite still and silent; the old woman and her old chair, in the centre; the bag and chest upon the shore, without any body heeding them: all eyes fixed upon the boat. It comes alongside, is made fast, the men jump on board, the engine is put in motion, and we go hoarsely on again. There they stand yet, without the motion of a hand. I can see them, through my glass, when, in the distance and increasing darkness, they are mere specks to the eye: lingering there still: the old woman in the old chair, and all the rest about her: not stirring in the least degree. And thus I slowly lose them."

Cincinnati is soon dismissed. Boz witnesses a temperance procession here. We

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catch a glimpse of a court of justice, trying a nuisance cause :—

"There were not many spectators; and the witnesses, counsel, and jury formed *a family circle, sufficiently jocose and snug.*"

Excellent! Pushing on, in another steamer, to Louisville, Boz has a god-send, in the shape of one "*Pitchlynn*," a chief of the "Choctau tribe of Indians, who *sent in his card* to Boz"—and, being admitted, unconsciously sat for a full-length sketch. On his way to Portland, Boz has a capital sketch of a magistrate's office :—

"On our way to Portland, we passed a 'Magistrate's office,' which amused me as looking far more like a dame school than any police establishment: for this awful institution was nothing but a little lazy, good-for-nothing front parlor, open to the street; wherein two or three figures (I presume the magistrate and his myrmidons) were basking in the sunshine, the very effigies of languor and repose. It was a perfect picture of Justice retired from business for want of customers; her sword and scales sold off; napping comfortably with her legs upon the table."

Then follows an anecdote of two pigs; which, if seriously told as a fact, is one of the drollest realities we ever met with.

The "famous Mississippi" river ought (Boz *et omnibus aliis testantibus*) to be rather called "the *in*famous Mississippi." Boz is particularly furious against it; exhausting upon it his vocabulary of execration. Mr. Hamilton, however, forms a different opinion of its merits—at all events, of its scenery; of which he gives a most striking and picturesque description. A young mother, returning with eager pride and fondness to her husband, accompanied by her infant, which he has not yet seen, gives Boz an opportunity of exhibiting both his peculiar excellences and faults; the latter being (in this instance) an over-anxious straining after effect—a sort of business-like determination to make the most of a luckily occurring incident. We refer the reader to it.—Boz undertakes an expedition to the *Looking-glass Prairies.* His account of them is not very interesting; but they "disappointed" Boz, who is therefore excused. Here is a specimen of an American high-road !—

"Our way lies though a beautiful country, richly cultivated, and luxuriant in its promise of an abundant harvest. Sometimes we pass a field where the strong bristling stalks of Indian corn look like a crop of walking-sticks, and sometimes an enclosure where the green wheat is springing up among a labyrinth of stumps; the primitive worm fence is universal, and an ugly thing it is; but the farms are neatly kept, and save for these differences, one might be travelling just now in Kent.

"We often stop to water at a road-side inn, which is always dull and silent. The coachman dismounts and fills his bucket, and holds it to the horses' heads. There is scarcely ever any one to help him; there are seldom any loungers standing round, and never any stable-company with jokes to crack. Sometimes, when we have changed our team, there is a difficulty in starting again, arising out of the prevalent mode of breaking a young horse; which is to catch him, harness him against his will, and put him in a stage coach without further notice: but we get on somehow or other, after a great many kicks and a violent struggle; and jog on as before again.

"Occasionally when we stop to change, some two or three half-drunken loafers will come loitering out with their hands in their pockets, or will be seen kicking their heels in rocking chairs, or lounging on the window sill, or sitting on a rail within the colonnade: they have not often any thing to say though, either to us or to each other, but sit there idly staring at the coach and horses. The landlord of the inn is usually among them, and seems, of all the party, to be the least connected with the business of the house. Indeed, he is with reference to the tavern, what the driver is in relation to the coach and passengers: whatever happens in his sphere of action, he is quite indifferent, and perfectly easy in his mind."

While lying in bed, in the steam-boat, in passing from Sandusky to Buffalo, Boz unavoidably overhears a fellow-traveller thus addressing his wife :—

"First of all I heard him say: and the most ludicrous part of the business was, that he said it in my very ear, and could not have communicated more directly with me if he had leaned upon my shoulder and whispered me: 'Boz is on board still, my dear.' After a considerable pause, he added complainingly, 'Boz keeps himself very close:' which was true enough, for I was not very well, and was lying down with a book. I thought he had done with me after this, but I was deceived; for a long interval having elapsed, during which I imagine him to have been turning restlessly from side to side, and trying to go to sleep; he broke out again with, 'I suppose that Boz will be writing a book bye and bye, and putting all our names in it!' at which imaginary consequence of being on board a boat with Boz, he groaned, and became silent."

This was on his way to view that grand object of attraction to travellers in America —the Falls of Niagara. Shall we own that we trembled at accompanying Boz to Niagara? Not that we doubted his ability to appreciate that stupendous scene; but knowing how he must have been aware of having set every one on tiptoe to read *his* description of Niagara, and how naturally anxious he would be to fulfil expectation,

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we feared that he would, as it were, flag, and *work himself up* to the proper pitch—would make desperate exertions to do justice to his subject, and show the public what surprising reflections Niagara can suggest to a man of genius. How many at least, of his predecessors, have done the same—have gone swelling like little frogs, and burst at the base of Niagara!

As for ourselves, we have read all that has been written on the subject, by those from whom (whether Americans, or English, or other visitors to America) we had a right to expect the best things; and we have also conversed with several such. We have besides, to our sorrow, read many "Descriptions" and "Sketches" of Niagara, which exhibited in truth only the spasms of weakness in their inflated writers. We have ourselves an intense desire to visit the Falls; but we much fear that—if we *must* needs write—we also should, in our turn, share the fate of the aforesaid frogs, and leave our little body to bleach amidst their spray! To be serious—we would not give a fig for our own impressions, or subsequent descriptions of Niagara, unless they were the natural and spontaneous results of our observation, and not the forced product of one who had gone with a pre-determination to publish an account of them. Fancy, indeed, a mere book-maker *inspecting Niagara!*

Of the many descriptions which we have seen of this magnificent and stupendous object, which Mr. Stuart compares to "a great deep ocean thrown over a precipice 160 feet high," we think that the best, in point of minute and distinct information as to its physical characteristics, and of the images and reflections which it is calculated to suggest to a person of superior qualification, are those of Mr. Duncan, Mr. Howison, and Captain Basil Hall. The first, in his *Travels through the United States;* the second, in his *Sketches of Upper Canada* (Ed. 1822); the third, in his *Travels in America* (1829). Each of these is a disciplined observer, whom it is delightful to accompany. Their descriptions are in the highest degree graphic, vivid, distinct, and *sober;* no competent reader will fail to peruse them without profound and thrilling interest. You do not see one single glimpse in them of the *writer*, who completely occupies your expanding imagination with the tremendous object which had overpowered his own. By such men, Niagara is looked at with worthy eyes. Their accounts all concur in filling the mind with images of awful grandeur, of a sort of terrible beauty, of stupendous and irresistible power. There seems nothing like it upon the earth, and it requires first-rate powers to speak of it, after having witnessed it, without extravagance and bombast. How finely does Mr. Duncan prepare the mind for the great scene, by quietly pointing out to you what makes you gradually draw in your breath and hold back—we mean the smooth silent surface of confluent waters, flowing irresistibly onwards to the dread verge!

"The rapidity of the stream soon increases so considerably, that vessels cannot with safety venture further. The change becomes very soon obvious on the surface of the water. Neither waves, however, nor any violent agitation is visible for some time: you see only

'The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below.'

Dimples and indented lines, with here and there a little eddying whirl, run along near the shore, betokening at once the depth of the channel, the vast body of water, and the accelerated impetus with which it hurries along. Every straw, also, that floats past, though motionless upon the bosom of the river, and undisturbed by a single ripple, is the index of an irresistible influence which sweeps to one common issue all within its grasp. Goat Island, the lowest of all, now appears, inserted like a wedge in the centre of the stream. By it the river is divided into two currents, which issue into two great Falls: and the nearer channel shelves down into a deep and rocky declivity, over which an extensive rapid foams and rushes with prodigious fury. Before reaching the Island, the traveller remarks at a distance the agitated billows, then the white-crested breakers, and at length he has a full view of the rapid, nearly a mile in length, the immediate and most appropriate prelude to the Great Fall."

Would that our space admitted of our giving the description which ensues, *of the Falls*. One little touch, however, we must not omit.—"The craggy end of Goat Island is more precipitous and grand. A bald eagle was perched upon its very edge, and close by the side of the Fall, and waved its pinions in safety over the profound abyss." Oh, fortunate incident, and how finely taken advantage of! The following brief and matter-of-fact comparison, by an American minister, we are assured by Mr. Stuart, gives, nevertheless, "as simple and intelligible a description as a mere verbal picture of the spectacle can be." "Imagine the Frith of Forth rushing wrathfully down a steep descent, then leaping foaming over a perpendicular rock 175 feet high, and then flowing away in the semblance of milk from a vast basin of emerald!"

Mr. Howison gives the following striking account of the scenes which must be passed to reach the *bottom* of the Falls:—



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"A high but sloping bank extends from its base to the edge of the river; and on the summit of this, there is a narrow slippery path, covered with angular fragments of rock, which leads to the Great Fall. The impending cliffs, hung with a profusion of trees and brushwood, overarch this road, and seem to vibrate with the thunder of the cataract. In some places, they rise abruptly to the height of a hundred feet. and display upon their surfaces, fossil shells, and the organic remains of a former world, thus sublimely leading the mind to contemplate the convulsions which nature has undergone since the Creation. As the traveller advances, he is frightfully stunned by the appalling noise; clouds of spray sometimes envelope him, and suddenly check his faltering steps; rattle-snakes start from the cavities of the rocks, and the scream of eagles, soaring among the whirlwinds of eddying vapor which obscure the gulf of the cataract, at intervals announce that the raging waters have hurled some bewildered animal over the precipice. After scrambling in among piles of huge rocks that obstruct his way, the traveller gains the bottom of the Fall, where the soul can be susceptible only of one emotion—that of uucontrollable terror."

Now, however, for *Boz at Niagara*.

"It was not until I came on Table-rock' and looked—Great Heaven! on what a fall of bright green water!—that if came upon me in its full might and majesty.

"Then, when I felt *how near to my Creator I was standing* [!]—the *first effect*, and the enduring one—instant and lasting—of the tremendous spectacle, was PEACE. [!] *Peace of mind* [!]—*tranquillity* [!]—*calm recollections of the dead—great thoughts of eternal rest and happiness—nothing of gloom or terror*. Niagara was at once stamped on my heart an image of Beauty, to remain there, changeless and indelible, until its pulses cease to beat."

Boz is a man of unquestionable genius; but this (and there is more like it) is quite unworthy of him; it is wretched, in most seriously questionable taste, and gives an utterly improbable and inconceivable account of the real state of his feelings *at the time*—unless, indeed, his mind is very oddly constituted. Many observations occur to us on the foregoing paragraph; but we really love Boz, and shall abstain from them.

Boz is greatly outdone in what he has written about Niagara, by the following eloquent, albeit *a little* inflated, passage from Mr. Hamilton, which we give to enable the reader to compare the two men; and because we suspect Boz had read it, and unconsciously adopted its tone.

"In a few minutes I found myself standing on the very brink of this tremendous, yet most beautiful cataract.

"The spot from which I first beheld it was the Table-rock, and of the effect produced by the overwhelming sublimity of the spectacle, it is not possible to embody in words any adequate description. The spectator at first feels as if stricken with catalepsy. His blood ceases to flow, or rather is sent back in overpowering pressure on the heart. He gasps, 'like a drowning man,' to catch a mouthful of breath. 'All elements of soul and sense' are absorbed in the magnitude and glory of one single object. The past and future are obliterated, and he stands mute and powerless, in the presence of that scene of awful splendor on which his gaze is riveted.

"In attempting to convey to those who have never visited the Falls, any notion of the impression which they produce, I believe it is impossible to escape the charge of exaggeration. The penalty is one which I am prepared to pay. But the objects presented by Niagara are undoubtedly among those which exercise a permanent influence on the imagination of the spectator—the hour—the minute—when his eye first rested on the Great Horse-shoe Fall, is an epoch in the life of any man. He gazes on a scene of splendor and sublimity far greater than the unaided fancy of poet or painter ever pictured. He has received an impression which time cannot diminish, and death only can efface. The results of that single moment will extend through a lifetime, enlarge the sphere of thought, and influence the whole tissue of his moral being."

After lingering about Niagara for ten days, in a sort of trance or ecstasy, Boz takes leave of it in the following passage, containing a bold and striking image, but somewhat startling to our *geological* notions.

"But always does the mighty stream appear to die as it comes down, and always from its unfathomed grave arises that tremendous ghost of spray and mist which is never laid; which has haunted this place with the same dread solemnity since darkness brooded on the deep, and that first flood before the deluge—light—came rushing on Creation at the Word of God."

Does Boz, then, really imagine this waterfall to have stood here since the Creation—in "*this place?*" Does he make no allowance for *wear and tear* (!) during nearly six thousand years? Those who have resided at the spot for thirty or forty years, tell us that the falls have receded forty or fifty yards during that time. Dr. Dwight says they have receded a hundred yards in that time. Whoever, indeed, observes and considers the structure of the land between the two lakes, Erie and Ontario, between which the present site of the Falls is equidistant, will be satisfied of the great recession of the Falls. Lake Erie is 334 feet higher than Lake Ontario; and, to make the descent, the land does not slope gradually to the southward, but stretches in broad plains, and descends by precipices. The last and principal of these abrupt declivities, is at *Lewiston*, eight miles from

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the cataract; and at *this place* (not "*this place*" spoken of by Boz) must have been what we may take as the original site of the cataract; but how long ago the river began to cut this vast chasm, and how long it will take to extend it to Lake Erie, who can tell? Dr. Dwight considers that, taking the average at a hundred yards in thirty years, the degree of recession would be more than sufficient to have proceeded the whole distance from Queenston, *since the Deluge*, even should we compute according to the commonly received chronology. The process, he adds, would be, however, of course far from uniform. In seasons marked by great and sudden changes of temperature, the decomposition of the rock would be more rapid and extensive. Physical circumstances may have at least co-operated in forming the channel; and the mass of limestone to be worked through. may be supposed to diminish in depth towards the termination of the ridge. Whether, however (as justly observed by Mr. Conder), "the process has been suddenly, or more or less gradually effected, this at least may be considered to be ascertained—that the objections urged against the truth of the Mosaic account of the Creation, founded on the number of years which must have elapsed since the Falls commenced their retrocession, are utterly gratuitous, and not less unphilosophical than irreligious." We do not, of course, intend to enter into the calculations and speculations of Mr. Lyell with reference to Niagara and the confirmation which he considers it to afford his geological theory as to the age of the earth. His calculations (we speak from recollection) founded on the geological examination of the locality in question, are to this effect—that at the rate of about forty yards in fifty years (or fifty yards in forty years), it would require a period of 10,000 years for the Falls to have receded from Lewiston to their present site—viz. a space of eight miles; and 30,000 years to reach Lake Erie—viz. twenty-five miles. Whether or not the premises from which these conclusions with their somewhat startling consequences are drawn be correct, it is no part of our present duty to inquire. We may add, that he shows from the present shallowness of Lake Erie, and the probable immense interval of time required for the recession of the Falls to that Lake, that there is no ground to apprehend the frightful and desolating effects which have been anticipated from such an event. We refer the reader to Dr. Dwight's *Travels in New England and New York* (vol. iv. p. 92), for an account of the probable final consequences of the recession of the Falls.

Boz's account of Canada is not very interesting. At Toronto he takes the opportunity of making an uncalled-for and irritating political allusion:—In speaking of an election, at which the successful candidates were fired at, and their coachman nearly killed, from a window where a certain flag was waving, Boz observes, "Of all the colors in the rainbow, there is but one which could be so employed: [viz., sheltering a murderer in the commission, and from the consequences, of his crime,] I need not say, *that flag was Orange*." What, Boz! And has not THE TRICOLOR sheltered every species of crime that can be committed by man? To proceed, however: Boz stayed there but a short time, and, after having been most hospitably entertained, returned to America; on his way to New York going in quest of the grotesque, to the Shaker Village. He is refused admission, as all strangers here are, to their religious services, on the ground of the insult and interruption they have experienced from visitors. Mr. Hamilton was, however, more fortunate in 1830, and gives an interesting account of them, and a specimen of what he witnessed in their proceedings.

Then comes chapter viii.—"The Passage Home," which is described with liveliness and spirit: Boz being installed president of a daily-tilting jovial "association" below the mast. Their passage is diversified by no such stirring incidents as had attended their passage out. His account of the hundred emigrants returning home in the same ship, disconsolate and utterly ruined, is painfully interesting and instructive. Boz concludes his travels with the following cheerful notice of the journey by railroad, from Liverpool to London:—

> "The country by the railroad seemed, as we rattled through it, like a luxuriant garden. The beauty of the fields, (so small they looked!) the hedge-rows, and the trees; the pretty cottages, the beds of flowers, the old church-yards, the antique houses, and every well-known object: the exquisite delights of that one journey, crowding in the short compass of a summer's day the joy of many years, and winding up with Home and all that makes it dear: no tongue can tell, or pen of mine describe."

There are two *supplementary* chapters:—The first is "On Slavery," and, though containing one or two passages of justly indignant eloquence, is deficient in sobriety, and communicates nothing new on the execrable vice of slavery. Into the other and last chapter, "Concluding Remarks," are com-

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pressed Boz's notions "of the general character of the American people, and of their social system, as presented to a stranger's eye." We fear his reflecting readers, both here and in America, will consider this chapter as very superficial and unsatisfactory; but we have neither time nor inclination to enter into detail on the subject.

Thus ends Mr. Dickens's book on America; and it is so very flimsy a performance—we must speak the disagreeable and painful truth—that nothing but our strong feelings of kindliness and respect for a gentleman of his unquestionable talents, and of gratitude for the amusement which his better and earlier works have afforded us, could have induced us to bestow the pains which were requisite to present so full an account of it as that which we have above given our readers. Let the eagerest admirers of these, turn again to his very injudicious "Dedication," and they will feel how unwarranted it is by the substance and body of the work; —if, indeed, any substance, if any body, it has. Can it stand, for one moment, a comparison with Captain Marryat's book, or those of Mrs. Trollope or Fanny Kemble, faulty in many respects as are the latter two in point of taste and execution? Mr. Dickens should have either written no account at all of his visit to America, or a vastly different one. His work will surprise and disappoint his readers both there and here.

He may not, perhaps, have wished or intended it, but his book is calculated to leave on the mind of the reader a most unfavorable impression of American character, habits, and manners; for the occasional eulogistic passages which are to be found thrown in, here and there, are excessively vague and forced, undiscriminating and unsatisfactory. The truth is, that Mr. Dickens was kept in such a continual fever of hurry and excitement, during his whole stay in America, as incapacitated him, even if able or disposed so to do, from ever looking beneath the surface of things and persons around him. We fear that the ethereal essence of *character* has wholly escaped him. He allowed himself no leisure for accurate and discriminating observation and reflection. We do not say that he received greater honor in America than he was entitled to from his distinction in the world of letters; but there are abundant evidences in these volumes of the usual and natural effect of such extraordinary popularity on even the strongest minds: namely, an unconsciously overweening estimate of the importance attached to his own movements, and his own views and opinions. Many sufficiently egotistic and oracular passages will occur to the reader, in support of this observation: we have cited one or two of them. It is again very obvious that Mr. Dickens, as he has a perfect right to be if it so please him, is a man of very 'liberal' opinions in politics. We are as strong Tories as he is a Whig or Radical: but we earnestly advise him not to alienate from himself the affections of his readers, by indulging, in such works as his, in *political* allusions and dogmas. We greatly doubt whether he has read or thought sufficiently long and deeply on such matters, to enable him to offer confident opinions on them. In his own peculiar line, he is original, admirable, and unrivalled—and that line, too, is one which lies level with the taste of *the million* of persons of all shades of political opinions. We offer this hint in unaffected friendship and anxiety for his continued success. We have no personal knowledge of him beyond having once seen him at dinner; when we were so much pleased with his manly and unaffected conduct and demeanor, that we felt a disposition to read what he wrote with much greater favor than ever. He must, however, take far more time, and bestow far more care, in his future writings, than he has hitherto done. The present work is written in a very careless, slipshod style. The perpetual introduction, for instance, and not only in this but his other works, of the expressions—"*didn't*" "*shouldn't*," "*don't*" even when writing in a grave strain, is annoying as an eyesore. They are mere vulgar Cockney colloquialisms; and the reader will see instances of them (a few out of very many in these volumes) at pages 7, 9, 15, 25, 28, 29, 30. Many minor blemishes of style, such as—"*mutual* friend" (p. 31, vol. i.), for "*common* friend,"—and sentences concluded with the word "*though*," might be pointed out were it worth while. We would beg to recommend to Mr. Dickens's attentive perusal (if he be not already familiar with it), before commencing his next publication, the essay "On Simplicity and Refinement in Writing" of that great master, Hume; in the opening of which there are a few sentences which Mr. Dickens, if we mistake not, will feel specially applicable to himself. If he will, after reading it, turn to pages 1, 2, 4, 7, 12, 19, 24, 25, 30, 31, 146, 173, 184, 187, 280, (we could have cited *at least* a hundred others,) he will find instances of such strained, and whimsical, and far-fetched images and comparisons, as very greatly impair the character and general effect of his composition. Though the eternal recur-

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rence of such comparisons as that of a bed on shipboard to "a surgical plaster spread on most inaccessible *shelf*," (?) p. 1; and of such illustrations as "portmanteaus no more capable of being got in at the door, *than a giraffe could be persuaded or forced into a flower-pot*," may provoke a loud laugh from readers of uncultivated taste; to persons of superior education and refinement they are puerile and tiresome indeed. Let Mr. Dickens but keep a little check upon his wayward fancy—bestow adequate pains on the working out, both in thought and language, of his fictions; write at far longer intervals than he has hitherto allowed himself, (employing these intervals in the judicious acquisition of new materials, by observation of nature, and the perusal and study of the best masters,)—let him follow the leadings of his strong and original genius, rather than goad and flog it into unnatural, excessive, and exhausting action;—let him do this, and his works will live, and his name be remembered, after nineteen-twentieths of his contemporaries shall have passed into eternal oblivion. His name may then aspire to be placed beside those of Goldsmith, of Sterne, of Smollett, of Steele, and even of Addison. Let him, on the contrary, disregard or despise these hints, and his name and writings will be forgotten in fewer years than he has yet been before the public. His fame is in his own hands; he may make or mar it. Any momentary annoyance which the telling of these plain truths may occasion him, will, we are certain, fly away before his strong good sense and acuteness—his practical knowledge of himself, and of the world. Our last word to him we deem of perhaps greater importance than any as he values his permanent reputation—as he would cherish his genius—let him at once and forever avoid and fly from the blighting, strangling influence of *petty cliques and coteries*.

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We cannot close this article without expressing an earnest hope of seeing, *in due time*, a record by Lord Morpeth, of *his* visit to America. A candid and careful account of what he has seen, by a distinguished English nobleman of ancient family, of most amiable character, of scholarly and cultivated mind, of practical acquaintance with the law and constitution of his country, and capable of inquiring into and appreciating those of America—can hardly fail of having first-rate claims on the attention of Lord Morpeth's countrymen, and of Americans. Albeit his lordship is at present a Whig, he will find that Maga will do him, as she does every body else, *justice*. His manly conduct, let him know, at the close of the last Yorkshire election, has disposed us to regard his forthcoming performance with peculiar favor.

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## "WHEN WINTRY SKIES ARE OVERCAST."

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

When wintry skies are overcast,
And through the forest moans the blast,
When the pale moon withholds her ray,
And travellers wander far astray,
How sweet the taper's friendly glow,
Discover'd o'er the waste of snow,
That from some cottage window bright,
Sparkles a welcome all the night;

But sweeter still, when sorrow lowers,
And anguish marks the fleeting hours,
When foes assail and hope deceives,
And friends fall off like autumn leaves,
On lovely woman's beaming face
The light of sympathy to trace,
To know, though all the world forsake,
One heart will share our woes, or break.

And as the traveller, lodg'd at last,
When thinking of his dangers past,
But loves the more the light and mirth
That cheer the hospitable hearth,
So may the heart by sorrow rent
Be thankful for misfortunes sent,
If they have proved, through deepest ill,
That one true soul was constant still.

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## DOMESTIC RESIDENCE IN SWITZERLAND.

From the Spectator.

Mrs. Strutt, whose husband is an artist resided for three years in Switzerland, making Lausanne the head-quarters of the family, and passing a portion of the finer months in excursions through the country. A description of her sojourn, an account of her travelling-adventures, and such information as an inquiring and intelligent person residing on the spot could pick up, with little feudal family histories, often possessing more interest from the house yet surviving, are contained in the volumes before us.

Bating a little disposition to what in a man would be called reverie, but in a lady may pass as sentiment, *Domestic Residence in Switzerland* is a very agreeable and even informing publication. Gracefully feminine in style and manner, and not devoid of a tendency to elevate trifles into importance or to beat the gold into too thin a leaf, there is yet in the volumes a various kind of information respecting the character, customs, and social usages of the people, which

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could only have been gleaned by a resident. The nature of Mr. Strutt's pursuits has also given his wife an advantage over the common tourist, not only leading him into secluded spots, but inducing him to sojourn there,—as when he painted the portrait of Mr. Henchoz, the venerable pastor of Rossinière, they had to reside in a more primitive inn than the Talbot was in the days of Chaucer; and at Saillon there was no inn at all, but such strangers as came there were thrown upon the hospitality of the "President," like a traveller quartering himself upon an Arab chief. Opportunities, however, are of little use to those who cannot take advantage of them. In addition to her literary qualities, Mrs. Strutt has an inquiring mind, with a perception of the beautiful in nature and the characteristic in persons. She has also the spirit, adaptability, and endurance of a traveller; without which, indeed, she would scarcely have undertaken many of her trips, for Switzerland is not a place to travel in pleasantly off the high-roads, or to live in except during the height of summer. Here is an example of an Alpine wind in winter and spring.

THE AREIN.

The Jaman is sometimes in the winter and spring a dangerous passage, as well on account of the depth of the snow, as in being subject to avalanches and to the peculiar *tourmente*, as the mountaineers expressively term the snowy winds or windy snows, called the *arein;* a word which signifies in the patois of the country a sandy snow. the particles thereof being dry and brittle. These *areins* are formed by one layer of snow falling upon another, already frozen and hard, and a strong wind forcing its way between the two, slicing off, if I may be allowed so homely an expression, the latest fallen and uppermost, and driving it down the inclined and icy plain on which it has sought its short repose, with a fury that sweeps before it trees, châlets, herds, human beings, all in one bewildering, blinding hurricane, condemning the unfortunate passenger to certain death. In 1767, one of these *areins* swept away between the Jaman and the village of Allières in Fribourg, on which we were now looking down, in all the serenity of a summer's day, a number of large firs, and several houses; which it carried to the verge of the precipices washed by the Hongrin in the Gruyères, sawing the cabaret of Allières literally in two, and carrying away the upper story, to the amazement of the inmates, who were thus ejected from the attics to the ground-floor, without a moment's notice to quit.

When any accident fatal to life occurs on the Jaman, it is forbidden to remove the body until the arrival of a magistrate; excepting the mother be present, in which case her sanction is deemed sufficient. The presence of the father is not considered equal authority. There is something very touching in this deference to maternal feeling.

"Point d'argent point de Suisse," says the proverb; and Mrs. Strutt agrees with it in the main, but there is an exception and a reason. The exception is their charity to orphan children, whom the community sometimes, sometimes individuals, will adopt; and the assistance they render to the sufferers by natural accidents, as from an avalanche or an inundation. The reason—perhaps these exceptions are founded in the reason, which by making every Swiss obnoxious to such perils, brings them home more forcibly to his feelings—but the reason, in Mrs. Strutt's opinion, for their love of gold, is not only its scarcity, but the difficulty with which a living is to be gained in Switzerland, and the tremendous hardships which the bulk of the people have to undergo in the pursuit of bread, and of very coarse bread too. We take a few passages illustrative of Swiss *pastoral* life.

SWISS HAY-GATHERERS.

So completely pastoral is this district (Canton de Vaud) that there is not a plough to be found in it, and all the corn it produces would not supply the inhabitants with a single week's consumption. The gardens and orchards are left to run wild; yet will they gather with their own hands every blade of grass that grows in the hedges or other places that cannot be got at by the scythe. It is scarcely possible to give an idea of the exceeding importance attached to the hay-harvests in these pastoral communes: even those spots which are inaccessible to the goats are gained by the poorer people, who risk their lives by clinging to the sides of the precipices, with iron crampons attached to their feet, to give them more firmness in their hold. They generally have half of what they thus gather for their pains; they bring it all down the steep and dangerous descents on their backs in bundles of one hundred and fifty or two hundred pounds weight, except in some cases where they tie them up and roll them down the side of the mountain into the valley. Sometimes the crampons of these poor people break; in that case their falls are usually fatal: and under the most favorable circumstances there can scarcely be any thing more laborious and wretched than their exertions. As long as the time for them lasts, they generally sleep in the open air or in the cavities of the rocks, and their food consists almost entirely of cheese. One of these poor men remaining to finish his self-allotted task, having sent his children home early on account of a dangerous pass, and not returning himself at the time he was expected, was found the next day dead of fatigue and exhaustion; his hands folded meekly on his breast, as if his last thoughts had been resignation and prayer.

It is certainly in this district that we see the genuine Swiss pastoral character; and the scenes that surround them are not only of exquisite wild beauty, but have also the great advantage of being free from the crowd of strangers that in all places of known resort continually interrupt the feelings which the grandeur and solitude of nature call forth.

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SUMMER-TIME OF THE SWISS HERDSMEN.

The real life of the *châlet* is at all times one of labor and hardship : nor must we take our general idea of it from those *châlet-auberges*, as they may be called, that are within the common reach of travellers. In the higher stations, which are not accessible to females, the men, as may be imagined, are altogether wild in their appearance and habits. They live in the most disgusting dirt, amidst smoke within and the manure of the cattle without. The *châlets* in their best state are miserably cold; admitting the wind from whatever point of the compass it may blow, between the interstices of the trunks of pines of which they are built. The "movables" consist of nothing but the caldron and utensils for the milk and cheese, and a large plank for a table: neither chairs nor beds enter into the furniture department; dried grass, about a foot in thickness, seldom changed, and a few coarse woollen blankets on which they lie down, night after night, without taking off their clothes, serve for one common couch. In some of the districts the shepherds watch all the first week that their cattle come on the heights, for fear they should fall over the precipices, or wander among the glaciers; afterwards they take it in turn to sleep and watch. In those places where cheese cannot be made on account of scarcity of wood, and the pasturage is in consequence appropriated only to feeding cattle and horses, or, as in the higher Alps, goats and sheep, the herdsmen have no other shelter than the hollows of the rocks, and bivouac in the open air along with the objects of their care.

During the forty days the season lasts on those highest heights, the men never taste either bread, meat, or wine: they subsist entirely on milk; which, added to the purity of the air, agrees with them so well, that they always descend into the valleys, after their probation, with a considerable increase of *embonpoint*, and uniformly leave their stormy solitary regions with great reluctance. Where cheese is made, the men generally receive their wages in the material they manufacture, at the rate of about eight pounds per annum English money. They are fond of cattle, without paying much attention to their comfort. They take no care to protect them from the noontide heats or storms, having no building of any kind to shelter them under; and they suffer them to graze about, straggling as they will, when by a little attention they might make the grass support nearly double the number. They attract the cows at milking-time with salt, of which they give them great quantities; and they ease the labor of milking them by sitting during the operation on little low stools, which they carry for that purpose, ready strapped round the latter end of their persons, producing an effect more characteristic than poetical. The cheeses on the higher Alps are finer-flavored than those on the lower, on account of the aromatic herbs more abundantly produced there, and which supply the place of salt in the preservation of the cheese.

**The curious in cheese will find a full account of the Gruyère district, and a rather interesting sketch of the Counts de Gruyère: but as we have said something respecting the preliminary stages of this production, we will turn to one of more general interest—vineyards and wine-bibbing, for which Switzerland has a sort of local celebrity, with no mean desire to excel in tasting.**

CULTIVATION OF THE VINE.

As we came upon the high-road, we could not but comment with wondering admiration on the astonishing industry which the vineyards exhibit as they climb up the steep sides of the Jorat, one above another, for the extent of three leagues; to the amount in some parts, from the extremity nearest the lake to the topmost, of forty terraces. They are supported by strong walls, and ascended by steep and narrow steps, cut out with incredible labor, though not wide enough to admit more than one person at a time. The same economy of ground may be observed in the high-road, which is so narrow as barely to admit of two carriages passing: so valuable is every inch of land in this most favorable situation of any in the Canton de Vaud for the vine; which never comes to perfection excepting on the side of a hill. The price of vineyard ground of the best quality is about five hundred pounds per acre; an enormous sum when the relative value of money and the great expense of cultivation are taken into consideration. The vines require incessant attention; it is only when they are covered with snow that they may be said to be left to themselves. The poor laborers have no more than fifteen sous per day, although they go into the vineyards at four in the morning and remain till dark, with only the intervals of three half-hours for rest and refreshment: yet the number of hands required renders wages, even at this moderate rate of individual recompense, a serious matter of calculation. To set against these expenses, every part of the vine and its produce is brought into requisition; nothing is deemed useless, nothing thrown away. The stalks and leaves are given to the cattle; and the husks, after they have been pressed, are wedged into round moulds, and when dried are used for fuel—throwing out a bright heat when thoroughly ignited, like turf or peat. Indian corn is likewise planted between the rows of the vines, in order to economise the ground to the utmost; the vines striking deep into the earth, and the corn requiring only shallow root. The vineyards in this district were originally planted by the monks of the rich Abbey of Hauterive; and many curious documents remain of the proceedings of the good fathers with respect to the management and melioration of them.

SWISS WINE-BIBBERS.

The art of distinguishing the various vintages of the country by the palate, so as to name immediately each separate produce, is considered no small accomplishment among the Swiss; and it is one which, to do them justice, they sedulous-

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ly endeavor to obtain by practice, which, according to the school adage, "makes perfect."

"The cellar of some of our houses," says a Swiss *water-drinker*, a *rara avis* in the country, "is more inhabited than any other part of the dwelling. The master descends into it at ten o'clock in the morning; there he exercises his hospitality to any casual visitor; there he treats of the affairs of the commune; there he goes again, as soon as he has despatched his dinner, to see that nothing has happened to the casks during his absence; and in order to ascertain it, he tastes them all in due succession and with profound consideration, generally prolonging his inquiries till the moment when the Guet begins to cry his rounds, at which time he leaves his quarters with as much difficulty as reluctance to find his way to bed." With so much predilection for his compartment, we may readily believe it is carefully attended to in point of comfort; and it is not at all uncommon at dinner-parties for gentlemen to be invited, after having got pretty well seasoned in the salle à manger, to adjourn to the cellar to finish their debates: there they find lamps lighted, and the table duly set out with glasses differing from those they have been emptying above-stairs only in being double the size, and probably soon appearing to most of the party double in number also.

**Let us next take a view of a curious class of Swiss Pariahs, who, wanting charity the most, are altogether excluded from it—as is usual in other places.**

### THE HOMELESS.

Grave offences against moral order are very rare, and are always visited, when they do occur, with the severest condemnation. Proofs of which may be seen extended from generation to generation in the unfortunate class consisting of three or four hundred families called "Heimachlosen," or "The Homeless;" the descendants of those who have forfeited their civil rights in their respective cantons by crimes and misdemeanors, among which, change of religion and illegal marriages are reckoned, or of foreigners who have settled in the country without paying for their citizenship. These outcasts have no claim upon public charity, and excite no compassion. They wander about from one place to another as vagrants and mendicants under the guise of pedlers and other small traffickers, and violating the laws at every opportunity, as is generally the case with those who are deprived of their protection. Of late years, however, the state of these forlorn people has been taken into consideration by the Federal Diet; and several of the more humane part of the community have made the proposition that they shall be divided among the different Cantons, and restored to society.

### REPUBLICAN TITLES.

Though distinctions of birth are not acknowledged, yet those of office inspire quite as much self-importance in their possessors, and servility of deference in those who are aspiring to them, as can be seen in other countries where they may be marked by more of outward show. It used to amuse me much, at Rossinière, to hear the ceremony with which the Government were addressed. At every word it was Monsieur le Juge, who the first time we saw him was handling a pitchfork very adroitly, with his shirt-sleeves tucked up to his shoulders, and Monsieur le Capitaine, who looked the image of poverty and famine, or Monsieur le Receveur, Monsieur le Syndic, at every word; and what was more amusing still, was to hear Madame la Juge and Madame la Receveur invested with the same honors. Perhaps there may be something in this peculiar to mountainous countries; for I recollect, some years ago, at a market-town in Lancashire, a group of country-people who had come to consult the Justice, being disappointed at not finding him at home, inquired if the Hoo Justice could be spoken with—meaning his worship's wife. I was, indeed, astonished to find so many distinctions of rank and circumstances in Switzerland—a country where we are apt to imagine all is liberty, equality, and simplicity. At Lausanne, for instance, the inhabitants have, as I was told, the astonishing absurdity of dividing society into thirteen classes. I believe the lowermost step in the ladder ended with the lady who made and mended gowns declining to sit in the same room with the lady who made and mended chemises, as being inferior to her in works of art. Our own servant mentioned to us the affability, as she termed it, of the servant of the person with whom we lodged, in conversing familiarly with her; "because," said she, "her master is a member of the Grand Council: but you, to be sure, are foreigners, so that is almost the same thing."

This distinction of Grand Council is not always without its inconveniences; the Marquis di S—— having one day to apologize to us for the absence of his cook, as she had gone to hear her uncle make a speech in the aforesaid legislative assembly.

**A variety of poetry, suggested by the scenery, is scattered through the volumes; not of a very high kind, but natural, unaffected, and deriving its images from the reality before the writer. Instead of verse, however, we will take a prose description of scenery, in which Mrs. Strutt is not by any means deficient.**

### A REFLECTION IN A LAKE.

We turned to look towards the Valais; and never shall I forget the glorious sight of the reflections in the lake. At first glance they appeared like gigantic palaces of ivory, with walls and ramparts of gold. a tale of enchantment, the creation of a wizard; but surveyed more steadily, in their immovable solidity, they displayed so exact a fac-simile of the realities from which they drew their temporary existence, that the Dent de Jaman, the Naye, the Tours d'Ai et de Mayen, the Dent du Midi, the Dent de Morcles, and all the magnificent panorama around, every distant mountain, every peak, summit, ravine,

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and winding course, might be traced in them as in a map; producing a marvellous feeling of double existence, a solemn figure of the spiritual and material world, so closely joined, though in union invisible, which will one day be made as evident to our perception as was this admirable effect of appearance from reality. The brightness, the solidity, the depth, the accuracy of this scene, stretching all around the bay of the lake as far as eye could discern, is not to be described; for what description could awaken the devotional feelings of reverence for the adorable Creator of things visible and invisible, material and immaterial, which the contemplation of it excited in our hearts! Wordsworth could have done it justice, perhaps, in his verse, so pure, so holy, so full of thoughts that

"Often lie too deep for tears."

And then ever and anon, whilst we gazed on the still creation, we heard a sound distant and deep, which we liked to imagine might be the fall of avalanches among some of those very mountains of Savoy which were now reflected at our feet, though at a distance of forty miles.

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## THE RURAL AND DOMESTIC LIFE OF GERMANY.

From the Athenæum.

*The Rural and Domestic Life of Germany, with Characteristic Sketches of the Cities and Scenery.* By William Howitt. Longman & Co.

So far as this book contains the results of Mr. Howitt's experiences gathered during a residence at Heidelberg, it is pleasant and welcome; but the sketches of cities, made in "a general tour," are somewhat commonplace and superficial. The inner heart of capitals so widely differing as Vienna, Berlin, Munich, Dresden, is not to be read in a passing glance, and Mr. Howitt is too fond of stating impressions as general truths. Neither can we recommend the reader to place much reliance on his judgment in art, or his sweeping sketches of literature and opinion. His knowledge of the authors of the country cannot be so comprehensive as his nineteenth chapter would have us believe, when, in his list of the female writers of Germany, he makes no mention of the Princess Amelia, of Saxony, whose dramas, besides being translated into English, and promoted to the most exclusive stage in Europe,—that of the *Théâtre Français*,—are played from one end of the land to the other. But, these cautions made, the book before us is a healthy and amusing book—and one, for the sake of which, if its author will permit us, we shall be content to forget that rickety bantling of his adoption, "The Student Life of Germany." It is also thickly studded with illustrations, after designs by Mr. Sargent, some of which are faithful and spirited.

Mr. Howitt's taste for pedestrian rambles led him into those by-way nooks of Germany, beyond the ken of the summer tourist. His pictures of the life of the laboring classes then have a special value; we come upon one almost at random, a few pages from the commencement of the volume:—

"The Petersthal, or the Valley of Peter, on the Neckar, is one of those innumerable valleys in Germany lying amongst the hills, which swarm with human life, and present one of the most picturesque lively scenes of German industry;—industry still in the midst of quiet, and surrounded by the slumber of mighty woods. It is a long and winding valley, having very little breadth in the bottom, and yet enough for a clear stream to bound along, and hollow water-meadows of the richest green to slope down on each side, and numbers of ancient-looking water-mills to be seated upon it; and cottages to be scattered in one continual string for miles all along the foot of the hills on both sides. These mills are largish buildings, in the true heavy style, with large farm-yards attached; plenty of heaps and great piles of fire-wood; old mill-stones and old wagons lying or standing about. The millers are generally the most substantial men of the place. They, some of them, manufacture flour, and some oil from the rape and linseed, the poppy-head and walnuts of the country; and the bumping sound of their stampers—beams moved by the machinery perpendicularly, and by the cogs of the wheels raised, and let fall on the seeds placed in flannel bags in a proper receptacle below, is one of the most characteristic sounds of these valleys. Often at a distance, when buried in the woods, you can find the direction of a village by the sleepy sound of these bumpers. These mills, and the cottages, stand amid a world of old fruit trees, which, in autumn, are so loaded that they are obliged to be propped and tied up. In all directions, on the hill sides, extend their cultivated fields, full of their crops of corn, and vegetables of various kinds; their little vineyards often show their trelliced plots, and all above extends the thick and shady region of forest. Everywhere in these valleys you see the people busy in their possessions. Men and women and children are at work in the fields. Down the hills come women and children from the woods, carrying on their heads loads of fuel, or dragging great bundles of boughs down the narrow hollow ways after them. Others are cutting grass for the pent-up cattle;—women are mowing much oftener than the men. Below are groups of women, with bare legs, washing by the clear stream. Quantities of linen are spread out to dry and to bleach; and round the houses are stalking plenty of fowls, while a large dog barks at you from his kennel as you pass the mill, or little poodles, with cock-a-side tails, bark at you from the cottages, and geese clap their wings and clangour in the brook. This Petersthal is a great place for bleaching and washing, and all along lay the white patches of linen on the green meadow grass, and groups of the stoutest and most healthy-looking girls stood washing by the doors as

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we passed; while numbers of children ran about, many of them with nothing but a shirt on. Here was one holding two cows by a rope tied to the horns, to graze by the way-side, and here another holding a goat. It was harvest time, and hot weather. The women were cutting their harvest, the men being gone to the greater harvest of the plain. The Catholic character of the valley was obvious by the little images of the Virgins in niches in the front of the cottages as we passed. These images are of the most wretched kind; little things of gaudily colored plaster, bought of the wandering Italian dealers. But at the head of the glen stood a little chapel, which is a perfect specimen of what you find so commonly in Catholic districts, at once indicating so much devotion and so much poverty. This little chapel had a very simple and ancient appearance, standing at the head of that retired glen, and surrounded by the solemn woods. The altar was painted in gaudy colors of red and yellow, with its front panels pasted with wall-paper. On it stood two pyramids or obelisks painted black, covered with white death's heads, decreasing in size upwards to the top of the obelisks. Above were little images of cherubs' heads; and one side of the crypt, where the pix is kept, was a saint, looking as if he had fainted, and on the other a Virgin, looking round at the saint in great curiosity. The censer and cups were of the commonest metal; pewter, iron, or brass. The walls were covered with the most paltry pictures. On one side of the altar hung one intended to represent a Madonna, on the other that of St. Wenceslaus, the patron of cattle, standing on a cloud in the middle of a field, and peasants and peasantesses kneeling and praying to him; while below ran, in all directions, cattle, horses, sheep, and swine, as if filled with extraordinary rejoicing at the presence of the saint. The frames of these pictures were hung with garlands of leaves. Behind the altar was a little sanctum; a scene of dirt and poverty. In a sort of cupboard lay the remains of leaden images of saints and cherubs, in a chaos of decrepitude,—some without an arm, and some without a leg. There was material for making the incense in miserable pots and boxes, leathers and dusters, giving a most deplorable idea of the means for the preparation of those ceremonies in which the church so much delights, and in which the people believe so much efficacy to exist. A more woful exposure of the nakedness of the land, and unweaving of the enchantments of the mass, could not be. There was also the little confessional chair, with its lattice; the priest's robes, of the plainest and commonest stuff, with a colored print or two of the most ordinary character; a book of the Catholic faith, and a registry of the marriages, births, christenings, and so on, of the people of the valley. The little girl who attended us was astonished at our walking into this place. She entreated us to come out, as she was very much frightened at our going in there, it was so holy. She quite trembled with terrors and anxiety. The seats, and pulpit, and gallery were all of the most primitive construction. The front of the gallery had once been painted, but there now remained only the faintest traces of its adornment; and in its centre, over the door, stood an organ with tin pipes, most of which were broken or deranged. A lady of the party went up and tried to elicit a sound, but in vain. The little girl said it used to play, but a man came to put it order, and it had never played since. In short, every thing spoke of the poverty of the congregation, or the neglect of the church in a populous valley, where nearly all the inhabitants were Catholics. In the churchyard there was not a single *stone* of remembrance. Nothing but crosses of lath, on which garlands of cut paper hung, or were laid on the graves. These garlands were made like those which used to be hung in our village churches at the funeral of a young maiden. Flowers were also, as usual, planted on the graves; and on these little lath crosses were nailed leaves torn out of their books of devotion, having rudely-colored pictures of the Virgin, or some favorite saint or other."

The chapter which follows this, on the out-of-door life of the peasants inhabiting the banks of the Rhine and the Neckar, is as full of interesting details as of kindly sympathies. The sporting life of Germany, on the other hand, is somewhat hastily despatched; not so the festivities of the people, the *Kirchweihe*, the Carnival of the Colonese, the religious processions among the vineyards, which Goethe and Bettina have painted so exquisitely, and the Christmas delights of Pelznichel's visit to the good and bad children, and of the glittering tree laden with all sorts of heart-offerings, which is planted by every German hearth (*have* stoves hearths?) to remind the old and young that the Old Year must go its ways in the midst of domestic gladness and gaiety. As for the promiscuous kissing which ushers in the New Year, Hood had already made that his own in his inimitable wood-cut.

We must pass over the illustrations of German phlegm and German social peculiarities: the former appear to us somewhat extreme, and could be matched, moreover, by English examples; the latter have been sufficiently descanted upon by every traveller and novelist, from Dr. Moore down to "Cecil." Our experience, too, of German ladies leads us to protest against Mr. Howitt's estimate of their intellectual acquirements. He owns, it is true, that they cook more skilfully, play the piano-forte better, and speak languages more fluently, than the corresponding class in England: we are inclined to think that the amount of reading in the two countries is, on the whole, more equally balanced than he states it. These remarks bring us to the sketchy notices of cities, galleries, &c., mentioned at the commencement of the article. We shall extract a passage here and there, without reference to connection: first, portraits of some of the celebrities of Germany, beginning at Stuttgart with Dannecker:—

"It was a high gratification to us, after quitting the studio, to be introduced to the venerable sculp-

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tor himself. It was but just in time; they who seek him here now will not find him—he is since deceased. We found him seated on an elevated wooden bench in his garden, under the shade of a large pear-tree, where he could overlook the square in which stands the palace and theatre, and amuse himself with watching the passing people. He was upwards of eighty years of age, of healthy but of feeble appearance, and looking himself like one of Homer's old men sitting on the wall of Troy in the sunshine, in the quiet enjoyment of nature's out-of-door blessings. We had heard that he was quite childish, and were agreeably surprised to find him so perfectly rational, collected, and with no other fear of childishness than that resulting from the feebleness of old age. In his venerable face and long white locks we could recognize much of that simple and Christian character which had dictated the statue of the Christ, and in his cordial manner, the spirit which he had drawn from Christ's religion. He came to meet us, told us he had planted that pear-tree with his own hands, as well as most of the plants in the garden, and gathered us pears and roses for our daughter. Mrs. Dannecker, who is much younger, appeared a very kind and judicious guardian of his age. Peace to the ashes of the good old man. The next visit in Stuttgart which gave us the most pleasure, was to Gustav Schwab, one of the most hearty and popular of the living writers of Germany. Gustav Schwab is a Protestant clergyman, and a perfect specimen of 'Der gute Swaben.' He has written poetry, history, and much miscellaneous literature, all characterized by great talent and kind-heartedness. He seems particularly to delight in whatever does honor to his beautiful native state Würtemberg. He has described in graphic colors the interesting region of the Swabian Alps. He was the friend of Hauff, the young and popular romance-writer, who was cut off too soon for his own full fame and the public enjoyment. We found Herr Schwab inhabiting a large old-fashioned parsonage, and just returned from delivering his forenoon sermon. He received us in the heartiest manner; and in truth you saw at the first glance more conspicuously his native good cordial-heartedness, than his poetical character. He is about the middle height, broad built, with a reddish face, very round brown eyes, and a deal of rough, short, straight gray hair. He entered from a side door, with a profound bow and a wondering air; but when we made our explanations, he welcomed us in the warmest manner, and in a few moments we were talking of Hauff, of Lichtenstein, of Swabia, of poetry, as if we had been acquainted for years. He took us into his study; a large old room full of books, and ornamented with a bust of Hauff and a portrait of the poet Uhland. He introduced us to his daughter, and to his wife; the latter, to all appearance, a genuine German housekeeper. He appeared delighted to learn that I had translated, in 'The Student Life of Germany,' one or two of his Student songs, in particular his 'Bursche's Departure.' He told this to his wife with great animation, saying to us, as he pointed to her,—'There is the Liebchen of the song!'"

Next, a few words touching Uhland:—

"But in this town, which has educated numbers of the most celebrated men of Germany, and has stood many a siege and storm in the stormy times of the nation, lives Uhland, one of the oldest and one of the finest lyrical poets of his country. Like his town and townsmen, Uhland has somewhat of an old-world look. He has never travelled much from home; has a nervous manner, and that the more remarkable in a man who, as a member of the Würtemberg parliament, has distinguished himself as a bold speaker and maintainer of the most liberal principles. In consequence of his very liberal political creed, he has now withdrawn both from the chamber and from his professorship in the university; and possessing a competent fortune, devotes his life to life's happiest, and one of its most honorable pursuits, that of poetry. It has been said of him, by a witty townsman, that he is a genuine nightingale; to be heard and not seen. But this is a little too severe. Though somewhat plain in person, and fidgety in manner, these are things which are speedily forgotten in the enthusiasm of intellectual conversation. He lives in a house on the hill-side overlooking the Neckar bridge, as you go out towards Ulm. Above lie his pleasant garden and vineyard, and hence he has a full view of the distant Swabian Alps, shutting in with their varied outlines one of the most rich, beautiful, and animated landscapes in that pleasant Swabian land. His wife, a bright-looking cheerful lady, came in from the garden with her work-basket, in which was an English edition of Milton's Paradise Lost, which she had been reading. She appeared well used to society, and very well read and intelligent. They have no children, but have adopted a very pretty sharp boy as their foster son. Uhland, indeed, appears to lead a happy and independent life here. Happy in his amiable and sensible wife, who highly admires his genius, and in the midst of his native scenes, to which, like all Swabians, he is much attached, and enjoying throughout Germany a high and firm reputation.

Night in a German dorf is well described. Not so fair, to our thinking, are Mr. Howitt's wholesale denunciations of "all these shrines, crosses, and images of saints, which crowd the bridges and waysides in Catholic Germany," as "especially ugly and disgusting." He cannot, surely, have crossed the bridge at Wurzburg, with its solemn lamp-bearing angels, making the entrance into that grand old town at nightfall so impressive! He cannot have trodden the way to the *Kirch Hof* at Nuremberg! And where would be the poetry of the man's mind, who, travelling among the Bavarian lakes, could fail to be moved by the votive tablets and monuments, rude though they be, which tell where such a forester perished in the great winter flood, or such a shepherd was rescued from the peril of a landslide? All down the Moselle, too, how picturesque are the white chapels, nestling close to the brink of the gliding river, underneath the shelter of rich walnut trees, or great rocks crowned with their crumbling fragments of ruin! But in preference to our "fine fren-

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zies" the reader will probably prefer such a passage as the following, where our author resumes his more poetical manner of observation:—

"People are fond of comparing the voyages of the Danube and the Rhine, and pronouncing which is the more beautiful. I should, myself, find it difficult to say which is the more beautiful or interesting. The two great rivers have a certain similarity, and yet very great differences. They have both their woods, their mountains, their castles, their vineyards, and their legends; but the Rhine is more populous and cheerful; the Danube more solitary and solemn. You have not those large and populous towns seated along the banks of the Danube, nor the same life of commerce on its waters. You have not the same extent of finely cultivated vineyards; the same continued stretch of rocks and precipices; at least, so far as I have traversed it—from Linz to Vienna; but you have more splendid woods, more rude and solemn scenery, mingled with slopes and meadows of the most soft and beautiful character. The Danube has not been for ages, like the Rhine, the great highway of commerce, though it has been the scene of bloody contests, and of the march of armies. Its towns, therefore, are small, few, and far between. Its villages have an antiquated, weather-beaten, and half-decaying air; its only life a few ill-dressed peasants, gazing at the steamer as it flies past. Its current is rapid and irregular, interrupted with shoals and sand-banks; and marshy meadows, where heaps of pebbles, thrown up by the floods, testify to its fury in winter and in rainy weather. The Rhine has a more joyous and flourishing aspect, with its cities, its populous villages stretching along its banks, and those banks so green, and smoothed for the purposes of navigation. On the Danube you have solitude; an air of neglect; a stern and brooding spirit, which seems to belong to the genius of the past; of trackless woods; of solitary miners; of rude feudal chiefs hunting the boar and the hart in the wild glens and deep forests—a genius which gives reluctantly way to the spirit of Steam, which has invaded it. You meet or pass on its waters scarcely a boat. There is no white sail greeting you in the distant sunshine; for the boatman dare not hoist one lest the sudden squalls from the hills should sink his craft. Vast rafts now and then, with rude-looking men, float down from the distant Bohemian forests. Old and weather-beaten towers give you a grim greeting from the shaggy rocks as you pass; and views into distant glens and dark woodlands, make you feel that you are in a far wilder and more savage region than that of the Rhine. Campbell, in his so-often-quoted verses, 'On leaving a scene in Bavaria,' has strikingly indicated the spirit of the Danube:

Yes, I have loved thy wild abode,
  Unknown, unploughed, untrodden shore;
Where scarce the woodman finds a road,
  And scarce the fisher plies an oar:
  For man's neglect I love thee more,
That art nor avarice intrude
  To tame thy torrent's thunder-shock—
  Or prune thy vintage of the rock,
Magnificently rude!

But Campbell has not more livingly embodied the character of the Danube than La Motte Fouqué, in Undine. Without any particular description, you have in Undine the feeling of the Danube and its scenes most vividly impressed upon you. There is a sternness, a solitude, a mysterious awe connected with its deep and dark waters; a brooding spirit of the gloomy and sublime in the voyage of Undine down the Danube, which came most strongly on our recollection as we sailed along this great river."

We may return to this book: a visit to Herrahut, and a scramble up the Brocken, in stormy weather, claiming our attention; to say nothing of other matters overlooked by us in a first general notice of a volume so closely crammed.

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## BORROW'S BIBLE IN SPAIN.

From the London Quarterly Review.

*The Bible in Spain.* By GEORGE BORROW. London: 1842. 2 vols. 12mo.

MR. BORROW'S book on the 'Gipsies of Spain,' published a couple of years ago, was so much and so well reviewed (though not, to our shame be it said, in our own Journal), that we cannot suppose his name is new to any of our readers. Its literary merits were considerable—but balanced by equal demerits. Nothing more vivid and picturesque than many of its descriptions of scenery and sketches of adventure: nothing more weak and confused than every attempt either at a chain of reasoning, or even of a consecutive narrative of events that it included. It was evidently the work of a man of uncommon and highly interesting character and endowments; but as clearly he was quite raw as an original author. The glimpses of a most curious and novel subject that he opened, were, however, so very striking, that, on the whole, that book deserved well to make a powerful impression, and could not but excite great hopes that his more practised pen would hereafter produce many things of higher consequence. The present volumes will, we apprehend, go far to justify such anticipations. In point of composition, generally, Mr. Borrow has made a signal advance; but the grand point is, that he seems to have considered and studied himself in the interval; wisely resolved on steadily avoiding in future the species of efforts in which he had been felt to fail; and on sedulously cultivating and improving the peculiar talents which were as universally acknowledged to be brilliantly displayed in numerous detached passages of his 'Gipsies.'

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His personal history appears to have been a most strange one—fuller of adventure than any thing we are at all familiar with even in modern romance. It is a pity that he has been withheld, by whatever and however commendable feelings, from giving a distinct account of it, at least in its leading features; but we have only hints and allusions, widely scattered and often obscure. He must pardon us, therefore, if in stating our notion of what his life has been, we should fall into some little mistakes.

We infer, then, from various *obiter dicta* of our author, that he is a native of Norfolk—in which county, in very early days, his curiosity and sympathy were powerfully excited by the Gipsey race; insomuch that he attached himself to the society of some members of the fraternity, and so won on their confidence that they initiated him in their dialect, of which, by degrees, he became quite master, and also communicated to him much of their secret practical lore, especially as regards the training and management of horses. From Norfolk the young gentleman appears to have gone to Edinburgh, for the purpose of studying in its university. He, we gather, while thus resident in Scotland, not only studied Latin and Greek and Hebrew with diligence, but made frequent excursions into the Highlands, and, being enthusiastically delighted with the region and the legends of its people, added one more to the very short list of *Saxons* that have ever acquired any tolerable skill in its ancient language. Whether or not Mr. Borrow also studied medicine at Edinburgh, with a view to the practice of that profession, we do not venture to guess—but that he had attended some of the medical and surgical classes in the university cannot be doubted.

Of the course of his life after the period of adolescence we know scarcely any thing, except what is to be inferred from the one fact that he chose to devote himself to the service of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and from the numerous localities which he alludes to as having been visited by him in that occupation, and the most of them, be it observed, so visited that he acquired the free use, in speaking and in writing, of their various dialects. Mr. Borrow, incidentally and unaffectedly (as we conceive), represents himself as able to serve the Society by translating the Scriptures, and expounding them in conversation (he nowhere hints at preaching), in the Persian, the Arabic, the German, the Dutch, the Russian, the Polish; in Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese; and in the varieties of the Gipsey dialect actually in use over almost every part of Europe. Of his complete skill in the Scandinavian languages we cannot doubt, because he published some ten years ago a copious body of translations from their popular minstrelsies, done in a style not at all to be confounded with that of certain clever versifiers, who get a literal version made of a ballad in some obscure dialect into plain French, or English, or German prose, and then turn it into flowing English rhymes worthy of the anthology of the Annuals. His Norse ditties have the unforgeable stamp of authenticity on every line. Had he condescended to take the other course, they would have been more popular among fine ladies and lazy gentlemen—but they would not have been true and real; and uncouthness, and harshness, and barbarity of thought and phrase, and rhyme too, were all with him real features which it would have been a sort of crime to depart from. We are informed that Mr. Borrow's accurate knowledge not only of the Gaelic but of the Welsh has been shown in the composition of another series of metrical translations from these dialects, which, however, the poor reception of the Norse volume discouraged him from printing. Finally, it appears that his anxiety about the Gipsies has induced him to study the Sanscrit, of which great tongue he considers their original dialect to be a mutilated and degraded offshoot; but whether Mr. Borrow has ever been in India, or acquired the use of any of its living languages, does not distinctly appear. We rather think, however, such is the fact. Now, be it observed, Mr. Borrow is at this time under forty years of age—a man in the very prime of life and vigor, though, indeed, his wanderings and watchings have left one broad mark behind them. Tall, strong, athletic, with a clear olive complexion, and eyes full of the fire of genius and enterprise, his hair is already white as Mont Blanc.

How early and entirely the Reformation was checked and extinguished in the Spanish Peninsula is well known to every English reader. During many generations the word of God had been altogether denied to the people in their vernacular speech; when 'the heavy blow and great discouragement' given to the whole ecclesiastical system, both in Spain and in Portugal, by the political revolutions of recent times, seemed to offer an opportnnity too favorable to be neglected by the British and Foreign Bible Society. Accordingly, in

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November, 1835, Mr. Borrow was despatched to Lisbon, with instructions to travel over whatever parts of the Peninsula he should find most accessible. He carried with him large quantities of Bibles and Testaments in Portuguese; authority to superintend the printing of a Spanish Bible at Madrid, provided the government there would sanction such a proceeding; and so soon as this edition should be completed, he was to undertake personally its distribution in the provinces. Mr. Borrow spent the best part of five years in this service; and the book before us is not a regular narrative of its progress, but a set of fragmentary sketches, intended to convey a general notion of the sort of persons and adventures encountered by him, while endeavoring to circulate the Bible in the Peninsula, which had rested on his own memory as most peculiar and characteristic.

We are afraid that, if Mr. Borrow had given us a plain prosaic history, and summed up its results in a statistical form, we should have found but little reason for congratulating the Bible Society on the success of their missionary's endeavors. Here and there we do find a glimpse of something like hope. A few, a very few, persons, both in Spain and in Portugal, appear to have had their curiosity warmly excited, and to have received copies of the Scriptures in their own languages with not only pleasure and gratitude, but in such a way as might fairly indicate a resolution to study them with a view to the serious comparison of the popular doctrines and practices of the popish system with the word of inspiration. But, in general, the persons willing to purchase, or even to accept of Bibles, seem to have been *liberals* in religion as well as in politics; who desired to have the books offered by Mr. Borrow from feelings akin to those which must have been uppermost with Napoleon, when, in drawing out a catalogue of books for his cabinet library on the voyage to Egypt, he gave one section to Mythology, and included therein the Old Testament. All the courtesy and kindness which Mr. Borrow often experienced at the hands of the rural curates only leaves us with the melancholy conviction that Blanco White did not exaggerate in his 'Doblado's Letters' the vast spread of infidelity among the Spanish priesthood. But certainly Mr. Borrow gives some anecdotes about the religion of the Spanish clergy for which even 'Doblado' had not prepared us. If we are to rely on these pages—and assuredly, though we occasionally demur to their authority, we never question the entire veraciousness of their author—there are at this moment priests, and even bishops, in Spain, who adhere in secret to Judaism—nay, to Mahometanism!

But it is not our wish to go into any examination or discussion either of the prudence of the Bible Society on this occasion, or of the actual state of the Spanish Church. Our business is literary. We conceive that Mr. Borrow has in these pages come out as an English author of high mark. Considering the book merely as one of adventures, it seems to us about the most extraordinary one that has appeared in our own, or indeed in any other language, for a very long time past. Indeed, we are more frequently reminded of Gil Blas, in the narratives of this pious, single-hearted man, than in the perusal of almost any modern novelist's pages.

We intend to quote largely; but we hope to quote enough to give our readers an adequate notion of Mr. Borrow's style and method of observing, and thinking, and writing, without interfering with the interest of his book as a whole. In this view, we shall take one, and that the first of his peninsular expeditions—which began at Lisbon, and, carrying him through Badajos and Talavera to Madrid, ended at Seville; thus leaving untouched the greater part of his first volume and the whole of the second. We begin with a sketch near Mafra. He is conversing with his guide about the beautiful environs.

"I asked the boy whether he or his parents were acquainted with the Scripture and ever read it; he did not, however, seem to understand me. I must here observe that the boy was fifteen years of age, that he was in many respects very intelligent, and had some knowledge of the Latin language; nevertheless he knew not the Scripture even by name, and I have no doubt, from what I subsequently observed, that at least two-thirds of his countrymen are on that important point no wiser than himself. At the doors of village inns, at the hearths of the rustics, in the fields where they labor, at the stone fountains by the wayside, where they water their cattle, I have questioned the lower class of the children of Portugal about the Scripture, the Bible, the Old and New Testament, and in no one instance have they known what I was alluding to, or could return me a rational answer, though on all other matters their replies were sensible enough; indeed, nothing surprised me more than the free and unembarrassed manner in which the Portuguese peasantry sustain a conversation, and the purity of the language in which they express their thoughts, and yet few of them can read or write; whereas the peasantry of England, whose education is in general much superior, are in their conversation coarse and dull almost to brutality, and absurdly ungrammatical in their language, though the English tongue is, upon the whole, more sim-

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ple in its structure than the Portuguese."—pp. 19, 20.

**The following passage is from Mr. Borrow's account of his journey through Portugal to the Spanish frontier.**

"Monte Moro is the head of a range of hills which cross this part of the Alemtejo, and from hence they fork east and southeast, towards the former of which directions lies the direct road to Elvas, Badajoz, and Madrid; and towards the latter that to Evora. A beautiful mountain, covered to the top with cork-trees, is the third of the chain, which skirts the way in the direction of Elvas. It is called Monte Almo; a brook brawls at its base, and as I passed it the sun was shining gloriously on the green herbage, on which flocks of goats were feeding, with their bells ringing merrily, so that the *tout ensemble* resembled a fairy scene; and that nothing might be wanted to complete the picture, I here met a man, a goatherd, beneath an azinheira, whose appearance recalled to my mind the Brute Carle, mentioned in the Danish ballad of Swayne Vonved:

'A wild swine on his shoulders he kept,
And upon his bosom a black bear slept;
And about his fingers, with hair o'erclung,
The squirrel sported and weasel clung.'

"Upon the shoulder of the goatherd was a beast, which he told me was a loatra, or otter, which he had lately caught in the neighboring brook; it had a string round its neck, which was attached to his arm. At his left side was a bag, from the top of which peered the heads of two or three singular-looking animals, and at his right was squatted the sullen cub of a wolf, which he was endeavoring to tame; his whole appearance was to the last degree savage and wild. After a little conversation, such as those who meet on the road frequently hold, I asked him if he could read, but he made me no answer. I then inquired if he knew any thing of God or Jesus Christ; he looked me fixedly in the face for a moment, and then turned his countenance towards the sun, which was beginning to sink in the west, nodded to it, and then again looked fixedly upon me. I believe that I understood the mute reply, which probably was, that it was God who made that glorious light which illumes and gladdens all creation; and, gratified with that belief, I left him, and hastened after my companions, who were by this time a considerable way in advance.

"I have always found in the disposition of the children of the fields a more determined tendency to religion and piety than amongst the inhabitants of towns and cities, and the reason is obvious: they are less acquainted with the works of man's hands than with those of God; their occupations, too, which are simple, and requiring less of ingenuity and skill than those which engage the attention of the other portion of their fellow-creatures, are less favorable to the engendering of self-conceit and sufficiency, so utterly at variance with that lowliness of spirit which constitutes the best foundation of piety. The sneerers and scoffers at religion do not spring from amongst the simple children of nature, but are the excrescences of overwrought refinement; and though their baleful influence has indeed penetrated to the country, and corrupted man there, the source and fountain-head was amongst crowded houses, where nature is scarcely known. I am not one of those who look for perfection amongst the rural population of any country; perfection is not to be found amongst the children of the fall, wherever their abodes may happen to be; but, until the heart discredits the existence of a God, there is still hope for the soul of the possessor, however stained with crime he may be, for even Simon the magician was converted; but when the heart is once steeled with infidelity—infidelity confirmed by carnal wisdom—an exuberance of the grace of God is required to melt it, which is seldom manifested. We read in the blessed book that the Pharisee and the wizard became receptacles of grace; but where is there mention made of the conversion of the sneering Sadducee?"—pp. 40–43.

**Our next extract gives a night-scene at Evora, where our missionary had taken up his quarters in the midst of a motley company of smugglers of the border—a wild scene, wild people, and strange and affecting glimpses of wild superstitions harbored in rude but kind hearts.**

"The night was very stormy, and at about nine we heard a galloping towards the door, and then a loud knocking: it was opened, and in rushed a wild-looking man, mounted on a donkey: he wore a ragged jacket of sheep-skin, called in Spanish zamarra, with breeches of the same as far down as his knees: his legs were bare. Around his sombrero, or shadowy hat, was tied a large quantity of the herb which in English is called rosemary, in Spanish romero, and in the rustic language of Portugal alecrim; which last is a word of Scandinavian origin (*ellegren*), signifying the elfin-plant, and was probably carried into the south by the Vandals. The man seemed frantic with terror, and said that the witches had been pursuing him and hovering over his head for the last two leagues. He came from the Spanish frontier with meal and other articles; he said that his wife was following him and would soon arrive, and in about a quarter of an hour she made her appearance, dripping with rain, and also mounted on a donkey.

"I asked my friends the contrabandists why he wore the rosemary in his hat; whereupon they told me that it was good against witches and the mischances on the road. I had no time to argue against this superstition, for, as the chaise was to be ready at five the next morning, I wished to make the most of the short time which I could devote to sleep.

"I rose at four, and after having taken some refreshment, I descended and found the strange man and his wife sleeping in the chimney-corner by the fire, which was still burning; they soon awoke and began preparing their breakfast, which consisted of salt sardinhas, broiled upon the embers. In the mean time the woman sang snatches of the beautiful hymn, very common in Spain, which commences thus:—

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'Once of old upon a mountain, shepherds overcome with sleep,
Near to Bethlem's holy tower, kept at dead of night their sheep;
Round about the trunk they nodded of a huge ignited oak,
Whence the crackling flame ascending, bright and clear, the darkness broke.'

"On hearing that I was about to depart, she said, 'You shall have some of my husband's rosemary, which will keep you from danger. and prevent any misfortune occurring.' I was foolish enough to permit her to put some of it in my hat."—pp. 65–68.

Riding among the mountains near Estremos, Mr. Borrow is called to a halt by his first peninsular specimen of Druidical remains. How genuine is the spirit of his commentary!

"After proceeding about a league and a half, a blast came booming from the north, rolling before it immense clouds of dust; happily it did not blow in our faces, or it would have been difficult to proceed, so great was its violence. We had left the road in order to take advantage of one of those short cuts, which, though passable for a horse or a mule, are far too rough to permit any species of carriage to travel along them. We were in the midst of sands, brushwood, and huge pieces of rock, which thickly studded the ground. These are the stones which form the sierras of Spain and Portugal; those singular mountains which rise in naked horridness, like the ribs of some mighty carcass from which the flesh has been torn. Many of these stones, or rocks, grew out of the earth, and many lay on its surface unattached, perhaps wrested from their bed by the waters of the deluge. Whilst toiling along these wild wastes, I observed, a little way to my left, a pile of stones of rather a singular appearance, and rode up to it. It was a Druidical altar, and the most perfect and beautiful one of the kind which I had ever seen. It was circular, and consisted of stones immensely large and heavy at the bottom, which towards the top became thinner and thinner, having been fashioned by the hand of art to something of the shape of scollop-shells. These were surmounted by a very large flat stone, which slanted down towards the south, where was a door. Three or four individuals might have taken shelter within the interior, in which was growing a small thorn-tree.

"I gazed with reverence and awe upon the pile where the first colonists of Europe offered their worship to the unknown God. The temples of the mighty and skilful Roman, comparatively of modern date, have crumbled to dust in its neighborhood. The churches of the Arian Goth, his successor in power, have sunk beneath the earth, and are not to be found; and the mosques of the Moor, the conqueror of the Goth, where and what are they? Upon the rock, masses of hoary and vanishing ruin. Not so the Druid's stone; there it stands on the hill of winds, as strong and as freshly new as the day, perhaps thirty centuries back, when it was first raised by means which are a mystery. Earthquakes have heaved it, but its cope-stone has not fallen; rain-floods have deluged it, but failed to sweep it from its station; the burning sun has flashed upon it, but neither split nor crumbled it; and Time, stern old Time, has rubbed it with his iron tooth, and with what effect let those who view it declare. There it stands; and he who wishes to study the literature, the learning, and the history of the ancient Celt and Cymbrian, may gaze on its broad covering, and glean from that blank stone the whole known amount. The Roman has left behind him his deathless writings, his history, and his songs; the Goth his liturgy, his traditions, and the germs of noble institutions; the Moor his chivalry, his discoveries in medicine, and the foundations of modern commerce; and where is the memorial of the Druidic races? Yonder: that pile of eternal stone!"—p. 118–124.

On reaching Elvas Mr. Borrow was curious to examine the fortifications; but the officer in command denied admission. Our author's commentary is too bold to be omitted—for boldness of thought and language is the broadest stamp of the man. We demur to his character of the wines of Portugal; but perhaps he is no wine-bibber at all. What he says of our own popularity in Portugal is, we believe, too true; and perhaps in what he says of the feeling towards us in France he is not so far wrong neither. He is not speaking of Paris or Boulogne.

"He presently appeared, and inquired whether I was an Englishman; to which, having replied in the affirmative, he said, 'In that case, sir, you cannot enter: indeed, it is not the custom to permit any foreigners to visit the fort.' I answered that it was perfectly indifferent to me whether I visited it or not; and, having taken a survey of Badajoz from the eastern side of the hill, descended by the way I came.

"This is one of the beneficial results of protecting a nation and squandering blood and treasure in its defence. The English, who have never been at war with Portugal, who have fought for its independence on land and sea, and always with success, who have forced themselves by a treaty of commerce to drink its coarse and filthy wines, which no other nation cares to taste, are the most unpopular people who visit Portugal. The French have ravaged the country with fire and sword, and shed the blood of its sons like water; the French buy not its fruits and loathe its wines, yet there is no bad spirit in Portugal toward the French. The reason of this is no mystery: it is the nature not of the Portuguese only, but of corrupt and unregenerate man, to dislike his benefactors, who, by conferring benefits upon him, mortify in the most generous manner his miserable vanity.

"There is no country in which the English are so popular as in France; but, though the French have been frequently roughly handled by the English, and have seen their capital occupied by an English army, they have never been subjected to

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the supposed ignominy of receiving assistance from them."—pp. 143, 144.

Soon after passing the Spanish line Mr. Borrow fell into company with a party of his old friends the gipsies. One of them, the Antonio familiar to the readers of his former work, offers to be his guide onward, and the ancient hankering for *Romman* society is too strong for the temptation. The missionary accepts the offer; and we have him pursuing his way for more than a week, mounted on a spare pony (Egypticè *gras*), from the Gitano camp—lodging, whether in field, forest, village, town, or city, exactly where Antonio would naturally have lodged had there been no stranger with him.—There can be no sort of doubt that throughout his travels Mr. Borrow has usually passed with gipsies for one, in part at least, of their own blood. It was so at Moscow—where the Prima Donna of the celebrated Singing Company was at once ready to hail him as a kinsman. It is so everywhere in Spain; and most queer are some of the results to the supposed "London Caloro."

"Towards evening we drew near to a large town or village. 'That is Merida,' said Antonio, 'formerly a mighty city of the Corahai. We shall stay here to-night, and perhaps for a day or two, for I have some business of Egypt to transact in this place. Now, brother, step aside with the horse, and wait for me beneath yonder wall. I must go before and see in what condition matters stand.' I dismounted, and sat down on a stone beneath the ruined wall to which Antonio had motioned me: the sun went down, and the air was exceedingly keen; I drew close around me an old tattered gipsy cloak with which my companion had provided me, and, being somewhat fatigued, fell into a doze which lasted for nearly an hour.

"'Is your worship the London Caloro?' said a strange voice close beside me. I started, and beheld the face of a woman peering under my hat. Notwithstanding the dusk, I could see that the features were hideously ugly and almost black; they belonged, in fact, to a gipsy crone, at least seventy years of age, leaning upon a staff. 'Is your worship the London Caloro?' repeated she. 'I am he whom you seek,' said I; 'where is Antonio?' *Curelando, curelando, baribustres curelos torela*,'* said the crone: come with me, Caloro of my garlochin, come with me to my little ker; he will be there anon." I followed the crone, who led the way into the town, which was ruinous and seemingly half deserted; we went up the street, from which she turned into a narrow and dark lane, and presently opened the gate of a large dilapidated house. 'Come in,' said she. 'And the gras?' I demanded. 'Bring the gras in too; my chabo, bring the gras in too; there is room for the gras in my little stable.' We entered a large court, across which we proceeded till we came to a wide doorway. 'Go in, my child of Egypt,' said the hag; 'go in: that is my little stable.' 'The place is as dark as pitch,' said I, 'and may be a well for what I know; bring a light, or I will not enter.' 'Give me the solabarri (bridle),' said the hag, 'and I will lead your horse in, my chabo of Egypt; yes, and tether him to my little manger.' She led the horse through the doorway, and I heard her busy in the darkness; presently the horse shook himself: '*Grasti terelamos*,' said the hag, who now made her appearance with the bridle in her hand; the horse has shaken himself; he is not harmed by his day's journey. Now let us go in, my Caloro, into my little room.'

"We entered the house and found ourselves in a vast room, which would have been quite dark but for a faint glow which appeared at the farther end; it proceeded from a brasero, beside which were squatted two dusky figures. 'These are Callees,' said the hag; 'one is my daughter, and the other is her chabi; sit down, my London Caloro, and let us hear you speak.' I looked about for a chair, but could see none: at a short distance, however, I perceived the end of a broken pillar lying on the floor; this I rolled to the brasero and sat down upon it. 'This is a fine house, mother of the gipsies,' said I; 'rather cold and damp, though: it appears large enough to be a barrack.' 'Plenty of houses in Merida, my London Caloro, some of them just as they were left by the Corahanoes. Ah! a fine people are the Corahanoes; I often wish myself in their chim once more.' 'How is this, mother?' said I; 'have you been in the land of the Moors?' 'Twice have I been in their country, my Caloro—twice have I been in the land of the Corahai. The first time is more than fifty years ago: I was then with the Sese (Spaniards), for my husband was a soldier of the Crallis (King) of Spain, and Oran at that time belonged to Spain.' 'You were not then with the real Moors,' said I, 'but only with the Spaniards who occupied part of their country?' 'I have been with the real Moors, my London Caloro. About forty years ago I was with my ro in Ceuta, for he was still a soldier of the king; and he said to me one day, 'I am tired of this place, where there is no bread and less water; I will escape and turn to Corahano: this night I will kill my sergeant, and flee to the camp of the Moor.' 'Do so,' said I, 'my chabo; and as soon as may be I will follow you and become a Corahani.' That same night he killed his serjeant, who five years before had called him Calo and cursed him; then running to the wall he dropped from it, and, amidst many shots, he escaped to the land of the Corahai: as for myself, I remained in the presidio of Ceuta as a suttler, selling wine and repani to the hundunares. Two years passed by, and I neither saw nor heard from my ro. One day there came a strange man to my cachimani (wine-shop); he was dressed like a Corahano, and yet he did not look like one; he looked more like a callardo (black), and yet he was not a callardo either, though he was almost black; and as I looked upon him I thought he looked something like the Errate (gipsies); and he said to me, 'Zincali; chachipé!' and then he whispered to

* "Doing business, doing business;—he has much business to do."



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me in queer language, which I could scarcely understand, 'Your ro is waiting; come with me, my little sister, and I will take you unto him.' 'Where is he?' said I; and he pointed to the west, to the land of the Corahai, and said, 'He is yonder away; come with me, little sister, the ro is waiting.' For a moment I was afraid, but I bethought me of my husband, and I wished to be amongst the Corahai. The sentinel challenged us at the gate, but I gave him repani, and he let us pass. About a league from the town, beneath a cerro (hill), we found four men and women, all very black like the strange man, and they all saluted me and called me little sister, and they gave me other clothes, and I looked like a Corahani, and away we marched for many days amidst deserts and small villages, and more than once it seemed to me that I was amongst the Errate, for their ways were the same: the men would hokkawar (cheat) with mules and asses, and the women told baji; and after many days we came before a large town, and the black man said, 'Go in there, little sister, and there you will find your ro;' and I went to the gate, and an armed Corahano stood within the gate, and I looked in his face, and lo! it was my ro.

"'Well, brother, to be short, my ro was killed in the wars, before a town to which the king of the Corahai laid siege, and I became a piuli (widow), and I returned to the village of the renegades, as it was called, and supported myself as well as I could; and one day, as I was sitting weeping, the black man, whom I had never seen since the day he brought me to my ro, again stood before me, and said, 'Come with me, little sister, come with me; the ro is at hand:' and I went with him, and beyond the gate in the desert was the same party of black men and women which I had seen before. 'Where is my ro?' said I. 'Here he is, little sister,' said the black man, 'here he is; from this day I am the ro, and you the romi; come, let us go, for there is business to be done.' And I went with him, and he was my ro; and we lived among the deserts, and hokkawar'd and choried and told baji; and I said to myself, 'This is good: sure I am amongst the Errate, in a better chim than my own.' And I had three chai by the black man: two of them died, but the youngest, who is the Calli who sits by the brasero, was spared: and it came to pass that once in the winter-time our company attempted to pass a wide and deep river, and the boat overset, and all our people were drowned, all but myself and my chabi, whom I bore in my bosom. I had now no friends amongst the Corahai, and I wandered about the desplobados, howling and lamenting till I became half lili (mad), and in this manner I found my way to the coast, where I made friends with the captain of a ship, and returned to this land of Spain. And now I am here, I often wished myself back again amongst the Corahai.'"—p. 165.

Our 'London Caloro' is now, we understand, a married man: but in 1835 he was open to a tender proposition.

"In the afternoon I was seated with the gipsy mother in the hall; the two Callees were absent telling fortunes. 'Are you married, my London Caloro?' said the old woman to me. 'Are you a ro?'"

"*Myself.*—Wherefore do you ask, O Dai de los Cales?

"*Gipsy Mother.*—It is high time that the lacha of the chabi were taken from her, and that she had a ro. You can do no better than take her for romi, my London Caloro.

"*Myself.*—I am a stranger in this land, O mother of the gipsies, and scarcely know how to provide for myself, much less for a romi.

"*Gipsy Mother.*—She wants no one to provide for her, my London Caloro; she can at any time provide for herself and her ro. She can hokkawar, tell baji, and there are few to equal her at stealing á pastesas. Were she once at Madrilati, she would make much treasure; in this foros she is nahi (lost), for there is nothing to be gained; but in the foros baro it would be another matter: she would go dressed in lachipi and sonacai (silk and gold), whilst you would ride about on your black-tailed gra; and when you had got much treasure, you might return hither and live like a Crallis, and all the Errate of the Chim del Manro should bow down their heads to you. What say you, my London Caloro?

"*Myself.*—Your plan is a plausible one, mother; but I am, as you are aware, of another chim, and have no inclination to pass my life in this country.

"*Gipsy Mother.*—Then return to your own country, my Caloro; the chabi can cross the pani. Would she not do business in London with the rest of the Caloré? Or why not go to the land of the Corahai?

"*Myself.* And what should we do in the land of the Corahai? It is a poor and wild country, I believe.

"*Gipsy Mother.* Aromali! I almost think that I am speaking to a lilipendi (simpleton). Are there not horses to chore? Yes I trow, better ones than in this land, and asses and mules. In the land of the Corahai you must hokkawar and chore even as you must here, or in your own country, or else you are no Caloro. Can you not join yourselves with the black people who live in the despoblados? Yes, surely; and glad they would be to have among them the Errate from Spain and London. I am seventy years of age, but I wish not to die in this chim, but yonder, far away, where both my roms are sleeping. Take the chabi, therefore, and go to Madrilati to win the parné, and, when you have got it, return, and we will give a banquet to all the Busné (Christians) in Merida, and in their food I will mix drow, and they shall eat and burst like poisoned sheep . . . . . And when they have eaten we will leave them, and away to the land of the Moor." pp. 178 181.

Mr. Borrow, we suppose, had nothing for it but to hint that he was engaged to be the Ro of some Chabi among the East Anglian Errate. He passes over his method of escape, however, with a lyrical obscurity; and we soon find him in the open country again with his elegant companion Antonio. To be sure, the learned and devout agent of the Bible Society seems a little out of his

place in some of the subsequent scenes of this journey. For example:

"We dismounted, and entered what I now saw was a forest, leading the animals cautiously amongst the trees and brushwood. In about five minutes we reached a small open space, at the farther side of which, at the foot of a large cork-tree, a fire was burning, and by it stood or sat two or three figures; one of them now exclaimed, 'Quien vive?' 'I know that voice,' said Antonio, and rapidly advanced: presently I heard an Ola! and a laugh. On reaching the fire, I found two dark lads, and a still darker woman of about forty; the latter seated on what appeared to be horse or mule furniture. I likewise saw a horse and two donkeys tethered to the neighboring trees. It was in fact a gipsy bivouac. 'Come forward, brother, and show yourself,' said Antonio; 'you are amongst friends; these are the very people whom I expected to find at Trojillo, and in whose house we should have slept.' 'And what,' said I, 'could have induced them to leave their house and come into this dark forest, in the midst of wind and rain, to pass the night?' 'They come on business of Egypt, brother, doubtless,' replied Antonio; 'Calla boca!' 'My ro is prisoner in the village yonder,' said the woman; 'he is prisoner for choring a mailla (*donkey*); we are to come to see what we can do in his behalf; and where can we lodge better than in this forest, where there is nothing to pay?' One of the striplings now gave us barley for our animals in a large bag, into which we successively introduced their heads, allowing the famished creatures to regale themselves till we conceived that they had satisfied their hunger. There was a puchero simmering at the fire, half full of bacon, garbanzos, and other provisions; this was emptied into a large wooden platter, and out of this Antonio and myself supped; the other gipsies refused to join us, giving us to understand that they had eaten before our arrival; they all, however, did justice to the leathern bottle of Antonio. . . .

'The sun was just appearing as I awoke. I made several efforts before I could rise from the ground; my limbs were quite stiff, and my hair was covered with rime; for the rain had ceased, and a rather severe frost set in. I looked around me, but could see neither Antonio nor the gipsies; the animals of the latter had likewise disappeared; so had the horse which I had hitherto rode, the mule, however, of Antonio still remained fastened to the tree; this latter circumstance quieted some apprehensions which were beginning to arise in my mind. 'They are gone on some business of Egypt,' I said to myself, 'and will return anon.' I gathered together the embers of the fire, and, heaping upon them sticks and branches, soon succeeded in calling forth a blaze, beside which I again placed the puchero, with what remained of the provision of last night. I waited for a considerable time in expectation of the return of my companions, but, as they did not appear, I sat down and breakfasted. Before I had well finished I heard the noise of a horse approaching rapidly, and presently Antonio made his appearance amongst the trees, with some agitation in his countenance. He sprang from his horse, and instantly proceeded to untie the mule. 'Mount, brother, mount!' said he, pointing to the horse; 'I went with the Callee and her chabés to the village where the ro is in trouble; the chinobaro, however, seized them at once with their cattle, and would have laid hands also on me, but I set spurs to the grasti, gave him the bridle, and was soon far away. Mount, brother, mount, or we shall have the whole rustic canaille upon us in a twinkling.'"—p. 191.

By-and-by they come in sight of Jaraicejo; but the missionary's friend declines to enter the town in company.

"'Brother, we had best pass through that town singly. I will go in advance; follow slowly, and when there purchase bread and barley; you have nothing to fear, I will await you on the despoblado.' Without waiting for my answer he hastened forward, and was speedily out of sight. I followed slowly behind, and entered the gate of the town, an old dilapidated place, consisting of little more than one street. Along this street I was advancing, when a man with a dirty foraging cap on his head, and holding a gun in his hand, came running up to me: 'Who are you?' said he, in rather rough accents; 'from whence do you come?' 'From Badajos and Trojillo,' I replied; 'why do you ask?' 'I am one of the national guard,' said the man, 'and am placed here to inspect strangers. I am told that a gipsy fellow just now rode through the town; it is well for him that I had stepped into my house. Do you come in his company?' 'Do I look a person,' said I, 'likely to keep company with gipsies?'

"The national measured me from top to toe, and then looked me full in the face with an expression which seemed to say 'Likely enough.' In fact, my appearance was by no means calculated to prepossess people in my favor. Upon my head I wore an old Andalusian hat, which, from its condition, appeared to have been trodden under foot; a rusty cloak, which had perhaps served half-a-dozen generations, enwrapped my body. My nether garments were by no means of the finest description, and as far as could be seen, were covered with mud, with which my face was likewise plentifully bespattered: and upon my chin was a beard of a week's growth.

"'Have you a passport?' at length demanded the national. I remembered having read that the best way to win a Spaniard's heart is to treat him with ceremonious civility. I therefore dismounted, and, taking off my hat, made a low bow to the constitutional soldier, saying, 'Senor naciońal, you must know that I am an English gentleman, travelling in this country for my pleasure. I bear a passport, which, on inspecting, you will find to be perfectly regular: it was given to me by the great Lord Palmerston, minister of England, whom you of course have heard of here; at the bottom you will see his own handwriting; look at it and rejoice; perhaps you will never have another opportunity. As I put unbounded confidence in the honor of every gentleman, I leave the passport in your hands whilst I repair to the posada to refresh myself. When you have inspected it,

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you will perhaps oblige me so far as to bring it to me. Cavalier, I kiss your hands.' I then made him another low bow, which he returned with one still lower, and, leaving him now staring at the passport and now at myself, I went into a posada, to which I was directed by a beggar whom I met.

"I fed the horse, and procured some bread and barley, as the gipsy had directed me; I likewise purchased three fine partridges of a fowler, who was drinking wine in the posada. He was satisfied with the price I gave him, and offered to treat me with a copita, to which I made no objection. As we sat discoursing at the table, the national entered with the passport in his hand, and sat down by us.

"*National.*—Caballero! I return you your passport; it is quite in form: I rejoice to have made your acquaintance; no doubt you can give me some information respecting the war.

"*Myself.*—I shall be very happy to afford so polite and honorable a gentleman any information in my power.

"*National.*—What is England doing? If she pleased, she could put down the war in three months.

"*Myself.—No tenga usted cuidao, Senor nacionál.* You have heard of the legion which my Lord Palmerston has sent over? Leave the matter in their hands.

"*National.*—It appears to me that this Cabalero Balmerston must be a very honest man.

"*Myself.*—There can be no doubt of it.

"*National.*—I have heard that he is a great general.

"*Myself.*—In some things neither Napoleon nor the sawyer* would stand a chance with him. *Es Mucho hombre.*

"*National.*—I am glad to hear it. Does he intend to head the legion?

"*Myself.*—I believe not; but he has sent over, to head the fighting men, a friend of his, who is thought to be nearly as much versed in military matters as himself.

"*National.—Io me alegro mucho.* I see that the war will soon be over. Caballero, I thank you for your politeness, and for the information which you have afforded me. The despoblado out yonder has a particularly evil name; be on your guard, Caballero. I am sorry that gipsy was permitted to pass; should you meet him, and not like his looks, shoot him at once, stab him or ride him down. He is a well-known thief, contrabandisto, and murderer, and has committed more assassinations than he has fingers on his hands. Stay; before I go I should wish to see once more the signature of the Caballero Balmerston.

"I showed him the signature, which he looked upon with profound reverence, uncovering his head for a moment; we then embraced and parted.

"I mounted the horse and rode from the town, at first proceeding very slowly; I had no sooner, however, reached the moor than I put the animal to his speedy trot, and proceeded at a tremendous rate for some time, expecting every moment to overtake the gipsy. I, however, saw nothing of him, nor did I meet with a single human being. The road along which I sped was narrow and sandy, winding amidst thickets of broom and brushwood, with which the despoblado was overgrown, and which in some places were as high as a man's head. Across the moor, in the direction in which I was proceeding, rose a lofty eminence, naked and bare. The moor extended for at least three leagues; I had nearly crossed it, and reached the foot of the ascent. I was becoming very uneasy, conceiving that I might have passed the gipsy amongst the thickets, when I suddenly heard his well-known O-la! and his black savage head and staring eyes suddenly appeared from amidst a clump of broom. 'You have tarried long, brother,' said he; 'I almost thought you had played me false.'"—pp. 191–208.

Antonio found presently that he had no chance of escape except in quitting the high road altogether. Our living Polyglott therefore proceeds in solitary state. But near Talavera he is overtaken by another horseman, a grave, well clad man of middle age, with whom he jogs on for a few minutes. The stranger speaks good Castilian; but in a moment of excitement an exclamation escapes him which betrays the *Moresco*. Mr. Borrow caps him Arabic.

"The man walked on about ten paces, in the same manner as he had previously done; all of a sudden he turned, and, taking the bridle of the burra gently in his hand, stopped her. I had now a full view of his face and figure, and those huge features and Herculean form still occasionally revisit me in my dreams. I see him standing in the moonshine, staring me in the face with his deep calm eyes. At last he said,—

"'*Es usted tambien de nosotros.*'"

Mr. Borrow could scarcely answer before the man signified that he knew him to be English. They explain to their mutual satisfaction.

"It was late at night when we arrived at Talavera. We went to a large gloomy house, which my companion informed me was the principal posada of the town. We entered the kitchen, at the extremity of which a large fire was blazing. 'Pepita,' said my companion to a handsome girl, who advanced smiling towards us; 'a brasero and a private apartment: this cavalier is a friend of mine, and we shall sup together.' We were shown into an apartment in which were two alcoves containing beds. After supper, which consisted of the very best, by the order of my companion, we sat over the brasero and commenced talking.

"*Myself.*—Of course you have conversed with Englishmen before, else you could not have recognized me by the tone of my voice.

"*Abarbenel.*—I was a young lad when the war of independence broke out, and there came to the village in which our family lived an English officer in order to teach discipline to the new levies. He was quartered in my father's house, where he conceived a great affection for me. On his departure, with the consent of my father, I attended him

* "El Serrador, a Carlist partisan, about this period much talked of."

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through both the Castilles, partly as companion, partly as domestic. I was with him nearly a year, when he was suddenly summoned to return to his own country. He would fain have taken me with him, but to that my father would by no means consent. It is now five-and-twenty years since I last saw an Englishman; but you have seen how I recognized you even in the dark night.

"*Myself.*—And what kind of life do you pursue, and by what means do you obtain support?

"*Abarbenel.*—I experience no difficulty. I live much in the same way as I believe my forefathers lived; certainly as my father did, for his course has been mine. At his death I took possession of the herencia, for I was his only child. It was not requisite that I should follow any business, for my wealth was great; yet, to avoid remark, I have occasionally dealt in wool; but lazily, lazily—as I had no stimulus for exertion; I was, however, successful in many instances, strangely so; much more than many others who toiled day and night, and whose whole soul was in the trade.

"*Myself.*—Have you any children? Are you married?

"*Abarbenel.*—I have no children, though I am married. I have a wife and an amiga, or I should rather say two wives, for I am wedded to both. I however call one my amiga, for appearance sake, for I wish to live in quiet, and am unwilling to offend the prejudices of the surrounding people.

"*Myself.*—You say you are wealthy. In what does your wealth consist?

"*Abarbenel.*—In gold and silver, and stones of price; for I have inherited all the hoards of my forefathers. The greater part is buried underground; indeed, I have never examined the tenth part of it. I have coins of silver and gold older than the time of Ferdinand the Accursed and Jezebel; I have also large sums employed in usury. We keep ourselves close, however, and pretend to be poor, miserably so; but on certain occasions, at our festivals, when our gates are barred, and our savage dogs are let loose in the court, we eat our food off services such as the Queen of Spain cannot boast of, and wash our feet in ewers of silver, fashioned and wrought before the Americas were discovered, though our garments are at all times coarse, and our food for the most part of the plainest description.

"*Myself.*—Are there more of you than yourself and your two wives?

"*Abarbenel.*—There are my two servants, who are likewise of us; the one is a youth, and is about to leave, being betrothed to one at some distance; the other is old: he is now upon the road, following me with a mule and car.

"*Myself.*—And whither are you bound at present?

"*Abarbenel.*—To Toledo, where I ply my trade occasionally. I love to wander about, though I seldom stray far from home. Since I left the Englishman my feet have never once stepped beyond the bounds of New Castille. I love to visit Toledo, and to think of the times which have long since departed; I should establish myself there, were there not so many accursed ones, who look upon me with an evil eye.

"*Myself.*—Are you known for what you are? Do the authorities molest you?

"*Abarbenel.*—People of course suspect me to be what I am; but as I conform outwardly in most respects to their ways, they do not interfere with me. True it is that sometimes when I enter the church to hear the mass, they glare at me over the left shoulder, as much as to say—'What do you here?' And sometimes they cross themselves as I pass by; but as they go no further, I do not trouble myself on that account. With respect to the authorities, they are not bad friends of mine. Many of the higher class have borrowed money from me on usury, so that I have them to a certain extent in my power; and as for the low alguazils and corchetes, they would do any thing to oblige me in consideration of a few dollars which I occasionally give them; so that matters upon the whole go on remarkably well. Of old, indeed, it was far otherwise; yet, I know not how it was, though other families suffered much, ours always enjoyed a tolerable share of tranquillity. The truth is, that our family has always known how to guide itself wonderfully. I may say there is much of the wisdom of the snake amongst us. We have always possessed friends; and with respect to enemies, it is by no means safe to meddle with us; for it is a rule of our house never to forgive an injury, and to spare neither trouble nor expense in bringing ruin and destruction upon the heads of our evil doers.

"*Myself.*—Do the priests interfere with you?

"*Abarbenel.*—They let me alone, especially in our own neighborhood. Shortly after the death of my father, one hot-headed individual endeavored to do me an evil turn, but I soon requited him, causing him to be imprisoned on a charge of blasphemy, and in prison he remained a long time, till he went mad and died.

"*Myself.*—Have you a head in Spain in whom is vested the chief authority?

"*Abarbenel.*—Not exactly. There are, however, certain holy families who enjoy much consideration; my own is one of these—the chiefest, I may say. My grandsire was a particularly holy man; and I have heard my father say that one night an archbishop came to his house secretly, merely to have the satisfaction of kissing his head.

"*Myself.*—How can that be? what reverence could an archbishop entertain for one like yourself or your grandsire?

*Abarbenel.*—More than you imagine. He was one of us, at least his father was, and he could never forget what he had learned with reverence in his infancy. He said he had tried to forget it, but he could not; that the *ruah* was continually upon him, and that even from his childhood he had borne its terrors with a troubled mind, till at last he could bear himself no longer; so he went to my grandsire, with whom he remained one whole night; he then returned to his diocese, where he shortly afterwards died, in much renown for sanctity.

"*Myself.*—What you say surprises me. Have you reason to suppose that many of you are to be found amongst the priesthood?

"*Abarbenel.*—Not to suppose but to know it. There are many such as I amongst the priesthood, and not amongst the inferior priesthood either; some of the most learned and famed of them in Spain have been of us, or of our blood at least, and many of them at this day think as I do. There is one particular festival of the year at which four

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dignified ecclesiastics are sure to visit me; and then, when all is made close and secure, and the fitting ceremonies have been gone through, they sit down upon the floor and curse.

"*Myself.*—Are you numerous in the large towns?

"*Abarbenel.*—By no means; our places of abode are seldom the large towns; we prefer the villages, and rarely enter the large towns but on business. Indeed, we are not a numerous people, and there are few provinces of Spain which contain more than twenty families. None of us are poor, and those among us who serve do so more from choice than necessity, for by serving each other we acquire different trades. Not unfrequently the time of service is that of courtship also, and the servants eventually marry the daughters of the house."

"We continued in discourse the greater part of the night; the next morning I prepared to depart. My companion, however, advised me to remain where I was for that day. 'And if you respect my counsel,' said he, 'you will not proceed farther in this manner. To-night the diligence will arive from Estremadura, on its way to Madrid. Deposit yourself therein: it is the safest and most speedy mode of travelling. As for your Caballeria, I will myself purchase her.'"—pp. 226–235.

Mr. Borrow follows the sensible advice that concluded this very extraordinary conversation. On reaching Madrid (February, 1836) he takes lodging in the house of a fat old woman from Valladolid, whose son, a tailor, is one of the most profligate little fellows wearing the uniform of the national guard. We must give a bit of one of his dialogues with this high-reaching knight of the thimble; and a short but pithy description of one of the Madrid *lions* seen by our author under Baltasar's auspices.

"*Myself.*—Of course none but persons of liberal opinions are to be found amongst the nationals?

"*Baltasar.*—Would it were so? There are some amongst us, Don Jorge, who are no better than they should be: they are few, however, and for the most part well known. Theirs is no pleasant life, for when they mount guard with the rest they are scouted, and not unfrequently cudgelled. The law compels all of a certain age either to serve in the army or to become national soldiers, on which account some of these Godos are to be found amongst us.

"*Myself.*—Are there many in Madrid of the Carlist opinion?

"*Baltasar.*—Not among the young people; the greater part of the Madrilenian Carlists capable of bearing arms departed long ago to join the ranks of the factions in the Basque provinces. Those who remain are for the most part greybeards and priests, good for nothing but to assemble in private coffee-houses, and to prate treason together. Let them prate, Don Jorge; let them prate; the destinies of Spain do not depend on the wishes of ojalateros and pasteleros, but on the hands of stout gallant nationals like myself and friends, Don Jorge.

"*Myself.*—I am sorry to learn from your lady mother that you are strangely dissipated.

"*Baltasar.*—Ho, ho, Don Jorge! She has told you that, has she? What would you have, Don Jorge? I am young, and young blood will have its course. I am called Baltasar the Gay by all the other nationals, and it is on account of my gaiety and the liberality of my opinions that I am so popular among them. When I mount guard, I invariably carry my guitar with me, and then there is sure to be a funcion at the guard-house. We send for wine, Don Jorge, and the nationals become wild, Don Jorge, dancing and drinking through the night, whilst Baltasarito strums the guitar, and sings them songs of Germania:—

'Una romi sin pachi
Le peno á su chindomar,' &c., &c.

This is Gitáno, Don Jorge; I learnt it from the toreros of Andalusia, who all speak Gitáno, and are mostly of gipsy blood. I learnt it from them; they are all friends of mine, Montes Sevilla and Poquito Pan. I never miss a funcion of bulls, Don Jorge. Baltasar is sure to be there with his amiga. Don Jorge, there are no bull-funcions in the winter, or I would carry you to one, but happily to-morrow there is an execution, a funcion de la horca; and there we will go, Don Jorge.'

"We did go to see this execution, which I shall long remember. The criminals were two young men, brothers; they suffered for a most atrocious murder, having in the dead of night broken open the house of an aged man, whom they put to death, and whose property they stole. Criminals in Spain are not hanged as they are in England, or guillotined as in France, but strangled upon a wooden stage. They sit down on a kind of chair with a post behind, to which is affixed an iron collar with a screw; this iron collar is made to clasp the neck of the prisoner, and on a certain signal it is drawn tighter and tighter by means of the screw, until life becomes extinct. After we had waited amongst the assembled multitude a considerable time, the first of the culprits appeared: he was mounted on an ass, without saddle or stirrups, his legs being allowed to dangle nearly to the ground. He was dressed in yellow sulphur-colored robes with a high-peaked conical red hat on his head, which was shaven. Between his hands he held a parchment, on which was written something, I believe the confession of faith. Two priests led the animal by the bridle; two others walked on either side chanting litanies, amongst which I distinguished the words of heavenly peace and tranquillity, for the culprit had been reconciled to the church, had confessed and received absolution, and had been promised admission to heaven. He did not exhibit the least symptom of fear, but dismounted from the animal and was led, not supported, up the scaffold, where he was placed on the chair, and the fatal collar put around his neck. One of the priests then in a loud voice commenced saying the Belief, and the culprit repeated the words after him. On a sudden the executioner, who stood behind, commenced turning the screw, which was of prodigious force

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and the wretched man was almost instantly a corpse; but, as the screw went round, the priest began to shout '*Pax et misericordia et tranquilitas!*' and still, as he shouted, his voice became louder and louder, till the lofty walls of Madrid rang with it; then stooping down, he placed his mouth close to the culprit's ear, still shouting, just as if he would pursue the spirit through its course to eternity, cheering it on its way. The effect was tremendous. I myself was so excited that I involuntarily shouted "*misericordia!*" and so did many others. God was not thought of; Christ was not thought of; only the priest was thought of, for he seemed at that moment to be the first being in existence, and to have the power of opening and shutting the gates of heaven or of hell, just as he should think proper. A striking instance of the successful working of the Popish system, whose grand aim has ever been to keep people's minds as far as possible from from God, and to centre their hopes and fears in the priesthood. The execution of the second culprit was precisely similar; he ascended the scaffold a few minutes after his brother had breathed his last.'—p. 247

**Our readers will be pleased to have this much-travelled gentleman's general impressions of the Spanish capital.**

"I have visited most of the principal capitals of the world, but upon the whole none has ever so interested me as this city of Madrid, in which I now found myself. I will not dwell upon its streets, its edifices, its public squares, its fountains, though some of these are remarkable enough; but Petersburg has finer streets, Paris and Edinburgh more stately edifices, London far nobler squares, whilst Shiraz can boast of more costly fountains, though not cooler waters. But the population! Within a mud wall, scarcely one league and a half in circuit, are contained two hundred thousand human beings, certainly forming the most extraordinary vital mass to be found in the entire world; and be it always remembered that this mass is strictly Spanish. The population of Constantinople is extraordinary enough, but to form it twenty nations have contributed—Greeks, Armenians, Persians, Poles, Jews, the latter by the by, of Spanish origin, and speaking amongst themselves the old Spanish language; but the huge population of Madrid, with the exception of a sprinkling of foreigners, chiefly French tailors, glove-makers, and peruquiers, is strictly Spanish, though a considerable portion are not natives of this place. Here are no colonies of Germans, as at Saint Petersburg; no English factories, as at Lisbon; no multitudes of insolent Yankees lounging through the streets, as at the Havannah, with an air which seems to say the land is our own whenever we choose to take it; but a population which, however strange and wild, and composed of various elements, is Spanish, and will remain so as long as the city itself shall exist. Hail, ye aguadores of Austria! who, in your dress of coarse duffel and leathren skull-caps, are seen seated in hundreds by the fountain-sides, upon your empty water-casks, or staggering with them filled to the topmost stories of lofty houses. Hail, ye caleseros of Valencia! who, lolling lazily against your vehicles, rasp tobacco for your paper cigars whilst waiting for a fare. Hail to you, beggars of La Mancha! men and women, who, wrapped in coarse blankets, demand charity indifferently at the gate of the palace or the prison. Hail to you valets from the mountains, mayordomos and secretaries from Biscay and Guipuscoa, toreros from Andalusia, riposteros from Galicia, shopkeepers from Catalonia! Hail to ye, Castilians, Estremenians, and Aragonese, of whatever calling! And lastly, genuine sons of the capital, rabble of Madrid, ye twenty thousand manolos, whose terrible knives, on the second morning of May, worked such grim havoc amongst the legions of Murat!

"And the higher orders—the ladies and gentlemen, the cavaliers and senoras; shall I pass them by in silence? The truth is, I have little to say abont them: I mingled but little in their society, and what I saw of them by no means tended to exalt them in my imagination. I am not one of those who, wherever they go, make it a constant practice to disparage the higher orders, and to exalt the populace at their expense. There are many capitals in which the high aristocracy, the lords and ladies, the sons and daughters of nobility, constitute the most remarkable and the most interesting part of the population. This is the case at Vienna, and more especially at London. Who can rival the English aristocrat in lofty statue, in dignified bearing, in strength of hand, and valor of heart? Who rides a noble horse? Who has a firmer seat? And who more lovely than his wife, or sister, or daughter? But with respect to the Spanish aristocracy, I believe the less that is said of them on the points to which I have just alluded the better. I confess, however, that I know little about them. Le Sage has described them as they were nearly two centuries ago. His description is any thing but captivating, and I do not think they have improved since the period of the immortal Frenchman. I would sooner talk of the lower class, not only of Madrid, but of all Spain. The Spaniard of the lower class has much more interest for me, whether manolo, laborer, or muleteer. He is not a common being; he is an extraordinary man. He has not, it is true, the amiability and generosity of the Russian mujik, who will give his only rouble rather than a stanger should want; nor his placid courage, which renders him insensible to fear, and, at the command of his Tsar, sends him singing to certain death. There is more hardness and less self-devotion in the disposition of the Spaniard: he possesses however a spirit of proud independence, which it is impossible but to admire. He is ignorant, of course; but it is singular that I have invariably found amongst the lower and slightly educated classes far more liberality of sentiment than amongst the upper. It has long been the fashion to talk of the bigotry of the Spaniards, and their mean jealousy of foreigners. This is true to a certain extent; but it chiefly holds good with respect to the upper classes. If foreign valor or talent has never received its proper meed in Spain, the great body of the Spaniards are certainly not in fault. I have heard Wellington calumniated in

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this proud scene of his triumphs, but never by the old soldiers of Aragon and the Austrias, who assisted to vanquish the French at Salamanca and the Pyrenees. I have heard the manner of riding of an English jockey criticised, but it was by the idotic heir of Medina Celi, and not by a picador of the Madrilenian bull-ring."—pp. 246—256.

**At Madrid Mr. Borrow applied for assistance in his printing business to our minister, Mr. Villiers (now Lord Clarendon), and from him and his secretary, Mr. Southerne, he received all the support and countenance he could have hoped or expected. The character and manners of the missionary made, we have no doubt, a very favorable impression on those accomplished functionaries, and through their recommendation he at last received a hint that, though a formal license was out of the question, his operations should be winked at. He printed his Bible accordingly, and he also wrote and printed a translation of St. Luke's Gospel into the Gipsy dialect of Spain—a copy of which we have now before us—we believe the first book that ever was printed in any Gipsy dialect whatever.* But Mr. Borrow had arrived in Madrid at a very interesting period, and we cannot but extract at some length from the chapter in which he paints from the life the revolution of La Granja and the fate of Quesada.**

"The Granja, or Grange, is a royal country-seat, situated amongst pine-forests, on the other side of the Guadarama hills, about twelve leagues distant from Madrid. To this place the queen-regent Christina had retired, in order to be aloof from the discontent of the capital, and to enjoy rural air and amusements in this celebrated retreat, a monument of the taste and magnificence of the first Bourbon who ascended the throne of Spain. She was not, however, permitted to remain long in tranquillity; her own guards were disaffected, and more inclined to the principles of the constitution of 1823, than to those of absolute monarchy, which the Moderados were attempting to revive again in the government of Spain. Early one morning, a party of these soldiers, headed by a certain Sergeant Garcia, entered her apartment, and proposed that she should subscribe her hand to this constitution, and swear solemnly to abide by it. Christina, however, who was a woman of considerable spirit, refused to comply with this proposal, and ordered them to withdraw. A scene of violence and tumult ensued, but, the regent still continuing firm, the soldiers at length led her down to one of the courts of the palace, where stood her well-known paramour Munos, bound and blindfolded. 'Swear to the constitution, you she-rogue!' vociferated the swarthy sergeant. 'Never!' said the spirited daughter of the Neapolitan Bourbons. 'Then your cortejo shall die!' replied the sergeant. 'Ho! ho! my lads, get ready your arms, and send four bullets through the fellow's brain.' Munos was forthwith led to the wall, and compelled to kneel down; the soldiers levelled their muskets, and another moment would have consigned the unfortunate wight to eternity, when Christina, forgetting every thing but the feelings of her woman's heart, suddenly started forward with a shriek, exclaiming, 'Hold, hold! I sign, I sign!'

"The day after this event, I entered the Puerta del Sol at about noon. There is always a crowd there about this hour, but it is generally a very quiet, motionless crowd, consisting of listless idlers, calmly smoking their cigars, or listening to or retailing the—in general—very dull news of the capital; but on the day of which I am speaking, the mass was no longer inert. There was much gesticulation and vociferation, and several people were running about, shouting, '*Vive la constitucion!*'—a cry which, a few days previously, would have been visited on the utterer with death; the city having for some weeks past been subjected to the rigor of martial law. I occasionally heard the words, '*La Granja! La Granja!*' which words were sure to be succeeded by the shout of '*Vive la constitucion!*' Opposite the Casa de Postas were drawn up in a line about a dozen mounted dragoons, some of whom were continually waving their caps in the air and joining in the common cry, in which they were encouraged by their commander, a handsome young officer, who flourished his sword, and more than once cried out, with great glee, 'Long live the constitutional queen! Long live the constitution!'

"The crowd was rapidly increasing, and several nationals made their appearance in their uniforms, but without their arms, of which they had been deprived, as I have already stated. 'What has become of the Moderado government?' said I to Baltasar, whom I suddenly observed amongst the crowd, dressed, as when I had first seen him, in his old regimental great-coat and foraging-cap; 'have the ministers been deposed, and others put in their place?'

"'Not yet, Don Jorge,' said the little soldier-tailor; 'not yet; the scoundrels still hold out, relying on the brute bull Quesada and a few infantry, who still continue true to them; but there is no fear, Don Jorge; the queen is ours, thanks to the courage of my friend Garcia; and if the brute bull should make his appearance—ho! ho! Don Jorge, you shall see something!—I am prepared for him, ho! ho!' And thereupon he half opened his great-coat, and showed me a small gun, which he bore beneath it in a sling, and then, moving away with a wink and a nod, disappeared amongst the crowd.

"Presently I perceived a small body of soldiers advancing up the Calle Mayor, or principal street, which runs from the Puerta del Sol, in the direction of the palace: they might be about twenty in number, and an officer marched at their head with a drawn sword; the men appeared to have been collected in a hurry, many of them being in fatigue-dress, with foraging-caps on their heads. On they came, slowly marching; neither their officer nor themselves paying the slightest atten-

* Embéo e Majaró Lucas; Brotoboro Randado andré la Chipe Griega, acana Chibado andre o Romano, ò Chipe es Zincales de Sesé. 1837. 12mo.

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tion to the cries of 'Long live the constitution!' save and except by a surly side-glance; on they marched, with contracted brows and set teeth, till they came in front of the cavalry, where they halted, and drew up in a rank.

"'Those men mean mischief,' said I to my friend D——, of the Morning Chronicle; 'but what can those cavalry fellows behind them mean, who are evidently of the other opinion by their shouting: why don't they charge at once this handful of foot people, and overturn them? Once down, the crowd would wrest from them their muskets in a moment. You are a Liberal: why do you not go to that silly young man who commands the horse, and give him a word of counsel in time?'

"D—— turned upon me his broad, red, good-humored English countenance, with a peculiarly arch look, as much as to say . . . . . (whatever you think most applicable, gentle reader): then taking me by the arm, 'Let us get,' said he, 'out of this crowd, and mount to some window, where I can write down what is about to take place, for I agree with you that mischief is meant.' Just opposite the post-office was a large house, in the topmost story of which we beheld a paper displayed, importing that apartments were to let; whereupon we instantly ascended the common stair, and having agreed with the mistress of the étage for the use of the front room for the day, we bolted the door, and the reporter, producing his pocket-book and pencil, prepared to take notes of the coming events, which were already casting their shadow before.

"What most extraordinary men are these reporters of the English newspapers! Surely, if there be any class of individuals who are entitled to the appellation of cosmopolites, it is these, who pursue their avocation in all countries indifferently, and accommodate themselves at will to the manners of all classes of society: their fluency of style as writers is only surpassed by their facility of language in conversation, and their attainments in classical and polite literature only by their profound knowledge of the world, acquired by an early introduction into its bustling scenes. The activity, energy, and courage which they occasionally display in the pursuit of information are truly remarkable. I saw them during the three days at Paris, mingled with canaille and gamins behind the barriers, whilst the mitraille was flying in all directions, and the desperate cuirassiers were dashing their fierce horses against those seemingly feeble bulwarks. There stood they, dotting down their observations in their pocket-books, as unconcernedly as if reporting the proceedings of a reform meeting in Finsbury-square; whilst in Spain, several of them accompanied the Carlist and Christino guerillas in some of their most desperate raids, exposing themselves to the danger of hostile bullets, the inclemency of winter, and the fierce heat of the summer sun.

"We had scarcely been five minutes at the window, when we heard the clattering of horses' feet hastening down the Calle de Carretas. As the sounds became louder and louder, the cries of the crowd below diminished, and a species of panic seemed to have fallen upon all; once or twice, however, I could distinguish the words, Quesada! Quesada! The foot soldiers stood calm and motionless; but the cavalry, with the young officer who commanded them, displayed both confusion and fear, exchanging with each other some hurried words. All of a sudden that part of the crowd which stood near the mouth of the Calle de Carretas fell back in great disorder, leaving a considerable space unoccupied, and the next moment Quesada, in complete general's uniform, and mounted on a bright bay thorough-bred English horse with a drawn sword in his hand, dashed at full gallop into the area, in much the same manner as I have seen a Manchegan bull rush into the amphitheatre when the gates of his pen are suddenly flung open.

"He was closely followed by two mounted officers, and at a short distance by as many dragoons. In almost less time than is sufficient to relate it, several individuals in the crowd were knocked down, and lay sprawling beneath the horses of Quesada and his two friends, for, as to the dragoons, they halted as soon as they had entered the Puerta del Sol. It was a fine sight to see three men, by dint of valor and good horsemanship, strike terror into at least as many thousands. I saw Quesada spur his horse repeatedly into the dense masses of the crowd, and then extricate himself in the most masterly manner. The rabble were completely awed and gave way, retiring by the Calle del Comercio and the street of Alcala. All at once Quesada singled out two nationals who were attempting to escape, and, setting spurs to his horse, turned them in a moment, and drove them in another direction, striking them in a contemptuous manner with the flat of his sabre. He was crying out "Long live the absolute Queen!" when, just beneath me, amidst a portion of the crowd which had still maintained its ground, perhaps from not having the means of escaping, I saw a small gun glitter for a moment, then there was a sharp report, and a bullet had nearly sent Quesada to his long account, passing so near to the countenance of the general as to graze his hat. I had an indistinct view for a moment of a well-known foraging cap* just about the spot from whence the gun had been discharged, then there was a rush of the crowd, and the shooter, whoever he was, escaped discovery amidst the confusion which arose.

"As for Quesada, he seemed to treat the danger from which he had escaped with the utmost contempt. He glared about him fiercely for a moment, then leaving the two nationals, who sneaked away like whipped hounds, he went up to the young officer who commanded the cavalry, and who had been active in raising the cry of the Constitution, and to him he addressed a few words with an air of stern menace; the youth evidently quailed before him, and, probably in obedience to his orders, resigned the command of the party, and rode slowly away with a discomfited air; whereupon Quesada dismounted and walked slowly backwards and forwards before the Casa de Postas with a mien which seemed to bid defiance to mankind.

"This was the glorious day of Quesada's ex-

* Mr. Borrow means the little tailor's cap.

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istence, his glorious and last day. I call it the day of his glory, for he certainly never before appeared under such brilliant circumstances, and he never lived to see another sun set. No action of any conqueror or hero on record is to be compared with this closing scene of the life of Quesada; for who, by his single desperate courage and impetuosity, ever before stopped a revolution in full course? Quesada did: he stopped the revolution at Madrid for one entire day, and brought back the uproarious and hostile mob of a huge city to perfect order and quiet. His burst into the Puerta del Sol was the most tremendous and successful piece of daring ever witnessed. I admired so much the spirit of the "brute bull," that I frequently, during his wild onset, shouted "Viva Quesada!" for I wished him well. Not that I am of *any* political party or system. No, no! I have lived too long with Rommany Chals and Petulengres* to be of any politics save gipsy politics; and it is well known that, during elections, the children of Roma side with both parties so long as the event is doubtful, promising success to each; and then, when the fight is done, and the battle won, invariably range themselves in the ranks of the victorious. But I repeat that I wished well to Quesada, witnessing, as I did, his stout heart and good horsemanship. Tranquillity was restored to Madrid throughout the remainder of the day; the handful of infantry bivouacked in the Puerta del Sol. No more cries of 'Long live the Constitution' were heard; and the revolution in the capital seemed to have been effectually put down. It is probable, indeed, that, had the chiefs of the moderado party but continued true to themselves for forty-eight hours longer, their cause would have triumphed, and the revolutionary soldiers at the Granja would have been glad to restore the Queen Regent to liberty, and to have come to terms, as it was well known that several regiments who still continued loyal were marching upon Madrid. The moderados, however, were *not* true to themselves: that very night their hearts failed them, and they fled in various directions—Isturitz and Galiano to France, and the Duke of Rivas to Gibraltar: the panic of his colleagues even infected Quesada, who, disguised as a civilian, took to flight. He was not, however, so successful as the rest, but was recognized at a village about three leagues from Madrid, and cast into the prison by some friends of the constitution. Intelligence of his capture was instantly transmitted to the capital, and a vast mob of the nationals, some on foot, some on horseback, and others in cabriolets, instantly set out. "The nationals are coming," said a paisano to Quesada. "Then," said he, "I am lost;" and forthwith prepared himself for death."

**The catastrophe is indicated with the skill of a real ballad-poet:—**

"There is a celebrated coffee-house in the Calle d'Alcala capable of holding several hundred individuals. On the evening of the day in question, I was sitting there, sipping a cup of the brown beverage, when I heard a prodigious noise and clamor in the street: it proceeded from the nationals, who were returning from their expedition. In a few minutes I saw a body of them enter the coffee house, marching arm in arm, two by two, stamping on the ground with their feet in a kind of measure, and repeating in loud chorus as they walked round the spacious apartment, the following grisly stanza:

'Que es lo que abaja por aquel cerro? Ta ra ra.
Son los huesos de Quesada, que los trae un perro—
Ta ra ra'

[What comes a-clattering down the street?
'Tis the bones of Quesada.—Dog's meat! dog's meat!]—

"A huge bowl of coffee was then called for, which was placed upon a table, around which gathered the national soldiers. There was silence for a moment, which was interrupted by a voice roaring out '*El panuelo!*' A blue kerchief was forthwith produced: it was untied, and a gory hand and three or four dissevered fingers made their appearance: and with these the contents of the bowl were stirred up. 'Cups! cups!' cried the nationals. 'Ho, ho, Don Jorge!' cried Baltasarito, 'pray do me the favor to drink upon this glorious occasion.'"—p. 301.

**So much for Madrid and its Patriots in February, 1836. We perceive that we have filled our alloted space, and must therefore conclude abruptly with a page from Mr. Borrow's account of his first visit to Seville. It appears that the world contains one character more who has wandered as oddly as himself.**

"I had returned from a walk in the country, on a glorious sunshiny morning of the Andalusian winter, and was directing my steps towards my lodging; as I was passing by the portal of a large gloomy house near the gate of Xeres, two individuals dressed in zamarras emerged from the archway, and were about to cross my path, when one, looking in my face, suddenly started back, exclaiming, in the purest and most melodious French—'What do I see? If my eyes do not deceive me—it is himself. Yes, the very same as I saw him first at Bayonne; then long subsequently beneath the brick wall at Novogorod; then beside the Bosphorus; and last at—at—oh, my respectable and cherished friend, where was it that I had last the felicity of seeing your well-remembered and most remarkable physiognomy?'

"*Myself.*—It was in the south of Ireland, if I mistake not. Was it not there that I introduced you to the sorcerer who tamed the savage horses by a single whisper into their ear? But tell me what brings you to Spain and Andalusia, the last place where I should have expected to find you?

* This Gipsy word, it seems, is half-Sanscrit, and signifies 'Lords of the Horseshoe.' Mr. Borrow adds, "It is one of the private cognominations of 'The Smiths,' an English Gipsy clan." Their school of politics is an extensive one.

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"*Baron Taylor.*—And wherefore, my most respectable B * * * * ? Is not Spain the land of the arts, and is not Andalusia of all Spain that portion which has produced the noblest monuments of artistic excellence and inspiration? Come with me, and I will show you a Murillo, such as . . . . But first allow me to introduce you to your compatriot. My dear Monsieur W., turning to his companion (an English gentleman, from whom I subsequently experienced unbounded kindness at Seville), allow me to introduce you to my most cherished and respectable friend, one who is better acquainted with gipsy ways than the Chef des Bohemiens à Triana, one who is an expert whisperer and horse-sorcerer, and who, to his honor I say it, can wield hammer and tongs, and handle a horse-shoe, with the best of the smiths amongst the Alpujarras.

"In the course of my travels I have formed various friendships, but no one has more interested me than Baron Taylor. To accomplishments of the highest order he unites a kindness of heart rarely to be met with. His manners are naturally to the highest degree courtly, yet he nevertheless possesses a disposition so pliable that he finds no difficulty in accommodating himself to all kinds of company. There is a mystery about him, which, wherever he goes, serves not a little to increase the sensation naturally created by his appearance and manner. Who he is no one pretends to assert with downright positiveness: it is whispered, however, that he is a scion of royalty; and who can gaze for a moment upon that most graceful figure. that most intelligent but singularly-moulded countenance, and those large and expressive eyes, without feeling as equally convinced that he is of no common lineage as that he is no common man? He has been employed by the illustrious house to which he is said to be related, in more than one delicate and important mission, both in the East and the West. He was now collecting master-pieces of the Spanish school of painting, which were destined to adorn the saloons of the Tuileries. Whenever he descries me, whether in the street or the desert, the brilliant hall or amongst the Bedouin haimas, at Novorogod or Stamboul, he flings up his arms and exclaims, 'O ciel! I have again the felicity of seeing my cherished and most respectable B * * * * *.'"—p. 318.

We hope that we ourselves shall soon see again in print 'our cherished and most respectable Borrow;' and meantime congratulate him sincerely on a work which must vastly increase and extend his reputation—which bespeaks everywhere a noble and generous heart—a large and vigorous nature, capable of sympathizing with everything but what is bad—religious feelings deep and intense, but neither gloomy nor narrow—a true eye for the picturesque, and a fund of racy humor.

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# THE EAST AND SOUTH OF EUROPE.

From Blackwood's Magazine for January 1843.

*A Steam-voyage to Constantinople, by the Rhine and Danube, in* 1840-41, *and to Portugal, Spain, &c.* By the Marquis of Londonderry. In 2 vols. 8vo.

We have a very considerable respect for the writer of the Tour of which we are about to give extracts in the following pages. The Marquis of Londonderry is certainly no common person. We are perfectly aware that he has been uncommonly abused by the Whigs—which we regard as almost a necessary tribute to his name: that he has received an ultra share of libel from the Radicals—which we regard as equally to his honor; and that he is looked on by all the neutrals, of whatever color, as a personage too straightforward to be managed by a bow and a smile. Yet, for all these things, we like him the better, and wish, as says the old song—

> "We had within the realm,
> Five hundred good as he."

He is a straightforward, manly, and high-spirited noble, making up his mind without fee or reward, and speaking it with as little fear as he made it up; managing a large and turbulent population with that authority which derives its force from good intention; constant in his attendance on his parliamentary duty; plain-spoken there, as he is everywhere; and possessing the influence which sincerity gives in every part of the world, however abundant in polish and place-hunting.

His early career, too, has been manly. He was a soldier and a gallant one. His mission to the allied armies, in the greatest campaign ever made in Europe, showed that he had the talents of council as well as of the field; and his appointment as ambassador to Vienna, gave a character of spirit, and even of splendor, to British diplomacy which it had seldom exhibited before, and which it is to be hoped it may recover with as little delay as possible.

We even like his employment of his superfluous time. Instead of giving way to the fooleries of fashionable life, the absurdities of galloping after hares and foxes, for months together, at Melton, or the patronage of those scenes of perpetual knavery which belong to the race-course, the Marquis has spent his vacations in making tours to the most remarkable parts of Europe. It is true that Englishmen are great travellers, and that our nobility are in the habit of

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wandering over the Continent. But the world knows no more of their discoveries, if they make such, or of their views of society and opinions of Governments, if they ever take the trouble to form any upon the subject, than of their notion of the fixed stars. That there are many accomplished among them, many learned, and many even desirous to acquaint themselves with what Burke called "the mighty modifications of the human race," beginning with a land within fifteen miles of our shores, and spreading to the extremities of the earth, we have no doubt. But in the countless majority of instances, the nation reaps no more benefit from their travels than if they had been limited from Bond street to Berkeley square. This cannot be said of the Marquis of Londonderry. He travels with his eyes open, looking for objects of interest and recording them. We are not now about to give him any idle panegyric on the occasion. We regret that his tours are so rapid, and his journals so brief. He passes by many objects we should wish to see illustrated, and turns off from many topics on which we should desire to hear the opinions of a witness on the spot. But we thank him for what he has given; hope that he will spend his next autumn and many others as he has spent the former; and wish him only to write more at large, to give us more characters of the rank with which he naturally associates, draw more contrasts between the growing civilization of the European kingdoms and our own; and adhering to his own straightforward conceptions, and telling them in his own sincere style, give us an annual volume as long as he lives.

Steamboats and railways have produced one curious effect, which no one anticipated. Of all the *levellers* they are the greatest. Their superiority over all other modes of travelling, crowds them with the peer as well as the peasant. Cabinets, and even queens, now abandon their easy, but lazy, equipages for the bird-like flight of iron and fire, and though the "special train" still sounds exclusive, the principle of commixture is already there, and all ranks will sweep on together.

The Marquis, wisely adopting the burgeois mode of travelling, set forth from the Tower Stairs, on a lovely morning at the close of August 1840. Fifty years ago, the idea of a general, an ambassador, and a peer, with his marchioness and suite, embarking on board the common conveyance of the common race of mankind, would have been regarded as an absolute impossibility; but the common sense of the world has now decided otherwise. Speed and safety are now judged to be valuable compensations for state and seclusion; and when we see majesty itself, after making the experiments of yachts and frigates, quietly and comfortably return to its palace on board a steamer, we may be the less surprised at finding the Marquis of Londonderry and his family making their way across the Channel in the steamer Giraffe. Yet it is to be remarked, that though nothing can be more miscellaneous than the passengers, consisting of Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Yankees; of Jews, Turks, and heretics; of tourists, physicians, smugglers, and all the other diversities of idling, business, and knavery; yet families who choose to pay for them, may have separate cabins, and enjoy as much privacy as possible with specimens of all the world within half an inch of their abode.

The voyage was without incident; and after a thirty hours' passage, the Giraffe brought them to the Brill and Rotterdam. It has been an old observation that the Dutch clean every thing but themselves; and nothing can be more matter of fact, than that the dirtiest thing in a house in Holland is generally the woman under whose direction all this scrubbing has been accomplished. The first aspect of Rotterdam is strongly in favor of the people. It exhibits very considerable neatness for a seaport—the Wapping of the kingdom; paint and even gilding is common on the outsides of the shops. The shipping, which here form a part of the town furniture, and are to be seen everywhere in the midst of the streets, are painted with every color of the rainbow, and carved and ornamented according to such ideas of taste in sculpture as are prevalent among Dutchmen; and the whole exhibits a good specimen of people who have as much to struggle with mud as if they had been born so many eels, and whose conceptions of the real color of the sky are even a shade darker than our own.

The steamboats also form a striking feature, which utterly eluded the wisdom of our ancestors. The are here, bearing all colors, from all the Rhenish towns, smoking and suffocating the Dutch, flying past their hard-working, slow-moving craft; and bringing down, and carrying away, cargoes of every species of mankind. The increase of Holland in wealth and activity since the separation from Belgium, the Marquis regards as remarkable; and evidently having no *penchant* for our cousin Leopold, he declares that Rotterdam is at this moment worth more solid money than Antwerp,

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Brussels, and, he believes, "all Leopold's kingdom together."

At Antwerp, he happened to arrive at the celebration of the fete in honor of Rubens. "To commemorate the painter may be all very well," he observes; "but it is not very well to see a large plaster-of-Paris statue erected on a lofty pedestal, and crowned with laurels, while the whole population of the town is called out for fourteen days together, to indulge in idleness and dissipation, merely to announce that Rubens was a famed *Dutch* painter in times long past." We think it lucky for the Marquis that he had left Antwerp before he called Rubens a Dutch painter. We are afraid that he would have hazarded a summary application of the Lynch law of the Flemish avengers of their country.

"If such celebrations," says the Marquis, "are proper, why not do equal honor to a Shakspeare, a Pitt, a Newton, or any of those illustrious men by whose superior intelligence society has so greatly profited?" The obvious truth is, that such "celebrations" are not to our taste; that there is something burlesque, to our ideas, in this useless honor; and that we think a bonfire, a discharge of squibs, or even a discharge of rhetoric, and a display of tinsel banners and buffoonery, does not supply the most natural way of reviving the memory of departed genius. At the same time, they have their use, where they do not create their ridicule. On the Continent, life is idle; and the idlers are more harmlessly employed going to these pageants, than in the gin-shop. The finery and the foolery together also attract strangers, the idlers of other towns; it makes money, it makes conversation, it makes amusement, and it kills time. Can it have better recommendation to ninety-nine hundredths of mankind?

In 1840, when this tour was written, all the politicians of the earth were deciding, in their various coffee-houses, what all the monarchs were to do with the Eastern question. Stopford and Napier were better employed, in battering down the fortifications of Acre, and the politicians were soon relieved from their care of the general concerns of Europe. England settled this matter as she had often done before, and by the means which she has always found more natural than protocols. But a curious question is raised by the Marquis, as to the side on which Belgium would be inclined to stand in case of an European struggle; his opinion being altogether *for* the English alliance.

"France could undoubtedly *at first* seize possession of a country so close to her empire as to be in fact a province. But still, with Antwerp, and other fortresses, Holland in the rear, and Hanover and Germany at hand, and above all, England, aiding perhaps with a British army, the independence of King Leopold's throne and kingdom might be more permanently secured by adhering to the Allies, than if he linked himself to Louis Philippe, in whose power alone, in case of non-resistance to France, he would ever afterwards remain; and far better would it be, in my opinion, for this founder of a Belgian monarchy, if he would achieve for the dynasty an honorable duration, to throw himself into the arms of the many, and reap advantages from all, than to place his destiny at the mercy of the future rulers of France."

No doubt this is sound advice; and if the decision were to depend on himself, there can be as little doubt that he would be wiser in accepting the honest aid of England, than throwing his crown at the feet of France. But he reigns over a priest-ridden kingdom, and Popery will settle the point for him on the first shock. His situation certainly is a singular one; as the uncle of the Queen of England, and the son-in-law of the King of France, he seems to have two anchors dropped out, either of which might secure a throne in ordinary times. But times that are *not* ordinary may soon arise, and then he must cut both cables and trust to his own steerage. If coldness is prudence, and neutrality strength, he may weather the storm; but it would require other qualities to preserve Belgium.

Brussels was full of English. The Marqnis naturally talks in the style of one accustomed to large expenditure. The chief part of the English residents in Brussels, are families "who live there on three or four thousand a year—far better as to luxuries and education than they could in England for half as much more." He evidently thinks of three or four thousand a year, as others might think of as many hundreds. But if any families, possessed of thousands a year, are living abroad for the mere sake of *cheaper* luxuries and *cheaper* education, we say, more shame for them. We even can conceive nothing more selfish and more contemptible. Every rational luxury is to be procured in England by such an income. Every advantage of education is to be procured by the same means. We can perfectly comprehend the advantages offered by the cheapness of the Continent to large families with narrow incomes; but that the opulent should abandon their country, their natural station, and their duties, simply to drink champagne at a lower rate, and have cheaper dancing-masters, we must always

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regard as a scandalous dereliction of the services which every man of wealth and rank owes to his country, his neighbors, and his nation. Of course, we except the traveller for curiosity; the man of science, whose object is to enlarge his knowledge; and even the man of rank, who desires to improve the minds of his children by a view of continental wonders. Our reprobation is, of the habit of living abroad, and living there for the vulgar and unmanly purpose of self-indulgence or paltry avarice. Those absentees have their reward in profligate sons, and foreignized daughters, in giving them manners ridiculous to the people of the Continent, and disgusting to their countrymen—morals adopting the grossness of continental life, and general habits rendered utterly unfit for a return to their country, and, of course, for any rational and meritorious conduct, until they sink into the grave.

The Marquis, who in every instance submitted to the rough work of the road, took the common conveyance by railroad to Liege. It has been a good deal the custom of our late tourists to applaud the superior excellence of the continental railroads. Our noble traveller gives all this praise the strongest contradiction. He found their inferiority quite remarkable. The materials, all of an inadequate nature, commencing with their uncouth engine, and ending with their ill-contrived double seats and carriages for passengers. The attempts made at order and regularity in the arrangements altogether failed. Every body seemed in confusion. The carriages are of two sorts—the first class, and the *char-a-banc*. The latter are all open; the people sit back to back, and face to face, as they like, and get to their places by scrambling, squeezing, and altercation. Even the Marquis had a hard fight to preserve the seats he had taken for his family. At Malines, the train changes carriages. Here a curious scene occurred. An inundation of priests poured into all the carriages. They came so thick that they were literally thrown back by their attempt to squeeze themselves in; "and their cocked hats and black flowing robes gave them the appearance of ravens with their wide spreading wings, hovering over their prey in the vehicles."

Travelling, like poverty, brings one acquainted with strange companions; and accustomed as the Marquis was to foreign life, one railway traveller evidently much amused him. This was a personage who stretched himself at full length on a seat opposite the ladies, "his two huge legs and thighs clothed in light blue, with long Spanish boots, and heavy silver spurs, formed the foreground of his extended body. A black satin waistcoat, overlaid with gold chains, a black velvet Spanish cloak and hat, red beard and whiskers, and a face resembling the Saracen's on Snow-Hill, completed his *ensemble*." He was probably some travelling mountebank aping the Spanish grandee.

Aix-la-Chapelle exhibited a decided improvement on the City of the Congress five and twenty years ago. The principal streets were now paved, with fine *trottoirs*, the buildings had become large and handsome, and the hotels had undergone the same advantageous change. From Liege to Cologne the country exhibited one boundless harvest. The vast cathedral of Cologne at last came in sight, still unfinished, though the process of building has gone on for some hundred years. The extraordinary attempt which has been made, within the last few months, to unite Protestantism with Popery, in the completion of this gigantic building, will give a new and unfortunate character in history. The union is impossible, though the confusion is easy, and the very attempt to reconcile them only shows to what absurdities men may be betrayed by political theories, and to what trivial and temporary objects the highest interests of our nature may be sacrificed. Cologne, too, is rapidly improving. The free navigation of the Rhine has done something of this, but the free passage of the English has done a great deal more. A perpetual stream of British travellers, flowing through Germany, benefits it, not merely by their expenditure, but by their habits. Where they reside for any length of time, they naturally introduce the improvements and conveniences of English life. Even where they but pass along, they demand comforts, without which the native would have plodded on forever. The hotels are gradually provided with carpets, fireplaces, and a multitude of other matters essential to the civilized life of England; for if civilization depends on bringing the highest amount of rational enjoyment within the reach of general society, England is wholly superior in civilization to the shivering splendors of the Continent. Foreigners are beginning to learn this; and those who are most disposed to scoff at our taste, are the readiest to follow our example.

The streets of Cologne, formerly dirty and narrow, and the houses, old and tumbling down, have given way to wide spaces, handsome edifices, and attractive shops. The railway, which we have lent to the Continent, will shortly unite Brussels, Liege,

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and Cologne, and the three cities will thereby be rapidly augmented in wealth, numbers, and civilization.

The steam-boats on the Rhine are in general of a good description. The arrangements are convenient, considering that at times there are two hundred passengers, and that among foreigners the filthy habit of smoking, with all its filthy consequences, is universal; but, below decks, the party, especially if they take the *pavilion* to themselves, may escape this abomination. The Rhine has been too often described to require a record here; but the rapturous nonsense which the Germans pour forth whenever they write about the national river, offends truth as much as it does taste. The larger extent of this famous stream is absolutely as dull as a Dutch pond. The whole run from the sea to Cologne is flat and fenny. As it approaches the hill country it becomes picturesque, and its meanderings among the fine declivities of the Rheingate exhibit beautiful scenery. The hills, occasionally topped with ruins, all of which have some original (or invented) legend of love or murder attached to them, indulge the romance of which there is a fragment or a fibre in every bosom; and the general aspect of the country, as the steam-boat breasts the upward stream, is various and luxuriant. But the German architecture is fatal to beauty. Nothing can be more *barbarian* (with two exceptions) than the whole range of buildings, public and private, along the Rhine; gloomy, huge, and heavy—whether palace, convent, chateau, they have all a prison-look; and if some English philanthropist, in pity to the Teutonic taste, would erect one or two "English villas" on the banks of the Rhine, to give the Germans some idea of what architecture ought to be, he would render them a national service, scarcely inferior to the introduction of carpets and coal-fires.

Johannisberg naturally attracts the eye of the English traveller, whose cellar has contributed so largely to its cultivation. This mountain-vineyard had been given by Napoleon to Kellerman; but Napoleon's gifts were as precarious as himself, and the Johannisberg fell into hands that better deserved it. At the peace of 1814 it was presented by the Emperor Francis to the great statesman who had taught his sovereign to set his foot on the neck of the conqueror of Vienna. The mountain is terraced, clothed with vineyards, and forms a very gay object to those who look up to it from the river. The view from the summit of the hill is commanding and beautiful, but its grape is *unique*. The chief portion of the produce goes among the principalities and powers of the Continent; yet as the Englishman must have his share of all the good things of the earth, the Johannisberg wine finds its way across the Channel, and John Bull satisfies himself that he shares the luxury of Emperors.

The next *lion* is Ehrenbreitstein, lying on the right bank of the Rhine, the most famous fortress of Germany, and more frequently battered, bruised, and demolished, than any other work of nature or man on the face of the globe. It has been always the first object of attack in the French invasions, and, with all its fortifications, has always been taken. The Prussians are now laying out immense sums upon it, and evidently intend to make it an indigestible morsel to the all-swallowing ambition of their neighbors; but it is to be hoped that nations are growing wiser—a consummation to which they are daily arriving by growing poorer. Happily for Europe, there is not a nation on the Continent, which would not be bankrupt in a single campaign, provided England closed her purse. In the last war she was the general paymaster; but that system is at an end; and if she is wise, she will never suffer another shilling of hers to drop into the pocket of the foreigner.

The Prussians have formed an entrenched camp under cover of this great fortress, capable of containing 120,000 men. They are obviously right in keeping the French as far from Berlin as they can; but those enormous fortresses and entrenched camps are out of date. They belonged to the times when 30,000 men were an army, and when campaigns were spent in sieges. Napoleon changed all this, yet it was only in imitation of Marlborough, a hundred years before. The great duke's march to Bavaria, leaving all the fortresses behind him, was the true tactic for conquest. He beat the army in the field, and then let the fortresses drop one by one into his hands. The change of things has helped this bold system. Formerly there was but one road through a province—it led through the principal fortress—all the rest was mire and desolation. Thus the fortress must be taken before a gun or a wagon could move. Now, there are a dozen roads through every province—the fortress may be passed out of gun-shot in all quarters—and the "grand army" of a hundred and fifty thousand men marches direct on the capital. The *tetes-du-pont* on the Niemen, and the entrenched camp which it had cost Russia two years to fortify, were

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turned in the first march of the French; and the futility of the whole costly and rather timorous system was exhibited in the fact, that the crowning battle was fought within hearing of Moscow.

Beyond Mayence the Rhine reverts to its former flatness, the hills vanish, the shores are level, but the southern influence is felt, and the landscape is rich.

Wisbaden is the next stage of the English —a stage at which too many stop, and from which not a few are glad to escape on any terms. The Duke of Nassau has done all in his power to make his watering-place handsome and popular, and he has succeeded in both. The Great Square, containing the assembly-room, is a very showy specimen of ducal taste. Its colonnades and shops are striking, and its baths are in the highest order. Music, dancing, and promenading form the enjoyment of the crowd, and the gardens and surrounding country give ample indulgence for the lovers of air and exercise. *The* vice of this place, as of all continental scenes of amusement, is gambling. Both sexes, and all ages, are busy at all times in the mysteries of the gaming-table. Dollars and florins are constantly changing hands. The bloated German, the meagre Frenchman, the sallow Russian, and even the placid Dutchman, hurry to those tables, and continue at them from morning till night, and often from night till morning. The fair sex are often as eager and miserable as the rest. It is impossible to doubt that this passion is fatal to more than the purse. Money becomes the price of every thing; and, without meaning to get into discussion on such topics, nothing can be clearer than that the female gambler, in this frenzy of avarice, inevitably forfeits the self-respect which forms at least the outwork of female virtue. Though the ancient architecture of Germany is altogether dungeon-like, yet they can make pretty imitations. The summer palace of the duke at Biberach might be adopted in lieu of the enormous fabrics which have cost such inordinate sums in our island. "The circular room in the centre of the building is ornamented with magnificent marble pillars. The floor is also of marble. The galleries are stuccoed, with gold ornaments incrusted upon them. From the middle compartment of the great hall there are varied prospects of the Rhine, which becomes studded here with small islands: and the multitudinous orange, myrtle, cedar, and cypress trees on all sides render Biberach a most enchanting abode."

The Marquis makes some shrewd remarks on the evident intention of the Great Powers to establish an interest among the little sovereignties of Germany. Thus, Russia has married "her eldest daughter to an adopted Bavarian. The Cæsarowitch is married to a princess of Darmstadt," etc. He might have added Louis Philippe, who is an indefatigable advocate of marrying and giving in marriage. Austria is extending her olive branches as far as she can; and all princes, now having nothing better to do, are following her example.

Yet, we altogether doubt that family alliances have much weight in times of trouble. Of course, in times of peace, they may facilitate the common business of politics. But, when powerful interests appear on the stage, the matrimonial tie is of slender importance; kindred put on their coats-of-mail, and, like Francis of Austria and his son-in-law Napoleon, they throw shot and shell at each other without any ceremony. It is only in poetry that Cupid is more powerful than either Mammon or Mars.

The next *lion* is Frankfort—a very old lion, 'tis true, but one of the noblest cities of Germany, connected with high recollections, and doing honor, by its fame, to the spirit of commerce. Frankfort has been always a striking object to the traveller; but it has shared, or rather led the way to the general improvement. Its shops, streets, and public buildings all exhibit that march, which is so much superior to the "march of mind," panegyrized by our rabble orators—the march of industry, activity, and invention; Frankfort is one of the liveliest and pleasantest of continental residences.

But the Marquis is discontented with the inns; which, undoubtedly, are places of importance to the sojourner—perhaps of much more importance than the palaces. He reckoned them by a "sliding scale," which, however, is a descending one—Holland bad, Belgium worse, Germany the third degree of comparison. Some of the inns in the great towns are stately; but it unluckily happens that the masters and mistresses of those inns are to the full as stately, and that, after a bow or courtesy at the door to their arriving guests, all their part is at an end. The master and mistress thenceforth transact their affairs by deputy. They are sovereigns, and responsible for nothing. The *garçons* are the cabinet, and responsible for every thing; but they, like superior personages, shift their responsibility upon any one inclined to take it up; and all is naturally discontent, disturbance, and discomfort. We wonder that the Marquis has not mentioned the German *table-*

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*d'hôte* among his annoyances; for he dined at it. Nothing, in general, can be more adverse to the quiet, the ease, or the good sense of English manners. The *table-d'hôte* is essentially vulgar; and no excellence of *cuisine*, or completeness of equipment, can prevent it from exhibiting proof of its original purpose, namely—to give a cheap dinner to a miscellaneous rabble.

German posting is on a par with German inns, which is as much as to say that it is detestable, even if the roads are good. The roughness, mire, and continual ascents and descents of the roads, try the traveller's patience. The only resource is sleep; but even that is denied by the continual groanings of a miserable French horn, with which the postilion announces his approach to every village.

> "Silence, ye wolves, while tipsy Mein-Herr howls,
> Making night hideous; silence him, ye owls."

The best chance of getting a tolerable meal in the majority of these road-side houses, is, to take one's own provisions, carry a cook, if we can, and, if not, turn cook ourselves; but the grand hotels are too "grand" for this, and they insist on supplying the dinner, for which the general name is *cochonerrie*, and with perfect justice.

On the 12th of September, the Marquis and his family arrived at Nuremburg, where the Bavarian court were assembled, in order to be present at a Camp of Exercise. To the eye of an officer who had been in the habit of seeing the armies of the late war, the military spectacle could not be a matter of much importance, for the camp consisted of but 1800 men. But he had been a comrade of the king, when prince-royal, during the campaigns of 1814 and 1815; and, as such, had helped (and not slightly) to keep the tottering crown on the brow of Bavaria. He now sent to request the opportunity of paying his respects, but Germany, absurd in many things, is especially so in point of etiquette. Those miraculous productions of Providence, the little German sovereigns, live on etiquette, never abate an atom of their opportunities of convincing inferior mortals that they are of a super-eminent breed: and, in part, seem to have strangely forgotten that salutary lesson which Napoleon and his captains taught them, in the days when a republican brigadier, or an imperial aid-de-camp, though the son of a tailor, treated their "Serene Highness" and "High Mightiness" with as little ceremony as the thoroughly beaten deserved from the conquerors. In the present instance, the little king did *not* choose to receive the gallant soldier, whom in days of difficulty, he had been rejoiced to find at his side; and the ground assigned was, that the monarch received none but in uniform; the Marquis having mentioned, that he must appear in plain clothes, in consequence of despatching his uniform to Munich, doubtless under the idea of attending the court there in his proper rank of a general officer.

The Marquis was angry, and the fragment of his reply, which we give, was probably as unpalatable a missive as the little king had received since the days of Napoleon.

"My intention was, to express my respect for his majesty, in taking this opportunity to pay my court to him, in the interesting recollection of the kindly feelings which he deigned to exhibit to me and my *brother* at Vienna, when Prince Royal of Bavaria.

"I had flattered myself, that as the companion-in-arms of the excellent Marshal Wrede in the campaigns of 1814 and 1815, his majesty would have granted this much of remembrance to an individual, without regard to uniform; or, at least, would have done me the honor of a private audience. I find, however, that I have been mistaken, and I have now only to offer my apologies to his majesty.

"The flattering reception which I have enjoyed in other courts, and the idea that this was connected with the name and services of the individual, and not dependent on the uniform, was the cause of my indiscretion. As my profound respect for his majesty was the sole feeling which led me toward Munich, I shall not *delay a moment* in quitting his majesty's territory."

If his majesty had been aware that this Parthian arrow would have been shot at him he would have been well advised in relaxing his etiquette.

In the vicinity where this trifling transaction occurred, is the *locale* of an undertaking which will probably outlast all the little diadems of all the little kings. This is the canal by which it is proposed to unite the Rhine, the Mayne, and the Danube; in other words, to make the longest water communication in the world, through the heart of Europe, by which the Englishman embarking at London-bridge may arrive at Constantinople in a travelling palace with all the comforts—nay, all the luxuries of life around him; his books, pictures, furniture, music, and society; and all this, while sweeping through some of the most magnificent scenery of the earth, safe from surge or storm, sheltered from winter's cold and summer's sun, rushing along at the rate of a couple of hundred miles a-day, until he finds himself in the Bosphorus, with all the glory of the City of the Sultans glittering before him.

This is the finest speculation that was



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ever born of this generation of wonders, steam; and if once realized, must be a most prolific source of good to mankind. But the Germans are an intolerably tardy race in every thing, but the use of the tongue. They harangue, and mystify, and magnify, but they will not act; and this incomparable design, which, in England, would join the whole power of the nation in one unanimous effort, languishes among the philosophists and prognosticators of Germany, finds no favor in the eyes of its formal courts, and threatens to be lost in the smoke of a tobacco-saturated and slumber-loving people.

But the chief monument of Bavaria is the Val Halla, a modern temple designed to receive memorials of all the great names of Germany. The idea is kingly, and so is the temple; but it is built on the model of the Parthenon—evidently a formidable blunder in a land whose history, habits, and genius, are of the north. A Gothic temple or palace would have been a much more suitable, and therefore a finer conception. The combination of the palatial, the cathedral, and the fortress style, would have given scope to superb invention, if invention was to be found in the land; and in such an edifice, for such a purpose, Germany would have found a truer point of union than it will ever find in the absurd attempt to mix opposing faiths, or in the nonsense of a rebel Gazette, and clamorous Gazetteers.

Still the Bavarian monarch deserves the credit of an unrivalled zeal to decorate his country. He is a great builder; he has filled Munich with fine edifices, and called in the aid of talents from every part of Europe, to stir up the flame, if it is to be found among his drowsy nation.

The Val Halla is on a pinnacle of the rising ground, about a hundred yards from the Danube, from whose bank the ascent is by a stupendous marble staircase, to the grand portico. The columns are of the finest white stone, and the interior is completely lined with German marbles. Busts of the distinguished warriors, poets, statesmen, and scholars, are to be placed in the niches round the walls, but *not* till they are dead. A curious arrangement is adopted with respect to the living; persons of any public note may send their busts, while living, to the Val Halla, where they are deposited in a certain chamber, a kind of marble purgatory or limbo. When they die, a jury is to sit upon them, and if they are fortunate enough to have a verdict in their favor, they take their place among the marble immortals. As the process does not occur until the parties are beyond the reach of human disappointments, they cannot feel the worse in case of failure; but the vanity which tempts a man thus to declare himself deserving of perpetual renown, by the act of sending his bust as a candidate, is perfectly *foreign*, and must be continually ridiculous.

The temple has been inaugurated or consecrated by the king in person, within the last month. He has made a speech, and dedicated it to German fame forever. He certainly has had the merit of doing what ought to have been long since done in every kingdom of Europe; what a slight retrenchment in every royal expenditure would have enabled every sovereign to set on foot; and what could be done most magnificently, would be most deserved, and ought to be done without delay in England.

At Ratisbon, the steam navigation on the Danube begins, taking passengers and carriages to Linz, where the Austrian steam navigation commences, completing the course down the mighty river. The former land journey from Ratisbon to Vienna generally occupied six days. By the steam-boat, it is now accomplished in forty-eight hours, a prodigious saving of space and time. The Bavarian boats are smaller than those on the Rhine, owing to the shallows on the upper part of the river, but they are well managed and comfortable. The steamer is, in fact, a floating hotel, where every thing is provided on board, and the general arrangements are exact and convenient. The scenery in this portion of the river is highly exciting. "The Rhine, with its hanging woods and multitudinous inhabited castles, affords a more cultivated picture; the steep and craggy mountains of the Danube, in its wild outlines and dilapidated castles, the imagination embraces a bolder range. At one time the river is confined within its narrowest limits, and proceeds through a defile of considerable altitude, with overhanging rocks, menacing destruction. At another it offers an open, wild Archipelago of islands. The mountains have disappeared, and a long plain bounds on each side of the river its barren banks."

The steam-boats stop at Neudorf, a German mile from Vienna. On his arrival, the Marquis found the servants and carriage of Prince Esterhazy waiting for him, and quarters provided at the Swan Hotel, until one of the prince's palaces could be prepared for his reception. The importance of getting private quarters on arriving at Vienna is great, the inns being all indifferent and noisy. They have another disqualification

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not less important—they seem to be tolerably dear. The Marquis's accommodations, though on a *third* story of the Swan, cost him eight pounds sterling a-day. This he justly characterizes as extravagant, and says he was glad to remove on the third day, there being an additional annoyance, in a club of the young nobles at the Swan, which prevented a moment's quiet. The *cuisine*, however, was particularly good, and the house, though a formidable affair for a family, is represented as desirable for a "bachelor"—we presume, a rich one.

Vienna has had her share in the general improvement of the Continent. She has become commercial, and her streets exhibit shops with gilding, plate-glass, and showy sign-boards, in place of the very old, very barbarous, and very squalid, displays of the last century. War is a rough teacher, but it is evidently the only one for the Continent. The foreigner is as bigoted to his original dinginess and discomfort, as the Turk to the Koran. Nothing but fear or force ever changes him. The French invasions were desperate things, but they swept away a prodigious quantity of the cobwebs which grow over the heads of nations who will not use the broom for themselves. Feudalities and follies a thousand years old were trampled down by the foot of the conscript; and the only glimpses of common sense which have visited three-fourths of Europe in our day, were let in through chinks made by the French bayonet. The French were the grand improvers of every thing, though only for their own objects. They made high roads for their own troops, and left them to the Germans; they cleared the cities of streets loaded with nuisances of all kinds, and taught the natives to live without the constant dread of pestilence; they compelled, for example, the Portuguese to wash their clothes, and the Spaniards to wash their hands. They proved to the German that his ponderous fortifications only brought bombardments on his cities, and thus induced him to throw down his crumbling walls, fill up his muddy ditches, turn his barren glacis into a public walk, and open his wretched streets to the light and air of heaven. Thus Hamburg, and a hundred other towns, have put on a new face, and almost begun a new existence. Thus Vienna is now thrown open to its suburbs, and its suburbs are spread into the country.

The first days were given up to dinner at the British ambassador's (Lord Beauvale's), at the Prussian ambassador's, and at Prince Metternich's. Lord Beauvale was "nearly private. He lived on a second floor, in a fine house, of which, however, the lower part was understood to be still unfurnished. His lordship sees but few people, and seldom gives any grand receptions, his indifferent health being the reason for living privately." However, on this point the Marquis has his own conceptions, which he gives with a plainness perfectly characteristic, and very well worth being remembered.

"I think," says he, "that an ambassador of England, at an imperial court, with *eleven thousand pounds* per annum! should *not* live as a private gentleman, nor consult solely his own ease, unmindful of the sovereign he represents. A habit has stolen in among them of adopting a spare *menage*, to augment *private fortune when recalled!* This is wrong. And when France and Russia, and even Prussia, entertain constantly and very handsomely; our embassies and legations, generally speaking, are niggardly and shut up."

However the Lord Beauvale and his class may relish this honesty of opinion, we are satisfied that the British public will perfectly agree with the Marquis. A man who receives £11,000 a year to show hospitality and exhibit state, ought to do both. But there is another and a much more important point for the nation to consider. Why should eleven thousand pounds a year be given to any ambassador at Vienna, or at any other court of the earth? Cannot his actual diplomatic functions be amply served for a tenth of the money? Or what is the actual result, but to furnish, in nine instances out of ten, a splendid sinecure to some man of powerful interest, without any, or but slight reference to his faculties? Or is there any necessity for endowing an embassy with an enormous income of this order, to provide dinners, and balls, and a central spot for the crowd of loungers who visit their residences; or to do actual mischief by alluring those idlers to remain absentees from their own country?

We see no possible reason why the whole ambassadorial establishment might not be cut down to salaries of fifteen hundred a year. Thus, men of business would be employed, instead of the relatives of our cabinets; dinner-giving would not be an essential of diplomacy: the ambassador's house would not be a centre for all the ramblers and triflers who preferred a silly and lavish life abroad to doing their duty at home; and a sum of much more than a hundred thousand pounds a year would be saved to the country. Jonathan acts the only rational part on the subject. He gives his ambassador

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a sum on which a private gentleman can live, and no more. He has not the slightest sense of giving superb feasts, furnishing huge palaces, supplying all the rambling Jonathans with balls and suppers, or astonishing John Bull by the tinsel of his appointments. Yet he is at least as well served as others. His man is a man of business; his embassy is no showy sinecure; his ambassador is no showy sinecurist. The office is an understood step to distinction at home; and the man who exhibits ability here, is sure of eminence on his return. We have not found that the American diplomacy is consigned to mean hands, or inefficient, or despised in any country.

The relative value of money, too, makes the folly still more extravagant. In Vienna, £11,000 a-year is equal to twice the sum in England. We thus virtually pay £22,000 a-year for Austrian diplomacy. In France about the same proportion exists. But in Spain, the dollar goes as far as the pound in England. There £10,000 sterling would be equivalent to £40,000 here. How long is this waste to go on? We remember a strong and true *exposé*, made by Sir James Graham, on the subject, a few years ago; and we are convinced that, if he were to take up the topic again, he would render the country a service of remarkable value; and, moreover, that if he does not, it will be taken up by more strenuous, but more dangerous hands. The whole system is one of lavish absurdity.

The Russian ambassador's dinner "was of a different description. Perfection in *cuisine*, wine, and attendance. Sumptuousness in liveries, and lights; the company, about thirty, the *èlite* of Vienna."

But the most interesting of those banquets, from the character of the distinguished giver, was Prince Metternich's. The prince was residing at his "Garten," (villa) two miles out of town. He had enlarged his house of late years, and it now consisted of three, one for his children, another for his own residence, and a third for his guests. This last was "really a fairy edifice, so contrived with reflecting mirrors, as to give the idea of being transparent." It was ornamented with rare malachite, prophyry, jasper, and other vases, presents from the sovereigns of Europe, besides statues, and copies of the most celebrated works of Italy.

The Marquis had not seen this eminent person since 1823, and time had played its part with his countenance; the smile was more languid, the eye less illumined, the person more slight than formerly, the hair of a more silvery hue, the features of his expressive face more distinctly marked; the erect posture was still maintained, but the gait had become more solemn; and when he rose from his chair, he had no longer his wonted elasticity.

But this inevitable change of the exterior seems to have no effect on the "inner man." "In the Prince's conversation I found the same talent, the unrivalled *esprit*. The fluency and elocution, so entirely his own, were as graceful, and the memory was as perfect, as at any former period."

This memorable man is fond of matrimony; his present wife, a daughter of Count Zichy Ferraris, being his third. A son of the second marriage is his heir, and he has by his present princess two boys and a girl. The Princess seems to have alarmed her guest by her vivacity: for he describes her in the awful language with which the world speaks of a confirmed *blue*: "Though not so handsome as her predecessor, she combines a *very spirited* expression of countenance, with a clever conversation, a versatility of genius, and a wit rather satirical than humorous, which makes her *somewhat formidable* to her acquaintance." We dare say that she is a very showy tigress.

The Marquis found Vienna less gay than it was on his former visit.—It is true that he then saw it in the height of the Congress, flushed with conquest, glittering with all kinds of festivity: and not an individual in bad spirits in Europe, but Napoleon himself. Yet in later times the court has changed; "the Emperor keeps singularly aloof from society; the splendid court-days are no more; the families are withdrawing into coteries; the beauties of former years have lost much of their brilliancy, and a new generation equal to them has not yet appeared."

This is certainly not the language of a young marquis: but it is probably not far from the estimate which every admirer of the sex makes, *after* a five-and-twenty years absence. But he gallantly defends them against the sneer of that cleverest of her sex, Lady Wortley Montagu, a hundred years ago; her verdict being, "That their costume disfigured the natural ugliness with which Heaven had been pleased to endow them." He contends, however, that speaking within the last twenty (he probably means *five-and-twenty*) years, "Vienna has produced some of the handsomest women in the world: and in frequenting the public walks, the Prater, and places of amusement, you meet as many bewitching countenances, especially as to eyes, hair, and *tournure*, as in any other capital whatever."

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We think the Marquis fortunate; for we must acknowledge, that in our occasional rambles on the Continent, we *never* saw beauty in a German visage. The rotundity of the countenance, the coarse colors, the stunted nose, and the thick lip, which constitute the general mould, of the native physiognomy, are to us the very antipodes of beauty. Dress, diamonds, rouge, and lively manners, may go far, and the ball-room may help the deception; but we strongly suspect that where beauty casually appears in society, we must look for its existence only among foreigners to Teutehland. The general state of intercourse, even amongst the highest circles, is dull. There are few houses of rank where strangers are received; the animation of former times is gone. The ambassadors live retired. The monarch's state of health makes him averse to society. Prince Metternich's house is the only one constantly open, "but while he remains at his Garten, to trudge there for a couple of hours' general conversation, is not very alluring." Still, for a family which can go so far to look for cheap play-houses and cheap living, Vienna is a convenient capital.

But Austria has one quality, which shows her common sense in a striking point of view. She abhors change. She has not a radical in her whole dominions, except in jail—the only place fit for him. The agitations and vexations of other governments stop at the Austrian frontier. The people have not made the grand discovery, that universal suffrage is meat and drink, and annual parliaments lodging and clothing. They labor, and live by their labor; yet they have as much dancing as the French, and better music. They are probably the richest and most comfortable population of Europe at this hour. Their country has risen to be the protector of Southern Europe; and they are making admirable highways, laying down railroads, and building steam-boats, ten times as fast as the French, with all their regicide plots, and a revolution threatened once-a-month by the calendar of patriotism. "Like the great Danube, which rolls through the centre of her dominions, the course of her ministry and its tributary branches continue, without any deviation from its accustomed channel." The comparison is a good one, and what can be more fortunate than such tranquillity?

The two leading ministers, the government in effect, are Metternich and Kollowrath; the former the Foreign Minister, the latter the Minister of the Interior. They are understood to be of different principles; the latter leaning to the "Movement," or, more probably, allowing himself to be thought to do so, for the sake of popularity. But Metternich is the true head. A Conservative from the beginning, sagacious enough to see through the dupery of the pretended friends of the human race, and firm enough to crush their hypocrisy—Metternich is one of those statesmen, of whom men of sense never could have had two opinions—a mind which stamped itself from the beginning as a leader, compelled by circumstances often to yield, but never suffering even the most desperate circumstances to make it despair. He saw where the strength of Europe lay, from the commencement of the Revolutionary war; and, guided by the example of Pitt, he labored for a general European alliance. When he failed there, he husbanded the strength of Austria for the day of struggle, which he knew would come; and when it came, his genius raised his country at once from a defeated dependency of France, into the arbiter of Europe. While this great man lives, he ought to be supreme in the affairs of his country. But in case of his death, General Fiquelmont. the late ambassador to Russia, has been regarded as probable successor. He is a man of ability and experience, and his appointment to the court of St. Petersburg was probably intended to complete that experience, in the quarter to which Austria, by her new relations, and especially by her new navigation of the Danube, must look with the most vigilant anxiety.

The Austrian army is kept up in very fine condition; but nearly all the officers distinguished in the war are dead, and its present leaders have to acquire a name. It is only to be hoped that they will never have an opportunity. The regimental officers are generally from a higher class than those of the other German armies.

After remaining for a fortnight at Vienna, the Marquis paid a visit to his friend Prince Esterhazy.

This nobleman, long known and much esteemed in England, is equally well known to be a kind of Monarch in Hungary. Whatever novelist shall write the "Troubles of rank and riches," should take the prince for his hero. He has eight or nine princely mansions scattered over the empire, and in each of them it is expected, by his subjects of the soil, that his highness should reside.

The Marquis made a round of the principal of those mansions. The first visit was to a castle in the neighborhood of Vi-

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enna, which the prince has modernized into a magnificent villa. Here all is constructed to the taste of a statesman only eager to escape the tumult of the capital, and pining to refresh himself with cooling shades and crystal streams. All is verdure, trout streams, leafy walks, water blue as the sky above it, and the most profound privacy and seclusion.

After a "most exquisite entertainment" here, the Marquis and his family set out early next morning to visit Falkenstein. Every castle in this part of the world is historical, and derives its honors from a Turkish siege. Falkenstein, crowning the summit of a mountain of granite, up which no carriage can be dragged but by the stout Hungarian horses trained to the work, has been handsomely bruised by the Turkish balls in its day; but it is now converted into a superb mansion; very grand, and still more curious than grand; for it is full of relics of the olden time, portraits of the old warriors of Hungary, armor and arms, and all the other odd and pompous things which turn an age of barbarism into an age of romance. The prince and princess are hailed and recived at the castle as king and queen. A guard of soldiers of the family, which the Esterhazy have the sovereign right to maintain, form the garrison of his palatial fortress, and it has a whole establishment of salaried officials within. The next expedition was to two more of those mansions—Esterhazy, built by one of the richest princes of the house, and Eisenstadt. The former resembles the imperial palace at Schonbrun, but smaller. The prince is fitting it up gorgeously in the Louis XIVth style. Here he has his principal studs for breeding horses; but Eisenstadt outshone all the chateaus of this superb possessor. The splendors here were regal. Two hundred chambers for guests—a saloon capable of dining a thousand people—a battalion of the "Esterhazy Guard" at the principal entrances; all paid from the estate. To this all the ornamental part was proportioned—conservatory and green-houses on the most unrivalled scale—three or four hundred orange-trees alone, throwing the Duke of Northumberland's garden into eclipse, and stimulating his Grace of Devonshire even to add new greens and glories to Chatsworth.

On his return to Vienna, the marquis was honored with a private interview by the emperor—a remarkable distinction, as the ambassador was informed "that the emperor was too well acquainted with the marquis's services to require any presentation, and desired that he might come alone." He was received with great politeness and condescension. Next day he had an interview with Prince Metternich, who, with graceful familiarity, took him over his house in Vienna, to show him its improvements since the days of Congress. He remarks it as a strange point in the character of this celebrated statesman, how minutely he sometimes interests himself in mere trifles, especially where art and mechanism are concerned. He had seen him one evening remain for half an hour studiously examining the construction of a musical clock. The prince then showed his *cabinet de travail*, which he had retained unchanged. "Here," said he, "is a spot which is exactly as it was the last day you saw it." Its identity had been rigidly preserved, down to the placing of its paper and pencils. All was in the same order. The prince evidently, and justly, looked on those days as the glory of his life.

We regret that the conversation of so eminent a person could not be more largely given; for Metternich is less a statesman than statesmanship itself. But one remark was at once singularly philosophical and practical. In evident allusion to the miserable tergiversations of our whig policy, a couple of years since, he said, "that throughout life, he had always acted on the plan of adopting the *best determination on all important subjects*. That to this point of view he had steadfastly adhered; and that, in the indescribable working of time and circumstances, it had *always happened to him* that matters were brought round to the very spot from which, owing to the folly of misguided notions or inexperienced men, they had for a time taken their departure." This was in 1840, when the whigs ruled us; it must be an admirable maxim for honest men, but it must be perpetually thwarting the oblique. To form a view on principle, and to adhere to it under all difficulties, is the palpable way to attain great ultimate success; but the paltry and the selfish, the hollow and the intriguing, have neither power nor will to look beyond the moment—they are not steering the vessel to a harbor—they have no other object than to keep possession of the ship as long as they can, and let her roll wherever the gale may carry her.

After all, one grows weary of every thing that is to be had for the mere act of wishing. Difficulty is essential to enjoyment. High life is as likely to tire on one's hands as any other. The marquis, giving all the praise of manners and agreeability to Vienna, sums up all in one prodigious yawn. "The *same*

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evenings at Metternich's, the *same* lounges for making purchases and visits on a morning, the *same* idleness and fatigue at night, the searching and arid climate, and the clouds of execrable fine dust,"—all conspiring to tell the great of the earth that they can escape *ennui* no more than the little.

On leaving Vienna, he wrote a note of farewell to the prince, who returned an answer, of remarkable elegance—a mixture of the pathetic and playful. His note says that he has no chance of going to see anybody, for he is like a coral fixed to a rock—both must move together. He touches lightly on their share in the great war, "which is now becoming a part of those times which history itself names heroic;" and concludes by recommending him on his journey to the care of an officer of rank, on a mission to Turkey—"Car il sçait le Turc, aussi bien que nous deux ne le sçavons pas." With this Voltairism he finishes, and gives his "Dieu protege."

We now come to the Austrian steam passage. This is the boldest effort that Austria has ever made, and its effects will be felt through every generation of her mighty empire. The honor of originating this great design is due to Count Etienne Zecheney, a Hungarian nobleman, distinguished for every quality which can make a man a benefactor to his country. The plan of this steam-navigation is now about ten years old. The marquis justly observes, that nothing more patriotic was ever projected; and it is mainly owing to this high-spirited nobleman that the great advantage is now enjoyed of performing, in ten or twelve days, the journey to the capital of Turkey, which some years ago could be achieved only by riding the whole way, and occupying, by couriers, two or three weeks. The chief direction of the company is at Vienna. It had, at the time of the tour, eighteen boats, varying from sixty to one hundred horse-power, and twenty-four more were to be added within the year. Some of these were to be of iron.

But the poverty of all foreign countries is a formidable obstacle to the progress of magnificent speculations like those. The shares have continued low, the company has had financial difficulties to encounter, and the popular purse is tardy. However, the prospect is improving; the profits have increased; and the Austrian archdukes and many of the great nobles having lately taken shares, the steam-boats will probably soon become as favorite as they are necessary. But all this takes time; and as by degrees the "disagreeables" of the voyage down the Danube will be changed into agreeables, we shall allude no more to the noble traveller's voyage than to say, that on the 4th of November, a day of more than autumnal beauty, his steamer anchored in the Bosphorus.

Here we were prepared for a burst of description. But the present describer is a matter-of-fact personage;—and though he makes no attempt at poetic fame, has the faculty of telling what he saw, with very sufficient distinctness. "I never experienced more disappointment," is his phrase, "than in my first view of the Ottoman capital. I was bold enough at once to come to the conclusion, that what I had heard or read was overcharged. The most eminent of the describers, I think, could never have been on the spot." Such is the plain language of the last authority. "The entrance of the Tagus, the Bay of Naples, the splendid approach of the grand quays of St. Petersburg, the Kremlin, and the view of Moscow, all struck me as far preferable to the scene at the entrance of the Bosphorus."

He admits, that in the advance to the city up this famous channel, there are many pretty views, that there is a line of handsome residences in some parts, and that the whole has a good deal the look of a "drop-scene in a theatre;" still he thinks it poor in comparison of its descriptions, the outline low, feeble, and rugged, and that the less it is examined probably the more it may be admired. Even the famous capital fares not much better. "In point of fine architectural features, monuments of art, and magnificent structures, (excepting only the great mosques), the chisel of the mason, the marble, the granite, Constantinople is more destitute than any other great capital. But then, you are told that these objects are not in the style and taste of the people. Be it so; but then do not let the minds of those who cannot see for themselves be led away by high-wrought and fallacious descriptions of things which do not exist." The maxim is a valuable one, and we hope that the rebuke will save the reading public from a heap of those "picturesque" labors, which really much more resemble the heaviest brush of the scene-painter, than the truth of nature.

But if art has done little, nature has done wonders for Constantinople. The site contains some of the noblest elements of beauty and grandeur; mountain, plain, forest, waters: its position is obviously the key of Europe and Asia Minor—even of more, it is the point at which the north and south meet; by the Bosphorus it commands the

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communication of the Black Sea, and with it of all the boundless region, once Scythia, and now Russia and Tartary; by the Dardanelles, it has the most immediate command over the Mediterranean, the most important sea in the world. Russia, doubtless, may be the paramount power of the Black Sea; the European nations may divide the power of the Mediterranean; but Constantinople, once under the authority of a monarch, or a government adequate to its natural facilities, would be more directly the sovereign of both seas, than Russia, with its state machinery in St. Petersburg, a thousand miles off, or France a thousand miles, or England more nearly two thousand miles. This dominion will never be exercised by the ignorant, profligate, and unprincipled Turk; but if an independent Christian power should be established there, in that spot lie the materials of empire. In the fullest sense, Constantinople, uniting all the high-roads between east and west, and north and south, is the centre of the living world. We are by no means to be reckoned among the theorists who calculate day by day on the fall of Turkey. In ancient times the fall of guilty empires was sudden, and connected with marked evidences of guilt. But those events were so nearly connected with the fortunes of the Jewish people, that the suddenness of the catastrophe was essential to the lesson. The same necessity exists no longer, the Chosen People are now beyond the lesson, and nations undergo suffering, and approach dissolution, by laws not unlike those of the decadence of the human frame; the disease makes progress but the evidence scarcely strikes the eye, and the seat of the distemper is almost beyond human investigation. The jealousy of the European powers, too, protects the Turk. But he must go down—Mahometanism is already decaying. Stamboul, its head-quarters, will not survive its fall; and a future generation will inevitably see Constantinople the seat of a Christian empire, and that empire, not improbably, only the forerunner of an empire of Palestine.

The general view of Constantinople is superb. A bridge has been thrown across the "Golden Horn," connecting its shores; and from this the city, or rather the four cities, spread out in lengthened stateliness before the eye. From this point are seen, to the most striking advantage, the two mountainous elevations on which Constantinople and Pera are built, and other heights surrounding. A communication subsists across the "Golden Horn," not only by water and the bridge, but also by the road, which by the land is a distance of five or six miles. Viewing Constantinople as a whole, it strikes one as being larger by far than Paris or London, but they are both larger. The reason of the deception being, that here the eye embraces a larger space.

The Turks never improve any thing. The distinction between them and the Europeans is, that the latter think of conveniences, the former only of luxuries. The Turks, for example, build handsome pavilions, plant showy gardens, and erect marble fountains to cool them in marble halls. But they never mend a high-road—they never even make one. Now and then a bridge is forced on them by the necessity of having one, or being drowned; but they never repair that bridge, nor sweep away the accumulated abomination of their streets, nor do any thing that it is possible to leave undone.

Pera is the quarter in which all the Christians, even of the highest rank, live: the intercourse between it and Constantinople is, of course, perpetual, yet perhaps a stone has not been smoothed in the road since the siege of the city. From Pera were the most harassing trips down rugged declivities on horseback, besides the awkwardness of the passage in boats.

One extraordinary circumstance strikes the stranger, that but one sex seems to exist. The dress of the women gives no idea of the female form, and the whole population seems to be male.

The masses of people are dense, and among them the utmost silence in general prevails. About seven or eight at night the streets are cleared, and their only tenants are whole hosts of growling, hideous dogs; or a few Turks gliding about with paper lanterns; these, too, being the only lights in the streets, if streets they are to be called, which are only narrow passes, through which the vehicles can scarcely move.

The dogs are curious animals. It is probable that civilization does as much injury to the lower tribes of creation, as it does good to man. If it polishes our faculties, it enfeebles their instincts. The Turkish dog, living nearly as he would have done in the wilderness, exhibits the same sagacity, amounting to something of government. For instance, the Turkish dogs divide the capital into quarters, and each set has its own; if an adventurous or an ambitious dog enters the quarters of his neighbors, the whole pack in possession set upon him at once, and he is expelled by

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hue and cry. They also know how to conduct themselves according to times and seasons. In the daytime, they ramble about, and suffer themselves to be kicked with impunity; but at night the case is different: they are the majority—they know their strength, and insist on their privileges. They howl and growl then at their own discretion, fly at the accidental stranger with open mouths, attack him singly, charge him *en masse*, and nothing but a stout bludgeon, wielded by a strong arm, can save the passenger from feeling that he is in the kingdom of his four-footed masters.

The Marquis arrived during the Ramazan, when no Turk eats, drinks, or smokes, from sunrise to sunset. Thus the Turk is a harder faster than the papist. The moment the sun goes down, the Turk rushes to his meal and his pipe, "not eating but devouring, not inhaling but wallowing in smoke." At the Bajazet colonnade, where the principal Turks rush to enjoy the night, the lighted coffee-houses, the varieties of costume, the eager crowd, and the illumination of myriads of paper lanterns, make a scene that revives the memory of Oriental tales.

Every thing in Turkey is unlike any thing in Europe. In the bazar, instead of the rapid sale and dismissal in our places of traffic, the Turkish dealer, in any case of value, invites his applicant into his shop, makes him sit down, gives him a pipe, smokes him into familiarity—hands him a cup of coffee, and drinks him into confidence; in short, treats him as if they were a pair of ambassadors appointed to dine and bribe each other—converses with, and cheats him. But the Marquis regards the bazars as contemptible places, says they are not to be compared with similar establishments at St. Petersburg or Moscow, and recommends whatever purchases are made, to be made at one's own quarters, "where you escape being jostled, harangued, smoked, and poisoned with insufferable smells."

One of the curious features of the sojourn at Constantinople, is the presentation to the Ministers and Sultan. Redschid Pasha appointed to see the Marquis at three o'clock, *a la Turque*—which, as those Orientals always count from the sunset, means eight o'clock in the evening.

He was led in a kind of procession to the Minister, received in the customary manner, and had the customary conversation on Constantinople, England, the war, etc. Then, a dozen slaves entered, and universal smoking began. "When the cabinet was so full of smoke that one could hardly see," the attendants returned, and carried away the pipes. Then came a dropping fire of conversation, then coffee; then sherbet, which the guest pronounced good, and "thought the most agreeable part of the ceremonial." The Minister spoke French fluently, and, after an hour's visit, the ceremony ended—the pasha politely attending his visiter through the rooms. The next visit was to Achmet Pasha, who had been in England at the time of the Coronation—had been ambassador at Vienna for some years—spoke French fluently—was a great friend of Prince and Princess Metternich, and, besides all this, had married one of the Sultan's sisters. The last honor was said to be due to his immense wealth. It seems that the "course of true love" does not run more smoothly in Turkey than elsewhere—for the young lady was stated to be in love with the commander-in-chief, an older man, but possessing more character. Achmet was now Minister of Commerce, and in high favor. He kept his young wife at his country house, and she had not been seen since her marriage. When asked permission for ladies to visit her, he always deferred it "till the next spring, when," said he, "she will be civilized." The third nocturnal interview was more picturesque —it was with the young Sultana's flame, the Seraskier (commander-in-chief). His residence is at the Porte, where he has one of the splendid palaces.

"You enter an immense court, with his stables on one side and his harem on the other. A regiment of guards was drawn up at the entrance, and two companies were stationed at the lower court. The staircase was filled with soldiers, slaves, and attendants of different nations. I saw Greeks, Armenians, Sclavonians, Georgians, in all their native costume; and dark as were the corridors and entrance, by flashes of my flambeaux through the mist, the scene struck me as much more grand and imposing than the others. The Seraskier is a robust, soldier-like man, with a fierce look and beard, and an agreeable smile."

The Minister was peculiarly polite, and showed him through the rooms and the war department, exhibiting among the rest, his military council, composed of twenty-four officers, sitting at that moment. They were of all ranks, and chosen, as it was said, without any reference to qualification, but simply by favor. The Turks still act as oddly as ever. A friend of the Marquis told him, that he had lately applied to the Seraskier to promote a young Turkish officer. A few days after, the officer came to thank him, and said that though the Seraskier had not given him the command of a regiment, he had given him "the command of a ship." The true wonder is, that

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the Turks have either ships or regiments. But there is a fine quantity of patronge in the department—the number of clerks alone being reckoned at between seven and eight hundred.

The opinions of the Marquis on Mediterranean politics are worth regarding, because he has had much political experience in the highest ranks of foreign life—because from that experience he is enabled to give the opinions of many men of high name and living influence, and because he is an honest man, speaking sincerely, and speaking intelligibly. He regards the preservation of Turkey as the first principle of all English diplomacy in the east of Europe, and considers our successive attempts to make a Greek kingdom, and our sufferance of an Egyptian dynasty, as sins against the common peace of the world. Thus, within a few years, Greece has been taken away; Egypt has not merely been taken away, but rendered dangerous to the Porte; the great Danubian provinces, Moldavia and Wallachia, have been taken away, and thus Russia has been brought to the banks of the Danube. Servia, a vast and powerful province, has followed, and is more Russian than Turkish; and while those limbs have been torn from the great trunk, and that trunk is still bleeding from the wounds of the late war, it is forced to more exhausting efforts, the less power it retains. But, with respect to Russia, he does not look upon her force and her ambition with the alarm generally entertained of that encroaching and immense power. He even thinks that, even if she possessed Constantinople, she could not long retain it.

As all this is future, and of course conjectural, we may legitimately express our doubts of any authority on the subject. That Russia does not think with the marquis, is evident, for all her real movements for the last fifty years have been but preliminaries to the seizure of Turkey. Her ezhibitions in all other quarters have been mere disguises. She at one time displays a large fleet in the Baltic, or at another sends an army across Tartary; but she never attempts any thing with either, except the excitement of alarm. But it is in the direction of Turkey that all the solid advances are made. There she always finishes her hostility by making some solid acquisition. She is now carrying on a wasteful war in the Caucasus; its difficulty has probably surprised herself, but she still carries it on; and let the loss of life and the expenditure of money be what they will, she will think them well encountered if they end in giving her the full possession of the northern road into Asia Minor. Russia, in possession of Constantinople, would have the power of inflicting dreadful injuries on Europe. If she possessed a responsible government, her ambition might be restrained by public opinion; or the necessity of appealing to the national representatives for money—of all checks on war the most powerful, and in fact the grand operative check, at this moment, on the most restless of European governments, France. But with her whole power, her revenues, and her military means completely at the disposal of a single mind, her movements, for either good or evil, are wholly dependent on the caprice, the ambition, or the absurdity of the individual on the throne. The idea that Russia would weaken her power by the possession of Constantinople, seems to us utterly incapable of proof. She has been able to maintain her power at once on the Black Sea, seven hundred miles from her capital; on the Danube, at nearly the same distance, and on the Vistula, pressing on the Prussian frontier. In Constantinople she would have the most magnificent fortress in the world, the command of the head of the Mediterranean, Syria, and inevitably Egypt. By the Dardanelles, she would be wholly inaccessible; for no fleet could pass, if the batteries on shore were well manned. The Black Sea would be simply her wet-dock, in which she might build ships while there was oak or iron in the north, and build them in complete security from all disturbance; for all the fleets of Europe could not reach them through the Bosphorus, even if they had forced the Dardanelles—that must be the operation of an army in the field. On the north, Russia is almost wholly invulnerable: the Czar might retreat until his pursuers perished of fatigue and hunger. The unquestionable result of the whole is, that Russia is the real terror of Europe. France is dangerous, and madly prone to hostilities; but France is open on every side, and experience shows that she never can resist the combined power of Russia and Germany. It is strong evidence of our position, that she has never *ultimately* triumphed in any war against England; and the experience of the last war, which showed her, with all the advantages of her great military chief, her whole population thrown into the current of war, and her banner followed by vassal kings, only the more consummately overthrown, should be a lesson to her for all ages. But Russia has never been effectually checked since the reign of Peter the Great, when she first began to move. Even

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disastrous wars have only hastened her advance; keen intrigue has assisted military violence; and when we see even the destruction of Moscow followed by the final subjugation of Poland, we may estimate the sudden and fearful superiority which she would be enabled to assume, with her foot standing on Constantinople, and her arm stretching at will over Europe and Asia. Against this tremendous result, there are but two checks—the preservation of the Osmanli government by the jealousy of the European states, and the establishment of a Greek empire at Constantinople: the former, the only expedient which can be adopted for the moment, but in its nature, temporary, imperfect, and liable to intrigue: the latter, natural, secure, and lasting. It is to this event that all the rational hopes of European politicians should be finally directed. Yet, while the Turk retains possession, we must adhere to him; for treaties must be rigidly observed, and no policy is safe that is not strictly honest. But if the dynasty should fail, or any of those unexpected changes occur which leave great questions open, the formation of a Greek empire ought to be contemplated as the true, and the only, mode of effectually rescuing Europe from the most formidable struggle that she has ever seen. But the first measure, even of temporary defence, ought to be the fortification of Constantinople. It is computed that the expense would not exceed a million and a half sterling.

The Marquis, by a fortunate chance for a looker-on, happened to be in the Turkish capital at the time when the populace were all exulting at the capture of Acre. It was admitted that the British squadron had done more in rapidity of action, and in effect of firing, than it was supposed possible for ships to accomplish, and all was popular admiration, and ministerial gratitude. In addition to the lighting of the mosques for the Ramazan, Pera and Constantinople were lighted up, and the whole scene was brilliant. Constant salvos were fired from the ships, and batteries during the day, and at night, of course, all was splendid on the seven hills of the great city.

On the "Seraskiers, Square" two of the Egyptian regiments taken at Beyrout defiled before the commander-in-chief. The Turkish bands in garrison moved at their head. The prisoners marched in file; and, having but just landed from their prison-ships, looked wretchedly. Having a red woollen bonnet, white jackets, and large white trowsers, they looked like an assemblage of "cricketers." The men were universally young, slight made, and active, with sallow cheeks, many near yellow, orange, and even black; still, if well fed and clothed, they would by no means make bad light troops. The Turks armed and clothed them forthwith, andscattered them among their regiments; a proceeding which shows that even the Turk is sharing the general improvement of mankind. Once he would have thrown them all into the Bosphorus.

From this professional display, the Marquis adjourned to the "Grand Promenade," where the sultanas see the world, unseen themselves, in their carriages. "Though," as he writes, "I never had an opportunity of *verifying* any thing like Miss Pardoe's anecdote of the 'sentries being ordered to face about when presenting arms,' rather than be permitted to gaze on the *tempting* and *forbidden* fruit; but, on the contrary, witnessed soldiers escorting all the sultana's carriages; it is nevertheless true that a gruff attendant attacked and found fault with me for daring to raise my eyes to a beautiful Turkish woman, whom it was quite impossible I could admire beyond her forehead and two black eyes, eyebrows, and lashes, which glanced from under her yashmack." But the Marquis has no mercy on the performances of poor Miss Pardoe.

The sultan-mother was a personage of high importance at this time, from her supposed influence over her son. Her equipage was somewhat European—a chariot, with hammer-cloth (apparently recently received from long Acre). The coachman drove four large bay horses, with a plurality of reins. There were attendants, running Turks, and guards before to clear the way. Two open barouches, ornamented after the manner of the country, followed; and the rear of the sultana's procession was closed by arebas (or covered and gilded vans) full of women and slaves.

But the most characteristic display of all is the "Cabinet." "On the side of this drive is a long colonnade of shops; and, at the bottom of it, a *barber's*, in which all the ministers of the divan and the pasha assemble! They sit on cushions in grand conclave and conference; and, while affecting to discuss the affairs of the state, the direction of their eyes, and their signs to the recumbent houris in the carriages, show their thoughts to be directed to other objects."

What should we think of the chancellor, the premier, and the three secretaries of state, sitting in council at a fruiterer's in Regent street, and nodding to the ladies as they pass? But this is not all. The sultan, in his kiosk sits at one end of the drive, in-

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specting the whole panorama. Still, it is not yet complete; at the lower end of the colonnade there is a women-market, where each slave, attended by a duenna, passes and parades, casting her languishing eyes through the files of longing officers and merchants, who crowd this part of the promenade. All this is essentially Turkish, and probably without any thing like it in the world besides.

The beauty of the Turkish women is still a matter of dispute. When beauty is an object of unlimited purchase, its frequency will be probably found a safe admission. But Turkish women occasionally unveil, and it is then generally discovered that the veil is one of their principal charms. They have ever been described as merely good-humored looking "fatties"—a sufficiently humble panegyric. Lord Londonderry gives it as his opinion, that they are "not generally handsome, but all well-built and well-grown, strong, and apparently healthy. Their eyes and eyebrows are invariably fine and expressive, and their hair is, beyond measure, superior to that of other nations. The thickness of its braidings and plaits, and the masses that are occasionally to be seen, leave no doubt of this."

Long and luxuriant tresses belong to all the southern nations of Europe, and seem to be the results of heat of climate; and there are few facts in physiology more singular than the sudden check given to this luxuriance on the confines of Negroland. There, with all the predisposing causes for its growth, it is coarse, curled, and never attains to length or fineness of any kind. The Georgians and Circassians were once the boast of the harem; but the war and the predominance of the Russian power in the Caucasus, have much restricted this detestable national traffic—a circumstance said to be much to the regret of both parents and daughters; the former losing the price, and the latter losing the preferment, to which the young beauties looked forward as to a certain fortune. But later experience has told the world, that the charms of those Armidas were desperately exaggerated by Turkish romance and European credulity; that the general style of Circassian features, though fair, is Tartarish, and that the Georgian is frequently coarse and of the deepest brown, though with larger eyes than the Circassian, which are small, and like those of the Chinese. The accounts written by ladies visiting the harems are to be taken with the allowance due to showy dress, jewels, cosmetics, and the general effect of a prepared exhibition, scarcely less than theatrical. It is scarcely possible that either the human face or form can long preserve symmetry of any kind in a life almost wholly destitute of exercise, in the confined air of their prison, and in the full indulgence of their meals. Activity, animation and grace—the great constituents of all true beauty—must soon perish in the harem.

The Marquis (an excellent judge of a horse) did not much admire the steeds of the pashas. On a visit to the Seraskier's stables, the head groom brought out fourteen, with light Tartars on them to show their points, Their stables were miserable. The horses were without stalls or litter, in a dark ill-paved barn. They were heavily covered with rugs Three or four were very fine Arabs; but the rest were of Turkish blood, with large heads, lopped ears, and thick necks, of indifferent action, and by no means desirable in any shape.

The interview with the Sultan was the last, and was interesting and characteristic. The Marquis had naturally expected to find him in the midst of pomp. Instead of all this, on entering a common French carpeted room, he perceived, on an ordinary little French sofa, the sovereign cross-legged, and alone; two small sofas, half-a-dozen chairs, and several wax lights were all the ornaments of this very plain saloon. But the Sultan was diamonded all over, and fully made amends for the plainness of his reception-room. As to his person, Abdul-Mehjid is a tall sallow youth of nineteen or twenty, with a long visage, but possessing fine eyes and eyebrows, so that, when his face is lighted up, it is agreeable and spiritual.

We must now close our sketch of those diversified and pleasant volumes. We regret to hear that their distinguished and active author has lately met with a severe accident in following the sports of his country; but we are gratified with the hope of his recovery, and the hope, too, of seeing him undertake more excursions, and narrate them with equal interest, truth, and animation.

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## MISCELLANY.

**QUEEN'S COLLEGE, GLASGOW.**—The success of this spirited enterprise for the education of ladies, and the sensation which the ceremonial of i's opening produced, afford the best proof of the void in female education which it has suddenly filled. In the first fortnight of its existence it had enrolled about 100 pupils. We are equally struck with the comprehensiveness of the provision made for a liberal and gen-

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erous female education, and with the number and talent of the teachers. Theology, literature, science, and the fine arts, are all answered for by professors who, in other seminaries in Glasgow, have established the highest characters. One feature of this institution is especially graceful—its harmony. Its patronesses are of all shades of religious and political connection. Clergymen, both Churchmen and Dissenters, undertake its theological department; which, with much propriety, is limited to Natural Theology, the evidences of Christianity, and sacred history and geography, trusting the special religious instruction, in which sects disagree, to home and pastoral care; while its professors of the other branches meet under its roof, from all the rival seminaries of note in Glasgow. Mr. Simpson, at the splendid meeting in the Assembly Rooms, on opening the "College," being called upon by the Lord Provost to address the meeting, as one of the strangers who had come from a distance, said that, when in this place four years ago, he had summed up the items of a sound education—moral, which rightly trains the feelings—intellectual, which opens up even the stores of science, and claimed that sum of education for all—he was asked, "What! even for females?" Yes, he answered, for females, even more imperatively than for men, seeing that, in educating woman, you are educating the most important, because the earliest, of the educators of man. You are educating a teacher whose function and responsibility reduce the teachings of science and art to insignificance. What may not, what ought not, woman to do for that education which forms character?—nay, rather, he would ask, can that education be realised without her agency? Never-to-be-forgotten was the brief—in her own language, the monosyllabic—answer of Madame Campan to Napoleon, who asked her what she considered most necessary for the education of the French people? she replied, Mothers! Mr. Simpson concluded by congratulating Glasgow on the opening of the Queen's College; and added that, with its High School, Collegiate School, Western Academy, Trades' School, and Queen's College, no place in the empire possessed a richer provision of means for an enlightened, liberal, and generous education for the middle classes. A national plan alone will extend the blessing to the empire population.—*Examiner.*

Murder of Lord Norbury.—By a letter dated Poonah, from a surgeon in one of the East India artillery regiments, we learn that the murderer of the late Lord Norbury has been discovered. It seems that the murderer was in one of the regiments stationed at Bombay. He was attacked with a violent illness, and thinking himself on the point of death, made a confession before his officers that he was the man who shot Lord Norbury. By means of great medical skill the man had got better, and the Government had immediately taken the matter in hand, but had conducted every thing connected with the affair with such secrecy that nothing further had transpired.—*Ibid.*

Important Document.—The following important document appeared in London on Monday morning:

"PROCLAMATION.

"*Secret Department, Simla,* 1*st October* 1842.

"The Government of India directed its army to pass the Indus in order to expel from Afghanistan a Chief believed to be hostile to British interests, and to replace upon his throne a Sovereign represented to be friendly to those interests, and popular with his former subjects.

"The Chief believed to be hostile became a prisoner, and the Sovereign represented to be popular was replaced upon his throne; but, after events which brought into question his fidelity to the Government by which he was restored, he lost by the hands of an assassin the throne he had only held amidst insurrection, and his death was preceded and followed by still existing anarchy.

"Disasters unparalleled in their extent, unless by the errors in which they originated, and by the treachery by which they were completed, have in one short campaign been avenged upon every scene of past misfortune; and repeated victories in the field, and the capture of the cities and citadels of Ghuznee and Cabul, have again attached the opinion of invincibility to the British arms.

"The British army in possession of Afghanistan will now be withdrawn to the Sutlej.

"The Governor-General will leave it to the Afghans themselves to create a government amidst the anarchy which is the consequence of their crimes.

"To force a Sovereign upon a reluctant people, would be as inconsistent with the policy as it is with the principles of the British Government; tending to place the arms and resources of that people at the disposal of the first invader, and to impose the burden of supporting a Sovereign without the prospect of benefit from his alliance.

"The Governor-General will willingly recognize any Government approved by the Afghans themselves, which shall appear desirous and capable of maintaining friendly relations with neighboring states.

"Content with the limits nature appears to have assigned to its empire, the Government of India will devote all its efforts to the establishment and maintenance of general peace, to the protection of the Sovereigns and Chiefs its allies, and to the prosperity and happiness of its own faithful subjects.

"The rivers of the Punjab and the Indus, and the mountainous passes and the barbarous tribes of Afghanistan, will be placed between the British army and an enemy approaching from the West,—if, indeed, such an enemy there can be—and no longer between the army and its supplies.

"The enormous expenditure required for the support of a large force in a false military position, at a distance from its own frontier and its resources, will no longer arrest every measure for the improvement of the country and of the people.

"The combined army of England and of India, superior in equipment, in discipline, in valor, and in the officers by whom it is commanded, to any force which can be opposed to it in Asia, will stand in unassailable strength upon its own soil, and forever, under the blessing of Providence, preserve the glorious empire it has won, in security and in honor.

"The Governor-General cannot fear the misconstruction of his motives in thus frankly announcing to surrounding states the pacific and conservative policy of the Government.

"Afghanistan and China have seen at once the forces at his disposal and the effect with which they can be applied.

"Sincerely attached to peace for the sake of the benefits it confers upon the people, the Governor-General is resolved that peace shall be observed, and will put forth the whole power of the British Government to coerce the state by which it shall be infringed.

"By order of the Right Honorable the Governor-General of India,

"T. H. Maddock,

"Secretary to the Government of India with the Governor-General.—*Spectator.*

France has definitely withdrawn from the promised signature of the new Slave-trade Treaty. The Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post*, writing on Friday, gives a full explanation of the circumstances—

"A courier arrived here the night before last from London, and brought M. Guizot the news that the

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protocol for the ratification of the treaty of December 20th had been concluded at the Foreign Office, on Monday the 7th instant, by the representatives of the Powers signing the treaty, at the formal demand of the French Ambassador. I am enabled to furnish you, on good authority, with the following circumstances which preceded this diplomatic formality.

"About a fortnight past, M. Guizot commissioned M. de St. Aulaire to forward a note to Lord Aberdeen, announcing to the Cabinet of St. James's that the political position of the French Cabinet was such that M. Guizot would not be able to ratify the treaty of December 20th. The wish expressed by the Chamber of Deputies in the vote of February 24th was so precise and formal and clearly expressed, that the French Cabinet would not dare to appear again before the Chamber without having conformed to the wish expressed in the Lefevre amendment. When M. de St. Aulaire gave this note to Lord Aberdeen, his Lordship replied to the French Ambassador, that the British Government would be compelled to return to M. Guizot a note couched in the same terms as that which he had forwarded, and that, M. Guizot had so far engaged himself to ratify the treaty that it would be impossible for him to withdraw: for (said Lord Aberdeen) if M. Guizot had merely signed such a treaty with England, the affair would be less complicated, but M. Guizot had joined England in requesting the Great Northern Powers to conclude the treaty in question with France and England; consequently, if the French Cabinet refused to ratify the treaty which it had proposed itself to the Great Northern Powers, they would have the right to turn round and reproach England for having joined France in a proposition which France herself now refuses to accept, and thus England would be compromised with the Great Northern Powers in consequence of the refusal of France to ratify the treaty.

"Lord Aberdeen then explained to M. de St. Aulaire, that the reply of the British Government to M. Guizot's note must necessarily contain a formal disapproval of his conduct, and did not hesitate to say that he should lay this reply before the House of Commons; for (said Lord Aberdeen) if M. Guizot thought to strengthen his Parliamentary position by refusing to ratify the treaty, the English Cabinet also must take measures for its own justification to the English Parliament. His Lordship then urged M. de St. Aulaire to withdraw the note, which he would consider as not having been presented to him; and to inform M. Guizot, that the better way to avoid complicating the question would be, to demand, in a simple note, without producing any reasons, that the protocol should be closed, which had remained open for ratification on the part of France. By simply demanding the closing of the protocol without assigning any motives, M. Guizot would not have to fear any embarrassing reply from the English Cabinet, and the question would thus be cut short without any difficulty.

"M. Guizot followed the advice of Lord Aberdeen in withdrawing his first note; and then, a week since, forwarded to the English Cabinet another note, in which he demanded, without assigning any explanation, the closing of the protocol, which actually took place on Monday last. Thus the non-ratification of the treaty of December 20th is now forever consummated. It now remains to be known whether the treaties of 1831 and 1833 will be maintained or not. I am able to inform you, that it is the intention of M. Guizot to abrogate them, because the only chance of safety for the French Cabinet was the abolition forever of the right of search. The most devoted adherents of the Cabinet, such as MM. Fulchiron, Jacqueminot, Jacques Lefevre, and others, have already declared to M. Guizot that they will vote for the abolition of the right of search in the forthcoming session; so that M. Guizot has no alternative."—*Colonial Gazette.*

The Queen and Prince Albert have walked daily on the beach, sometimes twice in the day; and the infants have been drawn to the beach in a little chaise, and allowed to play for a time upon the shingle. A wind so violent as to make it difficult for her to stand did not deter the Queen from her walk on Friday afternoon On Saturday she entered into conversation with a man about a curious dog, which he had lately saved from the wreck of a Russian timber-ship.—*Ibid.*

SYRIA AND TURKEY.—The *Carlsrhue Gazette* of the 15th instant hints at the remodelling of the semi-independent provinces of European Turkey: it says, that a powerful party of Greeks and Catholics has been formed at Wallachia, with a view of bringing about a junction of the three principalities of the Danube, under the guarantee of the great powers of Europe, and with a prince of one of the royal houses at their head. The majority of the Catholics are stated to be desirous of having for sovereign an Austrian archduke, but the Greeks and minority of the Catholics wish to have the Duke de Leuchtenberg.

Advices from Beyrout to the 19th October confirm previous reports of a general rising in Syria against the Turkish rule. One letter says:

"It is not the Christians alone who have taken up arms on this occasion, but the Druses also. These two sects, formerly at enmity together, have now united in one common cause, and formed a close alliance. The Albanians have succeeded in arousing all the worst passions of the Syrian people; and on the 12th instant they were attacked, as was the Turkish brigade quartered at Tripoli. At Ehden, a place a little above the town, a pitched battle was fought; and the Druses and Maronites beat off their enemies, with a loss, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, of five hundred men, including many Arnaouts. The Turks, accompanied by the Albanians, are ferocious-*looking* fellows, but showed the white feather when brought to the point against the mountaineers; hardy in every sense, and more than a match in the *art* of war for their more Northern rulers.

"On the 17th instant, a party of regular Turkish troops, on their way to this place from Damascus, about fifty in number, were attacked at a kahn called Hussein by the Druses, and beaten; the Turks throwing down their arms, and taking to a precipitate flight.

"The whole population along the coast is actuated but by one resolution, that of throwing off the yoke of their new rulers; and every preparation possible for a coming struggle is showing itself. The Turks are also preparing; but to the Syrians their efforts appear futile.

"The English and American families living in the mountain, reached Beyrout with the greatest difficulty, and that after having obtained the favor of the Druse chiefs."

The *Malta Times* of the 5th instant says, that a precautionary naval force was to be stationed on the coast of Syria; the Indus having already taken its departure from Malta.

Letters from Alexandria to the 24th announce that the viceroy had abolished the tax upon slaves, which is mentioned as a step towards their emancipation. The Nile had risen above the standard, and inundated the village of Balucco.—*Colo'l Gaz.*

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British Merchant's Address.—A lithographed address has been sent to us, by "A British Merchant," "to the People of England, and more particularly to the Inhabitants of Liverpool," recommending that, as a tribute to God in return for the triumphs vouchsafed in China, the opium-trade should be stopped, by prohibiting the production of the drug in India; and that meetings to petition for the measure should be held throughout the country. Besides the appeal to the people on Christian grounds, the British Merchant points out, that the capital employed in raising the plant might be better invested in producing cotton, indigo, and other commodities useful to the manufacturers of this country; and that the five or six millions sterling paid for opium by the Chinese would be expended in the purchase of British cotton, woollen, and other manufactures; giving employment to our thousands of starving artisans and to vast numbers of our ships now lying idle, and removing a source of disastrous interruption to our future intercourse with China.

A Noble Monument to Grace Darling.—A letter appears in the *Berwick Warder* suggesting "that the best and most appropriate monument would be the restoration of the Chapel of St. Cuthbert, where that eminent Christian worshipped, the remains of which stand on the Great Fern Island, with a tablet within the building to the memory of the deceased. There being several families upon the islands, the chapel is wanted for the worship of God, and many persons would be disposed to contribute largely to such a work, and would feel a pleasure in placing the monument in a holy place in the midst of the islands in which she and her family have lived so long." We need hardly say that we entirely concur in the view taken by the writer.—*Post.*

— It is stated that the Prince de Joinville (third son of King Louis Philippe) was positively to be married immediately to a Brazilian princess, and that his sister, the Princess Clementine of Orleans, was to be very shortly married to Prince Augustus of Coburg, brother of the King of Portugal.—*Britannia.*

Musical Stones.—It may not be generally known that on the mountains of Saddleback, near Keswick, there are found long thin stones possessing most musical and striking tones. A very ingenious and meritorious person in Keswick, one of the Lake guides, William Bowe, has with great labor, selected such a number of these stones that he has been able to combine such a variety of tones as nearly to equal a pianoforte, and to enable him to play with great sweetness and effect a number of tunes. The stones are laid on straw on a frame, and struck with small pellets by himself and assistants, and the effect is most pleasing and wonderful. Many families from Edinburgh last summer heard the Rock Harmonicon (from one of whom this notice comes), and Mr. Bowe is to be very shortly in Edinburgh to exhibit the effect of these stones.—*Ibid.*

## BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

### Great Britain.

*Life and Times of Louis Philippe, King of the French. By the Rev. G. N. Wright, M. A.* 8vo. pp. 624. London: Fisher, Son and Co.

1. This is the biography of the most remarkable man of his age. Remarkable on account of the extraordinary vicissitudes of his life, as for his various talents. Such a work cannot but be interesting. The perils of the Revolution, the adventures of his exile, his advancement to the throne, and his conduct in this elevated station, all combine to give materials, that can hardly exist in the biography of any other living man, with the exception perhaps of the King of Sweden.

The present work must therefore be valuable; and as there is no other life extant, at least none composed so elaborately, it must be referred to by every one desirous of having a connected account of one of the most extraordinary men alive. It is copiously illustrated with portraits and scenes in the life of Louis Philippe, and is otherwise well "got up," according to the technical phrase.—*Monthly Magazine.*

2. *Remains of the Rev. Richard Cecil, M. A.* 12mo. pp. 260. London: Seeley.

Cecil's Remains are so well known by the public, they need little notice here. Cecil was the Dr Johnson of the pulpit; his thoughts were original, keen, and truthful, and they were always expressed with peculiar energy of language. St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row, was fortunate in the ministration of Cecil for many years. Nor has it been less fortunate in his successors, Wilson, and Pratt, and Baptist Noel.—*Ibid.*

3. *Sir Henry Cavendish's Debates of the House of Commons during the Thirteenth Parliament of Great Britain, commonly called the Unreported Parliament. Drawn up from the Original Manuscripts, by John Wright, Editor of the Parliamentary History of England,* &c. Volume I. Royal octavo, cloth. Longman and Co.

At the commencement of this work, which is appearing in Parts, we gave an account of its character and objects. The *Unreported Parliament*—so named because reporters were jealously excluded from witnessing the proceedings—embraces an important period in English History,—from the years 1768 to 1774; when Burke was in his glory, and Fox made his first appearance in the House. This was also the era of the Letters of Junius; of the Wilkes affair; and the breaking out, and gathering of the elements of revolt in the American colonies. Save for the persevering industry of Sir Henry Cavendish, many of the best speeches of Burke, and others scarcely less worthy of preservation, would have been for ever lost to the English statesman and historian. The work, which is diligently and carefully illustrated from published books, and the unpublished letters, private journals, and memoirs of the leading public characters of that age, to which the editor has obtained access, is one which nothing else can ever supply; an important portion of authentic parliamentary history. The present volume gives the reports for two sessions. Another of the same size will, we presume, finish a book indispensable to an English library.—*Tait's Magazine.*

4. *Memoirs of the Literary Ladies of England, from the commencement of the last century. By Mrs Elwood, Authoress of "An Overland Journey to India."* In two volumes.

These volumes contain biographical notices of some nine-and-twenty "literary ladies" of Great Britain, who flourished during the last and the present century; commencing with Lady Mary Wortley Montague, and coming down to Mrs. Hemans, L. E. L., and Miss Roberts. Such a publication is exceedingly useful, because it furnishes information respecting its subjects which cannot with certainty be got elsewhere when wanted; whilst many of the persons have sufficient attraction in their literary celebrity to stimulate curiosity to inquire into their lives. The number of notices contained in two volumes forbids any thing like elaborate biographies, and Mrs. Elwood has not the genius and study requisite to impart the completeness of life to a reduced copy. The book, however, is readable: and if the

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plan of their lives, and the perspicuity of the style in its chronological facts, might be improved without much difficulty, the interesting points or anecdotes connected with the heroines are agreeably presented. The choice of the subjects might have been advantageously extended. Miss Jewsbury of the present day, Mrs. Centlivre and Mrs. Cowley of the last century, are more of literary ladies than lady Murray, the Dutchess of Somerset, (Lady Hertford,) or Mrs. Delaney.—*Spectator.*

## Germany.

*Latin Grammar for the use of the Greeks. By J. A Smit.* Leipzic.

The study of Latin was recommended to the Greeks of our day by the Honorable A Coray, and a Professorship of the Latin language and literature was very properly instituted in the university of Athens, which is filled by a German, Mr. H. A. Ulrichs of Bremen. This gentleman had already before been engaged in promoting the radical study of the Latin language in Greece, and among the Greeks, having published a Latin Grammar (Athens 1835) and a Latin Reader, (Athens 1836), and being now engaged in Publishing a Λεξικὸν λατινο-ἑλληνὸν for Greeks, in three parts (Leipzic, Fr. Fleischer). In 1834, Pallatidis a Greek published a "Γραμματικὴ λατινικὴ" at Vienna. The Greeks themselves confess the advantage of studying the Latin, especially as it facilitates the learning of the modern Romaic. This Grammar, then, seems to be called for; the different subjects are represented in a simple and apprehensible manner; the rules are illustrated by examples from the best Roman classics, and somewhat is added on the Roman calendar, as also on prosody and metre. The Greek in which the grammar is written is a mixture of ancient Greek, much of which has lately been adopted into the language of the people, and modern, and may therefore contribute towards improving and enriching still more the new language of the present Greeks out of the linguical treasures of the ancient Greek.—*Gersdorf's Repertorium.*

## France.

*Electoral History of France, since the Convocation of the States-General of* 1789. *By A. Audiganne.* Paris.

The electoral history of France contains, in some sort, the history of its constitutional education. The elective principle once admitted, aspires to develop and extend itself more and more, without any respect to the state of illumination in the country.

The book of M. Audiganne traces, in a very interesting manner, the different phases of that electoral legislation under the empire, the spirit of which has insensibly grown into the essential conditions of the representative government. He recounts the energy given to the elective principle by the revolution of 1789; its almost total annihilation under the empire; then the conflict between its friends and its foes under the restoration; finally its triumph in 1830, and the new impulse given to it by the law which regulates its action. He signalizes the constant progress it has made amid obstacles accumulated about its path, and proposes some modifications which seem to him still desirable, in order to harmonize it entirely with the spirit of our age. Those modifications are the admission of some intellectual qualifications, and the centralization of the election. Farther than this he thinks the principle should not be extended.

The volume appears to us to be written circumspectly, free from the exaggerations of party spirit, and altogether adapted to give a clear and just idea of the subject of which it treats.—*Revue Critique.*

# SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

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The Covenant; or the Conflict of the Church, with other Poems, chiefly connected with the Ecclesiastical History of Scotland.

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Etudes critiques sur les Mollusques fossiles; par Prof. L. Agassiz. 2e Livr. 4to. *Neuchatel*, 1842.

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# GIRL AND FLOWERS.

She was one of Nature's Nobles,
With her forehead broad and high;
And the fervent love that sparkled
In her clear and steadfast eye.
She was full of happy fancies
Glancing round her like the light,
And the sunshine of her spirit
Made the Earth and Heavens bright;—

And she dwelt afar from cities
In her grandsire's princely halls,
'Midst the shades of rocky mountains
And the sound of waterfalls;

And her infant footsteps wander'd
By the brook and through the dell,
And she lived so much with Nature
That she learned to love her well!

For she had no other playmates
Than the birds and bees and flowers,
And she sported gaily midst them
Through the long and summer hours.
And she was the noble heiress
Of broad lands that round her spread,
And the hopes of a long lineage
Centred all on that young head.

# SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, F. R. A.

In the wide range of the history of Artists, there is probably no instance of a genius for painting developing itself so early as in Lawrence; for we find him, when but a mere child, already in the field wielding the crayon and stamping upon paper the lineaments of his elders. Peculiar circumstances combined to bring him favorably forward, before he was of an age to comprehend the difficulties he had to contend with: possessed of a handsome person and a dulcet delivery of speech, he was brought into company by his parents, as a reciter of English poetry; and strongly gifted by nature with a genius for drawing, combined the more lucrative practice of drawing the portraits of his audience. Proceeding step by step, he finally substituted canvas and oil colors for the paper and chalks. When we reflect on the gradual development of the talents of most artists under the theoretic guidance of a master, we cannot contemplate these early pictures without a degree of wonder, as they possess many high qualities of art, an exquisite taste, and a boldness of handling, which sets criticism at defiance. But like all precocious geniuses, the after career of the man cannot be said to have realized the promised excellence of childhood; he had painted almost by instinct; and when reason and a knowledge of the rules of high art came to his aid, he was unable to divest himself entirely of the pernicious effects of early habits. Thus the great misfortune of Lawrence was that he painted too soon; his reasoning faculties did not keep pace with his intuitive facility of execution; with more thought and less precocity, his high reputation would have been more enduring, and with more confidence might he be classed with the illustrious masters of the art.

Lawrences' style of drawing is light and elegant, captivating in its contour, and practical in its effect, but with a tendency to feebleness; it breathes the very elements of his mind, gentleness and amiability. The rude but vivid forms and etchings of Rembrandt display a wealth, a poetry of imagination, such as found no similarity in any touch of Lawrence's. The portraits of Reynolds too speak the mind of the man, deep, reflective, and vigorous; his men partake, in feature and attitude, of the solidity and squareness of their sex, his female portraits beam with the modesty and grace of nature, and his children are the perfection of simplicity and infantine joyousness. But the portraits of Lawrence—men, women, and children—partake of the reigning fashion of the day. His men are courtiers; his women the slaves of fashion, glittering in ornament; his children, the heirs of coronets and titles, the tools and pupils of the dancing-master.

Lawrence had three distinct styles in his manner of painting: his first before settling in London; his second, during the lifetime of Reynolds; his third, a style between his first and second, the one in which he continued to paint till his death. There was a finish and brilliancy in his works peculiarly his own; the effect in most of his pictures is somewhat forced, from the shadows being too strong and decided for the lights. Still his manner was perfectly original, and although unequal to some of his predecessors in dignity and grandeur, there was no other artist in his line, (after the death of Reynolds and Hoppner,) who could advance any pretensions whatever to rivalry.

JOHN SARTAIN.

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# AMERICAN ECLECTIC

AND

# MUSEUM OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

**MARCH, 1843.**

## AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE PROGRESS OF HUMAN INDUSTRY.

Translated from the "Journal des Travaux de la Société Française de Statistique Universelle."

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

The subsequent article is from the pen of M. Cesar Moreau, Director of the French Society of Universal Statistics, Member of the French Institute, etc. Our readers will discover in it the results of much learned research, on topics of interest to the public. Ed.

What is human industry? It is not a science; it existed before all the sciences, and it borrows from them now, its most valuable resources. It is not an art; all arts, all talents owe their rise to industry. It is not genius; it has neither its fire, nor its light, nor its rapid step. What then is human industry? It is an intellectual faculty, which, on one side, impelled by interest or necessity, on the other, aided by meditation, judgment, imagination, and very often by chance, connects effects and their causes, calculates means and their products, combines the properties of bodies and substances, and draws from them the elements, of which are composed the processes of invention in all kinds of utility, amusement and luxury.

After this definition, there is no longer any parallel to be drawn, between the industry of man and that of animals. The productions of human industry are voluntary, reflective, variable, unlimited, and are not acquired without labor. The industry of animals is blind, forced, necessary, limited, always the same, and without laborious invention. It depends not upon the bee, to vary the geometrical and symmetrical form of its cells; the beaver, without the rules of architecture, constructs with solidity, its regular habitation; the spider always weaves its web in the same manner; the cocoons of silk-worms all resemble each other, in form and workmanship; the young swallow is quite as skilful as its mother, in the construction of its nest; the nightingale does not teach its young the art of uttering melodious sounds; why does not the *formica-leo*, crouching patiently at the extremity of a tunnel of light sand, awaiting there, with indefatigable perseverance, the imprudent insect, which may chance to fall into the snare, why does it not attempt some more active and more expeditious stratagem? The power of flying among birds, the art of swimming among fishes, the instinct which leads the duck, just escaped from the shell, to forsake the wings of the brooding hen and fly to the water, and so many other wonders, the sight of which no longer surprises us because our eyes are accustomed to them, all prove to us, that the industry of animals belongs mostly to their physical organization, and that it is rather a gift of nature than the result of their understanding and will.

But let us leave the industry of animals to occupy ourselves with that of man. Let us cast a rapid glance over its different epochs, in order the better to strike off the picture of its efforts, and its progress.

*The first epoch, from the first year of the*



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*creation of the world, to the universal deluge in* 1656.

If we go back to the earliest ages of the world, we observe that, if man, placed by the Creator upon the surface of the globe, had possessed no other resources than those which he could derive from his hands, and his corporeal strength, he would have been capable only of doing mechanically, what would have been suggested to him by imperious necessity, and his existence, after fifty-eight centuries, would have differed but little from that of the animals: but the sovereign Author of the universe had endowed him with intellectual faculties of a superior order. Soon the habit of seeing, observing, reflecting and comparing gave new power to his understanding.

Agriculture and the care of flocks appear to have been the first occupations of the human race. The wealth of the most ancient patriarchs consisted of numerous heads of cattle. The skins of these animals supplied them with clothing; their flesh and their milk, joined to the fruits of the earth, sufficed to nourish the descendants of Adam and Eve. When the first ages were passed, families became too numerous to subsist together within a limited space. They dispersed, established themselves at first at a little distance from each other, and formed colonies. It was then that wants began to multiply. Men became more familiar with the phenomena of nature, united their forces, and their thoughts. The necessity of making themselves understood, produced *signs*, *gestures*, *sounds* and *words*. Ideas were modified, application was made of them to things of immediate necessity; and hence the origin of the first inventions. Tubal Cain invented, it is said, the *art of forging iron;* Seth passes for the inventor of *astronomy* and *writing;* according to the historian Josephus, the children of Seth erected two *pillars*, one of *brick*, the other of *stone*, to leave to their posterity a memento of the knowledge acquired by their fathers. Jubal invented *music*.

But there remain to us no monuments of those remote ages; those which then existed were buried under the waters of the universal deluge. There is no trace of antediluvian industry. Tradition has scarcely transmitted to us the names of some of the first inhabitants of the earth; all that we can gather from the text of the Sacred Scriptures is, that human industry had made some progress; since, within a period of time which embraced, at the most, five or six generations, men had succeeded in forming a *language* adapted to the extent of their ideas, had discovered the use of *fire*, the employment of *wood* and *stone*, the fabrication of *brick*, and the art of working *iron* and *brass*, and had invented various *tools*, *instruments* and *utensils*. Finally, *Noah's ark*, if it was such as it has been represented, [and the biblical account of it is true, ED.] could not have been made without art and industry, and gives us a high idea of the talents of the first men of nature.

*The second epoch, from the deluge to the foundation of Rome, in the year* 3250.

After the dreadful catastrophe, which had swallowed up the whole world, with the exception of Noah and his family, we find in the sacred text, that this patriarch planted the *vine*, and expressed from it an intoxicating liquor. We see afterwards that men, either to escape a new deluge, or to reach the skies, which they believed to be near them, erected the *tower of Babel*, a rash and daring enterprise, but which nevertheless, carried even to a certain extent, supposes powerful conception and great resources.

The posterity of Noah so increased, that families dispersed, some going into Egypt, some into Asia, and some into Greece. Hence the origin of the *Hebrew*, *Arabic*, *Phœnician*, *Greek*, *Persian*, *Chinese*, and other languages.

Egypt became the cradle of the arts. *Astronomy*, that is to say the observation of the stars, began by fixing *chronological measures*, and the *division* of *months*, *years* and *centuries*. The *astronomical dance* of the Egyptians indicates the anterior origin of *sacred* and *profane dances*, always accompanied by *instrumental music*. To Sesostris, the tenth king of Egypt, is ascribed the invention of *geography*. The *obelisks* of *Egypt*, the celebrated city of *Thebes*, the immense *labyrinth*, built near *lake Mœris;* lake *Mœris* itself, from ten to twelve leagues in circumference, excavated by the hand of man; the two *pyramids*, erected in the midst of its waters, and each supporting a *colossal statue*, the famous *pyramids of Memphis*, constructed in imitation of the tower of Babel, and the *statue* of *Memnon*, were so many monuments, some of which, still existing, attest the power and industry of this first people of the earth.

Egyptian colonies passed into Asia, extended from the shores of the Mediterranean to China, and transported with them the knowledge which they had acquired in their own country. Hence the origin of the Chaldeans, Tyrians, Phœnicians, Babylonians, Medes, Assyrians, Persians, and Chinese. The Chaldeans dispute with the

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Egyptians the invention of *astronomy*. *Navigation* and *commerce* had their rise among the Tyrians and Phœnicians. There were *manufactories* of *glass* at Sidon. The *cities* of *Babylon* and *Nineveh* soon arose, both celebrated for the magnificence of their palaces, and the former for the *tower* of *Belus*, built on the ruins of that of Babel. Tyre, Sidon, Troy, and many other cities were, from their foundation, so many small kingdoms, which, soon united by the right of conquest, formed large *empires*. The Persians and the Chinese partook of the industry of other nations. The invention of the *sphere* was of great antiquity among the Chinese, and chronology mentions that the *sun-dial* was known in China towards the end of the second epoch.

It was also towards the end of this epoch, that the Tyrians built *Carthage*, and the city of *Herculaneum* was founded, and afterwards unfortunately buried in the earth.

The Hebrews, going out of Egypt, under the command of Moses, also present to us a picture of human industry. Ancient history teaches us that soon after the deluge, men had made many discoveries well worthy of admiration, and that they had discovered the secret, first of *spinning gold*, and weaving it into cloth; secondly, of *gold-beating* and *gilding* wood and other materials; thirdly, of *casting gold and silver figures* expressive of various objects, and of making all kinds of *ornaments* and *vases;* fourthly, of *painting* and *carving wood*, *stone* and *marble;* and fifthly, of *dying stuffs* with the most beautiful colors. We also see the Hebrews at the foot of Mount Sinai making a god under the form of a *golden calf;* the decalogue, or the ten commandments of God, *engraved upon stone;* the vestments of the high priest, *adorned with precious stones* and woven of *fine linen*, mixed with gold and dyed with different colors; the *ark of the covenant*, of precious wood, overlaid with *plates of gold*, fastened with *golden nails*, and furnished with *rings of gold*, into which were inserted large *gilded staves*, intended to bear it. David calms the fury of Saul, by the harmonious sounds of his *harp*. Finally, the *temple of Solomon*, erected in Jerusalem, one of the most celebrated monuments of the Jewish people, by its architecture and the almost infinite number of works of gold and casting, announces a magnificence worthy of the Master of the universe, who was its object, and gives us an idea of the progress, which the industry of man had made during a period of 3,000 years.

A colony from Egypt introduced arts and industry among the Greeks. Cecrops founded there twelve cities which composed the *kingdom of Athens*. Cadmus and his Phœnician companions founded the *city of Thebes* in Bœotia, and made known there the means of transmitting thought by *writing*. *Pelops*, a Phrygian, reigned in the Peloponnesus and gave his name to that famous country. The *first money* was coined at Athens, and Philo of Argos coined the first *silver money*, in the island of Ægina. Dædalus constructed the famous *labyrinth of Crete*. Calus or Talus his rival invented the *saw* and the *compass*. The siege and taking of Troy, so well described by Homer, indicate to us what was, at that period, the *military art*, the *art of forming camps*, the kind of *offensive* and *defensive armor*, which was then fabricated, the use of *chariots*, the skill in training and managing horses. *Homer* immortalized his age and country. Lycurgus gave *laws* to Lacedæmon. The institution of *gymnastic exercises*, and the restoration of the *Olympic games* promoted address, strength and courage among the Greeks.

Among the fables, which cover with a thick veil the early ages of the world, are seen the principal truths, which may be deduced from the most remarkable events.

*The third epoch, from the foundation of Rome to the vulgar era.*

Previous to this third epoch, important events had occurred in Egypt and in Asia. Greece began to be ranked among civilized nations. The rest of Europe, almost uninhabited, was without art and without industry. The colossal powers of Egypt and Asia soon destroyed each other. The conquests of Cambyses, Cyrus and Alexander arrested the progress of civilization, and by a necessary consequence, the people were the slaves of the first usurping despot powerful enough to subjugate them. Asiatic luxury and effeminacy completed the annihilation of what the destructive wars of the people had spared.

It was reserved for Greece to preserve and rekindle the sacred fire of the arts and sciences. The first Greek *medals*, or *coins* with inscriptions, *without the concave die*, date from the commencement of this epoch. Thales carried from Egypt into Greece the knowledge of *the circles of the sphere*. Anaximander invented *geographical maps*. Solon gave *laws* to Athens. The *Pythian games*, adapted to give flexibility and agility to the body, were instituted at Delphi. *The theory of music* was invented by Pythagoras, who first called attention to the five regular solids of *geometry*. Philolaus of Crotona, a disciple of Pythagoras, and Ar-

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chytas, first made known the motion of the earth round the sun. Hipparchus was the first, after Thales and Sulpicius Gallus, who discovered the method of *calculating eclipses*. He invented the *astrolabe*, and calculated the number of the *fixed stars*, which he made amount to 1022. Greece gave birth to Socrates, Plato and Aristotle. Theophrastus is the first *botanical* author known. *Grafting* was invented by the Greeks. Hippocrates, regarded with reason as the father of medicine, gave the first lessons in the *art of curing*. Towards the golden age of Greece, the fine arts were there carried to the highest degree of perfection. Dancing, music, wrestling, and chariot-racing were held in high estimation. Attalus, king of Pergamus, invented tapestry. *Painting*, *sculpture*, *engraving*, and *architecture* made such rapid progress among the Greeks, that they have not yet been surpassed by any nation upon the earth, but have served as a model for all. We shall always remember the great talents of the painters Apelles, Zeuxis and Parrhasius; of the sculptors, Phidias, Polycletus, Praxiteles, Agesander, Polydorus and Athenodorus;* of the engravers, Stratonicus, Mentor and Pytheas; of the architects, Ictinus, Callicrates and Philo. From Greece have come the most beautiful master-pieces of the chisel and the pencil. The art of making *arches* was known there. Callimachus invented the capital of the *Corinthian order*. The *tomb of Mausolus* has been considered one of the seven wonders of the world. The *marbles* of *Paros*, afterwards called the *marbles* of *Arundel* or *Oxford*, have preserved the most interesting epochs of this industrious people.

The arts of luxury did not diminish their energy. It was especially in the *military art*, that they were distinguished, by the invention and construction of the *battering-ram*, *tortoise*, *auger*, *rolling towers*, and other *machines* for the attack and defence of places; by the disposition of armies in battle and the precision of their movements, and by skill in the *navy*, which always rendered their fleets victorious, procured for them the empire of the sea, and obliged the Persians to renounce it forever, by a solemn treaty.

But the greatest empires have a limit to their increase and duration, appointed by the sovereign Ruler of destiny.

Beside Greece arose a rival power. Rome, which, according to history, derived its origin from the Trojans, early announced its projects of conquest, and the ambition of becoming the first city of the universe; and while gold and riches prepared the decay of the republics of Greece, the Roman republic, after the expulsion of the Tarquins, strengthened upon its foundation, rose with majesty upon the ruins of the thrones by which it was surrounded, and which overshadowed its rising greatness. Six hundred years of the republic were six hundred years of war. This haughty people, who at first regarded with disdain the mechanic arts, and abandoned the exercise of them to slaves, knowing no art but that of conquest, learned from conquered nations to value the arts and sciences, as well as the master-pieces of industry. Papirius constructed the first *sun-dial*. Soon enriched by the industry of its neighbors, Rome could not, like Egypt and Greece, boast of its discoveries. History paints to us the genius of this people, as directed rather to imitation than to invention. Its manners, laws, festivals, pageants, customs, all, even its religion, were borrowed from other nations, but principally from the Greeks. The Roman people, who thought only of subduing and governing the world, did not cultivate the sciences, such as geometry and mathematics. To judge from their own historians they despised and ridiculed them. Cicero speaks very slightly of Archimedes, whose immortal name will go down to posterity with that of the Roman orator. Tacitus confounds mathematics with judicial astrology, and does not give us a very high idea of his knowledge of physical geography. It was only towards the end of the republic, that *eloquence* was honored at Rome. The taste for the fine arts was confined to a sterile admiration. The Romans loved them only for pomp and ostentation. They neglected nothing indeed to procure the works of art, which they envied their neighbors; but we do not see among them that emulation of the Greeks, nor those sublime talents, which, long after the fall of the empire, rendered Italy illustrious, and still afford us models.

The Romans did not neglect *agriculture*. The works of Cato, Varro, Columella and Pliny prove to us how great a value they attached to it. Ctesibius was the inventor of *pumps*, and the hydraulic machine, the *water-clock*, otherwise called *clepsydra*. The invention of *gauze* was known from the time of Petronius. *Architecture* appears to have been more particularly cultivated under the emperors; and Rome owed to this art a part of its splendor. Its highways, its palaces, temples, *mosaics*, aqueducts, circi,

* These last three sculptors of Rhodes together executed the celebrated group of Laocoon.

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amphitheatres, baths, bridges, triumphal arches, the invention of the *composite order*, its theatres, and many other public edifices, the remembrance of which has descended to posterity, will perpetuate the memory of Cæsar, Vespasian, Titus, Trajan, Adrian, Antoninus, and Marcus Aurelius. Cæsar, who traversed Gaul, and nearly all Europe as a conqueror, erected, on his way, monuments, which attest the grandeur, pomp and magnificence of the golden age of the Roman empire.

But it must be confessed that Rome, inferior to Greece in science, does not yield to it in literature. If Greece had its Homer, its Demosthenes, its Æschylus, its Xenophon, its Thucydides, its Herodotus, its Dioscorides, its Sophocles, its Euripides, its Aristophanes, Rome had its Virgil, its Cicero, its Horace, its Tacitus, its Livy, its Pliny, its Seneca, its Plautus, its Terence, and many other celebrated writers. The history of Greece interests by the detail of its arts; the history of Rome astonishes and amazes by its colossal grandeur and magnificence. There was more industry in Greece, more pomp and majesty in Rome.

Until the Christian era, the splendid brilliancy of the Roman power so dazzles our eyes, that we do not perceive the other nations of the earth. Nevertheless we must believe that the resources of industry spread with the population. But if the historical monuments of the Roman people give us but little information, concerning their means and their progress in the arts, what can we expect from nations, which were just beginning to arise, or whose antiquity, obscure and almost unknown, leaves us no trace of their ingenious inventions and discoveries.

*The fourth epoch, from the Christian era to the sixteenth century.*

Under the shade of the olive, the arts and sciences spring up and flourish. Wars are their pest and scourge, they cut off whole generations. The youth educated in camps and amid the tumult of arms have not calm leisure to surrender themselves to the alluring charms of useful and agreeable talents. The laurels of victory flourish only while they are watered by human blood. The famous library of Alexandria was burned during the wars of Cæsar in Egypt. The wars which destroyed the empires of the Babylonians, Persians and Assyrians stifled the industry of those Asiatic nations. It is true that some master-pieces of the Greek artists embellished the temples and public monuments of Rome, but the inventive genius of the industrious people of Greece could not be won by conquest. This genius, so fruitful in the happy times of liberty, was enfeebled, prostrated, annihilated under the emperors of the East and West. Those famous cities, Athens, Corinth, Lacedæmon, Thebes, Delphi, their temples, theatres, circi, council-houses, porches, porticoes, and many other monuments, were destroyed by war and by time. In the midst of ruins, we scarcely dissover any trace of them, and upon the uncultivated soil of the country, once the most celebrated and the most flourishing, we find only the emblems of destruction, indigence and gross stupidity.

Such are the fatal effects of war, that, by reducing to ashes cities and empires, by exterminating the human race, by effacing even the traces of nations which have existed, it brings in its train, terror and desolation, covers the earth with mourning, envelopes it in the thick darkness of ignorance, and substitutes the horrors of barbarism, for the laws of civilization. We can only deplore the disastrous times, in which the dismemberment of the Roman empire threw all Europe into confusion, disorder and anarchy. Discord and ambition on one side, ignorance,superstition and barbarism on the other, caused for a long time the misery of nations. The annals of the middle ages present to us only sieges, battles, civil wars, crusades, factions, murders and poisonings. Amid the storms by which Europe was agitated, we see some traits of magnanimity and courage mingled with treason and ferocity, but men occupied with defence or conquest had neither time nor inclination to be instructed and enlightened.

Pagan philosophy had lost its empire. It was reserved for a religious philosophy, to regenerate the human race. Christianity came forth from the ruins of Judea and sought an asylum at Rome, where it long found only persecution. Ah! what morality was better adapted to soften men, than that which commands the practice of all the virtues, which attaches shame and remorse to the crimes and vices so fatal to the repose of society, a morality which calls man, each moment, before the tribunal of his conscience, which consoles him in adversity and affliction, teaches him to support the evils, inseparable from human frailty, and makes of all nations one and the same family? Is there upon the earth a religion, which elevates man more above himself, than that which teaches him the immortality of the soul, which ranks charity among his first duties, which enjoins the forgive-

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ness of injuries, which renders the nuptial bond sacred and inviolable, and which, even at the gates of death, sustains his courage by the hope of returning to the bosom of the Eternal? This philosophy, religious, mild, beneficent, consolatory, the friend of peace and harmony, always ready to defend the innocent, to relieve the weak, indigent and oppressed, is by no means opposed to the arts and sciences. We owe to it the preservation of the precious remnants of ancient learning.

Europe, ravaged and laid waste, remained, until the sixteenth century, in a state of barbarism, given up by turns to despotism and anarchy. There also exists a blank of nearly ten centuries in the history of industry. During this long period, the people, plunged in a kind of brutality, alternately conquering and conquered, knew only the empire of force, or the yoke of servitude. The human race, degraded from its ancient splendor, vegetated miserably without arts, industry or emulation.

### THE FIRST CENTURY OF THE CHRISTIAN ERA.

Even amid the darkness of ignorance, there shone at intervals some rays of light. The mosk of St. Sophia at Constantinople proves that there existed even then a certain taste for architecture.

### THE SECOND CENTURY.

Next to Hippocrates, Galen was the most celebrated author among *physicians*. The system of *Ptolemy*, although now abandoned, was, for the time in which he lived, a great effort of the human mind, and forms an epoch in the history of *astronomy*.

### THE THIRD CENTURY.

Plotinus, a native of Egypt, went to Rome to give lessons in *philosophy*, and was distinguished for his erudition.

### THE FOURTH CENTURY.

Diophantus invented *algebra*.

### THE SIXTH CENTURY.

Proclus, the mathematician, like another Archimedes, destroyed, by means of *burning-glasses*, the vessels of Vitalian, who was laying siege to Constantinople.

### THE SEVENTH CENTURY.

Callinicus, an engineer of Heliopolis in Syria, was the inventor of *Greek-fire*, an invention since lost, but, unfortunately for mankind, replaced by the use of gunpowder.

### THE EIGHTH AND NINTH CENTURIES.

Amid civil and foreign wars, there arose, in France and other Christian countries, a multitude of churches of *Gothic architecture*, some of which still excite the admiration of architects, by their sublimity.

### THE TENTH CENTURY.

The monk Gerbert, afterwards Pope Sylvester Second, introduced into France, *Arabic* or *Indian arithmetical figures*, which the Saracens had made known to him, and constructed the first *clock with wheels*.

### THE TENTH, ELEVENTH AND TWELFTH CENTURIES.

Among the Saracens are found some names celebrated in *medicine*, such as Isaac, (*of the seventh century*) Rhazes, Avicenna and Messue. Alhazen, an Arabian, composed seven books upon *optics*, remarkable for the time in which he lived.

### THE ELEVENTH CENTURY.

Guido Aretinus, a Benedictine monk, invented the several parts of *music*, the lines, gamut, and notes, *ut*, *re*, *mi*, *fa*, *sol*, *la*, *si*. The art of *painting on glass* began to decorate the windows of churches, and the invention of *organs* made their arches resound.

### THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

The invention of the *mariner's compass* appears to be several years anterior to Flavio Gioia. The use of *wind-mills* came to us from the East, after the crusades. The names of Geber, Roger Bacon, Arnaud, de Villeneuve, are still held in veneration by *chemists*.

### THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

We owe the invention of *spectacles* to Alexander Spina, a Dominican of Pisa, and Salvinus Armatus, a Florentine.—*Horology* had already had its birth, under Charles the Fifth.—Under Charles the Sixth, *engraving on wood* was invented,—Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Ambrosius Calepin, and John Picus Mirandula, are names dear to the republic of *letters*.

### THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Erasmus rendered himself so illustrious, by his learning and his writings, that the city of Rotterdam erected a bronze statue to his honor. During the pontificate of Leo Tenth, talents of every kind flourished in Italy, and were soon communicated to France, whither Francis the First attracted them, and where he caused them to expand by the favor and protection which he bestowed upon them. History informs us that by the counsel and persuasion of William Budaeus, this monarch founded literary professorships in Paris. To the University is due the invention of the post in France.

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Berquin, a native of Bruges, discovered the art of cutting the diamond. The end of this epoch is also celebrated for four most important events: the first is the invention of linen paper; the second that of gunpowder, a most destructive agent in war—(some ascribe it to Roger Bacon, an English friar, others to Barthold Schwartz, a German monk); the third is that of printing, due to Guttenberg, of the city of Mayence; the fourth is the discovery of the Bahama Islands by Christopher Columbus, and of the Continent of America by Americus Vespucius, who had the honor of giving his name to the newly-discovered world.

Such are the most remarkable achievements performed by human industry during these fifteen centuries of ignorance, prejudice, barbarism, and superstition. But of these ingenious productions, some are only the imitation, or restoration of arts lost and regained; others, of entirely new invention, may be regarded as only the first rudiments of discovery, which in time received greater development and perfection. We may say of this fourth epoch, that it is, to the following, what the first ages of Greece and Rome were to the golden age, which succeeded them.

*The Fifth Epoch, from the year* 1501 *to the year* 1833.

What a vast picture is presented to us, in the course of this epoch! Human industry seems to awake from the long sleep in which it was wrapt for more than ten centuries. A new dawn dissipates by degrees the night of time, and seems to announce a brilliant day. Eyes are opened, illusions dispelled, philosophy collects the vague and scattered knowledge dispersed through ancient writings, to compose of it the theory of the sciences. Truth takes the place of error and imposture; taste presides over the cultivation of the fine arts, and raises ancient monuments from the dust in which they were buried, to display their beauties, and rekindle the celestial flame of the genius of the arts. Nature, always free and communicative, has no longer any secrets from her favorites; and those who delight in observing her, discover every day something to admire, to imitate, to borrow, to prepare, to fashion, and submit to every kind of experiment. Isolated processes, without any connection, discoveries neglected or even abandoned, are arranged and disposed, by the hand of industry, to form useful and interesting arts, and to be established in honorable and lucrative professions, from which sound reason removes the disdain and indolence which endeavor to degrade them.

It belongs only to a Bossuet or a Buffon to trace for us the rapid progress of the arts and sciences, during this last epoch. Until a learned and more skilful hand unfold to our eyes the details of so grand a picture, may I be permitted to present, within a narrow compass, the principal traits of the industry of these three centuries. It shall be, if desired, merely a sketch, like a map of the world, upon which can be traced only oceans, large rivers, lofty mountains, and cities of the first class; but this sketch, by fixing the attention upon certain points, will leave upon the imagination and the memory the idea of a fuller development, and will recall curious and interesting remembrances, as a general chart recalls to us the recollection of the great nations of the earth, and affords a glimpse of topographical charts, in its latitudes and longitudes.

If, in a discourse consecrated to the discoveries of industry, I were not apprehensive of digressing from my subject, by turning my attention to theology, morality, philosophy, politics, legislation, metaphysics, history, and literature, what celebrated names should I have to cite! what a multitude of immortal writings! what sublime talents are presented at this moment to my memory!

THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

In spite of myself, those illustrious names escape me,—Ariosto, Montaigne, Charron, Tasso, Malherbe, Grotius, Racan.

THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Corneille, Milton, the Marquis de Rochefoucault, Moliere, Fontaine, Madame de Sévigné, Santeul, Nicolle, Bossuet, Puffendorf, Dryden, Bourdaloue, Flechier, Locke, Cumberland, Madame Deshoulières, Boileau, Quinault, Malebranche, Racine, La Bruyere, Bayle, Regnard, Fenelon, Abbadie, Fontenelle, Wallenston, Massillon, J. B. Rousseau, Shaftesbury, Addison, Clarke, Collins, D'Olivet.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

The President Henault, Pope, Montesquieu, Mallet, Daguesseau, Gerbier, Gresset, Marmontel, Duclos, Dorat, Crebillon, Du Bellay, St. Lambert, Lemierre, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, Voltaire, Laharpe, Legouvé, Collin-d'Harleville, Gesner, Kotzebue, Beauvais, Dumoustier. . . . . I stop; there still remain too many names to cite. Let us return to industry.

We have seen that the observation of nature, meditation, necessity, and chance,

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contributed to the first discoveries; that from the mass of these inventions and discoveries, systems were composed; that judgment, calculation, and combination deduced causes and effects from elementary principles, which, classified and arranged, formed arts and sciences; that these arts and sciences were diffused by the intercourse of nations, and that they were transmitted from generation to generation, rather by tradition than by writing; that successive revolutions, by devastating empires, replunged the people into the darkness of ignorance, stifled the germs of industry, and reduced men to tear each other, like wild beasts; finally, that from the age of Augustus to that of Leo Tenth, there were, from time to time, learned men, whose works prove that the arts and sciences were not entirely buried under the ruins of the ancient monuments which they had erected. But among the precious relics which have descended to us, there was introduced a crowd of systems, errors, and prejudices. Custom served as a guide in the practice of the arts. Suddenly, the scene changed. Order emerged from chaos. To the first rays of dawn, succeeded a brilliant light. Ramus, J. B. Porta, Chancellor Bacon, Alstedius, Athanasius Kircher, and Gaspard Schott, prepared the restoration of the arts and sciences; but it was reserved for Galileo, Gassendi, Descartes, Pascal, Newton, Leibnitz, Halley, Bernouilli, Wolff, Diderot, and D'Alembert, to accelerate their progress—to make them advance with giant strides, to electrify minds, to excite emulation, to give an impulse, to inspire taste, to multiply the means of instruction, and to render imperishable the knowledge acquired by the experience and theories of all ages.

Astronomy took a new flight. Copernicus *fixed forever the sun in the centre of the planetary revolutions*. Tycho Brahe sought, but in vain, to reconcile the *system of Copernicus* with that of Ptolemy, to which custom had given a kind of authority. Galileo determined the *form of the orbits*, which the stars describe, and invented the *sector* and *pendulum-clocks*. Kepler demonstrated the *laws according to which the planets move*. The *calendar* of Julius Cæsar was reformed, during the pontificate of Pope Gregory the Thirteenth. The names of Cassini, Maupertius, Euler, Pingre, Messier, Mechain, Lalande and Herschell are universally known by their discoveries and their works.

The earth deserved, not less than the heavenly bodies, the attention and study of philosophy. The COSMOLOGY of the ancients was confined to a few vague opinions, and to imperfect and superficial geographical knowledge. We find in modern works on geology more profound principles, more probable hypotheses, a greater number of positive facts, *geographical* and *topographical* charts, much more complete, correct and exact. Among the learned, who have devoted themselves to this interesting study, are distinguished Varenius, Brunet, Samson, De Lisle, Whiston, Woodward, Marsigli, Schencher, Maillet, Guettard, Buache, Buffon, Danville, Saussure, Targioni, Bergmann, Paun, Gosselin, Mentelle, Wallerius, Pallas, Methrie, Desmarest, etc.

The names of Vieta, Fermat, Huygens, De La Hire, Rivart, Clairault, Bossut, Monge, Laplace, Haüy, Lacroix and Prony will always recall to posterity the remembrance of the rapid and constant progress, which *geometry* and *mathematics* made in the course of three centuries.

*Military fortification* and *artillery* also supply celebrated names. Vauban was the glory of his country; he was also, by his scientific *fortifications*, the defender of the frontiers of France. Belidor, Dulac, the Chevalier Darcy and the Marquis de Montalembert have investigated and developed in their writings, the great art of employing *artillery* in sieges, either for the attack or defence of places.

England, Spain and Holland had a flourishing *navy*, while France had scarcely any vessels, when Louis the Fourteenth ascended the throne. In a short time this monarch constructed *harbors* and *dockyards*, armed, as if by magic, a *formidable fleet*, disputed with the English the *empire of the seas*, forced the *Spanish admirals to strike their flags*, and *bombarded Algiers*, and within fifteen years, Brest, Rochefort, Toulon, Dunkirk, Havre and Calais displayed imposing forces to the eyes of maritime powers. We cannot pronounce the word navy, without calling to mind the names of De Ruyter, John Barth, Dugué Trouin and Tourville, nearly contemporary, Suffran, Bougainville, Cook, and the unfortunate La Peyrouse. The construction of the *harbor of Cherburg* does honor to our times.

Sublime sciences, lofty speculations and grand exploits form the glory of nations, but contribute less to the happiness of the people, than the sciences more particularly devoted to the peaceful and daily pleasures of society. Let us follow then the progress of human industry in the labors, which are most closely connected with our wants.

To the dreams and gropings of alchemy, succeeded a systematic science—chemistry, first introduced by Paracelsus, Van

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Helmont, Glauber, Boyle, Kunckel, Tschirnhaussen, Stahl, Hoffman, Lemery, Homberg, Geoffroy and Boerhaave; more fully developed by Bayen, Macquer, Baumé, Le Sage, and Burquet; and since perfected by Darcet, Lavoisier, Pelletier, Guyton, Fourcroy, Vauquelin, Bertholet, Bergmann, Klaproth and Chaptal.... Of all the sciences, this has made the most rapid progress, and it continues to offer us each day new discoveries useful either in the arts or medicine.

MEDICINE! How many names might I cite, renowned for rare merit, for profound knowledge of *anatomy*, *botany* and *chemistry*, for experience and skill in an art so precious to humanity—the *art of healing*. Pecquet, Guy Patin, Fagon, Duverney, Winslow, Falconet, Sylva, Anthony de Jussieu, Vernage, Ferrein, Cheselden, Astruc, Bouvard, Petit, Tronchin, Vicq d'Azir, Portal and Hallé, and many skilful physicians, whose names at this moment escape my memory, but will not escape that of posterity, have contributed to the progress of science, by their studies, labors, researches, observations and experience.

After Aristotle, Theophrastus, Dioscorides and Pliny, the study of nature was almost abandoned. It began to regain favor only with the revival of letters and the arts. The first lineaments of NATURAL HISTORY are found in the works of George Agricola, Gesner, Aldrovandi, the Bouchins, Bélon, Jonston, Lister, Plumier, Tournefort and Hales; but particularly towards the middle of the eighteenth century, there arose a multitude of naturalists, animated, vivified and inspired, by the immortal writings of Linnæus and Buffon.

After these great men, those who have most contributed to the progress of this science, are, in *zoology*, Erxleben, Daubenton, Montbeillard, Brisson, Mauduit, Gmelin, Lacepede, Cuvier, Artedi, Bloch, Argenville, Reaumur, the physicians Geoffroy, Fabricius and Latreille; in *botany*, Adanson, Duhamel, De Jussieu, De Lamarck, Ventenat, L. Heritier, Desfontaines, Cavanille, Celo, and Thouin; in *mineralogy*, Romé De Lisle, Haüy, and a number of learned men, who preside over the researches and the labors of the mines.

*Natural philosophy*, in the fifteenth century more theoretical than experimental, was enveloped in metaphysical clouds. The only doctrine then known was that of Aristotle and the peripatetic philosophers. In a word, natural philosophy was only a science of terms. It was necessary to entirely reconstruct the edifice. Rohault, Boyle, Hartsoëker, Polineare, Privat de Molières, Desag liers, Deslandes, Muschenbrock, Nollet, Franklin, Paulian, Priestley, Sigaud de la Fond, Brisson, Charles, Coulomb, Haüy, have given a solid foundation to physics. By their researches, their works and their discoveries, this science has acquired greater extent, order and clearness. The experiments of Fontana, Spallanzani, Volta and Galvani have added corner-stones which announce new embellishments.

*Mechanism* is a branch of art inseparable from natural philosophy. The latter could not advance without giving some impulse to the former. Camus, Varignon, Pitot and Vaucanson, nearly contemporary, Berthelot, Montigni, Ramsden and Boullée have rendered their names celebrated, by their writings and by their wonderful and useful inventions.

How many names should I still have to enumerate, if the limits of this discourse permitted me to mention the artists, who are eminent either in the fine arts, such as painting, sculpture, engraving, architecture and music; or in the mechanical professions, such as those of the carpenter, weaver, turner, clock-maker, printer, and a multitude of others, which, without being announced with as much pomp, as the liberal arts, are no less praiseworthy and deserve no less the homage of our gratitude, by active and daily utility.

It is time to come to the new inventions and discoveries, which characterize each of the three centuries, which we have just traversed.

The sixteenth century, unfruitful in discoveries and inventions, is more distinguished by the revival of literature and the arts, and by the recovery of what was lost in the night of the preceding ages. Nevertheless we can cite among others, the origin of carriages, called originally coaches, from the name of a city in Hungary, where they were first built, and the *machine of Albert Durer*, for drawing in perspective, which afterwards became very useful to P. Maignan, a monk, in painting in a corridor of his convent, the kind of anamorphosis, which has long excited public curiosity. *Manufactories of cloth* began to be established. The invention of the *telescope* and the *camera obscura*, by J. B. Porta, also dates from this century. When we cast our eyes over the works of this learned Neapolitan, we have a just idea of all the knowledge acquired or preserved in the course of the sixteenth century. Cornelius Drebbel invented the *thermometer* and the *microscope*.

In the seventeenth century, Torricelli contrived to measure the pressure of the air,

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by means of the *barometer;* the first *gazette* appeared, which was followed by a multitude of journals; Otho Guericke invented the *air-pump*, and Hook, *pocket-watches* and the *spiral spring; watch-glasses* were first made; Brandt discovered the composition of *phosphorus;* Newton succeeded in decomposing and dividing light, and in exposing to the eye the *prismatic colors*, and the *solar spectrum;* Papin, by the expansion of water reduced to steam, gave the first impulse to the *steam-engine; book-binding* was contrived; the ingenious *machinefor waveing stockings* was invented, but it has since been much improved at different periods; and Lebrun founded the *French school. Painting in enamel*, which was a very ancient invention, supplied wonderful master-pieces in the hands of Jean Petitot and Pierre Bordier. Drebbel, a Dutchman, passes for the inventor of the *art of dying scarlet.*

The eighteenth century offers us many very important discoveries, among others that of the *electric fluid*, which has given rise to many beautiful experiments, and has taught us that we can shield our dwellings, from the terrible effects of the thunder-bolt, by the use of *lightning-rods;* that of *pyrophorus* by Homberg, and of the *pyrometer* by Muschenbrock. The first *fire-machine* or *steam-engine*, long known under the improper name of *the fire-pump*, was constructed in England. The Spaniards discovered in America, the new metal called *platina.* The secret of *transferring pictures to a new canvass* was discovered. The first *manufactory of paper hangings* gave rise to a variety of papers for furniture and hangings. The *piano forte* was invented at Freyberg in Saxony by M. Sillermann. The invention of *lamp-reflectors* has replaced in France, the mean and gloomy lanterns, which formerly lighted the principal cities. M. Stapart has invented and published the art of *engraving with the pinceau.* The discovery of the *aeriform fluids* by Priestley made a revolution in chemistry, and prepared the sublime theory of the gases. We owe to the recent labors of chemistry the *decomposition* of *water*, the knowledge of the different *primitive earths*, and the combination of a great number of *acids* and *salts*, till now unknown. The first *balloon of Montgolfier*, dangerous on account of the fire, which he was obliged to use, to rarefy the air of the balloon and assist his ascension, furnished the idea of substituting the use of hydrogen gas, for the process of Montgolfier. The new chemical theory of the atmospheric air and its component parts suggested to the citizens, Argand, Lange and Quinquet, that the air might contribute *to the volume of the light of a lamp.* At the period when the French government formed the resolution of introducing uniform *weights* and *measures*, the Academy of Science, being consulted, proposed to take for the real unit, the fourth of the meridian; for the common unit of measure, the ten millionth part of this arc; and for the unit of weight, that of a body of distilled water weighed in a vacuum, at the temperature of zero. The citizens Delambre and Mechain have *measured the length of the arc of the meridian*, contained between Dunkirk and Montjoy, and it was from this beautiful monument of the present age, that the new system of weights and measures derived its origin. The invention of the *telegraph* and telegraphic signals, by the citizen Chappe was soon adopted by different powers of Europe. M. Dihl discovered the art of fixing *colors upon porcelain*, and of rendering them unchangeable by fire. But one of the most important discoveries of the age, is *galvanism*, which has already given rise to many curious experiments, which exercise the ingenuity of philosophers.

I regret that I cannot enumerate the inventions, and discoveries, and the different improvements, introduced, incognito as it were, into mechanics' shops, not by learned men, but by laborious and industrious artisans, whose names would deserve to be cited, if society, less ungrateful, deigned to bestow any attention upon the efforts and labors, from which it derives nearly all its enjoyments. But the number overwhelms me, and I feel that it is beyond my power, to unfold entirely the vast and beautiful picture of human industry. How many ingenious ideas have concurred, to perfect the *arts* of the *clock-maker*, *goldsmith*, *jeweller*, *hosier*, *turner*, *locksmith*, *joiner*, *pyrotechnist*, *founder*, *printer*, etc., either by the *perfection* of *tools* and *instruments*, or by the *facility* of *the workmanship*, or by the *neatness*, *effect*, *excellence* and beauty of the *works.* The competition of the *manufacturers* of *linen* and *woollen cloths*, *velvets*, *carpets* and *tapestry*, *weapons*, *pins* and *needles*, *silks*, *crystals*, *glass*, *pottery*, *Delft ware*, *porcelain*, *paper*, etc., is an evident sign of the progress and prosperity of the arts, and of the multiplicity of the inexhaustible resources of man, in the exercise of his intellectual faculties.

Hail! beneficent industry, whose useful lessons daily form the happiness and glory of civilized nations.

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## GERMAN LITERATURE.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

*Geschichte der Poetischen National Literatur dur Deutschen.* Von G. G. Gervinus. (History of the Poetic National Literature of the Germans. By G. G. Gervinus.) 5 vols. Leipzic. 1840–42.

This is a very able and very original book, and though of too large a range to admit of due notice in the space we can at present afford to it, we are anxious to bring within view of our readers at once, a work so striking and important.

The writer is a person sufficiently remarkable to claim attention in himself. G. G. Gervinus was born at Hesse-Darmstadt; one of those small places scattered over Germany like the seed of Cadmus, to give forth their yearly produce of armed men and government employés, with hardly a shoot of literature at any time among them. The early life of Gervinus was new proof of what a man may do with the help of real genius. From the dingy and miserable shop of a German *épicier*, where as apprentice he passed his youth, he mastered for himself, in an incredibly short space of time, the way to a professor's chair at Göttingen. Göttingen was then in the flower of its literary reputation and influence, and neither of these suffered by the results of this appointment.

But alas! while Gervinus continued to give the fruits of his learning and genius to the students that crowded in his lecture-room, we gave Germany one more prince, in the person of King Ernest Augustus. It is hardly pleasant that our country should be even passively responsible for the sudden, sullen, and hateful storm, which, rising from our English shores, thus burst over unhappy Hanover. It threw down Gervinus at once from the peaceful seat he had occupied so ably and so long. Proscribed by the famous manifesto of his Hanoverian Majesty, he left Göttingen: not the least illustrious of the Seven, who, like the ancient Greek philosopher *omnia sua secum portans*, preferred seclusion and exile to slavish obedience and shameful perjury. He went to Italy first; and ultimately settled in a beautiful villa near Heidelberg. He lives there now: not belonging in any way to the corps of the University, but solely given up to study. The book before us is the growth of that retirement: a rich, abundant, and wholesome produce.

It must not here be omitted, that neither Gervinus, nor the leader of the Seven, Dahlmann, are in any way, save by their superior intelligence, connected with what is called the liberal and progressive party in Germany. No German ever dreamt of calling them liberals. Both were on the contrary rather more than conservative in their political opinions: and universally known to be so by their countrymen. In their opposition to the King of Hanover, it is worth keeping in mind, they followed only the steady and conscientious dictates of upright and true-hearted men. As in the tendency of certain learned pursuits, so in the purest type of honesty and honor, Gervinus will bear to be called the disciple of Jacob Grimm, the well known restorer of the ancient literature and grammar of Germany.

Following Jacob Grimm and his brother, however, in the way of their pursuits, Gervinus arrived at quite different results. The Grimms, Jacob and Wilhelm, set themselves to work to re-create, as we have said, the grammar of the ancient German languages: they pierced to the deepest and most hidden roots of that wonderful tree, pursued it in its different branches, and at the issue of an enormous labor, have given life to the old dialects, have sent forth invaluable editions of the earliest German literature, and completed all needful preparations for the great Lexicon or Dictionary of the German tongue, on which they are now engaged in Berlin. That great task, however, was only half of what was to be done: its supplement and completion we owe to Gervinus.

The work before us is the first History of German Literature, taken as whole, and considered in its relation to the nation and the several ages. We know of no similar work comparable to it in any other country. Gervinus has been the first to adopt, in writing a history of literature, the true historiographical method. The numberless attempts of this kind in his predecessors have been merely biographical, annexing the history of literature to names and persons; or still worse compilations of bibliographical notices; of fragmentary criticisms marked by all the pedantry and prolixity German learnedness has been so proud of; stuffed out with endless quotations, and, by the effort to make themselves intelligible, hopeless of being ever understood. Gervinus's plan is simple; he starts at the earliest sound of German song, and steadily follows up the course of letters into the time of its highest perfection. This, being a true German, he holds to be an absolute perfection, never to be equalled or surpassed, and he finds it in the times of

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Schiller and Göthe. The highest reach of German genius is, according to Gervinus, in those two men. At that point we understand him to say, plainly and severely, the task of German poetry is done, and its work over. After Göthe, no more. It is to mislead the power of intelligence and genius to direct it to art and poetry thenceforward. The next duty of the German race is not æsthetical, but political: and in the ideas of State and Church other tendencies must become absorbed. We are stating opinions here: we are not admitting or contesting them.

This is why Gervinus has closed his work with the death of Göthe: only naming what is called the romantic school, Tieck, Schlegel, and his companions; and slipping over, perhaps with too adverse and scornful an air, the newest revelations of German mind. The part of his labor in which he is most diffuse, is at its outset; where, engaged on the earlier times, he gives a minute account of the different phases German Poetry has passed through. He abolishes the old distinction of periods taken from the political history. He overlooks his enormous materials from a higher point of view: one which, at the same time, enables him to show how the literary and poetical development must be ever deeply connected with political life. And in relation to this it is one of his favorite ideas to attempt to prove, that the political disunion of Germany has been as favorable to literature as pernicious to the state and church. The singular merit of the work throughout, is its clear and subtle insight: Gervinus has at all times the whole subject-matter within his view, and is master of the secrets of the composition of German literature. And the sure and unfaltering hand with which, having sketched the outlines of his various characters and placed them in their respective times, he lightens and illustrates the one by the other, is satisfactory and beautiful. His parallels of Schiller and Göthe, Wieland and Klopstock, Lessing and Herder, are master-pieces. His description of the literary revolution of Germany that went on in Göthe's youth (1760—1790) is perfect even in style: not always the best side of Gervinus. His style, it must be admitted, for the most part wants ease and natural movement.

The history is comprised in five volumes. An abridgement has been very recently issued (by Engelmann of Leipsic), and with extraordinary success. But this, which might have been most valuable to readers here, we are sorry that we cannot altogether recommend to them. Its arrangement is not very happy; and its profitable use is hardly likely to extend beyond those who either know the greater work, or are already extremely familiar with the subject of which it treats.

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SUGAR IN FRANCE.—The *Moniteur* publishes a return of the produce and consumption of domestic sugar in France, from which it appears that on the 1st of December there were still 364 manufactures in activity, and that the quantity made in November last was 6,498,145 kilogrammes, and that sold for consumption in the same month 6,375,150.

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## SOUVENIRS DE M. BERRYER.

### INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

The following article on Berryer's Recollections our readers will find deeply interesting and instructive. It presents a bird's-eye view of men and things as they appeared on the stage of life, from 1774 to 1838, certainly one of the most remarkable periods in the history of the world. And as M. Berryer was a lawyer, he enters into the details of some of the judicial cases of the highest interest, in which he was employed—many of them intimately connected with the affairs of state. Among others, that of Marshal Ney is here introduced.—ED.

From the Edinburgh Review.

*Souvenirs de M. Berryer*. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1839.

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES may be divided into two classes; those which interest principally as a history of the mind of the writer, and those which derive their chief value from the events which they relate, or the persons whom they describe. The first class require the union of several rare conditions. Few men know their own history. Few men know the fluctuating nature of their own character;—how much it has varied from ten years to ten years, or even from year to year; or what qualities it would exhibit in untried circumstances, or even on the recurrence of similar events.—Few men attempt to distinguish between the original predispositions and the accidental influences which, sometimes controlling and sometimes aggravating one another, together formed at any particular epoch their character for the time being. Still fewer attempt to estimate the relative force of each; and fewer still would succeed in such an attempt. The conversations, the books, the examples, the pains and the plea-

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sures which constitute our education, exert an influence quite disproportioned to their apparent importance at the time when they occurred. Such influences operate long after their causes have been forgotten. The effects of early education are confounded with natural predisposition, and tendencies implanted by nature are attributed to events which were merely the occasions on which they burst forth. The bulk of men think of their minds as they think of their bodies: they enjoy their strength and regret their weakness, they dwell with pleasure on the points in which they are superior to thers, and with pain on those in which they are inferior; but they cannot account for the one or for the other. They know no more of the causes of their talents or of their morals, than they do of their beauty or their vigor.

Again, among the few who have the power to relate their mental history, few indeed have the wish. Most men dread the imputation of egotism or vanity. Most men, too, are aware that a full narrative of their feelings, wishes, and habits, must frequently excite the disapprobation of a reader. "Each mind," says Foster, "has an interior apartment of its own, into which none but itself and the Divinity can enter. In this retired place the passions mingle and fluctuate in unknown agitations. There all the fantastic, and all the tragic shapes of imagination have a haunt where they can neither be invaded nor descried. There, the surrounding human beings, while quite unconscious of it, are made the subjects of deliberate thought, and many of the designs respecting them revolved in silence. There, projects, convictions, vows, are confusedly scattered, and the records of past life are laid.—There, in solitary state, sits conscience, surrounded by her own thunders, which sometimes sleep, and sometimes roar, while the world does not know."*

Men are unwilling to reveal, even posthumously, the secret which a whole life has been employed in concealing. Even those who could bear to excite disapprobation would be afraid of ridicule, and perfect frankness is certain to be absurd. We do not believe that a really unreserved autobiography has ever been written. Rousseau's appears to approach most nearly to one. Almost every chapter tends to make the writer hateful, contemptible, or ridiculous. And yet we now know that even the "Confessions" are not to be depended upon. We now know that much has been concealed, and that much has been positively invented.

Under these circumstances, autobiographies of the first class are almost as rare as epic poems; but those of the second class—those who amuse or instruct as pictures of the events and the people among whom the writer lived—are among the most abundant products of modern literature.

It is remarkable, however, that while soldiers, statesmen, diplomatists, men of letters, actors, artists, courtiers— in short, almost all classes, who have something to tell, and who have been accustomed to notoriety—have been anxious to relate their own story to the public, one body of active men, though ready enough to talk of others, have been almost uniformly silent as to themselves. With the exception of the beautiful fragments by Sir Samuel Romilly, and they belong rather to the former class of autobiographies, and of the work the title of which we have prefixed to this article, we scarcely recollect an instance in which a Lawyer, either British or foreign, has thought fit to be his own biographer. And yet there are scarely any persons the result of whose experience would be more instructive; since there are none who obtain so close or so undisturbed a view of human nature. In courts, in public assemblies, in business, in society, men are masked, and they generally believe that their success depends on their disguise. But few men think that any thing is to be gained by deceiving their lawyer. He is not their rival, but their instrument. His skill is to extricate them from difficulties where they know neither the amount of the danger nor the means of escape. He is to be the tool of their avarice or of their revenge. They generally know that, in order to enable him to execute their purposes, they must stand naked before him; and even when they are absurd enough to attempt concealment, his experience will almost uniformly detect it.

These remarks, however, do not apply to the bar of England or of Scotland. The professional rule which excludes counsel from the real client, except in the presence of the client's solicitor, deprives our barristers of almost all these peculiar opportunities of observation. But on the Continent, not only does no such rule exist, but the counsel appear to perform almost all the duties which with us are confined to the solicitors. We shall find M. Berryer receiving his clients, calling on them, travelling with them, obtaining evidence, in short, acting almost always in the double capacity of counsel and attorney. This

* Foster's *Essays*, p. 41.

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circumstance adds greatly to the interest of his memoirs, and appears also to have added greatly to the interest of his professional life. His clients, instead of being mere names to be forgotten as soon as the suit should terminate, become his friends and associates. Unhappily, indeed, the miserable period through which he lived made such intimacies often a source of pain. They naturally included the most eminent in commerce, manufactures, and banking; and those were precisely the persons whom the anarchists thought fit to suspect at a time when suspicion was death.

But without farther anticipation, we proceed to give a general view of M. Berryer's memoirs, They belong to the second class of autobiographies — those in which the interest is fixed, not on the author, but on the objects which surround him. M. Berryer's professional life endured sixty-four years, from 1774 to 1838; the most remarkable period in the history of France, perhaps in the history of the world. It extended through the delusive calm of the unreformed royalty, the brief attempt at constitutional monarchy under the Constituent Assembly, the anarchy under the Legislative Assembly and the Convention, the tyranny of the Directory, the restorative interval of the Consulate, the glories and despotism of the Empire, the impotent reaction of the Restoration, and the intrigues and corruption of the kingdom of the French. The other institutions of the country were still more unstable than the government. M. Berryer found the Roman Catholic religion established with vast wealth and exclusive domination. It is now one among several sects acknowledged and salaried by the state. During the interval its priests have been despoiled, transported, and massacred; every form of worship has been abolished: and it depended on one man whether France should be Protestant or Catholic. All the laws regulating the nature, the enjoyment, the exchange, and the devolution of real and personal property—the laws of marriage, of divorce, of legitimacy, of adoption, and of inheritance—the franchises and privileges of individuals, and of bodies politic—in short, all the rights of persons and of things, while M. Berryer was engaged in enforcing them, were altered, abolished, restored, and amended, by a legislation so transitory as really to deserve to be called, as he has called it, ephemeral. The criminal law was equally fluctuating. New crimes, new modes of trial, new rules of evidence, new tribunals, and new punishments, were invented, repealed, renewed, and modified, as it suited the convenience of a party, a faction, or an individual. A similar fate befell the law of procedure.—Within two years from the meeting of the first National Assembly, not a court in which M. Berryer had practised during the first fifteen years of his professional life, was in existence. Soon afterwards the order of which he was a member was abolished, and the law ceased to be a profession. For some years again there was no standard of value. To use, or even to possess metallic money, was a capital crime, and the only legal tender, the assignat, sank to about one four-hundredth part of its nominal value. The seller of a commodity was no longer allowed to fix its price. The price was to be determined by a committee, with reference to the ability of purchasers, whether the dealer could afford to sell at that price or not. To discontinue, or even to diminsh any accustomed trade, was to incur the crime of being "suspected:" and to be suspected was to be imprisoned; to be imprisoned at one period was to be massacred, and at another to be guillotined.

The picture of a society subjected to such influences would be most valuable, and no one had better opportunity of drawing it than M. Berryer. He had for materials not only his own experience, but that of his clients, and of clients taken from every class of society.

His recollections, as might be expected from a writer of his advanced age, seem to be more vivid as they recede towards the past. His first consultation in the dressing-room of the Duchess of Mazarin, where the aristocratic beauty, surrounded by her maids, and going through the detail of her complicated toilette, listened to the conference between the timid junior and Gerbier, the leader of the bar; his first pleading in the Grand Chamber of the Parliament of Paris, its vaulted roof dimly illuminated at a seven o'clock sitting on a winter's morning, and the profound silence of the court, which awed him until he fainted; his first negotiation in the moated chateau of a feudal magistrate, while his client was concealed in the avenue;—all these scenes are dwelt upon with a minuteness of detail and brilliancy of coloring, which gradually disappear as he approaches the modern part of his narrative. Of this, however, we do not complain. Equality is not picturesque: a society in which it prevails may perhaps be good to live in, but can seldom be good to describe; and we shall

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imitate our author in drawing our materials rather from the eighteenth century, than from the nineteenth.

M. Berryer was born in the year 1757 at St. Ménéhould in Champagne, a small town of 3000 inhabitants, which seems to have been a nest of lawyers, since it contained nine different courts, and all the accessories of *avocats*, *notaires*, *procureurs*, and *greffiers*.* In September 1774 he commenced his legal studies in the office of a solicitor to the *Parlement de Paris*, which then extended its jurisdiction over the greater part of France. The state of the law was such as might have been expected in a system created, not by statesmen, but by lawyers. "The forms of procedure," says M. Berryer, "were operose and intricate, and to prolong and complicate their entanglement was the business and the pride of the practitioner. Many suits were eternal; they descended from the solicitor who commenced them to his successors, or rather to generations of successors, as the property—the patrimony of the office."† The number of persons supported by this legal property was enormous. The Grand Châtelet, an inferior court having jurisdiction only over a part of Paris, gave occupation to nearly 300 attorneys.‡

M. Berryer was admitted to the bar in 1778. One of the first transactions in which he was engaged is so striking an instance of the pride and the despotism of the aristocracy of France, as it then was, that we shall relate it at some length.

M. du B——, a man of considerable fortune, was a member of the provincial parliament of Normandy. In 1771, when the parliaments were exiled by Louis XV., he retired to Holland, leaving his affairs under the management of his wife, who, together with his son, a young man of twenty-two, resided in one of the country mansions of the family, a few leagues from Rouen. In that reign, and in that country, to be out of favor with the government was almost an exclusion from society. Neither neighbors, friends, nor even relations, visited the *château*, and the young man, solitary and unemployed, fell in love with his mother's maid. The mother's consent was obtained; her general powers of acting for her husband were supposed to enable her to give the father's assent, and the marriage took place in the chapel of the *château*. Two children were born, when, in 1774, the parliaments were recalled, and M. du B—— returned. His daughter-in-law and her children fled before him and took refuge in England. The son, now in his twenty-sixth year, remained. M. du B—— required him to take proceedings to annul the marriage; and on his refusal obtained a *lettre de cachet*, under which he was confined in the prison of Saint Yon. The father visited him in his cell on the second floor of one of the towers. What passed between them is not known; but the result of the interview was, that as the father was descending the staircase, the son threw himself from the window, and was found by the father on the pavement of the court, with a fractured limb and a concussion of the brain. It does not appear that the father was softened, but the government was induced, by the horror of the catastrophe which its interference had occasioned, to revoke the *lettre de cachet*. The son, at liberty, but a cripple for life, fled to join his wife and children in England. In London, however, they must all have starved, or have had recourse to parish relief, unless a M. Tubeuf, a French jeweller established in England, had supported them. M. Tubeuf's advances for this purpose amounted during four years to about £1200. They were made at the request of the mother, and with the knowledge of the father, but without his express authority. M. Tubeuf returned to France, demanded repayment from the father, was refused, commenced a suit against him in the Parliament of Paris, and engaged M. Berryer as his counsel. The first step was to obtain an order for the examination of M. du B—— on interrogatories—an order which was made, as of course, without notice to the party to be examined. Armed with this order M. Berryer and M. Tubeuf travelled to the *château* of the magistrate. When they entered its long avenue, the carriage with M. Tubeuf was left concealed by the trees, and M. Berryer proceeded on foot. The first person whom he saw was Madame du B——. But such was the awe inspired by the domestic despot, that she would not venture even to hint to her husband the object of M. Berryer's mission. He was forced, therefore, to explain it himself, and to communicate to M. du B—— the astonishing fact that MM. de Paris, his brethren, had subjected him to a public examination. The result, however, was, that the fear of an open discussion prevailed, where justice, compassion, and natural affection had all been powerless. M. Tubeuf was sent for, and before they recrossed the drawbridge all had been arranged. Sixty

* Vol. i. p. 41. M. Berryer expresses a *naïve* regret that all the work is now done by a single tribunal.
† Ibid. p. 24. ‡ Ibid. p. 29.

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years afterwards M. Berryer again visited Rouen as an advocate, and the matter was again a family contest originating in aristocratic pride. The *château* and the family of B—— had long disappeared. M. Berryer interested his audience by a narrative of which he was probably the only depository; and urged them to crown his second appearance in their country with equal success.

As a further illustration of the morals of the old *régime*, we shall introduce in this place the notice of a more important cause of M. Berryer's, though it terminated at a later period of his career—that of Madame de Pestre de Seneffe. When the events which we have to relate commenced she was between fifty and sixty years old, and resided at Brussels, a widow with seven children, and a still more numerous progeny of grandchildren; enjoying a high reputation for virtue and morals, and a very large jointure derived from property in Belgium and France. At a supper in the palace of the Prince de Soubise, a set of Parisian fashionables resolved that one of them should proceed to Brussels and marry the opulent widow. The necessary funds were supplied by a contribution, and the choice of the emissary was left to chance. The lot fell upon the Comte de Wargemont, a man of high family and of considerable property heavily encumbered. On his arrival at Brussels he introduced himself to Madame de Pestre, and secured the services of her maid and of her confessor. The maid concealed him one evening in her mistress's bed-room. In the middle of the night he showed himself. Madame de Pestre called for assistance. This was the signal for the appearance of the maid, who urged on her mistress the danger to her reputation of an *éclat*, and proposed that the advice of the confessor should be taken. The Count protested that his indiscretion had been forced upon him by the violence of his passion; and the confessor recommended that all scandal should be avoided by an immediate marriage. Madame de Pestre was weak enough to consent; but as she yielded, not to love, but to fear, she insisted that the marriage should take place in Brussels, that she and all her estates should continue subject to the laws of Flanders, that her husband should have no power to require her to enter France, that she should continue absolute mistress of her property, and that the only benefit derived by the Count should be a life income of 20,000 francs, and 100,000 francs as capital. The marriage on these terms took place in February 1776. The husband almost immediately quitted his wife, and in June wrote to ask her whether she could suppose that he had any motive for marrying an old woman except the full command of her fortune. A few days afterwards he informed her that he intended to seize all her property in France, and to force her to join him there. His attempts to execute these threats produced a compromise, in pursuance of which a divorce *a mensa et toro*, in a suit instituted by the husband, was pronounced by the ecclesiastical tribunal of Mechlin; and the Count, in exchange for all his claims under the marriage or the settlement, received 350,000 francs and an annuity of 10,000 more. The 350,000 francs, however, were soon spent, and the Count renewed his legal warfare. He attempted to set aside the divorce, succeeded in getting possession of the French estates, and kept up a never-ending litigation respecting those in Belgium. Madame de Pestre died, worn out with care and vexation. The annexation of Belgium rendered the whole property of her children subject to the jurisdiction of the French laws, and the Count spent the remainder of his life in prosecuting them from tribunal to tribunal. M. Berryer was counsel for Madame de Pestre and for her descendants; and he dwells upon his exertions in their cause as one of the most arduous, and of the most brilliant parts of his professional career. They procured him on one occasion a curious testimony of admiration. M. de Wargemont was dead, and his sister, Madame de Querrieux, had succeeded to some of his claims, and apparently to some of his litigiousness. As her brother's representative, she prosecuted an appeal against the Pestre family. An elderly lady sat behind M. Berryer while he conducted the defence. She was observed to listen with great emotion, and, as soon as he sat down, pressed him to accept, as a mark of her admiration, a ring made of the hair of her youth.

The episode of Madame de Pestre has led us to anticipate a portion of M. Berryer's history. Nature had given him the bodily qualifications most useful to an advocate, a fine voice, and health independent of exercise. In the strict discipline of a *procureur's* office, where the hours of business, with a few minutes' interval for breakfast and an hour for dinner, lasted from between six and seven in the morning till nine at night, he acquired intrepid diligence and the love of a sedentary life. He was stimulated too, as he tells us,* by the splendid pecuniary rewards of the profession. He saw

* Vol. i, p. 87.

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Gerbier receiving 300,000 francs for a single cause, and Duvaudier's exertions in securing a jointure, paid by an equipage and an annuity of 4000 francs for its support. He began early to emancipate himself from the *procureur's*, by obtaining a set of clients of his own. He succeeded first in becoming counsel to the eminent merchants constituting the India Company, in a cause which lasted many years; then in obtaining the conduct of a claim depending on an ancient pedigree, which appears to have remained undisposed of for more than twenty years; and lastly, in obtaining as his clients the two great ecclesiastical chapters of Brioude and Bourges. His marriage in January 1789 with Mademoiselle Gorneau, whose father, as *Procureur aux Conseils*, had for his clients the chief bankers and merchants of Paris, placed him at once in possession of the first mercantile practice. The heads of the great houses became his clients and his friends; and we may judge of the extent of litigation in which they were engaged, when we are told that one of them, M. Magon de la Balue, paid him a daily visit.*

It does not appear that, when he married, he was aware that a time was approaching when the bravest man might wish to have no safety to provide for but his own. He had, indeed, been somewhat surprised, but not disquieted, by the anti-monarchical spirit of the press, and had felt some alarm at the opposition of the parliaments to the court; but his fears did not exceed a vague uneasiness. He does not appear, indeed, to be more of a statesman than the Carlist deputy, his son. The extent of his political sagacity may be estimated by the three causes, to which even now, after fifty years' experience, he assigns the Revolution: namely, financial difficulties, which he thinks might have been got out of by economy; the contest between the parliaments and the crown; and the reduction of a portion of the household troops.

His fears, however, were soon to be awakened. On the evening of Sunday, the 12th of July, he was returning with his young wife from a country holiday—that day was, in fact, the last but one of the monarchy—but so little were they aware of the real nature of the events which had disturbed the previous weeks, that they felt, as he tells us, perfect security. But at the Barrière du Trône, they heard of the sanguinary conflict between the Royal Allemand and the procession carrying the busts of Orleans and Necker; and as they passed the paper

* Vol. ii. p. 325.

manufactory of Réveillon, they saw the gates guarded by soldiery, and were told that behind them lay the bodies of those who had perished in the attack on the building. Two mornings after,* M. Berryer was roused from his bed by the tocsin; he was summoned, by what authority he does not know, to a meeting of the inhabitants of his parish, in the church of St. Méry. He found there crowds as ignorant of the cause of their assembling as himself. For hours they wandered, without an object, up and down the aisles of the church. At length, some persons talked of organizing the parish as a municipal body. M. Berryer suggested the means to those about him; they carried him to the pulpit, and thence he proposed his plan, which was to divide the parish into quarters, or, as we should call them, wards; the inhabitants of each ward grouping themselves round a particular pillar; and then, that each ward should present a list of six persons, to constitute the *bureau* or common council of the parish—one being the president and another the secretary. His plan was adopted by acclamation; he refused the office of president, but accepted that of secretary. The *bureau* was elected, and directed to provide for the civil and military organization of the parish.

In the evening the *bureau* assembled; M. Berryer was quietly engaged in his duties as secretary; it was hot, and the windows were open, when some pikes, bearing bloody heads, were thrust in; and they were told that one was that of De Launay, and that the others were those of the Swiss massacred within the Bastile. This horrible incident influenced permanently the fortunes of M. Berryer. With his talents and his advantages, it was obvious that the highest professional honors were within his grasp. His advance had been checked by no difficulties, and, till then, seemed to be attended by no dangers. But the 14th of July dispelled his dream of safety. He saw the time coming when the servants of the public might have to choose between death and crime. He doubted how he might stand the trial, and he felt certain that no reward was worth the risk. He resolved, therefore, and he kept his resolution, to remain for life in a private station. His companions at the bar acted differently. Some perished for their virtues, some for their crimes, and

* M. Berryer's recollection has misled him as to these dates. He supposes the storming of the Bastile to have taken place on the Monday, and therefore that Sunday was the 13th. But, in fact, Sunday was the 12th, and a day intervened between the riot of that day and the insurrection of the 14th.



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some obtained and kept the most elevated civil dignities. But it was in vain that they pressed him to accompany them in their rise. He preserved his conscience, and perhaps his life, by the sacrifice of his ambition.

He soon found, however, that the humbler path of an advocate had its difficulties and its dangers. The order to which he belonged was abolished; in its room were substituted *défenseurs officieux*—a function which every one, whatever were his previous employments or his previous ignorance, was allowed to exercise. The great objects of his veneration, the parliaments, which, with a strange misconception of history, he describes as the supporters of pure monarchy, shared the fate of the bar. New tribunals were erected in their room, with inferior powers and a more limited jurisdiction. The greater part of the old bar refused to plead before them; and the character of the new judges, generally selected from among fierce political partisans, accounts for their refusal. As an illustration of their judicial conduct, M. Berryer relates the history of a cause tried before the *Tribunal des Minimes*, one of the new metropolitan courts, over which M. Le Roy Sermaise, a violent democrat, presided. The parties were two villagers from Montreuil; the matter in dispute a small estate. The plaintiff rested his claim on a deed of conveyance, which appeared on inspection to have nothing to do with the property; the defendant's case depended on uninterrupted possession. "How long," said M. Le Roy Sermaise, "has this possession lasted?" "Why, citizen president," replied the peasant, "it must be at least eighty or ninety years, taking in my great-grandfather, my grandfather, my father, and myself." "Then," replied the judge, "you ought to be satisfied; every one in his turn; yours has lasted long enough, in all conscience: now let your poor neighbor have his."* It must be added that the new *défenseurs officieux*, untrained in the conventional hostility of the bar, sometimes resented opposition as a personal injury; and no one could tell, in such times, what might be the consequence of making an enemy of the most insignificant or the most worthless individual. On one occasion, M. Berryer had the misfortune of being opposed to Coffinhal, afterwards the sanguinary vice-president of the revolutionary tribunal; and he tells us that, after he had heard that Coffinhal had threatened to punish him, he shuddered with terror whenever the threat returned to his memory; and with great reason, for Coffinhal might have said, with Cæsar, that it was much less trouble to him to destroy than to menace.

But these were preludes. Monarchical government was destroyed by the insurrection of the 10th August 1792; republican government by that of the 2d June, 1793. The strange sort of rule arose, which, for want of a more definite word, has been called the 'Reign of Terror;'—a mixture of anarchy and despotism, of democracy, oligarchy, and tyranny, which combined all the worst faults of all the worst institutions. Two powers strove for mastery in this chaos, the Convention, and the Commune or municipal council of Paris, and each of these was subdivided into hostile factions. In all of them the objects of the leaders were power and safety; and in all of them the object of the subordinate members was safety. All joined in the endeavor to effect their purposes by the means resorted to in what has been called the state of nature;—by the destruction or intimidation of those whose power or whose safety they thought inconsistent with their own. The ordinary instruments employed by each party were the *loi des suspects*, the revolutionary committees, and the revolutionary tribunal. The extraordinary instrument was the armed population of Paris, consisting of the National Guards, furnished by the forty-eight sections into which Paris was divided;—a force generally called, in the histories of the times, by the somewhat puzzling name of 'the Sections.' The whole body, if it could have been collected, amounted to above 80,000 men, some provided with guns, but many more with pikes; their principal arms consisted of some pieces of artillery attached to each section.

The forty-eight revolutionary committees of Paris were appointed by the inhabitants of the forty-eight sections, voting by universal suffrage. Their duty, for which they received a regular pay, was to inquire into all conduct which might affect the public safety, to give certificates of *civisme*—that is to say, of attachment to the Revolution—and to order the arrest of all suspected persons.

The *loi de suspects* declared guilty of being suspected, and therefore subject to arrest, four principal classes:—1. All those who, by their connections, their conversation, their writings, or their conduct, appeared to be opposed to liberty. 2. All those who could not prove their means of living, and of performing their civil duties.

* Vol. i. p. 133,

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3. All those who had been refused certificates of *civisme*. 4. All persons of noble birth, and all relations of emigrants, unless they could prove their ardent devotion to the Revolution.

The revolutionary tribunal was a criminal court of equity; a court for the punishment of those who were unpunishable by law. It is a strong proof of the little progress which France has made towards real liberty, that M. Berryer approves of the principle of such an institution, and recommends its adoption as a restraint on the press.*

It consisted of a public accuser, judges and jurymen, all nominated by the Convention, restrained by no form of procedure or rules of evidence, and authorized, on an application from the Convention, or from one of its two committees of *sûreté générale* and *salut public*, to judge all conspirators and opposers of the Revolution; and all those whose conduct or whose expression of opinion had a tendency to mislead the people. At first evidence was required, and the accused were allowed defenders; but as the trials increased in number, these forms were found inconvenient; and, after all, they were mere forms, for the business of the tribunal was not to try but to condemn. They were therefore abolished, and the tribunal was required to decide without hearing any witnesses, if there were grounds, material or moral (such were the words of the decree), for believing the accused to be an enemy to the people.

Lists were kept ready of persons accused, others of persons condemned, with the names left in blank. Every evening the list of the accused was prepared by Fouquier-Tinville, the public accuser, settled by the *comité de salut public* of the Convention, and sent round to the prisons; those named in it were taken to the Conciergerie; the next morning they were before their judges, and before the evening they had suffered. That there were grounds, material or moral, for conviction, was always assumed; no witnesses were examined; and the trial, if it could be called one, was generally merely identifying the prisoner with one of the names on the list of persons accused. Even this might be dispensed with. When, as it sometimes happened, prisoners were brought to the bar whose names, in the hurry of business, had been left out of the list, the only result was that the public accuser immediately supplied the omission; and thus, in three minutes, a man might be indicted, tried, convicted, and sentenced, and an hour after executed.

As the Convention possessed the power of appointing and removing the members of the revolutionary tribunal, and of selecting its victims, it was, while its orders were obeyed, despotic in Paris; and when two committees of the Convention, that of *salut public* and *sûreté générale*, could send before the tribunal—that is to say, could send to death—any members of the Convention, the two committees became despotic in the Convention.

The inflicting death seems, like many other acts which are at first painful, to become a passion. No other explanation can be given of the condemnation by the revolutionary tribunal of many of the humblest and obscurest persons among the petty shopkeepers, and even workmen, of Paris. No other explanation can be given of some of the capricious murders related by M. Berryer. We give one or two examples:—In 1787, money had been borrowed in Paris on printed debentures for £100 each, signed by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and the Duke of Clarence. They went by the name of *actions du Prince de Galles*. The transaction was an unfortunate one; the debentures were refused payment, lost their value, and disappeared. Six years afterwards, all persons concerned in their introduction into the Parisian market, or in their circulation, were accused as *contre-révolutionaires*, and enemies of the people. The Duc de St. Aignan, a former client of M. Berryer, on whom a money-lender had forced some of these debentures, and who had obliged him by law to take them back, was among the accused. So was his duchess, a young woman of fashion, whom no one could suppose to have been acquainted with her husband's transactions. So were even the notaries in whose hands they deposited, and their clerks: and even M. Chaudot, who had merely given a notarial attestation which he could not legally refuse. All were condemned, and all were executed.

Another notary, M. Martin, a friend, like M. Chaudot, of M. Berryer, met at his door, on his return from a morning's walk, a *gendarme*, who required his immediate attendance before the revolutionary tribunal. He found there three persons accused of having signed a pedigree certificate, which had been deposited in his office. There was nothing objectionable in the certificate, but it was said that some ill use might be made of it. The public accuser simply asked

* Vol. ii. p. 419.

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him if the paper had been placed with him; and on his admitting it, required the tribunal to convict and sentence him to death, together with those previously accused. The tribunal instantly complied; the four prisoners were removed from the bar; room was found for them in the carriages which were setting off for the guillotine; and within three hours M. Martin was an un-accused man, and an executed criminal!

During the 'Reign of Terror' M. Berryer gave up the public exercise of his profession. No one could act as *défenseur officieux* without a certificate of *civisme* from the revolutionary committee of his section. But he could not rely upon obtaining one from the uneducated and violent persons—a brothel-keeper, a knife-grinder, a porter, and a shoe-cleaner—who were paid forty sous a-day to administer the affairs of the section. A person to whom such a certificate had been refused, became, as we have seen, by express enactment suspected, and certain, from the notoriety of the fact, to be arrested the next day; and equally certain to be executed, as soon as the malice of an enemy, or the caprice of the public accuser, should call him forth. He at first proposed to shut himself up in his study, and act solely as a chamber counsel; but he was soon told that seclusion would inevitably attract suspicion, and that he must find some mode of life which would not bear the interpretation of fear. Fortunately he had been counsel, in happier times, for the National Treasury, and M. Turpin, the agent (a functionary corresponding, we believe, to our secretary), was his intimate friend. M. Turpin, indeed, was not safe; for, though intrusted with matters of the utmost confidence, and daily transacting business with the heads of the department, he was an object of such jealousy, that a *gendarme* watched all his proceedings, and, in fact, never quitted him by day or night. Notwithstanding the want of a certificate of *civisme*, the previous services and the reputation of M. Berryer, and the friendship of M. Turpin, effected his admission into the offices of the Treasury as sub-agent—a favor great, not only from its importance to the person admitted, but from the danger to which it exposed them who admitted him.

In this new post, his days were passed in the office, and his evenings in transacting the legal business of his former clients; and again he fancied himself safe. Some vexations, indeed, he was exposed to, but they were almost ludicrous annoyances.—He and his wife were forced to bring their table into the street, and consume, in the presence of the passers-by, "le dîner patriotique." His wife was sometimes forced to attend at the baker's to inspect the sale of bread, to see that no one was served before his turn, and that no one was allowed to purchase beyond his strict wants. At other times she had to head an address from the women of the section to the Convention, deliver a patriotic speech, and receive the fraternal embrace of the President.

Suddenly, however, he was roused to a sense of imminent danger by an accidental visit to the Treasury offices of a M. L——, one of his former brethren of the bar, now become a member of the Convention. The visitor loudly expressed his astonishment that an aristocrat, and a counter-revolutionist, in whose house conspirators met every evening, should fill a Government employment. Such remarks were deadly. They were sure to be whispered about, and to be acted upon by some wretch anxious to pay court to the deputy. It was probable that, in twenty-four hours, Mr. Berryer would be in one of the dungeons of the Abbaye, and in a week afterwards in the Place de la Guillotine; and there was no knowing how many of those who had favored his employment might accompany him. Fortunately he had two friends in the Convention, Charles Lacroix and Bourdon de l'Oise, both colleagues of M. L——, and both stanch members of the *Montagne*. He ran to the chamber, and found Bourdon de l'Oise entering it, clattering, as he went, the huge sabre which he had carried in the storm of the Bastile. What were the persuasions applied by his two friends to their colleague, M. Berryer does not tell us, but they were sufficient. M. L—— returned to the Treasury, praised loudly the patriotism of M. Berryer, informed the hearers that the nightly visitors were inoffensive clients, and ended by stating that his remarks had been quite misunderstood, and in fact were meant for a different person.

But the danger had been averted, only to reappear in a form less direct, but more painful. Among M. Berryer's most honored clients were the great bankers of the Place Vendôme, MM. Magon de la Balue and Magon de la Blinais, MM. Laurent Le Couteulx, and Le Couteulx Cantelen, and M. Pourrat. One Heron, a merchant of Marseilles, had become bankrupt, had fled to South America, and returned in the beginning of the Revolution with some bills of the Spanish government of considerable

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nominal value. He offered them to the principal banking-houses, but could not get them discounted. This rankled in his mind, and as soon as the *loi des suspects* gave arms to malignity, he denounced all those who had refused him. MM. Laurent Le Couteulx, and Le Couteulx Cautelen, were detained for eleven months in the Conciergerie; saw it weekly emptied and weekly filled, but escaped at an enormous expense, by bribing the clerks to place the papers relating to them always at the bottom of the bundles of accusations. M. Pourrat fell early a victim to his own precautions. He became a member of the Jacobin club.—The singularity of a banker in such a society attracted attention, and he was arrested on the benches of the club. MM. Magon de la Balue and Magon de la Blinais, both venerable men between eighty and ninety, were confined in the *Maison de santé de Belhomme;* a place celebrated for having exhibited the last traces of the ancient aristocratic habits. There those who could afford the expense of such a prison, spent the last weeks of their lives among the enjoyments and the forms to which they had been accustomed. The *roturiers* and the nobles, and among the nobles, those of the sword and those of the robe, kept their distinct circles. There were ceremonious visits, and full-dress evening parties, where the younger portion of this short-lived society amused themselves by rehearsing the trial and the execution. Passports signed by Robespierre, Couthon, Carnot, and Barrère, the four principal members of the ruling committee of Public Safety, were exhibited to M. Berryer; and he was desired to offer to MM. Magon, for 300,000 francs, liberty, and an escape across the frontiers. They replied, that to fly from trial would be a confession of guilt—that their perfect innocence was a security—and refused. A week after, M. Berryer read in the papers the conviction of the conspirators, Magon de la Blinais, Magon de la Balue, the woman St. Perne, daughter, the woman Cornulier, grand-daughter of the latter, and the Sieur Coureur, his secretary. Mixed with his regrets were his fears. He was known to have been their counsel. The fierce Dubarran, a member of the formidable *Comité de Sûreté générale*, had already threatened him with the consequences of defending aristocrats and conspirators, and he knew that among their papers must be found whole bundles of his letters. He does not appear to be even now able to explain his escape, unless by imputing it to gratitude in Fouquier Tinville for an early service; a solution, perhaps, as improbable as the imputation of any monstrous wickedness to a man of ordinary virtue.

These dangers, however, were at length to terminate. The party, of which Robespierre and his immediate friends formed the nucleus, had risen to power by a process of constant contraction. Originally, it comprised nearly the whole of the deputies of the *Tiers Etat*, for who was there that refused the oath of the Tennis Court? First it threw off and destroyed the aristocratic Royalists, then the Girondists, then the Hébertists, and at last even the Dantonists. At every change, while it destroyed a rival, it deprived itself of a supporter. At first it spoke the voice of a nation, afterwards that of an assembly; then that of a party, and at length that of a committee. But the committees of *salut public*, and *sûreté générale*, were omnipotent. Fielding has remarked, that a man with a pistol may hold at bay a multitude; for though he can shoot but one man, every one feels that the first who attacks him will be that one. Nothing in the history of the Revolution is more striking than Thibaudeau's picture of the submission of the fierce and violent Convention before the governing Committee of Public Safety:—'The object of every member, from the instant that he entered the house, was to prevent his behavior there from being a crime. Every movement, every look, every murmur, every smile, was calculated. Those who ventured to have a place crowded to the *Montagne* (the high benches of the left), as the republican seats; or took refuge in the centre (answering to our benches near the bar), as the seats which manifested no party feeling. Others wandered from bench to bench, in the hope that they might be supposed to be opposed to no party and to no opinion; but the more prudent never ventured to sit. They stood in groups at the bar, and slunk away whenever a vote was probable. The sittings, once so long and so violent, were cold and short. Trifling details were discussed until the Committee of Public Safety appeared. The Committee, headed by their *rapporteur* (the member charged to announce their decisions), entered with the air of masters. In their progress to the tribune they were preceded and followed by those who were striving to propitiate them by apparent devotion. There was deep silence until the *rapporteur* spoke: every one sought to read in his countenance whether he was to announce a victory or a proscription. His proposals, whatever they were, were servilely adopted, generally in

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silence; but if a word were spoken, it was merely an echo.'*

Such was the state of things when, on the 24th *Prairial* (12th June, 1794), Bourdon de l'Oise requested a visit from M. Berryer. He went, little expecting the frightful confidence that was to be reposed in him. 'Robespierre,' said Bourdon, 'has become my enemy. He intends to murder me by the guillotine. I have resolved to be beforehand, and to destroy him with my own hand.' As proofs of his courage and resolution, he displayed the dress which he had worn at the storm of the Bastile, still covered with the blood of its defenders; the plumes which had ornamented his cap in the Vendéan war, torn by balls in every feather; and the huge sword with which he had pierced many an enemy, and which was now to be plunged into the heart of Robespierre. M. Berryer listened in terror; but still more dangerous matter was to come. Bourdon added, that he had selected him as depositary not only of his secrets but of his last wishes and of his fortune, and placed in his hands a parcel containing his will, his title-deeds, and instructions to be followed in the very probable event of Bourdon's fall before he had an opportunity to execute his attempt, or in consequence of the attempt.

For forty-five† anxious days, and almost sleepless nights, M. Berryer retained this terrible deposit. He was now for the first time an actual conspirator. His connection with the chief conspirator was notorious. His safety seemed to depend on Bourdon's immediate success in destroying by his own hand, both Robespierre and the oligarchy of which he was the president. Assassination is a desperate resource. The attempt itself rarely succeeds, and where it does succeed rarely produces the intended result.

Happily for M. Berryer events took a different turn. We have said that the committees were omnipotent; but their power depended more obviously and immediately than that of governments in general, on opinion. They had not, like the tyrannies that succeeded them, an armed force trained to unreflecting obedience. While the Convention bent before them, they seemed to be irresistible; but the Convention was obedient, not from affection or confidence, for the committees were objects of distrust and hatred, but because they were supposed to have the support of the National Guards: how far that supposition was true, was a doubt not to be solved without extreme peril, for the fact could be ascertained only by resistance, and if they really had that support, those who resisted must perish. Dissensions among themselves forced the decision of this tremendous question. Robespierre threw all his colleagues in the committees into shade. He formed, with his devoted adherents St. Just and Couthon, what began to be called the triumvirate: a sort of committee of the committees, which controlled all their operations. It was rather, however, a dictatorship than a triumvirate; for St. Just from fanaticism, and Couthon from servility, were mere instruments.

Robespierre did not owe his predominance to his talents; for his talents, though it is absurd to deny him great talents both as a writer and as a speaker, were inferior to those of several of his rivals, and even of his dependents; nor to his courage, for there he was positively deficient. But he had insatiable ambition, and insatiable vanity, and no passion that interfered with them. He had no love of money, of ostentation, of pleasure, or of ease. He had no friendship, no pity, no truth, no shame, and no remorse: he appeared, therefore, to have an inflexible will. The weakest part of his character was the combination of ambition with vanity; but during the earlier part of his career these passions acted well together. His desire of immediate applause led him to flatter the self-love of the Parisian mob, by an adulation of which no man with self-respect could have been guilty; to encourage all their most mischievous prejudices, and to stimulate all their worst passions. In any ordinary state of society such conduct would have been fatal to his prospects as a statesman; but in a revolution it gave him unbounded popularity, and popularity was power. On the other hand, his love of power impelled him to destroy those whose influence interfered with his own, and thus pleased at the same time his vanity by leaving him the only prominent figure.

But the time was come when the gratification of both these passions at once became impossible. He might, perhaps, have retained predominant power if he had been satisfied with the reality, and allowed his colleagues to appear to the world as his equals; but this was repugnant to his vanity. He might have remained the general object

* *Mémoires sur la Convention et le Directoire.* Paris, 1827. Vol. i. p. 47.

† M. Berrier says sixteen days; but the time between the 24th *Prairial* and the 9th *Thermidor*, that is, from the 12th of June to the 27th of July, was forty-five days. Perhaps the error may lie in the date of the conversation.

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of admiration if he had allowed them to be really his associates in power; but this interfered with his ambition. He wished to absorb all power and all reputation; to be the dictator of a republic of which his will was to be the law; and to be the high priest of a religion which his recognition had established. To do this it was necessary to destroy his present associates; and as their removal would have revived the more moderate revolutionary party, of which Danton had been the head, it was also necessary to destroy the remnant of Dantonists. These objects could be effected, however, only by the aid either of the Convention, or of the Commune of Paris, and the National Guards. If he could obtain from the Convention a decree for their arrest and accusation, he would have succeeded; the remainder of the Convention, deprived of all its influential members, would have been at his feet. The Commune was already devoted to him, so was Henriot, the commander of the National Guards; and he relied on the obedience of these citizen troops to orders in which all the authorities should concur. But if the Convention took part with the committees, he still hoped, with the aid of the Commune and of Henriot, to dispose of the National Guards, and put an end, by terror or by force, to all resistance. It may appear that it would have been simpler to begin by force; but, in the first place, he expected submission from the Convention; and, in the second place, until the Convention had refused his demands, there was no pretext for rising against it, and some pretext was required even in these times, and even for an insurrection.

At the meeting of the Convention on the 8th *Thermidor*, An. 2 (26th July, 1794), Robespierre commenced his attack. After a long description of the general mal-administration of the country, he inferred 'that there was a conspiracy to destroy the republic and the patriots; that the members of the two committees were among the conspirators; and that it had become necessary to punish the traitors, to crush all factions under the weight of the national authority, and to raise from the ruins the supremacy of justice and freedom.'

This speech was received, as no speech of Robespierre's had ever before been received in that assembly, with dead silence. The usual motion, however, for its being printed and distributed, was made and carried, and the Convention seemed to remain in obedience. But the extremity of the peril now gave courage to the members of the two committees. Those who spoke first ventured only to defend themselves; those who followed dared to recriminate. Robespierre, unaccustomed to opposition, began to explain and retract: the Dantonists joined his opponents, and the sitting terminated by rescinding the resolution for printing his speech.

The first attack, therefore, had been repulsed. The evening and the night were spent by each party in preparation. It was resolved on the part of Robespierre that the Commune should meet the next morning; that in the Convention a definite motion, denouncing the crimes and requiring the arrest of those whom it was intended to sacrifice, should be made by St. Just, and enforced by Robespierre; and that if the Convention refused, the Commune should declare that the people had resumed the direct exercise of its sovereignty, should assemble the National Guards, and march to deliver the Convention from the criminals who were misleading it. In the mean time the members of the committees and the Dantonists, united into one party by their common danger, were employed in endeavoring to obtain the co-operation of the other parties in the Convention. Such was the detestation which they themselves had inspired, and such the fear of Robespierre, that it was only after many repulses that they began to make any progress. Succeed, however, they did, and the next day, the celebrated 9th *Thermidor*, when Robespierre entered the assembly, he probably had not ten adherents left in a body of which two days before he had been the dictator.

We need not do more than refer to the scene of the 9th *Thermidor*,—a scene probably unequalled in any deliberative assembly; when St. Just was interrupted after his first sentence, and Robespierre had to listen hour after hour to the long-compressed hatred of his revolted subjects—his cries and screams for the right of reply, drowned by the imprecations of his accusers, and the bell of the president; until at length, as he lay on the bench, gasping with fatigue, rage, and terror, he was ordered into arrest, together with his adherents, St. Just, Couthon, Le Bas, and Robespierre the younger, and seized by the attendants of the house.

It was now five o'clock, and the House adjourned to seven, exhausted by the struggle, and scarcely venturing to believe the result. The Commune in the mean time had assembled, but had not acted. It had adjourned before the arrest of Robespierre was known. Indeed, considering the strangeness and the magnitude of that event, the news appears to have circulated very slowly.

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Thibaudeau tells us that, when the Convention met in the evening, the greater part of the members heard for the first time the events of the morning. It is probable that the morning attendance had been comparatively thin, and consisted chiefly of those who the night before had concerted their proceedings.

The Commune had adjourned only till six. When they re-assembled, and heard of the arrest of Robespierre and his companions, they declared that the People, and the Commune, as the organ of the People, had resumed its sovereignty; ordered the tocsin to ring in every section; despatched messengers on all sides to call out the National Guards, and in short set in motion the insurrectional machinery which had never failed during the previous course of the Revolution. They soon collected a force sufficient to rescue the prisoners from their confinement in one of the committee rooms, and to carry them in triumph to the head-quarters of the Commune, the Hôtel de Ville. By this time it was nearly eight. The Convention reassembled, but it was only to communicate their alarms. 'A few,' says Thibaudeau, 'had gained courage by their success in the morning; others awaited the result in silence; the greater part were unable to comprehend what was going on. As it became dark the horror of our situation increased. We heard the noise of the drums and of the tocsin. A few members formed themselves into a committee to consider the course to be adopted, the others listened in the utmost anxiety to the reports brought back by those who had ventured to ascertain the state of things without. At length, about midnight, the crisis appeared to approach. Collot d'Herbois, the President, said in his sepulchral voice, "Representatives, the time is come for us to die at our posts; I am informed that Henriot's forces surround us." Instantly all the spectators fled from the galleries, the members who had been standing together in groups, took their usual seats, and prepared to die with decency. As for myself, I had not the slightest doubt that our last moment was come.'* It was true that Henriot had led his men to the attack. His cannon even were pointed at their doors. But when he gave the word to fire, his artillerymen hesitated, and at last refused. Henriot, finding that his troops could not be depended on, thought it prudent to march them back to the Hôtel de Ville. It was thus that, on the caprice or the irresolution of half a dozen men, the fate of the Convention, and perhaps the future history of France, and even of Europe, depended. For if the cannon had fired, and Henriot's forces, many of them the same men who three years before had stormed the Tuileries and destroyed the defenders, had rushed into the hall where the members were sitting, merely awaiting their fate without any plan of resistance, it seems probable that the greater part of the assembly would have been massacred on their seats; and certain that all who escaped would have been treated as they themselves treated their adversaries a few hours afterwards, condemned and executed without a trial. Robespierre would have been absolute master of Paris. Whether he would or would not have been able to summon another representative assembly, or without one to retain the provinces and the armies in subjection to Paris, is more questionable. But, on any supposition, the whole subsequent course of events would have been different; there would have been different scenes and different actors. Pichegru might have imitated Monk, and royalty have been restored by a native army in 1794, instead of a foreign one in 1814; or Nantes, and Lyons, and Bourdeaux, and Toulon, and La Vendée, might have successfully risen against Paris, and France have split into hostile communities. Reform would have been delayed in Germany, and accelerated in Great Britain and Ireland. The half minute during which it was undecided whether the artillery would fire or not, is the most important half minute in history.

The retreat of Henriot seems to have given to the Convention the courage necessary to active resistance. They declared Henriot, Robespierre, and his associates, and the whole Commune of Paris, *hors de la loi*; invested Barras with the command of the National Guards, and appointed members to act under him; despatched others to the head-quarters of the different sections, to announce these decrees and summon the National Guards, and resolved as soon as a sufficient body could be collected, to march and attack the Commune at the Hôtel de Ville. The events of this night have been told in so many different ways, that some future Strauss may treat the whole as a legend. The following is M. Berryer's narrative:—

"The *corps de garde* of my section, La Réunion, was at the Hôtel d'Asnières, and I determined not to return home during the night. There was great indecision among us, until the exhortations of the messengers from the Conven-

* *Mémoires*, Vol. i. p. 83.

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tion, marked by their dress, and raised, from their being on horseback, above the audience, decided the wavering to side with the Convention. We resolved to march immediately to the defence of the Assembly. I was armed as usual with my pike, which was the common weapon; a very few had muskets. When we reached the Place of the Carrousel, which at that time joined the Tuileries, receiving no orders, we sat down on the pavement. Between midnight and one in the morning we were ordered to form column, and march on the Hôtel de Ville, then occupied by Robespierre and his associates. On our left was the section Marat, consisting, like ourselves, of about two hundred men, about as well armed as we were. Three guns with lighted matches preceded us. By the time we had reached the Oratoire in the Rue St. Honore, our artillery, very ill commanded, was in the centre of the column. I now discovered by the cries of Bourdon de l'Oise, as he was rectifying this blunder, that we were under his command. When we reached the open space before the Hôtel de Ville, we found there many pieces of cannon, and the troops of several other sections, apparently directed like ourselves against the Commune.* Our officers had ranged us in front of the Hôtel de Ville, with our cannon behind, so that we should have been the first objects of a discharge. While Bourdon de l'Oise was setting this right, he noticed me, and congratulated me on my display of courage.

"Suddenly a sort of commotion was heard in the great hall of the Hôtel de Ville; and immediately afterwards I saw Bourdon de l'Oise, with some determined followers, rush up the large open staircase. He held a pistol in each hand, a drawn sabre between his teeth, and with his fiery eyes and burning cheeks, looked more like a fury than a human being. In a minute or two we heard shots in the interior. Robespierre the younger jumped out of one window, Henriot was thrown out of another, Robespierre was wounded, and Le Bas killed in the struggle. Couthon, pretending to be dead, was laid at full length on the coping of the Quai Pelletier, until a prick from a bayonet made him wince, and he was removed in custody; Robespierre was carried by me on a litter to endure the utmost bitterness of death.

"The next morning I found it so difficult to believe my recollections of the night, that, notwithstanding my horror of executions, I went to the Terrace of the Tuileries, which overlooks the Place de la Revolution, to watch the carts filled with the conquered party enter the enclosure of the guillotine. The long-continued shouts and applause which soon followed, left me no doubt that the head of Robespierre had really fallen.

'The next day, however, perished some whom I could not but pity. These were the seventy-two members of the Commune of Paris, who had been all seized in their hall of assembly, kept in custody for thirty-six hours, and then, without any trial beyond a mere identification, thrown into seven or eight carts, carried to the Place de la Revolution, and executed. The greater part of them had committed no error except that of taking office in such times as these. This punishment *en masse* of a whole body, though it may comprehend a minority who have protested against the acts of the majority, is the *ne plus ultra* of political iniquity. As I saw them pass by to their dreadful fate, I congratulated myself again and again on my resolution to refuse public employment.

"Heron, the murderer of the Magons, was arrested under a resolution of the Convention, and immediately executed. My formidable enemy Coffinhal, who had contrived to add to the ferocity even of judgments such as his, by the jests with which he embittered them, was destroyed by the ingratitude of a wretch like himself. He had escaped from the Hôtel de Ville in the confusion of the night of the 9th Thermidor, fled to the river side, and lay hid for two days at the bottom of a barge. At length he was forced by hunger from his retreat, and reached the house of a petty shopkeeper, who owed to him his marriage and his establishment in business. It was late, and he found the husband and wife in the back room. While the wife was providing him with food, the husband went forward under the pretence of closing his shop; but in fact it was to denounce his benefactor and call in the police. Coffinhal resisted, was tied and thrown into a cart, and carried to instant execution, shouting and screaming in impotent rage."*

Experience had proved the mischiefs and the dangers, both to rulers and to subjects, of what had been called revolutionary government; that is to say, government by a single assembly representing the omnipotence of the people, and exercising or delegating to its own instruments all legislative and executive powers. The surviving leaders, therefore, in the Convention, a small minority of the remarkable men whom it once contained, employed themselves in preparing, for the third time, a constitution. The constitution of 1791 had failed, partly from its intrinsic defects, partly from the disinclination of the separate authorities to acknowledge the rights which the constitution gave to others, or the restraints which it imposed on themselves; and partly from the violent and unjust aggressions of foreign powers. That of 1793 had been prepared in a week, accepted by the people in three days, and immediately suspended. It scarcely differed, in fact, from the existing revolutionary government, except by subjecting to annual re-election the single assembly which was to govern as a sort of committee of the nation. The wisdom of the constitution of 1795 has been highly

* On comparing M. Berryer's statements with those of other witnesses, we are inclined to believe that the greater part of these troops consisted of the National Guards, who had originally obeyed the summons of the Commune; and whom the retreat of Henriot, the decree which outlawed the Commune, and the arguments of the members who had been sent out, had subsequently induced to support the Convention.

* Vol. i. p. 231, 237.

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praised. We have been told that it would have endured, and endured beneficially, if any government not monarchical could have supported itself in France. It was prepared at leisure, and by men of talents, knowledge and integrity; and, as it was the result of six years' experience in revolution, it provided against the most obvious of the disorders under which the previous governments had fallen. It provided against the dangers of universal suffrage by establishing indirect election; and by requiring from the first body of electors, the members of what were called the primary assemblies, a qualification depending on taxation; and from the second body, the members of the electoral assemblies, a qualification depending on property. It guarded against rash legislation, by dividing the legislative body into two chambers; one intrusted with the preparation of laws, the other with their acceptance or rejection. It created a separate executive, consisting of a Directory of five persons appointed by the Chambers, and endeavored to prevent the union of legislative and executive powers, by prohibiting any member of either chamber from filling any other office whatever. It guarded against permanence in office, by enacting that no one should be an elector of the higher order, that is to say, a member of an electoral assembly, for two successive years, or a member of the legislative body for more than six successive years, or a director for more than five years. One director and a third of the legislature were to retire annually; the first by lot, the second according to seniority of election.

It is impossible to believe that, under any circumstances, such a constitution could have been permanent. Its fundamental principles were change and collision. Neither the electoral, the legislative, nor the executive body were to remain unaltered for more than one year. It made experience in public affairs a positive disqualification. A member of the legislature was not re-eligible till after two years' interval, nor a member of the Directory till after five. The members of the legislature, incapable of any other functions, were necessarily in opposition to the Directory. The five directors, with no head, and no common interest, whom accident had made colleagues, and accident was to separate, necessarily split into factions. All the principles of good government were sacrificed to republican jealousy of those to whom power was to be intrusted.

The fitness of this new government to withstand assaults from without, cannot be said to have been tried. Before it had lasted two years it was destroyed from within; and with it was destoyed, for many years, all hope of constitutional, or even legal, government in France. From the unhappy morning of the 18th *Fructidor*, An. 5 (Sept. 4, 1797), when a portion of the Directory used a military force to overpower their colleagues and the two representative bodies of France, the army had become the masters of the state. Such a precedent once set was not to be recalled. For many subsequent years the drum was substituted for the tocsin, the voice of the general for that of the demagogue, and a military commission for a revolutionary tribunal. From that time the history of France loses its interest. From the history of a nation it becomes the history of an army; and soon afterwards the biography of the individual whose genius enabled him to seize that coarse but irresistible instrument. The picturesque and exciting acts of the vast drama were ended; the great actors, whose audacity of thought, language, and conduct, had crowded into six years, changes that seemed to require centuries, had perished, were exiled, or were silenced. The work of destruction ended with the Convention: that of reconstruction began with the Consulate. The Directory was an interval of fraud and force applied to personal purposes—combining the insecurity of a revolution without its enthusiasm, and the oppression of a tyranny without its vigor.

The establishment, however, of something resembling regular government, restored M. Berryer to the public exercise of his profession. One of his first appearances was in defence of a member of the revolutionary committee who had been one of the petty despots of his section. Their acts of oppression were passed over as incidental to their office, but it was thought safe to attack their miserable peculations.—Among these was the robbery of a chapel: the knife-grinder had appropriated the cloth, the president had turned the velvet of the high altar into a pair of breeches, the shoe-cleaner had taken the silk, the porter the silver fringes, and the fifth member the linen. The shoe-cleaner had been M. Berryer's patron, had obtained a passport for him at a critical time, and had given countenance and protection to some others of the inhabitants of the section, who had the merit of being the customers of his stall. These services were urged by M. Berryer, and accepted by the judges as an excuse for the sacrilege.

More serious questions soon arose. In a

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country in which the law had been powerless for nearly two years—in which property had been a ground for proscription, and every stratagem had been used to conceal it—in which the legal currency had been in a course of daily depreciation, while death was the punishment of those who ventured to refuse it, or even to take it at less than its nominal value—where even the connection and mutual rights of husband and wife, and parent and child, had been fluctuating—the relations of individuals towards one another, and towards the property which had escaped confiscation, required to be ascertained.

M. Berryer's narratives of his contests on questions depending on marriage, divorce, and legitimacy, are interesting.—They describe a community unsupported by religion, delicacy, or morality — in which virtues had so often been declared to be criminal, and crimes to be virtuous, that public opinion had been destroyed, and with it the conscience and even the self-respect of individuals. Brothers and sisters bred up together attack one another's legitimacy, women set aside their own marriages, husbands disavow their wives, and parents their children ; in short, all the misery is exhibited of a society in which mere law is the only restraint. But M. Berryer's stories of this kind are too concise, and too much alike in their features, to be interesting in such an abridgement as we could give them. We shall select, therefore, some other incidents from his parti-colored narrative.

One of the most remarkable, and one of those which throw most light upon the internal state of France, during the interval between the Reign of Terror and the Consulate, is a trial before the tribunal of Chartres, in which M. Berryer was only a spectator. For some years previous to the trial, which appears to have taken place in the year 1795, a large tract of country, of which the forest of Orgeres, extending to within thirty miles of Chartres, is the centre, had been infested by bands of ruffians, who, from their use of fire as an instrument of torture, acquired the name of *Chauffeurs*. They were accustomed to surround lonely farm-houses in numbers too large for resistance, bind the males, and force the females, by fire applied to the feet, to discover the property of the family. From the number of their outrages, the uniformity of their proceedings, and the skill with which they were conducted, it was inferred that they formed a large confederacy, acting on system, and obeying some central authority. But this was mere suspicion : common as the crime was, not one of the criminals was identified. One day, however, two *gendarmes*, as they crossed a portion of the forest, found a child about ten years old, the singularity of whose dress excited their curiosity. He asked for food, and was persuaded to accompany them to a neighboring town. A good breakfast and a glass of wine obtained his confidence.—He told them that he lived with his father and mother, and many other families, in a vast cavern in the forest. That a great many men came there from time to time, bringing with them sometimes plate, and other valuables, which were afterwards taken away, and sometimes provisions and clothes for the inhabitants. It seemed probable that the head-quarters of the *Chauffeurs* was now detected; but, instead of attacking the cavern, the result of which would have been only the seizure of those who might be in it at the time, and the alarm and escape of the other members of the confederacy, it was resolved to use the child as a means of arresting the out-door brigands, one by one, and to reserve the cavern for the last. For this purpose, the child, to whom we will give, by anticipation, the name of *Finfin*, which he afterwards acquired by the dexterity with which he played his part, was disguised by good clothes, and placed, under the care of a woman who acted as his nurse, at the corners of the markets of the towns to which it was supposed that the brigands would resort to sell the plundered property. Whenever he saw a face with which he had become familiar in the cavern, he gave a sign, and the person indicated was arrested. At length the number exceeded a hundred ; descriptions of the prisoners, and of the property found on them, were published ; and evidence poured in from all sides. The trial lasted several days. Every morning the accused, about 112 in number, were marched in a long column, guarded by a numerous escort, through the the streets of Chartres, to a church in the centre of the town, which had been fitted up on this occasion as a court, and was large enough to exhibit them all to the witnesses and the jury. M. Berryer dwells on the horrors of the evidence, particularly on that of the daughters of an opulent proprietor, three sisters, whose feet had been destroyed by fire, so that they were forced to come on crutches into the court.

It appeared that the cavern, or rather the collection of caverns, from whence *Finfin* had wandered, was situated in the least ac-

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cessible portion of the forest; and formed out of the quarries which had furnished the stone for the magnificent cathedral of Chartres. Here a colony of malefactors, male and female, had been founded, which recruited itself, partly by immigration and partly by natural increase. Like the Indian associations of the Thugs, it had a government, laws, and police, adapted to the frightful profession of its members. It had corresponding members, who indicated the dwellings most fit for attack, and an executive, which planned expeditions, and appointed the persons who were to effect them. The whole 112 were convicted. At a subsequent period, it would have been difficult to dispose of a body of criminals for whom death was the only appropriate sentence, and who would have been thought too numerous for such a punishment; but in 1795, and in France, men were accustomed to such scenes, and M. Berryer passes over their execution without remark.

During the six years which elapsed between M. Berryer's return to his profession and the peace of Amiens, his principal employment—as honorable as it was ineffectual—was the defence of neutral owners against French privateers. At the breaking out of the war in 1793, a decree of the Convention had given jurisdiction in all cases of capture to the local tribunals of France, and even to the French consuls in foreign parts.

"It became," says M. Berryer, "a presumption of law in those local prize courts, that not a vessel that traversed the ocean was really neutral; that every cargo was in fact English property; and that all the exteriors of neutrality were frauds to be exposed or eluded. The most frivolous objections were raised to the different papers by which the nationality of the ship, or the ownership of the cargo, was proved, and always with success. Every syllable in every passport was challenged, and every change that, during a long voyage, had taken place in the crew. But when the law of 1798 had declared good prize every vessel containing goods (*marchandises*) the produce of England, or of any English dependency, the robberies of the privateers were unrestrained. They seized, absolutely without exception, every vessel which they met with at sea, whatever the flag, for they were sure to find on board some English goods. It might have been supposed that the word goods (*marchandises*) meant something intended for sale, or at least something for which freight was to be paid. It was held to comprehend the mere furniture of a cabin, a bed, a chair, or a carpet, or even a knife or a razor used by the captain. The presence of any such article drew after it the confiscation of ship and cargo, valued perhaps at millions. An appeal was indeed given from the tribunal which sat in a French port to the tribunal of the district, and from the judgment of the French consul abroad to a court sitting in France; but the right was so given as to be beneficial only to captors. In the rare case of a judgment favorable to the neutral, the captor could appeal, and the vessel and cargo were detained till the event was known; but every sentence of an inferior court in favor of a captor was put into immediate execution. No security for costs or for restitution was required, and the neutral, supposing him to succeed on appeal, had generally a mere claim for damages; a claim which the captors rendered nugatory, by converting these undertakings into a joint stock, of which the shares passed by mere delivery, so that the persons liable were unknown, and were constantly changing.

"Such was the state of the law, or of the administration of the law, under which, in the beginning of the year 1798, I was called, for the first time, as counsel to Nantes. My clients were Messrs. Duntzfels and Co., one of the first mercantile houses in Copenhagen. They were the owners of the Bernstorf and the Norge, worth more than three millions of francs, which had been captured by Nantes privateers, and condemned by the inferior tribunal. It was admitted, indeed stated in the sentence, that they were *bonâ fide* Danish property. The only pretence for condemnation was non-compliance, on the part of the captain, with some mere formal regulations, imposed indeed by the recent municipal law of France, which could not, except in violation of the treaty made between France and Denmark in 1742, be applied to the ships of our allies the Danes. I urged the express words of the treaty; I urged its recognition in a similar case by the neighboring tribunal of St. Brienne. Such was the influence of my arguments on public opinion, even in Nantes, that instruments, purporting to assign shares in the prizes, were not saleable, except at nominal prices. By an abuse which had become habitual, the superior court of justice in Nantes applied for instructions to the Directory, then the rulers of France. I instantly returned to Paris, in the hope of inducing the Directory, if they interfered in a matter of law, at least to interfere in favor of the treaty. But it was in vain. I soon heard that the law of nations had been overruled, and the vessels finally condemned. The notoriety of these decisions gave a still further extension to the piracy of our privateers. They seized even the coasting traders of the Mediterranean, as they were proceeding, at a distance from any seat of war, from one port belonging to our allies to another. Hundreds of appeals were put into my hands, not from the hope of redress, but because the policies which insured against capture required that every means to ward off condemnation should have been exhausted. The neutral captains and supercargoes crowded to my office—men who had been intrusted with millions; and now, deprived of their own little funds, and even of their baggage, had to depend on the consuls of their countries for the means of existence during the suit. In one matter, I so far shook the Court of Appeal as to delay its judgment for one day. It was the case of the Federalist, a ship belonging to citizens of the United States of America, with whom we were in strict alliance. The ground of confiscation was a strip of carpet by the captain's bedside. It was discovered, or pretended to be discovered, that this bit of carpeting was of English

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manufacture. On this pretence, the ship and her whole cargo, worth a million and a half of francs, had been condemned. At the conclusion of my address, the court was proceeding to reverse the condemnation. One judge only suggested a doubt. The decision was adjourned to the next day, and was then given in favor of the captors. Generally, I had no clue to the proceedings of the Court of Appeal, but sometimes I could account for them. Early in the morning sittings of the Council of Five Hundred (Lower Chamber of France), or when the attendance was thin, the pirates used to obtain from the members present resolutions of the Chamber, declaring in their favor the law on any litigated point, and these resolutions were considered decisive. One day, during the hearing of a case, I saw a man, whom I believed to be a deputy from the south, give a paper to the government commissioner. While they were whispering together, I rushed towards them, in order to ascertain the nature of the business which brought the deputy into court. He instantly disappeared, for his business was over. The paper contained a resolution of the house, deciding the question against my client.

"The ultimate results were, that not a vessel ventured to approach a French port; that we were cut off from the supply of indispensable commodities; that our privateers, acting without concert and without prudence, fell into the power of the English cruisers; that our maritime population was crowded into the English prisons, where many perished from ill-treatment; that our colonies were lost, for want of sailors to form a military marine; and ultimately, when the day of retribution arrived, the state had to pay for the plunder which had been profitable only to a few individuals."*

The revolution which placed Bonaparte on the consular throne was unquestionably beneficial. The despotism which seems to be the inevitable result of military rule, was more tolerable than that of factions which owed to treason their rise and their fall.—Even the tyranny of the Empire was as great an improvement on the intrigues and violence of the Directory, as the Directory was on the anarchy of the Convention.

We are inclined, indeed, to consider the eighteen months of the Peace of Amiens, as the most brilliant portion of the history of France since the death of Charlemagne. England was supposed to be incapable of any but maritime war, and had accepted an insecure and dishonorable peace. The force of Russia was unknown, and neither Austria nor Prussia had yet adopted the systems which, at the expense of all the other objects of government, now give them powers offensive and defensive, which their happier ancestors never contemplated. The military supremacy of France seemed established; and it was supported by a territory as extensive as can be usefully united in one empire. She had incorporated Savoy, Piedmont, the Milanese, a considerable part of Switzerland, and all the great and rich countries that lie between her present frontier and the Rhine. The portions of Holland, Switzerland, and Northern Italy which she had not made French, were her dependencies. It is true that under the Empire she acquired a still more extended territory, and a still larger body of subordinate allies; but her subsequent acquisitions were not ratified by England. They were mere incidents in a fearful game, liable to be torn away, and in fact actually torn away, as soon as her fatal system of playing double or quits should produce its usual result. At the Peace of Amiens her gains were realized. Had she remained contented with them, she would probably now form the most powerful empire the world has seen. She would possess fifty millions of rich, warlike, and highly civilized inhabitants, with the best soil, the best climate, the best frontier, and the best position, on the Continent.

The same remark may be extended to the extraordinary man who had seized the command of her destinies. He then enjoyed more real power, more real popularity, and more real glory, than at any subsequent period of his career. As a soldier, he never repeated the miracles of his Italian victories. In his subsequent campaigns he obtained vast and decisive advantages when he had a superior force; suffered vast and decisive defeats when his force was inferior; and when the force on each side was nearly balanced, as at Eylau, Aspern, Borodino, and Ligny, so was the success. As a politician, he was known only as a Pacificator; he had had nothing to do with the origin of the three great wars in which he had been an actor; and he had concluded each of them by a glorious peace. He owed, it is true, his power to usurpation, but it was the most pardonable usurpation that history records. Those whom he deposed were themselves usurpers, and for hundreds that regretted the change, there were millions that hailed it with delight. Never was there an easier or a more popular revolution; and, up to the time of which we are speaking, the millions appeared to be right. He had given to France internal as well as external peace. He had restored the rule of law, and made it omnipotent against all except himself. He had laid the foundation of a Code which, with all its defects, is superior to that of any other Continental nation. He had restored Religion, not indeed

* This narrative is extracted, with some changes of arrangement, from the second volume, cap. iii. § 1, 2.

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in its purest form, but in the form most attractive to a people among whom imagination and passion predominate over reason, and who yield more readily to feeling, to authority, and to example, than to conviction. With religion he had restored decency of manners, and, in a considerable degree, decency of morals. He had effected all this under the forms of a constitution which depending not on the balanced rights and privileges of classes, but on the simple basis of centralized power, gave to the body of the people the equality which they seem to prefer to real liberty and to real security.

One of the first acts of the Consulate was to withdraw matters of prize from the ordinary tribunals, and place them in the hands of a department of the government, denominated the *Conseil des Prises*. The unfitness of the petty local courts had been shown; but the referring questions of pure law to an administrative instead of a legal body, was a strange anomaly. And when we add that the persons appointed to decide between French captors and neutral owners, were mere officers of the executive, removable at pleasure, the anomaly became an oppression. It is strange that M. Berryer, himself a lawyer, approves of this institution: he had soon a remarkable opportunity of ascertaining its impartiality and its integrity.

"Holland," says M. Berryer, "at that time forming the Batavian Republic, was in the year 1797 the unhappy ally of the Republic of France. The price of the alliance had been the loss of all her colonies, and of all maritime commerce under her own flag: for all Indian commodities, and particularly for tea, in Holland a necessary of life, she depended on that of Denmark, the only flag respected by England on the southern ocean. The respect paid by England to the Danish flag was, indeed, a pretence for its violation by France. The French privateers and the French tribunals affected to believe that England used Danish vessels as the means of her Eastern communication. When it is recollected that the Indian trade of England was carried on in the great ships of the East India Company, sailing in fleets, and under convoy, the insincerity of this pretence is obvious; but it served as a convenient instrument of pillage, particularly in the case which I am about to relate.

"In the autumn of 1797 the Batavian Republic wished to import a year's supply of green tea. The attempt to send from Amsterdam to Canton ten millions of francs of Dutch property, and to bring it back in so peculiar a form, was very difficult and very perilous; on the one hand the seas of Africa and Asia were swarming with English cruisers, which respected no flag but the Danish, and on the other hand the seas of Europe were filled with the privateers of the dear ally of Holland, which respected no flag whatever.

"To delude the English cruisers, a ship which had belonged to the English East India Company, was purchased and sent to Copenhagen. There she was named the Caninholm, and fitted for her voyage; her captain was naturalized as a Dane; she had a whole set of Danish papers, and cleared for Tranquebar, a Danish settlement; taking in at Portsmouth her outward cargo in dollars. These precautions were supposed, and indeed proved sufficient as regarded the cruisers of her enemy, England; the real danger was from those of her ally, France. To ward off this the Batavian government took into their confidence the French government, then consisting of the Directory, and obtained their sanction to the expedition, and a license or protection against all interference by French vessels. As a further precaution, a Dutch supercargo was taken in at Tranquebar, and the Caninholm, on her return voyage, cleared out at Canton for the Texel.

"The expedition lasted more than eighteen months. The Caninholm left Copenhagen in November 1797, and it was in June 1799 that she was captured as she entered the European seas by a French privateer, and carried into Bordeaux. The captain instantly went on shore to show his license to the Bordeaux authorities; but no justice was to be expected in a privateering town, when a prize of ten millions of francs was in dispute. The ship was of course condemned. The owners appealed, but before they could be heard, the revolution of 1799 had overthrown the Directory. The consular government refused to recognize the contracts of its predecessors or the rights of its ally, and the Caninholm was definitively condemned as English property. I ascertained afterwards that Bonnet and Co., the owners of the privateer, had been obliged to scatter a little of their rich prey in order to keep the remainder. Bills accepted by them suddenly appeared in the Paris market; I myself had to advise proceedings on more than half a million's worth of them."*

Some branches of the legal profession may flourish under a despot; attorneys and chamber counsel do not excite his jealousy; and judges are the best instruments of his power. They enable him to express his will in the form of general principles, and thus to regulate the actions of millions, of whose separate existence he is not even aware. They convert resistance to his power into a breach of law, and punish it without his apparent interference. An army or a mob may give power to its chief; but that power cannot be safe until it is supported by legal forms, enforced by legal authorities. But no arbitrary ruler looks favorably on advocates. The bar is essentially an aristocracy in the noblest sense of that term; the relative position of its members depends on their merit; the smiles of the crown cannot give reputation to mediocrity, its frowns cannot repress diligence and talent. The functions of the

* Vol. ii. Sec. iii.

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bar are still more offensive than its independence; its business is to discuss, and an absolute government hates discussion; its business is to enforce the observance of general rules, and adherence to precedents: such a government, though it requires them from others, refuses itself to be bound by either. 'Every day,' said Bonaparte, and he was then only Consul, 'one must break through positive laws; there is no other mode of proceeding. The action of the government must never be impeded—there must be no opposition.'*

Again, a bar, though it offers its services indifferently to the government and to its subjects, is really useful only to the latter. Such a government does not require the aid of an advocate to persuade judges to be subservient to a power which appoints, promotes, and removes them; but to those whom the government is attacking, his assistance is inestimable. He may sometimes be able to protect their lives or their fortunes, and he can almost always protect their reputation. All other appeals to public opinion may be tolerated up to a certain point, and silently prevented from passing the prescribed limit. A censorship may effectually chain the press without attracting attention to any given case of interference; but if an advocate is once allowed to speak, he cannot be stopped without an apparent denial of justice.

Bonaparte, who had all the jealousies and the instincts of ambition in their utmost intensity, must, under any circumstances, have hated the French bar; but he had also a personal quarrel with its members:—out of more than two hundred advocates, only three voted in favor of the Empire, and this was a subject on which he never forgave opposition. He restored indeed the order, but he deprived it of self-government, and laid it at the feet of the imperial authorities. The express permission of the chief judge was necessary before an advocate could plead in any court but his own; the attorney-general selected the members of the *conseils de discipline*, which regulated the internal affairs of the order; and he also selected from them the *bâtonnier*, or president of the bar; and, finally, the chief judge had an arbitrary power of suspension, and even of expulsion.

M. Berryer himself incurred Bonaparte's especial displeasure. He had been counsel against Bourrienne before Bourrienne had lost his master's favor; he had defended Moreau and Dupont, and the family of Monnet, the unfortunate defender of Flushing. For these offences he was excluded from the Tribunate, and from the honors of the bar; but the contest which he appears to think the most dangerous was his defence of M. the Mayor of Antwerp, in 1812 and 1813.

The Mayor, an old man of high character and great wealth, and once in high favor with Bonaparte, was married to a young wife, who quarrelled with the wife of the commissioner of police about a box in the theatre. The commissioner revenged himself by accusing the Mayor, and three other municipal officers, of embezzling the proceeds of the *Octroi* of Antwerp; and, having Bonaparte's confidence, contrived to render him the determined enemy of the accused.

The indictment was an enormous instrument: the attorney-general of the imperial court of Brussels, which then included Antwerp in its jurisdiction, was said to have been killed by the labor of preparing it. The trial took place at Brussels, before a jury consisting of the principal persons of the country. After it had gone on for some days, it became clear that it would terminate by an acquittal. The law-officers who conducted the prosecution, therefore, interrupted its progress, by indicting for perjury two of the mayor's witnesses. As this matter was to be disposed of before the Mayor's trial could be concluded, the latter was thrown over to a subsequent session and a new jury. The indictment against the witnesses utterly failed, and the Mayor's trial was resumed. A new jury was selected solely from Frenchmen, most of them public functionaries, and all devoted to the Emperor, whose determination to destroy the Mayor was now notorious. We will pursue the narrative in M. Berryer's words:—

"On my second arrival at Brussels I had to unveil before the jury the complicated iniquity of the prosecution. I referred to the oppressive indictment of the witnesses for the defence, and showed it to have been a trick to get rid of the first jury. I dwelt on the absence of any documentary evidence against my clients, and refuted all the verbal testimony which had been procured. The trial, after several days of hearing, ended by a general acquittal. The whole population of Brussels surrounded the mayor and drew his carriage in triumph to his hotel. Even when I left the town late in the evening, on my return to Paris, the streets were still resounding with music and acclamations. The news reached Bonaparte at Dresden, and put him in a state of fury. He instantly sent a violent despatch to Paris, ordering the mayor and his co-defendants to be re-tried, and even the jury to be tried for having acquitted them. The minister of justice transmitted the order to M. Argenson, the prefect of Antwerp. M. Argenson replied that it was impossible to try men

* Thibaudeau, *Mémoires sur le Consulat*, p. 229, 231.

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again on charges from which a jury had acquitted them. The Council of State was assembled, and decided that the imperial command must be obeyed. This decision was notified to M. Argenson. He merely repeated his refusal. Application was now made by the minister of justice to the Senate, as the highest body in the state. The Senate referred the matter to a committee. I flew to the Luxembourg, and obtained an interview with a member of the committee. He heard all I had to say, agreed with me that such a profanation of the forms and the substance of law would be disastrous, but ended by saying, 'After all, what would you have us do?—do you not perceive that we should upset ourselves?' The committee accordingly reported as the Council of State had done before; and by virtue of a decree of the Senate, the mayor and his supposed accomplices were directed to be tried before the Court of Assizes of Douai. I heard of the decree before it was published, and had time to advise two of those who had been acquitted with the mayor, and some of the members of the jury who had fled to me in Paris for my aid in the extreme danger in which they were placed, to avoid the storm by concealing themselves. M. Argenson not only persisted in his refusal, but resigned. Other persons, however, less scrupulous were found, and the mayor was arrested and conveyed to the prison of Douai. Worn out, however, by oppression and anxiety, he died there, before the period of trial. Indeed, before that trial could have been terminated, the man who had been mad enough to order it had ceased to reign."*

Though a stanch royalist, M. Berryer does not appear to have been one of the enthusiastic welcomers of the Restoration. It was connected, indeed, with the loss of his fortune, the honorable accumulation of thirty-four years of labor. A manufacturer who had been the victim of the fraud and ingratitude of his partners, became his client. He obtained for him damages sufficient to form the nucleus of a capital, and, by becoming his guarantee to a banking company, enabled him to establish himself as a cotton-spinner at Rouen. M. Berryer's security for the sums advanced on his guarantee, was a deposit of twist of double the value. At the time of the Restoration, the amount for which M. Berryer was liable exceeded £25,000, for which he held twist valued at £50,000. The relaxation of prohibitory duties in the first effervescence of the Restoration, instantly reduced the value of the twist to £8000. The bankers required a further security. M. Berryer was forced to mortgage, and ultimately to sell all his own estates, and also all those of his wife, for she generously consented to surrender them.

Soon afterwards came the most important of M. Berryer's causes—a cause in which his exertions, though unproductive to his client, and injurious to his own interests, were honorable to his talents and to his courage. This was the trial of Marshal Ney. The twenty-seven years which have elapsed since that striking event, may have effaced its details from the memories of many of our readers. We will shortly recapitulate them:—

In the beginning of 1815, Marshal Ney was governor of Besançon, but residing on his estate near Châteaudun, a town between Chartres and Orleans, about eighty miles from Paris. On the 6th of March he received an order from Soult, then minister of war, to proceed to Besançon. News travels slowly in France: though Bonaparte had been five days in Provence, the fact was unknown at Châteaudun, and Ney, curious as to the motive of the order, took Paris in his road. He arrived on the 7th, and found M. Batardy, his attorney, at his house waiting for him.* They arranged some private business, and Batardy, surprised at Ney's making no allusion to what occupied every mind in Paris, ventured to remark, 'This is a strange event.' 'What event?' answered Ney. 'Don't you know,' replied Batardy, 'that Bonaparte has landed at Cannes—that Monsieur proceeded this morning to Lyons, and that you are ordered to your government?' At first Ney treated the news as incredible; but when he was told that it was officially stated in the *Moniteur*, he leant his head upon the mantelpiece and exclaimed, 'What a calamity!—what a horrible event! What can be done?—what is there to oppose such a man as that? Would he have ventured to return unless he had relied on finding here enemies to the government?'

Ney went immediately to the minister, and was told that he would find his instructions at Besançon. He then saw the King, made his memorable promise to bring back Bonaparte in a cage, left Paris for Besançon, and appears to have arrived there during the night between the 9th and 10th. The 10th he employed in directing the forces under his control to meet at Lons le Saulnier, a small town to the south of Besançon, and to the east of the high-road from Lyons to Paris. On the 11th he set out himself for Lons le Saulnier. In the mean time, Grenoble had opened its gates to Bonaparte; he had rushed forward to Lyons, the second city in France, occupied by a considerable force under Monsieur and Marshal Macdonald. The city and the garrison

* Vol. i. p. 350-354.

* See M. Batardy's deposition. *Procès du Maréchal Ney*, Michaud. No. i. p. 51.

had received him with enthusiasm; Monsieur and Macdonald had been forced to fly; the trifling band with which he had landed had been swelled by the garrisons of Grenoble and Lyons, to more than 10,000 men, and was augmenting every day by the desertion from the royal forces of individuals, companies, and even regiments. On his road, Ney met M. de St. Amour and M. de Soran returning from Lyons, who described to him the revolutionary madness which they had witnessed in the people, and the cries of *Vive l'Empereur* which they had heard from the troops whom they had met on their march. In the morning of the 12th he reached Lons le Saulnier. During the whole of that day, and until the night of the 13th, he appears to have been making active preparations to attack Bonaparte, or at least to resist him. The troops nominally under his order did not amount to 5000 men; they were deficient in ammunition, and scarcely provided with artillery—the artillery-horses having been hired by the farmers, and not to be found when unexpectedly wanted. Bonaparte's proclamations were scattered round, and seemed everywhere to produce their intended effects. In the evening of the 13th, Ney's spies informed him that Bonaparte, preceding his own forces with an escort of only forty men, had entered Mâcon in triumph; that from Mâcon to Bourg (which is only seven posts from Lons le Saulnier) the whole country was in what the French call *exaltation*—that even the villagers, and the people in the fields, were crying *Vive l'Empereur*. Ney's last acts on the 13th were to make arrangements—the prudence and details of which raised the admiration of the peers at his trial,*—to write to Marshals Suchet and Oudinot, who were co-operating with him in support of the royal cause, to communicate his proceedings; and to require all the regimental and non-commissioned officers of his small force, separately, to swear before him to be faithful to the Bourbons. It is to be observed that on this very day, at a council held in the Tuileries, it was admitted that resistance was hopeless—that not a soldier would fire on his former Emperor—and that the only debatable question was, in what direction the King should fly.†

Late in the night between the 13th and 14th, Ney was guilty of his first breach of duty. He admitted messengers from Bonaparte: they brought him a letter from Bertrand, assuring him that Louis had been betrayed by his ministers; that troops devoted to Bonaparte had been posted along the road to Paris, so as to ensure his advance without opposition; and that the whole enterprise had been concerted with England and Austria. The folly of the last statements ought not to revolt us, when we remember that the successor to Napoleon was the grandson of Francis; and that M. Berryer, who has passed his life in estimating evidence, even now believes that we affected Bonaparte's escape! Absurd as they really were, they did not appear so to Ney. With Bertrand's letter came a proclamation ready prepared in the name of Ney, in which he was made to declare that the case of the Bourbons was lost forever, and that liberty and Napoleon were triumphant. And there came also orders from Bonaparte, expressed as if the old relations between himself and Ney had remained uninterrupted, and giving him instructions in the style which he had long been accustomed to obey.

Between three and four in the morning of the 14th, he was roused from his sleep by M. de Capelle, the prefect of Bourg, who had to tell him that one of his regiments, the 76th, stationed at Bourg, had proclaimed Bonaparte; that even the regiment at St. Amour, which formed the advanced guard of the small force at Lons le Saulnier, was preparing to go over; and that throughout the country the higher classes were stupified, and the lower mad with revolutionary excitement. This information appears to have convinced him of the impossibility of further opposition. 'Can I stop,' he said to M. de Capelle, 'with my hand the rising of the tide?' A few hours afterward he ordered his troops to be called together; but before he took a decisive step, summoned the two generals next him in command, De Bourmont and Lecourbe, both of them supposed to be devoted to the King, showed them the proclamation, repeated the contents of Bertrand's letter, and asked their advice. No fourth person was present. De Bourmont and Lecourbe state that they urged him to remain faithful to the King; Ney maintains that they approved of his joining Bonaparte. It is in favor of Ney's statement, that they both accompanied him to the parade where the troops were formed in square, stood on each side of him while he read the proclamation, heard it without any expression of dissent, and dined with him the same evening. The dinner was silent and melancholy. We fully believe

* See *Procès*, No. iv. p. 14.

† See the details in Bourrienne, vol. x. cap. 16. Bourrienne was present.

Ney's account of the effect produced on his own mind by the irrevocable step which he had taken. 'From the time of that unhappy proclamation, life was a burden to me; I wished for nothing but death, and did all I could to find it at Waterloo. A hundred times I was on the point of blowing out my brains; all that restrained me was my wish to defend my character. I knew that all honorable men must blame me—I blamed myself. I did wrong, I admit it, but I was not a traitor; I was partly deceived and partly carried away.'*

Ney proceeded to meet Bonaparte at Dijon, and a few days afterwards was ordered to visit the northern and eastern frontier, from Lille to Landau, to ascertain the state of the fortresses and hospitals; and to publish everywhere that Bonaparte had returned under a treaty between himself, England, and Austria—stipulating that he was never to carry on war beyond the frontier of France; that he was to give France a liberal constitution; and that his wife and child were to remain as hostages in Vienna until he had performed all the positive parts of his engagement.† Having executed his mission, he retired into the country' and took so little part in the transactions of April and May, that when, on the 1st of June, he appeared at the ceremony of the acceptance of the new constitution, Bonaparte told him that he thought he had emigrated. 'I ought to have done so long ago,' answered Ney; 'now it is too late.'‡

He returned after the battle of Waterloo to Paris; and by his bold exposition in the Chamber of Peers, on the 22d of June, of the real facts and consequences of the battle, materially assisted in driving Bonaparte from power. In that speech, Ney maintained that the Allies would be before Paris in a week. His prediction was accomplished; and on the morning of the 3d of July it seemed probable that, before the evening, a battle would have been fought, more disastrous to France, and particularly to Paris, than any event in the history of the French nation. Davoust, who commanded the army defending the town, had a large body of infantry, (80,000 men, according to M. Berryer,§) 25,000 cavalry, and between four and five hundred pieces of field artillery‖—a force insufficient for victory, but sufficient to maintain a contest destructive of the city in which it was to take place. Already the firing had begun, when the Provisional Government and Davoust sent to propose a negotiation; of which the bases were to be, the entry of the allied forces on the one hand, and the preservation of Paris, and the security of all who inhabited it, on the other. On these terms the convention of the 3d of July, 1815, was framed; and ratified by the Duke of Wellington and Blucher on the part of the Allies, and by Davoust on the part of the Provisional Government. The twelfth article provided that all the inhabitants, and generally all persons found in Paris, should continue to enjoy all their rights and liberty, and should not be liable to any molestation or inquiry whatsoever, with relation to their functions, to their conduct, or to their political opinions. It appears, from the evidence of General Guilleminot, one of the negotiators of the convention, that this was the clause to which the defenders of Paris attached the most importance. Had it been refused, he was to break off the discussion, and the battle would have commenced.*

Relying on the protection given to him by the convention, Ney remained in Paris till the 6th July, and continued in France until the 3d of August; when he was arrested on a charge of treason, and ordered to be tried by a court-martial, comprising among its members four of the Marshals of France. Ney protested against the jurisdiction of such a tribunal, and the court unfortunately, as M. Berryer thinks, for the prisoner, declared itself incompetent.

The cause, therefore, was transferred to the House of Peers; the court appointed by the Charter for the trial of treason. The object of Ney's counsel was to gain time. They knew, from the experience of thirty-five years of revolution, that political resentment is a passion as fleeting as it is fierce; and that, if a delay of a few months could be obtained, the government would no longer have the courage to execute him, nor indeed the wish. For this purpose they endeavored to show that, although the Charter rendered treason cognizable by the Hours of Peers, yet it laid down no rules by which the house was to be governed when sitting as a court of criminal justice; and they required that the trial should be suspended until a law regulating the procedure of the house should have been passed. M. Berryer's speech† is an admirable specimen of legal and constitutional reasoning; and indicates, with great sagacity, the

* *Procès.* No. i. p. 12. † Ibid. p. 27.
‡ Ibid. p. 12. § Vol. i. p. 374.
‖ See the evidence, *Procès,* No. iv. p. 19.

* *Procès,* No. iv. p. 20.
† Ibid. No. ii. p. 32.

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errors into which such a tribunal, unless supported and directed by strict regulations, would be likely to fall. The house, however, after a secret deliberation of an hour and a half, decided that the trial should go on. Objections were then raised to the indictment, and, though they were overruled, so much time was gained, that the house, which had met for the trial on the 11th of November, did not really begin it till the 4th of December.

In the mean time, Ney had applied to the ministers of the allied powers, and required them to interfere, and prevent the convention of the 3d of July from being violated in his person. Their answer, drawn up by the Duke of Wellington, and adopted by the ministers of Austria and Prussia, stated, that "the object of the 12th article was to prevent the adoption of any measure of severity, under the military authority of those who made it, towards any persons in Paris, on account of the offices which they had filled, or their conduct, or their political opinions; but it was not intended, and could not be intended, to prevent either the existing French government, or any French government which should succeed to it, from acting in this respect as it might deem fit."*

In this extremity Madame Ney sought the aid of Lord Holland, a name illustrious throughout Europe as the friend of the oppressed. She requested him to lay Ney's Memorial before the Prince Regent. It was done; but the only effect was a letter from Lord Liverpool, referring her to the communication already made to her husband by the Duke of Wellington.† Lord Holland, however, did not yet despair. He still thought that the Duke of Wellington's interference might be obtained, and must be decisive; and in that hope he addressed to their common friend, Lord Kinnaird, then at Paris, a letter which was to be shown to the Duke. What effect it might have had, cannot be told. It arrived the day after the sentence had been executed. As this admirable letter has never been published, we cannot resist the temptation of extracting some of its most material passages.

"*Middleton, Dec.* 5, 1816.

"DEAR KINNAIRD,

"What is passing at Paris annoys me more than I can describe. For La Vallette, on the score of private acquaintance, though slight, I am much concerned; but from regard to the character of our country, and to that of the Duke of Wellington, (in whom, after the great things he has done, even as decided an opponent to the war as myself must feel a national interest,) I have conceived more horror at the trials and executions going on in the teeth of our capitulation than mere humanity could create.

"How can such a man as Wellington assert that the impunity for political conduct extends only to impunity from the Allies for offences committed against *them?* When ships, when garrisons surrender, do the captains or commanders stipulate that the foreign conquerror shall not molest them for their political exertions? With or without such stipulations, what shadow of right has a foreign enemy to punish individuals for opinions held, or conduct pursued in their own country? It is clear that the impunity promised was impunity for crimes, real or supposed, against a French government. If the French government was a party to that promise, by that promise it must abide. If not, the other Allies are bound in honor not to deliver over a town taken in virtue of it, without exacting the same terms from those to whom they deliver it. Such, perhaps, is the formal technical way of putting the argument. Practically and substantially, the case, if not more striking, is yet more conclusive to men of justice and honor. The Allies have virtually, I might say formally too, been masters of Paris, while the persons who delivered it to them on the faith of impunity for political offences, have for political offences been imprisoned, tried, condemned, and executed!—Wellington has himself precluded all doubt on the question. He maintains, in his letter to Lord Castlereagh, that there is no article in the capitulation securing to the town of Paris the pictures and statues; and therefore he argues, and he acts on his argument, that the Allies may seize the pictures, &c., and seize them without any *fresh* or formal cession from Louis XVIII. Up to that time, then, the Allies, according to him, were in military possession of Paris, and up to that time therefore, even upon his own view of the subject, the inhabitants were entitled to claim impunity for all political opinions and conduct. Those who had the right and the power of taking forcibly from Paris, property not specified or disposed of in the capitulation, notwithstanding the nominal government of Louis XVIII., must surely have a right to enforce on any such nominal and dependent government the observance of promises, on the faith of which the inhabitants had surrendered the town.

"Technical arguments may possibly be urged on both sides; and, though they appear to me all in favor of Ney's claim, it is not on them I lay stress, but on the obvious and practical aspect of the transaction as it must strike impartial men and posterity. The plain relation of the events in history will be this. A promise of security was held out to the inhabitants of Paris—they surrendered the town, and while Wellington and the Allies were still really in possession of it, Labedoyere was executed, and Ney was tried for political opinions and conduct. Even of subsequent executions, and I fear there will be many, it will be said—The Allies delivered over

* British and Foreign State Papers, 1815, 1816, printed by the Foreign Office.—P. 262.
† Ibid. p. 272.

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their authority, in Paris, to a French government, without exacting an observance of the stipulations on which they had originally acquired it.

"Had we taken Martinique in 1794, on a promise of not molesting individuals for political opinions or conduct, should we have been at liberty to cede it had Louis XVIII. been then restored, without insisting on the impunity of all political offenders; or, at the very least, on the right of leaving the country for all such as might have so offended? In Egypt the French stipulated that no natives should be molested for their conduct or opinions during the war. We took military possession of the country on these terms, and then delivered it over to the political authority of the Ottoman Porte. When, however, the Capitan Pasha, acting under the authority, began murdering the Beys, and proceeding against the adherents of the French, we not only remonstrated and threatened, but actually protected the persecuted men within our own lines. Yet, by reference to the history of those times, we find that many blamed Lord Hutchinson for not having recourse to yet more violent methods, to enforce on the legitimate political authority the observance of engagements entered into by our military power on taking military possession of the country.

"What would Wellington himself have said, if the British troops had surrendered any town in Spain to the French with a similar stipulation, and if, on the flimsy and hypocritical subterfuge of a distinction between Joseph's government and the French military authorities, all the Spaniards who had assisted us during the siege had been prosecuted for treason against Joseph? Yet, where is the distinction?

"The want of principle and consistency, and the disgusting changes of the Marshals, have, I know, steeled men's minds to their sufferings. This is natural enough. But when the violence of the times is gone by, and, above all, when the tomb has closed on their offences, the transaction will be judged with reference to the nature of the promise, not to the conduct or misconduct of the sufferers. *Si ego digna in quam faceres, tu tamen indignus qui feceris, Pamphile.*

"Nor is this all. If we judge by former instances, even the crime itself will be regarded with more indulgence by posterity than any irregular mode of punishing it. Allowance for individuals is made in all great changes. It is difficult in sudden emergencies and great convulsions of state, especially for professional men whose lives have been passed in camps, to weigh maturely all the considerations by which their conduct should, in the strict line of duty, be regulated. Unforeseen cases occur, and men of good principles and understanding are hurried into acts of inconsistency and political immorality.

"In this latter view of the subject, I know I am somewhat singular. Few at present make such allowances for the political tergiversations of the Marshals; and many, more indulgent than I am in their judgment of political apostasy in England, are quite outrageous with Frenchmen for not acting with inflexible principle in the most trying and difficult circumstances. Some, however, among the most indignant at their crimes, yet doubt the justice, policy, and safety of punishing them; and more, especially among the moderate of all parties, think the claim of the capitulation conclusive; or, if not quite so, of a nature questionable enough to induce Wellington, for the preservation of his own and the national character, to give it the construction most favorable to the weaker party.

"My opinion is of no importance; but it is so strong that I could not resist expressing it to you, who have access to those whose character is most interested in forming a sound one on this important subject. I have not spoken of La Vallette. All my arguments apply in his favor as strongly as in Ney's; and surely he is not, as others may be, any object of a bystander's indignation. He seems an honorable man throughout.—Yours ever truly,

"VASSALL HOLLAND."

The progress of the trial had been comparatively rapid. In two sittings, on the 5th and 6th of December, each party proved satisfactorily their principal points; the accusers, that the treason was legally completed—the defenders, that the crime had been unpremeditated. But when M. Berryer opened the real defence, the convention of the 3d of July, he was interrupted by the counsel for the Crown. M. Bellart, their leader, protested against any allusions to a convention, the conditions of which had been demanded by rebels, and had never been accepted by the King; and he presented to the house a requisition, by which he formally opposed the reading of the convention, and any allusion to it, and required the house, by the Chancellor, its president, to order Marshal Ney and his defenders to confine their defence to the mere facts of the indictment.

The Chancellor, speaking in the name of the house, answered that, foreseeing the line of defence that would be adopted, he had already taken the opinion of the house; and that the peers had decided by a large majority, that it would be highly improper to rely in that house on a convention to which the King was no party, and by which it was obvious, from the mere fact of Ney's prosecution, that his Majesty did not consider himself bound. He therefore forbade the defenders to make any use of the convention. Ney's counsel replied, that they bowed to the will of the King, and to the decision which the court, without hearing them, had thought fit to adopt; but that they felt bound to offer a plea to the jurisdiction of the court—namely, that Sarre Louis, the birth-place of their client, having been ceded to Prussia, he was no longer a subject of France.

Here, however, the counsel were interrupted by Ney:

"'No!' he exclaimed; 'I was born a Frenchman—I will die a Frenchman. Up to this time

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my defence has been free, but I now see that it is to be fettered. I thank my generous defenders for the exertions which they have made, and which they are ready to make; but I had rather have no defence than the mere shadow of one. If, when I am accused in the teeth of a solemn treaty, I am not allowed to appeal to it, I must appeal to Europe and to posterity.'

"'Gentlemen, counsel for the prisoner,' said the Chancellor, 'continue your defence within the limits which I have prescribed.'

"'My lord,' said Ney, 'I forbid my counsel to say another word. Your excellency may give to the house what orders you think fit; but as to my counsel, they may go on if they are free, but if they are to be restrained by your limits, I forbid them to speak. 'You see,' he said, turning to M. Berryer, who was anxious to continue, 'that it is a decided thing. I had rather have no defence than one chalked out by my accusers.'

"'Then,' said M. Bellart, 'we waive our right of reply; if the defence is at an end, so is the accusation. We have only to demand the judgment of the court.'

"'Have you any thing to add?' said the Chancellor, turning to the prisoner and his counsel.

"'Nothing whatever,' replied Ney, in rather an impatient tone."*

The Chamber was then cleared, and the peers alone remained in deliberation; the result of their deliberation, and of the attempts afterwards made to obtain a pardon, are too notorious to require repetition.

The execution of Ney was one of the grossest faults of the Restoration; his crime was great, but, as we have seen, it was not premeditated; only a few hours elapsed between his active fidelity and his treason; it was the effect of the pressure of circumstances of extraordinary difficulty and perplexity on a mind unaccustomed to balance conflicting motives. If Ney had been a man of higher education, he would have felt that no motive justifies a failure in honor. But he had been trained in revolutionary camps; the only fidelity to which he had been accustomed was fidelity to France and fidelity to the Emperor. He was now required to become an emigrant from the one and an opponent to the other; he was required to do this, though he believed the cause of the Bourbons to be irretrievably lost, and the reign of Bonaparte an inevitable calamity. No one can doubt what his conduct ought to have been; but no one can wonder at what it actually was. It must be added, that his treason was really harmless; no opposition, on his part, could have retarded, by a single hour, the entry of Bonaparte into Paris. If he had followed the example of Macdonald, he must have shared his fate—have seen his troops join the usurper, and then have fled across the frontier; the only consequence would have been, that Bonaparte would have had one brave man less at Quatre-Bras and Waterloo. Under such circumstances, his execution, even if it had been legal, would have been impolitic. Public opinion would have sanctioned his degradation, perhaps his banishment, but not his death.

But the judgment under which he suffered was manifestly illegal. Royalist as he is, M. Berryer is so convinced of this, that he accounts for it by the irrational supposition, that it was extorted from the king by the allied powers, for the mere purpose of degrading the French army. Ney was included in the words and in the spirit of the convention. To deny validity to the convention because it was entered into with rebels, was to affirm the execrable doctrine, that faith is not to be kept in civil war. To deny its validity because it was not formally accepted by the king, was to add fraud to oppression; for what can be a baser fraud than to accept the benefits of an agreement and to refuse its obligations? There was not a human being to whom that convention was so beneficial as Louis. If it had not been effected—if, after the slaughter of 25,000 of its defenders, Paris had had to endure the horrors of a town taken by assault—could Louis have retained a crown so recovered for a longer period than while English and Austrian troops occupied his capital and his country? Louis owed to that convention his throne as an independent monarch. When we recollect this, it is unnecessary to refer to the well-known fact alluded to by M. Berryer, that Louis *did* expressly recognise the convention, by appealing to it in order to prevent Blucher from destroying the Pont de Jena.

As is usually the case with political crimes, it received its retribution. The recollection of Ney's death was one of the principal causes of the unpopularity with the army which haunted the elder Bourbons; and fifteen years afterwards, when, in their utmost need, they had to rely on the army for support, that recollection precipitated their fall.

We have said that the trial of Ney exercised an unfavorable influence on the subsequent fortunes of M. Berryer. He had obtained from the king the fullest permission to act for the prisoner—a permission which might have been supposed to be unnecessary to an advocate filling no office under the crown; but, though the permission was granted, the act was registered as an offence. It was thought, too, that he had

* *Procès*, No. iv. pp. 37, 38, 39. Berryer, vol. i. p. 377.

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too much identified himself with his client. In his honest indignation against the restriction imposed on the defence, he had ventured to call it a denial of justice; and, what was worse, in consequence of the recollections which the term excited, a revolutionary proceeding: this seems never to have been forgiven. The result was, that he was excluded under the Restoration, as he had been under the Empire, from the *Conseil de Discipline* and the dignity of *Bâtonnier*, an exclusion to which he attaches what seems to us an undue importance.

The subsequent life of M. Berryer contains no facts sufficiently interesting to lead us to dwell on them. In 1825 he visited London, on business connected with the administration of the estate of a French subject, who died in England. He was charmed, as might have been expected, with his reception by "*Sir Coppley, (aujourd'hui Lord Linthurst,) Atthorney-Général*," (we copy literatim;) gratified by the respect paid to him when he appeared in court; and amused by finding there people "en perruque à la Louis XIV." He ascertained, he says, that his reception was meant as a return for that with which Lord Erskine had been honored at a sitting of the *Cour d'Appel* of Paris. This, however, we can assure him, is a mistake. It was scarcely possible that any one of those who rose in Westminster Hall to welcome a distinguished stranger, could have heard how Lord Erskine had been treated twenty years before in Paris; and it must be added, that the mere announcement of M. Berryer's name was a sufficient passport to the attention of a British bar.

Soon after his return from London M. Berryer ceased to appear regularly in court; he was entering his 69th year, and began to feel daily contests oppressive.—He found, too, his eldest son, by this time a distinguished advocate, often opposed to him; he thinks that this was done by the suitors intentionally, which is not very probable, since it diminished the efficiency of the son as much as that of the father. The result has been that for some years he has nearly confined himself to chamber business and arbitrations. He continued, indeed, up to the time of the publication of his memoirs, to plead at the bar in causes in which he possessed peculiar information, and perhaps may continue to do so up to the present time. The last circumstance of this kind which he mentions, took place at Rouen in the end of the year 1837: and he tells with pleasure his reappearance, after an interval of sixty years, at the scene of one of his earliest triumphs.

M. Berryer dwells with just pride on the extent and long continuance of his labors. When we consider that his practice embraced every branch of jurisprudence, ecclesiastical, international, civil, and criminal; that he performed the duties of a solicitor as well as those of a barrister; and that he has been engaged in these duties, with scarcely any interruption, for more than sixty years; his readiness to undergo toil, and his power of enduring it, are perhaps unparalleled. He attributes his success to his domestic happiness, and to a natural gaiety of disposition, fostered by the amenity, and, to use his own expression, the joyousness, of the manners and habits which for the first thirty-four years of his life adorned his country. But now, he says, no one smiles in France; he finds himself, between eighty and ninety, too young for his associates, and is forced to repress a thousand sallies which the gravity of the times would not tolerate. He tells us, that for the same reason he has suppressed the most amusing parts of his "Recollections;" and defers his full revelations until a period when the public may be better prepared for them.

He has appended to the narrative portion of his work some propositions on Political Economy and Legislation, the results of his long experience and meditation. We cannot venture to call the attention of our readers to them on any other ground than as specimens of the degree of knowledge on these subjects which has been acquired by a French lawyer, far superior in intelligence to the bulk of his brethren.

He conceives to be the duty of the government to regulate production, and promote an equivalent consumption. For the first purpose, he thinks that the minister of commerce ought to direct, by a perpetual course of regulations founded on accurate statistical facts, all the proceedings of agriculture and manufactures. For the second purpose, he proposes to check the tendency to systematic economy, which he thinks the great enemy of consumption, by a tax on accumulated capital;—the amount to be ascertained by requiring from every capitalist a declaration of his fortune, and any concealment to be punished by confiscation. Such a tax he thinks would prevent the parsimony which dries up the channels of circulation. He further proposes to establish in every department a bank, to be managed by landholders, of which the capital should consist

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of land, and which should issue notes to a corresponding amount; and also insurance companies, to secure the punctual payment of rents, and relieve landholders from the temptation to provide, by annual savings, against irregularity of income—such savings being, in M. Berryer's opinion, unfavorable to circulation. He thinks that eighty-three new peers ought to be created, one for each department; that their dignity should be hereditary, and that its transmission to an unfit person should be prevented by an examination, from time to time, into the moral and intellectual qualities of each successor. He thinks that the tendency in man to better his condition and to change his residence should be repressed. He proposes that no one should be allowed to exempt himself from military service (the great oppression of France) by finding a substitute, unless he can prove that he has always resided under his father's roof, and that it is probable that he will continue to do so; and that no one shall be allowed to serve as a substitute, unless he can show that he has always resided in the parish where he was born. Further, that those who have changed their residences shall be subjected to increased taxation, and that no one shall be eligible to any local office if he have quitted his birth-place.

He ventures to insinuate a regret at the complete abolition of *lettres de cachet*, and, as a substitute, proposes to give parents and guardians power over children and wards until the age of twenty-five.

He proposes to create courts of equity, with criminal and civil jurisdiction, for the purpose of punishing offences not cognizable by the existing law, and forcing people to be liberal and grateful. "Since religion and morality," says he, "have lost their power, they must be supplied by legal coercion."

Such views, in so eminent a member of the French bar, explain Bonaparte's contempt of advocates!

The work is written in an easy, but rather-careless style; and, to the inconvenience of a foreign reader, is full of unexplained technical terms. The great fault of the short narratives of which it is composed, is a perplexed arrangement of facts. To make our extracts intelligible, we have often been forced to transpose them.

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ROYAL MUNIFICENCE.—Prince Albert has just presented twenty guineas to the City of Westminster Literary, Scientific, and Mechanics' Institution, of which he is patron.

## THE ERRORS AND ABUSES OF ENGLISH CRITICISM.

### INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

THE subsequent article on English criticism applies also, in some degree, to American. The reasons given for opposition to anonymous articles in reviews, are worthy the attention of those who advocate this mode of criticism. There is perhaps something to be gained, at times, by concealment, but whether open honesty and truth-telling in the face of the world, is not best, deserves serious consideration.—ED.

From the Westminster Review.

TO EVERY sore, apply a plaster—for al abuses, seek reform.

This abstract principle is the neutra ground on which all parties meet; here al differences merge into philosophical assent To reform abuses is the device of the many, and the faith of the few. Tories, Whigs, Radicals, and Chartists unanimously assert the integrity of this principle, and the only difference that exists is as to what *is* an abuse; for what the uneasy pauperism of the patriot fiercely denounces as a "crying evil," the philosophic security of the placeman declares to be "a pillar of the constitution," while the intermediate trimmer plausibly suggests that it may be partly one and partly the other. "Reform of course!" heroically exclaims the Tory, "only take care what you reform; keep your hands from profaning the sanctity of Church and State, and your minds from evil thinking of the divine right of hereditary imbecility to legislate for the suffering millions and your stomachs from greedy clamorings about corn laws—do not, in iconoclastic fury, shatter these 'pillars of the state'—or anarchy, misery, and chaos will result."

The first step of all reformers, it would therefore seem, is to demonstrate the existence of the abuse; to prove to all convictions that the thing complained of is iniquitous, noxious, and demands eradication; when once this is proved, it must straightway fall, for every man's hand wil be raised against it.

Alas! that this fair-seeming abstrac truth should be a concrete falsehood! The poet, in the simplicity of faith, believes in the universality of so obvious a conclusion the philosopher, in his pride of logic, be lieves in it; but the man of the world knows very well that truth, even when accepted and believed, is not always realized in action —he knows that there are other barriers to its influence than false logic, heavier

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obstacles than stupidity—and these are interests and prejudices.

To effect reforms, truth and abstract justice have hitherto been found comprehensively insufficient; nor does the reason lie very deep. But if once you implicate interests and palliate prejudices, your victory is assured, for these are things which "come home to the business and bosoms of men,"—they are palpable, calculable advantages felt by the dullest; while truth and justice are neither readily conceived nor universally recognized. When backed by interest and prejudice, it is so sweet to labor in the cause of justice, and the banner of truth makes such a triumphant rustle over the orator's head, fanning him to victory!

With these prosaic convictions we are reformers—with these views of obstacles we intend attacking an abuse. Our course is therefore plain before us. We have first to prove it to be an abuse, then to prove it susceptible of reform, and finally to prove that the interests of the world are implicated, and their prejudices baseless. We are not critical Quixottes, and have not therefore the sanguine madness of supposing a reform will follow our exposure; but every energetic voice raised is of value, if it carry conviction to half a dozen, and in time one may reasonably hope the cause triumphant.

Formally to demonstrate the working abuses of criticism, in its present state, would be too liberal an expenditure of resistless logic. We need only point to criticism itself, and say, "Behold!" and its imbecility and insincerity will, as the French say, leap up at your eyes. There is fortunately no difference of opinion on this point—all men, journalists and critics included, are agreed in condemning it as rife with glaring ignorance and dogmatic incapacity—and the few honorable exceptions (which it would be invidious to specify, and which, once for all, we beg to acknowledge and to exempt from our remarks) only make the general evil more apparent. No one doubts that it is distorted by shameless cupidity, unblushing subserviency, and arrogant insolence—no one doubts that its influence on literature, and on the public taste, is pernicious—in short, no one doubts that it is a great and serious evil; the only palliation offered is, that it is an inevitable one.

Prove the abuses of criticism? They are here—there—everywhere; they rot and stink around you; they are on the highways and byeways, infesting every corner; they taint every breath drawn in by the great system of modern publishing, and poison the very wells they are set to keep pure. Modern publishing— styled with such inimitable innocence, "the trade,"—is pure and glorious by the side of modern criticism. And if there are honorable exceptions, of what avail are they in this swarm of gadflies? Did not the plague of flies darken the land of Egypt, and are not these writers, though individually beneath contempt, like grains of gunpowder, powerful in a mass?

With so perfect an unanimity of execration as exists on the subject of criticism, it would be tedious to enter into the question as to whether it be an abuse or not; all we have to inquire is, whether this evil be inevitable; and if not, how can it be reformed? We are firmly convinced that it is not inevitable, and that it could be very materially reformed by the abolition and interdiction of the present infamous use of the anonymous.

The anonymous nature of all present criticism we regard, with many other writers, as the parent evil, and although the subject is not new, yet we believe it has never been systematically discussed, and we shall therefore make an opening for such a discussion, by examining the arguments usually brought forward in defence of the anonymous, which may be thus summed up:

I. Abolish the anonymous, and you destroy the influence of a criticism, by making it the opinion of an individual, and not that of an organ. It is the 'Times' that is quoted, and not the writer.

II. You also abolish just severity. The critic will feel his judgment hampered by publicity. No one will dare to blame.

III. You open the door to gross adulation in the place of appreciation; inducing men to praise influential authors, when the praiser can come forward in his own person.

IV. There is conceit in substituting the individual name and opinion for the vague and mysterious "we." Egotism is invariably disgusting.

V. Writers would not accept the perils of criticism if they were not protected.

Such are the most plausible defences we have been able to collect in the course of an inquiry of some years, and they have invariably been given by critics themselves, so that they may be taken as excuses for individual conduct, as well as general argument. All the rabid nonsense has been set aside, and only those selected which have a "show of reason." We assure the reader that, so far from suppressing any real or

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plausible argument, we have sought on all sides for the best, in order that our present examination might be satisfactory;—and the above summary may be taken as expressing the best arguments hitherto commonly held: any stronger ones concocted by the solitary thinker we of course ignore, but shall be happy to see them brought forward and considered.

On a first glance the above objections to the abolition of the anonymous are both serious and practical; on nearer inspection they turn out to be somewhat weak, and on attentive consideration they will be found either to be built on gross misconception of human nature and of literature, or on ill-concealed cowardice. Twist them how you will, sophisticate with "forty-parson power," and the glaring fact still remains that these defences are grounded on ignorance or cowardice. We will argue them separately, and endeavor to lay bare the rottenness at their roots.

I. The influence of a criticism, it is said, would be destroyed by making it an individual opinion. The verdict delivered by a John Smith (an ideal critic, of course, is meant here) would be disregarded, whereas the verdict of the 'Times'* commands assent and the "sale of copies." The writer, while unknown, may be supposed to be some illustrious thinker employed for the occasion; but if once you avow the authorship, all such supposition is at an end.

This is a fact, and we at once accept it —but what does it indicate? Simply this: —that the journal chooses to avail itself of a deceptive, dishonest influence, purely extrinsic, derived from its wealth and reputation, and not from the intrinsic merit of the article! This is deliberate dishonesty. If you go to Messrs. Twining and Co. for your tea, you go there confident that from their reputation you will be sure not to get sloe-leaves, and you purchase without hesitation; now if they chose to take advantage of their reputation, and sell their unsuspecting customers sloe-leaves, no one would hesitate to pronounce it dishonest. Yet this is of precisely the same nature as the argument which would palm off a bad article under an influential reputation—which refuses to let John Smith be valued at his own merit, and insists on his being valued at the merit of the 'Times.' It is coolly confessed that the opinion which would have no weight in itself, must borrow the weight of the journal!

For in truth the opinion is that of an individual after all. On party matters it is the individual expression of party feeling, but in purely literary matters (to which we confine ourselves) the opinion is simply individual. It may be said that the organ, the 'Times,' is a party paper, and therefore the editor chooses his critic as one who will support that party, and consequently the opinion is a collective one after all. True in one sense—but if the writer affixed his name (as if Twining labelled his sloe-leaves) this would still be the case (because the editor would not choose one who thought differently from him), and yet no deception would be practised. The public would be aware that it was in some sort a collective opinion, but the stupidity would be the writer's own—and no unfair influence would throw a *nimbus* round his folly, making it an oracle. There can be no commercial objection to Mr. Twining selling sloe-leaves, should there be a demand for them—but there are very weighty objections, moral and commercial, against his selling them as "high-flavored souchong."

But mark another consequence of the "we!" By reason of the equivocal parentage of articles, success is beneficial to the journal, while blunders fail to injure it. A criticism is either individual or collective, according to circumstances. If the writer goes on blundering and blundering, filling the enormous cavity of his deficiencies with "three-piled hyperbole," or writing absurdities in slovenly language, with an ostentation of ignorance "only critics know,"—the integrity and reputation of the journal remains intact. People say, "What an ass that writer must be," but no one discontinues the journal, and no one discontinues looking for its opinion on that very subject so illustrious for stupidity. This is the effect of impersonality. It is the opinion of the 'Times;' and as there are many writers employed on that journal, and no one knows whether the writer of to-day will be the writer of to-morrow, confidence is never shaken by failure. On the other hand, the mighty and mysterious "we" throws a falsifying *nimbus* over mediocrity, and carries with it the force of a matured collective judgment.

That such a system is iniquitous few sophists would deny. Observe also, that while it generates the most extreme carelessness of the public as to the writer,

* The reader will of course understand that we select the 'Times' merely because the most influential, and therefore the fittest type; but we beg, once for all, to observe, that this article being one of principles, not persons, we have throughout rigidly abstained from personalities of every sort.

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directing all the attention to the journal, it fosters and disseminates mediocrity and bad taste, represses healthy criticism, and cloaks skulking cowardice with immunity. Merit can stand on its own broad basis, and needs borrow no force from the "we," but we have yet to learn that dullness is so excellent a thing that it must needs be patronized, and that incompetence should go forth with the seal of approval.

But admitting as we do, while deploring it, that the impersonality of criticism increases its influence, we contend that on a proper basis the personality of criticism would be still more influential, and would be unalloyed by dishonesty, intentional or otherwise—surely no small consideration in a Christian country! That is to say, if instead of uneducated nobodies, self-constituted judges, a set of competent critics were engaged—men who had qualified themselves by special previous study—the reputation they would speedily earn for themselves would far exceed the anonymous influence, because the public would have the double security of personal responsibility and personal reputation. To take a broad instance, no one doubts that if one of the witty Smiths—the Rev. Sydney, the late James, or the present Horace—were to affix his signature to a favorable opinion of some witty work, the public confidence and curiosity would be more stimulated than by the same opinion unavowed in any of the reviews. The opinion of John Mill on a philosophical treatise would be worth all the anonymous reviews put together. The proof of this is seen by the ostentation with which all such personal criticisms are paraded by the delighted authors.

Abolish the anonymous, and competent men must be engaged, because the public would not tolerate avowed mediocrity; and moreover, as a critical reputation might then be made, some men of superior abilities would gladly undertake the task and execute it conscientiously. This reputation would in turn be a guarantee for their opinions, while the incapacity of the incompetent would daily become prominent. The daily reader of criticisms, signed John Smith, would in a fortnight detect his peculiar bias, prejudices, and standards of comparison, so that, however previously unknown, John Smith would rapidly become famous or infamous in proportion to ability or dishonesty.

This we say must take place, and although we are here taking the "high *priori* road," and arranging the future according to our notions, yet fortunately we have facts to point to as confirmatory. In France and Germany criticism is open, and accordingly we find in those countries extensive reputations grounded almost exclusively on criticism, viz., Nisard, Sainte Beuve, Gustave Planche, Philarète Chasles, Jules Janin, Théophile Gautier, &c., in France, and such men as Menzel and Rellstab in Germany. Without asserting the excellence of all these writers, we must admit that they are men of ability, and their reputations are unquestionable—and European. Much as our literature is studied abroad, we may assert with safety that no critic's name has crossed the frontier—simply because no critic's name is known. If therefore only as an encouragement to excellence, the anonymous ought to be abolished.

There is one remaining argument on this point it may be well to notice. It is said that editors very often want their own opinions expressed, and not the opinions of individual writers, and that the onus of these opinions being shifted from the shoulders of the writer on to those of the journal, they may be expressed without involving his conviction or honesty; which could not be done if writers owned their articles.

This is intelligible, but sophistical. Critics are not machines—at least they should not be. Besides, the office of criticism is not that of expressing the personal predilections of some "able editor," but that of conscientiously giving deliberate and impartial opinions for the guidance of public taste and correction of an author's errors. An ideal state, not to be realized by editorial "cues." There is bitter irony in every prospectus of a journal or review when it lays so much stress on the "impartiality" of the criticisms it will be its object to place before the world. This impartiality we all know, and although journalists and reviewers have manifold excuses of haste and idleness, with a readiness at "making up their minds" upon works they have not read, and speaking of performances which did not take place, still we cannot be made to accept an editorial convenience as an argument for the continuance of a moral iniquity. Men defending unjust causes have faltering consciences and feeble logic;—thus only can we explain the feebleness of the arguments for the anonymous.

Having proved No. I. to be iniquitous in its foundation, pernicious in its result, and very effectually to be reformed, let us proceed to II., which says: abolish the anonymous, and you abolish just severity. This

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is a case of misconception. It is true that by affixing the name of the writer you would abolish much, if not all, personality—all cowardly insult and irrelevant jeering—all insinuation of unworthy motives—all enumeration of an author's pimples when his errors are not abundant—and by so doing it would purify the press of its greatest disease. The fear of personal chastisement and the force of public opinion would restrain the licentious pen, the bold scandal, the hasty accusation, or the venal eulogy. But that critical severity or minute fault-finding, even violent reprobation, would also disappear, could only be supposed by those utterly misconceiving one of the most potent springs of human action—self-love.

There would be as much severity, most probably more than at present. It would be often unjust—for who is not so?—but mostly conscientious and always responsible. Rash blame would be rarer when the blamer might be called upon to substantiate it; but the blame which convictions always bestow on errors would be still more plentiful than it is now; and for this reason:—

The error or absurdity which the irresponsible critic may now in friendliness or idleness pass over, would then impeach his own judgment, and as his reputation would be involved, we may safely leave all to its care. For a man to praise a bad book, or to abuse a good one under the present system, is simple enough; he is not convicted of want of taste or judgment; but were he forced to own it, his judgment or his honesty would be periled, and they know little of authors who suppose them capable of sacrificing their vanities to their partialities. Friends are not always the most friendly critics—their method of showing how they *admire* your work is indeed mostly to *add-mire*.

The result may be correctly anticipated from what takes place in conversation where religious, moral, and political errors are exposed and pursued with a rancor quite as fierce as any journalism—where a man tells you to your face that you are an atheist if you suspect the infallibility of the bishops, or tells you that you want to plunge the nation in blood if you express a desire for more general humanity—and where absurdities and illogicalities are ridiculed and combated with flushed and eager violence. Now, if such things are said to a man's face—with all the decencies of society, and all the personal risks acting as restraints—will they not be said with equal boldness when the reviewer is speaking to the world at large? Obviously;—the only difference would be the greater courtesy with which they would be said, owing to the heat of personal argument being absent. Perhaps a stronger and apter illustration is to be found in the debates in Parliament. Here men are placed in an analogous position to that of the critic. They have to argue for the public benefit and their own advancement. They are aware that the perception, ridicule, and exposure of errors, and the utterance of important truths, is the duty they owe their country and themselves. We find no want of fault-finding here. Errors are not passed over in friendliness and idleness—absurdities meet with no courteous silence! An honorable member proposes a measure, and in the discussion all the weak points are brought into view, not always in perfect grammar, seldom in adequate perception of the meaning of words, still seldomer with any dialectical accuracy; nevertheless, one way or the other they are dragged forth, and exposed to the fire of sarcasms (not always in good taste or good breeding) and placed in the vice-grip of syllogisms. In this way does what Carlyle calls the "National Palaver" perform its duty. Without holding it up as a model, we may point to it as confirmation of what the severity of criticism would be were it avowed.

A writer once told us, with an air of serene knowingness, that he had become a "brigand in literature, attacking all and sparing none." Whatever we might think of the profession he had chosen, we could not but admire his frankness; but as all the brigands in literature do not thus confidently carry their colors, we wish at any rate that they were not encouraged by immunity. That there will always be brigands and blackguards, ready to plunder or stab at random, we admit; but it is one thing to admit the existence of an evil and another to protect it, and it is our object to make this protection cease. We anticipate no perfection from the adoption of reform, but simply amelioration. We do not hope to eradicate vice, but to expose it. When a man is declared an outlaw, his name and person are described—when a man is known as a swindler, prudent people shun his connection—so would we have the literary scoundrel shunned and punished by public opinion in proportion to his infamy. If a man chooses to prostitute his pen for patronage—to stifle his honesty in dinners, let the public know him as such: compel him to sign his disgrace, and he is welcome to it. In the present state of things he has every temptation to be dishonest, and to be honest none.

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Men are seldom victims to their virtues —they are seldom honest but by restraint. Restraint, so necessary in all periods of society, becomes daily more urgent as it becomes more material. The true high feeling of morals may be said to be extinct. Lofty virtue now leans with grim gracefulness against a haggard gallows, instead of reposing on great convictions; and in the absence of this internal regulation there is the greater urgency of external restraint, which now assumes two forms, viz., public opinion and law (with a subsidiary prospect of the gallows)—these make the responsibility of actions still a serious matter;—so serious as effectually to keep the mass honest. Yet if some theorist, deploring the aptness of men to crime, were to suggest as a reform that all personal responsibility should cease at once, and all misdemeanors be laid to the charge of "society at large," you would laugh in his face. Yet precisely this doctrine do you maintain for critics. You allow a man the indulgence of envenomed malice, of careless scandal, of obtuse ignorance, or of wilful defamation, and yet you maintain that all this should be irresponsible. Now, to make men honest is no easy task, but the first step towards it is unquestionably to make them responsible, or if not, then is irresponsibility an anomaly in the moral world worthy of all study.

We see, therefore, that the misconception on which has been founded the supposition of the anonymous favoring severity has been a misconception of the springs of human action; and although nothing will entirely extirpate the evils of criticism till the golden age of honesty, the millennium of morals, arrives, yet we think that the abolition of the anonymous would considerably lessen the evils; first, by bringing good criticism into the field; secondly, by preventing a number of easy-tempered men from indulging in the popular sophism of their not being responsible (for are they not responsible to their own souls?); and thirdly, by rousing their self-love by implicating their judgments. These would give honesty a premium, talent a reward, and mediocrity the death-blow. Mistaken as well as mercenary kindness would greatly disappear, and malevolence and ignorance would stand exposed.

To conclude our argument with an illustration, we refer to the state of criticism in France as a proof that the publicity of critics does not disarm their severity—a curious example of which may be noticed in the case of George Sand's reviewers in the 'National.' Madame Sand is not only of the extreme republican party, and therefore a fighter in the same cause as the 'National,' but she is the friend of its remarkable editor, Armand Marrast, and a shareholder of the property. From these circumstances one would anticipate nothing but eulogy; but we find, on the contrary, that one of the most violent attacks on her 'Compagnon du Tour de France' appeared in its columns, by Louis Reybaud.* Can a similar instance be quoted in English criticism?

Now, although we by no means approve of the violence of party feeling and personal prejudice which so often disgrace French criticism, yet we may refer to them as proof of our position, that to abolish the anonymous is not to disarm severity. We must again repeat that party feelings and prejudices, inasmuch as they will always exist, must always find vent; we do not therefore hope to be rid of them, but simply to be enabled to recognise them. If the Bishop of London were to review Lovett's Chartism, all the world would be aware of the opinions and prejudices which must necessarily influence him, and the public would therefore "allow for the wind;" but if he were to review this without affixing his name, who would know how much to "allow for the wind?" This is the point we wished gained.

We foresee a slight objection it may be as well to anticipate. It may be said that in France the articles are not always signed, or have assumed signatures, and therefore cannot be adduced as fair illustrations. But who does not know that "J. J." is Jules Janin, that "XXX." is Rolle, that the "Vicomte de Launay" is Madame Emile Girardin, that "Quelqu'un" is Gérard, &c.? If any one in France is ignorant of such assumptions he can always learn them, many of them being as notorious as "Boz," "Barry Cornwall," "Father Prout," "The Opium Eater," &c. So that to all intents and purposes criticism is open and acknowledged.

III. It is said that the door would be opened to gross adulation in the place of appreciation; inducing critics to praise in-

* To prevent misconception it is necessary to state that the 'National' has a profound admiration for the genius of George Sand—as who has not?—but that the work in question contains doctrines which that journal opposes, and therefore was it attacked. On a closer inspection, however, a suspicion arises that the reviewer's judgment was somewhat influenced by George Sand's having exposed, in her preface, a gross plagiarism by the 'National' from the work which first gave her the idea of her own viz., 'Le Compagnonnage.'—*Vide* Preface to her novel.

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fluential authors when the praiser can come forward in his own person. This is only corollary from the foregoing, but we may place a word or two here on the subject.

"The pen," said the late James Smith, "is a weapon that may wound to distant ages; both policy and humanity require it to be wielded with caution." This excellent remark strikes at the root of the subject. If more adulation than abuse were to result, would the influence be more pernicious? Is it a worse social evil to increase a man's complacency—perhaps merely to confirm it—than to tear open the sensitive self-love, and pour into its quivering wounds the gall of contempt and ridicule? Is inflation more dangerous to the opening faculties than depression? There is a moral question involved in this of very serious import. Some men are proud enough to scorn attack, while they accept criticism; they laugh at the fury of the critic's *animus*, while they sponge out the specks detected by the microscopic eye of hate; they care little for the abuse, but they consider the faults that are detected as truths discovered for the future. But it is obvious that such men are not common, and this indifference to abuses is the result of a very peculiar education acting on a peculiar organization. But the generality of authors—men who are authors only by reason of their extreme sensibility, and greedy love of praise—they are more thin-skinned, and to them objection is irritating and abuse is torture. "The depreciation of the lowest of mankind is more painful than the applause of the highest is pleasing," said Lord Byron; "the sting of a scorpion is more in torture than the possession of any thing couldbe in rapture;" and although this is an extreme opinion, yet it represents one large class of authors. Is this torture necessary?

Criticism killed poor Keats—or rather, hastened his death; embittered while it roused Byron; made the loving Shelley a miserable exile, and depressed the good-natured Coleridge. Are these facts nothing? This is a question it were well that every serious reader put to himself, and whether also the cause was inevitable.

Now, although we strongly deprecate any suppression of well-grounded objection, and regard it as a treble injustice (towards public, author, and the critic himself), quite as bad as unjust abuse, yet we see a wide difference between the statement of a critical objection (which, after all, is no more than an individual opinion) and the manner of stating it; between a review and an insult; between a judgment and an attack. That it is possible to convey an absolute condemnation of a work without otherwise irritating the author, than condemnation always must irritate, we well know; and we have yet to learn why the courtesy which distinguishes civilized society should be abolished from civilized literature; why the amenities considered indispensable in a fleeting conversation, should be injurious in lasting print.

It is not here argued that under every circumstance finding fault will not irritate certain thin-skinned authors (the present writer has too often known his kindest intentions construed into "an attack" when the blame happened to be abundant), because the vanity is oftentimes so disproportioned to the judgment, that the justest conclusions are distorted—but the generality will readily distinguish between a fearless opinion and a malevolent objection. In all cases the critic is a man who sets up as a teacher—a judge—or, at least, as a public taster, and must accomplish his duty with integrity; if he shrink from the conse quences, let him not take office; all men gladly would be heroes and mount the breach—were not the bullets so unfeeling!

If only then to induce a Christian courtesy, it were well to abolish the anonymous; for, as we have seen, real and serious objections would never be withheld, while rash, unfounded objections, and gross personalities, would be diminished; and on this point we may cite the opinion of the late estimable Dr. Arnold, who says—

> "The bad tendencies of anonymous writing are many more than the severest law of libel can repress. The best of us, I am afraid, would be in danger of writing more carelessly without our names than with them. We should be tempted to weigh our statements less, putting forward as true, what we believe, indeed, but have no sufficient grounds for believing; to use sophistical arguments with less scruple, to say bitter and insulting things of our adversaries with far less forbearance."*

But here an argument must be noticed, which comes from no less a pen than that of Horace Smith, who, in the strength of his integrity and kindliness, can thus ferociously judge mankind:—

> "But," he says, "the man who is hampered and disarmed by publicity will only exercise a portion of the critic's functions; avoiding all notice of those whom he is afraid to attack, however manifest may be his demerits; overlauding the objects of his favor, and attempting to neutralize the conscious excess of those encomiums by an undue

* "Lectures on Modern History," p 344.

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severity towards the humbler aspirants whom he thinks he may victimize with impunity."*

A frightful picture—fortunately untrue! The rascality above predicted would, of course, be practised by rascals—for it is practised by them now—and we have no hope of making all the world honest. But the evil exists now—and flourishes under protection. The world does not know its rascals, and this is the grievance; did it once know them, and then put faith in them, one could only sigh; when the goose waddles to the fox for justice, then may we "hang up philosophy" and burn our pens.

But is it pretended that all—or the majority of critics are rascals? Is it pretended that when personal responsibility enforces a respect for public opinion, and makes criticism both honorable and profitable, that such rascality will be tolerated? No—it is evident that if any thing can check it, responsibility is the thing needful. Nor is it true that the critic would seize the opportunity afforded him by affixing his name, to introduce himself to the notice or friendship of influential authors by praising them. Or, if it were done, it would not be done so much as at present, when every critic who wishes such a thing sends the number containing the eulogy to the author, or manages to have the intelligence conveyed through mutual friends. The thing is simple enough—it is done secretly, and the result is secretly obtained. We do not object to it; on the contrary, when the praise is sincere, it is pleasant for those who sympathize to be known to each other; but for all bad purposes is it not as effectual as signing the name? The public know nothing of this—they know nothing of the proofs that are sent to the author reviewed, with a polite note, intimating that the critic would be happy if the author would point out any thing he objected to in the article, as he would be sorry that any thing offensive should escape him! They know nothing of this—and of the thousand other toadyisms which are working in secret. To any one moderately acquainted with contemporary literature, it must often have excited surprise that authors the most worthless can nevertheless alwaysp rint on a fly-leaf, or in an advertisement, "opinions of the press," establishing the work as beautiful, profound, worthy of all attention, a desideratum, and the production of unquestionable genius. On looking at the journal quoted, the reader is still more astonished to find among them sometimes the highest authorities in such matters—and yet the fact stares him in the face that this bepraised work is worthless.

Mark another advantage of publicity! Under the present system a man may praise a work, and subsequently quarrel with the author; he can then revenge himself in another organ, or on the next work, and the public be perfectly ignorant of the sincerity. Whereas, were the name affixed, you would exclaim—"Why, how is this? you exalted him to the skies in the newspaper, and you tear him to pieces in the review!" Few men have effrontery enough to stand such an accusation.

There is one more difficulty, and we willingly grapple with it. It is thought that critics would affix their real names to good articles, and assumed names to bad ones; that, taking advantage of praise, they would screen themselves from the consequences of abuse. If this were true, it would be almost insuperable; but it is not true. The same public opinion for which authors work, and by which they live, both in a moral and pecuniary sense, would here as elsewhere assert its power. No upright man would do it at all;—few men who calculated the chances of detection would do it whether upright or not. The upright man has a conscience—the other has a fear. Concealment might be made a punishable offence—a sort of moral forgery; and it would be more difficult effectually to preserve this concealment than is supposed, and for these reasons:—

I. By affixing the name to a series of articles, the critic's style, manner, and habitual opinion would become known, and afford a clue to detection. So that when these were seen under another name, a suspicion would be created, and, as it could only be suspected when there was some motive for concealment, it would be next to a certainty.

II. Whatever name were adopted, his real name would be known to his editor. Before that editor he must blush at the motive which prompted concealment,—the motive must be strong which would endure this humiliation; unless, therefore, the editor were a kindred scoundrel, concealment would be rarely attempted; and if he were such an editor, his name and character being known, it would be duly estimated by the public.

III. Besides the editor, the printer and reader must of course recognise the handwriting, and the address of the critic, where the "proofs" are to be sent. Whenever

* Biog. Memoir prefixed to "James Smith's Letters and Miscellanies," vol i. p. 23.

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concealment is attempted suspicion is created, and the closer it is endeavored to be kept, the greater will be the incitement, to those not implicated, to disclose it.

IV. The editor is sure to "confidentially confide" the secret to some friend, who confides it to a second, and a third, and so *fugit irrevocabile verbum!*

These and other chances of detection, especially if backed with a punishment of some sort, would restrain concealment. We do not, however, deny that there are risks which would be sometimes run, as thieves well know the chances of detection, and yet are thieves; but as we must again repeat that we only look for amelioration, and not perfection, we cannot be expected to propose a plan that would utterly prevent all dishonesty. But of one thing we are certain, viz. that the present system fosters dishonesty, and affords honesty no recompense. If a man be honest, he cannot boast of it; it is a negative virtue; he cannot plume himself on any particular merit for having done his duty. If he pursue inflexible justice for a series of years, nobody knows of it; this perhaps is a small matter, but remember, also, that if he pursue inflexible injustice for a series of years, he has the same obscure security; nobody knows of it,—and this is not a small matter.

Having demolished this sophism, we proceed to

IV. which says: there is conceit in the constant intimation of an individual opinion for the vague and mysterious "we." Egotism is invariably disgusting. Admitted: the perpetual iteration of *I* think, *I* conceive, it is *my* opinion, &c., would be unpleasant, if not arrogant; but it depends upon him that uses it, not on the mere form of expression.

But on nearer consideration, is not this perpetual indication of the criticism being only an individual, not a collective, opinion, a very truthful and salutary matter? If John Smith were to talk of the aristocracy as "we," you would laugh at his presumption; yet why should he identify himself with the voice of the nation whenever he utters his limited opinion? Besides, after all, if *egotism* is disgusting, is, therefore, *wegotism* so fascinating?

V. It is said that writers would not accept the perils of criticism if they were not protected. What! they would not accept the perils of speaking the truth, of exposing sophisms, of correcting false taste, of detecting dishonest plagiarisms! not accept these? Where, then, is all that so-much-boasted "British spirit," that we must needs show the most skulking cowardice in the pettiest perils, and in the most important causes? Is it only our flag

> ——"that braved a thousand years,
> The battle and the breeze?"

and were we all blustering bullies? Or do we face the cannon's mouth, and tremble at an angry author's wrath?

This is all nonsense. No man ever feared the consequences of a just and earnest criticism; but when envy, hatred, and malice have dipped the critic's pen in gall of all uncharitableness, and have ridiculed, reviled, misquoted, and defamed,—then, indeed, is secrecy a blessing! It is so pleasant, and so Christian too, to stand masked by a parapet, and, taking a steady aim, fire a bullet through the heart of your enemy, who falls and curses, but knows not his slayer! It is so great and noble an exercise for our proud and noble Britons! It must tend so much to humanize and encourage virtue (with the sale of the journal)!

In a word, the man who fears publicly to proclaim truth will privately sell falsehood at so much per sheet; fearing openly to confront his enemy, he will not fear to stab him in the dark. If our arguments go for nothing,—if neither the implication of a man's self-love, nor the force of public opinion, can make him conscientiously severe, —surely no one is mad enough to suppose he would be so when that self-love was not implicated, and no public opinion could reach him? This is the vital point of the question; responsibility will not make the dishonest virtuous, but it will fix the wavering.

The office of criticism in these days seems to be almost as little understood as the science of criticism, which is in a truly deplorable condition. No man can read without forming an opinion of some sort, which it is natural he should express at all fitting opportunities: but this is a distinct thing from formal criticism. He may give expression to an error or an absurdity, for which he must bear the ridicule consequent on such things; this is no more than if he gave utterance to an absurdity on astronomy or politics: you cannot prevent it, because you cannot help men being absurd. But the effect is very different when the same error is perpetrated in a formal criticism, because it comes as no individual opinion, but as the verdict of the "Times," which may make or mar the sale of the work. This effect it is certainly desirable to counteract, because, as we proved in

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reality, the opinion is an individual one, and should not be palmed off for more than it is worth. It may not suit editorial convenience to have criticism appreciated at its just value; but it would suit morality and the public convenience much better. The critic who is appointed as the public taster, proclaiming the merits, wholesomeness, and price of the various sorts of mental food indiscriminately set before the nation, must have an eye to the public rather than his editor. He is the purifier of false tastes and mischievous tendencies, which always abound; the indicator of hidden treasures, which the mass are slow in detecting; the admirer of beauty, pointing out the latent meaning of a passage of "imagination all compact," and placing it in the clear light of the understanding. This is the highest office of criticism—the translation of the poet's emotions into their fundamental or correspondent ideas.

The critic having, therefore, to guide the public taste, and regulate it in the purchase of books, it is not unimportant for the public to have some sort of corroborative proof of his possessing the requisite qualifications. This can only be done by publicity, which on the one hand secures a reputation, and on the other, checks presumption. The first requisite of a judge is that he know something of the matter judged; this is never to be ascertained at present. There are many very worthy people and very confident critics who would

"Grin intelligence from ear to ear,"

if you placed before them Laplace's "Mécanique Celeste," or Fichte's "Wissenschaftelshre," and honestly tell you, that for their parts, they did not understand much of the subject; so that you would attach no great value to their opinion. There is no harm in this: each man "in his time plays many parts," but is proficient in few matters, and you only heed his opinion on those matters. But under the present system, if a critic speaks on a subject he does not understand, who is to confront him? Who is to say, "Why B., you reviewed D's Mathematics: you don't understand Mathematics!" Who can put so pertinent a question to so impertinent a critic, shrouded in the "We?"

This is no caricature. Men in conscious security discourse on all matters with the same enviable fluency; the current formulæ and cant terms of criticism are indiscriminately applied, and we have critics of painting, ignorant of complementary colors, talking profusely about "breadth," "tone," "handling," "chiaroscuro," &c.; suggesting that Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" wants repose; and, to crown all, we constantly see a singer praised for "great breadth of style!" There is an education required for the man of science—there is an education required for the artist; but for those who are to judge the productions of science and art, no education is thought to be required. It is a glorious democracy, wherein every citizen may aim at the highest honors; accordingly, any one who can write at all is thought, and thinks himself, competent to the task of criticism; a month's diligent perusal of the journals and reviews will soon place him *au courant* of all the necessary terms to be employed, and of all the reputations to be respected; he then takes up the pen, and plunges into the subject with all the fervor of ignorance.

It will perhaps be answered, that we are speaking only of the "small fry;" but though, in truth, the "large fry" come very much under the same category, it must also be remembered, that precisely these "small fry," from their number and security, produce the greatest mischief. What is the meaning of the "silent contempt" with which we are told to treat them when the daily and weekly papers address thousands upon thousands of unsuspecting readers who are guided by them? Does not everybody know the impetus given to the sale of a work from a favorable notice in the "Times?" and shall such an impetus be disregarded, or is it unimportant to know by whom the notice was written?

Take a glaring instance. Mr. Whewell's "History of the Inductive Sciences" is to be reviewed, and such a subject can only be spoken of by men profoundly versed in it. It is important, therefore, that the public should know on whose *ipse dixit* it is to believe that the work is very profound or very flashy; the critic must be a man of sufficient acquirements, and with a reputation to peril, otherwise he must stop to prove every assertion;—an endless task. No one doubts this; but somehow people never think the same caution necessary with regard to works of art or speculative philosophy. Anybody may criticise a picture or a poem—no education is necessary for that, they think. The result is legible on all sides.

Yet if a book be praised or abused, both public and author have a right to know on whose authority they are to purchase—on whose authority they are pronounced asses. If a man tells you that your poem is not admired, and your irritable self-love snappish-

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ly demands by whom, and he answers, "By my landlady," your choler subsides, and you "smile superior." Indeed, it would save authors a pang if they knew by whom they were abused, as it would lessen their self-congratulation if they knew by whom they were eulogized. As Yriarte says—

> "Garde para su regalo
> Esta sentencia un autor:
> Si el sabio no aprueba, malo;
> Si el necio applaude, peor."

A. once met B., a brother author, who, with the keen malice of a fiend, asked him if he had seen the dreadful abuse with which his (A.'s) work had been treated in a certain journal, and began deploring with him on the subject. "Abused me!" replied A.; "very natural too—didn't they praise you?"

In a word, the anonymous has prevented the necessity for critical education, and we see no portion of literature in so decrepit a state as criticism: it is the eunuch of literature—incapable itself, it is set to watch over the capacity of others; and the best argument for its faithful defence of morality consists in its own unbridled licentiousness. Pimp and pander to the worst of passions, it has the tenderest susceptibility to the faults and the keenest nostril to the "taint" of its enemies. It always stabs in the name of public morals—it slanders on religious scruples. While lauding to the skies the corrupt literature of its own party, it "shudders" at the thought of a "French novel;" while deifying ——, it curses George Sand. Oh, it is a great and glorious thing in a free and glorious country!

The patronage of ignorance and the encouragement of careless speaking (with an allowable limit of lying and slandering) have of course prevented any science of criticism becoming possible; and, in the absence of all principle (moral as well as critical) whereby to justify admiration, the safest and commonest procedure has naturally been one of absolute negation. To praise when every body is abusing, requires a knowledge few critics possess: besides, to find fault, is showing so enviable a superiority over the artist—had only *we* been consulted!

> "C'est dommage, Garo, que tu n'est point entré,
> Au conseil de celui que prêche ton curé,
> Tout en eut été mieux."

Then the finding fault is so easy, when no conscience or knowledge of the matter interferes. "You have only," as Göthe says, "to apply a different standard from that of the author, and he is sure to have failed." Modern critics are mostly disciples of Descartes, starting from universal doubt; and as their great master began the ascending series of belief by belief in his own existence, so they begin with a vivid belief in their own excellence—where they mostly stop.

We had written thus far, when we remembered that Sir Lytton Bulwer had, some years ago, ably argued the matter in his "England and the English," and on turning to the work were gratified to find our agreement with his views therein expressed. He is entitled to speak on the subject, and to speak feelingly; for, independent of his acquaintance with contemporary literature, he has suffered as much as almost any man from anonymous slander and abuse. Many as have been the critical objections, we believe they have been exceeded by the moral and personal attacks. He therefore anticipates much of what we have said; and in acknowledging his priority, we are anxious also to enforce our arguments with his authority. "There is no shame," he says, "where there is no exposure; where there is no shame, there is no honesty." There lies the whole *rationale* of anonymous criticism! In the following passage, he humorously describes a great evil:

> "Nearly all criticism at this day is the public effect of private acquaintance. When a work has been generally praised in the reviews, even if deservedly, nine times out of ten the author has secured a large connection with the press. Good heavens! what machinery do we not see exerted to get a book tenderly nursed into vigor. I do not say that the critic is dishonest in his partiality; perhaps he may be actuated by feelings that, judged by the test of private sentiments, would be considered fair and praiseworthy. 'Ah, poor So-and-so's book; well, it is no great things; but So-and-so is a good fellow; I must give him a helping hand.'
>
> "'C—— has sent me his book to review; that's a bore, as it's devilish bad; but as he knows I shall be his critic, I must be civil.'
>
> "'What, D.'s poems? it would be unhandsome to abuse them, after all his kindness to me: after dining at his house yesterday.' Such, and a variety of similar private feelings, which it may be easy to censure, and which the critic himself will laughingly allow you to blame, color the tone of the great mass of reviews. This veil, so complete to the world, is no veil to the book-writing friends of the person who uses it. They know the hand which deals the blow, or lends the help; and the critic willingly does a kind thing by his friend, because it is never known that in so doing he has done an unjust one by the public."

Another passage, bearing on a former part of our argument, we may cite as full of feeling and propriety:

> "An argument has been adduced in favor of anonymous criticism, so truly absurd, that it would not be worth alluding to, were it not so often alleged, and so often suffered to escape unridiculed. It is this: that the critic can thus take certain lib-



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erties with the author with impunity; that he may be witty or severe, without the penalty of being shot. Now, of what nature is that criticism which would draw down the author's cartel-of-war upon the critic? It is not an age for duels on light offences and vague grounds. An author would be laughed at, from one end of the kingdom to the other, for calling out a man for abusing his book; for saying that he wrote bad grammar, and was a wretched poet. If the author were such a fool as, on mere literary ground, to challenge a critic, the critic would scarcely be such a fool as to go out with him. 'Ay,' says the critic, 'if I only abuse his book; but what if I abuse his person? I may censure his work safely; but supposing I want to insinuate something against his character?' True, now we understand each other; that is indeed the question. I turn round at once from you, sir, the critic—I appeal to the public. I ask them where is the benefit, what the advantage of attacking a man's person, not his book: his character, not his composition? Is criticism to be the act of personal vituperation? then let us send to Billingsgate for our reviewers, and have something racy and idiomatic, at least, in the way of slang. What purpose salutary to literature is served by hearing that Hazlitt had pimples on his face? How are poor Byron's errors amended, by filthily groping among the details of his private life; by the muttered slanders; by the broad falsehoods, which filled the anonymous channels of the press? Was it not this system of *espionage*, more than any other cause, which darkened with gloomy suspicion that mind, originally so noble? Was not the stinging of the lip the result of the stung heart? Slandered by others, his irritable mind retaliated by slander in return; the openness visible in his early character, hardened into insincerity, the constant product of suspicion, and instead of correcting the author, this species of criticism contributed to deprave the man."

It is, in truth, very curious to consider the arguments by which the anonymous is defended, and to see how uniformly they resolve themselves into personal conveniences instead of duties—into radical iniquities instead of honest obstacles. There is something remarkable in the way in which the moralities of the question are coolly set aside for the conveniences; how duty becomes merged in the greater feeling of extra trouble or more restricted speech! The honest laborer, observing the glass at ninety degrees, declares gaining his bread by the sweat of his brow at such a temperature to be "full of practical inconvenience," and prefers, therefore, disregarding the baker's "theory of prices," and steals a loaf. Tried for the offence, it is pronounced iniquitous in the name of the law. On the other hand, the luxurious critic, averse to trouble, condemns a work it would be fatiguing to read through, and with this condemnation robs the poor author of many loaves and of many joys—chills public enthusiasm and publisher's confidence, and tortures the author's self-love. No trial is possible in this case, for it is pronounced "inevitable," if not just, by that august formula, "public morality."

But who, then, are critics, that they should torture and defame with impunity? What moral inquisition is this, before whose secret tribunal all are liable to be arraigned, condemned, and tortured, no one knowing his accuser? Why is duty sacred to all men but critics? Why is cowardice disgraceful to all men but to critics? These questions one finds it difficult to get answered. The only defences are those which more decisively fix the iniquity of the practice.

We have now to appeal to the press itself for a refutation or reform. If it accept our challenge, it must either prove its present practice not iniquitous, or else inevitable. If it can do neither of these, it must show why the brandmark of contempt should not be stamped upon it. We have endeavored to lay bare the sophisms with which men cheat themselves, and we "pause for a reply." Silent contempt is a cheap refutation, but an unsatisfactory one; and if the press have none other, it is in a bad state. We accuse no one—but attack the system. We have throughout abstained from all personality, and consequently deprived ourselves of many a striking illustration, both of ignorance and malevolence; but by this means we have kept the question on abstract ground, where all men may meet and argue. We must again repeat, that the honorable exceptions to our sweeping assertions, it would have been tedious and invidious, if not impossible, to specify: every man who knows himself honest, will be calm—every one who smarts under the accusation, deserves it.

G. H. L.

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## BORROW'S BIBLE IN SPAIN.

### INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

Although our readers had somewhat of Mr. Borrow in the February number, we feel satisfied they will be ready to hear more of him. The subsequent article is from a different source, in another style, and presents extracts from the book altogether diverse from those quoted in the article from the London Quarterly.—ED.

From the Examiner.

*The Bible in Spain; or the Journeys, Adventures, and Imprisonments of an Englishman, in an Attempt to circulate the Scriptures in the Peninsula.* By George Borrow, Author of the "Gypsies of Spain." 3 vols. Murray.

THIS is a most remarkable book. Highly as we praised the *Gypsies of Spain*, much as

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we had reason to expect from any subsequent effort of the writer, we were certainly not prepared for any thing so striking as this. Apart from its adventurous interest, its literary merit is extraordinary. Never was book more legibly impressed with the unmistakable mark of genius.

As the living Alguazil of Madrid, notwithstanding the modern reality of round hat, coat, and pantaloons, at once recalled to Mr. Borrow the immortal truth of the Spanish spy and informer of Le Sage—we say of the *Bible in Spain*, that notwithstanding its sober, grave, and truthful pretensions, it has of nothing reminded us so much as of dear delightful *Gil Blas*. It has surprising vigor, raciness, and originality of style; the combination, in its narrative of extraordinary minuteness, vivacity, and local truth; it has wonderful variety of grades of character, and an unceasingly animated interest of adventure; notwithstanding some peculiar and strongly-marked opinions of the writer, it has a wide tolerance and an untiring sympathy; notwithstanding the gravity of its purpose, its tone is gay, good-humored, witty and light-hearted: in a word, it is a captivating book. Perhaps no man ever made so good a hero to himself as Mr. Borrow. He is of heroic stuff. Without a pretence or an affectation, he is constantly before us: never compromising a single opinion, he never forfeits a single sympathy. He is so evidently a pure-minded, sincere, and honest man. He believes, loves, endures—or he disbelieves, hates, contests—with almost childish singleness and truth of heart. It is as impossible to doubt his creed in religion as to question his charity in social practice. You may think the one as narrow and sectarian as you please, but you cannot deny the universality and gentleness of the other. He shakes hands with the thief and translates the New Testament for him. He lays aside even religious pretensions, when respect and the means of influence are to be otherwise attained; and becomes vagabond and gypsy, when to be merely an honest man engaged in a righteous cause had been to be nothing. Wonderful are his accomplishments. Even the greatest rascals of Madrid, Alguazils themselves, are brought to a pause by one who understands the seven gypsy jargons, and can ride a horse or dart a knife with the best Andalusian of them all.

These qualities, we say, make a hero of Mr. Borrow, and whether he is with robbers, priests, or politicians, give us almost the same kind of interest that we take in Le Sage's hero, in the thieves' cavern, the archbishop's palace, or the minister's bureau. The Bible occupies a less important part of the narrative: but that is not the fault of Mr. Borrow.

In speaking of the *Gypsies of Spain* we described the writer's mission to that country as the accredited agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The sudden break up of the priestly power seemed to hold forth reasonable hope of success for such a mission, and Mr. Borrow not only took large quantities of a Portuguese version of the Scriptures with him, but authority, if he could get the needful sanction from the Spanish Government, to superintend the printing of a Spanish Bible at Madrid, and to undertake its distribution in the provinces. He found himself beset by all kinds of difficulties, but though the zealous kindness and support of Lord Clarendon failed to procure him the formal license he sought, it enabled him to do many things which the authorities were content to wink at. He printed his Bible, and even wrote and printed a translation—the first ever made of any book whatever—of one of the gospels into the gypsy dialect of Spain. But he seems to have made little actual way in their distribution. A great number appear to have taken them without any clear purpose of making good use of them, and a greater number to have rejected them very nearly in the spirit of Mendizabal. My good sir—said that minister to Mr. Borrow—"it is not Bibles we want, but rather guns and gunpowder, to put down the rebels with, and above all, money, that we may pay the troops; whenever you come with these three things you shall have a hearty welcome, if not, we really can dispense with your visits, however great the honor." Still he succeeded in not a few instances; and to note his pious and devout rapture when he does succeed, is not less pleasing to the earnest reader, than to mark his cheerful unquenched sanguine hope, when he thoroughly fails.

But the interest of the *Bible in Spain* is quite apart from the amount of good fortune that attended the missionary labors of its writer. He was five years in the country, mixed with almost every class, and underwent every kind of adventure. He associated with gypsies, ministers, robbers, and priests: he was one with every class, in the forest, the field, the hut, the posada, the prison, and the palace. He reports a stirring scene, a noble landscape, a humorous and characteristic dialogue, with the picturesque force, the dramatic gayety of Le

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Sage, with the pains-taking truth, the minute reality of De Foe. He had no mere party opinions—having lived too long with "Rommany Chals" to be of any politics but gypsy politics—and he saw the peasants of every grade and in every circumstance. For the most part he was as one of themselves: travelling as a gypsy, a "London Caloro," with gypsies for servants and friends.

To overrate the value of opinions formed by such a man with such means of judgment, would be impossible. And Mr. Borrow's opinions of the Spanish people agree with those of the best observers that have been competent to give evidence on this subject. For the higher and 'better' classes he says little, but he maintains the common people to be sound at the core. The lamentable and the reprehensible he found among them, but neighbored by more that was noble and to be admired: much savage and horrible crime he encountered, as how could it otherwise be in a country so afflicted, but of low vulgar vice he appears to have seen little. In a word, he bears strong testimony to the natural vigor and resources of Spain, and to the fact that she is still a powerful and unexhausted country, and her children still to a certain extent a high-minded and great people. We rejoice above all to learn from him that the imbecile, cruel, and contemptible Carlos is generally hated, and most of all by the spirited Basques, and that priestcraft is extinguished for ever. Mr Borrow continually exults with jovial epithets of scorn over the utterly fallen, and prostrate, and never again to be lifted up, power of the Pope. "Undeceive yourself, Batuscha," says the excellent Borrow, "you have lost all your power!"

It is a good scene where he bethinks himself of these things as they are conducting him into the prison at Madrid, for exceeding bounds in some of the duties of his mission. The court he is taken across is that where the last prince of the Austrian line was wont to enjoy his *auto-da-fés*—licking his lips between each batch of sufferers, and wiping a face that perspired with the heat and was black with the smoke of the burnings. So, crossing this court, how natural was it that the dauntless Borrow should bethink him of the past. "Here am I—I who have done more to wound Popery than all the poor Christian martyrs that ever suffered in this accursed square—here am I, merely sent to prison, from which I am sure to be liberated in a few days with credit and applause. Pope of Rome! I believe you malicious as ever, but you are sadly deficient in power. You are become paralytic, Batuscha! and your club has degenerated into a crutch." Nay, not with the weight of a sick man's crutch did it descend on Borrow. He had hardly got into prison, when they implored him to go quietly out. But he would have revenge, and submission, and his imprisoners on their knees to him; moreover, he was resolved to see all the tenants of the prison since he *was* there: and so our gallant Borrow, waited on with Castilian courtesy and politeness by a rascal of a jailer, staid out several days in the prison of Madrid.

Here is one of his many admirable scenes, taken in the interior:

"Observe, ye vain and frivolous, how vanity and crime harmonize. The Spanish robbers are as fond of this species of display as their brethren of other lands, and, whether in prison or out of it, are never so happy as when, decked out in a profusion of white linen, they can loll in the sun, or walk jauntily up and down. Snow-white linen, indeed, constitutes the principal feature in the robber foppery of Spain. Neither coat nor jacket is worn over the shirt, the sleeves of which are wide and flowing, only a waistcoat of green or blue silk, with an abundance of silver buttons, which are intended more for show than use, as the vest is seldom buttoned. Then there are wide trousers, something after the Turkish fashion; around the waist is a crimson faja or girdle, and about the head is tied a gaudily colored handkerchief from the loom of Barcelona; light pumps and silk stockings complete the robber's array. This dress is picturesque enough, and well adapted to the fine sunshiny weather of the Peninsula; there is a dash of effeminacy about it, however, hardly in keeping with the robber's desperate trade. It must not, however, be supposed that it is every robber who can indulge in all this luxury; there are various grades of thieves, some poor enough, with scarcely a rag to cover them. Perhaps in the crowded prison of Madrid, there were not more than twenty who exhibited the dress which I have attempted to describe above; these were *jente de reputacion*, tip-top thieves, mostly young fellows, who, though they had no money of their own, were supported in prison by their majas and amigas, females of a certain class, who form friendships with robbers, and whose glory and delight it is to administer to the vanity of these fellows with the wages of their own shame and abasement. These females supplied their cortejos with the snowy linen, washed, perhaps, by their own hands in the waters of the Manzanares, for the display of the Sunday, when they would themselves make their appearance dressed à la maja, and from the corridors would gaze with admiring eyes upon the robbers vaporing about the court.

"Amongst those of the snowy linen who most particularly attracted my attention, were a father and son; the former was a tall athletic figure of about thirty, by profession a house-breaker, and celebrated throughout Madrid for peculiar dexterity which he exhibited in his calling. He was now in prison for a rather atrocious murder, committed

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in the dead of night, in a house at Caramanchel, in which his only accomplice was his son, a child under seven years of age. 'The apple,' as the Danes say, 'had not fallen far from the tree;' the imp was in every respect the counterpart of the father, though in miniature. He, too, wore the robber shirt sleeves, the robber waistcoat with the silver buttons, the robher kerchief round his brow, and, ridiculous enough, a long Manchegan knife in the crimson faja. He was evidently the pride of the ruffian father, who took all imaginable care of this chick of the gallows, would dandle h im on his knee, and would occasionally take the cigar from his own moustached lips, and insert it in the urchin's mouth. The boy was the pet of the court, for the father was one of the valientes of the prison, and those who feared his powess, and wished to pay their court to him, were always fondling the child. What an enigma is this world of ours! How dark and mysterious are the sources of what is called crime and virtue! If that infant wretch become eventually a murderer like his father, is he to blame? Fondled by robbers, already dressed as a robber, born of a robber whose own history was perhaps similar. Is it right . . . ."

No—most excellent, true-hearted Borrow. We supply the blank which a Bible missionary could hardly fill, and answer it is *not* right.

The gypsy illustrations have almost greater interest than those of the former work, in which there are no such amusing dialogues as those of the old Rommany hag with her proposals of marriage to her London Caloro, and no scenes so good as that which takes place in the little posado out of Badajoz, when our hero gets into a scrape by indiscreet use of the Calo or of gypsy language. No sooner is it heard that one of two ill-looking fellows, with enormous moustaches, turns round from his cigar and swears that if he catches another word of Calo, he will cudgel the bones of Borrow, and send him flying over the house-tops with a kick of his foot.

"'You would do right,' said his companion: 'the insolence of these gypsies is no longer to be borne. When I am at Merida or Badajoz I go to the mercado, and there in a corner stand the accursed gypsies jabbering to each other in a speech which I understand not. 'Gypsy, gentlemen,' say I to one of them, 'what will you have for that donkey?' 'I will have ten dollars for it, Caballero nacional, says the gypsy; 'it is the best donkey in all Spain.' 'I should like to see its paces,' say I. That you shall, most valorous,' says the gypsy, and jumping upon its back, he puts it to its paces, first of all whispering something into its ear in Calo, and truly the paces of the donkey are most wonderful, such as I have never seen before. 'I think it will just suit me,' and after looking at it awhile, I take out the money and pay for it. 'I shall go to my house,' says the gypsy; and off he runs. 'I shall go to my village,' say I, and I mount the donkey. 'Vamonos,' say I, but the donkey won't move. I give him a switch, but I don't get on the better for that. 'How is this?' say I, and I fall to spurring him. What happens then, brother? The wizard no sooner feels the prick than he bucks down, and flings me over his head into the fango. I get up and look about me; there stands the donkey, staring at me, and there stand the whole gypsy canaille, squinting at me with their filmy eyes. 'Where is the scamp who has sold me this piece of furniture?' I shout. 'He is gone to Granada, Valorous,' says one. 'He is gone to his kindred among the Moors,' says another. 'I just saw him running over the fields, in the direction of ——, with the devil close behind him,' says a third. In a word, I am tricked, I wish to dispose of the donkey; no one, however, will buy him; he is a Calo donkey, and every person avoids him. At last the gypsies offer thirty rials for him; and after much chaffering I am glad to get red of him at two dollars. It is all a trick, however; he returns to his master, and the brotherhood share the spoils among them. All which villany would be prevented, in my opinion, were the Calo language not spoken; for what but the word of a Calo could have induced the donkey to behave in such an unaccountable manner?"

It is difficult to be moderate in our extracts, but have we not said enough to send the reader to the book itself?

#### THE GOATHERD AND HIS FAITH.

"Upon the shoulder of the goatherd was a beast, which he told me was a lontra, or otter, which he had lately caught in the neighboring brook; it had a string round its neck, which was attached to his arm. At his left side was a bag, from the top of which peered the heads of two or three singular looking animals, and at his right was squatted the sullen cub of a wolf, which he was endeavoring to tame; his whole appearance was to the last degree savage and wild. After a little conversation, such as those who meet on the road frequently hold, I asked him if he could read, but he made me no answer. I then inquired if he knew any thing of God or Jesus Christ; he looked me fixedly in the face for a moment, and then turned his countenance towards the sun, which was beginning to sink in the west, nodded to it, and then again looked fixedly upon me. I believe that I understood the mute reply, which probably was, that it was God who made that glorious light which illumes and gladdens all creation; and gratified with that belief, I left him, and hastened after my companions, who were by this time a considerable way in advance."

#### A CATALAN AND HIS WIFE.

"There was one in particular, a burly, savage-looking fellow, of about forty, whose conduct was atrocious; he sat with his wife, or perhaps concubine, at the door of a room which opened upon the court; he was continually venting horrible and obscene oaths, both in Spanish and Catalan. The woman was remarkably handsome, but robust, and seemingly as savage as himself; her conversation likewise was as frightful as his own. Both seemed to be under the influence of an incomprehensible fury. At last, upon some observation from the woman, he started up, and, drawing a long knife from his girdle, stabbed at her naked bosom; she

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however, interposed the palm of her hand, which was much cut. He stood for a moment, viewing the blood trickling upon the ground, whilst she held up her wounded hand, then, with an astounding oath, he hurried up the court to the Plaza. I went up to the woman, and said, 'What is the cause of this? I hope the ruffian has not seriously injured you." She turned her countenance upon me with the glance of a demon, and at last, with a sneer of contempt, exclaimed, '*Carâls, que es eso?* Cannot a Catalan gentleman be conversing with his lady upon their own private affairs without being interrupted by you?' She then bound up her hand with a handkerchief and, going into the room, brought a small table to the door, on which she placed several things, as if for the evening's repast, and then sat down on a stool; presently returned the Catalan, and without a word took his seat on the threshold; then, as if nothing had occurred, the extraordinary couple commenced eating and drinking, interlarding their meal with oaths and jests."

### A TOUCHING PICTURE.

"The banks of the Duero in this place have much beauty: they abound with trees and brushwood, amongst which, as we passed along, various birds were singing melodiously. A delicious coolness proceeded from the water, which in some parts brawled over stones or rippled fleetly over white sand, and in others glided softly over the blue pools of considerable depth. By the side of one of these last, sat a woman of about thirty, neatly dressed as a peasant; she was gazing upon the water, into which she occasionally flung flowers and twigs of trees. I stopped for a moment to ask a question; she, however, neither looked up nor answered, but continued gazing at the water, as if lost to consciousness of all beside. 'Who is that woman?' said I to a shepherd, whom I met the moment after. 'She is mad, *la pobrecita*,' said he; 'she lost her child about a month ago in that pool, and she has been mad ever since; they are going to send her to Valladolid, to the Casa de los Locos. There are many who perish every year in the eddies of the Duero; it is a bad river; *vaya usted con la Virgen, Caballero.*' So I rode on through the pinares, or thin scanty pine forests, which skirt the way to Valladolid in this direction."

### BORROW'S DIALOGUE WITH A LIBERAL ALCALDE.

"*Alcalde.*—The inhabitants of Finisterra are brave, and are all liberals. Allow me to look at your passport? Yes, all in form. Truly, it was very ridiculous that they should have arrested you as a Carlist.

"*Myself.*—Not only as a Carlist, but as Don Carlos himself.

"*Alcalde.*—Oh, most ridiculous! mistake a countryman of the grand Baintham for such a Goth!

"*Myself.*—Excuse me, sir, you speak of the grand somebody.

"*Alcalde.*—The grand Baintham. He who has invented laws for all the world. I hope shortly to see them adopted in this unhappy country of ours.

"*Myself.*—Oh! you mean Jeremy Bentham. Yes, a very remarkable man in his way.

"*Alcalde.*—In his way! in all ways. The most universal genius which the world ever produced; a Solon, a Plato, and a Lope de Vega.

"*Myself.*—I have never read his writings. I have no doubt that he was a Solon, and, as you say, a Plato. I should scarcely have thought, however, that he could be ranked, as a poet, with Lope de Vega.

"*Alcalde.*—How surprising! I see, indeed, that you know nothing of his writings, though an Englishman. Now, here am I, a simple alcalde of Galicia, yet I possess all the writings of Baintham on that shelf, and I study them day and night.

"*Myself.*—You doubtless, sir, possess the English language.

"*Alcalde.*—I do. I mean that part of it which is contained in the writings of Baintham. I am most truly glad to see a countryman of his in these Gothic wildernesses. I understand and appreciate your motives for visiting them: excuse the incivility and rudeness which you have experienced. But we will endeavor to make you reparation. You are this moment free: but it is late; I must find you a lodging for the night. I know one close by, which will just suit you; let us repair thither this moment. Stay, I think I see a book in your hand.

"*Myself.*—The New Testament.

"*Alcalde.*—What book is that?

"*Myself.*—A portion of the sacred writings, the Bible.

"*Alcalde.*—Why do you carry such a book with you?

"*Myself.*—One of my principal motives in visiting Finisterra was to carry this book to that wild place.

"*Alcalde.*—Ha, ha! how very singular. Yes, I remember. I have heard that the English highly prize this eccentric book. How very singular that the countrymen of the grand Baintham should set any value upon that old monkish book."

### TRAFALGAR.

"Huge fragments of wreck still frequently emerge from the watery gulf whose billows chafe the rocky sides of Trafalgar; they are relics of the enormous ships which were burnt and sunk on that terrible day, when the heroic champion of Britain concluded his work and died. I never heard but one individual venture to say a word in disparagement of Nelson's glory; it was a pert American, who observed that the British admiral was much overrated. 'Can that individual be overrated,' replied a stranger, 'whose every thought was bent on his country's honor, who scarcely ever fought without leaving a piece of his body in the fray, and who, not to speak of minor triumphs, was victorious in two such actions as Aboukir and Trafalgar?'"

### AN INCIDENT ON BORROW'S PASSAGE TO SPAIN.

"I was on the forecastle, discoursing with two of the sailors: one of them, who had but just left his hammock, said, 'I have had a strange dream, which I do not much like; for,' continued he, pointing up to the mast, 'I dreamt that I fell into the sea from the cross-trees.' He was heard to say this by several of the crew besides myself. A moment after, the captain of the vessel, perceiving that the squall was increasing, ordered the topsails to be taken in; whereupon this man with several others instantly ran aloft; the yard was in the act of being hauled down, when a sudden gust of wind whirled it round with violence, and a man was struck down from the cross-trees into the sea, which was working like yeast below. In a few moments he emerged.

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I saw his head on the crest of a billow, and instantly recognised in the unfortunate man the sailor who a few moments before had related his dream. *I shall never forget the look of agony he cast whilst the steamer hurried past him.* The alarm was given, and every thing was in confusion: it was two minutes, at least, before the vessel was stopped, by which time the man was a considerable way astern. I still, however, kept my eye upon him, and could see that he was struggling gallantly with the waves. A boat was at length lowered, but the rudder was unfortunately not at hand, and only two oars could be procured, with which the men could make but little progress in so rough a sea. They did their best, however, and had arrived within ten yards of the man, who still struggled for his life, when I lost sight of him; and the men, on their return, said that *they saw him below the water, at glimpses, sinking deeper and deeper, his arms stretched out and his body apparently stiff*, but that they found it impossible to save him. Presently after, the sea, as if satisfied with the prey which it had acquired, became comparatively calm. The poor fellow who had perished in this singular manner was a fine young man of twenty-seven, the only son of a widowed mother; he was the best sailor on board, and was beloved by all who were acquainted with him."

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## CHAMBERS'S TOUR IN SWITZERLAND.

*A Tour in Switzerland, in* 1841. By William Chambers, one of the Editors of "Chambers's Edinburgh Journal," &c.

From the Spectator.

Delighted with his tour in Holland and the countries adjoining the Rhine, Mr. Chambers, in 1841, extended his autumnal excursion to Switzerland; passing (for the most part by railways) through Belgium and some of the near-lying watering-places to Basle. From this Swiss town he proceeded, through Zurich, Lucerne, and Berne, to Lausanne and Geneva, by the easiest mode, the voiture of a *klohnutscher;* who carries you whithersoever you please, in his carriage and pair, at thirty francs per diem. After visiting the sights in the environs of the lake, Chillon, Ferney, &c., Mr. Chambers determined upon returning through France; but as he had omitted to have his passport attended to, he was compelled to travel nearly one hundred miles to Berne to get the signature of the French ambassador; after which, he proceeded to Paris *via* Neuchatel,—a course which he advises no one else to follow: "On no account," he says, "attempt reaching or returning from Switzerland through France. In that country all the available means of locomotion are execrable; and no redress can be obtained for a stranger for the petty indignities to which he is sometimes exposed on the road. The line of route to be recommended for Switzerland is by the Belgian railways and by the Rhine steamers."

In general interest, and perhaps in literary merit, the *Tour in Switzerland* is somewhat inferior to its predecessor; and probably for the same reason which, in that predecessor, rendered the account of Belgium, &c., inferior to the description of Holland—the character of the country is less marked, or at least its character is less adapted to Mr. Chambers's style of treatment, and a greater number of pens have been employed upon the subject. It must not be supposed that the present book is deficient either in interest or merit: there is much of close observation, and shrewdly sensible remark, especially upon economical matters, with a good deal of striking description, not devoid of a dash of humorous satire where the subject admits of it. As a whole, however, the book wants the striking and racy character which belonged to the sketches in Holland.

But the *Tour in Switzerland* contains some points of another kind that may have a more solid, if a less attractive interest. Scattered through its pages are, many notices of Continental industry, so far as it fell under our author's notice, with some remarks on the character and progress of the great manufacturing establishments, both in Belgium and Switzerland, as well as a summary view of Swiss industry and the comforts of her laboring population, compared with a similar class in Great Britain. From these it appears, that the non-exportation of machinery, a *monopoly* which the manufacturers have strenuously endeavored to maintain—if, indeed, some members of the Anti-Corn-Law League are not still in favor of maintaining it—has not produced the intended effect of preventing the growth of manufactures on the Continent, whilst it has lost England the trade of machine-making. The great iron-works of Belgium, Mr. Chambers considers, have chiefly been called into existence to supply the foreign demand for machinery. Forbidding the exportation of machines, we could not prevent the exportation of British operatives, British superintendence, and probably British capital: the result of which is, that not only in machinery but in many other manufactured goods, Belgium produces as good an article as Great Britain, in Mr. Chambers's judgment, (which is not perhaps, on such a subject, what may be called a skilled judgment;) and in artil-

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cles where labor predominates or taste is essential, at a much cheaper rate. Here is a passage from his visit to the exhibition of manufactures at Brussels.

"Entering the vestibule, we follow a path through a series of saloons on the ground floor, all filled with objects of great interest and beauty of execution. One saloon is filled with new-made steam-engines and locomotives, engineering tools, spinning-machines, and printing-presses; the workmanship of which appeared to be equal to any thing of the kind in England. Next we have a saloon occupied with pianofortes, cabinets, and other articles, formed of walnut or other fine woods, and inlaid with ivory or mother-of-pearl; we observe here, also, some elegant gentlemen's coaches and gigs, with harness to match. Another saloon contains a most extraordinary variety of leather, (a manufacture in which we are greatly excelled by the Belgians,) painted floor-cloths, hair-cloths, furs, perfumery, aud periwigs. In ascending the grand staircase, we find the landing-places occupied with iron safes, stoves, fire-grates for drawing-rooms, all unexceptionable and of first-rate finish. Landing on the upper floor, we walk from room to room, lost in the contemplation of the numerous products of Belgian industry; lace, linen, woollen, cotton, and silk goods, threads, cutlery, crystal, paper, fire-arms, musical instruments, philosophical apparatus—in short, every thing that a luxurious people can require. I spent an hour in the closest examination of some of these articles; for I felt assured that, as regards excellence of quality, England had here certainly met her match. The different parcels of cloth and flannels, the manufacture of Francois Biolley and sons at Verviers, and of M. Snoeck at Herve, would not have discredited the cloth-halls of Leeds; while the damasks of Fretigny and Company at Ghent, and Dejardin at Courtrai, gave indication that in this species of fabric the Low Countries maintained their ancient reputation. The threads and laces of Brussels were exhibited in extensive variety. Altogether, the Exposition afforded a decided proof of the prodigious advance made in the useful arts in Belgium of late years; and I believe nothing remains to be done but to find a market for her goods. That, it appears, is no easy matter; partly in consequence of the little influence which the country has abroad, but chiefly from the preference given in most places to English goods. To put the question of price in some measure to the test, I bought a few articles of cutlery; and found that, though well executed, they cost rather more than they were worth in England. From all I saw and heard, my impression is, that nearly all factory goods can still be produced cheaper, and on a greater scale, in England than in Belgium; but that Belgium can now manufacture most articles of as good quality, and only stands in need of due encouragement to be in every respect a most formidable competitor. As regards articles prepared by the exercise of individual taste and skill, we are already far behind Belgium. I have never, for instance, seen in England any work to compare in point of elegance of design and execution with that displayed on the pianofortes and cabinets at this Exposition. I remarked one pianoforte in particular, marked 800 francs (£32); a sum which would not have paid for the mere workmanship of the case in England, where a £32 piano is in appearance little else than a plain veneered box."

We believe, however, that the instrumental action of English painofortes is superior to that of foreign makes. But in some things, Mr. Chambers says, we are losing trade from the *trashiness* of the articles: the cheap cottons of Manchester are in bad repute, from the character of their colors, which vanish in the washing.

His *own* facts about Switzerland (for he quotes long passages from Bowring and Symons to comment upon) are not very numerous or conclusive. The apparent anomaly of an inland and mountainous country allowing a perfect freedom of trade, and yet excelling her neighbors who have access to the sea, navigable rivers, and good *level* roads for the conveyance of produce, he does not seem inclined to solve solely by free trade, but by circumstances in the economical and political condition of Switzerland. The government is very cheap, taxes are very light; from various causes the people are a sober, moral, and Malthusian race, not marrying till somewhat late in life; the peculiar social circumstances of the country are favorable to a combination of rural and manufacturing labor; and lastly, the whole of the people work, and work hard—perhaps the hardest in Europe. He might have added, that though the Swiss impose no protective duties, their neighbors do it for them. The Custom-houses of France, Germany, (now the Prussian League,) and Austria, have virtually forbidden any free competition except with their own sickly productions. Yet, notwithstanding all that has been put forward respecting the comfort of the Swiss manufacturers, Mr. Chambers rates the *means* of the British artisan higher, if they were not wasted, or worse than wasted.

"To compare the condition of Switzerland with that of England would be absurd. There is not the slightest resemblance between them. The Swiss have pitched their standard of happiness at a point which, as far as things, not feelings, are concerned, could with great ease be reached by the bulk of the British population. And here what may be called the unfavorable features of Swiss society become prominent. There is little cumulative capital in Switzerland. It is a country of small farmers and tradesmen, in decent but not wealthy circumstances. An active man among them could not get much. If he and his family wrought hard they would not starve, and whatever they got would be their own. On all occasions, in speaking to respectable residents, the observation on the people was—'They labor hard, very hard; but, they have plenty of food, and they are happy.' Now it is my opinion, that if any man labor hard

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in either England or Scotland, exercise a reasonable degree of prudence, and be temperate and economical, he can scarcely fail in arriving at the same *practical* results as the Swiss; nay, I go farther, and will aver, that he has an opportunity of reaching a far higher standard of rational comfort than was ever dreamt of by the happiest peasant in Switzerland. The condition of the Swiss is blessed, remotely, no doubt from the simple form of government, but immediately and chiefly from the industry, humble desires, and economic habits of the people.

"Switzerland is unquestionably the paradise of the working-man; but then, it cannot be called a paradise for any other; and I doubt if the perfection of the social system—if the ultimate end of creation—is to fix down mankind at peasant and working-man pitch. Both Bowring and Symons are in raptures with the cottage-system of the Swiss artisans; I own it is most attractive, and, as I have said, is doubtless productive of much happiness. But who prevents English artisans from having equally good houses with the Swiss? With a money wage of some seven or eight shillings a week, it is said the Swiss operative realizes, by means of his free cottage, bit of ground, and garden, equal to thirty shillings in England. My own conviction is, that fourteen or fifteen shillings would be much nearer the mark; but, taking it at a larger sum, let us inquire if English workmen may not attain similar advantages. All perhaps could not, but I feel assured that every skilled artisan could—that is, every man receiving from fifteen to twenty shillings per week, of whom there is no small number. British operatives are taxed to a monstrous degree; almost every thing they put in their mouths being factitiously raised in price in a manner perfectly shameful. But they possess a freedom known nowhere on the Continent. They can travel from town to town at all times without begging for passports; they are not called upon for a single day's drill; in short, their time is their own, and they may do with it as they please. Exercising the same scrupulous economy as the Swiss, and in the same manner refraining from marriage till prudence sanctioned such a step, I do not see what is to prevent a skilled and regularly-employed British operative from becoming the proprietor of a small house and garden, supposing his taste to lie that way. I know several who have realized this kind of property; indeed, a large proportion of the humbler class of tradesmen in the Scottish country towns, villages, and hamlets, are the proprietors of the dwellings in which they reside. Now, if some so placed contrive to realize property, why may not others do so? The answer is, that a vast mass of our working population think of little beyond present enjoyment. Gin—whisky!—what misery is created by these demons, every city can bear sorrowful witness. Cruelly taxed, in the first place, by the state, the lower classes tax themselves still more by their appetites. Scotland spends four millions of pounds annually on whisky, and what England disburses for gin and porter is on a scale equally magnificent. Throughout the grand rue of Berne, a mile in length, and densely populated, I did not see a single spirit-shop or tavern; I observed, certainly, that several of the cellars were used for the sale of wines. In the High Street of Edinburgh, from the Castle to Holyrood House, the same in length as the main street in Berne, and not unlike it in appearance, there are 150 taverns, shops, or places of one kind or another in which spirituous liquors are sold; and in Ross Street, a much less populous thoroughfare, the number is 41. I did not see a drunken person in Switzerland; Sheriff Alison speaks of ten thousand persons being in a state of intoxication every Saturday night in Glasgow. * *

"I take the liberty of alluding to these practices, not for the purpose of depreciating the character of the operative orders, but to show at least one pretty conclusive piece of evidence why they do not generally exhibit the same kind of happy homes as the Swiss. In a word, Bowring and Symons, and, I may add Laign, seem to lead to the inference, that every thing excellent in the Swiss operative and peasant's condition is owing to institutional arrangements; whereas, without undervaluing these, I ascribe fully more, as already stated, to the temperance, humble desires, and extraordinary economic habits of the people. That the practical advantages enjoyed by Swiss artisans are also, somehow, inferior to those of similar classes in Britain, is evident from the fact that Swiss watchmakers emigrate to England for the sake of better wages than they can realize at home; and that some thousands of unskilled laborers leave Switzerland annually to better their condition in foreign lands, is, I believe, a fact which admits of no kind of controversy. Let us, then conclude with this impartial consideration, that if our working population have grievances to complain of, (and I allow these grievances are neither few nor light,) they at the same time enjoy a scope, an outlet for enterprise and skill, a means of enrichment and advancement, which no people in Continental Europe can at all boast of. Switzerland, as has been said, isthe paradise of the working man. It might with equal justice be added, that a similar paradise can be realized in the home of every man who is willing to forego personal indulgences, and make his domestic hearth the principal scene of his pleasures, the sanctuary in which his affections are enshrined."

Attached to Mr. Chambers's account of his own tour, is the narrative of a "Pedestrian Excursion in Switzerland" by a friend, who most undauntedly climbed mountains and scaled precipices without a guide, and gives a plain and cheerful account of his adventures, though his mind is not so enlarged by intellectual exercise as that of William Chambers. The entire work, it should be added, forms part of the "People's Editions," and contains the typographical matter of a large octavo for eighteenpence.

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## PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

From the United Service Magazine.

The accompanying extract of a letter from one of the officers of Her Majesty's ship Curaçoa, furnishes an interest

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recent account of Pitcairn's Island, when that ship visited it.

PITCAIRN'S ISLAND, Aug. 18, 1841.

This island has attracted a peculiar interest in consequence of events which made it the abode of a British population. The history of the mutiny of the Bounty is well known to you, and you are, no doubt, well acquainted with the particulars of the subsequent visits of Sir Thomas Staines and Capt. Beechey, so I shall confine myself to observations made during our visit in the Curaçoa.

The interest felt, and the anxiety evinced to visit this island became more intense as we approached it. The forenoon was cloudy, with occasional showers of rain, which prevented us from seeing it till pretty close. It is of considerable height, upwards of 1200 feet above the level of the sea, and may be seen on a clear day more than forty miles off. We fired two guns as the cottages built on the north side opened to our view, and then lay to, waiting until some of the islanders should communicate with us, which we feared could scarcely take place, as it was then blowing rather fresh, and the surf was beating high along the shore. After waiting some time we observed a canoe approaching us—a mere skiff—a cockle-shell on the water, which we did not perceive until quite close to us, so much was she concealed by the curling waves; she was just large enough to contain one person, who was steering with one hand, whilst the other was employed in bailing, having a sail set at the time, no larger than a pocket-handerchief. He shortened sail on coming close under our quarter, and hailed us in good, broad, honest English, (as we were all assembled on the poop, anxious to see this island child,) asking with a good-natured smile if he might come on board. "Yes, certainly," was the instant reply. So up he came over the gangway, dripping wet, having been twice capsized in the surf—and a fine athletic fellow he was; he shook hands with us all, was *indeed* glad to see us, having expected the man-of-war for a long time. He told us he was George Adams, the only son of John Adams, the last of the mutineers, who by a life of piety and repentance had tried to atone for the crimes he had committed, and who had by precept, as well as by example, wrought such a wonderful change in the habits and morals of the people, after the death of his fellow-mutineers.

Adams was scarcely on deck when his fragile bark followed him, the seamen handing the canoe in, as if she had been a small balloon,—the surprising thing to us was that a man should have trusted himself in such a cradle, five miles off the shore, with such a sea running,—but these people are almost amphibious, and as children spend half their time in the water.

Adams is a fine-looking fellow, the stoutest man on the island, his features regular, prominent, European; his skin of an olive hue, with a remarkably frank and open countenance. He is thirty-seven years of age.

In the afternoon a large party of us left the ship, and, steered by Adams, landed in "Water Valley," on the lee side of the island, where a kind of natural breakwater is formed. Knowing the entrance, boats can land in safety, although the surf was breaking high on each side of it. On landing we observed a very fine natural bath in the rock, which we were admiring, when Adams smiled, and said, "It was too smooth; that none of the people would bathe there—they all loved the surf." On asking Adams how the road led from the valley to their village on the other side of the hill, we were struck with the nautical expression he made use of on this, as well as on several other occasions. "We must go right chock up over that hill, sir."

After landing some arms, ammunition, tools, and implements of husbandry, we commenced the ascent, almost perpendicular at first, and continued so for nearly two miles. This was no easy matter; for the heavy rains, which had just fallen, had so softened the rich soil, covered with decayed leaves, that there was hardly a possibility of maintaining a footing; no sooner did one make a step forward than down he came on his face, or slid back from whence he started. By aid of sticks, bushes and branches, we attained the summit of the ridge, after much scrambling. From this point we enjoyed a most splendid view,—the scene tropical, and quite picturesque. The cocoa-nut, palm, bread-fruit, banyan, and a great variety of other trees and shrubs, adorned the valleys or clothed the mountain side. A few bold peaks or bare lofty ridges formed a striking contrast with the universal scene of verdure and loveliness below. Our descent from this beautiful spot, though not so laborious, was quite as perilous, for the path being wet, there was a risk every moment of falling on our backs. We found our shoes here most inconvenient; the natives, wearing none, support themselves by sticking their toes into the ground. Some of our Middies did the same, and found the advantage of it. The whole distance was not great, but still we found it sufficiently fatiguing.

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We were met by the greater part of the male inhabitants on the road (some of them were ill in bed). The boys also came out to meet us,—they were generally good-looking, intelligent, and active.

On arriving at the village, the women and female children welcomed us very cordially, and their appearance was more taking than that of the other sex. The young married women and girls were particularly interesting. They become fairer each succeeding generation. The contrast between those of the first (not to mention two Otaheitan women still surviving) and the third generation now springing up, is very striking; and as they become fairer they also appear to become less athletic and robust.

The Doctor was soon in requisition, being taken from house to house to visit their sick; for we found one-fourth of the population suffering from influenza. They were much alarmed at it, thinking the disease not only dangerous but contagious. Our visit was, therefore, the more opportune, as it tended to allay these fears, and the medicine-chest presented to them was an acceptable gift,—particularly at such a moment. We were all billeted for the night, each family taking some of us, and, though a large party, there was plenty of room. They made no distinction in their treatment of individuals; the Captain and one of the jolly-boat boys would meet with the same kindness and attention. There are no gradations of rank in this little society. They told us that they had heard of *Peter's* death, meaning Capt. Peter Heywood.

The visit of any ship, particularly of a man-of-war, is a remarkable and joyous event with them; and, if a sail is reported off the island, every man, woman, and child runs to the shore, leaving their work, forgetting their meals, and deserting their houses. The attention with which they watched our actions, (dozens of them following us about from house to house,) and marked our words, showed their curiosity and simplicity of character. The men are not very communicative, and with the women, excepting some of the elder ones, the greatest difficulty was experienced to get them to reply to the most simple questions. This arose from a natural shyness and diffidence felt before strangers; indeed, it would be difficult to touch upon any subject, not connected with themselves or the island, which could be interesting to them. Some of the officers, to enliven the monotony of the evening, played "Blind-man's buff," and "Hunt the slipper," which amused them exceedingly, as new and stirring games.

Their mode of living is very simple—their food being generally purely vegetable; cocoa-nut milk or water their only drink. They entertained us with goat's flesh, pork, and fowls. It was then I observed a barbarous custom still existing in these islands, which is, that the women never take their meals with the men: the males sit down first, and, after they have finished, the females take their places at the table. The women alone performed the cooking business, which, though a simple, is a laborious process: they also heed the firewood in the hills, carry it home on their backs, cut the leaves of the tea-plant, gather the bread-fruit, yams, plantains, &c., kill the goats, and prepare the oven. This is done by placing in a hole in the ground, dug for this purpose, a number of stones, previously heated, over which are laid the leaves of the tea-plant, then the meat and vegetables, and over these another layer of leaves, then the remainder of the heated stones, over which more leaves are laid, and on the top of all a quantity of earth and decayed vegetables, stamped and pressed down with the feet, so as to allow no heat to escape: this process takes upwards of an hour, and the cooking produced is by no means to be despised: the kids dressed in this way were excellent, and the yams the best I ever tasted. The natives go lightly clad: the women with a single garment of calico, made long and loose like a night-gown, but carefully buttoned at the neck; all the children are decently covered. The men's clothes are made from the American flimsy cottons, which have nearly superseded the use of the native cloth called the "tapa," made from the bark of trees. The men alone use the needle; they even make the women's dresses; this expertness in tailoring, I suppose, they inherit as the decendants of sailors.

It is a melancholy reflection to think of the fate of the mutineers, and instructive to know that crime is generally punished in this world: it is also interesting to watch the growth and progress of their progeny. Of the nine mutineers who conducted the Bounty to this island, and by whom she was destroyed, in the cove now bearing her name, to prevent discovery, only one besides Adams died a natural death. Adams died in 1829, aged 65, and lies buried close to his Otaheitan wife, at the end of his son's house, formerly his own. Their early dissensions were caused by quarrels about the women, by drunkenness, (for they learned the art of distilling spirit from a native plant,) and by the tyranny practised over the Otaheitan men. Two of the Otaheitan women still

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survive—Isabella, the wife of Christian, and Susannah (not the chaste). The latter they say was a wild creature, and murdered one of her own countrymen for the sake of her favorite mutineer. Isabella remembers Capt. Cook, and is said to have had a child when he visited Otaheite in his second voyage in 1773. Supposing her to have been then 14, she must now be upwards of 82 years of age; yet, though rather bent and perfectly gray, she runs about the hills and rocks with wonderful activity.

The population of the island, at the time of our visit, amounted to 110 souls, the number of males and females being equal. In 1825, Capt. Beechey found 66 individuals, "forming a happy little society, well instructed, orderly, and friendly." Candor obliges me to state that this description will no longer apply to them: they certainly remained so, as long as "their father, their patriarch, and pastor" (Adams) lived, but they have changed since his death. We ascertained that some strifes and dissensions had sprung up amongst them of late; though they were anxious to conceal the facts from us, knowing well that it was only their character of being a virtuous, religious, and innocent family, which made the English Government and people take such a lively interest in their welfare and happiness. Their rapidly-increasing communication with ships, particularly whalers, of late years had produced, and I suspect will continue to produce, a still greater change among them. It also increases the risk of infection: we endeavored, but unsuccessfully, while at Lima, to procure lymph, for the purpose of introducing vaccination amongst them. The men have begun to show a degree of keenness and some cunning quite foreign to their natural character; but the women, particularly the younger ones, and the female children, retain all their former simplicity, modesty, and strict virtue: they have no communication with ships, as the men have; but it can hardly be supposed that they will long maintain this modest and virtuous conduct if the men become corrupt. But, though I must say that I do not think them so modest and simple-minded as formerly, yet they constitute a society the most virtuous I ever saw. Their traffic with ships consists entirely in barter: they have no money, nor do they require any; they have a nominal price for every article, which answers every purpose. They give their yams, pigs, goats, potatoes, fruit, &c., in exchange for calicoes, shirts, old clothes, oil, carpenters' tools, tobacco, &c.; they are getting very fond of the latter article.

Their laws are very simple—suggested to them, I believe, by Captain Russell Elliot, of the Fly sloop-of-war, who also presented to them a union-jack. They elect a chief magistrate every year, the males and females of a certain age having an equal right to vote: he calls to his aid two councillors. Every thing of any moment is recorded in a book; and if they cannot agree, the disputed point is left for the decision of the Captain of *the* man-of-war—*their ultimate appeal.*

Capt. Jones investigated every thing very minutely, and held a public meeting, where he made them a most sensible speech, impressing upon them the importance of maintaining strictly their former high and most praiseworthy character; and giving them to understand that, if they did not uphold this character, the English Government and people would instantly cease to take any further interest in them. They are industrious; and, fortunately for them, they are obliged to be so, for the nature of their soil requires constant attention, to enable them to provide for themselves and to afford supplies to ships that call there. They appear more anxious to increase this communication with ships, than that the population of the island should become so numerous as to require their entire produce to support themselves. They rise very early, generally before daylight, to go to their work; but no one is permitted to leave the house until family worship is performed, which is always repeated in the evening: a long grace is said before and after each meal. Divine service is performed every Sunday when the schoolmaster, by birth an Englishman, but married to a native, reads prayers and preaches, and prayer-meetings are held during the week; but these latter are not so regularly nor so well attended as formerly. They bestow great pains in educating and training up their children: their excellence in writing surprised us, and certainly could not be surpassed by children of the same age in England. There were fifteen families, and each had their portion of ground allotted to them. The girls generally marry at 16 or 17, and the men at 18 or 19 years of age.

There is no anchorage here, so the ship stood off and on until the evening of the 20th, when we all embarked; the men, women, and children following us to the boat. They were sorry to lose us so soon—as well they might be, for they got numbers of presents from the ship: these were not confined to the Captain and officers—the seamen, also, took great interest in these islanders, the offspring of their own brother-sailors, and gave them clothes, biscuit, soap, tobacco,

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&c., &c., and entertained those who came on board in their own messes.

Some of the islanders remained on board to the last moment—giving three hearty cheers on leaving us, which we as heartily returned; bidding farewell to this interesting spot, (which, though it has been the scene of horrid crimes, has also been the abode of virtue and peace,) and wishing that happiness and prosperity might ever be the lot of its inhabitants.

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## THE TOMB OF LAIUS.

Where Delphi's consecrated pass
Bœotia's misty region faces,
Rises a tomb-like stony mass
Amid the bosky mountain-bases;
It seems no work of human care,
But many rocks split off from one;
Laius, the Theban king, lies there,
His murderer—Œdipus—his son.

No pilgrim to the Pythian shrine
But marked that spot with decent awe,
In presence of a power divine,
O'erruling human will and law:
And to some thoughtful hearts that scene,
Those paths, that rock, those browsing herds,
Was more than e'er that tale had been,
Arrayed in Sophoclean words.

So is it yet! no time or space
That ancient anguish can assuage:
For sorrow is of every race,
And suffering due from every age:
That awful legend falls on us
With all the weight that Greece could feel,
And every man is Œdipus,
Whose wounds no mortal skill can heal.

Oh! call it Providence or Fate,
The Sphynx propounds the riddle still,
That man must bear and expiate
Loads of involuntary ill:
So shall Endurance ever hold
The foremost rank in human needs—
Not without faith that God can mould
To good the dross of evil deeds.

Oct. 1842. R. M. Milnes.

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## PROSPECTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

From the Examiner.

The following paper, on a most important subject, the prospects of the United States, has been communicated to us by the person to whom it was originally addressed. Both the writer and the receiver are deeply interested in the subject matter, being each of them large holders of property in America. With respect to the accuracy of the local facts on which the writer relies, we can give no opinion founded on our own knowledge; but as we estimate highly his powers of observation and inference, we accept them without suspicion; and so far as the premises assumed are not local, but general—in other words, so far as they are taken from the principles of political economy—we thoroughly assent to them. With this preface, we recommend the paper to the serious attention of our readers.

New-York, Oct. 17, 1842.

I wrote to you some time ago on the question, whether this country is righting or not, and I concluded that there were all the signs that she was now undergoing the process by which she will return to a sound state of things. The only circumstance which would make one doubt this is, that the same thing has been hoped (by the Americans themselves at least) so often since the first crisis in '37, and all such expectations have been followed by disappointment. Can my present hopes be as ill-founded as those which have been entertained in former years? I think not; because, until the last twelve months, the country has never been put into the true process of cure, but on the contrary, the apparent return of prosperity was but a continuation and extension of the evils which first brought on the confusion. After '37 all the causes, which led to the general stoppage in that year, have been seen in renewed activity, though usually on a smaller scale—speculation, as in the famous case of the *Morus Multicaulis*, the credit system, as in the open credits which were granted by some London houses with as little caution in the choice of the individuals, though not to so great an extent, as before '37, artificial attempts to keep up prices by bank action, as in Biddle's great cotton operations, the maintenance of an enlarged currency without an adequate basis of specie, and the continued issue of state stocks in very large amounts by the Western States. Add to this, that there was no sufficient retrenchment in the expenditure of individuals—which was yet the end at which all real improvement was to begin. I infer this, both from the amounts of imports of articles of convenience and luxury in different years, and from the fact that all the doleful complaints of watering places deserted, the charges at the hotels reduced, summer travelling diminished, large houses unoccupied and only small ones in demand, the dullness of society, and the stoppage of the whole system of expense, of which we now hear and see so much, appear to date back to last year only. At present all is different. Speculation appears at length fairly knocked on the head. Even last year there was a speculation got up, resulting, like all other speculative movements, in great gains at the beginning and great losses at the end: I mean the speculation in coal, which was set on foot by the damages occasioned in the Lehigh region by the great freshet of January, '41, which were expected to produce a short supply of coal. But this year I cannot hear that any thing partaking of the character of speculation or enterprise is stirring in any quarter.

Supposing it to be admitted that an improvement in the state of the country is about to com-

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mence, there remains the question, with what degree of rapidity will this improvement proceed, and to what extent will it be carried? On this subject, I think there can be no doubt that, in one respect, the restoration of a sound state of things will be nearly completed within the next six months: I mean the re-establishment of a circulation based on specie. Virginia having resumed successfully, suspension continues only among some of the States of the South and West. The most important point where resumption has not been enforced is New Orleans. Now I think it clear that the present state of things in that city will soon be put an end to. Even at present, although all the banks but two have out larger or smaller amounts of irredeemable paper, this can hardly be considered as the circulation of the place. Transactions are all based on specie values—the very small amount of business done during the dull season has been arranged with specie funds—and the paper of the suspended banks has been more an article of speculation among the brokers, bought and sold by them according to the fluctuations of the market, than a circulating medium and measure of value. The principal demand for it has been on the part of the debtors of the several banks, who wish to avail themselves of the discount upon it in paying their debts. As the cotton business begins to thicken, the distinction between specie funds and the suspended paper will become more marked, as the planters from the country have become thoroughly determined to take nothing but specie for their crops, and the notes of the non-specie paying banks will become quite useless. According to the banking law, all the banks must resume, and it appears now to be certain that that law will be strictly enforced, so that each bank will have either to prove its ability to maintain specie payments, or go into liquidation. It is thought that the Mechanics' and Traders' will certainly resume, and even before the time; it is *hoped* the Union and one or two others may be able to do so too. The great obstacle in the way of resumption has hitherto been the Citizens' Bank; but as the Board of Currency have already taken a preliminary step towards putting this into liquidation, this impediment will be removed. When all the weak banks are shut up, so that they can no longer involve the sound institutions in their discredit, as was the case in the former attempt at resumption, the latter will regain confidence, and extend a little their circulation, which is at present almost nominal. While the rotten paper currency is being thus cleared away, there will be a flow of specie, which will supply its place. The importation of specie into the United States, and especially into New Orleans, during the next six months, must be large. Exchange on London in New-York has fallen in the last fortnight from 8½ to 6½; and considering that this is the season when exchange on England is usually very high, this last rate is most significant of the turn which things are taking. In fact, we shall pass from the low rates of last cotton season, which have been continued through the summer, to the still lower rates of this season, without the occurrence of any interval of high rates. Exchange is already down to par at New Orleans, although the new cotton is but just beginning to come forward. What, then, are we to expect when it is forced on the market in large quantities? The first effect of the low exchange, both on London and New-York, at New Orleans, has been to induce shipments of specie from the latter point, which are now being made to great advantage; but when there shall have been time enough to set the specie in motion at more distant points, large amounts will certainly arive from Europe, and particularly from England and France. In fact, the importations into the United States are and will, throughout the winter, continue to be so exceedingly small, and the failure of the States to pay their debts will reduce so much the remittances on that account next January and February, that I do not see how the bulk of the crop is to go forward, except in exchange for specie. New Orleans, therefore, may be expected to be very well stocked with specie. Of her stock a good deal will flow back to New-York, to which New Orleans is tributary in many ways. A considerable portion will go up the Mississippi, in payment for the produce of the Western States, which even at present prices will command a large sum. A good deal will also find its way to these last from New-York and Boston. The work of resumption will thus be facilitated throughout the West. I do not think it will be completed within the time I am speaking of, because there are large amounts of notes issued by banks connected with some of the States, which cannot be redeemed, and yet will not be completely cleared away; but specie will, throughout the Union, be made the measure of value, and there will be a sufficient sprinkling of it everywhere to enable people to apply this measure.

In another respect, I believe the improvement in the state of things will show itself in a decided manner: I mean in the rare occurrence of failures, either among individuals or corporations. There is so little credit given, except to persons of the most undoubted solidity, that men cannot go much beyond their means; and therefore, if they lose by their operations, the loss will be confined within their own capital. But, in fact, even such losses will not be common, because the price of every thing is down to the lowest point, and no operations are engaged in anticipation of a rise; in fact, I hear very little of failures, either among great people or small, and as little about suspicions of future failures. There was, indeed, a solitary case of a house which, by the help of a good standing, carried the burthen of its old embarrassments to the middle of this year, and then sank under them; in almost all other cases, where there was real insolvency, the pressure of the times exposed it, and forced a settlement long ago.

But if by improvement be meant the return of comparatively high prices, I do not think this likely to take place in most articles during the next six months, and doubt whether it ought to be expected to any great extent within a year. To begin with the great article of export, cotton, the crop will certainly be a full average, if not a large crop, and having to wait for means to send it forward, until the low prices both of cotton and bills have drawn large amounts of specie

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towards it, cannot be expected to advance much in price during the season. Then the superabundance of bread stuffs and other provisions, which will continue to be sent to the shipping ports from the west, and which will find no adequate foreign markets, as it is certain that the British ports will continue closed against foreign grain for this winter, will keep the prices of this class of products very low thoughout the Union. The only articles in which a rise may be expected are such as are protected by the present tariff, especially sugar and cotton manufactures, so far as the latter depend on the home market. Even in these the improvement will be very moderate, as the power of consumption will be so greatly checked by the inability of the other classes of the community to obtain good prices for their products. Nor do I expect any considerable *general* rise in Stocks during the next six months—because I do not anticipate that there will be much more money available for such investments than at present. That the circulation of the New-York, Philadelphia, and New England banks will be increased is very probable —but this increase will not be produced by any desire on the part of their managers to expand, but only by the increased demand for accommodation by their customers, as business becomes more active—and such an increase in the amount of money, strictly proportioned to the increased demand for it, will not make it cheaper or more abundant for other purposes than those of trade. Then the balance of the United States Loan, which there appears no hope of nogotiating in Europe, will have to be disposed of here —and will absorb a good deal of the capital available for investment in stocks. Capitalists are now hesitating to invest even in such stocks as they have a good opinion of, because, low as they now are, they are not confident that they will not decline still farther, having observed the downward tendency of all things so long, that they have lost all faith in their beginning to rise again. This feeling will diminish when they find that many months have passed without any further decline, and some of the money which is now kept floating in loans may be transferred to stocks, and thus produce some improvement. However, the great bulk of American State Stocks being held in England, it will be hard for any material improvement to take place without an improvement in the feeling respecting them in that country. And this is not likely to occur, as respects that part of the State Stocks on which interest is not paid, for the next six months, because it is not likely that any effort, at least any effectual effort, will be made within that time to resume payment on any of them. I should think, however, that the abundance of money must produce an improvement in the demand for such of them as are still paying their interest, and will certainly continue to pay it—as people will begin to distinguish between the good and the bad, and understand that the causes which have led to repudiation or failure to pay in part of the States are not at all likely to operate in many others.

Looking farther ahead, to a time when the effects of all the present checks and embarrassments shall have been worked off, there can be no doubt that we shall see the United States continue to advance in the essential elements of prosperity, i. e. in population, in the amount of annual production, and in the accumulation of fixed capital, as rapidly as ever. In fact, this process is even now going on at the same rate as usual in the two former respects, though a check has been given to the investment of labor in new works, such as railroads, canals, factories, ships, etc., by the want of profitable openings, the scarcity of money, and the damp that has been cast over all enterprise.

But a doubt has occurred to me, whether the *money value* of the annual production of the country will increase in the same proportion with population and the *quantity* of products raised or articles manufactured; in other words, whether the chief products of American industry will regain the standard of prices of former years, or whether they will not settle down permanently to a lower scale of prices, occasioning a fall in the productiveness, reckoned in money, of an American's day's labor, and therefore a corresponding fall in wages. I am not now referring to the unnatural rise occasioned by the expansion of the paper currency, which will certainly not be recovered, but to the average prices of the ten years preceding that expansion, during which the natural value of commodities was not disturbed either by the inflation of the balloon, or by the subsequent collapse.

This doubt has been suggested to me by the following considerations. If I understand rightly, in a country which does not produce the precious metals, the value in money of the product of a day's labor depends on the price commanded in the general market of the world by such quantity of the usual articles of export from the said country as is there produced by a day's labor. It is clear that the price of these articles of export themselves will be regulated by the prices of foreign markets—and as labor cannot continue to be either more or less profitable in one branch of industry than another in the same country, the price of the product of a day's labor bestowed on such articles as are not exported must conform itself to the same standard. Now, for a great many years past, the product of a day's labor in the United States has yielded a higher price than in any other country in the world. This appears from the fact that the wages of labor have been higher there than anywhere else, and that profits, that is, all that part of the product of labor which is not paid to the laborer as wages, have also been high. Looking for the causes of this superiority, one is, that a day's labor in the United States includes more labor than a day's labor in any other country—certainly more than in any other country with the exception of England. An American works quicker and longer too. You will have the best idea of this by considering that all labor in America resembles labor by *piece work* in England; and if you turn to navigators excavating earth for a railroad by the yard, or mowers mowing by the acre, when there is a scarcity of hands, you will understand the character of that kind of unskilled labor which obtains such high wages here. Another cause of the high earnings of a part of the American population is

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their great readiness and ingenuity. These qualities, the quickness with which they make new improvements, or apply those made in other countries, and the superior skill with which they carry on particular manufactures, have enabled them to compete, in particular cases, with the lower rates of wages of other countries.

But these are causes of partial operation. The great cause which has enabled the United States in full communication with other countries, and importing largely, to maintain such high rates of wages, has been the high price of her great staple of export, cotton. It is true that the cultivation of this staple has been carried on by slave labor, and not by the free white laborers, and confined to one part of the Union; but as the effect of the great stimulus given to the cotton cultivation was to withdraw the slave labor from other kinds of cultivation in which they competed with the free laborers, and as in consequence of such withdrawal the South purchased its provisions from the free States to a very great extent, the latter derived the full benefit from the prosperity of the south. At present the production of cotton throughout the world is evidently fully equalized with the demand, partly from the great extension of the cotton planting in the United States, and partly from the increase of the cultivation of the plant in other countries. Henceforth the southern planters must content themselves with moderate profits, obtained only by the conduct of their cultivation in the most economical manner: they will raise the bulk of their provisions themselves; in the tobacco growing States, where the land has been exhausted by the exclusive cultivation of the plant, the diversion of the slave labor to ordinary agriculture will be carried to a still greater extent; and the free States will thus find themselves, in great measure, deprived of the southern market, in which they formerly obtained such good prices. They can regain it only by a great fall in the price of their provisions, sufficient to render it more profitable for the planter to purchase than to grow for himself.

Where, then, are the free States to find a sufficiently extensive market for their wheat and provisions? The markets to which they have hitherto carried these have but a limited power of consumption, which has already been reached, and which shows a tendency rather to diminish than increase, because the tendency of things is towards an improvement in the agriculture of most of the countries which formerly depended on foreigners for food. In order to force an extension of these markets, the prices of American provisions must be reduced. The same is true of the British market, even supposing this perfectly open—as it is certain that American wheat cannot compete with the Polish, German, &c., except at prices much below the average of the New-York market in past years. Every thing, therefore, tends to prove that the natural level of prices for American agricultural products will henceforth be low. Then with respect to their manufactures, so far as these come in competition with the European, they must fall to the same level; and even with a protected home market we know that manufacturing industry cannot permanently receive a higher reward, in proportion to the toil and skill employed, than agricultural, and must be dragged down to the same level of prices. This is the natural tendency of things, even with the present population and productiveness of the United States. But the population is increasing rapidly, and, as I have elsewhere expressed an opinion, the great proportion of each year's addition to the population will turn itself, not to the planting of the South, nor to the manufactures and shipping of the North, but to the agriculture of the West. There will thus be (on an average of seasons) a constantly increasing surplus of agricultural products to be disposed of, without any corresponding increase in the foreign demand.

The fact is, that it is not natural for a country which is mainly agricultural to be rich in money wealth, or to be distinguished by high rates of money wages; but the contrary. High money wages and great command of money belong naturally either to countries which themselves produce the precious metals, or to such as have a great power of commanding them by a great superiority in the arts of commerce and navigation, or by the production of valuable and readily exportable articles. If the United States have been an apparent exception, it has been because in cotton they had an article of export the demand for which was immense and increasing, and of which they had almost a practical monopoly; because another part of their population made themselves profitable employments by their superior enterprise and skill in navigation, and all the branches of foreign commerce which required these qualities most; and because the agricultural portion of the people, after supplying these other classes and themselves, had no greater surplus than could be disposed of in various markets in which they were little interfered with by the competition of other foreigners.

For the future, the settling down of the price of cotton to it's natural average price, (i. e. to the lowest price at which it can be raised in an economical manner, with a living profit,) the approach to equality with the Yankees in maritime and commercial activity which other nations have been making during a long peace, and the continual increase in the agricultural surplus, will alter all these circumstances. The great West will become great in population, and abounding in all the necessaries of life; but she will not command any but very low prices for her products, money wages will not be high, and her power of importing foreign luxuries will be small in proportion to her population;—like other agricultural communities, she will be a cheap country. Her sons will not drink Champagne, nor her daughters wear French silks; they will not be a race of fine ladies and gentlemen, but of plain-living farmers. In the South also, the planters will be *farmers*—thriving farmers by virtue of their superior skill and energy in competition with the cotton growers of other countries, but thriving only by economy in their management and mode of living. They will, it is true, differ from other farmers in the very large scale on which a part of them will carry on their operations, and the proportionably larger incomes which they will realize. As to the agriculturists of the older States near the seaboard, the prices of their products will be regulated by the prices of the West, with the addition of the heavy expenses of transport—and this will allow them good profits on

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good farming, but not the high prices which they have of late years enjoyed. Lastly, as to the manufacturing classes, they must submit to the proportioning of their prices and wages to those of other classes, and this even without the influence of free competition with foreigners. For the effect of the excess of the agricultural producers, and the consequent glut of their products, being to drive part of this excess to manufacturing pursuits until the equilibrium is restored, the increase of the manufacturing class, and greater competition among them, will reduce their wages and profits to the level of the agriculturists.

The general decline in prices must fall either on the wages of the laborer, or the profits of the capitalist—as it is between these two that the whole price of every article is divided. The effect will be felt, first, by the capitalist—because wages always adjust themselves tardily and reluctantly to a rise or a decline in prices. This will be especially the case in a country like the United States, where the laborers have been accustomed to have their own way, and where they are not forced into submission by the imperative necessity of more thickly-peopled countries. In the Lowell Mills, for instance, I am told that there is no reduction in the wages of the young ladies—though the works are in great part suspended, and the profits of the owners are pretty well annihilated—because the hands, rather than work at reduced prices, go home to their families. The managers have, therefore, the option of paying the old rates of wages, or stopping the works altogether. There has been no reduction in the wages of farm laborers—although the fall in all agricultural products has been so great. The consequence is, that in the Western States, where the fall has been greatest (owing to the expense of transport forming a great part of the whole price when brought to market, and being a fixed item, which, when the price falls low, leaves very little margin for the producer), farming with hired labor cannot be carried on at all. The old wages, with new prices, swallow up the whole price of the year's produce. But this state of things will not continue. Even agricultural wages will have to descend to the level of prices. Among other classes of operatives, navigators, miners, and workmen engaged in various manufactures, which have been suspended during the bad times, a great reduction in wages has already taken place—because the pressure of actual destitution or excessive competition for work has been applied to them.

Supposing my facts, and the conclusions I draw from them, to be correct, it follows that the present extremely low prices of every thing, which all persons here look on as something monstrous and unnatural, are not far below the natural level of prices, or the level which must be expected in future. With respect to the great staple export, cotton, this may be considered as indirectly admitted by persons acquainted with the state of the planting States, when they tell you, that even at present prices, a planter who is out of debt, and manages economically, may make a fair profit. That the reaction from the inflated currency and speculative excitement of late years has driven prices below their natural level, and that consequently there is room for a considerable improvement, may be assumed as certain. And it may also be considered certain, that as specie flows into the country, and the return of confidence encourages a moderate increase of the paper currency, the margin, now left for a natural improvement, will be completely filled up. The establishment of a "national currency" (to use Clay's conveniently general expression) will accelerate this process, which would, however, be completed without it. But if the diffusion of this currency is intended to raise prices above the level which I suppose to be the natural one, then we have at once a renewal of the system of inflation, which is only practicable for a time, when there is such a disposition to lend in foreign countries as will allow the inflating country to go on with excessive importations without being at once pulled up—and even then must be ultimately followed by a reaction, as we have recently seen. When, therefore, the Whigs talk of a National Bank as a means of restoring the former prosperity of the country, i. e., the former scale of prices, they are flattering themselves with a fallacy, as may almost always be suspected when men rely on any legislative action as a cure for evils arising from the condition of the country.

I have said nothing of the effect of a high Tariff in checking or modifying the influence of the causes which I suppose likely to keep prices low. The arguments of the Tariff men are in a great measure founded on an indistinct perception of the tendency of things which I suppose to exist. They express the idea by saying that American labor, if exposed to open competition with European labor, must sink to the same scale of remuneration—and their remedy is to shut out European manufactures. I will not pursue the inquiry, how far this remedy would be effectual, because I think there is a practical answer to those who suggest it—viz., that a prohibitory Tariff is not consistent either with the extent of frontier of the Union, or with the temper of the people and form of Government, and that it will, therefore, be found impossible to make it a permanent part of their systsm.

Let us see what bearing these conclusions have on the question of the security and probable rise in value of the different classes of investments in the United States, in which English capitalists are interested. First, railroads and canals. I do not think these will be affected, as we have seen that the rates of toll have remained about the same through good and bad times (where they have been reduced, it has been from a cause quite unconnected with the depression of the times, viz., the competition of different lines between themselves),—while on the other hand the amount of traffic must continue to increase with the increase of population. Secondly, real estate in New-York and the other old States will not be much affected, if at all. The vicinity of the land in these States to the city and manufacturing population, and to the points of export, will always sustain its products at a fair price, while the thickening of the population will add continually to its value. Thirdly, Western State Stocks are touched much more nearly by these opinions. What all the defenders of these stocks, as eventually good investments, tell you is, that the States are at present unable to pay them—but that their means must be very greatly increased within a year or two by the return of fair prices for their produce, and will thenceforth continue further to increase with rapidity by the increase of their population. Now, according to the views which



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I have been stating, the present prices of produce in the West approximate much nearer to the natural level than people are willing to admit—and though the increase of population will bring with it a proportionate increase in the amount of production, the money value of the exports from the West, on which its power to pay a debt to foreigners depends, will not necessarily increase in the same proportion.

I agree with you in the opinion that manufacturers must increase in the United States; only I made this addition to your proposition, namely, that in connection with this increase, or rather preparatory to it, there must be a permanent fall in wages and general prices, so as to make the processes of mining and manufacturing as cheap here as in the other countries with which the American producers have to compete; because a manufacturer cannot exist in the United States on any other condition, except under a prohibitory Tariff.

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## THE HONEY-BEE AND BEE-BOOKS.

### INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

SELDOM have we perused an article with more interest than the following on the "Honey-bee." One would think it, from its title, intended only for the few who make bees their study or their care: but 'tis not so. It is a right down clever article, from the perusal of which no one can rise, without feeling glad that we afforded him the opportunity. The writer has exhibited learning, rhetoric, spirit, wit; and thrown around what might be deemed a common-place topic, a charm that holds us spell-bound. Only read it, and you will derive from it both pleasure and profit. In our boyhood we remember to have spent more than one happy night in the woods, in company with the bee-hunters, who had, in day-light, marked the hollow trees, which at night they felled, and from which they filled their pails with the sweet food, which the bees had sealed up in their cells: and on the beauteous fields of the far west, we have, since, often listened to the hum and watched the arrowy motions of the busy bee, as he alighted on flower after flower of the blooming prairie, to sip from them the nectar which he loves, and which he so bountifully shares with us, if we do not rob him of more than is meet.—ED.

**From the Quarterly Review.**

1. *My Bee-book.* By William Charles Cotton, M. A., Student of Christ Church, Oxon. London, 1842.
2. *The Honey-Bee, its Natural History, Physiology, and Management.* By Edward Bevan, M. D. London, 1838.
3. *Bees; comprehending the Uses and Economical Management of the Honey-bee of Britain and other Countries; together with Descriptions of the known Wild Species.* Illustrated with 36 colored plates. "Jardine's Naturalist's Library"—Entomology, Vol. VI. Edinburgh, 1840.
4. *The Management of Bees; with a Description of the Ladies' Safety Hive.* By Samuel Bagster, jun. London.
5. *Huber's Natural History of the Honey-bee.* London, 1841.
6. *The Bee-Keeper's Guide; containing concise practical Directions for the Management of Bees upon the Depriving System.* By J. H. Payne. London, 1842.
7. *Humanity to Honey-bees; a Management of Honey-bees on a New and Improved Plan.* By Thomas Nutt. Wisbeach, 1832.
8. *A Treatise on the Nature, Economy, and Practical Management of Bees.* By Robert Huish. London, 1817.
9. *The Cottager's Bee-book.* By Richard Smith. Oxford, 1839.

How the little busy bee improves each shining hour—makes hay when the sun shines—makes honey, that is, when flowers blow, is not only a matter for the poet and the moralist, and the lover of nature, but has become an important subject of rural, and cottage, and even political economy itself. If West Indian crops fail, or Brazilian slave-drivers turn sulky, we are convinced that the poor at least may profit as much from their bee-hives as ever they will from the extracted juices of parsneps or beet-root. And in this manufacture they will at least begin the world on a fair footing. No monopoly of capitalists can drive them from a market so open as this. Their winged stock have free pasturage—commonage without stint—be the proprietor who he may, wherever the freckled cowslip springs and the wild thyme blows. Feudal manors and parked royalties, high deer-fences and forbidding boundary belts, have no exclusiveness for them; no action of trespass can lie against them, nor are they ever called upon for their certificates. But if exchange be no robbery, they are no thieves: they only take that which would be useless to all else besides, and even their hard-earned store is but a short-lived possession. The plagiarist Man revenges himself on them for the white lilies they have dusted and disturbed, and makes all their choicely-culled sweets his own. But though he never tasted a drop of their honey, the bees would still accomplish the work that Providence has allotted them in fructifying our flowers and fruit-blossoms, which man can at the best but clumsily imitate, and in originating new varieties which probably far surpass in number and beauty all that has been done

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by the gardening experimentalist. Florists are apt to complain of the mischief the bee does in disturbing their experiments and crossing species which they wish to keep separate; but they forget how many of their choicest kinds, which are commonly spoken of as the work of chance, have in reality been bee-made, and that, where man fructifies one blossom, the bee has worked upon ten thousand.

It is certain, however, that the great interest taken in bees from the earliest times, and which, judging from the number of books lately published, is reviving among us with no common force, has arisen chiefly from the marked resemblance which their modes of life seem to bear to those of man. Remove every fanciful theory and enthusiastic reverie, and there still remains an analogy far too curious to be satisfied with a passing glance. On the principle of "nihil humani à me alienum," this approximation to human nature has ever made them favorites with their masters. And theirs is no hideous mimicry of man's follies and weaknesses, such as we see in the monkey tribe, which to us has always appeared too much of a satire to afford unalloyed amusement: their life is rather a serious matter-of-fact business, a likeness to the best and most rational of our manners and government, set about with motives so apparently identical with our own, that man's pride has only been able to escape from the ignominy of allowing them a portion of his monopolized Reason, by assigning them a separate quality under the name of Instinct. The philosophers of old were not so jealous of man's distinctive quality; and considering how little at the best we know of what reason is, and how vain have been the attempts to distinguish it from instinct, there may be, after all, notwithstanding the complacent smile of modern sciolists, as much truth, as certainly there is poetry and charity in Virgil, who could refer the complicated and wonderful economy of bees to nothing less than the direct inspiration of the Divine Mind.

Bees indeed seem to have claimed generally a greater interest from the ancients than they have acquired in modern times. De Montford, who drew "the portrait of the honey-fly" in 1646, enumerates the authors on the subject, up to his time, as between five and six hundred! There are, to be sure, some apocryphal names in the list — Aristæus, for instance — whose works were wholly unknown to Mr. Huish; a fact which will not surprise our readers when we introduce him as the son of Apollo, and the father of Actæon, the "peeping Tom" of mythological scandal. Aristæus himself was a patron of bees and arch bee-master; but no ridicule thrown upon such a jumble of names must make us forget the real services achieved in this, as in every other branch of knowledge, by the Encyclopædiast of Aristotle—the pupil of him who is distinguished as the "Attic Bee;" or the life of Aristomachus devoted to this pursuit; or the enthusiasm of Hyginus, who, more than 1800 years before Mr. Cotton, collected all the bee-passages which could be found scattered over the pages of an earlier antiquity. (Col. ix. 11.)

Varro, Columella, Celsus, and Pliny have each given in their contributions to the subject, and some notion may be formed of the minuteness with which they entered upon their researches from a passage in Columella, who, speaking of the origin of bees, says, that Euhemerus maintained that they were first produced in the island of Cos, Euthronius in Mount Hymettus, and Nicander in Crete. And considering the obscurity of the subject and the discordant theories of modern times, there is perhaps no branch of natural history in which the ancients arrived at so much truth. If since the invention of printing authors can gravely relate stories of an old woman, who having placed a portion of the consecrated elements at the entrance of a bee-hive, presently saw the inmates busy in creating a shrine and altar of wax, with steeple and bells to boot, and heard, if we remember rightly, something like the commencement of an anthem*—we really think that they should be charitably inclined to the older

* We saw lately published in a weekly newspaper the notes of a trio, in which the old Queen and two Princesses (of the hive) are the performers, the young ladies earnestly begging to be allowed to take an airing, while the old duenna as determinedly refuses. This apiarian "Pray, goody, please to moderate" grows louder and thicker, "faster and faster," till at last the young folks, as might be expected, carry the day; "and what I can nearest liken it to," says the writer, "is a man in a rather high note endeavoring to repeat, in quaver or crotchet time, the letter M, with his lips constantly closed.' This is a tolerably easy music-lesson: let our readers try. The fact, however, is that all this music is originally derived from a curious old book—"The Feminine Monarchy, or the History of Bees," by Charles Butler, of Magdalen (Oxford, 1634): at p. 78 of which work this "Bees' Madrigal" may be found with notes and *words*. Old Butler has been sadly rifled, without much thanks, by all succeeding bee-writers. He has written upon that exhaustive system adopted by learned men of that time, so that nothing that was then known on the subject is omitted. Butler introduced eight new letters—aspirates—into the English language, besides other eccentricities of orthography; so that, altogether, his volume has a most outlandish look.

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bee-authors, who believed that they gathered their young from flowers, and ballasted themselves with pebbles aganist the high wind.*

We shall have occasion to show as we proceed how correct in the main the classical writers are on the subject of bees, compared with other parts of natural history; but the book of all others to which the scholar will turn again and again with increased delight, is the fourth Georgic. This, the most beautiful portion of the most finished poem of Roman antiquity, is wholly devoted to our present subject; and such is the delightful manner in which it is treated, and so exquisite the little episodes introduced, that it would amply repay (and this is saying a gooddeal) the most forgetful country gentleman to rub up his schoolboy Latin for the sole pleasure he would derive from the perusal. We need hardly say that no bee-fancier will content himself with any thing less than the original: he will there find the beauties of the poet far outbalancing the errors of the naturalist; and as even these may be useful to the learner—for there is no readier way of imparting truth than by the correction of error—we shall follow the subject in some degree under the heads which Virgil has adopted, first introducing our little friends in the more correct character which modern science has marked out for them.

The "masses" of every hive consist of two kinds of bees, the workers and the drones. The first are undeveloped females, the second are the males. Over these presides the mother of the hive, the queen-bee. The number of workers in a strong hive is above 15,000, and of drones about one to ten of these. This proportion, though seldom exact, is never very much exceeded or fallen short of. A single family, where swarming is prevented, will sometimes amount, according to Dr. Bevan, to 50,000 or 60,000. In their wild state, if we may credit the quantity of honey said to be found, they must sometimes greatly exeeed this number.

"Sweet is the hum of bees," says Lord Byron; and those who have listened to this music in its full luxury, stretched upon some sunny bed of heather, where the perfume of the crushed thyme struggled with the faint smell of the bracken, can scarcely have failed to watch the little busy musician

"with honey'd thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,"

too well to require a lengthened description of her; how she flits from flower to flower with capricious fancy, not exhausting the sweets of any one spot, but on the principle of "live and let live," taking something for herself, and yet leaving as much or more for the next comer, passing by the just-opening and faded flowers, and deigning to notice not even one out of five that are full-blown, combining the philosophy of the Epicurean and Eclectic;—or still more like some fastidious noble, on the grand tour, with all the world before him, hurrying on in restless haste from place to place, skimming over the surface or tasting the sweets of society, carrying off some memento from every spot he has lit upon, and yet leaving plenty to be gleaned by the next traveller, dawdling in one place he knows not why, whisking by another which would have amply repaid his stay, and still pressing onwards as if in search of something, he knows not what—though he too often fails to carry home the same proportion of happiness that his compeer does of honey.

"A bee among the flowers in spring," says Paley, "is one of the cheerfullest objects that can be looked upon. Its life appears to be all enjoyment: *so busy and so pleased.*"

The Drone may be known by the noise he makes. Hence his name. He has been the butt of all who have ever written about bees, and is indeed a bye-word all the world over. No one can fail to hit off his character. He is the "lazy yawning drone" of Shakspeare. The

"Immunisque sedens aliena ad pabula fucus"*

of Virgil. "The drone," says Butler, "is a gross, stingless bee, that spendeth his time in gluttony and idleness. For howsoever he brave it with his round velvet cap, his side gown, his full paunch, and his loud voice, yet he is but an idle companion, living by the sweat of others' brows. He worketh not at all either at home or abroad, and yet spendeth as much as two laborers: you shall never find his maw without a good drop of the purest nectar. In the heat of the day he flieth abroad, aloft, and about, and that with no small noise, as though he would do some great act; but it is only for his pleasure, and to get him a stomach, and

* The latter mistake arose probably from the mason-bee, which carries sand wherewith to construct its nest. For an account of the 145 varieties of English bees, consult Kirby's "*Monographia Apum Angliæ.*"

* Virgil, who has confounded their battles with their swarming, seems also to have made a Drone-king. What else can this mean—

"Ille horridus alter
Desidiâ, latumque trahens inglorius alvum?"

then returns he presently to his cheer." This is no bad portrait of the burly husband of the hive. He is a proper Sir John Falstaff, a gross fat animal, cowardly, and given to deep potations. He cannot fail to be recognised by his broad body and blunt tail and head, and the "bagpipe i' the nose." He is never seen settling on flowers, except at the beginning of August, when he may sometimes be met upon a late-blown rose, or some double flower that the workers rarely frequent, in a melancholy, musing state, as if prescient of the miserable fate that so soon awaits him. The occasion for so large a proportion of

"These lazy fathers of the industrious hive"

is yet an unsolved riddle. One author fancied them the water-carriers of the commonwealth. Some have supposed that the drones sit, like hens, upon the eggs;* in which case the hair on their tails would seem to serve the same purpose as the feather-breeches which Catherine of Russia had made for her ministers when she caused them as a punishment to hatch eggs in a large nest in the antechamber. But this is mere fancy, the earwig being the only insect, according to Kirby and Spence, that broods over its eggs. Dr. Bevan denies that they are useful, or at least necessary, in keeping up the heat of the hive in breeding time, which is the commonly received reason for their great numbers. Huber thought so large a quantity were required, that when the queen takes her hymeneal flight she may be sure to meet with some in the upper regions of the air. Her embrace is said to be fatal.

Last in our description, but

"First of the throng, and foremost of the whole,
One stands confest the sovereign and the soul."

This is the queen-bee. Her power was acknowledged before her sex was known, for Greeks, Latins, and Arabs always style her "the king;"† and it may be thought an argument in favor of monarchical government, that the "tyrant-quelling" Athenians, and republican Romans who almost banished the name with the blood of their kings, were forced to admit it to describe "the first magistrate" of this natural commonwealth. "The queen," says our old author, "is a fair and stately bee, differing from the vulgar both in shape and color." And it is amusing that the most sober writers cannot speak of her without assigning her some of those stately attributes which we always connect with human sovereignty. Bevan remarks that "she is distinguishable from the rest of the society by a more measured movement;" her body is more taper than that of the working-bee; her wings shorter, for she has little occasion for flight; her legs—what would Queen Elizabeth, who would not hear even of royal *stockings*, think of our profaneness?—her legs unfurnished with grooves, for she gathers no pollen; her proboscis short, for the honey comes to her, not she to the honey; her sting short and curved—for sting she has, though she seldom uses it.

In addition to these, Huber and others have thought that they discern certain black bees in many hives, but it is now generally allowed that these, if they exist at all, are not a different species, but superannuated workers.

Having "caught our hare," got our stock of bees, the next question is, where shall we place them? and there is little to be added to Virgil's suggestions on this head. The bee-house should face the south, with a turn perhaps to the east, be protected from the north and prevailing winds; not too far from the dwelling, lest they become shy of man, nor too near, lest they be interrupted by him. No paths should cross its entrance, no high trees or bushes intercept their homeward flight. Yet, if placed in the centre of a treeless lawn, they would be apt in swarming to fly away altogether, so that Virgil rightly recommends the palm or some evergreen tree to overhang the hive. Another of his injunctions, which no modern writer seems to notice, is to sprinkle some neighboring branch, where you wish them to hang, with honey and sweet herbs bruised. Those who have been so often troubled by the inconvenient places on which swarms have settled might do well to try the recommendation of the old Mantuan bee-master. A quiet nook in low grounds is better than an elevated situation; they have then their uphill flight when their bodies are unburdened, and an inclined plane to skim down when they come home loaded with their hard-earned treasure. Rogers, at whose

"cot beside the hill
A bee-hive's hum should soothe the ear,"

has supposed the bee to be guided back to its hive by the recollection of the sweets it passed in its outward flight—a beautiful instance of "the pleasures of Memory."

* "By this time your bees sit."—*Evelyn's Calend. for March.* "When it has deposited the eggs, it sits upon them, and cherishes them in the same manner as a bird."—*Arabic Dictionary quoted by Cotton.* "Progeniem nidosque fovent."—*Georg.* iv. 56.

† So also Shakspeare: "They have a king," &c.—*Henry V.*, Act I., s. 2.

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"Who guides the patient pilgrim to her cell?
Who bids her soul with conscious triumph swell?
*With conscious truth retrace the mazy clew*
*Of varied scents that charmed her as she flew?*
Hail, Memory, hail! thy universal reign
Guards the least link of Being's glorious chain."

Whether this be the true solution or not, her return to her hive, so straight as it is, is very curious. We are convinced of the use of bee-houses as a protection for the hives, though they are disapproved of by many modern writers. They serve to moderate the temperature in winter and summer, and screen the neighborhood of the hive in rough weather. Dr. Bevan says:—

"Excepting in peculiarly sheltered nooks, an apiary would not be well situated near a great river, nor in the neighborhood of the sea, as in windy weather the bees would be in danger of drowning from being blown in the water........ Yet it should not be far from a rivulet or spring; such streams as glide gently over pebbles are the most desirable, as these afford a variety of resting-places for the bees to alight upon." (This is almost a translation of Virgil's "In medium, seu stabit iners," &c.) "Water is most important to them, particularly in the early part of the season. Let shallow troughs, therefore, never be neglected to be set near the hives, if no natural stream is at hand."

It seems that bees, like men, require a certain quantity of saline matter for their health. "In the Isle of Wight the people have a notion that every bee goes down to sea to drink twice a-day; and they are certainly seen to drink at the farm-yard pool—

"the gilded puddle
That beast would cough at"—

when clearer water is near. Following the example of our modern graziers, a small lump of rock-salt might be a useful medicine-chest for our winged stock. Foul smells and loud noises have always been thought annoying to bees, and hence it is deemed advisable never to place the hives in the neighborhood of forges, pigsties, and the like. Virgil even fancied that they dislike the neighborhood of an echo: but upon this Gilbert White, of Selborn, remarks:—

"This wild and fanciful assertion will hardly be admitted by the philosophers of these days, especially as they all now seem agreed that insects are not furnished with any organs of hearing at all. But if it should be urged that, though they cannot hear, yet perhaps they may feel the repercussion of sounds, I grant it is possible they may. Yet that these impressions are distasteful or hurtful I deny, because bees, in good summers, thrive well in my outlet, where the echoes are very strong; for this village is another Anathoth, a place of responses or echoes. Besides, it does not appear from experiment that bees are in any way capable of being affected by sounds; for I have often tried my own with a large speaking-trumpet held close to their hives, and with such an exertion of voice as would have hailed a ship at the distance of a mile, and still these insects pursued their various employments undisturbed, and without showing the least sensibility or resentment."*

Next to the situation of the hive is the consideration of the bees' pasturage. When there is plenty of the white Dutch clover, sometimes called honeysuckle, it is sure to be a good honey year. The red clover is too deep for the proboscis of the common bee, and is therefore not so useful to them as is generally thought. Many lists have been made of bee-flowers, and of such as should be planted round the apiary. Mignionette, and borage, and rosemary, and bugloss, and lavender, the crocus for the early spring, and the ivy flowers for the late autumn, might help to furnish a very pretty bee-garden; and the lime and liquid amber, the horse-chestnut, and the sallow would be the best trees to plant around. Dr. Bevan makes a very good suggestion, that lemon-thyme should be used as an edging for garden walks and flower-beds, instead of box, thrift, or daisies. That any material good, however, can be done to a large colony by the few plants that, under the most favorable circumstances, can be sown around a bee-house is of course out of the question. The bee is too much of a roamer to take pleasure in trim gardens. It is the wild tracts of heath and furze, the broad acres of bean-fields and buckwheat, the lime avenues, the hedge-row flowers, and the clover meadows, that furnish his haunts and fill his cell. Still it may be useful for the young and weak bees to have food as near as possible to their home, and to those who wish to watch their habits a plot of bee-flowers is indispensable; and we know not the bee that could refuse the following beautiful invitation by Professor Smythe:—

"Thou cheerful Bee! come, freely come,
And travel round my woodbine bower!
Delight me with thy wandering hum,
And rouse me from my musing hour:
Oh! try no more those tedious fields,
Come, taste the sweets my garden yields:
The treasures of each blooming mine,
The bud, the blossom,—all are thine."

Pliny bids us plant thyme and apiaster, violets, roses, and lilies. Columella, who,

* Of Gilbert White—who by the way was not "parson of the parish," but continued a Fellow of Oriel till his death—all that could be heard at the scene of his researches by a late diligent inquirer was, that "he was a still, quiet body, and that there was not a bit of harm in him." And such is the fame of a man the power of whose writings has immortalized an obscure village and a tortoise—for who has not heard of "Timothy?"—as long as the English language lives!

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contrary to all other authority, says that limes are hurtful, advises cytisus, rosemary, and the evergreen pine. That the prevalent flower of a district will flavor the honey is certain. The delicious honey of the Isle of Bourbon will taste for years of the orange-blossoms, from which, we believe, it is gathered, and on opening a bottle of it the room will be filled with the perfume. The same is the case with the honey of Malta. Corsican honey is said to be flavored by the box-tree, and we have heard of honey being rendered useless which was gathered in the neighborhood of onion-fields. No one who has kept bees in the neighborhood of a wild common can fail to have remarked its superior flavor and *bouquet*. The wild rosemary that abounds in the neighborhood of Narbonne gives the high flavor for which the honey of that district is so renowned. But the plant the most celebrated for this quality is the classic and far-famed thyme of Mount Hymettus, the *Satureia capitata* of botanists. This, we are assured by Pliny, was transplanted from the neighborhood of Athens into the gardens of the Roman bee-keepers, but they failed to import with it the flavor of the Hymettic honey; for the exiled plant, which, according to this author, never flourished but in the neighborhood of the ocean, languished for the barren rocks of Attica and the native breezes of its "own blue sea." And the honey of the Hymettus has not departed with the other glories of old Greece, though its flavor and aroma are said to be surpassed by that of neighboring localities once famous from other causes. While the silver mines of Laurium are closed, and no workman's steel rings in the marble-quarries of the Pentelicus, the hum of five thousand bee-hives is still heard among the thyme, the cistus, and the lavender which yet clothe these hills. "The Cecropian bees," says C. Wordsworth, "have survived all the revolutions which have changed the features and uprooted the population of Attica: though the defile of Thermopylæ has become a swampy plain, and the bed of the Cephisus is laid dry, this one feature of the country has remained unaltered :—

> "And still his honey'd store Hymettus yields,
> There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
> The free-born wanderer of thy mountain-air."

The honey here collected used to be reserved for the especial eating of the archbishop of the district, and few travellers could even get a taste of it. Such was the case a few years ago: we presume the purchase of the Hymettus by a countryman of ours, Mr. Bracebridge, who has also built him a villa there, must have tended to abolish the episcopal monopoly.

It has been often discussed whether a country can be overstocked with bees; we believe this is quite as certain as that it may be over-peopled and over-manufactured. But that this is not yet the case with regard to Britain, as far at least as bees are concerned, we feel equally sure. Of course it is impossible to ascertain what number of acres is sufficient for the support of a single hive, so much depending on the season and the nature of the herbage; but, nevertheless, in Bavaria only a certain number of hives is allowed to be kept, and these must be brought to an establishment under the charge of a skilful apiarian, each station being four miles apart, and containing 150 hives. This is centralization and red-tapery with a vengeance! A story is told that in a village in Germany where the number of hives kept was regulated by law, a bad season had nevertheless proved that the place was overstocked from the great weakness of all the stalls in the neighborhood. There was but one exception. This was the hive of an old man, who was generally set down as being no wiser than his neighbors, and this perhaps all the more because he was very observant of the habits of his little friends, as well as careful in harvesting as much honey as he could. But how came his hive to prosper when all the rest were falling off? His cottage was no nearer the pasture. He certainly must have bewitched his neighbors' hives, or made "no canny" bargain for his own. Many were the whisperings and great the suspicions that no good would come of gaffer's honey thus mysteriously obtained. The old man bore all these surmises patiently; the honey-harvest came round, and when he had stored away just double what any of the rest had saved, he called his friends and neighbors together, took them into his garden and said—"If you had been more charitable in your opinions, I would have told you my secret before—

> 'This is the only witchcraft I have used:"—

and he pointed to the inclination of his hives—one degree more to the east than was generally adopted. The conjuration was soon cleared up; the sun came upon his hives an hour or two sooner by this movement, and his bees were up and stirring, and had secured a large share of the morning's honey, before his neighbors' bees had roused themselves for the day. Mr. Cotton, who gives the outline of the story which we have ventured to fill up, quotes the proverb that "early birds pick up most worms," and draws

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the practical moral, in which we heartily concur, that your bedroom-window should always, if possible, face the east.

In an arable country, with little waste land and good farming, very few stocks can be supported; and this has led some enthusiastic bee-masters to regret the advancement of agriculture, and the consequent decrease of wild flowers—or weeds, according to the eye that views them—and the enclosure of wastes and commons.* Even a very short distance will make a great difference in the amount of honey collected. We know of an instance where a bee-keeper at Carshalton in Surrey, suspecting, from the fighting of his bees and other signs, that there was not pasturage enough in the immediate neighborhood, conveyed away one of his lightest and most worthless hives, and hid it in the Woodmansterne furzes, a distance of about a mile and a half. Fortunately it lay there undiscovered, and on removing it home he found that it had become one of his heaviest hives. We mention this as a case coming under our own knowledge, because a late writer, who has shown rather a waspish disposition in his attacks on Mr. Cotton's system, seems to question not only the advantage, but the practicability of the transportation of hives altogether. But the fact is, that in the north of England and in Scotland, where there are large tracts of heather-land apart from any habitation, nothing is more common than for the bee-masters of the towns and villages to submit their hives during the honey season to the care of the shepherd of the district. "About six miles from Edinburgh," says Dr. Bevan, "at the foot of one of the Pentland Hills, stands Logan House, supposed to be the residence of the Sir William Worthy celebrated by Allan Ramsay in his 'Gentle Shepherd.' The house is at present occupied by a shepherd, who about the beginning of August receives about a hundred bee-hives from his neighbors resident beyond the hills, that the bees may gather honey from the luxuriant blossoms of the mountain-heather." Mr. Cotton saw a man in Germany who had two hundred stocks, which he managed to keep all rich by changing their places as soon as the honey-season varied. "Sometimes he sends them to the moors, sometimes to the meadows, sometimes to the forest, and sometimes to the hills." He also speaks of it being no very uncommon sight in Switzerland to see a man journeying with a bee-hive at his back.

There is something very interesting and Arcadian in this leading of the bees out to pasture, and it deserves more attention than it has yet met with in this country. The transportation we have hitherto spoken of is only to a short distance and on a small scale; but in Germany travelling caravans of these little wild-beasts may be met with, which sometimes make a journey of thirty miles, taking four days to perform it. There is nothing new in this transmigration, for Columella tells us that the inhabitants of Achaia sent their hives into Attica to benefit by the later-blowing flowers. The most pleasing picture, however, of all, is that of the floating bee-houses of the Nile, mentioned by old and modern writers, and thus described by Dr. Bevan:—

"In Lower Egypt, where the flower harvest is not so early by several weeks as in the upper districts of that country, this practice of transportation is carried on to a considerable extent. About the end of October the hives, after being collected together from the different villages, and conveyed up the Nile, marked and numbered by the individuals to whom they belong, are heaped pyramidally upon the boats prepared to receive them, which, floating gradually down the river, and stopping at certain stages of their passage, remain there a longer or a shorter time, according to the produce which is afforded by the surrounding country. Af-

* We can hardly ask, much less expect, that hedge-side swards should be made broader, and corn-fields be left unweeded, and the ploughshare be stayed, for the sake of the bee; but we do boldly enter our protest against the enclosure and planting of her best pasturage—our wild heath-grounds. And not for her sake only, but lest the taste, health, or pleasure of the proprietor himself should suffer any detriment. More strenuous advocates for planting than ourselves exist not. The dictum of the great Master of the North, "Be aye sticking in a tree, Jock, it will be growing while ye are sleeping" —put forth in the "Heart of Mid Lothian," and repeated by him in our Journal—has been the parent of many a fair plantation, and may it produce many more! But there are rush-bearing commons, and ragged banks of gravel, and untractable clay-lands, and hassocky nooks, enough and to spare, the fit subjects for new plantations, without encroaching upon our "thymy downs" and heather hills The land of the mountain and the flood may indeed afford from her very riches in this respect to spare some of her characteristic acres of "bonny blooming heather;" and there are parts of the northern and midland counties of England that can equally endure the sacrifice;—but spare—oh, spare—to spread the damp sickly atmosphere of a crowded plantation over the few free, bracing, breezy heath-grounds which the south can boast of—Such a little range of hills we know in Surrey, lying between Addington and Coombe, now sadly encroached upon by belts and palings since our boyhood days. Only let a man once know what a summer's evening stroll over such a hill, as it "sleeps in moonlight luxury," is—let him but once have tasted the dry, fresh, and balmy air of such a pebbly bank of heath, without a tree, save perhaps a few pines, for a mile around, when all the valley and the woodland below are wet with dew and dank with foliage,—and then say whether such an expanse can be well exchanged for any conceivable advantage of thicket or grove.

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ter travelling three months in this manner, the bees, having culled the perfumes of the orange-flowers of the Said, the essence of roses of the Faicum, the treasures of the Arabian jessamine, and a variety of flowers, are brought back about the beginning of February to the places from which they have been carried. The productiveness of the flowers at each respective stage is ascertained by the gradual descent of the boats in the water, and which is probably noted by a scale of measurement. This industry procures for the Egyptians delicious honey and abundance of bees'-wax. The proprietors, in return, pay the boatmen a recompense proportioned to the number of hives which have thus been carried about from one extremity of Egypt to the other."—p. 233.

Such a convoy of 4000 hives was seen by Niebuhr on the Nile, between Cairo and Damietta. An equally pleasing account is given by Mr. Cotton of the practice in France :—

"In France they put their hives in a boat, some hundreds together, which floats down the stream by night, and stops by day. The bees go out in the morning, return in the evening; and when they are all back and quiet, on the boat floats. I have heard they come home to the ringing of a bell, but I believe they would come home just the same, whether the bell rings or no."—*Cotton*, p. 89.

"I should like," he continues, "to see this tried on the Thames, for no river has more bee-food in spring; meadows, clover, beans, and lime-trees, in different places and and times, for summer."

Happy bees, whose masters are good enough to give them so delightful a treat! We can fancy no more pleasing sight, except it be the omnibuses full of school-children that one sometimes sees on a fine summer's day making for the hills of Hampstead or Norwood.

Connected with their transmigration is the question of the extent of their flight. We believe that two miles may be considered as the radius of the circle of their ordinary range, though circumstances will occasionally drive them at least a mile more. We have read somewhere of a man who kept bees at the top of his house in Holborn, and wishing to find out where they pastured, he sprinkled them all with a red powder as they came out of the hive in the morning. Away he hied to Hampstead, thinking it the best bee-pasture at hand, and what was his delight at beholding among the multitudes of busy bees that he found there some of his own little fellows which he had "incarnadined" in the morning! The apiary of Bonner, a great bee-observer, was situated in a garret in the centre of Glasgow; and that of Mr. Payne, the author of the "Bee-Keeper's Guide"—a very useful and practical book, because short and simple—is in the middle of a large town.

Judging from the sweep that bees take by the side of a railroad train in motion, we should set down their pace about thirty miles an hour. This would give them four minutes to reach the extremity of their common range. A bee makes several journeys from and to the hive in a day; and Huish remarked that a honey-gathering bee was absent about thirty-five minutes, and a pollen-collector about half that time. The pollen or farina of flowers is doubtless much more plentiful and accessible than the honey. The same writer observed bees on the Isle of May, at the entrance of the Frith of Forth, though there was no hive kept on the island, which is distant four miles from the mainland. This is an amazing stretch of flight, considering the element over which they have to fly, the risk of finding food when they land, and the load they have to return with, if successful. Were they not wild bees of the island?

In speaking of the food of bees, we must not omit the Honey-dew. This shining, gummy substance must have been often noticed in hot weather on the leaves of the lime and oak by the most incurious observer. The ancients considered it either as a deposition of the atmosphere or an exudation from the leaves of trees; for to these opinions the "aërii mellis cœlestia dona," and "quercus sudabunt roscida mella," of Virgil seem to refer. Gilbert White held the singular notion that it was the effluvia of flowers evaporated and drawn into the atmosphere by the heat of the weather, and then falling down again in the night with the dews that entangle them. Its origin is certainly one of those vexed questions, which, like that of "fairy rings," yet require further light for a satisfactory explanation. At present it is impossible to reconcile the discrepancy in the observations of naturalists, some actually asserting that they have seen showers of it falling. To adjust the most common opinions, it is now generally admitted that there are two sources, if not two kinds; one being a secretion from the leaves of certain plants, the other a secretion from the body of an insect. Those little green insects, the aphides, which we commonly call blight, are almost always observed to accompany any large deposition of Honey-dew, and are said to have the power of jerking it to a great distance. The subject at the present moment is attracting great attention among our naturalists, and it is probable that the clash of opinions will bring out something very near

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the truth. That the aphides do secrete a saccharine fluid has been long known, and the bees are not their only fellow-insects who are fond of it. Their presence produces a land of milk and honey to the ants, who follow them wherever they appear, and actually herd them like cows and milk them!*

Much has been written upon the poisonous effects of certain plants, sometimes upon the honey, sometimes upon the bees themselves. Every schoolboy must remember the account given by Xenophon of the effect produced upon the Ten Thousand by the honey in the neighborhood of Trebizond. The soldiers suffered in proportion to the quantity they had eaten; some seemed drunken, some mad, and some even died the same day. (*Anab.* iv. 8.) This quality in the honey has been referred by Pliny and others to the poisonous nature of the rhododendron, which abounds in those parts; but from inquiries which we have made at Dropmore, and other spots abounding with this shrub, we cannot learn that any difference is perceived in the honey of those districts, or indeed that the common bee is ever seen to settle on its flowers. If the Kalmia latifolia be a native of Pontis, the danger is more likely to have arisen from that source, the honey derived from which has been known to prove fatal in several instances in America.

One remarkable circumstance about bees is the number of commodities of which they are either the collectors or confectioners. Besides honey and wax, there are two other distinct substances which they gather, bee-bread and propolis.

Before we knew better, we thought, probably with most of our readers, when we saw a bee "tolling from every flower the virtuous sweets," with his legs full of the dust of the stamens, that he was hurrying home with the wax to build his cell, or at least with the material wherewith to make that wax. We thought of Titania and her fairies, who "for night tapers crop their waxen thighs," and many other pretty things that poets have said and sung about them; or if in a more prosaic mood, we at least conceived that, if not furnishing fairy candles, they were laying the foundation for what Sir F. Trench calls "the gentleman's light." No such thing. Their hollow legs were filled with the pollen or farina of flowers, which has nothing whatever to do with the composition of wax, but constitutes the ambrosia of the hive—as honey does its nectar—their bee-bread, or rather, we should say, bee-pap, for it is entirely reserved for the use of their little ones. Old Butler had so long ago remarked that "when they gather abundance of this stuff (pollen) they have never the more wax; when they make most wax, they gather none of this." In fact they store it up as food for the embryo bees, collecting from thirty to sixty pounds of it in a season, and in this matter alone they seem to be "unthrift of their sweets," and to want that shrewdness which never fails them, for they often, like certain over-careful housewives with their preserves, store away more than they can use, which, in its decomposition, becomes to them a sore trouble and annoyance. They are said always to keep to one kind of flower in collecting it, and the light red color of it will often detect them as the riflers of the mignionette-bed; but we have seen them late in the season with layers of different colors, and sometimes their whole body sprinkled with it, for they will at times roll and revel in a flower like a donkey on a dusty road.

Whence, then, comes the wax? It is elaborated by the bee itself from the honey by a chemistry beyond the ken of either

* What follows is from the delightful "Introduction to Entomology" by Kirby and Spence. "The loves of the ants and the aphides have been long celebrated; and that there is a connection between them you may at any time, in the proper season, convince yousself: for you will always find the former very busy on those trees and plants on which the latter abound; and, if you examine more closely, you will discover that their object in thus attending upon them is to obtain the saccharine fluid—which may well be denominated their milk—that they secrete. . . . . This, however, is the least of their talents, for they absolutely possess the art of making them yield it at their pleasure; or, in other words, of milking them. On this occasion their antennæ are their fingers; with these they pat the abdomen of the aphis. on each side alternately, moving them very briskly; a little drop of fluid immediately appears, which the ant takes in its mouth. When it has milked one it proceeds to another, and so on till, being satiated, it returns to the nest. But you are not arrived at the most singular part of this history,—that the ants make a *property* of these cows, for the possession of which they contend with great earnestness, and use every means to keep them to themselves. Sometimes they seem to claim a right to the aphides that inhabit the branches of a tree or the stalks of a plant; and if stranger-ants attempt to share their treasnre with them, they endeavor to drive them away, and may be seen running about in a great bustle, and exhibiting every symptom of inquietude and anger. Sometimes, to rescue them from their rivals, they take their aphides in their mouth: they generally keep guard round them, and when the branch is conveniently situated they have recourse to an expedient still more effectual to keep off interlopers—they enclose it in a tube of earth or other materials, and thus confine them in a kind of paddock near their nest, and often communicating with it." How much of this is fanciful we must leave our readers to determine by their own observations; but let no man think he knows how to enjoy the country who has not studied the volumes of Kirby and Spence.

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Faraday or Liebig, being exuded in small scales from between the armor-like folds of their body. This was noticed almost contemporaneously by John Hunter and Huber, and confirmed by the most conclusive experiments of the latter. A legal friend, to whom we are indebted for much of our bee-law, thus records his own observation:—'I have often watched these fellows, hanging apparently torpid, after, as I think, a plentiful meal. Suddenly they make their whole persons vibrate like the prong of a tuning-fork: you cannot see their outline. This is a signal for one of the wax-collectors to run up quickly and fumble the lately-agitated gentleman with the instruments with which they hold the wax; and after collecting the scales, they hasten to mould them into the comb." What would our *bon-vivans* give if they could thus, at their pleasure, shake off the effects of a Goldsmiths'-Hall dinner in the shape of a temporary fit of gout and chalk stones?

Many in their schoolboy days, though we aver ourselves to be guiltless, having too often followed Titania's advice, and

"Honey-bags stolen from the humble-bee,"

need not to have much told them of how they carry about them their liquid nectar. "Kill me," says Bottom to Cobweb, "a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle, and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag." They never swarm without a good stock of honey in their inside, to enable them to make a fair start in their new housekeeping. The honey which they sip from the nectaries of the flowers probably undergoes some change, though it is but a slight one, before it is deposited in the cells. It was formerly considered a balm for all ills, though now deemed any thing but wholesome when eaten in large quantities. The following are some of its virtues, besides others which we omit, given by Butler. It is only wonderful that our grandfathers, living in the midst of such an universal medicine, should have ever died.

"Honey cutteth and casteth up phlegmatic matter, and therefore sharpeneth the stomachs of them which by reason thereof have little appetite: it purgeth those things which hurt the clearness of the eyes; it nourisheth very much; it breedeth good blood; it stirreth up and preserveth natural heat, and prolongeth old age: it keepeth all things uncorrupt which are put into it; and therefore physicians do temper therewith such medicines as they mean to keep long; yea the bodys of the dead, being embalmed with honey, have been thereby preserved from putrefaction," &c. &c.

The fourth product of the bee is propolis, or which we shall rather call bee-gum. It is at once the glue and varnish of their carpentry. With this resinous substance* (quite distinct from wax) they fix their combs to the sides and roof, fasten the hives to the stand, stop up crevices, varnish the cell-work of their combs, and embalm any dead or noxious animal that they catch within their hive:

"Caulk every chink where rushing winds may roar,
And seal their circling ramparts to the floor."—

Bees may often be seen settling on the bark of the fir, the gummy leaf of the hollyhock, or on the—we dare not use Horace Walpole's expression—varnished bud of the horse-chestnut. They are then collecting neither bread nor honey, but gum for the purpose above mentioned. Huish mentions a case of their coating over a dead mouse within the hive with this gum, thus rendering their home proof against any impure effluvium; but they were much more cunning with a snail, which they sealed down, *only round the edge of the shell*, thus fixing him as a standing joke, a laughing-stock, a living mummy (for a snail, though excluded from air, would not die), so that he who had heretofore carried his own house was now made his own monument.

As one of the indirect products of the bee we must not forget Mead, Metheglin† of Shakspeare and Dryden. It was the drink of the ancient Britons and Norsemen, and filled the skull cups in the Feast of Shells in the Hall of Odin. In such esteem was it held, that one of the old Welsh laws ran thus: "There are three things in the court which must be communicated to the king before they are made known to any other person:—1st, Every sentence of the judge. 2d, Every new song. 3d, Every cask of Mead." Queen Bess was so fond of it, that she had some made for her own especial drinking every year; and Butler, who draws a distinction between Mead and Metheglin, making Hydromel the generic term, gives a luculent receipt for the latter and better drink, the same used by "our renowned Queen Elizabeth of happy memory." The Romans softened their wine sometimes with honey (*Georg*. iv., 102.), sometimes with mead—mulso. (Hor., 1. 2, 4, 24.)

"The good bee," says More, "as other

* As a further proof of the minute attention with which the ancients studied bees, the Greeks had three names at least for the different qualities of this substance:—πρόπολις; κόμμωσις; and πισσόκηρος.

† The derivation of this word, which one would rather expect to be Celtic or Scandinavian, is very plausible, if not true, from the Greek: μέθυ αἰγλῆεν.

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good people, hath many bad enemies;" and though opinions and systems of management have changed, the bees' enemies have remained much the same from the time of Aristotle. Beetles, moths, hornets, wasps, spiders, snails, ants, mice, birds, lizards, and toads, will all seek the hives, either for the warmth they find there, or oftener for the bees, and more frequently still for the honey. The wax-moth is a sad plague, and when once a hive is infested with it, nothing effectual is to be done but by removing the bees altogether into a new domicile. Huish tells of an old lady, who, thinking to catch the moths, illluminated her garden and bee-house at night with flambeaux—the only result of which was that, instead of trapping the marauders, she burnt her own bees, who came out in great confusion to see what was the matter. The great death's-head moth (*Sphinx Atropos*), occasionally found in considerable numbers in our potato-fields—the cause of so much alarm wherever its awful note and badge are heard—was noticed first by Huber as a terrible enemy to bees. It was against the ravages of this mealy monster that the bees were supposed to erect those fortifications, the description and actual drawing of which by Huber threw at one time so much doubt on his other statements. He speaks of bastions, intersecting arcades, and gateways masked by walls in front, so that their constructors "pass from the part of simple soldiers to that of engineers." Few subsequent observers* have, we believe, detected the counter-scarps of these miniature Vaubans, but as it is certain that they will contract their entrance against the cold of winter, it seems little incredible that they should put in practice the same expedient when other necessities call for it; and to style such conglomerations of wax and propolis bastions, and battlements, and glacis, is no more unpardonable stretch of the imagination than to speak of their queens and sentinels.

An old toad may be sometimes seen sitting under a hive, and waiting to seize on such as, coming home loaded with their spoil, accidentally fall to the ground. We can hardly fancy this odious reptile in a more provoking position. Tomtits, which are called bee-biters in Hampshire, are said to tap at the hive, and then snap up the testy inmates who come out to see what it is allabout: if birds chuckle as well as chirp, we can fancy the delight of this mischievous little ne'er-do-good at the success of his *lark*. The swallow is an enemy of old standing, as we may learn from the verses of Euenus, prettily translated by Merivale:

> "Attic maiden, honey fed,
> Chirping warbler, bear'st away
> Thou the busy buzzing bee
> To thy callow brood a prey?
> Warbler thou, a warbler seize!
> Winged one, with lovely wings!
> Guest thyself, by summer brought,
> Yellow guest, whom summer brings!"

Many are the fables and stories of the bear and the bees, and the love he has for honey. One, not so well known, we extract from Butler. The conteur is one Demetrius, a Muscovite ambassador sent to Rome.

"A neighbor of mine," saith he, "searching in the woods for honey, slipt down into a great hollow tree; and there sunk into a lake of honey up to the breast: where—when he had stuck fast two days, calling and crying out in vain for help (because nobody in the meanwhile came nigh that solitary place)—at length, when he was out of all hope of life, he was strangely delivered by the means of a great bear, which coming thither about the same business that he did, and smelling the honey (stirre dwith his striving), clambered up to the top of the tree, and thence began to let himself down backward into it. The man bethinking himself, and knowing that the worst was but death (which in that place he was sure of), beclipt the bear fast with both his hands about the loins, and withall made an outcry as loud as he could. The bear, being thus suddenly affrighted (what with the handling and what with the noise), made up again with all speed possible: the man held, and the bear pulled, until with main force he had drawn *Dun out of the mire*; and then being let go, away he trots, more afeard than hurt, leaving the smeared swain in a joyful fear."—*Butler*, p. 115.

The bear, from his love of honey, acts as a pointer to the bee-hunters of the North, who note the hollow trees which he frequents and rubs against, knowing thereby that they contain honey. "The bears," said a bee hunter to Washington Irving, "is the knowingest varmint for finding out a bee-tree in the world. They'll gnaw for days together at the trunk till they make a hole big enough to get in their paws, and then they'll haul out the honey, bees and all."

Wasps are sad depredators upon bees, and require to be guarded against. The large mother-wasp, which is often observed quite early in the spring, and which common people call a hornet, should always be

* The ever-amusing Mr. Jesse says, "I have now in my possession a regular fortification made of propolis, which my bees placed at the entrance of their hive, to enable them the better to protect themselves from the wasps."—*Gleanings*, vol. i. p. 24. It may have been with some such idea that the Greeks gave the name "propolis," "out-work," to the principal material with which they construct these barricades; and Virgil has "munire favos." Did Byron allude to this in his "fragrant fortress?"

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destroyed, as it is the parent of a whole swarm. In many places the gardeners will give sixpence a piece for their destruction, and bee-masters should not refuse at least an equal amount of head-money. These brazen-mailed invaders take good care never to attack any but a weak hive: here they very soon make themselves at home, and walk in and out in the most cool, amusing manner possible. As an instance of the extent to which their intrusion may be carried, there was sent to the Entomological Society, in July last, a very complete wasps'-nest, found in the interior of a bee-hive, the lawful inhabitants of which had been put to flight by the burglars.

"But not any one of these" (we quote from the old fellow of Magdalen, from whom so many have borrowed without acknowledgment), "nor all the rest together, do half so much harm to the Bees as the Bees." And here again they too truly represent human nature. As riches increase, they set their hearts the more upon them. The stronger the stock is, the more likely are they to turn invaders, and of course they fix upon the weakest and most resistless of their brethren as the subjects of their attack. Then comes the tug of war; and a terrible struggle it is. Here is an extract from Mr. Cotton's note-book:—

"I was sitting quietly in the even of a fine day, when my sister came puffing into the room, 'Oh! Willy, make haste and come into the garden, the bees are swarming!' 'Nonsense,' I said; 'they cannot be swarming; it is August, and four o'clock in the even.' Nevertheless I was bound, as a loving brother, to see what grounds my wise sister had for her assertion. I got up, went to the window, and although I was at least 400 yards from my bees, the air seemed full of them. I rushed out to the garden; the first sight of my hive made me think my sister was right. On looking more narrowly, I perceived that the bees were hurrying in, instead of swarming out; and on peeping about, I saw lying on the ground the

'defuncta corpora vitâ
Magnanimûm heroum.'

They all had died fighting, as the play-book says, *pro hares et foxes.* My thoughts then turned to my other stock, which was about a quarter of a mile off. I ran to it as fast as I could; hardly had I arrived there, when an advanced body of the robber regiment followed me; they soon thickened; I tried every means I could think of to disperse them, but in vain; I threw dust into the air among the thickest; and read them the passage in Virgil, which makes the throwing of the dust in the air equivalent to the Bees' Riot Act;

"Hi motus animorum atque hæc certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescent." p. 319.

But all in vain. We know how often this same experiment has failed, though nothing can be more true than the rest of Virgil's description of the Battle of the Bees; but dust is certainly efficacious in causing them speedily to settle when they are swarming, whether it is that the dust annoys them, or that they mistake it for hail or rain.

There is yet one greater enemy than all, and that is Man. And this leads us to consider the different systems of management and harvesting which he has adopted; and some consolation it is that, various as may be the plans proposed, there is only one exception, among the many bee-books we have lately read, to the heartily expressed wish that the murderous system of stifling the bees may be wholly condemned and abolished. Indeed, if Mr. Cotton's statement be correct, England shares with the valley of Chamouni the exclusive infamy of destroying the servants whose toil has been so serviceable. Cobbet says it is whimsical to save the bees, if you take the honey; but on the other hand, to sacrifice them for the sake of it, is killing the goose for her golden eggs. A middle line is the safest: take a part. First, be sure that you leave enough to carry a stock fairly through the winter—say 30lbs., hive and all—and the surplus is rightly your own, for the hives and the flowers you have found them, and the trouble and time you have bestowed. To devise such a method has engaged the attention of English bee-masters for many generations back; and to eke out the hive by a temporary chamber which may be removed at pleasure, has been the plan most commonly proposed. Dr. Bevan (pp. 115, 120) gives a detailed account of the different schemes, to which we refer our readers curious in such matters. There can be but three ways of adding to a hive—first, at the top, by extra boxes, small hives, caps, or bell-glasses, which may be called generally the storifying system—(we use the bee-man's vocabulary as we find it); secondly, at the side, by box, &c., called the collateral system; and thirdly, by inserting additional room at the bottom, called nadiring. To enter into all the advantages and disadvantages of these plans would be to write a volume; we must therefore content ourselves with Dr. Bevan's general rule, which we think experience fully bears out, that old stocks should be *supered* and swarms be *nadired.* Side-boxes are the leading feature of Mr. Nutt's plan, about which so much has been written and lectured—but that there is nothing new in this, the title of a pamphlet published in 1756 by the Rev. Stephen White, "*Collateral Bee-*

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*boxes*," will sufficiently show. The object of Mr. Nutt's system is to prevent swarming, which he seems to consider an *unnatural* process, and forced upon the bees by the narrowness and heat of the hive, caused by an overgrown population. To this we altogether demur: the unnatural part of the matter is that which, by inducing an artificial temperature, prevents the old Queen from indulging her nomadic propensities, and, like the Gothic sovereigns of old, heading the emigrating body of her people. Moreover, with all his contrivances Mr. Nutt, or at least his followers, cannot wholly prevent swarming—the old people still contrive to make their home "too hot" for the young ones. But great praise is due to him for the attention which he has called to the ventilation of the hive. Whatever be the system pursued, this is a point that should never be neglected, and henceforth a thermometer, much as the idea was at first ridiculed, must be considered an indispensable accompaniment to a bee-house. To preserve a proper temperature within, the bees themselves do all they can; and it is quite refreshing to see them on a hot day fanning away with their "many-twinkling" wings at the entrance of the hive, while others are similarly employed inside, creating such a current of air, that a taper applied to the inlet of the hive would be very sensibly affected by it.* Mr. Nutt's book is worth reading for this part of the subject alone:—but our own experience, backed by innumerable other instances within our knowledge, is unfavorable to the use of his boxes; and even those bee-keepers who continue them, as partially successful, have not yet got over the disappointment caused by his exaggerated statements of the produce.

Before entering further on the varieties of hives, we must premise for the uninitiated that bees almost invariably begin building their comb from the top, contiuuing it down as far as room allows them, and finishing it off at the bottom in a rather irregular curved line. Each comb contains a double set of honey-cells, *dos-à-dos*, in a horizontal position. To support these in common straw-hives cross-sticks are used, around which the bees work, so that the comb is necessarily much broken in detaching it from these supports. Now it having been observed that bees, unless obstructed, always work their combs exactly parallel, and at a certain distance apart, a hive has been constructed somewhat in the shape of a common straw one, only tapering more towards the bottom, and having a lid lifting off just where the circumference is the largest. On removing the lid are seen bars about an inch and a half apart, running parallel from the front to the back of the hive, and these being fixed into a ring of wood that goes round the hive, are removable at pleasure. Now it is obvious that, could we always get the bees to hang their combs along these bars, the removal of one or two of them at a time would be a very simple way of procuring a fair share of honey without otherwise disturbing the hive; but how to get the bees always to build in this direction was the question. This Huber solved; he fixed a small piece of comb underneath each of the bars exactly parallel; the bees followed their leader, so that any one of the pendant combs might be lifted up on the bar, the bar be replaced, and the bees set to work again. This starting-point for them to commence from is called the guide-comb, and the hive itself, though somewhat modified, we have the pleasure of introducing to our readers as that of the Greek islands (*Naturalist's Library*, p. 188); the very form perhaps from which the Corycian old man, bringing it from Asia Minor, produced his early swarms;—from which Aristotle himself may have studied,—and which, no doubt, made of the reeds or oziers of the Ilyssus, had its place in the garden of Socrates—

"That wise old man by sweet Hymettus' hill."

We must refer our readers to p. 96 of Dr. Bevan's book for the later improvements upon this hive, as respects brood and honey-cells (for these are of different depths), and the fixing of the guide-comb, suggested by Mr. Golding of Hunton, who, together with the Rev. Mr. Dunbar, has rendered very valuable assistance to Dr. Bevan's researches.

It is no slight recommendation of Mr. Golding to our good graces to learn that so practised a bee-master has discarded boxes from his apiary, and almost entirely restricted himself to the use of straw-hives, and this not from any fancy about their appearance, but from a lengthened experience of their advantage. For ourselves, we dare hardly avow, in this profit-loving age, how many pounds of honey we would yearly sacrifice for the sake of preserving

* Perhaps Dr. Reed might take a hint from them in place of his monstrous apparatus and towers that out-Babel Babel. It never can be that such furnaces and chambers and vents are necessary to procure an equable and pure atmosphere. When we have spent the £80,000 (we think that was the sum voted for this purpose for the new Houses of Parliament) we shall find out some simpler way.

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the associations that throng around a cottage-hive. To set up in our humble garden the green-painted wooden box, which Mr. Nutt calls the "Temple of Nature," in place of our time-honored straw hive, whose sight is as pleasant to our eyes as "the hum of murmuring bee" is to our ears!—we had as lief erect a Pantheon or a red-brick meeting-house on the site of our village church. If our livelihood depended on the last ounce of honey we could drain from our starving bees, necessity, which is a stern mistress, might drive us to hard measures, and, *secundum artem*, they being used to it, we might suffocate them "as though we loved them;" but to give up—and after all for a doubtful or a dis-advantage—the pleasant sight of a row of cleanly hives of platted straw, the very form and fashion of one of which is so identified with its blithe inhabitant, that without it a bee seems without its home—to cast away as nought every childhood association,—the little woodcut in Watts's Hymns,—the hive-shaped sugar-basin of the nursery,—the penny print that we have covered with coatings of gamboge—to lose forever the sight of the new straw hackle that jauntily caps it like the head-dress of an Esquimaux beau—to be no longer cheered in the hot dusty city by the refreshing symbol that "babbles of green fields" in the midst of a hardwareman's shop—this would be too much for us, even though we might thus have assisted, as Mr. Huish would say, "to unlock the stores of apiarian science, and disperse the mists of prejudice by the penetrating rays of philosophy." We would rather bear the character of heathenish barbarism to the day of our death, and have *Hivite* written on our tomb. Seriously, it is no slight pleasure we should thus forego; and pleasure, simple and unalloyed, is not so cheap or so tangible a commodity in this life that we can afford to throw away any thing that produces it, even though it hang but on the gossamer thread of a fancy.

Apart, however, from all such considerations, which, think and write as we may, would, we fear, have but little influence with the practical bee-keeper, we are convinced that the moderate temperature which a straw hive produces, both in summer and winter, will not easily be conterbalanced by any other advantages which boxes offer; and as for management, there is scarcely any system or form to which straw may not be accommodated. One of the greatest complaints against it, harboring moths and other insects, might be obviated by two or three good coats of paint inside; and this too would save the bees from the painful operation of nibbling off and smoothing down the rough edges of the straw.

Those who have seen the beautiful bell-glasses full of virgin honey from Mr. Nutt's hives, which were exhibited lately either at the Polytechnic or Adelaide Gallery, and still more those who have tasted them on the breakfast-table, may perhaps fancy that boxes only can produce honey in so pure and elegant a form; but by a very simple alteration in the common straw hive this may be effected, as a reference to Mr. Payne's "Improved Cottage-hive" will show. His book is a very useful one, from its practical and concise directions, and perfectly free from any thing like being "got up." The only fault of his hive seems to be its flat top.

Mr. Bagster's book chiefly recommends itself to us by the promise of a new "Ladies' Safety Hive." We are always a little shy of these schemes for "Shaving made Easy," and "Every Man his own Tooth-drawer," which go to do away with the division of labor, and bring every thing "within the level of the meanest capacity;" and though nothing certainly can be more in character than that the lady-gardener should have her bee-house, where she may observe the workings and habits of this "Feminine Monarchy," yet, for aught we see, it is just as reasonable for her to clean her own shoes as to take her own honey. And yet this is the only object or new feature about Mr. Bagster's plan. Practically, we should consider his centre box to be as much too large as the side ones are too small.

The fact is, that safety from bees is not to be gained by any modification of hive or bee-dress whatever. If a man means to keep bees, he must make them his friends; and the same qualities which will ensure him golden opinions in any other walk of life are those which make a good bee-master. Firmness of mind with kindness of manner will enable you to do with them what you will. Like horses, they know if you are afraid of them, and will kick and plunge accordingly. Like children and dogs, they find out in a moment if you are fond of them, and so meet you half way. But, like the best-tempered people in the world, there are times and seasons when the least interruption will put them out—

> "ut fortè legentem
> Aut tacitum impellat quovis sermone molestus."

A sharp answer or a sharp sting on such occasions will only be a caution that we must watch our opportunity better for the

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future. He who rushes between contending armies must not complain of the flying darts; therefore in a bee-battle, unless you are sure you can assist the weaker party, it is best to keep out of the way. In very hot weather and very high winds, especially if one has much to do or to say—who does not feel a little testy? Bees are the same. There is one other case where interference is proverbially ill-taken—in domestic quarrels; and herein Mr. Cotton assures us that the female spirit is as much alive in the bee as in the human kind. When the time comes in autumn for turning the drones out of the hive (of which we shall speak more fully presently), many think they can assist their bees in getting rid of these unprofitable spouses, and so destroy them as fast as they are turned out; this uncalled-for meddling is often very fiercely resented, and the bee-keeper finds to his cost, like the good-natured neighbor who proffered his mediation on the "toast and bread-and-butter" question of Mr. and Mrs. Bond, that volunteer peacemakers in matrimonial strife

"Are sure to get a *sting* for their pains."

At all other times they are most tractable creatures, especially when, as at swarming time, they are in some measure dependent on man's aid. They are, as a villager once told us, "quite humble bees then." They undoubtedly recognise their own master; and even a stranger, if a bee-keeper, soon finds himself at home with them. What they cannot bear is to be breathed upon; and as people ignorant of their ways are very apt to begin buffeting and blowing when bees seem disposed to attack them, it will be serviceable for them to keep this hint in mind. The Rev. John Thorley, who wrote in 1744, gives a frightful account of a swarm of bees settling upon his maid's head—the fear being not that they would sting her to death, as stories have been told,* but that they would stifle the poor girl, for they covered her whole face. Presence of mind failed neither—he bade her remain quite still, and searched for the queen, whom her loyal people followed with delight as he conducted her safe to her hive. Sometimes, however, where presence of mind is wanting, or where they have been accidentally disturbed, very serious consequences ensue. The inhabitants of the Isles of Greece transport their hives by sea, in order to procure change of pasture for their bees. Huish relates (p. 287) that

"Not long ago a hive on one of these vessels was overturned, and the bees spread themselves over the whole vessel. They attacked the sailors with great fury, who, to save themselves, swam ashore. They could not return to their boat until the bees were in a state of tranquillity, having previously provided themselves with proper ingredients for creating a smoke, to suffocate the bees in case of a renewal of their hostility."

The Bee-volume of the "Naturalist's Library" supplies us with an anecdote, in which the anger of the bees was turned to a more profitable purpose—

"A small privateer with forty or fifty men, having on board some hives made of earthenware full of bees, was pursued by a Turkish galley manned by 500 seamen and soldiers. As soon as the latter came alongside, the crew of the privateer mounted the rigging with their hives, and hurled them down on the deck of the galley. The Turks, astonished at this novel mode of warfare, and unable to defend themselves from the stings of the enraged bees, became so terrified that they thought of nothing but how to escape their fury; while the crew of the small vessel, defended by masks and gloves, flew upon their enemies sword in hand, and captured the vessel almost without resistance."—p. 194.

It must strike the reader how well-furnished this vessel must have been to afford on the moment "masks and gloves" for forty or fifty men. In these disturbed times the following receipt to disperse a mob may perhaps be found useful. We have heard of a water-engine being effectively employed in the same service.

"During the confusion occasioned by a time of war in 1525, a mob of peasants, assembling in Hohnstein, in Thuringia, attempted to pillage the house of the minister of Eleude, who, having in vain employed all his eloquence to dissuade them from their design, ordered his domestics to fetch his bee-hives and throw them in the middle of this furious mob. The effect was what might be expected; they were immediately put to flight, and happy to escape unstung."—*Nat. Lib.*, p. 195.

As we should be sorry to arouse the fears of our readers, our object being rather to enamor them of bees, we will console them—too much perhaps in the fashion of Job's friends—with an anecdote which appeared lately in a Scotch newspaper, of an elderly gentleman upon whose face a swarm of bees alighted. With great presence of mind he lifted up his hat, hive-like, over his head, when the bees, by their natural instinct, at

* For fatal cases, one of which is related by Mr. Lawrence in his Surgical Lectures, see Dr. Bevan, p. 333. Animals have been frequently fatally attacked by them. Butler tells of "a horse in the heat of the day looking over a hedge, on the other side of which was a stall of bees; while he stood nodding with his head, as his manner is, because of the flies, the bees fell upon him, and killed him." This exemplifies the proverb of the danger to some folk in "looking over a hedge."

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once recognising so convenient a home, betook themselves to his head-gear—it surely must have been a *wide-awake*—which he then quietly conveyed into his garden. Had he fidgeted and flustered, as most old gentlemen—and young ones too—would have done in his situation, he would doubtless have presented the same pitiable object that our readers must remember in Hood's ludicrous sketch of "an unfortunate *Bee-ing*."

One of the most dangerous services, as may well be imagined, is that of taking their honey, when this is attempted without suffocating, or stupefying, or any of those other methods which leave the hive free. This should be done in the middle of a fine day when most of the bees are abroad; and then in those hives where the removal can be made from the top the danger is more imaginative than real. The common barbarous plan is to suffocate the whole stock with sulphur, and then, as dead men tell no tales, and dead bees do not use theirs, it is very easy to cut out the comb at your leisure. But in any case Mr. Cotton's plan is far preferable. Instead of suffocating, he stupefies them. Instead of the brimstone-match, he gathers, when half ripe, a fungus (*F. pulverulentus*) which grows in damp meadows, which country-folk call "puff-balls," or "frog's cheese," or "bunt," or "puckfist," dries it till it will hold fire like tinder, and then applies it to the hive in what he calls a "smoker." The bees being thus rendered quite harmless, any operation of the hive, such as taking the honey, cutting out old comb, removing the queen, or joining stocks. may be most easily performed. The bees may be then handled like a sample of grain. This plan of fumigation—which he does not profess himself the author of, but to have borrowed from the work of the before-mentioned Mr. Thorley, reprinted in the "Bee-book"—we consider as the most valuable of the practical part of Mr. Cotton's book,—practical, we mean, to apiarian purposes; for there is excellent advice leavened up with the bee-matter, which will apply equally to all readers. The rest of his system, with which we own ourselves to have been a little puzzled, is too near an approximation to Nutt's to require further explanation or trial. We should guess from the present form of his book—which, originally published in the form of two "Letters to Cottagers from a Conservative Bee-keeper," is now sent forth in one of the most elegant volumes that ever graced a library-table—that he is convinced that his plan is not advantageous for the poor; and therefore, though upwards of 24,000 copies of his first "Letters" were sold, he has forborne to press further upon them a doubtful good. This is, however, our own conjecture entirely, from what we know of the failure of his system among our friends, and from what we gather of his own character in the pages of his book. In this we think he has acted well and wisely. Delighted as we ourselves have been with many parts of his volume, we think he has failed in that most difficult of all styles to the scholar—"writing down" to the poor. In saying this we mean no disparagement to Mr. Cotton, for we are not prepared at this moment with the name of a single highly-educated man who has completely succeeded in this task. Bunyan and Cobbett, the two poor man's authors in very different schools, came from the tinker's forge and the plough-tail. It is not enough to write plain Saxon and short sentences—though how many professed writers for the unlearned neglect even points like these!—the mode of thinking must run in the same current as that of the people whom we wish to instruct and please, so that nothing short of being one of them, or living constantly among them,

> "In joy and in sorrow, through praise and through blame,"

being conversant not only with their afflictions and enjoyments, and ordinary life, but even with their whims and crotchets, their follies and crimes, will fit a man to be their book-friend. Where a million can write for the few, there are but few who can write for the million. Witness the unread pamphlets, written and distributed with the kindliest feeling, that crowd the cottager's shelf. We grieve that this is a fact, but we are convinced of the truth of it. We grieve deeply, for there are hundreds of scholarly men at this moment, writing books, full of the best possible truths for the lower—and indeed for all—classes of this country, and thousands of good men distributing them as fast as they come out, in the fond idea that these books are working a change as extensive as their circulation.* That they are doing good in many quarters we gladly admit, but we will venture to say that there is not one among the many thousands published that will hold its rank as a cottage classic fifty years hence; and that not from want of interest in the subjects, but of style and tone to reach the poor man's heart. The mode of thought and expression in some of these well-meaning books is perfectly ludicrous to any one who has personal knowledge of

* The sale of such books is no test of their real popularity, as a hundred are given to, where one is bought by, the poor.



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a laborer's habit of mind. However, Mr. Cotton's book, though not quite as successful as we could wish, is very far indeed from partaking of the worst defects of books of this class. Indeed, he has so nearly reached the point at which he has aimed, that we feel continually annoyed that he just falls short of it. We do not think him happy in his jokes, nor at home in his familiarity. From the familiar to the twaddling is but a step, and a very short step too. His Aristotle has taught him the use of proverbs to the vulgar, which he has everywhere taken advantage of, though, with singular infelicity, he has printed them in a character—old English—that not one out of a hundred of the reading poor can understand. He translates a bit of Latin (p. 309) for the benefit of his "Cottager," but leaves a quotation from Pindar to be Greek to him still! (p. 283.) It is, however, want of clearness and method—great faults certainly in a didactic work—of which we have chiefly to complain in his "Short and Simple Letters;" but, taking the work as it comes to us in its present form, with its exquisite wood-cuts, perfection of dress, prelude of mottoes (of which we have not scrupled to avail ourselves), list of bee-books (which, though imperfect, particularly as to foreign works, is the first of the kind)—appendices—reprints—extracts, etc.,—we hardly know a book of the kind that has of late pleased us more. The ingenuity with which every ornament, within and without, introduces either the bee itself, or its workmanship, reflects great credit on the designer, and on the engraver, Mr. J. W. Whimper, to whose labors the author pays a well-earned compliment. Professing no sort of arrangement, it is the perfection of a scrap-book for the gentleman or lady bee-keeper.

The great interest, however, in Mr. Cotton's work lies in the conclusion. He is one of that noble crew, mainly drafted from the ranks of aristocratic Eton, that have gone out in the first missionary enterprise that has left the shores of England, worthy of the Church and country that sent them. The good ship Tomatin sailed from Plymouth for New Zealand on the 26th of December, 1841, St. Stephen's day, with a "goodly fellowship" of emigrants, schoolmasters, deacons, and priests, *with a Bishop at their head.* And we, an Apostolic Church, have been these many years in learning the first lessons of Apostolic discipline and order! wasting the lives and energies of an isolated clergy—a few forlorn hopes sent out without a commander to conquer the strongholds of heathenism. However, it is never too late to do well. The solemn ceremonial of the consecration of five bishops to the colonies, within the walls of Westminster Abbey in August last, which produced an effect on those who witnessed it which will not soon pass away, shows that the Church is not neglectful of her duties; though they, like the bishop of New Zealand, should have led the van on the foundation of the colonies instead of following after a lapse of years, when the usurpations of schism and disorder have more than trebled the difficulty of their task. There are among the crew of that gallant vessel—and not least of that number, the chief Shepherd himself, and our author Bee-master—men of the highest mental attainments, of the gentlest blood, on whom our Public Schools and Universities had showered their most honorable rewards, and to whom, had they remained in this country, the most splendid prospects opened—who have yet borne to give up all these prospects and sever all the ties of blood and old affection, to cross, at the call of the Church, in the service of their Master, half a world of ocean to an island unfrequented and barbarous, and where, for at least many years to come, they must give up all idea, not of luxury and comfort, but of what they have hitherto deemed the very necessaries of existence; and, what is more to such men, the refinements of intellectual intercourse and the charities of polished life. God forbid that we should not have a heart to sympathize in the struggles of those uneducated and enthusiastic, but often misguided men, who are sent out with the Bible in their hand by voluntary associations on a pitiable payment barely greater than what they might have earned with their hands in their own parish: it is the system and the comfortable committee at home with which we quarrel, not with the painful missionaries themselves; but while we grieve over the martyred Williams, we have nothing in common with that sympathy which is monopolized by the exertions of missionary artisans, enured from their cradle to a life of hardship, and which can feel nothing for the tenfold deprivations, mental and bodily, both in what they encounter and what they leave behind, which the rich and the educated endure, who are authoritatively commissioned to plant the standard of the Cross within the ark of Christ's Church in our distant colonies. It becomes us who sit luxuriously in our drawing-rooms at home, reading the last new volume in our

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easy chairs, to cast a thought from time to time on the labors of these men, of like tastes and habits with ourselves, and encourage them in their noble work, be it in New Zealand or elsewhere, not only in good wishes and easily-uttered "God-speeds," but in denying ourselves somewhat of our many daily comforts in forwarding that cause which they have "left all" to follow.*

But the connection which all this has with our present subject is, that in the same ship with this "glorious company," Mr. Cotton has taken out with him four stocks of bees: the different methods of storing away may be seen in page 357. Seizing, and, we are sure, gladly seizing, a hint thrown out in Mr. Petre's book on New Zealand, of the great honey-harvest in the native flowers, with no laborers to gather it, he is carrying out the first bees which have ever visited those islands. "I hope," he says—and who does not join in this hope of Bishop Selwyn's chaplain?—"that many a busy bee of mine will

'Gather honey all the day
From every opening flower'

of Phormium tenax in New Zealand. I hope," he adds, "a bee will never be killed in New Zealand, for I shall start the native bee-keeper in the no-killing way; and when they have learned to be kind to them, they will learn to be more kind one to another."

It is probable that the produce of the bees may be made useful to the inhabitants themselves; but we much question whether any exportation could be made of wax or honey. It is too far to send the latter; and, in wax-gathering, the domesticated hives can never compete with the wild bees' nests of Africa, which furnish much the largest amount for our markets. Sierra Leone, Morocco, and other parts of Africa, produce four times as much wax for our home consumption as all the rest of the world together. The only other country from which our supply has been gradually increasing is the United States, and that is but small. The import of wax altogether has been steadily declining: in 1839 it came to 6314 cwt.; in the last year it was but 4583. The importation, however, of honey has, in the last few years, increased in an extraordinary degree; 675 cwt. being entered in the year ending January, 1838, and 3761 cwt. in last year: the foreign West Indies, Germany, and Portugal, having furnished the greater part of this increased supply. The honies of Minorca, Narbonne, and Normandy are the most esteemed in the markets from their whiteness. We wish we could believe the decreased importation of wax arose from the more extensive cultivation of the bee in this country; but we fear that the daily—rather, nightly—diminishing show of wax-candles on our neighbors' tables, and the murderous system of our honey-farmers, combined with the increased consumption of foreign honey—(£12,000 worth of which was imported last year)—tell a different tale. It would be a better sign of bee-prosperity in England if the increase in the importation were removed from the honey to the wax; for the staple of the wax of commerce is the produce of the wild bee—of the honey of commerce that of the domesticated bee; and it is a singular fact, illustrating the history of these two species in relation to civilized and uncivilized man, that while the bushmen of the Cape look with jealousy on the inroads of cultivation, as destroying the haunts of the only live-stock they possess, the Indians of America consider the same insect as the harbinger of the white man, and say, that in proportion as the bee advances, the red man and the buffalo retire.

We have spoken of the possibility of bee-pasturage being over-stocked, and such may be the case in certain localities in England; but we are very confident that this is not the general state of the country. We are assured that hives might be multiplied in England tenfold, and yet there would be room: certainly, more than five times the quantity of honey might be taken. But then it will require an improved system of management, more constant attention paid to the hive, more liberal feeding in spring and autumn, and more active measures against their chief enemies. In all these matters we must look to the higher classes to take the lead. We know many, both rich and poor, who do not keep bees, on account of the murder they think themselves forced to commit: let such be assured that this slaughter is not only unnecessary, but unprofitable too.

* Great credit is due to the New Zealand company, who have consulted their interest as well as their duty in the liberality of their Episcopal endowment. There can be no doubt that the establishment there of a regular clergy will be a great inducement to the best class of settlers to fix on such a spot for the port of their destination. A large, though inadequate sum having been already collected for the general purposes of founding Colonial Bishoprics, we would now suggest to our ecclesiastical rulers that separate committees should be forthwith formed of persons interested in the several colonies, for increasing to something like a proper sum Episcopal endowments for furthering the cause of the Church in each particular see.

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But, on the other hand, let no one fancy that all he has to do is to procure a swarm and a hive, and set it down in the garden, and that streams of honey and money will forthwith flow. Bees, like every thing else that is worth possessing, require attention and care. "They need," said a poor friend of ours, "a deal of shepherding;" and thus, to the cottager who can afford to give them his time, they may be made a source of great profit, as well as pleasure. Our own sentiments cannot be given better than in Mr. Cotton's words:—

"I would most earnestly beg the aid of the clergy and resident gentry—but, above all, their good wives; in a word, of all who wish to help the poor who dwell round about them in a far humbler way, yet perhaps not less happily; I would beg them, one and all, to aid me as a united body in teaching their poor neighbors the best way of keeping bees . . . A row of bees keeps a man at home; all his spare moments may be well filled by tending them, by watching their wondrous ways, and by loving them. In winter he may work in his own chimney-corner at making hives both for himself and to sell. This he will find almost as profitable as his bees, for well-made hives always meet with a ready sale. Again, his bee-hives are close to his cottage-door; he will learn to like their sweet music better than the dry squeaking of a pot-house fiddle, and he may listen to it in the free air, with his wife and children about him."

The latter part of this has, we fear, a little too much of the green tint of Arcadia. It is seldom, indeed, that you can get a husbandman to see the peculiar excellences and beauties of his own little world; though it is only fair to add, where you find the exception, the bee-master is for the most part that man. The great matter is to get the man who does love "the dry squeaking of the pot-house fiddle," and the wet potations that succeed thereon, to keep bees: and this can only, and not easily then, be done by showing him the profit. Fair and good housewives—if ye be readers of the Quarterly—don't bore him with long lectures; don't heap upon him many little books; but *give* him a hive of the best construction—show him the management—and then *buy his honey;* buy all he brings, even though you should have to give the surplus to some poor gardenless widow. But only buy such as comes from an improved hive—and you can't easily be deceived in this—which preserves the bees and betters the honey.

Then when you pay him, you may read to him, if you will, the wise rules of old Butler—*exempli gratiá:*—

"If thou wilt have the favor of thy bees that they sting thee not, thou must not be unchaste or uncleanly: thou must not come among them having a stinking breath, caused either through eating of Leeks, Onions, Garlic, or by any other means; the noisomeness whereof is corrected by a cup of beer: thou must not be given to surfeiting or drunkenness," &c. &c.

He makes a very proper distinction, which our Temperance Societies would do well to observe, between a "cup of beer," and "drunkenness;" and indeed there seems to be a kind of bee-charm in a moderate draught, for Mr. Smith, a dry writer enough in other respects, says, "Your hive being dressed, rub over your hands with what beer and sugar is left, and that will prevent the bees from stinging them; *also drink the other half-pint of beer*, and that will very much help to preserve your face from being stung." (p. 34.)

We hold to the opinion already expressed of presence of mind being the best bee-dress, notwithstanding the anecdote told of M. De Hofer, Conseiller d'Etat du Grand Duc de Baden, who, having been a great bee-keeper, and almost a rival of Wildman in the power he possessed over his bees, found, after an attack of violent fever, that he could no more approach them without exciting their anger—in fact, "when he came back again, they tore him where he stood." "Here, then, it is pretty evident," says the doctor who tells the story, "that *some change had taken place in the Counsellor's secretions*, in consequence of the fever, which, though not noticeable by his friends, was offensive to the olfactory nerves of the bees." Might not achange have taken place in the Counsellor's nerves?

As Critics as well as Counsellors may be stung, we have, for our own good and that of the pubic, examined all the proposed remedies, and the result is as follows:—Extract at once the sting, which is almost invariably left behind: if a watch-key is at hand, press it exactly over the wound, so that much of the venom may be squeezed out; and in any case apply, the sooner of course the better, laudanum, or the least drop of the spirit of ammonia. Oil and honey, which are also recommended, probably only act in keeping off the air from the wound. The cure varies very much with the constitutions of individuals; but the poison being acid, any alkali will probably be serviceable.

But, with reference to the cottager, we must consider the profit as well as the sting; and that it will be fâr better to underrate than exaggerate. Tell a poor man

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that his bees, with the most ordinary care, will pay his rent, and he will find that your word is good, and that he has something to spare for his trouble; he may then be led to pay the same respect to his little lodgers as the Irish do to the less cleanly animal that acts the same kind part of rent-payer by them. But when the marvellous statistics of bee-books are laid before a laborer, their only effect can be to rouse an unwonted spirit of covetousness, which is more than punished by the still greater disappointment that ensues. Here follows one of those quiet statements, put forth with a modest complacency that out-Cobbetts Cobbett:

"Suppose, for instance, a swarm of bees at the first to cost 10*s*. 6*d*. to be well hackled, and neither them nor their swarms to be taken, but to do well, and swarm once every year, what will be the product of them for fourteen years, and what the profits, of each hive sold at 10*s*. 6*d*.?

| Years. | Hives. | Profits. £. | *d*. | *s*. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| 2 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| 3 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| 4 | 8 | 4 | 4 | 0 |
| 5 | 16 | 8 | 8 | 0 |
| 6 | 32 | 16 | 16 | 0 |
| 7 | 64 | 33 | 12 | 0 |
| 8 | 128 | 67 | 4 | 0 |
| 9 | 256 | 134 | 8 | 0 |
| 10 | 512 | 268 | 16 | 0 |
| 11 | 1024 | 537 | 12 | 0 |
| 12 | 2048 | 1075 | 4 | 0 |
| 13 | 4096 | 2150 | 8 | 0 |
| 14 | 8192 | 4300 | 16 | 0 |

"N. B. Deduct 10*s*. 6*d*., what the first hive cost, and the remainder will be clear profit, supposing the second swarms to pay for hives, hacklers, labor, &c."

Mr. Thorley, from whose book the above statement is taken, had better have carried it on for three years further, which would have given him within a few pounds of £35,000—a very pretty fortune for a cottager's daughter; the only difficulty would be to find a man who had heart to get rid of a capital that doubled itself every year. It is like Cobbett's vine, that on a certain system of management was to produce so many upright stems, and from each of these so many lateral branches, and on each lateral so many shoots, and on each shoot so many buds, and every bud so many bunches and pounds of grapes—so that you might count the quantity of wine you were to make on the day that you planted the tree. There is norhing like an array of figures if you wish to mislead. All seems so fair, and clear, and demonstrative—no appeals to the passions, no room for a quibble—that to deny the conclusion is to deny that two and two make four. Yet, for all this, the figures of the arithmeticians have produced more fallacies than all the other figures of the Schools. We shall enter, therefore, into an exact calculation of profit and loss, which is, after all, almost entirely dependent on the seasons and the degree of care bestowed. Statistics, such as Mr. Thorley's, might just be as well applied to the stock of graziers without any consideration of the number of acres they held; for he gives us no receipt how to find pasturage for 8,000 bee-hives.

Dr. Warden, a physician of Croydon, who wrote in the year 1712 a book called "The True Amazons, or the Monarchy of Bees,"—and of whom we can discover nothing more than that the front of his bee-house was "painted with lions and other creatures not at all agreeable"—found the neighboring furze of Coombe and Purley not "unprofitably gay," if we may believe his assertion that his bees brought him in £40 a-year: he might have passed rich at that time in such a locality, if his physician's fees brought him in an equal sum. That the ancients did not neglect the profit to be derived from their hives, we learn from Virgil's old gardener—to whom we cannot too frequently recur—and from two veteran brothers mentioned by Varro—the type perhaps of the Corycian of the Georgics—who turned the little villa and croft left by their father into a bee-house and bee-garden—realizing, on an average, 10,000 sesterces a year. They seem to have been thrifty old bachelors, and took care to bide a good market. Among the plunder of Verres were 400 amphoræ of honey.

We will now suppose that, having made up our mind on the matter of profit, and being sting-proof, we have got an old-fashioned straw hive, which we purchased in autumn for a guinea, safely placed under our heath-thached bee-house; that we have also got one of the improved Grecian straw-hives ready to house the first swarm in. Some fine warm morning in May or June, a cluster of bees having hung out from the hive some days before, the whole atmosphere in the neighborhood of the bee-house seems alive with thousands of the little creatures, whirling and buzzing, passing and repassing, wheeling about in rapid circles like a group of maddened Bacchanals. This is the time for the bee-master to be on the alert. Out runs the good housewife with the frying-pan and key—the orthodox instruments for *ringing*—and never ceases her rough music till the bees have safely settled in some neighboring bough. This

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custom, as old as the birth of Jupiter, is one of the most pleasing and exciting of the countryman's life; Hogarth, we think, introduces it in the background of his "Country Noises," and there is an old colored print of bee-ringing still occasionally met with on the walls of a country inn that has charms for us, and makes us think of bright sunny weather in the dreariest November day We quite feel with Mr. Jesse that we should regret to find this good old custom fall into disrepute. Whether, as Aristotle says, it affects them through pleasure, or fear, or whether indeed they hear at all, is still as uncertain as that philosopher left it, but we can wish no better luck to every bee-master that neglects it than that he may lose every swarm for which he omits to raise this time-honored concert.*

The whole matter of swarming is so important, that we should be doing wrong to pass it over without giving the following graphic account from the "Naturalist's Library:"—

"The laying of drones' eggs having terminated, the queen, previously large and unwieldy, becomes slender in her figure and more able to fly, and begins to exhibit signs of agitation. She traverses the hive impatiently, abandoning the slow and stately step which was her wont, and in the course of her impetuous progress over the combs she communicates her agitation to the workers, who crowd around her, mounting on her back, striking her briskly with their antennæ, and evidently sharing in her impatience. A loud confused noise is heard throughout the hive, and hardly any of the workers are observed going abroad to forage; numbers are whirling about in an unsettled manner in front of the hive; and the moment is come, to a considerable portion of the family, for bidding adieu to their ancient abode. All at once the noise of the interior ceases, and the whole of the bees about the doors re-enter; while those returning loaded from the fields, instead of hurrying in as usual, hover on the wing, as if in eager expectation. In a second or two, some workers present themselves again at the door, turn round, re-enter, and return instantaneously in additional numbers, smartly vibrating their wings, as if sounding the march; and at this signal the whole swarm rushes to the entrance in an overwhelming crowd, streaming forth with astonishing rapidity, and filling the air in an instant, like a dark cloud overhanging their late habitation. There they hover for a moment. reeling backwards and forwards, while some of the body search in the vicinity for a tree or bush which may serve as a rallying point for the emigrants. To this they repair by degrees, and, provided their queen has alighted there, all, or at least the greater part, crowd around, and form a dense group, sometimes rounded like a ball, sometimes clustered like a bunch of grapes, according to the nature of the resting-place they have fixed on." p. 138.

This first settlement is, without doubt, merely a rendezvous before their final emigration. If not hived, they will soon be off, and in a direct line, for some convenient spot which has been marked by them before. We have known them make straight for an old hollow pollard, the only one to be found within a mile or two of the hive. The old queen always accompanies the first swarm; and for this a fine day is reckoned more necessary than for the after-swarms, as it is the old lady, says Mr. Golding, that shows the greatest dislike to leave home in bad weather. If this swarm again sends forth a colony the same year, it is the same queen again who puts herself at the head of her nomade subjects. Indeed, notwithstanding Mr. Golding's remark, there is very little of the old woman about her.

There seems to be no unerring method by which the exact time when the first swarm will leave the hive can be determined—their hanging from the entrance being very fallacious—except by watching the general state of things within. With the after-swarms, however, there is a most curious and certain signs in the "piping" or "trumpeting" of the queen and the princesses, to which we have before referred. About the ninth day from the issue of the first swarm, if another colony is about to leave the hive, this singular duet, in most regular intonation, between the emerged queen and the princess still a prisoner in her cell, is heard; and, extravagant as the account may seem, and confused and embellished as it has been from the times of Aristotle and Virgil till recent days, it is now the practical sign by which every attentive bee-keeper judges of the time of emigration of the after-swarms.

The second swarm is called a "cast,"* the third a "smart," the fourth a "squib." A swarm from a swarm is called a "maiden or virgin swarm," and the honey is reckon-

* The story goes that the Curetes, wishing to hide the birth of Jupiter from his father Saturn, set up a clashing of cymbals to drown the noise of his infant cries:

'Cum queri circum querum pernice chorea
Armati in numerum pulsarant æribus æra,"—
*Lucret.* ii. 732.

The noise attracted swarm of bees to the cave where the child was hid, and their honey nourished him, hence the origin of *ringing*. Δοκοῦσι δὲ χαίρειν αἱ μέλιτται καὶ τῷ κρότῳ· κ. τ. λ.— *Aristot. H. An.* p. 299.

* The following dogged "proverbial philosophy" will give the supposed relative values of early and late swarms:

"A swarm in May
Is worth a load of hay;
A swarm in June
Is worth a silver spoon;
A swarm in July
Is not worth a fly."

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ed more pure. It seldom, however, happens that there are more than two from the same hive, except in such a year as the present, which has been a glorious bee-year. Such also was 1832; and there are on an average two good years in every ten. 1838 and 1839 were particularly disastrous to the bees.

It is time to say something of Her Majesty of the Hive. She is the mother as well as the queen of her people, laying from 10,000 to 30,000 eggs in a year, and it is not till she gives symptoms of continuing the race till the full tide of her subjects' affection is poured forth towards her. They prefer a Victoria to an Elizabeth. There are different cells formed for the queen, the worker, and the drone, and she deposits eggs in each accordingly. The bees, like a wise and loyal people as they are, do not stint their sovereign to the same narrow mansions as content themselves; they build their royal cells much thicker and stronger, and of more than twice the size: nay, unlike the surly blacksmith at Brighton, who hesitated to give up his house for the convenience of his sovereign, they think nothing of pulling to pieces and converting several of their common cells when royalty requires it, and vote with alacrity in their committee of supply every demand made for the extension and improvement of their sovereign's palace. When finished, their miniature Windsors resemble the inverted cup of an acorn somewhat elongated. We said that each has its peculiar cells, and that the queen lays only drone eggs in drone cells, and so on. But it has happened, either in her flurry or from some unaccountable accident, that a drone egg has fallen into a royal cell. Time goes on, and the egg swells, and becomes a larva, and then a pupa, and the bees feed it with royal food, watch its progress with anxious care, and hover in the antechamber in nervous expectation of the royal birth—judge then their surprise when, instead of a princess royal, out walks the awkward and mystified changeling of a drone. Their innate and extreme sense of loyalty does not at first allow them to discover their mistake; they crowd round about him, backing with reverence, as they always do in the presence of their real queen: meanwhile the foolish fellow, addled by their homage, and yet chuckling at his unexpected dignity, turns himself about with the incredulous stare of Hassan the sleeper when he awoke in the palace and robes of the khalif, and, with the strut of dear old Liston in the "Illustrious Stranger," so soon commits himself by his ungainly actions, that they quickly find out their error, and turn from him in unmitigated disgust. This scene has been actually observed.

It would be an endless work to recount the many stories told of the devoted attachment of these good people to their queen. Her presence among them is their life and glory. She is the mainspring upon which all their work, their order, their union, their happiness seems to turn. Deprive them of her, and all is confusion, disorder, and dismay. They seem to mourn for her when dead, and can with difficulty be withdrawn from her corpse. The following extract from a private letter describes such a scene as all bee-books are full of:

"Last year I was sent for by a lady, who, when she wants my assistance, sends all over the parish for me with a little note with the picture of three bees in it, and this calls me at once to her aid. One of her bee-hives—a glass one—I found when I arrived in the state of the greatest confusion, the inmates running up and down, and making a fearful noise. We soon discovered the reason of this. On looking about the bee-house, we observed her majesty quietly taking an airing abroad unknown to her subjects,—she had got through a hole which had been left for air. We thought it was time for her majesty to return home, so we quietly put her back to her subjects. Where all had been confusion perfect peace instantly prevailed—the news was communicated in a moment—the pleasure of the little loyalists was manifested by a gentle placid motion of their wings, and they returned forthwith to their former labors."

In this case the Queen had slipped out by a back door, wishing no doubt to enjoy that privacy and quiet which royalty so often sighs after; at other times, when she walks out in public, she meets with that respectful homage and freedom from interrupon which may read a good lesson to the British public.

"There I saw the old Queen-bee walking round the stone at the mouth of the hive as if she was taking an airing, and of all the sights I ever saw in my life nothing ever pleased me better. I would not have lost seeing it on any account—to witness them paying homage to her as she walked round in the open air pleased me exceedingly."—*Smith*, p. 91.

"Whenever the Queen goes forth to take the air, as she often does, many of the small bees attend upon her, guarding her before and behind. By their sound I have known when her majesty has been coming forth, and have had time to call persons who have been desirous of seeing her."—*Sydserff*, ch. iii.

With the alteration of a few words, who would not think this the description of the Terrace at Windsor, or the Chain-pier at Brighton, and of the English people when on their best behavior? All the wonderful

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tricks with which Wildman the bee-conjurer astonished the last generation were effected by taking advantage of their instinctive loyalty. He made the bees follow him where he would, hang first on this hand, then on that, or settle wherever his spectators chose. His secret consisted in having possession of the Queen, whom they clustered round wherever he might move her. Nor are they merely summer friends; the workers will defend their queen in the utmost strait, and lay down their lives for her. For they sting but once, and that sting is death to them; "Animàsque in vulnere ponunt." How many a human sovereign has been left in his last hours by those who had basked in the sunshine of his power! The bees teach us a better lesson. Dr. Evans, whose poem of "The Bees," though sometimes rather Darwinian, is extremely interesting and true to nature, gives in his notes this affecting anecdote:

"A queen in a thinly-peopled hive lay on a honeycomb, apparently dying; six workers surrounded her, seemingly in intent regard; quivering their wings as if to fan her, and with extended stings, as if to keep off intruders or assailants. On presenting them honey, though it was eagerly devoured by the other bees, the guards were so completely absorbed in their mournful duty, as entirely to disregard the proffered banquet. The following day the queen, though lifeless, was still surrounded by her guard; and this faithful band of attendants, as well as the other members of the family, remained at their post till death came kindly to extinguish both their affection and their grief; for though constantly supplied with honey, not a bee remained alive at the end of four days."

We must not, however, invariably expect the same conduct; perhaps, indeed, if it were so, it would lower the quality of the feeling, and reduce it to too mechanical an instinct. Bees, like men, have their different dispositions, so that even their loyalty will sometimes fail them. An instance not long ago came to our knowledge, which probably few bee-keepers will credit. It was that of a hive, which, having early exhausted its store, was found, on being examined one morning, to be utterly deserted:—the comb was empty, and the only symptom of life was the poor Queen herself, "unfriended, melancholy, slow," crawling over the honeyless cells, a sad spectacle of the fall of bee greatness. Marius among the ruins of Carthage—Napoleon at Fontainebleau—was nothing to this.

That the mother of so large a family and queen of so rich a store passes her honeymoon somewhere may be reasonably supposed, but such is her innate modesty that the time and scene of her matrimonial trip are still involved in the utmost mystery. Whether she loves the pale moonlight, or whether, as we are inclined to suppose with Huber, she prefers a bright May morning, and, hero-like, lights her torch of love on high, in either case she scrupulously shuns the curious eye of man, who has in vain endeavored to pry into those mysteries which she as industriously conceals.

If it should be thought surprising that men who have devoted their lifetime to studying the habits of bees have failed to come to any satisfactory conclusion on this subject, it will be far more a matter of wonder to learn what they have been enabled to discover. We allude particularly to the power possessed by the workers, when they have lost their natural monarch, of converting the grub of one of the common bees into a royal, and consequently prolific personage. Such an extraordinary assertion, first published by Schirach, though probably known in earlier times, may be supposed to have met with no ordinary opposition, but it has been confirmed by repeated observation and experiment, and is as well attested—thanks to Huber especially—as any such facts can ever be. Being so established, we may assert it to be (without any reservation whatever) by far the most extraordinary fact ever brought to light in natural history. Fully to comprehend it, we must refer our readers to the great differences we stated in the former part of this paper to exist between the workers and the queen, or rather to the more minute anatomical distinctions given by entomological writers; and then they are called upon to believe that, by enlarging three common cells into one, and feeding the worm not more than three days old with a peculiar food, richer than the common bee-bread—called, from its queen-making qualities, "royal jelly,"—not only is its body lengthened, its wings shortened—its wax-pockets and its bread-basket and down on its legs obliterated—its sting and proboscis altered in shape—its fertility developed—but all its instincts and habits so completely changed, that no difference whatever is observable, when it emerges from the cell, from the rightful queens, either in the character and duties it assumes, or in the reverence paid it by the masses. What would not Napoleon, when he assumed the purple, have given for some jars of this "royal jelly!"

We much wish that we had space to describe at length the jealousy and combats of rival queens, the senses of bees, and their

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architecture, and general economy of the hive; but half the interest of these things depends on that freshness and minuteness of detail which is best given in the words of the original eye-witnesses. It is only by a figure that we can include in this class him who has deservedly been placed at the head of all writers upon bees—the intelligent and enthusiastic Francis Huber. No one who ever hopes to be master of a bee-house should be ignorant of his services, nor of the difficulties under which he performed them. His name has been so long before the public that many will learn with surprise that he died, at the age of eighty-one, so late as December, 1831. An appropriate tribute* has been paid to his memory by his brother naturalist De Candolle, from which the following facts of his life are taken.

Among the witty and the vain who formed Voltaire's applauding clique at Ferney was one who, though remarkable in his own day even in so briliant an assemblage for his conversation and accomplishments of society, would scarcely have been remembered but for his more illustrious son. This was John Huber, the father of him who is the Father of Bee-masters; and Francis himself probably enjoyed the honor, at whatever that may be rated, of being patted on the head by the *patriarch* of Ferney; for he was a precocious and enthusiastic child, and the pride of his father, who imparted to him that love of science which, while it produced the misfortune, proved also the comfort of his life. One of his relations had ruined himself in the search after the philosopher's stone; and he himself impaired God's greatest blessing of sight at the early age of fifteen, by the ardor with which he devoted himself to philosophical studies. His father sent him to Paris to be under the care of the most experienced physicians; but though his general health, which had also given way, was restored by the sensible prescription of rural life and diet, the cataract baffled the skill of the oculist Venzel, and he was sent home with no better promise than that of a confirmed and increasing blindness. "His eyes, however," says his biographer De Candolle, "notwithstanding their weakness, had, before his departure and after his return, met those of Maria Aimée Lullin, a daughter of one of the syndics of the Swiss republic. They had been companions at the lessons of the dancing-master, and such a mutual love cherished as the age of seventeen is apt to produce." It was far too deep and too true an affection to run smooth. The father of the girl naturally regarded the growing blindness of the youth as destructive of all advancement in life, and positively forbade his suit. Meanwhile poor Huber dissembled his increasing infirmity as well as he could, and, with a pardonable fraud, spoke as though he could really see. There was at least language enough in his eyes for Maria Lullin, and she, as resolute as her father, would allow no subsequent misfortune to quench the light of other and happier days. At twenty-five, and not till then, did the law allow her to decide for herself, and seven long years was a dangerous trial for any girl's fortitude, beset with the remonstrances of her friends, and the daily vanishing hopes of restoration of sight to her lover. But she was nobly faithful. She was proof against all persecutions and persuasions; and when the seven weary years were at length over, she gave her hand where her heart had been given long before—to him, who, though her husband, could scarcely act the part of her protector. The youthful partners at the dancing-academy naturally ripened, as our Scotch friends can best understand, into partners for life. And she became not only Huber's wife, but his assistant in his researches; she was "eyes to the blind," his reader, his secretary, his observer.

No higher praise can be given to Huber than to say that he was worthy of her. He was the most affectionate and devoted of husbands.

> "Her voice was all the blind man knew,
> But that was all in all to him!"

"As long as she lived," he used to say in his old age, "I was not sensible of the misfortune of being blind." And, alluding to her small stature, he would apply to her the character of his favorite bees,

> "Ingentes animos angusto in pectore versant."

It was, we believe, this true story that furnished the episode of the Belmont family in Madame de Staël's "Delphine."

Huber was fortunate not only in his wife but in his servants and children. Burnens, who under his tuition and direction made the greater part of his observations upon bees for him, has this due tribute paid him by his master and his friend:

"It is impossible to form a just idea of the patience and skill with which Burnens has carried out the experiments which I am about to describe. He

* Translated in the Edin. N. Philosoph. Journal for April, 1833. De Candolle has also named a genus of Brazilian trees, in his honor, *Huberia laurina*. It should have been a bee-plant.

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has often watched some of the working-bees of our hives, which we had reason to think fertile, for the space of four-and-twenty-hours without distraction, and without taking rest or food, in order to surprise them at the moment when they laid their eggs. I frequently reproached myself for putting his courage and his patience to such a trial; but he interested himself quite as much as I did in the success of our experiments, and he counted fatigue and pain as nothing in comparison with the great desire he felt to know the results. If then there be any merit in the discoveries, I must share the honor with him; and I have great satisfaction in rendering him this act of public justice."

We gladly give a place to this generous testimony, because, in the translation which we have seen of Huber's work, the preface which contains it is altogether omitted; and it is only right that this faithful and intelligent man should share whatever of earthly immortality belongs to the name of his master. But the present reward of such an one, and we may add of his wife and children, who equally shared in those studies which serve to alleviate his misfortune, must have been found in the answer of a good conscience and the cheerful gratitude of him whom they delighted to serve. The whole group is a delightful instance of what a united family may achieve in "bearing one another's burdens," and how the greatest of all bodily misfortunes may with such assistance become no obstacle in the pursuit even of subjects which demand the fullest exertion of all our faculties.*

As to Huber himself, we took up his book with the not unreasonable prejudice of not liking to be led by a "blind guide," and with the common notion that all his discoveries had been proved the mere work of an imagination naturally rendered more lively by being severed from the view of external objects. We confess ourselves to have been entirely misled. Like every enthusiast who ventures to brave the prejudices of satisfied mediocrity by the bold statement of his discoveries, he met with a torrent of ridicule and abuse, which he hardly lived to see stemmed: but, as in the case of Abyssinian Bruce, further research is daily proving his greatest wonders to be true. Though fancy must always throw some little of her coloring over a subject such as this —for all imputations of human motives to such creatures must be merely fanciful—yet Huber's facts are now admitted unchallenged. To him we are indebted for the knowledge that wax is produced from honey, of the impregnation of the queen-bee, of the existence of fertile workers, of artifical queens, of the use of the antennæ, of the senses and respiration of bees, and of endless discoveries in their general economy and management. Many, indeed most, of these things had been suggested before, but Huber, by his earnest zeal and captivating style, achieved for bees what Scott has done for his native lochs and mountains—he wrote them into notice and interest;—and he confirmed or refuted by actual experiment the floating notions of his predecessors, so that, though not positively the first originator of the doctrines that are generally referred to him, and though succeeding ages will doubtless question and improve upon his theories, Huber's name will ever remain in bee-knowledge—what that of Bacon is in inductive philosophy—and Newton in science—and Watt in steam.*

Dr. Bevan's may be considered the standard work on our domestic bee. He has exhausted every source of information on the subject, whether from old writers or living authorities. We sometimes perhaps wish that he had been less chary of his own observations, for he seems often to have allowed them to give place to quotations from other authors. A glance at his "table of contents" will show the varied subjects into which his inquiries branch out, and nowhere will the bee-master find more pleasing or satisfactory information.

Bees have obtained little notice from the British legislature. In France and other continental kingdoms remission of taxes has sometimes been made in proportion to

* As there is a rose without a thorn, so is there a bee without a sting. Capt. Basil Hall discovered these in the neighborhood of Tampico; and it was one of the highest compliments, and at the same time gratifications, that Huber ever received, when Professor Prevost procured and sent to him a hive of this species in his old age.

* We can never read any account of Huber without reflecting, with regret, how much his lot would have been lightened, especially after his Maria's death, had he lived to witness the blessed invention of *Books for the Blind.* It was made in France shortly before the Revolution; and down to a very recent period our Blind Asylums derived their supplies from Paris, where several books of the English Bible and the Prayer-book were executed in raised letters with very fair skill and effect But in our country, within the last two or three years, one of a rarely gifted brotherhood, Mr. Henry Frere, of Poets' Corner, Westminster, has discovered a new method of raising the impress, which almost rivals in merit the original invention. We have before us part of the Scriptures done in this new style—the page is beautiful to look at—and we know, through the experience of an afflicted friend, how vastly more legible it is to a blind person's finger than the best done in the old way—also how much more durable it is. We trust this note may serve to fix the attention of benevolent persons on this happy novelty, and so further the adoption of it, until the whole Bible at least shall thus be made accessible to the private, the solitary study of the blind.

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the number of hives kept by the peasant. The English common-law on the subject is also very indefinite. It is a vulgar error to suppose that, if you keep up *ringing*, and are in sight of your bees, you may legally follow them into your neighbor's grounds, or that it is unlawful to keep an empty hive in your garden. Good neighborship, however, should prove stronger in both these cases than any defects or bonds of law. They almost come under the enactments of the Cruelty to Animals Prevention Act, but not quite; indeed, it would be a very nice question for our courts, whether they are domesticated animals or *feræ naturæ*.

The following story will perhaps settle the question of Tithe-bees without the aid of the Commissioners. It is that of an ancient gentleman whose parish priest insisted on having the tenth swarm. After much debate—

"'It shall be done,' quoth the gentleman. It fortuned within two daies the gentleman had a great swarme, the which he put into a hive, and toward night carried them home to the parson's house; the parson, with his wife and familie, he found at supper in a faire hall; the gentleman saluted them, and told the parson he had brought him some bees. 'I, mary,' quoth the parson, 'this is neighborly done; I pray you carry them into my garden.' 'Nay, by troth,' quoth the gentleman, 'I will leave them even here.' With that he gave the hive a knock against the ground, and all the bees fell out; some stung the parson, some stung his wife, and some his children and family; and out they ran as fast as they could shift into a chamber, and well was he who cou'd make shift for himself, leaving their meate cold upon the table in the hall. The gentleman went home, carrying his emptie hive with him."—See *Cotton*, p. 102.

"The bee," says an old writer, "is but a year's bird with some advantage." Those "hatched," as Evelyn would say, in May die before the end of the following year. Dr. Bevan indeed gives only an average of six months to the worker, and four to the drone. We think that he cuts the life of the worker too short, as no doubt some last till the July of the following year. If his account were correct, the sacrifice of their lives by stifling would not be so great a loss as it would at first appear. But their use the second year is not so much for gathering honey as for tending and nursing the young. The queen-bee, though she does not "live for ever," has certainly been known to last to a third or even fourth summer: one writer makes the remark on her —which has often been applied to donkeys and postboys—that he never saw a dead one; but others, Messrs. Cotton and Bagster among the number, have disproved the assertion that the Queen "never dies," by being fortunate—or unfortunate—enough to have handled a royal carcass; and, since we commenced writing on this subject, one has kindly been forwarded to us by the post. The duration of a bee-colony is of course a very different thing to the life of an individual bee, though they seem, by the ancients especially, often to have been confounded. Columella assigns ten years as the utmost limit to a hive; and though instances are brought forward of a longer period, naturalists seem to be agreed that this would be the ordinary termination of a hive left to itself.* The immediate cause of its falling away is that the bees, in every thing else so neat and cleanly, neglect to clear out the exuviæ of the grub—the silken cocoon that it spins and casts—from the brood-cells, till, the off-castings of successive generations choking them up and rendering them useless, the race at length degenerates and becomes extinct. Hence the importance of the practice of cutting away yearly, in those stocks which we wish to preserve, some portions of the old comb, which the bees will continually restore with fresh masonry till, like the ship Argo, it retains its original form without an inch of its original material. Cases, however, are stated of the same colony lasting many years. Della Rocca speaks of hives in Syria continuing through forty or fifty summers; and Butler relates a story, of the year 1520, that

"When Ludovicus Vives was sent by Cardinal Wolsey to Oxford, there to be Public Professor of Rhetoric, being placed in the College of Bees,† he was welcomed thither by a swarm of bees; which sweetest creatures, to signify the incomparable sweetness of his eloquence, settled themselves over his head, under the leads of his study, where they have continued above 100 years;"

and they ever went by the name of Vives' Bees.

"In the year 1630 the leads over Vives' study, being decayed, were taken up and new cast; by which occasion the stall was taken, and with it an incredible mass of honey. But the bees, as presaging their intended and imminent destruction (whereas they were never known to swarm before), did that spring (to preserve their famous kind) send down a fair swarm into the

* Virgil considers the existence of a bee seven years—

"Neque enim plus septima ducitur æstas."

That of a hive endless—

"Nam genus immortale manet," etc.

† So called, says Butler, by the founder in its statutes: Corpus Christi College is meant. There is a letter of Erasmus to John Claymond, the first President, addressed J. C., *Collegii Apum* Præsidi. We dare not ask whether the colony is yet extant.

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President's garden. The which in the year 1633 yielded two swarms; one whereof pitched in the garden for the President; the other they sent up as a new colony into their old habitation, there to continue the memory of this "Mellifluous Doctor," as the University styled him in a letter to the Cardinal. How sweetly did all things then concord, when in this neat μουσαιον, newly consecrated to the Muses, the Muses' sweetest favorite was thus honored by the Muses' birds!"

Whatever may be the period which nature or man allots to the life of the queen and the worker, there is one sad inhabitant of the hive who is seldom allowed, even by his own species, to bring his dreary autumn to a natural close. About the middle of August, the awful "massacre of the innocents," the killing of the drones, begins. "After which time," as Butler has it, "these Amazonian dames begin to wax weary of their mates, and to like their room better than their company. When there is no use of them, there will be no room for them. For albeit, generally among all creatures, the males as most worthy do master the females, yet in *these* the females have the pre-eminence, and by the grammarians' leave, the feminine gender is more worthy than the masculine." There is something unavoidably ludicrous in the distresses of these poor Jerry Sneaks. Having lived in a land of milk and honey all the summer long, partaken of the best of every thing, without even stirring a foot towards it, coddled and coaxed, and so completely "spoilt," that they are fit for nothing, who can see them "taken by the hind legs and thrown down-stairs" with a heap of workers on the top of them—their vain struggles to return—their sly attempts to creep in stealthily—their disconsolate resignation at the last—without thinking it a just retribution for the past years of a pampered and unprofitable life? And yet there is mingled with this feeling a degree of pity for these "melancholy Jaqueses" thrown aside (we mix our characters as in a masquerade) by the imperious and unrelenting Catherine of the hive. "At first, not quite forgetting their old familiarity, they gently give them Tom Drum's entertainment: they that will not take that for a warning, but presume to force in again among them, are more shrewdly handled. You may sometimes see a handful or two before a hive which they had killed within; but the greatest part fly away and die abroad." We need not name the author we are quoting, who, fearful lest womankind should take this Danaïd character for their example, proceeds: "But let not nimble-tongued sophisters gather a false conclusion from these true premises, that they, by the example of these, may arrogate to themselves the like superiority: for *ex particulari non est syllogizare;* and He that made these to command their males, commanded them to be commanded. But if they would fain have it so, let them first imitate their singular virtues, their continual industry in gathering, their diligent watchfulness in keeping, their temperance, chastity, cleanliness, and discreet economy, etc.:" and so he sums up all womanly virtues from this little type as if he believed in the transmigration of souls described by Simonides—not him of Cos—in his Iambics. We give the translation as we find it in No. 209 of the "Spectator:"

"The tenth and last species of women were made out of a bee; and happy is the man who gets such an one for his wife. She is altogether faultless and unblamable. Her family flourishes and improves by her good management. She loves her husband and is beloved by him. She brings him a race of beautiful and virtuous children. She distinguishes herself among her sex. She is surrounded with graces. She never sits among the loose tribe of women, nor passes away her time with them in wanton discourses. She is full of virtue and prudence, and is the best wife Jupiter can bestow on man."

What can we do better than wish that all good bee-masters may meet with a bee-wife!

We very much question the utility of the common "moralities" drawn from the industry and prudence of the bee. Storing and hoarding are rather the curse than the requirement of our ordinary nature; and few, except the very young and the very poor, require to have this sermon impressed upon them. We are rather inclined to believe that, had Almighty Wisdom intended *this* to be the lesson drawn from the consideration of the works of His creatures, we should have been referred in His revealed word to the housewifery of this insect "fowl of the air," rather than to the ravens "which have neither storehouse nor barn."

Yet the thrifty bee is never once set before us as a pattern in the Bible. The Wise King indeed, who "spake of beasts, and of fowls, and of creeping things, and of fishes," has referred the sluggard and the distrustful to the early hours, and the "working while it is yet day," and the guideless security of the Ant, but we see nothing in his words which necessarily imply approbation of that anxious carefulness for the morrow, which we are elsewhere expressly told to shun, and which is but too often the mask of real covetousness of heart. And we believe

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this the more, because the Ant, though it wisely provides for its daily bread, *does not* lay up the winter store wherewith to fare sumptuously every day.

We know that, in saying this, we are flying into the uplifted eyes of careful mothers and bachelor uncles, who time out of mind have quoted, as it has been quoted to them, the busy bee as the sure exemplar of worldly prudence and prosperity; but we think that we can show them a more excellent way even for earthly honor, if they, as Christ's servants, will content themselves with those types in the natural world which He himself has given them, and learn that quiet security, and trustful contentedness, and ready obedience, and active labor for the present hour, which He has severally pointed out to us in the lilies, the ravens, the sheep, and the emmets, rather than seek elsewhere for an emblem of that over-curious forecasting for the future, which, whether in things spiritual or temporal, is plainly discouraged in the word of God—those laws and judgments of the Lord which *are sweeter than the honey and the honey-comb*, and in the keeping of which "there is great reward."

> "Take that; and he that doth the ravens feed,
> Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
> Be comfort to my age!"

Not but that the Bee affords us a moral, though it be not that which worldly wisdom commonly assigns to it. We have in the first place a direct cause for thankfulness in the delicate food with which it supplies us. "The Bee is little among such as fly; but her fruit is the chief of sweet things"—(*Eccles.* xi. 3); and the Almighty has, in many senses, and in no common cases, supplied the houseless and the wanderer, with "wild honey" and "a piece of honeycomb," and "honey out of the stony rock;" and "a land flowing with milk and honey" has been from the first the type of another and a better country. And the little honey-maker is itself indeed one of the most wonderful proofs of the goodness and power of God. That within so small a body should be contained apparatus for converting the "virtuous sweets" which it collects into one kind of nourishment for itself—another for the common brood, a third for the royal—glue for its carpentry—wax for its cells—poison for its enemies—honey for its master—with a proboscis almost as long as the body itself, microscopic in its several parts, telescopic in its mode of action—with a sting so infinitely sharp, that, were it magnified by the same glass which makes a needle's point seem a quarter of an inch, it would yet itself be invisible, and this too a hollow tube—that all these varied operations and contrivances should be inclosed within half an inch of length and two grains of matter, while in the same "small room" the "large heart" of at least thirty* distinct instincts is contained—is surely enough to crush all thoughts of atheism and materialism, without calling in the aid of twelve heavy volumes of Bridgewater Treatises.

But we must hasten to end this too long paper. Its readers generally will be above that class to whom profit, immediate or remote, from bee-keeping can be of any serious moment—though indeed the profit lies in saving the bees, not in killing them. But many prejudices have to be done away, and greater care bestowed, and a better knowledge of their habits acquired, before the murdering system can be eradicated from the poor. It is for the higher classes to set the example by presents of cheap and simple but better-constructed hives—by personal interest taken in their bee-management—by supplying them with the best-written books† on the subject—above all, by adopting the merciful system in their own gardens, and intrusting their hives to the especial care of one of the under-gardeners, whose office it should be, not only to diligently tend and watch his master's stock, bnt also to instruct the neighboring cottagers in the most improved management. It would be an excellent plan to attach a stall of bees to the south wall of a gardener's cottage or lodge, with a glass side towards the interior, so that the operations of the bees might be watched from within. The custom of placing them within an arched recess in the wall of the house was one of old Rome, and is still observed in some countries. We look upon this as a very pretty suggestion for a fancy cottage in any style of architecture. Perhaps the directors of our normal schools would find no better way of teaching their pupil-schoolmasters how to benefit and gain an influence among the parents of the children they will have to instruct, than to put them in the proper way of making and managing the new kinds of cottage-hives, of taking honey, joining stocks, and hybernating the bees. We spoke in a late article of Gardening being a common ground for the rich and poor. We would mark this difference with regard to Bees, that we consider them

* Kirby and Spence. Introd. to Ent., ii. 504.

† Let no one be misled by the title of Mr. Smith's book, which advocates all the atrocities of the old system.

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especially the "Poor man's stock." No wealthy man should keep large colonies of them for profit, in a neighborhood where there are cottagers ready to avail themselves of the advantage. A hive or two in the garden—good old-fashioned straw-hives—for the sake of their pleasing appearance and kindly associations, and for the good of the flowers—is only what every gentleman would delight to have; or, if he has time to devote to their history, an observatory-hive for study and experiment; but beyond this we think he should not go,—else he is certainly robbing his poorer neighbors. The gentleman-bee-master, like the gentleman-farmer, should only keep stock enough for encouragement and experiment, and leave the practical and profitable to the cottager and the tenant. But the squire's hive and implements should be of the best construction, for example's sake; and, keep he bees or beasts, he should be "a merciful man" to them. And surely the feeling mind will pause a little at the destruction of a whole nation—the demolition of a whole city, with all its buildings, streets and thoroughfares, its palaces, its Queen, and all! What an earthquake to them must be the moving of the hive! What a tempest of fire and brimstone must the deadly fumes appear! All their instincts, their senses, their habits plead for them to our *humanity;* and, even if we allege their sting against them, they may reply with scarcely an alteration in the Jew's words—"Hath not a Bee eyes? hath not a Bee organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? *If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that.*"*

We said, if any man would keep bees, he must make them his friends;—nay, that is a cold word—he must love them. De Gelien makes the remark,—which we have heard before of figs, and olives, and medlars, and truffles, or of an equivocal dish recommended by a host—that you must either like them very much or not at all. "*Beaucoup de gens aiment les abeilles: je n'ai vu personne qui les aima médiocrement; on se passionne pour elles!*" It was this love we suppose that led Mahomet to make an exception in their favor when all other flies were condemned;—that made Napoleon, who laughed at the English as a nation of shopkeepers, select this emblem of industry, in place of the idle lily,

> "That tasks not one laborious hour."

And Urban VIII. and Louis XII. adopted them as the device on their coat of arms; and Camdeo, the Cupid of Budhism, strung his bow with bees! The Athenians ranked the introduction of the Bee among their great national blessings, tracing it up to Cecrops, "the friend of man,"—the Attic Alfred; and such regard is still paid to them in many parts of the south of England, that no death, or birth, or marriage takes place in the family without its being communicated to the bees, whose hive is covered in the first case with a piece of black cloth, in the two latter with red. The 10th of August is considered their day of Jubilee, and those who are seen working on that day are called Quakers. Omens were wont to be taken from their swarming; and their settling on the mouths of Plato and Pindar was taken as a sure presage of the sweetness of their future eloquence and poetry; though these legends are somewhat spoiled, by the same event being related of the infancy of Lucan and of St. Ambrose, called, as was Vives afterwards, the Mellifluous Doctor. We all know of Nestor's "honeyed" words, and Xenophon, "cujus sermo est melle dulcior." Bees have not only dispersed a mob, but defeated an Amurath with his Janissaries;* but it would be quite impos-

* The subjects of hybernating bees and of joining swarms are so very important in good bee-keeping, that, being connected with one another, we must say a word, though a short one, upon them. Though the opposite opinion has been stoutly maintained, it is now generally admitted that a united stock does not consume so much honey in the winter as the two swarms separately would have done. But in order to save the consumption of honey at this time, the bees must be kept as torpid as possible, and this is best done by placing them in a cold, dark, but dry room. If you have not this convenience, move the doors from the north of your bee-house to the south, so that the winter sun, being prevented from shining on the entrance side, will not enliven and draw out the bees when the snow is on the ground. This most fatal circumstance it is most essential to guard against. However, the most general and the shortest rule is, send your bees off to sleep in good condition in the autumn (i. e. supply them with plenty of food then), for all hybernating animals are fat at the beginning of their torpidity, and it is fat people who fall fastest to sleep after dinner—keep them torpid, by even coolness and dryness, as long as you can. No bee-master will ever be successful who does not take pains of some sort to effect these objects.

* The Abbé della Rocca relates that "when Amurath, the Turkish emperor, during a certain siege, had battered down part of the wall, and was about to take the town by assault, he found the breach defended by bees, many hives of which the inhabitants

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sible in a sketch like this to attempt to give any thing like a full account of their many honors and achievements, and of the extraordinary instinct displayed by them in every operation of their manifold works. Our object in these remarks has been rather to stimulate the novice in this subject than to give any complete history of their habits, or to put forth any new discovery or system of our own. We have introduced our little friends with our best grace, and must leave them now to make the best of their way with our readers.

"So work the Honey Bees:
Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts:
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent royal of their emperor;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone."

*Henry V.* a. 1, s. 2.

Who would not affirm, from this and other incidental allusions, that Shakspeare had a hive of his own? Dr. Bowring has only been able to discover in them "galleries of art and schools of industry, and professors teaching eloquent lessons;" perhaps our friend means Mechanics' Institutes, and travelling lecturers.

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## DYMOND'S GRAVE.*

From Tait's Magazine.

STANDING by Exeter's cathedral tower
My thoughts went back to that small grassy mound
Which I had lately left—the grassy mound
Where Dymond sleeps—and felt how small the power
Of time-worn walls to waken thoughts profound,
Compared with that green spot of sacred ground.
DYMOND! death-stricken in thy manhood's flower,
Thy brows with deathless amaranths are crown'd;
Thou saw'st the world from thy sequestered bower,
In old hereditary errors bound;
And such a truthful trumpet thou didst sound
As shall ring in men's ears till Time devour
The vestiges of nations. Yet thy name
Finds but the tribute of slow-gathered fame.

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had stationed on the ruins. The Janissaries, although the bravest soldiers in the Ottoman empire, durst not encounter this formidable line of defence, and refused to advance."

* Author of "Essays on the Private and Political Rights and Obligations of Mankind."

## GLACIAL THEORY.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

THE readers of the Eclectic were so much interested in the articles on the Glacial Theory, translated from the German of Agassiz, that we doubt not we shall afford them pleasure by offering for their perusal the following article on the same subject, presenting a modified view of this Theory. The source, from which it comes, must commend it to the attention of scientific men: and Americans must be gratified with the ascription of the original suggestion of the "best glacial theory" to our own countryman, Peter Dobson. It is found in "Remarks on Boulders, by Peter Dobson," published in the American Journal of Science, for 1826, and contains, says Mr. Murchison, the essence of the modified glacial theory at which we have arrived after so much debate.—ED.

From the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal.

*On the Glacial Theory.* By Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq., President of the Geological Society, &c.*

FROM a study of the Alps, where Venetz and Charpentier led the way in showing that a connection existed between the erratic blocks and the advance of glaciers, Professor Agassiz has deduced a glacial theory, and has endeavored to generalize and apply it even to our own countries, in which effort he has been supported by my predecessor in the chair. In the following observations, I will endeavor to point out what new materials have been brought forward, abroad and at home, to enable us to reason correctly on this difficult question, and I will then suggest some essential modifications of the new hypothesis.

As propounded by Agassiz, the glacial theory, even in its application to the Alps, has met with an opponent in the person of Professor Necker de Saussure. In the first volume of a work which he is now publishing, M. Necker treats, in great detail, the whole subject of superficial detritus connected with the northern and western watershed of the Alps, and gives us the fruits of many years of observation. Adding very considerably to the list of phenomena of transported materials collected by M. A. de Luc, he takes his own illustrious ancestor, De Saussure, as his model, and following in the track of the historian of the Alps he endeavors to enlarge and improve upon that great observer's suggestions. Pointing out the distinction between two classes of detritus, viz., one of high antiquity and another of modern date, M. Necker contends that the enormous masses of the

* From the address delivered at the Anniversary Meeting of the Geological Society of London, 1842.

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ancient drift or deluvial detritus have a direct conneciton with the actual configuration of the surface, because the *chief* part of them has been derived from the centre of the chain, the flanking and lower mountains, and even the strata on which it rests, having contributed comparatively little to the great advancing body. Examining the high valleys about Chamouni and the foot of Mont Blanc, and finding massive walls from 300 to near 600 feet in height, composed of this ancient diluvium in its coarsest form, near the extremities of certain glaciers, he concludes that they were once the moraines of glaciers which melted away and retired from them. He then goes on to suppose that when the recession of the glaciers took place (an effect which he refers to the same cause as De Saussure), such transversed moraines formed dykes standing out at some distance from the mountain and barred up lakes formed by the melting of the snow and ice. These lakes, at length swollen to excess, are supposed to have burst through the moraine barrier, and to have drifted the materials of which it was composed into the lower countries. M. Necker believes that when these ancient glaciers existed, the Alps were considerably higher than at present, and he judges that such was the case, because the "aiguilles," of Mont Blanc have been lowered very considerably in our own time. Arguing that great blocks are never found at the foot of mountain chains which have not permanent glaciers, of what De Saussure called the "first class," he cites many negative examples, and brings forward the Pyrenees, where no true erratic blocks are seen, as a proof that the minor or second class glaciers, which there occur, never advanced sufficiently far to dam up water-courses, and thus to form those great lakes, to the letting off of which and to the destruction of vast moraines, he attributes the presence of large boulders in the Alps.

I must, however, remind M. Necker, that if he assumes that all great erratic blocks are to be referred to some *neighboring* chain, now the seat of glaciers, he forgets the cases in Scotland and England, and indeed many others, far removed from mountain ranges, and which must be classed, as I shall presently show, with submarine deposits. Indeed, by far the widest spread of erratic blocks with which we are acquainted, extending over the plains of Germany and Russia, must have taken place (as I believe at least) when those flat regions were beneath the sea; for recent observations have shown, that the blocks constitute the uppermost or last surface deposit in tracts which exhibit, here and there, proofs of having been an ancient bottom of a sea. But without extending his theory to other parts of the world, it does not appear to me, even when confined to the Alps, that M. Necker explains satisfactorily how the granite blocks of Mont Blanc should lie upon the Jura, by any reference to sub-aerial debacle; for if we are to imagine the deep hollow of the lake of Geneva filled up with gravel, sand, and mud, and forming an inclined talus from the centre to the flanks of the chain, the subsequent scooping out of this enormous mass of materials involves an intensity of degradation as difficult to believe in as the former extreme climate of Agassiz, by which thousands of feet of snow and ice are supposed to have occupied the same deep valley. I ought not to omit to state, that one of the chief elements introduced by Agassiz into this question, the polished and striated surfaces of the rocks, has not been alluded to by this author, but will be treated of in his second volume.

In the mean time, however he may fail to account satisfactorily for the transport of the very distant great blocks, we have to thank M. Necker for the additional materials, which seem to establish one fundamental fact in reference to the Alpine case, viz., when this detritus was cast off, the gorges and flanks of the chain had nearly the same reference to the central crest as that which now prevails. If this be proved, the theory which depends chiefly upon the supposition, that a great elevation of the centre of the chain broke off the ice and dislodged the glaciers, is deprived of its chief basis. In what manner Professor Agassiz can account for the Alps being a great centre of dispersion *when at a lower level*, is indeed a part of his theory which is not easily comprehended. On the other hand, whatever we may think of M. Necker's hypothesis, it must be admitted that the facts adduced by him support one esential point of the glacialists, by connecting the presence of blocks with the existence of glaciers in the Alps, the former being, as he states, invariably found both in the southern and northern watersheds of those mountains, and at the mouths of the great transverse ravines which lead up to the regions of perpetual snow, and in all such cases he allows that the condition of the blocks is highly indicative of their having once formed part of the "moraines" produced by former glaciers.

But the important point, that the glacier is the chief source of the origin of erratic

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blocks, is entirely denied by another antagonist to the theory of Agassiz, who has appeared in the person of M. Godeffroy.*

After the observations of two summers in the Alps, this author has become convinced that the materials of the so-called moraines have not been derived simply by the glacier from the solid rock in the higher mountains, but are the re-arranged portions only of a great pre-existing diluvial deposit, which had been accumulated in the radiating valleys during a period of great disturbance, anterior to the existence of glaciers in that latitude. Describing (like M. Necker) one of these "trainées" as having a continuous length of fifteen leagues, he infers that such a mass could never have been deposited by a glacier proceeding from mountains of no greater altitude than the Alps. Arguing that glaciers are merely the condensed or central portions of vast accumulations of snow, forced downwards into the gorges by increasing volume from above, the chief novelty of M. Godeffroy's work is contained in the opinion, that in advancing, these bodies of ice cut through the ancient diluvium or drift, just as a ploughshare cleaves the soil ("presso tellus consurgit aratro" being his motto), and threw up some portions into lateral moraines, as well as pressed before them others to form terminal moraines. To the crystalline and mechanical changes which the snow has undergone in its passage into solid ice, is attributed much of the confusion, and irregularity of outline so visible in the "aiguilles" and other icy masses of the Alps; and to the same disturbing action is referred the rounded and worn exterior of the boulders in moraines, as contrasted with comparatively angular blocks of the pre-existing drift which have not been in contact with the glacier. I refer you to the book of M. Godeffroy for the explanation of the manner in which he supposes the surface of the advancing or retreating glacier was subjected to lateral overflows or "écroulmens" of stones, gravel, and earth, and also for his theory of medial moraines; but I now bring to your notice his ingenious effort to solve one of the very difficult climatological problems in the Alps. Having shown how the lower valleys must, from year to year, become more and more encumbered with detritus, he seizes this fact to explain by it alone, both the well-known retreat of the glaciers and the fact brought forward by Venetz and other observers; viz., that roads which existed in certain former passes of the high Alps are now quite choked up with snow and ice—a fact which has been supposed to indicate a sensible decrease of temperature within the historic era. M. Godeffroy contends, that in ancient times, when the gorges were more open, and the heaps of detritus at the entrance into the lower valleys were less in size and fewer in number, and when consequently the glaciers easily extended to greater distances, the continual and unrestricted supply of snow and ice from many affluents more than countervailed the loss through atmospheric action; but that as the obstacles increased at some distance above the terminal moraine, the lower ends of the glaciers not being so fed as to regain in one season the melting losses of the previous year, the inevitable result was a successive shrinkage and retrocession of the mass. The increase of snow and ice in the upper passes, and the blocking up of the roads, are explained by the same agency; for as soon as the descent of the glacier from the higher to the lower Alps was impeded, it would follow, that the frozen matter of the higher regions, deprived of its previous exit, must find its way into the adjacent upper depressions, and there form those *mers de glace* which have obstructed the road-ways or passes of our ancestors. Thus is the supposed anomaly explained without recurring to any change of climate.*

In that part of our country to which the glacial theory has been applied, Mr. Charles Maclaren, already known to you by excellent geological treatises, has recently published a well-condensed small work explaining the views of Agassiz. The phenomenon of glaciers and the general doctrines derived from their study being explained, Mr. Maclaren proceeds to analyze those cases of transported detritus in the neighborhood of Edinburgh to which the theory had been supposed to apply.

A year and half only has elapsed since Professor Agassiz and Dr. Buckland seemed to think, that this district was as rich in proofs of the action of glaciers as many other parts of Scotland which they visited, and as I happened to witness the efforts of

* Notice sur les Glaciers, les Moraines et les Blocs Erratiques, 1840.

* I hoped to have been able to quote the opinions of Professor J. Forbes on this *vexata quæstio*, because it is well known that he was a companion of Professor Agassiz in the Alps during the last summer, but this distinguished cultivator of physical science has not yet published his views on the action of glaciers as affecting the surface of the earth, though he has given to the public a very ingenious sketch, descriptive of a peculiar parallel striation in the solid ice of glaciers.—Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal, January, 1842.



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my predecessors in this Chair to attach Mr. Maclaren to his views, I must be permitted to direct your attention to the practical results at which this gentleman has arrived in some prominent cases.

Observing blocks of greenstone on Arthur's Seat, which, from their peculiar structure, must have been transported from Salisbury Crags, a *lower* hill, and separated from the former by an abrupt valley, Mr. Maclaren infers, that if the present surface of the land be argued upon (and in all questions of glaciers this is a postulate), neither glacier, nor iceberg, nor current will explain the fact. It is unnecessary that I should here examine this author's hypothesis, by which, in order to solve the local problem, he restores the inclined stratified masses of Salisbury Crags to such an extent as to give them an altitude in ancient times superior to that of Arthur's Seat; for whether we adopt his ingenious view, involving a mighty subsequent denudation, or suppose that in the oscillations of this plutonic tract the former low and high points of land have been relatively depressed and elevated, it is obvious, from the very structure of the rocks, that in both cases a subaqueous, and not a subaërial condition is called for to explain the appearances, and this too, be it recollected, on the summits of the highest hills in the immediate vicinity of the Scottish metropolis, in and around which the action of glaciers has been supposed to be visible at such lower levels!

Among the examples of the scratched and polished surfaces of rocks near Edinburgh, I do not perceive that the glacialists have grappled with certain appearances on which Dr. Buckland formerly dwelt with so much pleasure, viz., the grooved or channeled surfaces of the Braid Hills, first pointed out by Sir James Hall, and which the great chemical geologists attributed to a powerful rush of waters. When I visited the low ridge in question with Dr. Buckland and other friends,* my conviction was that these grooves, though then attributed by Dr. Buckland to glacial action, are due neither to that agency, nor to any rush of waters, but are simply the result of the changes which the mass of the rock underwent, when it passed from its former molten or pasty condition into a solid state. These appearances differ essentially from ordinary glacial scratches or scorings.† They are, in fact, broad undulations or furrows, and instead of trending *from* the higher grounds to the Firth or Forth, as would naturally be the case if they were due to the expansion and descent of glaciers, they rise up to the very *summit* of the low ridge in a direction transverse to its bearing, and with no neighboring point of ground higher than that on which they occur. On clearing away the thin turf which barely covered the rock, some of these undulations in the surface appeared wide enough to contain the body of a man, and though observing a rude sort of parallelism, their forms were often devious. As their surface was smooth, not much unlike the usual aspect of the so-called "moutonnés" rocks, the glacialists of our party at first seemed to be proving their case, when suddenly a discovery destroyed, at least in my opinion, their theory; for in the adjacent quarries of the same hill, at a much lower level, and upon beds just uncovered by the workmen from beneath much solid stone, other sets of undulations or grooves were detected, so like to those upon the summit of the hill, that a little atmospheric influence alone was required to complete their identity. My belief therefore is that the undulations were caused by the action which took place when the stone was solidified.

Phenomena of a similar nature to the Scottish have been since observed in Wales by our late Fellow, Mr. Bowman. Captivated by the glacial theory, and having himself endeavored to show that it could even be as successfully applied to the south as to the north of Scotland, he examined the highest region of Wales, with the geological structure of which he was previously familiar, half convinced, *a priori*, that he would naturally find in those mountainous tracts some proof in support of the new views which he had adopted. He, however, quitted that country without having been able to observe any evidence whatever in favor of the Alpine theory, though his journey enabled him to detect several examples of striated rocks, which in unskilful hands might have been mistaken for the effects of glacial action; and these he holds up as warning beacons. After stating that there are, in his opinion, no terraces which any follower of Agassiz can construe into "moraines," whether terminal, medial, or lateral, on the flanks of the mountains of Snowdon, the Arenigs, or the Berwyns, he describes three distinct and differently formed sets of parallel markings which he observed in the newly uncovered surfaces of the schistose Silurian rocks, and shows satisfactorily how such appearances, as well as the tops of the joints, might be mistaken by

* Dr. Graham and Mr. Maclaren were of the party, in October, 1840.

† Plaster casts of these exist in the Geological Society.

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cursory observers for scratches, although they are in fact due to structure.

Unlike Mr. Bowman, Dr. Buckland has not confined his views of the action of glaciers to Scotland, but applies them largely to the north of England and to Wales. He has recently endeavored to satisfy us, that the rocks on the sides of the chief valleys in the latter country which open out from a common centre of elevation are striated, worn, and polished in the direction of the present water-courses, and these he conceives to be evidences of former *glaciers*, which filled up all the valleys radiating from Snowdon to a distance of many miles from a common centre. I confess I see almost insurmountable objections to this view. Apart from other evidence, the very physical geography of this tract is at variance with the construction of such an hypothesis. In the Alps, and indeed in every other part of the world in which they have been observed, the length of glaciers is in ratio to the height of the mountains from which they advance, or, to use the words of Agassiz, from which they *expand*. Now, whilst in the present days, a small glacier hangs to the sides of a mighty giant like Mont Blanc, having the altitude of 15,000 feet, our Welshhills, having a height only of 4000 feet, had glaciers, by the showing of Dr. Buckland, of a length of many miles. Again, in the same memoir, which fill so large a portion of the principality with glaciers, the author comments upon certain facts already well known to us, viz., the existence upon Moel Tryfane and the adjacent Welsh mountains of sea-shells of existing species, at heights of 1500 and 1700 feet above the sea, where they are associated with mixed detritus of rocks transported from afar, all of which have travelled from the north, the hard chalk and flints of the north of Ireland being included. How are we to reconcile these facts with the theory that the greater part of the country in question was frozen up under the *atmosphere* in some parts of the same modern period? Unable otherwise to explain how marine shells should be found on mountains which are supposed to have been previously and during the same great period occupied by terrestrial glaciers, the accumulation of ages, Dr. Buckland invokes anew the aid of the old hypothesis of a great *wave*. This wave, rolling from the north, must have dashed over the mountains to a height of near 2000 feet, depositing, as it went, gravel, boulders and fragments, derived from places 200 miles distant, and transporting also marine shells in its passage. But is it not more natural and accordant with all the data upon which our science has been reared, to suppose that when such shells were deposited, the parts of the mountain so affected were permanently beneath the sea, than to call into play the assumption of the passage of so mighty a wave? At one moment the argument used is, that scratchings and polishings of rock must have been done by ice, because in existing nature it has been found that ice can produce such effects; and in the same breath we are told that beds of shells have been placed on a mountain by an agency which is truly supernatural.

In fact the "glacier" theory, as *extended* by its author, in proving too much, may be said to destroy itself. Let it be limited to such effects as are fairly deducible from the Alpine phenomena so clearly described by Agassiz, and we must all admire in it a *vera causa* of exceeding interest; but once pass the bounds of legitimate induction from that *vera causa*, and try to force the many and highly diversified superficial phenomena of the surface of the globe, into direct agreement with evidences of the action of ice under the atmosphere, and you will be driven forward like the ingenious author of the theory, so to apply it to vast tracts of the globe, as in the end to conduct you to the belief, that not only both northern and southern hemispheres, but even *quasi* tropical regions, were shut up during a long period in an icy mantle. Once grant to Agassiz that his deepest valleys of Switzerland, such as the enormous chasm of the lake of Geneva, were formerly filled with solid snow and ice, and I see no stopping-place. From that hypothesis you may proceed to fill the Baltic and Northern Seas, cover Southern England, and half of Germany and Russia with similar icy sheets, on the surfaces of which all the northern boulders might have been shot off. But even were such hypotheses granted, without we also build up former mountains of infinitely greater altitude than any which now exist, we have no adequate centres for the construction of enormous glaciers which imagination must create in many regions to account for the phenomena. The very idea which records the existence of these vast former sheets of ice is at variance with all that is most valuable in the works of Charpentier, Venetz, and Agassiz, whose data, as carefully eliminated from Alpine phenomena alone, would naturally teach us never to extend their application when those conditions are absent, viz., the mountain chain, by the very presence of which the phenomena are explained.

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But though the Alpine glacial theory be new, the scratches and polished surfaces of rocks are by no means of recent observation. Many Swedish miners, from the days of Tilas and Bergman, failed not to remark how their mountain sides were furrowed, and in our own times, Sefström* of Sweden, and Böhtlingk† of Russia, have not only narrowly traced them over wide regions, but have endeavored to account for them. The first of these authors remarked, that nearly all the hard rocks of this country had a "worn or weather side," and a highly escarped or "lee side," the former being exposed to the north and the latter to the south; and having further shown that the detritus had generally been carried from N. to S., he called the worn face the "weather side," and the higher and jagged extremity of such ridges the "lee side." Extending his observations to many hundred places, he divided these scratches into what he calls normal and side furrows, showing that in the latter there are frequent aberrations from the persistent courses of the former. Although he had been at first disposed to think, from the data in a given country around Falun, that the normal lines were invariably from N. to S., he afterwards discovered that in large tracts of the South of Sweden the direction was from N.W. to S. E., and in others, particularly along the coasts of Norway, from N. E. to S. W.; all these facts being recorded on a map, which is a most valuable document.

Since Sefström's work was published, M. Böhtlingk, a young Russian naturalist of great promise, but, alas! prematurely carried to the grave, extended his researches to the northern territories of Russia. Observing that the dominant direction of the scratches in parts of the governments of Olonetz and Archangel was from N. to S., and that along the edges of the Bothnian Gulf their course was from W. to E., he passed the summit level of Russian Lapland, and found that there the drift had no longer been transported from N. to S., or from N. W. to S. E., on the contrary, from S. E. to N. W.; or, in other words, the blocks of Lapland had been carried northwards into the shores of the Polar Sea. In a recent letter to Mr. Lyell, read before this Society, Professor Nordenskiöld has accurately recorded phenomena of this class observed by him in Finland, and he shows that there the blocks and striæ proceed from N.N.W. to S. S. E.

* See Taylor's Scientific Memoirs, vol. iii. 81.
† Jameson's Journal, vol. xxxi. p. 253.

The theory of Sefström and his followers is, that a great flood, transporting gravel, sand, and boulders, was impelled from the north over pre-existing land, and that the deviations from the N. and S. direction are due only to various promontories by which the flood was deflected. So convinced was this author that with local aberrations all the transport throughout the whole of Europe had taken place from north to south, that he not only travelled over the whole of Germany, and saw nothing except materials streaming in the same direction, but even carried with him his northern drift into the Austrian and Bavarian Alps. I will not waste your time by pointing out the errors into which his hypothesis, though founded on data good within a limited radius, led this author. Every one who has studied the Alps (and the facts were well known before the days of glacial theories), is perfectly aware that the detritus on their flanks has been shot off eccentrically from the higher central masses. The observations indeed of Böhtlingk give the same result upon a very grand scale in the north, and explain what Sefström, with all his valuable labor, had left unknown, viz., that the Scandinavian mountains, as a whole, had produced exactly the same detrital result as the Alps, having poured off their detritus in all directions *from a common centre*, the northern chain differing only from that of central Europe, by the much wider range to which its blocks and boulders were transmitted.

My own belief, gentlemen, as you know, has been, that by far the greatest quantity of boulders, gravel, and clay distributed over our plains, and occupying the sides of our estuaries and river banks, was accumulated *beneath the waters* of former days. Throughout large tracts of England we can demonstrate this to have been the case by the collocation of marine shells of existing species with far transported materials. It was the association of these testacea with foreign blocks in the central countries of England which first led me to attach a new and substantial value to that view of glacial action which had been so well advocated by Mr. Lyell before Professor Agassiz came forward with his great terrestrial and general theory. I am bound to say, that wide researches during the last two years have strongly confirmed my early views.* I could not travel, in the autumn of the year 1840, around the shores of the Highlands of Scotland, without being convinced that the

* See Silurian System, p. 536.

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terrace upon terrace, presented on the sides of some of the great valleys, and often high up on the sea-ward hills of the bays opening out to the ocean, were nothing more than the bottoms of former seas and estuaries which had been successively desiccated.

I coincide, therefore, entirely with Mr. C. Darwin in his very ingenious explanation of the probable formation of the parallel roads of Glen Roy (Phil. Trans., 1839, p. 39). Since then, that excellent observer has borne out similar views in a paper read before our own Society. In this memoir, estimating the different changes of the sea and land, and showing to what extent the solid strata were depressed, whose relative histories he thus reads off, he traces the shingle beds from the edge of the sea, where they are in process of formation, to considerable heights inland; and estimating how blocks were transported from the great Cordillera within, or not long before the period of existing sea shells, he explains the far-transported boulders by their being carried to the ports where they lie in vessels of ice. The melting of these icebergs he conceives to have been the chief agent in forming such masses of clay, gravel, and boulders, as constitute the "till" of Scotland; whilst the confusion and contortion of their imperfect strata is considered by him to be necessarily due to the grounding of icebergs in the manner formerly suggested by Mr. Lyell. To the same powerfully disturbing agent he attributes the general absence of organic remains in these deposits; and, lastly, he infers that it is much more probable that the great boulders were transported in icebergs detached from glaciers on the coast, than imbedded in masses of ice produced by the freezing of the sea.

M. de Verneuil and myself had previously brought before you some new results, arising from our first expedition to Russia. We endeavored to show the utter inapplicability of the Alpine glacial theory to vast regions of northern Russia, though the surfaces of the rocks are scored and polished, and far-travelled blocks occur throughout a wide area in isolated groups, because much of this detritus has travelled over extensive tracts of low country, from which it has ascended to levels higher than the sources of its origin. Hence we inferred, that the onward persistent march (in many parts uphill) of a body of glaciers, having a front of many hundred miles in extent, is irreconcilable with any imaginable subaërial action. On the other hand, it was proved, by the presence of sea shells of an arctic character, that the "terra firma" to which some of the blocks had been transported, had been the bed of the Northern or glacial sea at the period of this transport. We then attempted to explain how the parallel striæ and polishing of the surface of rocks of unequal altitude was reconcilable with the *submarine* action of ice, by supposing that the ice floes and their detritus might be set in motion by the elevation of the Scandinavian continent, and the consequent breaking up of great glaciers on the northern shores of a sea which then covered all the flat regions of Russia; and we further stated our belief, that the bottoms of these icebergs, extending to great depths, must have every here and there stranded upon the highest and most uneven points of the bottom of the sea into which they floated; that where the bottom was hard rock, the lower surface of the iceberg, like the lower surface of a glacier, would grate along and score and polish the subjacent mass; that where the bottom consisted of tenacious mud or clay, the iceberg once fairly stranded would be retained till it melted away, entirely or in part, whilst it would be more frequently borne over sand-banks, on account of their less resistance. In this manner, we endeavored to explain not only the scratches and polish of hard submarine rocks, but also why large blocks are often found on former submarine hills, and why (in Russia at least) such blocks are more frequently associated with clay than sand. These views were indeed first expressed at the Glasgow meeting of the British Association, when I strove to reduce a large portion of the Alpine glacial theory to considerations depending upon the fact, that during the era of the dispersion of the large blocks, by far the greater portion of our continents were *beneath the sea.*

Mr. Maclaren, to whom I have already adverted, has recently improved this view, by showing how the parallel scratches and grooves ranging from N. N. W. to S. S. E., and the dispersion of blocks in that direction, are reconcilable with the union of currents from the N., set in action, as above supposed, by a great polar elevation which acted as a "centre of dispersion;" but, as the author adds, a broad current would also set continually *eastward* along the immersed regions included in the temperate zone; and hence, he says, that when the icebergs were drifting southwards from the poles, they would naturally be carried to the S. E. by a stream compounded of the two currents. After reasoning upon the wide application to which the view of floating iceberg action is capable, and how many of our present ter-

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restrial appearances it will explain, Mr. Maclaren adds, "Mr. Murchison's hypothesis, if adopted, does not exclude that of Agassiz. On the contrary, it may be assumed, that while the glacial condition (which caused the great accumulation of ice in the northern regions) continued, every mountain chain, which *then* had an elevation of 2000 or 3000 feet above the sea, would be encrusted with ice, perhaps as far south as the latitude of 40°. Each of these would be on a small scale what the polar nucleus was on a great scale, a centre of dispersion."

In the memoir upon Russia by M. de Verneuil and myself, one observation, however, occurs, which has not found its way into the abstracts, and which, therefore, I may advert to, as explaining why the rough detritus of mud, sand, clay, and boulders so very seldom contains marine remains. Such heaps are made up of materials, which we consider to have been imbedded in a true terrestrial glacier, and therefore, though detached, and floated to a distance, they never could afford more than *terrestrial* detritus; and if to this be added the consideration of how the stranding of such masses would destroy animals in the vicinity, as suggested by Darwin, we may rationally conceive why so few shells have been discovered in this coarse detritus, whilst we readily perceive why the stones impacted in it should be scored and striated, and often polished.

Besides the great advancement of our knowledge of terrestrial magnetism, which at some future day may be connected with our labors, the Antarctic expedition, under the distinguished navigator Captain James Ross, has, as might have been expected, thrown considerable light upon the glacial theory. A few years only have passed since the existence of an enormous mass of ice-clad land in the antarctic region, was announced by an American squadron of geographical research. This great icy tract, which was described as exhibiting hills and valleys, and even rocks upon its surface, has entirely disappeared in the short intervening time; for Captain Ross has sailed completely through the parallels of latitude and in the same longitude which it was said to occupy. As we cannot suppose that the American navigators were deceived by atmospheric phenomena, so must we believe that what they took for solid land, was one of the enormous accumulations of ice called "packs," the great source of those enormous ice islands which periodically encumber the Southern seas.

Continuing his progress towards the South Pole in almost open sea, Captain J. Ross discovered, as he proudly says, "for the honor of England," the southernmost known land, which he named Victoria, and which he coasted for more than 8 degrees of latitude. This land rises in lofty mountain peaks, from 9,000 to 12,000 feet in height, perfectly covered with eternal snow from which glaciers descend, and project many miles into the ocean, terminating in perpendicular lofty cliffs. The rocks which could be examined were of igneous origin, and near the extreme south point of his exploration, or in S. lat. 77° 32′, long. 167° E., a magnificent volcano was seen in full action, emitting flame and smoke at an altitude of 12,400 feet. Further progress to the southward was then impeded by an enormous barrier of ice, or glaciers 150 feet high, which stretched from W. N. W. to E. S. E., and which the bold seaman traced in continuity for 300 miles, to long. E. 191° 23′, and lat S. 78°. That this barrier was a true glacier was inferred from the existence of a very lofty chain of mountains behind it, the tops of which, as seen from the mastheads, were estimated to be a degree of latitude to the south of the sea-face of this great wall of ice, at not more than half a mile from which the soundings were at 318 fathoms deep, and upon a bed of blue soft mud. Here, then, the geologist is presented with abundant matter for speculation. Volcanoes in the midst of eternal polar snow and glaciers, with seaward faces as wide as some of the continental tracts, which, from the striæ and polished on their surface, and the wide dispersion of blocks and detritus, are supposed to have been affected by former terrestrial glacial action. Whilst, however, we have here the proof that existing glaciers advance some few miles into the sea, we are also informed that the ice ceases suddenly against an ocean 2000 feet deep, and thus we are led to conclude that many glaciers, which may formerly have extended themselves into the sea, had a length, the extent of which, whether like this antarctic example, or those which have been measured in the Alps, was proportioned to the altitude of the ancient mountains against which they rested. By the same reasoning we may infer that the striæ and polish of rocks, or accumulation of coarse detritus, and large blocks which are only to be observed in places far beyond the limits that are now established between two mountains and their dependent masses of ice, cannot be due to the advance of former solid glaciers, but must rather be referred, as I have argued, to the floating away of

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vast packs and icebergs liberated from *centres of congelation.*

But besides the submarine operations now in action, and which may serve to explain most of our ancient phenomena, it has been shown that in Russia and other cold countries there are several actual subaërial processes, by which large blocks are accumulated at different heights by the expansion of the ice of rivers, or have been piled up by the glacial action of former lakes, when at much higher levels,* leaving lines of coarse angular blocks.

I desist, however, in this place from entering further into the many features under which the existing agency of ice may be viewed apart from the results of the movements of glaciers. More than enough has indeed already been said; for so long as the greater number of practical geologists of Europe are opposed to the wide extension of a terrestrial glacial theory, there can be little risk that such doctrine should take too deep a hold of the mind. But whilst we may have no fear of this sort in Europe, I have lately read with regret certain passages in the Anniversary Discourse of Professor Hitchcock of the United States. In North America, striated, scored, and polished surfaces of rocks, proceeding from N. to S., for vast distances, occupy, it appears, at intervals a breadth of 2000 miles, and are seen on hard rocks at all levels from the sea-shore to heights of 3000 and 4000 feet. Professor Hitchcock tells us, that these phenomena and the accumulations of gravel and blocks had always been inexplicable, until the work of Agassiz unexpectedly threw a flood of light upon his mind.† If Professor Hitchcock could demonstrate what he now seems to believe, that the great mass of the continent of North America was formerly covered with ice, he must first prove that it was not at that period below the level of the sea; but as yet no facts are before us to lead us to doubt that the great accumulation of detritus and the transport of blocks did take place beneath the waters in that country. In justice, however, to this author, it must be said, that in expounding the glacial theory he ingeniously acknowledges the great difficulty of believing that solid masses of ice 3000 to 4000 feet thick, covered the whole region; that no action of a glacier will explain the persistent striation of the surface of an entire *continent* from N. to S. and that the direction of the boulders and the striæ is to a great extent up-hill. When these and many other difficulties shall have been carefully weighed, our transatlantic friends may be disposed to modify their views, particularly when they find that the existence of glaciers in Scotland and England (I mean in the Alpine sense) is not yet, at all events, established to the satisfaction of what I believe to be by far the greater number of British geologists.

The presence of Mr. Lyell at this time in North America, is indeed most opportune, for whatever changes his mind may have recently undergone, no geologist has more strenuously labored to make himself master of all its bearings, or more systematically enlarged our knowledge of this disputed subject. Possessing as he now does the advantage of observation on a vast scale, I have little doubt that he will account for the wide dispersion of blocks in America from N. to S., by referring to a cause quite as general and quite as aqueous as that by which he originally sought to explain the phenomena in Europe.*

Although the consideration of this subject has already carried me beyond the limits I had prescribed to myself, yet I cannot quit it without reminding you, that the greatest geological authorities on the Continent, led on by Von Buch who has so long studied these phenomena in his native land, are opponents to the views of Agassiz. Even whilst I write, I find that M. de Beaumont has just communicated to the Institute of France, a report on the results of a journey through Lapland, Finland, and the north of Europe, by his countryman M. Durocher, in which grouping the facts with great perspicuity, he handles the whole subject with his usual master's hand, and points out the value of the previous observations of Von Buch, Brougniart, and other writers. M. Durocher conceives that the phenomenon of the transport of erratic matters has proceeded from two successive and distinct operations: the first a great current from the pole, to which the striæ and polish of rocks, and the deposits called Osars, are referred; the second, the transport of the distant blocks by vessels of ice, when all that part of Europe which they cover was

* Geological Proceedings, Murchison and De Verneuil on Russia, vol. iii. p. 406.

† Anniversary Address. Philadelphia, April, 1841, p. 24. I must be excused for stating that Professor Hitchcock has entirely misconceived my view, when he places my name among those who had espoused the Alpine glacial theory. My efforts have been invariably directed towards its limitation, nay, to its entire rejection, as applicable to be by far the largest portions of the surface of the globe.

* See Principles of Geology, 2d edit. vol. i. p. 342; and Elements of Geology, 1st edit. p. 136.

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subjected to the immersion of an icy sea. He does not agree with M. Böhtlingk, that the point of departure of the current can be placed in Lapland, but supposes it to have proceeded directly athwart those regions from the pole.* But the point to which I now especially advert is, that in his skilful analysis of this memoir our eminent foreign associate admits floating ice as a *vera causa* to explain the drift of blocks, just in the same manner as in common with Lyell, Darwin, and others, I have been endeavoring to explain the phenomenon during the last three years, and thus the inference which was drawn from plain facts is admitted, viz., that the chief tracts covered by erratic blocks were *under the sea* at the period of their dispersion.—(Sil. Syst. p. 536.)

Thus far had I written, gentlemen,—in short, I had, as I thought, exhausted the glacial subject at all events for this year,—when two most important documents were put into my hands. The first of these is the discourse of my predecessor, who has so modified his first views, that I cannot but heartily congratulate the Society on the results at which he has now arrived. I rejoice in the prudence of my friend, who has not permitted the arguments of the able advocate to appear as the sober judgment of so distinguished a President of the Geological Society. In fact, it is now plain that Dr. Buckland abandons, to a great extent, the theory of Agassiz, and admits fully the effects of water as well as of ice, to account for many of the long-disputed phenomena. Whilst this admission involves the concession for which we have been contending, viz., that the great surfaces of our continent were *immersed*, and not above the waters, when by far the greater number of the phenomena on the surface of rocks was produced, I reject for those who entertain the same opinions as myself, the simple division into "glacialists" and "diluvialists," into which Dr. Buckland has divided the combatants on this question; for to whatever extent the former title has been won by Agassiz and himself, we who have contended for the submarine action of ice in former times, analogous to that which we believe is going on at present, can never be merged with those who, under the name of diluvialists, have contended for the rush of mighty waves and waters over continents. Besides glacialists and diluvialists, my friend must therefore permit me to call for a third class, the designation of which I leave to him, in which some of us desire to be enrolled who have advocated that modified view to which the general opinion is now tending.

The other point to which I allude, and bearing at once on this view, is a discovery which our Librarian has just made without quitting the apartments which he so truly adorns. In the American Journal of Science for the year 1826, Mr. Lonsdale has detected a short, clear and modest statement, entitled "Remarks on Boulders, by Peter Dobson," which, though little more than one page in length, contains the essence of the modified glacial theory at which we have arrived after so much debate. First describing in a few lines the manner in which large boulders, weighing from ten cwt. to fifteen tons, were dug out in clay and gravel, when making the foundations for his own cotton factory at Vernon, and seeing that it was not uncommon to find them worn, abraded, and scratched on the lower side, "*as if done* (to use his own expression) *by their having been dragged over rocks and gravelly earth in one steady position*," he adds this most remarkable sentence:—"*I think we cannot account for these appearances, unless we call in the aid of ice as well as water, and that they have been worn by being suspended and carried in ice over rocks and earth under water.*" To show also that he had

* M. Durocher has made two valuable observations, in showing us that the striated and polished surface of the hard rocks is sometimes covered by accumulations of sand and detritus; and that although proceeding in a general sense from the north, the farthest transported blocks are so distributed as to indicate *radiation* from certain mineralogical centres, much in the same way as our blocks of Shap-granite have, on a less scale, been scattered from one point of distribution. In stating, however, that, in the progress of these transported masses to the south, granitic blocks always constitute the outermost zone, it appears to me that M. Durocher has generalized beyond the field of his own observation. In Russia, for example, M. de Verneuil and myself traced greenstone blocks to the same southerly latitudes as granites. The blocks between Jurievitz and Nijny Novogorod are composed of quartz rock, and of the peculiar trappæan breccia known in Russia as "Solomenskoi-kamen," the parent rocks of which we examined *in situ* near Petrazowodsk (Geol. Proceedings, vol. iii. p. 405), whilst the extreme boundary of these boulders extends to Garbàtof on the Okka, S. W. of Nijny Novogorod, an dconsequently very far beyond Kostroma, the limit assigned to them by M. Durocher. Again, if M. Durocher prolongs the northern drift to the flanks of the Ural Mountains, he is decidedly in error, for there is no coarse detritus whatever on the flanks of that chain, whether derived from the north or from itself. Of the *Tchornoi-Zem*, or black earth of the central regions of Russia, to which, quoting Baron A. de Meyendorf, M. de Beaumont refers in a long note, I will now only say, that having studied the nature and extent of this singular deposit over very wide regions, I intend, with the help of my fellow-travellers M de Verneuil and Count Keyserling, to lay before the public very shortly a sketch of its relations to the northern drift and other superficial deposits of Europe.

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read much and thought deeply on this subject, Mr. Dobson quotes British authorities to prove, that as ice-floes constantly carry huge masses of stone, and deposit them at great distances from their original situation, so may they explain the transportation of foreign boulders to our continents.

Apologizing, therefore, for having detained you long, and for having previously too much extended a similar mode of reasoning, I take leave of the glacial theory in congratulating American science in having possessed the original author of the best glacial theory, though his name had escaped notice; and in recommending to you the terse argument of Peter Dobson, a previous acquaintance with which might have saved volumes of disputation on both sides of the Atlantic.

In the mean time, however we may account for the transport of boulders, the striation and polish of rocks, and the accumulation of superficial detritus, we cannot quit the glacial subject without avowing our obligations to Venetz, Charpentier, and Agassiz, and above all to the last, for having brought the agency of ice more directly into consideration as a *vera causa*, to explain many phenomena on the surface. Even we who differ from Agassiz in his generalizations, and have not examined the Alps since the theory was propounded, should not hastily adopt opinions which may be modified after a study of the glaciers *in situ*. "Come and see" is the bold challenge of the Professor of Neuchâtel to all who oppose him, and sanguine as to the correctness of his opinions, he is certain that many will be converted if they would but observe the phenomena on which his views are based. Truly we must acknowledge that he was the first person who roused our attention to the effects produced by the bottom of an advancing glacier, and if geologists should eventually be led to believe, that certain parallel scratches and striæ on the rocks were in some instances due to glaciers moving *overland*, but in many other cases were produced by icebergs, we must remember that the fertile mind of Agassiz has afforded us the chief means of experimentally solving the problem

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UNPARALLELED VILLANY.—At the Court of Assizes for the Herault, held at Montpellier, a man named Pomarade, after a trial which lasted thirteen days, was on the 7th December found guilty of arson, nineteen highway robberies, thirty attempts to commit other robberies, two actual murders, and five attempts to commit murder; and the court pronounced sentence of death.

## STRUTT'S PEDESTRIAN TOUR IN CALABRIA AND SICILY.

From the Spectator.

MR. STRUTT is an artist, and set out from Rome on a pedestrian tour through Calabria and part of Sicily, in order to fill his sketch-book with the costumes of the peasantry. He was accompanied by an English friend, who had a turn for poetry; and fell in with three Frenchmen, who joined company for a great part of the journey. They got beset by the peasant-brigands of a part of Calabria, and were robbed; the necessary steps connected with which affair, and the indignant sympathy of the Calabrian gentry, delayed the party, but introduced them to the domestic life and judicial practices of the people, in a manner not attainable in any other way. Released from the trouble connected with this adventure, the associated tourists pursued their journey in safety to Riggio, opposite Messina; crossed over to Sicily; travelled along the Eastern coast as far as Syracuse; and ascended Etna; when the party broke up; Mr. STRUTT visiting Palermo and its neighborhood, in his professional capacity, to execute some paintings for a Sicilian prince.

The form of the work is that of letters; written off, apparently, for the author's family, stage by stage. The style is easy, lively, and familiar, without sinking to feebleness: but the matter, or the treatment of the matter, rather consists in skimming the surface of things than in any very deep examination. The consequence is, that only subjects obviously striking in themselves are very striking in Mr. STRUTT's narrative, unless upon points that directly relate to his own profession.

The novelty of his route, and the manner of performing his journey, however, give an air of freshness to his pages. Though lying so close to Naples, and constantly passed by vessels on both its coasts, Calabria is one of the least-traversed countries in Europe. Some of this neglect arises from its leading to *nowhere*, for Sicily and Greece are accessible by easier ways; some from its containing no show-places, and few attractions in the form of antiquities of a tangible kind; but perhaps the want of roads, inns, and travelling-accommodations, with the bad reputation of its inhabitants, and the alleged danger of robbery and murder, are the real causes of its neglect—for it has attractions. The scenery is magnificent; the climate in the colder seasons delightful; and the Mediterranean shore is studded with reminiscences of its old feudal

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state, and of the times when the Saracens were an object of terror to Europe, and these coasts were especially obnoxious to raids for the purpose of carrying off slaves to Barbary. Nor is the present social state unworthy of examination: being, in fact, with national modifications, very like that which prevailed throughout Europe during the middle ages; the gentry or territorial nobility remaining almost as unchanged as the peasantry, among whom blood-feuds, lawlessness, and the other characteristics of an unsettled government, still prevail. There are also some curious sprinklings of foreign races,—villages of Saracen origin, retaining their features though not their dress; and numerous settlements of Albanians, speaking a kind of Greek, wearing their old costume engrafted on the Calabrian, and said by the aborginal inhabitants to be the robbers of the country, though the neighboring Italians place all Calabrians in the lowest grade —"Brutta lingua e brutta gente," said Mr. STRUTT's landlady on the frontier village. The organized banditti, which once made Calabria so famous, is now pretty well broken up; and the profession chiefly carried on upon individual account, or in a small way, since the stringent measures of the French General MANNES, when he held the government of the province.

"By this severe judge, no proofs, no court, no twelve jurymen were required; the bare accusation of brigandage condemned a man, and the sentence was invariably death. In vain did the culprits hide themselves in the most impenetrable fastnesses. Mannés ordered the *Capo Urbano* to assemble the Urbans of the district, and make instant capture of them, 'otherwise,' said he, 'in three days your heads shall answer for theirs.' So terrible at last did his name become among the Calabrians, that a peasant, sent for by the General, whatever might be the pretext, always gave himself up for lost, confessed and received absolution before he set out, and bade all his friends farewell; showing, by the melancholy tone of his 'Mannés has sent for me,' how hopeless he was of ever returning. Yet these were the only measures to be pursued in a country desolated by whole troops of bandits: who, not content with pillaging and murdering travellers, dared even to sack and burn villages, and to extort *vi et armis*, the most exorbitant sums from those rich proprietors whose domestic forces were unable to repel the invaders."

Sicily is not quite so fresh as Calabria; but, though more frequented than the *forefoot* of Italy, it has not been nearly so much written about as many other places, and its land is not yet overrun by tourists: it is only in the capital cities that modern innovations have made way, and brigands congregate even in their vicinity. From this novelty of subject in both the countries where Mr. STRUTT travelled, more interest attaches to his volume than the mere literary merit of the writer might have imparted. It should, however, be observed, that Mr. STRUTT has the eye of an artist; so that, if the descriptions are short and with little in them, they present the characteristic points of the outline. Here is a touch of his quality, in one of his fullest pictures.

A BANDIT'S WIDOW.

After dinner we had the honor of a visit from three of the first women of the village, who had been invited by our host in order to display the richness of the Caraffa costume; and now came sailing in with all the conscious dignity of their splendid gala dresses; taking their places, to our great delight, directly in the middle of the room. * * * The last of the trio was Petronilla Jaccia, notorious as having been the wife of a brigand, whose expeditions she had frequently accompanied, and whose infamous exploits she had vigorously seconded and shared. Petronilla is exactly what romantic young ladies would imagine a bandit's bride to be—tall, dark, with regular features, black eyes, and no inconsiderable portion of sullen beauty: it is, indeed, shrewdly reported at Caraffa, that she has been eminently indebted to her personal attractions for delivery from more than one well-deserved justicial chastisement. Once, in particular, when under actual sentence of death, it would have gone hard with her had not a private interview with the judge softened his obdurate sense of duty, and induced him to exert himself in procuring a reprieve. Now, however, the bold husband, who led her into such dangers, is no more; he was murdered by some of his men, a few years ago; and Petronilla, collecting the spoil his valor and her own had won, retired to her native village, where she at present resides, one of the richest and most consequential of its inhabitants.

THROWING THE HATCHET.

As we returned, we passed a *vaccaro*, tending his cows: we fell into conversation with him; and having heard much of the skill of these fellows with the hatchet, and seeing the weapon stuck as usual in his broad belt, we begged for a proof of his dexterity: he willingly complied; and planting a stick in the ground, retired to some distance, produced the axe, which, hurled back foremost, turned whistling in the air, and in an instant cut down the stick. On our complimenting him he said—"I can throw well at a good mark: the other day, for instance, I had a quarrel with a man in that lupin-field, and I sent the hatchet so neatly that it opened his face from the eye to the chin." We left him chuckling over the remembrance of his exploit, and returned home, as the light gradually faded from the horizon.

A STRANGER IN A CALABRIAN CITY.

I shall not be sorry to leave Catanzaro, where the curiosity of the inhabitants is only equalled by their impertinence. On entering a shop, ten or twelve persons squeeze in with you; and the tradesman, instead of serving you, begins questioning you as to whence you come, where you are going,

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what is your object in travelling, &c. One respectable-looking chemist, to whom I said that I came from England, gravely informed me that he supposed that country was not in the kingdom of Naples, as he knew of no such place.

### FILIAL OBEDIENCE IN CALABRIA.

We staid conversing some time with a young man, who had a fine natural taste for music; and with some young priests, who envied greatly our facility of travelling. "How is it possible," they cried, "that your parents should have allowed you, so young, to leave them and travel so far, to *girar il mondo;* whilst we cannot even get permission from our fathers to go and see Catanzaro?" This is one proof, among many others we have had occasion to remark, of the height to which filial duty is carried in this country: a young man, who had certainly arrived at years of discretion, being at least three or four and twenty, complained in our presence that his father would not give him leave to go to the next village; but the idea of going without leave seemed not for an instant to have entered his head. The great respect and deference paid to parents throughout Calabria has been adduced, I think, by Galanti, as one proof of its inhabitants being descended from the ancient Samnites, who carried the filial principle to its highest perfection.

### BRIGAND DOMESTIC LIFE.

One incident was related to us, which is not calculated to show their domestic transactions in a very favorable light, in spite of the usual romantic ideas of the eternal fidelity of a brigand's bride. The chief of a band which infested this province had a young wife, very much attached to him, who followed him in all his perilous wanderings, and presented him with a son and heir worthy, she hoped, of imitating the glorious exploits of his sire. This unfortunate little *bambino*, however, so disturbed the peace of the brigand's tent with its infantine cries, that he threatened more than once to put an end to its wailing; and one night, when returning savage and disappointed from an unsuccessful expedition, he was again provoked by its squalls, rising suddenly in a fury, he put his threat into execution before the eyes of the terrified mother.

From that moment love gave place in her heart to hatred and the desire of vengeance; whilst her husband, enraged at her continually regretting the child, and perhaps suspecting some vindictive intentions on her part, resolved, after some domestic squabbles, upon putting her also to death. One night, having confided his project to his nephew, whom he had left at the head of the camp of brigands, he told him not to give the alarm if he heard the report of a gun, as it would merely be himself giving a quietus to la Giuditta: and with this warning he departed to his own tent, a little distant from the others. Now it so happened that his loving spouse had fixed upon this very evening for the performance of her own long-nursed schemes of revenge; and having deferred her own fate by her more than usually amiable demeanor, and artfully got her victim to sleep, she discharged the contents of a rifle into his body; and cutting off his head, escaped with it to Reggio, where she claimed and obtained a reward from the authorities for his destruction. The nephew heard the report of the rifle in the night; and before warned, merely muttered to himself, "'o zio ch' ammazza la Giuditta," and turned quietly round to sleep again.

### VIEW FROM MOUNT ETNA.

It took us an hour of laborious walking to reach the summit of the cone; but we were well repaid on our arrival by the magnificence of the prospect, and the awful grandeur of the vast crater, whose precipitous dark abyss sunk to an immense depth below us. Its sheer rocky sides are rent in various directions, affording escape to the impatient vapors that burst from every part; and the sun, which illuminated one side whilst it left the other and the bottom in shadow and darkness, discovered in it a thousand beautiful variations of tint, caused by the exhaling sulphur. When we threw some masses of scoriæ down the crater, the thundering noise produced was frightful, as if old Etna roared at the insult: altogether, the impression produced by this stupendous volcano is one of the most powerful I have ever experienced. To attempt to give an idea of it upon paper was ridiculous; yet we did attempt it, though with fingers numbed with cold, and ill calculated to undertake such a task.

We next turned our attention to the surrounding prospect. Sicily lay, as it were, at our feet, bright and sparkling, except where Etna flung his gigantic shadows across the country. The sea was perfectly visible, encircling the whole island, even beyond Palermo and Marsala; so that we saw it at once as an island upon the map. The Pharos appeared a mere stream; the Calabria, with its Appennines, shrunk into insignificance, quite a near neighbor. The Gulf of Tarento, and the old high-heel boot-form of Italy, might be easily traced; whilst the isles of Lipari, Vulcano, and distant Stromboli, rising from the sea to the north, slightly misty in that quarter, and the bold heights of Malta far south, seemed, at such an elevated horizon, like mountains suspended in the sky. The view of Etna itself was perfect; with its various lower craters, and its eruptions, whose course we traced on every side; particularly that destructive one which poured in 1669 from the Monte Rosso, a dark double-headed eminence, rather above and westward of Nicolosi, and almost overwhelmed Catania with its disastrous flood.

### NEAPOLITAN SOLDIERS.

Wherever I stop, the long gun of my friend Marmoreano may be seen watchfully circling about the neighborhood; for there is still some degree of danger in the environs of Palermo, and the activity and courage of the Neapolitan gendarmes are not very highly esteemed. Seven of them, the other day, captured a brigand, and were taking him to town, when eight of his companions appeared, and immediately rescued him from the unresisting soldiers. Yesterday another, employed in preventing the contraband introduction of bread, which may not be brought within a certain distance of Palermo without paying duty, had his gun taken from him, and his person ignobly kicked by a peasant, who was offended at some suspicion being expressed as to the contents of his pockets. The peasant is now in prison; but the commandant is advised to let him go, in order not to spread the story of the superiority of an unarmed peasant to a gendarme.

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## THE CREDULITY OF UNBELIEF.

From the Spectator.

Extremes meet. The desperation of the coward merges into the valor of the hero; the careful miser assumes the condition of the improvident beggar; and the Quixotic philanthropist, as in the Niger expedition, lays the foundation of results which might satisfy the bitterest malignity. The proverb applies alike to the ultra-manifestation of each sentiment of the mind: and thus it is that among those who pride themselves upon incredulity we sometimes meet with the most child-like simplicity of unquestioning belief. At a recent meeting of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, a paper was read describing a case of painless amputation of the thigh during a mesmeric trance. It was furnished by two gentlemen, Mr. W. Topham, a barrister of the Middle Temple, and Mr. W. Squire Ward, M. R. C. S., formerly House Surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, to the following effect. The patient, a laboring man, forty-two years of age, had suffered for nearly five years from a painful affection of the knee; when, on the 21st June last, he was admitted into the district hospital at Wellow, Notts. During three weeks preceding the 9th September, he had not slept more than two hours in seventy; and at this time the attempt to induce the mesmeric state was made by Mr. Topham. It was repeated unsuccessfully every day until the 24th, when sleep was produced in four minutes and a half. "In this sleep his arms were violently pinched, as well as the diseased leg itself, without his exhibiting any sensation; yet this limb was so sensitive in its natural state that he could not bear even the lightest covering to rest upon it." On the 1st October, it was resolved that amputation should be performed during the mesmeric trance. Throughout the operation, "the placid look of the patient's countenance never changed; his whole frame rested in perfect stillness; not a muscle or nerve was seen to twitch." Afterwards he gradually awoke; and upon collecting himself, he exclaimed, "I bless the Lord to find it's all over." He denied having felt the slightest pain; and two days afterwards the first dressing of the wound was applied under similar conditions.

The supposition that mesmeric manipulation can produce the state thus described is one of great improbability; but the unbelief of the members of the Society overleapt itself, and induced them almost unanimously to jump to a conclusion which unfortunately requires for its unhesitating reception almost a larger amount of credulity than would be necessary for the phenomenon of which it is presented as the solution. The opinion thus readily adopted was simply that the patient had experienced all the pain usually attendant upon a capital operation, but that he had thought fit to *feign* insensibility; and, with this the subject was dismissed. Now, that two gentlemen, of, we presume, professional respectability, should out of mere wantonness plan a short-lived hoax, which must, if discovered, lead to their expulsion from society, is of itself no slight improbability; but that a timid patient, worn down with pain, and doomed to a dreadful operation, upon which his existence depended, should originate or lend himself to the motiveless joke, and perform his part to admiration, is an assumption of a still more astounding kind. Under any view, the case is surrounded by improbabilities, and inquiry, to whatever it might lead, could not fail to be instructive. If the patient be an impostor, he can hardly have arrived at the age of forty-two without having already, by the development of his genius, acquired in his own neighborhood a pretty distinct reputation: if, on the other hand, he has hitherto maintained a character for integrity, we do not see that the fact of his being an agricultural laborer entitles any society to brand him as an impostor, for making a statement which if it proceeded from one of their own station would be received at all events with respect, and which, as it relates to personal consciousness, they are unable to disprove. The case is calculated to interest every humane person. We fear that it may turn out a delusion; but at present those who have attacked it have merely substituted one improbability for another. The most direct evidence of which it is susceptible has been produced; and this can now only be strengthened or weakened by testimony relating to the character of the principal witness. It is possible that Messrs. Topham and Ward were prepared to furnish some information on the point: if not, it was easily procurable from other sources. But this, in the eagerness of incredulity, was lost sight of; and the members appear to have departed thoroughly satisfied, that although it is impossible to swallow a dromedary, a camel may be taken whole with very little inconvenience.

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**Lunar Rings.**—On Tuesday week, between 6 and 7 o'clock, P. M., two distinct and beautiful rings encircled the moon; the first being chiefly tinged with yellow, and the outermost with green colour; but varying so, that nearly all the tints of the rainbow were visible.—*Literary Gaz.*

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## ESSE'S MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF ENGLAND.

From the Spectator.

*Memoirs of the Court of England, from the Revolution in* 1688 *to the Death of George II.* By John Heneage Jesse, Esq., Author of "Memoirs of the Court of England during the Reign of the Stuarts." In three volumes.

THESE three volumes continue Mr. Jesse's very agreeable and not uninteresting biographical sketches of English sovereigns, courtiers, and persons of fashionable or frivolous mark; the present series beginning with the Revolution, or more strictly, with the life of William the Third, and ending with persons who chiefly figured in the reign of George the Second—Walpole, the Countesses of Suffolk and Yarmouth, mistresses of the King, and Lord Melcombe (Bubb Doddington), being the last lives.

Besides its pleasant and gossipy character, the work has a value. The lives of the Kings were perhaps not wanted; for, either in histories or other accessible books, as much could be learned about them as Mr. Jesse tells; but the Queens and the rest of the Royal Family are of evident utility. Many, for example, may often have wished for some particular account of Prince George of Denmark, consort of Queen Anne; of Caroline wife of George the Second; of their son Frederick Prince of Wales, so conspicuous in every account of the period for his open opposition to his father; of his Princess, mother of George the Third, the "chaste" dowager of Junius; or even of William Duke of Cumberland: yet they could only get their wants supplied after a fashion in biographical dictionaries, and not always there. In Mr. Jesse's *Memoirs of the Court of England* there are sufficient sketches of them; not indeed distinguished for any extraordinary qualities connected either with judgment or research, but displaying a good deal of *con amore* reading, an easy arrangement, and a pleasant mode of narrative.

What has been said of the Kings may be said of some of the courtiers. Accounts are readily accessible of Marlborough and his Sarah, of Bolingbroke, of Chesterfield, of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, of Walpole, of the minor poet Sheffield Duke of Buckingham; and in a lesser degree of Atterbury, the Duke of Newcastle, Harley Earl of Oxford, the Earl of Peterborough, and Bubb Doddington. But even as regards some of these, Mr. Jesse's book is useful; for he hits the happy medium between the meagre notice of a dictionary and the expensive elaborations in several volumes quarto or octavo. All the other lives supply a want in popular literature. They give us biographical sketches or anecdotes of persons whom every reader of the history or literature of the period feels curious about, and for some of whom his interest has been excited; such are Pope's "poor Wharton, nipp'd in folly's broadest bloom;" Lord Hervey, the "Sporus," and "Lord Fanny," of the same satirist; his wife, the charming "Lepel" of the Twickenham bard, and even of the cynic Churchill; Mrs. Masham, the bed-chamber woman of Queen Anne; the adventurers Beau Fielding and Beau Wilson; King William's favorites Bentinck and Keppel, the founders of the Portland and Albermarle families; with a whole lot of Kings' mistresses and others.

Of course it will not be supposed that these notices are in any case complete biographies: they are memoirs in a strict sense. For any thing more, the less considerable characters could not yield materials; and space would have failed to develop the career of the more important personages. The reader who wants to *study* the campaigns and diplomacy of Marlborough or the politics of Walpole, must of course go elsewhere. This is not a fault, but a fact, though a fact to be mentioned. The real fault of the book is rooted in the author's mind. Like retailers of gossip, from D'Israeli all round, he is in love with marvels, and words to correspond. To find out a mare's nest, to exalt an accessory into a principal, and dignify it with sounding words, is the delight of these writers, without much respect to truth or common sense. Thus he opens the notice of Mrs. Masham in this strain:

> "It is remarkable how little is known of this celebrated woman; who, from an almost menial situation, rose to be the favorite of her sovereign; who governed both Queen Anne and her *counsels; who expelled Ministries and gave birth to others almost at her will;* and who, without positive talent, or apparently merit of any sort, could boast *that she had on more than one occasion changed the destinies of Europe.*"

And again, in his life of Harley he says:

> "Thus was the *ruin* consummated of one of the greatest heroes [Marlborough], and one of the most powerful Administrations [the Whigs of Queen Anne], by means of the secret influence of a bed-chamber woman, and the intriguing genius of a renegade Dissenter."

The whole of this is mere balderdash, or untruth. The Duke of Marlborough rather

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meanly consented to hold office after some of his friends resigned, and when the fitting time came he was of course turned out: he was charged with peculation, of which there is little doubt that he was guilty; and, being threatened with prosecution to recover the money, he went abroad. But how this should be called "ruin," we cannot perceive; and still less what Mrs. Masham had to do with it. The "renegade Dissenter," as Mr. Jesse terms Harley, was the Peel of his day, though with less capacity and less resolution: but Harley could do nothing till he had got circumstances as well as Mrs. Masham and the queen in his favor—as he found to his cost a little while before, when he was turned out himself. As for "changing the destinies of all Europe," and all the other fustian, Mr. Jesse ought to have known better; for he has himself recorded some of the true circumstances which caused the downfall of the Whigs:

"The unpopularity of a long and expensive war—the general impression that it was protracted by the Duke of Marlborough for the purpose of filling his own coffers—the excitement caused by the trial of the popular idol, Dr. Sacheveral—and the almost universal belief that the Church was in danger—had gradually alienated the affections of the people from the Whigs."

Mrs. Masham, or rather Mr. Jesse, illustrates the fly upon the wheel—"what a dust I raise!"—but in finer language.

These kind of things are blemishes, but detract nothing from the readableness and little from the utility of the work, for we do not recur to such publications for philosophy. Information as to facts and persons, with light gossipy anecdote, are what we look for, and what we find, in *Memoirs of the Court of England.*

The following, touching upon the Viscount Dundee, who furnished Scott's Claverhouse in *Old Mortality*, is something higher.

DUNDEE'S FOLLOWERS.

On the spot where Dundee received his death-wound, the Highlanders raised a large stone, which may be seen at the present day. When King William was told that the news of the defeat of Killicrankie had reached Edinburgh, by express, "Then I am sure," he said, "that Dundee must be dead, or otherwise he would have reached Edinburgh before it." Again, when he was advised to despatch a large force to the Highlands, in consequence of M'Kay's recent defeat, "No," he replied, "it is quite useless: the war ended with the life of Dundee."

After the fall of their gallant leader, the greater number of Dundee's officers retired to France, where a small pension was conferred on them by the French King. When this boon was subsequently withdrawn, deprived of all honorable means of subsistence, and finding themselves a burden to their unfortunate master King James, these brave exiles solicited permission to form themselves into a regiment of private soldiers, merely stipulating that the selection of their officers should be left in their own hands. "James," says Dalrymple, "assented: they repaired to St. Germains to be reviewed by him, before they were modelled in the French army. A few days after they came, they posted themselves in accoutrements borrowed from a French regiment, and drawn up in order, in a place through which he was to pass as he went to the chase; an amusement of which he was passionately fond after the loss of his kingdom. He asked who they were? and was surprised to find that they were the same men with whom, in garbs better suited to their ranks, he had the day before conversed at his levee. Struck with the levity of his own amusement contrasted with the misery of those who were suffering for him, he returned pensive to the palace. The day he reviewed them, he passed along the ranks; wrote in his pocket-book, with his own hand, every gentleman's name, and gave him his thanks in particular; and then, removing to the front, bowed to the body, with his hat off. After he had gone away, still thinking that honor enough was not done them, he returned, bowed again, and burst into tears. The body kneeled, bent their heads and eyes steadfast upon the ground; and then, starting up at once, passed him with the usual honors of war, as if it was only a common review they were exhibiting."

It is almost a painful duty to record the subsequent fate of these gallant men. From St. Germains they were sent, a march of nine hundred miles on foot, to the frontiers of Spain. "Wherever they passed," we are told, "they were received with tears by the women, with respect by some of the men, but with laughter at the awkardness of their situation by most of them." Brave and uncomplaining; obedient to orders; ever the foremost in an onset, and the last in a retreat; forgetting their own sufferings and misfortunes in the all-absorbing attachment which they conceived for their legitimate sovereign; during the course of six years, these noble-minded exiles encountered a series of vicissitudes and privations, which were only exceeded by the dignity with which they were endured. On two occasions alone are they said to have disobeyed orders. The first time was at the siege of Roses, where their ranks had become so thinned by disease, that, with a view to their recovery, they were ordered to quit the camp. Distressed, however as was their condition, the order was deeply resented as an affront, and, till they had despatched a remonstrance to Marshal Noailles, they positively refused to retire. The second occasion of their breaking orders was in making a lodgment in an island on the Rhine. The French, believing the river to be impassable on foot, had ordered a number of boats for the service: previously, however, to their arrival, the gallant exiles, tying their clothes and accoutrements to their shoulders, and placing

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their strongest men where the current was most impetuous, joined hand in hand, and in the sight of both armies drove ten times their number from the island. The French were unable to conceal their admiration, and were loud in their applause: "*Le gentilhomme*," they exclaimed, "*est toujours gentilhomme.*" "A gentleman, in every situation, is still a gentleman." So highly, indeed, did the French appreciate this gallant service, that they conferred on the island the title of L'Isle d'Ecosse, a name which it retains to the present day.

The remaining particulars concerning the fate of the Scottish brigade may be related in a few words. Neglected by the French Government, and with few of their wants attended to, they were ordered from the frontiers of Spain to Alsace. During this long march, their clothes are said to have fallen from them in tatters; and they were frequently in want of food, and the commonest necessaries of life. To add to their distressing condition, the face of the country, after they passed Lyons, was covered with snow; and yet, amidst all these miseries and privations, not a single complaint appears to have passed their lips, and the cry of "Long live King James," was sufficient to enliven them even in the extremity of their misfortunes. At the close of the war, they were disbanded on the banks of the Rhine, fifteen hundred miles from their own home, without the slightest provision being made for them. At this period, owing to the ravages of disease and war, their numbers were reduced to sixteen, and of these only four made their way to Scotland.

The length of this quotation will confine us to short miscellaneous passages for the rest of the extracts.

### FINIS CORONAT OPUS.

Lord Chesterfield, during the last months of his life, was afflicted with a diarrhœa, which entirely baffled the art of his physicians, and subsequently proved the immediate cause of his death. "He was afflicted," says Dr. Matty, "with no other illness, and remained to the last free from all manner of pain, enjoying his surprising memory and presence of mind to his latest breath; perfectly composed and resigned to part with this life, and only regretting that death was so tardy to meet him. About half an hour before he expired, his valet opened the curtains of his bed, and announced a visit from Mr. Dayrolles. Though he had hardly strength to give utterance to his words, he muttered faintly, "Give Dayrolles a chair." Thus his last words were those of politeness. It was observed by his physician, Dr. Warren, who was in the apartment at the time, "Lord Chesterfield's good breeding only quitted him with his life."

### CICERO MIDDLETON ON THE ARTICLES.

His "Discourse on the Miraculous Powers" supposed to have been vested in the early Christian Church, led the world to believe that he was a free-thinker; and his letters to Lord Hervey have since substantiated the fact. As a divine, a moralist, and a philosopher, he should have taken especial care to maintain his private character in good repute: and yet the same man who professed that "Providence had placed him beyond the temptation of sacrificing philosophical freedom to the servilities of dependence," is known, in the most shameless manner, to have subscribed the Thirty-nine Articles for the mere purpose of enjoying the living of Hascombe. "Though there are many things in the Church," he says, "which I wholly dislike, yet, while I am content to acquiesce in the ill, I should be glad to taste a little of the good."

### THE SEYMOUR FAMILY.

Several influential gentlemen, from the counties of Devon and Somerset, shortly afterwards followed his example [in waiting upon the Prince of Orange]; and among these was the celebrated Sir Edward Seymour, who had formerly been Speaker of the House of Commons, and who, singularly enough, had long been conspicuous for his most bigoted advocacy of Tory principles. In the course of one of his earliest interviews with the Prince, "I believe, Sir Edward," said the latter, "that you are of the Duke of Somerset's family?"—"No, Sir," was the reply, "the Duke of Somerset is of mine."

### A ROYAL REPARTEE.

To the vulgar the manners of William appear to have been at all times more gracious than to those of higher rank. Some years afterwards, he was passing through a village in the neighborhood of Windsor, when a woman, determined to get a sight of the king, thrust herself close to the windows of the royal carriage. Having satisfied her curiosity, she exclaimed, somewhat contemptuously, though perhaps not with the intention of being overheard—"Is that the King? why my husband is a handsomer man than he." William stooped towards her, and said, very seriously, "Good woman, don't speak so loud; consider I'm a widower."

### ECCENTRICITY OF PETERBOROUGH.

Whatever may have been the cause of difference between Lord Peterborough and Charles the Third, certain it is that the former was recalled from the scene of his glory in consequence of the charges preferred against him by the Spanish Monarch. These charges were afterwards investigated in the House of Lords; when not only were they declared to be utterly unfounded, but the House voted that, "during the time he had the command of the army in Spain, he performed many great and eminent services, for which he had the thanks of their House." The Lord Chancellor addressed him in a most flattering speech, in which his "wonderful and amazing success," "his personal bravery and conduct," and his "wise counsels," are dwelt upon in the most glowing language. "My Lords," said Lord Peterborough, in reply, "for the great honor and favor I have received from your Lordships, I return my most humble thanks, with a heart full of the truest respect and gratitude. No service can deserve such a reward. It is more than a sufficient recompense for my past hardships, and to which nothing can give an addition. I shall endeavor in all my future ac-

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tions not to appear unworthy of the unmerited favor I have this day received from this great assembly." According to Lord Lansdowne, immediately after quitting this splendid scene he ordered his coach to stop at a poulterer's shop, where he alighted and purchased a fowl for his dinner. [It was his practice to bargain for his dinner, and carry it home himself.]

### CUMBERLAND'S GAMING.

The Duke, even in his boyhood, is said to have affected a gravity of demeanor, and to have been distinguished by a solemn assumption of philosophical superiority, such as not unfrequently covers a really weak mind, and which was borne out by no particular acts of wisdom in his subsequent career. As a youth he affected to conceive the same paramount interest in the affairs of Parliament, or the council-chamber, that he took in the evolutions of an army or the trappings of a regiment of horse. Like his brother Frederick, he was fond of women, and also delighted in the pleasures of the gaming-table and the race-course. Unlike his brother, however, he possessed a strength of mind which enabled him to resist the temptation of play, as soon as prudence warned him against further indulgence. It was much to his credit, that having on one occasion lost his pocket-book on the race-course at Newmarket, he declined making any bets, alleging that his losses were already sufficient for one day. When the races were over, the pocket-book was brought to him by a half-pay officer, by whom it had accidentally been picked up. The Duke generously insisted on the officer keeping it. "I am only glad," he said, "that it has fallen into such good hands; for if I had not lost it as I did, its contents would by this time have been scattered among the blacklegs of Newmarket."

### THE DYING POLITICIAN.

On one occasion, the Duke of Cumberland is said to have found great difficulty in evading the importunities of his father, who was desirous that he should unite himself to a Princess of Denmark. The king had actually caused a negotiation to be entered into with the Danish Court; and in this dilemma, the Duke sent to ask the advice of Sir Robert Walpole, scarcely forty-eight hours, it may be remarked, before the death of that minister. Sir Robert recommended that the Duke should demand a large marriage settlement. The advice was followed, and his Royal Highness heard nothing more of the match.

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ILLUMINATED VELLUM.—A beautifully illuminated vellum of the 15th century, forwarded by Mr. Dawson Turner, from the muniment room of Sir T. Hore, was exhibited before the society of Antiquarians. It relates to West Deerham in Norfolk, and appears to be what is termed a circular for procuring the prayers of various monastic establishments; this specimen bears record of having been sent to Twynam in Hampshire, and to Kirksdale in Yorkshire. Lord A. Conyham exhibited a gold collar or gorget, some torques, rings, &c., also in gold, recently found in Ireland.—*Literary Gazette.*

## YATES'S MODERN HISTORY AND CONDITION OF EGYPT.

From the Spectator.

FROM an incidental allusion to the death of Sir Humphry Davy, Dr. Yates appears to have found himself at Malta about 1830, bent upon a pilgrimage to Egypt and Palestine, to examine the condition and diseases of those countries. According to the Doctor's rather ample statement of the matter, his intention caused a greater sensation at Malta, through the dread of the plague, than we should have thought possible within these twenty years. The plan, becoming the town-talk of Valetta, came to the ears of Mr. Bradshaw, the American Consul at Lyons, then on a trip *ad libitum* either given or taken. This gentleman introduced himself to Dr. Yates; the two sailed for Alexandria, travelled to Cairo by the now abandoned route of Rosetta, and, after seeing the usual curiosities of the city and its vicinity, ascended the Nile to the second cataract, and then came back again.

The narrative of all this, told with elaborate minuteness, and interspersed with reflections and quotations, to show the writer's reading, as well as with some apt illustrations of Scripture from still existing customs, occupies a good portion of the two large volumes. The remainder of the text is occupied by some account of the condition and capabilities of Egypt, so far as Dr. Yates had means to observe it, and ability to apprehend it; a sketch of the career of Mohammed Ali, with the doctor's opinion of his character and government, brought down to the present time by means of private and public information, and a few scattered medical remarks, and such observations upon the people as his profession enabled him to make. A bulky appendix of documents, rarely of much importance, is affixed to each volume.

Had the narrative been freely condensed, and such portions of the general remarks as were derived from the author's experience, been published at the time the tour was made, the work might have passed as a fresh and readable book of travels, although not telling much that was really new. Appearing when the facilities of steam have made the route a part of the grand tour—when guide-books, not to speak of travels, have been published about Egypt, and steam-companies advertise the Nile as part of a pleasant trip—the value it might once have had, is considerably diminished, especially as the author's historical and political disquisitions have no novelty of view or force of style to render them actractive. Mr. St. John, and later writers, have questioned

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the policy of the Pasha, and denounced the tyranny which has accompanied its progress. The striking incidents in Mohammed's early career have been often told, and with greater effect than by Dr. Yates; whilst the account of the Syrian war is curt and jejune, telling nothing but what every body knew, and not always that correctly. One striking point of the affair was the conclusion. The unauthorized convention of Napier—its rejection by the Syrian officers and Byzantine intriguers—the eager clutching at it by the Four Powers, frightened at an European war—and the return of the lucky old Commodore to ratify his rejected convention, are quite a diplomatic denouement: but if Dr. Yates knows all these, he does not tell them. In his narrative it looks a regular jog-trot sort of thing.

These remarks refer to the matter of the book. Its literary defect is diffuseness. The author rarely leaves any thing in full bloom, but is not satisfied without running it to seed; a failing that often mars the effect of descriptions that have intrinsic interest, besides introducing much encumbering or needless writing.

Of medical remarks Dr. Yates is unfortunately sparing, seeming to think them too professional; but the few he introduces are good and brief, for, understanding his subject, he can see the essential points. Here is a sketch of

### ORIENTAL BARBER-SURGEONS.

Barbers in the East, as in Europe in the olden time, generally understand the arts of cupping, bleeding, and tooth-drawing; some of them pretend to set bones, and they are not unfrequently applied to for "nostrums;" they are also expected to dress wounds and extract balls. Their manner of cupping is very simple; rude, but efficacious. They first apply a buffalo's horn to the skin by its broad end; the narrow end remaining open, the air is sucked out by the mouth. Atmospheric pressure causes the skin to rise; the lips being withdrawn, the horn is removed. and the parts beneath are scarified by means of a razor; the horn is instantly applied, and a second vacuum being created by aid of the lips, the bloo l flows. Cupping, and counter irritation, especially by the "moxa," or the actual cautery, are had recourse to by these people on almost every occasion; and they often do a great deal of good. In Persia and China, blood-letting is highly objected to, especially among the great, chiefly on superstitious grounds; and the same prejudice is believed to have facilitated, if it did not cause the death of the late Princess Mirhmah, a daughter of the Sultan Mahmoud. She was the wife of Sayeed Pascha, who held the office of Seraskier, and so great a favorite, that when she died, a royal firman was issued, interdicting all singing and music, and every other demonstration of joy, for several days to come. It seems that the princess was delivered of a still-born infant; and symptoms of inflammation arising after a lapse of three days, the physician advised that she should be bled. The proposal being, however, so novel, and so much at variance with established usage, (for it is thought presumption to spill the blood of a princess,) the wishes of the H'akkim were resisted to the last, and the royal patient sunk into the grave, another victim to the hydra of superstition.

### EGYPTIAN DONKEY-BOYS.

There is not a more useful set of people in the country, especially in Cairo and Alexandria. Whatever we do, wherever we go, they are in request; we could not get on at all without them. They are sure to find out the residence of a Frank, and as sure to be at hand when needed. They watch his motions, and, like the secret police of Austria, can generally tell where he is to be found, which are his favorite haunts, and at what hour he reached his home the previous night. They are to be seen lurking about the corners of the streets in parties, with their ragged, jaded, scraggy-looking animals, waiting for a job. They are themselves as ragged, wretched, and emaciated; and it is truly wonderful how they are able to support the fatigue which they are destined to go through. They live but sparingly, and are at the call of every one, whether Infidel, Turk, or Jew. They are constantly on the alert; watch the looks of every passer by; and at the smallest indication of assent, drag their meagre-looking beasts to the spot, vociferating all the way, abusing each other, scrambling to arrive first, and sounding the praise of these most unfortunate of all the brute creation—animals which, to judge by appearances, would hardly have strength to transport themselves into the adjoining street, and therefore little calculated to bear the burden of a full-grown Turk, to say nothing of a saddle and trappings weighing twenty-five pounds. It is easy to perceive that neither man nor beast has more rest or more to eat than he knows what to do with. Some bread, a few dates, a piece of gourd or melon, some "youart," (curd,) and a little rice occasionally, constitute the food of the one, and a bundle of chopped straw and a few beans the support of the other. Both sleep in the open air, or in a miserable shed surrounded by filth and rubbish. I have already described the manner of their proceeding, the hurried uncertain course of their existence, and the singular vivacity with which they wriggle their way along the crowded streets, threading the busy multitude, apparently without fatigue to either party. These boys must run several miles in the course of a few hours; and their very looks betray the nature of their avocation. The countenance is always haggard, pale, and anxious, their breathing hurried, their whole visage and demeanor sharp and restless. As we might expect, they shorten their days, and very many of them die of diseased heart. They are not predisposed to consumption, for this is a disease that is seldom to be met with in Egypt; nor is asthma so frequent in its occurrence as we might imagine *à priori* that it would be: still it occurs, and I have no doubt, is brought on in these youths by violent exercise, and frequent exposure to the



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heavy dews of the night. But "use is second nature," and if they lived better, they would probably not only be unable to perform their work, but they would be rendered more susceptible of disease. They are generally satisfied with three or four piastres a day, and think themselves well paid. Many do not give them half that sum, and others take their donkies by force, especially the soldiers and "jacks in office," and give them nothing, except, perhaps, a severe beating. No wonder, then, that they prefer the service of a Frank, and particularly of an Englishman, who still preserves his character for liberality even in Egypt.

### THE BEARD IN THE EAST.

Poor Burckhardt, who was better known in Egypt as "Sheikh Ibrahim," found his beard a great protection to him; and those who have read his travels will remember, that on one occasion, a certain chief, doubting that he was a Mussulman, insulted him by pulling his beard, which was instantly resented by a blow: no further doubts were then entertained. To stroke the beard, or gently touch the end of it, is regarded as a compliment; and it is a common practice, among the Arabs, thus to lay hold of it, admire, and smooth down the beard, when endeavoring to coax and flatter, or make a bargain. It throws a man off his guard, and opens his heart. An Arab would almost as soon be deprived of a limb as shorn of his beard; for independently of the disgrace which the sons of Islam attach to such an operation, he feels that he is severed from an object to which he is bound by the strongest ties of affection. It is his constant friend and companion, let his circumstances alter as they may. He confers with it in difficulties and doubt; he imparts to it all his secrets; it affords him diversion in solitude; and in the hour of adversity and trial it becomes his solace and resource. When thoughtful, he grasps it; when pleased, he strokes it; when vexed and excited, he pulls it. It is held sacred by every class, and it is referred to as a token of fidelity and honor. To swear by the beard, the beard of one's father, and the beard of the Prophet, is at all times sufficiently binding: and he who possesses a fine beard is invariably a person of commanding exterior, and an object of respect, for he cannot be very young, and he is therefore supposed to have some wisdom, and a certain degree of experience in human affairs.

In most parts of the East, those men who are by nature beardless, are considered insignificant; and in Persia, where this graceful appendage is so highly esteemed, they become objects of ridicule, and are quaintly denominated "Birish," "No beards." It may well be supposed, then, that any slight offered to the beard in such countries, is an unpardonable offence; and various epithets are applied by individuals in token of their contempt or regard according as the case may be. Thus, to "laugh at his beard," and to "make play with another man's beard," signify to mock or cajole, and are a direct insult to manhood.

### SCRIPTURAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Arabs of the Desert commonly clothe themselves also in manufactures of camel's hair; and the article most prized by them is the "haik," or cloak of that material. It is either black or white, with or without broad stripes; it consists of a square piece, with holes for the arms, and has no seam. The Druses of Lebanon, and the people of Mesopotamia, not only wear a coat which is "without seam," but "of many colors," having variegated stripes proceeding to a point downwards from the shoulders, like a reversed pyramid. This is believed to be of the same description as that bestowed by Jacob on his favorite child. We are informed that our Saviour also wore "a coat without seam, woven from the top throughout;" and that, in the wilderness, St. John "had his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins." The "sackcloth" of the Scriptures was a similar manufacture, but of the roughest and coarsest kind, like that which is worn by dervishes and reputed saints. It is still used for sacks and tent-covers. We can easily understand the necessity of a girdle; no persons with loose flowing robes can engage in active occupations without first "girding up the loins"—that is, taking up a portion of their dress out of their way. Some lay aside their outer garment for the time; others prepare to put forth their strength by fastening a belt or girdle round the waist, and by laying bare the arms to the shoulders. Thus Elijah "girded up his loins, and ran before Ahab to Jezreel;" and the sacred writings abound in passages which, like this, illustrate the habits of those who wear the Oriental costume.

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## AMOR PATRIÆ—BY AN EMIGRANT.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

Land of our Fathers! when afar from thee
We think of all that we have left behind;
The cottage in the glen, the moss-grown tree,
Its dark boughs waving in the summer wind;

The wimpling stream that softly rolls along,
Meandering down the rugged mountain's side;
The briery bush; the blackbird's well-known song,
Pouring its rapture in a trilling tide;

The eagle, wheeling high in circle wide;
The red-deer, bounding in the glades below;
The salmon, leaping in the silvery tide;
The humming bee; the cattle's well-known low;

The time-worn tower, whose venerable form
In stilly grandeur breaks upon the view,—
Its gray head towering o'er the howling storm,—
Is it not fixed in Memory's tablets too?

Borne on the wind, the well-known Sabbath bell
Chimes its soft music to our straining ear,
Entrancing all our senses like a spell:
Ah! sad illusion, never more to hear.

How vivid in our mind the eventful day
Which saw us sailing from our native land,
The lessening hills in distance rising gray,
We gazed thereon—a melancholy band.

But though far distant from our native shore,
Old Scotland ne'er shall hang her head in shame;
For we, though severed by Atlantic's roar,
Will aye uphold our country's well-won fame.

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## PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

Several months have elapsed since we have offered the few remarks which we have long been in the habit of making on public affairs. There was indeed much to think about, much to grieve over, but little to talk about, while waiting for the results of the new Tariff and the new Sliding Scale, —seeing distress spreading on every hand, and lamentable divisions among those whose union was the surest foundation of the hope of better times. To have given expression to discontent and complaint had at best been idle: those from whom we had hoped better things than riot and outrage, of which they must always be themselves the surest victims, had been sufficiently punished by the vengeance of the laws which they had violated, and were more the subjects of commiseration than rebuke; and in the present awful state of the country, we hold merely factious party recrimination as worse than idle—as morally reprehensible. Party nick-names, and party tactics we have long since left to party jobbers; and having thrown all the badges overboard, we are not disposed to fish them up again. From the first hint of Sir Robert Peel's Tariff, small as was the actual advantage that could be anticipated from a measure that was, perhaps, underrated by one party, and viewed with inordinate alarm by another, Liberals were bound to be in charity with the Tory Minister, who, with however timid a hand, had fairly, though certainly not far, opened the sluices, and let in the waters which are now swelling around us. It is not less true, that Sir Robert Peel's predecessors in office had left but few of those grateful reminiscences and feelings which make this duty of charity difficult to practise towards their rival. A Session of Parliament was got through by Sir Robert, in which, one way or another, a good deal of useful business was accomplished, when its doings are compared with the latter years of the Whig administration; but of which the weightiest business was paving the way for those great commercial and fiscal changes which are now inevitable.

Let us not be understood to impute the dallying with important measures, and the disappointment of the reasonable hopes of the Reformers, altogether to Whig hollowness or disinclination. The late ministry were often obstructed by the contumacy and factious opposition of the party whom their supineness and want of confidence in the people had allowed to rally into formidable strength; though their greatest cause of obstruction lurked within. They had got all they wanted, and nothing more was necessary save to keep what they had obtained. The means of doing so they strangely miscalculated,—and so lost all.

These are things of the past; and now looking forward to the coming Session of Parliament, which, whether for weal or wo, must be one of the most eventful that has yet been witnessed, we start afresh from the point at which we left off when we last spoke of public matters, and inquire whether Sir Robert Peel considers the present distress merely one in the series of periods of temporary difficulty which arise from time to time in every great commercial country, from ruinous wars, bad seasons, and a variety of causes, and are again surmounted; or whether, as is now generally held by reflecting men, he considers it the most alarming symptom that has yet been apparent of the decidedly downward tendency of England in every one of her great interests. The agriculturists begin at length to perceive that all the unjust protection that can be cunningly devised for them, cannot long uphold them, if the other leading interests of the country suffer. The present distress, arising from the same causes, and partaking of the general character of previous periods of suffering, is seen to be more broadly based, and more inveterate in its nature; and the disease has seized upon a previously debilitated frame, no longer able to repel such attacks. National decay has been coming on, now with stealthy pace, now with an accelerated movement,—but ever gaining ground; and the only possible issue has been foreseen and foretold for a quarter of a century. We are not, however, disposed to exult in the fulfilment of prophecies of evil, but rather to rejoice in the indications, that the warning lessons of the justice which is wisdom, are at length beginning to be listened to. Experience, it is said, teaches fools. Falling corn-markets, on the one hand, in spite of a lately adopted magical protecting scale; and, on the other, the energetic action of the Anti-corn-law League, and the increasing phalanx of Free-traders, at the head of an unemployed and starving population, speak in a tone that must penetrate the most obtuse brains. There is little doubt that Sir Robert Peel, on questions of political economy, holds, at least in the abstract, the same opinions as the late Mr. Huskisson. But there is no longer place for theories and abstractions. Something must be done, and that quickly and effectually; if universal, and, it may be, irreparable ruin is to be averted; and if a last fair chance is

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to be given to the country to right itself. The Corn Laws must go in the first place;—and they are doomed, and are scarcely worth longer consideration from their opponents; since some of their supporters have themselves magnanimously spoken their sentence. They remain but a question of time, and surely of very brief time,—as we cannot believe that Sir Robert Peel, who has, on former occasions, had the manly humility, and true wisdom and patriotism to adopt whatever was commendable in the policy of his rivals, will pertinaciously cling to a measure proved to be worthless, even to those for whom it was devised, merely because it is not quite a year old, and was of his own contrivance. It has surely been tried quite long enough, the moment that its futility is demonstrated. We would hope that the Minister will as frankly throw his useless Sliding Scale overboard, as adopt the Whig modifications of the Sugar Duties, and, if he please, out-bid the liberality of the Whigs. His difficulties are easily foreseen; and therefore on these, and any liberal measure, or measure of liberal tendency which he may propose, it is the duty of every man who wishes well to the country, and hopes to prosper in the general prosperity, to support a Minister—Tory though he be denominated—who has already done the state some small service, and obtained credit for an inclination to do more, if he is permitted; if he is, in other words, supported by the country against the selfish imbeciles of his own party. Whatever may be the tactics, or, rather, the tempers of the wilder portion of Sir Robert's friends, the duty of Reformers is clear enough. A clamor has been raised by the Whig partisan press, because Sir Robert Peel seems inclined to delude the agricultural interest, has, in fact, deceived the farmers,—though Mr. Estcott and others seem to think this system of delusion will really serve the agriculturists; and no one doubts that, if Sir Robert means free trade in spirit, while restriction is maintained only in words, that this is a kind of delusion which must promote the interests of the whole people, and therefore merits a better name. What shall be said of another kind of delusion, dexterously practised, for a series of years, by another statesman who deluded the Reformers into the expectation that something great was to be done, and ended by telling the people, in plain terms, that even "The Bill" was intended to strengthen the landed interest in the House of Commons! Let us no longer be duped by party names, and made the tools of factious interests. Lord John Russell practised the same kind of tacit delusion. He indubitably allowed the Reformers to indulge in fond fancies of what the Whig administration was to do; and, when the time came, turned round and taunted them with their credulity:—He never had meant any such thing! If Sir Robert Peel should bubble the farmers in the same style, there is yet this great difference in the result of the deception, that his is for their ultimate salvation, and for the more immediate relief of the nation. Let us only find that Sir Robert proves himself an arch-deceiver to the hopes of selfishness and injustice; and long may the monopolists be so deceived! The more intelligent of the agricultural party do not seem to fancy that they have been betrayed.

The changed tone of the late great agricultural meetings is, if possible, a more heart-felt cause of congratulation than the formidable attitude, the elastic energy, and rapidly-growing strength of the Anti-corn-law League.* Those convictions must long have been working in secret which found such strong expression at these farmer assemblies, where things have not been minced or said by halves. The death-warrant of those foolish and iniquitous laws—for they are not more iniquitous than foolish—has been signed by the agriculturists themselves; which leaves no chance for a rescue, and little encouragement for the attempt. There is another advantage. Having surrendered

* Among their other efforts, the active and indefatigable National Anti-corn-law League some time since offered prizes for the three best Essays on "Agriculture and the Corn Law." From those offered the three to which the prizes were awarded have been published; and they will, we trust, be speedily circulated far and wide, among the tenant farmers and farm laborers of Great Britain and Ireland, whom they are intended to enlighten. They advocate the same principles, and use the same strain of argument to which our readers have long been familiar in our pages, and especially in the *Political Register* of *Tait's Magazine* for the eight or nine years during which the Political Register was under the superintendence of the late James Johnston Darling, W. S., with whom agricultural science was a favorite pursuit, and who understood the subject well, both practically and theoretically. The opinions advanced in these Essays, and those beginning to be avowed at the agricultural meetings, were unceasingly inculcated by Mr. Darling; and his words have not been as water spilt upon the ground. Mr. Darling was from the outset a Total Repealer, from a sincere conviction, common to him with some of the most intelligent Scottish farmers, that the deprivation of the so-named protection must be for the advantage of the farmers themselves, and ultimately of the landlords also. Nature has, under all circumstances, given a lavish protection to British farmers in the distances from which the corn supplies of the country must be drawn; and from the superior skill, capital, and improved processes of husbandry that must be forced into play by the withdrawal of the enervating protective duties, Mr. Darling always expressed the utmost con-

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their own monopoly, the landed interest will show no mercy to any other.* Free trade in corn is free trade in every thing.

The main foundation of the hope on which we now rest is, that the deep-seated evils of our condition being better understood, there is more chance of unanimity as to the nature of the remedy to be administered. There is, so far as we can ascertain, no abatement of the symptoms. Trade becomes every day worse and worse. Whole communities are nearly unemployed, starving, and despairing ; and a fearful relaxation of morals, and letting go of the decencies and proprieties of the humblest life that is sustained by regular industry, must be the consequence of those habits of idleness and vagrancy to which so many of the young and of the rising generation are at present condemned :—Nor do we see any chance of speedy relief. Regarded merely as a Tariff, and not in its remote though weightiest results—as the hopeful entering of the wedge, in the process of overthrowing all monopolies—the Peel code promises but slender aid to the manufacturers when compared with their necessities ; while another and another hostile Tariff bristles up in the face of our commerce ; nor dare we well complain of receiving back from foreign nations the measure we have meted. The total repeal of the Corn Laws, however just and necessary, cannot at once, nor yet, it is to be feared, of itself, renovate healthful production, and restore the manufacturing system to soundness and prosperity. More is required, much more—the abrogation of many burdens, and the removal of many impediments, which Sir Robert Peel has left untouched ; nay, the total emancipation of manufacturing industry. And how is this mighty change to be effected ?——By a more sweeping reduction of duties ? That the insatiable demands of the State Revenue forbid. The nation, which is almost above measure impatient of the Income-tax in its present form, would absolutely revolt at the amount of direct taxation which might justify Sir Robert Peel in relaxing some of the duties that press the hardest upon the great manufactures of the country. Hostility to this obnoxious impost—the Income-tax, is, we fear, even more general than hostility to monopolies and restrictions on trade ; and so determined will the attack already begun be, that unless the Minister has some tempting equivalent with which he can bribe the acquiescence of the country, his Income-tax must go, or he must go ; however necessary both may in the meanwhile be to the public welfare. The Tariff is found to be no money equivalent for the Income-tax, though the repeal of the Corn Laws and the reduction of the Sugar Duties might help to fulfil the promise held out by Sir Robert when the tax was imposed ; and nothing can compensate to private feeling for the attendant mischiefs of that measure as it at present exists. But were its inquisitorial, unequal, and irritating character corrected, and some great and substantial equivalent offered, in the shape of relieving and stimulating industry, with the farther hope of gradual approximation to a thoroughly sound fiscal system—to, in short, *direct taxation*—even the hateful Income-tax might find and deserve advocates as a step in advance. But we are not so near the political millennium as we dream of ; and he must be a very enlightened man, and a very good patriot in-

fidence in the farmers successfully competing with foreigners, if not in one kind of produce, then in others equally profitable. We rejoice to find such doctrines making rapid way. These Prize Essays form a valuable compendium of them.

* The galvanic throes of the *Quarterly Review* are to us another cheering symptom. The poor gentleman who writes about the League in that publication is evidently crazed ; though there is no little malignity in his madness. Had he had a few more weeks for consideration, his very extraordinary demonstration might probably have been changed into a decent adjustment of the mantle preparatory to the inevitable fall. The desperate and curious piece of rigmarole to which we allude is of great length. It revives the stale and self-refuting calumny of the manufacturers having incited the formidable outrages of last autumn. It deals hugely in CAPITAL and *Italic* letters, a mode of printing, according to the same *Quarterly*, (page 79,) "which may be defined as designating what especially demands skipping." There is, consequently, a great deal of that raw-head-and-bloody-bones article that "especially demands skipping." Its sting lies mainly in its tail, though its spines bristle all over. It would put down the League with the strong hand, as "*Jacobinical—raising-money, organized* and *affiliated ;*" and finally endangering "THE SAFETY OF THE STATE." Thus thirty years ago, or less, the same parties—probably the same individual writer for one—would have put down the Anti-slavery Society, which also *raised money*, was *affiliated*, and sent forth lecturers who, in Bristol and Liverpool, were even more roughly handled than the lecturers of the League have been. But the *Quarterly's* scribe, not contented with attacking the members of the League, also denounces the ladies who have co-operated, (as English women, to their honor, have often before done in works of charity and mercy,) as political agitators, wheedling the workmen by styling them "*gentlemen*" in the circulars addressed to them—and who are, moreover, "the *femelles de ces mâles*" who head the League ; a mode of designation sufficiently brutal in the original idiom, and not much improved in the delicate use of an English "*gentleman*." The article, however, places many pithy quotations from speeches and letters before the *Quarterly's* readers ; and cannot fail to do good, especially when viewed in connection with what has been accomplished, and the lowered tone of the Monopolists.

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deed, who will voluntarily agree to pay a liberal per centage upon his income or his realized property, merely to provide such a public revenue as might justify the abolition of all protecting or prohibitory duties. Were he screwed up to the pitch of making this sacrifice,—in the fruits of which he would ultimately share to the full,—he would be entitled to look for a previous complete revision of the public expenditure, and to demand that retrenchment be carried to the quick in every department of the state where the public interests warrant retrenchment. With our present complicated system of taxation, and overwhelming necessity for an immense yearly revenue, if public faith is to be kept, the change we have been contemplating looks Quixotical and impossible; as one which nothing short of revolution and a national bankruptcy could introduce. We are not so sure of this. "Impossible is the adjective of fools." A few months back, who would have hoped to hear Mr. Estcott and his brethren exhorting the farmers to rely, not upon "protection," but, like other industrious and independent men, upon their own exertions and skill. This looks almost as great a miracle as converting the whole nation to the principle of *direct* taxation; a principle only of secondary importance to that of universal direct representation, which must, among other reforms, ensure a second system of raising the public revenue.

We do not wish to take a desponding view of the state and prospects of public affairs. The country has probably seen, for the present, the worst of its evil days,—if not yet the end of them; for now tneir complicated causes and the remedies begin to be generally understood; and though we dare not be so sanguine as to anticipate a speedy and effectual cure, we may confidently look forward to a gradual amelioration of the more distressing symptoms, so soon as the trade in food is unfettered. Skill, enterprise, capital untold, anxiously waiting to be employed in setting busy hands in motion, are still ours, and only require free channels through which they may flow, to bring back the ease, content, and prosperity which it is, at the eleventh hour, discovered will not always wait even upon that protected class to which all the others have been sacrificed.——Instead of indulging in gloom, we would rather dwell upon the blessings which chequer the bitter adversity of the hour. . Peace in the East and in China—to the news of which the desponding heart of the weighed-down nation leapt, as a drowning man clutches at a straw—is an eminent cause of gratulation, both from what it has given, and what it promises; and peace preserved with America is a common and inestimable blessing, not alone to the two countries immediately concerned, but to the whole human race. The finances of the country could not longer afford expensive wars; nor did consciousness of their justice strengthen us for the combat. In Sir. Robert Peel, we believe, we shall have a promoter of peace, wherever else he may halt. Another ground of gratulation is found in the late indications of returning good sense among those of the "physical-force" Chartists, who, from ignorance, and the instigation of foolish, if not wicked leaders, were incited to violate the law, and who thus brought down its vengeance upon themselves, while they have brought disgrace and discomfiture upon an honest cause. With how many specious arguments has the conduct of these misled men furnished the opposers of every extension of the franchise; who now scornfully inquire if the plunderers and incendiaries of the late riots, are the sort of men for whom is demanded, as of right, a direct influence in making the laws? The insurrection,—for that, it seems, is the imposing though incorrect name given to the late riots,—has certainly no necessary connection with the claim of the unrepresented for the Suffrage: but when some of the Chartists even boast that this was a Chartist movement, and not a strike for wages, many among the middle classes, who were previously favorable to the essentials of the *six points*, began to doubt if the claimants yet possess that *common sense* qualification which alone can make the franchise in their hands safe to others, or useful to themselves. We, who consider the extended suffrage an element of safety to the body politic, as well as the right of the unrepresented, disclaim such apprehensions; without, however, being able, in the face of the alarming facts which countenance contrary opinions, to persuade our friends that their fears are fallacious. But one cause of unmingled satisfaction is the growing good sense, and frank good humor displayed of late by the farmers and a few of the landed gentlemen; whom one is disposed to rejoice over like the woman over her lost talent; to find which caused her more joy than the possession of all the rest of her treasure. The advocates of the Total Repeal of the Taxes on the People's Food, the LEAGUE—now "prosperous gentlemen," we already had; the Complete Suffragists we had, and highly

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were both to be esteemed and valued; but here is a new and almost unhoped-for accession of potent auxiliaries, who make a wise and generous surrender, instead of protracting a weak and exasperated hostility. If any part of this change is owing to Sir Robert Peel's delusions, all praise to him! He is gaining to himself in the farmers a phalanx of supporters in every useful commercial reform that he may project; for the agriculturists, if stripped of their own privileges, will have little indulgence for the monopolies and protecting duties of the other favored interests.

In the meanwhile, and until the hour of distress is past, or its worst ills mitigated, never at any former epoch in the history of the country were consideration, and kindness, and bountifulness to the extreme sufferers, the unemployed, so much demanded as they are now, and must be for months to come. In relation to this we rejoice to see that a Poor Law for Scotland is at last under the consideration of the government, and that preliminary steps are immediately to be taken. This is a subject on which Sir Robert Peel is as well entitled to demand the support of the Liberals as in those commercial reforms which are expected from him; and we make no doubt that he will obtain it from the country at large, if not from the whole landed class of the North. But before any Poor Law can come into operation, years must elapse, and the prevailing misery is extreme: an extraordinary crisis must be met by an extraordinary effort.

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## LETTERS FROM PARIS.

From the Foreign Quarterly.

*Briefe aus Paris.* Von Karl Gutzkow. (Letters from Paris. By Charles Gutzkow.) Leipzig. 1842.

We must have made some mistake in our old estimation of the Germans, finding them as we do so much the reverse of all previous conception. The two qualities which we should have least thought of attributing to them, are certainly vivacity and impertinence. Yet never did we see these developed to a greater degree than in the writings of recent German travellers, critics, and controversial writers. Prince Puckler Muskaw was a personification of both. But the prince, we learned, was doubly an exception: first, as a prince and a scapegrace; secondly, as a Prussian. For the air of the Spree was said to generate a certain self-conceit unknown and foreign to the rest of the Germans. Nevertheless we find both developed to a very satisfactory pitch among the honest burghers of Hamburg, and in the clime of fat and cloudy Holstein. Of Heine it might be said, that the air of Paris had given sharpness to his wit, and half Frenchified the German. But here is another Hamburger, Gutzkow, a German all over, as utterly uninoculated with the ideas as with the language of France, and yet he is as lively as a Frenchman of the last century, petulant as a child, and impertinent as Paul Pry: that is, if Paul Pry were to publish memoirs and tours. Herr Gutzkow enters every celebrated house in the French metropolis, at least those owned by men eminent in either politics or literature. And he sets forth to the public the entire conversation, manner, personal appearance, and habits, of every one of his receivers or his hosts. However reprehensible this, we are yet perhaps wrong to style it as impertinence in Gutzkow, who with all his wit is simple as a child, and tells all he saw and heard as innocently and naturally, as if it was a thing of course. And so perhaps it was. Parisian eminencies are very apt to *poser*, or give sittings, to curious strangers, in order to allow the daguerreotypist or the moral portrait-painter to carry off what he can, and make the most of it. Gutzkow seems to have felt this. For he avows that amidst all the persons he saw and talked with, he penetrated to but one family circle during his residence in Paris.

It is not, however, a six weeks' tourist, no matter what his sagacity or his country, who can give fitting portraiture of the men holding first rank in France. It is necessary to have seen them in past and in present, and to have observed them in the very different positions into which the fortune of a few years has flung them.

In order to depict M. Guizot, for example, we must have seen, twenty, nay thirty years ago, the ardent young constitutionalist, full of that protestant hatred for Napoleon's regime, so universally felt in his native town of Nismes; a feeling which nearly caused Napoleon himself to be stoned at Orgon on his journey to Elba. Ten years later, the same person should have remarked Guizot in the historical professor's chair of the Sorbonne, attended not by a numerous but by a most attached band of hearers, to whom he expounded the mysteries of English history. We recollect him well. It was not yet the period of the historic mania, when Guizot grew more popular. At

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that time, in 1822, Cousin's vague philosophy and Villemain's shallow criticism drew crowds to their lectures, muddy-thoughted as were the one, empty-thoughted the other, whilst the really solid and useful information offered by Guizot was comparatively neglected. But the man was not to be put down either as man of letters or statesman. He and his wife set to work, each writing a score of books in a twelvemonth: and thus he kept his name fixed before the public eye for years. Perseverance, and an imperturbable determination to occupy first place, have been and are the first characteristics of M. Guizot: a desire, not compounded of a wish for wealth or luxury, or the adjuncts of eminence; but a love of eminence for itself, for its activity, for its satisfying the cravings of a spirit, purely and naturally ambitious.

Our first glance at Guizot was when in his home at Nismes, under a mother's brow: a mother, too, who had lost her husband on a revolutionary scaffold. That must have been a grave, a solemn, a religious home; whose gayest pastime was severe study; whose every feeling partook somewhat of the depth of devotion.

About a day's journey from Nismes, in the same region of ardent and eloquent spirits, a youth ten years younger than Guizot was at school. Even at that time the strongest antagonism, though unknown one to the other, existed between the feelings of both. Young Guizot's ideas were those of protestant and constitutional liberalism, such as the *Feuillans* had preached and fallen with in the great revolution. Theirs was bred in quite another school. Like the majority of his college, he was liberal in a revolutionary and Napoleonite sense; that is, more urgent on the transformation of France from monarchism and aristocracy to pure democracy, than caring either how this was to be effected, or what was to be the result. Each rose with the tide that suited him: Guizot with that of 1814 and 1815, Thiers with the swell which preceded and produced 1830. Guizot, a young universitarian, was placed by the Abbé de Montesqueoir in the office of the French *Chancellerie*, or Ministry of Justice, in which he must have seen and done dirty work, such as the preparation of categories of exile and proscription, and edicts of censorship. Yet a liberal might have thought these necessary, against the scum of imperialists and jacobins united. Whatever M. Guizot thought, however, his employers intended the despotic reaction not merely against ultra-liberals, but against the whole class even of constitutionalists. When Guizot saw this, he withdrew from politics—indeed his protestantism became itself a bar to his advancement—and took refuge in his professorial chair. By this he raised himself to an eminence more certain and less dangerous than that which the Chamber of Deputies bestowed in those days. The ecclesiastical minister of public instruction now stopped his lectures; on which Guizot joined the writing of political pamphlets to the graver task of historic editing. Attached to the party of the Doctrinaires, to that of Royer Collard and Camille Jordan, Guizot rose with his party, and with it was on the point of coming into power and place under M. de Martignac, when Charles the Tenth madly threw himself, in horror of a moderate ministry, into the arms of Polignac, and with Polignac into exile. The day after the revolution, Guizot was minister.

What a cabinet was that! It was composed of thirteen or fourteen persons, not one of whom had ever acted with the other, and all most opposed in habits, temper, and political ideas. Imagine Count Molé and M. Lafitte, Dupont de l'Eure and the Duc de Broglie sitting together in council! Lafitte and Dupont talked as if they were in a conciliabule of opposition, and the Duc de Broglie politely told them that they had no idea of how a government was to be carried on. All were in a panic, Louis Philippe himself included. But each had his own object of terror, and each set about combating his phantom, caring little for his neighbors. Louis Philippe and M. Guizot agreed in dreading the powers and potentates of Europe, from whom they expected an immediate onslaught: but each prepared for resistance in his own way. Louis Philippe took an honest and respected legitimist, the Duc de Mortemart; bamboozled him by saying, that he would merely keep the throne warm for the Duke of Bourdeaux; and sent him to deliver this message to the Czar of Russia in order to keep him quiet. This tremendous lie had its effect; but neither the Duc de Mortemart, nor the Czar of Russia ever forgave Louis Philippe. M. Guizot, on his part, thought the best mode of resistance was to excite revolution. He gathered together the emigrant Spaniards, gave them money, directions, and ordered Mina into Spain. Similar manœuvres were put in practice on the side of Belgium. M. Guizot during this was minister of public instruction; Count Molé was the foreign minister. But when Molé saw that the king, and M. Guizot, and M. de Talleyrand, and ten others, were more foreign minister than himself, he resigned.

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Had Gutzkow visited Paris then, in 1830, he would have seen her heroes in new lights: not standing in composed or graceful attitudes for his portraiture, but making, most of them, very uncouth struggles for political pre-eminence. Gutzkow might at that time, on any evening of the week, have presented himself in the antechamber of the Palais Royal or the Tuileries, had himself announced, and have joined the royal and ministerial circle (in which all Paris joined) without difficulty or impediment. M. Guizot he might have found at the office of public instruction, then in the Rue des Saints Pères, in close confabulation with conspirators, such as Mina and Toreno, and as anxious to revolutionize his neighbors, as he is now to pacify them. Then was the Duchess of Broglie's the great rendezvous of the Doctrinaires. The Duke himself, small, orderly, and amiable gentleman as he was, was still excited by the revolutionary movement. And no one will ever forget the memorable scene, which occurred some months later, in which the little duke, obstinate and choleric, fairly bullied Louis Philippe into a recognition of Isabella of Spain, and packed off Mignet to Madrid with it, as soon as he had wrung it from the king. Cousin, Remusat, Count St. Aulaire, and all the Globists, were the great men of the Duc de Broglie's circle: Cousin, an excellent talker, and one who, extravagant all his life, chose at that moment to be original, by preserving calmness and common sense when every one else was getting rid of them. But this was the Aristocracy of the revolution.

Thiers belonged to quite another group. For many years the little man had been, as is said, "pulling his Satanic Majesty by the tail," and clinging to such poor creatures as Etienne and Felix Bodin for employment and patronage. His History, however, and some financial pamphlets written for Lafitte, had raised his head above water. And some folks, jealous of the exclusive pedantry of the Doctrinaires, enabled Thiers, with Mignet and Carrel, to set up the *National*. Here was another scene, wherein Thiers ought to have been visited. Fussy, breathless, despotic, no one could have had to do with a more uncomfortable editor than Thiers. As to Mignet, he made no resistance, took the articles to do that were given him, and was more devoted to keeping his hair in curl-papers, than to becoming First Consul. Carrel alone bullied Thiers from time to time. And yet three abler men, nor more united, never perhaps presided over the editing of a great political organ. During the revolution the *Globe* expired: the boat of the Doctrinaires could not live in such a sea. The *National* lived on, and mainly aided the carrying through of the revolution. Thiers became Under Secretary of State.

There was at that time a man in much greater estimation than either Guizot or Thiers, although, like Thiers, he had not yet reached the Chamber of Deputies. This was Odillon Barrot. If Thiers and Guizot are men of the south, small in stature and in form, bright of eye, mercurial and quick, Odillon Barrot is a true son of the north, fair, full, and florid, with an eye that might as well be out of the head as in it, for all the expression it gives. His character suited his physique, being slow, pompous, inflated, soft, and wavering, but honest of purpose, and frank in expression. Barrot's face does not belie the O that begins his name. It is a potato face, with far more of the Irishman than the Frenchman. But it is the Irishman tamed down to the Frenchman, with but a small portion of that mingled imprudence and humor, which form the Irish character. M. Barrot had another Irish quality, that of getting up a row, as July testified. Unfortunately, after the row had become a revolution, he became Prefect of the Seine, and he was quite unskilled in putting down or calming a row. When Barrot was Prefect, the Archbishop's palace was plundered, and St. Germain l'Auxerrois, the parish church of the Louvre, gutted by the mob. The new King of the French thought this to be too *débonnaire* on the part of a Prefect, and he dismissed Monsieur Barrot. Thus Barrot had put himself, or allowed himself to be put, the day after the revolution, in a post where he came in contact with a mob, and in which he was at once called upon to tolerate or to repress its violence: a dangerous alternative. Thiers laughed at Barrot's simplicity, and declaring that he would have nothing to do with politics for the present, ensconced himself in the figures and accounts of the Under Secretaryship of Finance.

A better contrast to Barrot than either Thiers or Guizot, is M. Berryer, an atrabilious, black-muzzled personage, with a sinister likeness to Mr. John Wilson Croker; but a gay, jovial, round-stomached fellow, with a pate as bald as Barrot. We can fancy to ourselves both of them singing in a monastic choir, with good bass voices, both doing honor to the vocal and physical powers of the fraternity. But Barrot's voice is like the sound emitted by the wooden horn of the mountain cantons, whilst

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Berryer's has the sharpness and force of the bugle. Berryer is considered the most powerful actor, but there is no sincerity in his tone as there is in Barrot's. Even Berryer's warmth is factitious; it is that of the lawyer or the trading politician. Whereas Barrot's, though full of pretension, is honest, and if his eloquence does not proceed from the heart, it has at least a great deal to do with the conscience.

We are not old enough to recollect Fox, but Barrot, of all the French Chamber, ought most to resemble him. There is no one to liken to Pitt, academic and argumentative. For Guizot's eloquence holds the medium of that spoken from the Protestant pulpit and the professor's chair, full of solemnity and of emphasis, but those of the preacher, not the statesman. One always expects to hear him say, *Mes frères*. Where Guizot is happiest, is in reply. For when he commences and pours forth a premeditated speech, he is too doctrinal, too mystic, too remote from the reality of things. Whereas, in reply, he is forced to be personal, pointed, logical; whilst his appeal to his own good intentions from the exaggerated attacks of his enemies, is in general at once plausible and touching.

As to Thiers, his eloquence is unlike any thing that ever existed, or was ever imagined. Fancy a bronze statuette, gifted with the power of motion and the power of speech. If cracked, so much the better: the tingling sounds which it may be supposed to emit, will only be the truer. His features are as unmoved, as much bronze as those of the statuette. Danton could make a Thiers in three hours—if any one else would but find the organs, the senses, and the intellect. The first time this statuette gets up to speak, or to squeak, there is a universal desire to put him down with a universal laugh. But the little Punch is not to be put down. He fixes his spectacles (his eyes not being visible) upon his audience. He addresses them in a *how d'ye do* vein of eloquence, and soon captivates their attention, just as if he had taken each person present by the button-hole. There is no warmth, no apostrophe, no rhetoric, no figure of speech, no bathos, no pathos, but a wonderful tumbling forth of ideas, as if they came from a *cornucopia*, and that without any effort, any aim at originality, any desire to excite surprise. It is sensible and cold eloquence of most unassuming and irresistible superiority. In his own home, and from one of his own arm-chairs, it is the same, except that he blends the genuine French *esprit* with his natural quiet oratory. In a word, Thiers is the most wonderful man in Europe.

After Thiers, the most powerful speaker in the French Chamber is, in our opinion, Dupin. He effects by violence and energy what Thiers does by insinuation. Very coarse, with the voice, gesture, and aspect of a peasant, no one can *faire vibrer le fibre national*, like Dupin. He seldom speaks; never unless when provoked or excited. And he is never either provoked or excited except by the absurdities or extravagances of either extreme. When the priestly or the ultra-Tory party have gone too far in severity or illegality or unconstitutionalism, and when the liberal opposition attack in vain on such a point, Dupin starts up to the aid of the latter, and gives court and minister so keen and ironical a castigation, that the tenants of the ministerial benches shrink into them. When, on the other hand, the Left fondles some remarkable absurdity, and cries at the top of its lungs against some trifle, which it represents as the very destruction of all freedom and of the French name, Dupin rises to chastise his liberal neighbors (for he sits near them), and to declare, that liberal as he thinks himself, he has no idea of going the length of such absurdity as that. As a social man, Dupin is delightful amongst his legal comrades of the bar, full of fun, and of good sense. He is sadly ignorant of the more solid elements of policy. Political economy is his horror; and capitalists, fond as he is himself of money, are objects of his avowed aversion.

Lamartine has forced himself into eminence as an orator; we say forced himself, for there was great reluctance to listen to a poet talking politics. Lamartine, however, had been a diplomatist, before he became a poet, and his notions of foreign policy are far less crude than those of his colleagues in general. Lamartine has the honor of having foreseen and foretold the treaty of July and the breach with England, full eighteen months before they took place. In a memorable speech he pointed out the quarrel into which both countries were blindly flinging themselves, and vainly begged of his countrymen to stop. The speech was then laughed at as the most absurd of prophecies. He had afterwards the greater honor of standing almost alone in his opposition to the fortification of Paris.

Mauguin is as good an orator as any man can be who wants common sense, and another common quality generally cited with it. Tocqueville has utterly failed both as a speaker and politician. Sauzet is whipped

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cream. Villemain is a remarkable and indeed the last surviving specimen, of the mode of thinking and speaking of the last century. His French is classic, his style epigrammatic, his tone ironical, and his arguments Voltairianism. Cousin is an awkward schoolboy, who has purloined some eloquence and mysticism from German philosophers. But we have already come to the second-rate men, and may close the series of sketches into which we have digressed.

We return to the opinions of Gutzkow. What he says respecting Louis Philippe is too remarkable to be passed over in silence.

"No correct view has been taken of Louis Philippe," says Herr Gutzkow. He is depicted as a sincere and reserved personage, following up fixed aims with the utmost prudence and management. He is considered as half Louis the Eleventh, half Cromwell. The nice balance and varying fortunes of political parties is all considered the work of his political cleverness. There is not a word of truth in all this. Louis Philippe is the most talkative, unquiet, uncertain person in all France. The King of the French is good-natured, well-informed, sharp-sighted, but without any real power or firm will. The ever fermenting anxiety of his heart vents itself in words. To talk is his first necessity. France has been ruled by such ignorant monarchs, that it is its present honor to have for king a man of extensive knowledge, reading, and observation. Louis Philippe fascinates those presented to him: speaks English to English, German to German. No books, no names, no ideas, have escaped his observation. He reads all, even to scientific and statistical ones, and is better acquainted with the rising talent of the country than his minister. He can converse with every one on his own subject, and talks on without suffering rejoinder or interruption. Louis Philippe is not one of the Talleyrand school, which considers speech as given to disguise thought. On the contrary, he thinks speech given in order to excite thought. He thinks aloud, and lives externally. He cannot bear to be alone, but seeks for applause and echo. Intellectual cultivation, good nature, and indiscretion are so mixed up in him, that one does not know which predominates. But far from being reserved, he is open; far from being silent, he is talkative; and far from being independent, he leans upon every one for support."

In order to escape the charge of impertinence, this contradiction of every preconceived opinion ought to have been written by some intimate of his French Majesty, and not by a young foreign traveller, who spends a month in Paris, and never sets his foot at court. Gutzkow is, however, not all wrong. He has heard people talk, who evidently knew Louis Philippe well. But he has jumbled up and exaggerated their remarks and information into a mass of incongruities that no one could recognise as King of the French. That personage is indeed talkative, especially to those on whom he wants to impress any idea, and from whom he knows that he has none to get. But when Gutzkow says that he is a man of great observation, but cannot listen, he talks nonsense. There was a time when Louis Philippe was all ear, and no tongue, and that was when he was Duke of Orleans. He has little left to learn now in men or in things, except what his secret spies and correspondence tell him. And therefore he talks.

Gutzkow says that he is indiscreet, that he is not of the Talleyrand school, that he betrays his sentiments, and so forth. It is merely evident from this that Herr Gutzkow is an honest Hamburger, whose worldly sagacity, as Ruge says of him, must have been developed in the raw cotton of that trading city. Louis Philippe indiscreet! Louis Philippe betrays his sentiments! God help the simple German! Another month spent in Paris would have convinced him that truth and indiscretion were qualities quite unknown in the political latitude which he pretends to describe.

But still Herr Gutzkow has his fraction of truth. Louis Philippe is talkative, and loves to dominate with the tongue. Moreover the king is unquiet. He is restless, always revolving some scheme. And the great complaint that his ministers have of him is, that he will not let well alone. But his activity seldom ascends to the higher region of politics: being generally the anxiety of a good father of a family to better his condition, increase his estate, and swell his purse. Heaven help the Intendant of his Civil List! none but a man so patient and devoted as he that now holds it, could stand the worry of that office. Appanage, *dotations*, forests to cut or to buy, the marriage of his children—all family points make the king as active as if he had just made the family fortune in trade, and as if he had to found and regulate the future prospects and honors of the family for centuries. Such is the restlessness of the King of the French.

Another quality that Gutzkow attributes to him is want of independence, and a leaning on others' opinions. This is altogether a mistake. One characteristic of his will suffice to prove it. And this, that Louis Philippe never made friend or intimate of a man of talent. He detested Perier, he detests De Broglie, Thiers, Guizot, every one that could pretend to impose an opinion on him. His favorites are such men as

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Montalivet: men incapable of either having systems of their own, or of even divining the king's. No: Louis Philippe mentally never leaned upon any one. And he has had most able men as cabinet ministers, as ministers of foreign affairs, for years, who do not *yet* know what exactly were his aims or his wishes. So much for the indiscretion of his majesty Louis Philippe.

It is difficult to say whether Gutzkow was more stricken with M. Thiers or George Sand. He called on the latter personage in the evening, at her lodgings in the Rue Pigale, and was received in a little room ten feet square, called the *Little Chapel*. The "nearer the church," says the proverb.

There was little or no light; Madame Sand and her daughter in that light; and two gentlemen altogether in the background and in silence, which they preserved. Madame Sand complained of being engaged in law, divers people menacing her with *contrainte par corps*, unless she wrote them a novel. They talked of the drama. Gutzkow said they had as much dramatic talent in Germany, but not such accomplished specialties. The German added, that he had been to a French tragedy once, but never should go again. George Sand admitted that French tragedy was antiquated, and all its present writers, except Scribe, common-place.

"Here," says Gutzkow, "she left her work and lit a cigarette, in which there was more paper than tobacco, and more coquetterie than emancipation of the female sex. 'Who is my translator into German?' asked she. 'Fanny Tarnow,' I said. 'I suppose she leaves out the immoral passages?' said Madame Sand, with irony. I did not reply, but looked at her daughter, who held down her head. A pause ensued of a second, but there was a great deal in that second.'

So much for George Sand and "Young Germany." We will now collect what he says of Thiers.

"It suprised me much to find that Thiers did not owe his rise either to fortune or to his own genius, but merely to his talent for speaking. The external physiognomy of the chamber evinces lightness and superficiality. I could not at first believe that this betokened true; but Thiers himself told me that the surest mode of ruling the chamber was to amuse it, and that what members dreaded most was *ennui*. This is the secret of Thiers's eloquence; he amuses. It is not the fiery power of eloquence, nor the genius of the statesman that have thrust Thiers up into his palace of the Place St. Georges. It is his talent, which in France is ever more fortunate than genius. Thiers receives every evening. Mignet is always there. Madame Dosne and her daughter do the honors. Whether Thiers got from his historic studies the trick of imitating Napoleon or not, I do not know; but there is certainly a resemblance in figure and manner. Thiers's is a Corsican nature. The form of the head and chin are Napoleonite, as are the sharp eyes and thin gray hairs. Small of stature, Thiers must look up to every one he addresses, and so he likes to throw himself back in an arm-chair, and address those who gather round him. He has no ministerial solemnity, but remains natural and good-natured in manner."

The argument turned on languages. Gutzkow mentioned the unfitness of the German for either political eloquence or history. "It will become fit for both," said Thiers, "as soon as Germany has free political institutions. Machiavel and De Thou have both historical styles, and would have had in any language, simply because they were statesmen." Gutzkow here instanced Justus Moeser, as a German who had a genuine historical style. "You have been but a short time in Germany," said Gutzkow to Thiers. "I only wanted to visit the celebrated battle-fields," was the reply.

"Ay, thought I, it is these thoughts that made you set Europe in commotion, and stir up the French to revenge 1815, and Moscow, and Leipsic, and Waterloo. And I added aloud to Thiers, 'What we, Germans, could not do for ourselves—what neither our princes nor our chambers could effect—that you have done for us. You have awakened the Germans to political unity."

Thiers replied to Gutzkow, that he respected the independence of the Germans. "Napoleon's wars were forced on him from within and from without. Neither of these necessities pressed now. All that France wanted was to be independent and influential, and neither Russia nor England was prepared to allow her the due quantum of both. There was the Turkish empire dying, and when it went, France must have her finger in the pie as well as Russia and England. If Prussia held to Russia in that crisis, and Austria to England, then France was their enemy, and would turn the world upside down." Upon this, Gutzkow says, he immediately assured M. Thiers,

"That the present movement of the Germans was more national than liberal. We want unity, and will have it. We want not to quarrel with England or with Russia, but we want to do without any alliance. Prussia and Austria must make good, what the thirty years' war and the seven years' war broke up. Prussia and Austria separated in Ratisbon, but must come together in Frankfort. Let them unite, and we want neither Russia nor England. And your Napoleons had better don the civic mantle than the military riding-coat. The French would then have neither need nor excuse to cry out, "Let us set the world upside down."

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Gutzkow, however, is much more at home with poets, critics, and dramatists, than with politicians. And he has sketched his French brethren of the pen with equal freedom: from George Sand in her chapel twelve feet square, to Jules Janin, in his splendid garret overlooking the Luxembourg, making love to his wife. The German has crayoned all. He is like the *Enfant Terrible* of the caricature: speaking out all he sees and knows and guesses, with infantine malice, and trundling his hoop against the shins of all his acquaintance. We are glad he did not visit England, for this representative of Young Germany has a monstrous love of sunshine and summer, of the gay, the pleasurable, and the social. Now in England an idle visitor does not find these easily; and a few weeks on the banks of the Thames is apt to send the solitary wanderer back with aversion and disgust to us insulars. Thus Henry Heine, the other day, went to enjoy sea-breezes and study English character at Boulogne. He found a gay, proud set of demi-fashionables, who had never heard of Henry Heine, who took him in consequence for a common-place personage without livery servants and coach and pair, and treated him *de haut en bas*. Poor Henry Heine was so susceptible and so indignant at all this, that he has become a decided foe to England and her inhabitants! He is a writer for the *Augsburg Gazette*, and therein has just published the most violent diatribes against our grasping, haughty, mercantile, intolerant, and abominable spirit. In short, he joins the French cry of *Delenda est Carthago*, setting us down for Carthage. For these reasons we sincerely hope, that Young Germany may stay away from us, till he acquires less susceptibility, with more years, sense, and discretion.

Gutzkow is very severe upon Rachel, but seems to have taken his opinions respecting her solely from Janin. He bitterly complains of her never laughing. No one is human or has a heart, says Gutzkow, who does not laugh or betray feeling by a smile. The tragedian might reply, that the parts of Corneille's and Racine's heroines are no laughing matter. But the German critic calls the French actress (in our opinion, a woman of decided genius), stiff, made of pale bronze, without feminine softness, passion, or *gemuth*. He goes further than Janin taught him, however. For he extends this sweeping censure to the French in general.

He asks, how is it, that there are so few children in the streets of Paris? The population of French towns, he says, consists of full-grown persons, whereas in Germany half the population consists of children. The explanation of this does not improve the French in the German estimation; it being, that French, and especially Parisian women, universally pack off their children to nurse, and often to starve and perish. This is the habit, not merely of the higher but of the middle and poorer classes. Gutzkow attributes it to want of heart: but the real cause is, that French women take as much part in the business of life, especially of retail trade, as men; and consequently have not time to devote exclusively to a mother's task.

But French character, habits, and eminent men in letters and politics, form an ample field, not to be comprised in a tour or a book, nor exhausted in an article. Herr Gutzkow has but sketched superficialities, and we have followed his bee-like flutter through the Parisian world: bee-like, indeed, for while he culled sweets, he has left stings. When we meet with a more profound or more conscientious tourist, we shall be glad ourselves to return more seriously to the subject.

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Since this was written, we have received, to place by the side of the German Gutzkow, another description of Paris, by a combination of one of the liveliest pens and the best pencil in it.* And the best pencil has done its duty well. Lami's sketches are admirable: as they were no doubt intended, the chief attraction of the work. We cannot say as much of M. Janin's prose: written in the character of an American: though a greater contrast to Jonathan than Jules Janin could not well be found. We dare say that in its original French his descriptive work was lively and interesting, and well-written. But most certainly in its translation it is dull, commonplace, awkward, and altogether illegible. Nor do we blame the translator; for Jules Janin's quips and cranks are completely untranslatable. And though certainly knowing Paris intimately, Janin knows no tongue or train of ideas at all capable of translation into sober English. Even his anecdotes are stale, his points flat, and the moral of his tale, if he has one, is sure to evaporate and disappear before it has been told. M. Janin had heard, no doubt, of English humor, and thought it necessary to write humorously for the British public. But

* The American in Paris. By Jules Janin. Illustrated by Eugene Lami. London: 1843.

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the attempt is ludicrous, not humorous. Thus he begins by talking of that *rascal*, Sterne, and thinks the word most happily applied.

In order not to seem a Frenchman, Janin falls to abusing *café au lait:* maligning one of the best things in Paris, whilst he falls on his knees in adoration of some of the worst. After puffing the west hotels and the west *restaurants*, adulating every thing fine and courtly, M. Janin visits the Chamber of Deputies, and bursts into a panegyric of M. Berryer, not undeserved. He also dwells on Dupin, by no means ill depicting him.

The account of Louis Philippe is not uninteresting, as it gives plian facts and circumstances, however small. It dwells on his majesty's horror of tobacco and love of wax-lights. It might have dwelt on his love of English comforts, and on the quarrel between him and the old Bourbons on the subject of certain matters of domestic convenience. Neither Louis XVIII. nor Charles X. would admit any vulgar innovations of building into the royal palaces; whilst Louis Philippe would inhabit no palace on the old system, refusing to enter the Tuileries till arranged with comforts and innovations. This is considered by the old court one of Louis Philippe's revolutionary crimes.

Where Jules Janin is most at home, however, is behind and before the scenes of a theatre. He is the sublimely impertinent of dramatic criticism, and rules over the *coulisses* with a despotism that makes even poor Rachel tremble. The best portion of his book is his account of Scribe the great comic writer. This we shall at once transfer to our page.

"Just before reaching the Porte St. Denis, is the Gymnase Dramatique; a delightful little theatre, which M. Scribe and the Duchess de Berri raised between them. In this small enclosure are performed comedies which represent the slightest accidents of every-day life. When M. Scribe, the greatest amuser of the age, commenced this undertaking, there seemed no scope for comedy anywhere. Molière, like a sovereign master, had taken possession of all the great characters; he had worked the whole of humanity for his own benefit; there was not a vice nor an absurdity which had not been submitted to the censure and the rod of this illustrious genius. After him others had arisen: Lachaussée, for example, who had made comedy weep; Beaumarchais, who had taken it on to political ground; Marivaux, the comic poet of the ruelles and the boudoirs: these passed.—Comedy had become silent, like all the rest. Inventors were contented with imitating masters. The Emperor Napoleon did not encourage this method of speaking to the crowd, and of saying very often by means of a representation, severe truths, which the audience alone discovers, and which escape all the sagacity of the censors. Then came M. Scribe. He had all the wit and invention necessary for the new enterprise; he at once understood that he could not carry his comedy back into former times, and yet that he could not leave it among the people. He therefore chose an intermediate world, a neutral ground, the Chaussée d'Antin, and finance; for, after all, every body stands a chance of becoming as rich as M. Rothschild. The marquis of ancient date and the grocer of despised family may make their fortunes in twenty-four hours, so that each could say, while beholding this new dominion of comedy, 'I shall perhaps enter there some day!' Placed on this rich territory, of which he was the Christopher Columbus, M. Scribe gave himself up at his ease to this paradox, which has suited his purpose admirably. The simple secret of his success has consisted in taking exactly the opposite of the comedies written before him. There was a comedy of Voltaire's, called 'Nanine.' This Nanine, a girl of no birth, marries a great lord, and is happy. M. Scribe takes in hand the defence of the opposite opinion, and writes the *Marriage de Raison*, to prove that the son of a general would be very foolish to marry the daughter of a soldier. In the *Premières Amours*, M. Scribe ridicules all the fine, sweet sentiments of youth, with which so many pretty comedies have been composed. The *Demoiselle à marier* is never so charming, as when she has no thought of marriage. *Le plus beau Jour de la Vie* is full of torments and miseries. And it is always thus. When he has a comedy to write, this original man takes up the side of long-established truth. In case of need, he would undertake to defend, not the *Misanthrope*, which Fabre d'Eglantine has done before him, but even the *Tartuffe*. Thanks to this ingenious subversion of the action, the story, and the persons of his comedy, M. Scribe has discovered the art of making his audience attentive. And as, besides, he writes quite simply, without knowing how to write; as his dialogues are full of ordinary genius; as, with all his wit, he is not more witty than the rest of the world; the most complete success has attended this happy man. He has at once attained that popularity which is least contested and least contestable in France; he has been, at the same time, celebrated and rich. The Duchess de Berri adopted him as her poet, and the Gymnase, sustained by clever comedians, made expressly for this comedy, finished by replacing the Théâtre Français. The success of M. Scribe lasted as long as the Restoration. But the Revolution of July came: immediately the Théâtre de Madame was nothing more than the Gymnase Dramatique. The box in which the amiable princess so often appeared, that royal box into which it was a great honor to be admitted, was empty. Then M. Scribe, faithless as the bird whose nest is destroyed, fled elsewhere. The Théâtre Français, which he had so roughly opposed, eagerly opened its doors to the Chalderon of 1830. Then M. Scribe composed vaudevilles in five acts, and without couplets, which the

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Théâtre Français calls comedies. At the same time the Opera and the Opera Comique secured the illustrious inventor: Meyerbeer and Auber would have no poetry but his: to the former he gave *Robert le Diable*, to the latter the *Domino Noir*. As for the Gymnase, when it found itself left to its own strength, it dispensed most easily with its poet. The spirit of the masters had remained everywhere, within the walls, and on the outside of the walls. Bouffé, that excellent comedian, who had never been in the school of Scribe, set himself seriously to work, to play comedies which were almost serious. Thus every one went on: the Gymnase without M. Scribe,—M. Scribe without the Gymnase: only, as it is not right that every thing should succeed with ungrateful men, M. Scribe was obliged to enter the French Academy, where he pronounced a discourse in M. de Bouffon's style. Thus was her Royal Highness the Duchess de Berri avenged! Assuredly M. Scribe would not be in the Academy, if his first protectress was not at Goritz."

And here we have done with Jules Janin. It is all very well to employ foreign writers to draw up histories of their own country, to sketch the state of politics, of letters, of the arts. But merely to give a view of the exterior appearance and sights of Paris, or any foreign capital, with sketches of its society,—for this any English writer would have been much preferable. For not only has M. Janin been unable to discern round his own home what is common-place and what is not; but he has written in a current and capricious style which defies translation, and which, however good in French, is downright trash in English. And a letter-press thus disgraces, instead of explaining or illustrating, the very beautiful prints which accompany it. We have never seen a happier specimen than in this book, of French design expressed by English graver.

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## ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE FOUNDATION OF RELIGIOUS HOUSES.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

"It was to the first Earl of Warren that the Cluniac priory of Lewes owed its foundation. The origin of the Earl's intention to found a religious house of the order, is told with an engaging simplicity in the first charter granted to it. Few more agreeable books could be framed than one, in which we should have a selection of the more curious and interesting facts, contained in that vast collection of charters, the Monasticon."—Hunter's Deanery of Doncaster, Vol. I. p. 105.

MR. URBAN:

I HAVE prefixed the foregoing remark to this paper, because it first suggested to me the idea of selecting and translating some of the ancient charters and documents relative to religious foundations, one of which I now offer to you. Commencing with that to which Mr. Hunter has referred, I propose, should it prove interesting, to follow it up with a few other specimens, varying, as much as may be, in their character and incidents. The charters will by this means, I trust, become interesting to the general reader, while for those who care to pursue the subject further, they will tend to illustrate the motives by which the founders of religious houses were actuated, the spirit in which the monks entered upon their new abodes, and the prevailing temper and character of the period during which such houses were chiefly founded. In England, this period extended from the Norman conquest in 1060, to the year 1216, witnessing, during its continuance, the foundation of about 350 monasteries, five sevenths (that is) of the whole number dissolved by Henry VIII.* These charters are likewise calculated to throw light on several collateral points, legal and historical, and each reader will probably find the number of these increase in proportion to the degree of previous knowledge which he brings with him to their perusal.

Even to one not more conversant with these subjects than myself, the following document throws light, for instance, on the character of William I. and on the mode in which, during the period referred to, tithes were allotted by the Lords of the Soil, not uniformly to the parish church, but to such religious objects, parochial or otherwise, as they thought most beneficial for God's service. I will draw attention to these points in my notes to the translation, and only preface it further by a short notice of those whose names it introduces to the reader.

William de Warren was one of the Norman Earls who came over with the Conqueror, and Gundreda, his wife, was the Conqueror's daughter. De Warren bore the title of Earl in Normandy, and received from his father-in-law extensive grants of forfeited lands. The charter opens with an account of the simple manner in which the Earl and his wife travelled through France, of the devotion with which they visited the several monasteries there, and of the motives which led them to select the Cluniac order for their new foundation. The charter then proceeds to narrate the steps which were taken towards the establishment of the priory, and recites the several gifts of

* Anderson's Hist. of Commerce, II. 41.

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land and tithes made to it. The founder concludes by recommending it to the fostering care and patronage of his heirs, solemnly calling down upon them blessings or curses, according as they shall treat his monks with favor and kindness, or oppress and deal unjustly by them.

The perusal of this charter may perhaps excite a desire to know the subsequent fate of the priory. It was the common and melancholy one. Earl William's successors continued to foster his foundation, and it became wealthy by their gradual benefactions. Thus enriched it did not, of course, escape the general dissolution, and the site and buildings were granted to Lord Cromwell. The Monasticon contains a letter to him from the Commissioner, detailing the demolition of the priory, and boasting of the unusual rapidity with which the work of destruction had been carried on.

Yours, &c.

V. V.

PRIORY OF LEWES IN SUSSEX.

*Charter of Foundation by William de Warren Earl of Surrey.*

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

I, William de Warren, and Gundreda my wife, being desirous of making a pilgrimage to St. Peter in Rome, visited many monasteries in France and Burgundy for the sake of devotion. But when we arrived in Burgundy we learnt that we could not safely proceed owing to the war which was then being carried on between the Pope and the Emperor. So we turned aside to the Monastery of Clugny, a great and holy Abbey in honor of St. Peter. And there we paid our devotions, and sought his assistance, and finding that the holiness, piety, and charity of the place was very great, and that we were honorably treated by the good prior and holy convent, who received us into their society and fellowship, we began to feel love and devotion towards this order and house above all the other houses which we had seen. But Lord Hugh, their holy abbot, was not then at home. And whereas I and my wife, by the advice of my Lord Lanfranc, Archbishop, both previously, and especially at that time, had resolved to found a religious house, as a satisfaction for our sins, and for the good of our souls, we now thought that to no order should we so gladly dedicate it as to that of Clugny; wherefore we sent and requested Lord Hugh and his holy brotherhood to assign to us two, three, or four monks, in order that we might grant to them the church beneath the castle of Lewes, built of old in honor of St. Pancras, which we had lately converted from wood to stone, and together therewith as much land, cattle, and goods, as would suffice for the support of twelve monks. But the holy abbot was at first very reluctant to listen to our petition, on account of our foreign land lying so far off, and across the sea. But afterwards we obtained permission from our Lord King William to introduce the Cluniac monks into England, and the abbot having on his part requested the consent of the king, gave and granted to us four monks, Master Lanzo, and three companions. To these we gave at the outset all we had promised, confirming it by a charter, which we sent to the abbot and convent of Clugny, for they would not send us the monks till the king, as well as ourselves, had confirmed, according to promise, all the gifts which we had made. And so the monks of Clugny were given to me and my wife, and settled on English ground. But after the death of my master, King William, on the arrival of his son in England to assume the throne, there being much strife concerning his succession, and doubts as to the result, much peril also daily accruing to myself, Master Lanzo, the prior, and my monks, reminded me that the deed of confirmation of the gifts which I had made to them at the first, was at Clugny, and that they had no evidence thereof, and owing to the perilous times that were at hand, I ought to secure to them as much as possible the gifts and grants I had made. This, having advised with my friends, I willingly did by means of another charter, which is as follows:

Know all men present and future, that I, William de Warren, Earl of Surrey, have *given* and *granted* to God and St. Peter, and the abbot and convent of Clugny, the church of St. Pancras, which is situate under my castle of Lewes. And to the same St. Pancras and the Monks of Clugny, who shall serve God in the church of St. Pancras for ever, for the health of my soul, and the soul of Gundreda my wife, and for the soul of King William my master, who brought me into England, and by whose permission I introduced the said monks, and who confirmed my former donation; also for the health of my mistress, Queen Matilda, my wife's mother; also for the health of my Lord King William, his son, after whose arrival in England I gave this charter, and who made me Earl of Surrey; also for the health of all my heirs, and the faithful in Christ, living and dead. I have likewise given, for the support of the said monks of St. Pancras, the messuage called Falemel, and all the land I hold there in demesne, with all the hide of land which Eustace holds in Burgamel, appertaining to the said messuage. The messuage also called Carlenton, which my mistress, Queen Matilda, gave to my wife Gundreda and myself, and which my master, King William, granted and confirmed in aid of the endowment of our new monks, being all our possessions in that place. And in Swansbergh five hides and a half. The land also which is called the Island, near the monastery, with its meadows and pastures. Also all the land which I hold in demesne within the Island wherein the monastery is situate, with the mill which is on the pool near thereto, and with one suburb adjoining, called Lewin.

In Tuniac, the land which belonged to Norman, the rood of land which is called Redrewell, and the other rood called Stanford. In Wasteden, two hides with four villeins and one meadow. The tithes also of my lands, and especially those which Richard, the priest, holds, and is to enjoy during his life, on condition of their passing to the monks after his death.

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I likewise made a grant of all the tithes which my vassals had then given, or should give hereafter. Afterwards I gave them Walton, with all the free-men and the messuage which Gundreda then held of me, and all I then had between the rivers of Lime and Wellstream, both lands and marshes, and pastures, and waters, with the men and all their services and goods whatsoever. Reserving for myself and my heirs two lodgings during the year, one in going into Yorkshire, the other in returning, in lieu of all the services which the men of the marsh were used to render to me in carriages, and the transport* of baggage to and fro by land and water, and of all other services: wherefore I desire that they may be for ever quit and freed from all other services to me and my heirs.

And if we lodge there more than twice in the year, let them reckon up all that I, or any of my servants lodging there on my account, during the year, shall consume of their substance, over and above what is spent at the two seasons beforementioned, and we will repay them at the end of the year, on peril of our souls. Thus I have done, and will do, and so I would have my heirs, as they would be saved in the day of judgment, continue to do, lest for want thereof they turn my charity and theirs into tyranny and extortion. Moreover, I have given them the church of Acre with two carucates of land, the place where I and my Gundreda, in her life-time, proposed to build a monastery and dwellings for some of the monks from the monastery of St. Pancras, and where, at the first, we settled some from thence in the church of the castle. And this Master Lanzo promised to do, but on condition that the prior and monks of Acre should always be subject and under the entire control of the Prior of St. Pancras: wherefore let the said prior and convent of St. Pancras, have and regulate without contradiction the house of Acre as their own monks and their own cloister; and this I will do, if God continue to me life and health. But if I cannot accomplish it in my life, I will that my heir shall do it. And if my successors shall in their day found any religious house, I will that it be subjected to St. Pancras, and that St. Pancras be always the chief place of their barony. And there let them be buried: my wife Gundreda sleeps there, by her my body will be interred, and I will that my heirs also be buried there. All the aforesaid gifts I gave to God and St. Pancras, and to the monks who should serve God in that place, during the life and with the consent of Gundreda, my wife, and William and Raynald my sons and heirs. But this charter I made after her death. After which I also gave them for her soul and mine, and those of my successors, a manor in Norfolk, called Hecham, and all that I had there, with the land of Paganus my bailiff, and all the free-men whose rents Paganus received. And this donation I will that my heirs grant and confirm, for it has been granted and confirmed by my master King William, and his father did the same as to my other gifts. All the aforesaid things I have given to the monks to hold for ever, free and quit from them, and as any free-man has or can hold his demesne, or bestow his alms. And if it come to pass that the king of the country shall require therefrom hidage or danegeld, or any tax or service, or other matter, I will save them harmless, and free from all claim as of my demesne, so long as I live, and let my heir after me, and his heirs after him for ever, do the like as regards all things which can or may ever hereafter be demanded by any lord or other person on the king's behalf, and let all men, and all belonging to them, continue in peace with them, as do the monks themselves. Wherefore I will, that if any contention, dissension, damage, or injury occur between the men of St. Pancras, and me or mine, from whence forfeiture shall arise, let the prior of St. Pancras have, and receive in my stead, forfeiture and satisfaction from his men, in order that by this means the men of St. Pancras may never be injured or distressed on this account by those who are to come, and I would have my heirs do the same; and if I, or my heirs after me, add any gift, I will that it be given and holden as freely as what I have given, and that my heirs will and do likewise. And I will that as I grow rich, my monks shall be enriched also, and that as their goods increase, their number shall likewise increase; and this is my will and desire and command, which let my heirs will, and desire and command; and let them confirm and establish what I have done, and I hereby confirm and establish what they shall do. And whoever shall contravane this my donation, or in any respect derogate from or diminish it, let him incur the anger and curse of Almighty God, and His swift vengeance in heart and soul, both in this world and in the day of judgment; and may all the curses which a father can call down on his wicked children fall from me upon him. So be it. So be it. Likewise, if my heir after me, or his heir after him, or any of his successors shall add any thing to my donation, I pray God that whoever goes against it for evil, may have God against him for evil; but whoever shall defend and keep it, may God keep him from all evil. Moreover, I would have my monks and my heirs know, that when I and Gundreda requested the Lord Hugh, Abbot of Clugny, (who had come into Normandy to confer with the King my master,) to restore to us Master Lanzo, our prior, whom he had kept all the year at Clugny, and which had disturbed us so much that we had almost resolved to lay aside our intention, and also to take our church away from them and give it to the greater monastery,* then at our earnest entreaty, the Abbot granted and promised that if God prospered our house, he would make it, after the death of Master Lanzo, or his promotion to any higher dignity, one of the greater abbeys. And moreover, that when the monks of St. Pancras should send to Clugny for a prior, they should choose from their congregation one of the best of the brethren, one whom they knew to be the holiest (next after the chief prior of the House of Clugny, and the prior of the House of Charity,) in the discipline and direction of souls in spiritual things, and the most prudent in the

* Summasiis; from summos, a horse-load. Ellis's Introd. to Domesday, i. 134.

* This monastery was at Tours. See Monast. Anglic. vol. v. p. 1. New ed.



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all suits, customs, and services, as I myself held government of the house in secular matters. And that he should be given permanently to us, and not be removed unless for some cause so just and obvious, as that no man could reasonably gainsay it; and this promise he gave me in writing, sealed with his seal, and it is now in my possession. We made this request, because we feared that after Master Lanzo's return, he would shortly be taken from us, for the king raised the best men he could find to dignities in the church. and in our presence desired the Abbot to send him twelve of his holy monks, and he would make them all bishops and abbots in the land of his inheritance, which God had given him.* We foresaw, also, that if a new and undisciplined house were often to change its prior, and to fall into new hands, it would never come to much perfection. Being unwilling, also, that our religious donation should become burthened with secular services, it was agreed between us and the Abbot, that the House of Clugny should receive every year] from that of St. Pancras, fifty shillings of English money, and should be exempt from all other service, exaction, or tax; and that the Abbot should not assume authority over the prior as to any regulation of the priory, except in matters relating to the observance and reformation of discipline, such as the prior could not reform himself, nor as to such houses as by the grace of God should be placed in dependence to them, but that the prior and convent of St. Pancras should always keep them freely in their own disposal, in such manner as they were given to them. And such was our will and deed, because we have always had it in mind, and have desired to build a house and settle monks in our castle of Acre, and these we were not willing should be made subject to any house but that of St. Pancras.

This donation and charter I caused the king, my master, to confirm and testify with his own hand, and by the sign of the Holy Cross, in council at Winchester; and it was also happily sealed and witnessed by the Bishops, and Earls, and Barons then present. Amen.

Those who contravene and overturn these things, may God visit with the sword of His ange, fury, and vengeance, and His eternal curse; but those who observe and defend them, may they be visited by Him in peace with His grace, mercy, and eternal salvation. Amen. Amen. Amen.

* This is an interesting confirmation of William Malmsbury's character of the Conqueror, as regards his disposal of church preferment. "Non tunc episcoporum ambitus, non tunc abbatum venalitas proficiebat; ille majoris gloriæ, amplioris gratiæ apud regem et archipiscopum erat qui tenacioris sanctitudinis opinionem habebat." Lib. 3. § 267.

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**Roman Remains.**—The French journals state that the finest triumphal Roman arch found in Africa (of Djemilah), Cuicullum, is to be taken down carefully, and reconstructed as a trophy in or near Paris. This is said to have been a wish expressed by the late Duke of Orleans, of whom equestrian bronze statues are ordered to be erected in Paris and the principal square of Algiers.—*Ibid.*

## THIS WORLD OF OURS.

BY W. G. J. BARKER.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

This world of ours, if free from sin,
Oh! would it not be fair?
Sunshine above, and flowers beneath,
And beauty everywhere!
The air, the earth, the waters teem
With living things at play;
Glad Nature from an hundred throats
Pours her rejoicing lay.

Each balmy breeze that wanders by
Whispers some angel tone;
And the clear fountains have a voice
Of music all their own.
Even the leaves of forest trees,
Moved by the zephyr's wing,
Make a low murmur of content
To little birds that sing.

The busy bees o'er garden-flowers
A holy song attune,
Joining, with never-tiring mirth,
The minstrelsy of June:
And the great waves upon the deep,
Leaping, like giants free,
Add, in their hollow monotone,
The chorus of the sea.

There's beauty in the summer sky,
When from his ocean bed,
Like a strong man refresh'd by sleep,
The Sun uplifts his head;—
And when behind the western rocks
At eventide he goes,
How beauteous are the crimson clouds
That curtain his repose!

Are not the grassy valleys fair,
Deck'd in their spring array?
And the high hills with forests clad,
How beautiful are they!
Look on the sea, that girdle vast,
Wherewith the earth is bound!
Even in Fancy's wildest dreams
Can aught more grand be found

Oh! 'twere indeed a radiant world,
A paradise complete.—
So redolent of lovely things,
So fill'd with voices sweet,—
If Sin had not in evil hour
Enter'd this pleasant clime,
Yielding them over unto Death,—
Sad consequence of crime!

Hence is it that the choicest flow'rs
Fall by a swift decay,
And hopes to which we fondly cling
Pass suddenly away:
Yet, 'mid all trials of our life,
This blessed thought is given,
Earth is not our abiding place,—
Man's native clime is Heaven!

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## NATURAL DAGUERREOTYPING.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

The British journals have as yet taken no notice, that we are aware of, of some very curious discoveries respecting light lately made by Dr. Möser of Königsberg. By accident, in a great measure, we have obtained some information on the subject, which we shall now lay before our readers, confident that it will be read with considerable interest even by those but slightly acquainted with science.

Dr. Möser observes, that if a flat seal or piece of black horn, having figures engraved upon it, be placed below a smooth and polished silver plate, and allowed to remain there for ten minutes, the silver will become charged with a faint picture of the figures engraved upon the seal or piece of horn, which will be rendered visible by the plate being exposed to the vapor of water, or any other fluid, or even by being breathed upon, and will become permanent if the vapor of mercury is used. This surprising result will at once lead the mind to the photographic process, in which, by the action of a strong light, either original or reflected, the images of objects become impressed upon a surface of paper previously washed in a solution of nitrate of silver, or a metallic plate prepared with iodine. But a remarkable difference exists; the silver plate in Dr. Möser's experiment is presented *in the dark*, and there receives the impression of the object, without, as we would suppose, the agency of light.* The experiment has even been made in a dark room at midnight with perfect success. It is also remarable, that any polished surface will do as well as a silver plate—glass, for instance, or the smooth leather-cover of a book. It appears that, to produce the effect, the object must not be far distant from the smooth surface; the nearer it is, the better is the impression produced. When the vapor of mercury is used, a permanent image is produced, by an union of the mercury with the silver; when other vapors are used, the image quickly vanishes. But perhaps the most surprising thing of all is, that after the image has vanished, it can be *reproduced* by being again breathed upon or subjected to other vapor, and this *over and over again, as often as may be desired.*

* In a letter written by him to Sir David Brewster—which we have seen—he states that he has found the following invariably to succeed. He places a small camera obscura, furnished with a lens of very small aperture* under the moon in any of her stages, and makes her image fall upon a plate of *iodised silver*, which has been previously exposed to certain vapors noted below.† The moon having passed over the plate, he subjects the plate to the vapor of mercury, and obtains a very clear representation of her path.—It may here be remarked, that there is no necessity for supposing Möser's experiments to be fallacious because an attempt to repeat them may fail. While it is proper, of course, to be guarded against both voluntary and involuntary deception, there can be no doubt that nice experiments of this nature often fail, or all but fail, at first, with others than the discoverers, and yet are found to be true phenomena after all. Such was the case with Mr. Fox Talbot's experiments in photography, which some of the most ingenious practical men of science in the country vainly, for some time, attempted to imitate.

* Fifteen millimetres. † Chloridised iodine.

An account of Dr. Möser's discovery was given a few months ago in the Paris Academy of Sciences, and had the effect of calling from M. Breguet, the celebrated watchmaker of that city, a remark highly favorable to the presumption that it is true. M. Breguet stated that he had frequently observed, upon the polished inner surface of the gold cases of his flat watches, the name of his house plainly and legibly marked, the impression having been received from the engraved letters of the covering of the works, which did not touch the case.*

Möser infers from his observations that there is LATENT LIGHT—a bold idea, which, if it becomes an established truth in science, must immortalize his name. He conceives that light enters into and resides in bodies, or is, as it were, absorbed in them. and may yet, after remaining in them many years, be capable of exhibiting its action. He calls this *light proper to bodies*, and shows reasons for distinguishing it from both phosphorescence and the light of those rays of which the retina is not sensible. He says it is in all its effects the same as ordinary light. In two plates exposed to each other, that the one may catch an image from the other, nearness is necessary, because otherwise the rays would *diverge*, and produce a confused image.† How strange to think of a divergence of rays from a substance placed in what our senses would call absolute darkness; for example, between the works and case of a watch!‡

These phenomena are not curious only for their reference to the novel idea of latent light, but as an addition to the wonders of that perhaps most wonderful of all modern inventions, the *photographic and Daguerreotype processes.* What we have hitherto seen of this process is the production of an image under the influence of a powerful light: the experiments of Möser give an image by the agency of a degree of light below the power of our senses to apprehend; and which we, therefore, for want of a better term, call latent light. This is a remarkable extension, indeed, of what we not long ago knew of the powers of light: we now know that it will act as a medium through which the image of one object may be impressed on another, the impression possessing durability in proportion to the conditions of the impressed surface; and, more than this, *capable of being reproduced after it has vanished, and that several times over.* Nor

* Athenæum Report, September 10, 1842.

† Letter of Dr. Möser, MS.

‡ The idea of latent light corresponds with an opinion of Newton, that light entered the surface of charcoal, and never was brought out again. There are other phenomena tending to the same conclusion, as that nitrous acid gas, in a glass tube, on being exposed to heat, changes from a transparent yellow to an opaque red. The blood of a patient under inflammation, everted from a cup with a green flower, presents vermilion images of the flower relieved upon the dark ground of the clot. And, to preclude all doubt as to the character of these images, we are assured by a medical friend that he has produced them by green coloring on the *outside of a glass cup.*

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is even this all. The Daguerreotype process, till a very recent period, did, like Dr. Möser's experiments, require what may be called a considerable time to produce its effects; that is to say, it required a few seconds at least, and only still objects could be taken with accuracy. But last year, by the application of electricity, M. Daguerre made his plates so sensitive, that *less than a second* became necessary to produce the image. Indeed, so small a space of time was required, that no mechanical arrangement could be contrived to submit the plate *instantaneously enough;* the consequence of which was, that one part was overdone before the rest was submitted, and it was found necessary to take means to dull or lessen the sensitiveness of the plates.* Possibly, the application of electricity would make a much less space of time necessary for even latent light to produce images. The Daguerreotype process is evidently only in its infancy. Within the last few months, Sir John Herschel has been experimenting with paper surfaces prepared in two different ways, by one of which he produces impressions which may be *brought up from faintness to distinctness by repeated washings*, while by the other he creates *positive* pictures, which fade in a few hours, *leaving the paper capable of receiving other impressions.*†

In a conversation on Dr. Möser's experiments, which took place at the meeting of the British Association at Manchester, Sir John Herschel called particular attention to the reproduceability of the pictures, and confirmed the fact by drawing from his pocket one of his own pictures, which he said was then invisible, but might be made visible by being placed over the vapor of muriatic gas. After a time, he said the image would again vanish, but a reapplication of the gas would bring it again into sight. He explained that the paper had been washed in a certain vegetable solution, which made it susceptible of such pictures. He also adverted to the remarkable fact, that the muriatic gas is perfectly colorless. He then added, "*Might not the retina itself be affected in a somewhat similar manner?* The impressions made upon it were gone in a moment. Might not those impressions on the retina be produced by a sort of photographic apparatus? The number of questions arising on this topic," he said, "were likely to render it a most electrifying topic among philosophers." Sir David Brewster considered the remark of Sir John Herschel, as "having an important bearing on the philosophy of the senses, The moment it was mentioned in the hearing of any one acquainted with the physiological action of the retina, he would see a crowd of facts referable to it. He should mention one fact which appeared to be explained by it. After being present at a few of the meetings of the Association, where there had been so many white faces, a mass of white faces had at length become impressed on his retina. Each face had three black spots on it, two for the eyes and one for the mouth. For two days, these objects flitted before his eyes. He could not distinguish the whitest face in the company from the darkest. Here was a picture continuing longer than usual, in consequence of the retina being longer impressed. In some cases, he had been enabled to tear off the mask, and fill up these blank faces with individual likenesses." These remarks of the British philosophers have since been found to coincide with views entertained by Dr. Möser, and which he has expressed in a paper published at Berlin.

That the impressions on the retina are photographic processes, is, we should say, by no means unlikely. Many phenomena, long before the world, perfectly harmonise with such an idea. The sixth of a moment, is, we believe, the space of time which these impressions remain in an ordinary state of health; hence, we may remind unscientific readers, such phenomena as that of a lighted stick making a fiery arc when waved quickly to and fro. The eye, then, may be said to be, in its ordinary state, a plate or speculum prepared to receive, and retain for that definite portion of time, any image thrown upon it. Amongst relative phenomena, the mind very quickly lights upon a well-known one recorded by Dr. Darwin: "I covered a paper about four inches square with yellow, and with a pen filled with a blue color, wrote upon the middle of it the word BANKS in capitals; and sitting with my back to the sun, fixed my eyes for a minute exactly upon the centre of the letter N in the word. After shutting my eyes, and shading them somewhat with my hand, the word was distinctly seen in the spectrum in yellow colors on a blue ground; and then, on opening my eyes, on a yellowish wall at twenty feet distance, the magnified name of BANKS appeared on the wall written in golden characters." Dr. Abercromby records a similar instance: "A friend of mine had been, one day, looking intensely at a small print of the Virgin and Child, and had sat bending over it for some time. On raising his head, he was startled by pereeiving at the further end of the apartment a female figure of the size of life, with a child in her arms. The first feeling of surprise having subsided, he instantly traced the source of the illusion, and remarked that the figure corresponded exactly with that which he had contemplated in the print, being what painters call a kit-cat figure, in which the lower parts of the body are not represented. The illusion continued distinct for about two minutes."* In Dr. Darwin's case, there was, we believe, only the ordinary action of the eye inexhibiting the spectrum of the accidental colors: in such instances as that recorded by Dr. Abercromby, and described by Sir David Brewster, there is probably some extraordinary phenomena, by which the impression, a simple image, is rendered permanent; we can easily conceive it to be some phenomena in organic pathology analogous to the washing of a plate with a solution.

But is it upon the retina, or the retina alone, that the impression lingers? "In regard to a ocular spectra," says Dr. Abercromby, "another

* Athenæum Report, July 17, 1841.

† Letter of Sir John Herschel, Athenæum, August 20, 1842.

* Abercromby's Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers, p. 65.

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fact of a very singular nature appears to have been first observed by Sir Isaac Newton; namely, that when he produced a spectrum of the sun by looking at it with the right eye, the left being covered, upon uncovering the left, and looking upon a white ground, *a spectrum of the sun was seen with it also.* He likewise acquired the power of recalling the spectra after they had ceased, when he went into the dark, and directed his mind intensely, '*as when a man looks earnestly to see a thing which is difficult to be seen.*' By repeating these experiments frequently, such an effect was produced upon his eyes, 'that for some months after,' he says, 'the spectrum of the sun begun to return, as often as I began to meditate upon the phenomena, even though I lay in bed at midnight with my curtains drawn.'" Does not this seem to imply that, if an actual impression of any kind is made, it must be upon something beyond the retina, something commanding both the outlets where the retinæ are placed; upon that internal nervous substance, in short, which forms the medium or organism of mind itself?

There are certainly many psychological phenomena which seem to bear a curious analogy to these image-making properties of light. For instance, "the distinct recollection of a fact is generally in proportion to the intensity with which it has been contemplated."* Suppose *attention* to be a greater than usual development of electric action in the brain, how strangely akin seem the recent experiments of Daguerre! When attention is languid, or when one is in a state of reverie, something is said by a neighbor: you are not conscious of more than that some one has spoken; but in a few seconds, or perhaps minutes, by an effort, the words are recalled. May not this be simply an electric evolution upon some impressible medium within, before the photographic impression had faded, catching up its shrinking tints? Newton could recall the spectra by intensely looking for them, or meditating upon them; so, by an effort of the mind, do we recall to *memory* a fact which we once knew, but which has been forgotten. To write down any thing we may wish to remember, or to learn it from print or writing, is acknowledged to be the most ready means of acquiring it by heart. A comedian, accustomed to study his parts deliberately, and who remembered them afterwards without effort, had on one occasion to study one very hurriedly. This part immediately after disappeared from his mind. "When questioned respecting the mental process which he employed the first time he performed this part, he said that he lost sight entirely of the audience, and seemed to have nothing before him but the pages of the book from which he had learnt it, and that if any thing had occurred to interrupt this illusion, he should have stopped instantly."† And Sir James Mackintosh, who could repeat whole pages of a book on the Brownonian system which he had read thirty years before, always acknowledged that he was guided by a recollection of the actual appearance of the pages of the book itself. The signs of thought, we may suppose, are more easily remembered than the direct thought itself, because they are objects—things producing a clear photographic image, so to speak, on the brain. Men in a partially diseased or infirm condition lose the recollection of words, or of names, but remember things and persons. They know the friend they meet, but they cannot pronounce his name. Dr. Abercromby tells of a gentleman who "could not be made to understand the name of an object, if it was spoken to him, but understood it perfectly when it was written. His mental faculties were so entire, that he was engaged in an extensive agricultural concerns, and he managed them with perfect correctness by means of a remarkable contrivance. He kept before him, in the room where he transacted business, a list of the words which were most apt to occur in his intercourse with his workmen. When any of them wished to communicate with him upon any subject, he first heard what the workman had to say, but without understanding him further than simply to catch the words. He then turned to the words in the written list, and *whenever they met his eye, he understood them perfectly.*" Here, clearly, a certain mental power was wanting. But the power of receiving a direct impression from an object remained sound, and was used. What was this but having to repeat every time those messages between objects in the external world and the inner powers of mind, which usually become unnecessary in a mature intellect, from so much coming to be fixed and understood? It was like Herschel's photographic paper, or Möser's plates, where some common vapor was used. Old men generally remember recent events least perfectly. This may be simply owing to the images in early life having been impressed on what was in a more fit state to receive them, or having been better secured after they were impressed. A silver plate bearing a good photographic image, of three years' standing, fixed with the fumes of mercury, or nitrate of silver, may be, in comparison with a piece of Herchel's paper which bore an image yesterday, and none to-day, exactly what an old man's memory of remote events is to his recollection of recent occurrences.

There are instances of temporary loss of memory in consequence of external injuries to the nervous system, and we chance to be able to advert to a remarkable example heretofore unrecorded. A boy of uncommon talents, who has since attained high civil employment in India, was boarded, during his attendance at the university, in the house of a medical gentleman, who took charge of a few other youths of about the same age. Towards the conclusion of a session, during which he had studied very hard, and the night before he was to deliver a prize essay to a particular professor, the young man was allowed by his protector to have a small supper party, at which he was very merry. Next day, after giving in the essay, he took a game at ball with some companions, in the course of which he fell on his rump and experienced a slight concussion of the brain. Coming home, he was found to talk incoherently, and he had no recollection of either the supper party or the delivery of the prize essay. He was immediately put to bed and bled, when he gradually, as with an ef-

* Abercromby. † Idem.

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fort, came to a faint recollection of these incidents, but remembered nothing which took place *after the fall;* and the few hours which elapsed between that event and the bleeding continued ever after to be a complete blank in his memory.

There are remarkable instances of a revival of old and forgotten impressions in a state of disease, particularly with regard to languages. "A man, mentioned by Mr. Abernethy, had been born in France, but had spent the greater part of his life in England, and for many years had entirely lost the habit of speaking French. But when under the care of Mr. Abernethy, on account of the effects of an injury of the head, he always spoke French. A similar case occurred in St. Thomas's Hospital, of a man who was in a state of stupor in consequence of an injury of the head. On his partial recovery, he spoke a language which nobody in the hospital understood, but which was soon ascertained to be Welsh. It was then discovered that he had been thirty years absent from Wales, and, before the accident, had entirely forgotten his native language. On his perfect recovery, he completely forgot his Welsh again, and recovered the English language. * * A case has been related to me of a boy, who, at the age of four, received a fracture of the skull, for which he underwent the operation of trepan. He was at the time in a state of perfect stupor, and, after his recovery, retained no recollection either of the accident or the operation. At the age of fifteen, during the delirium of a fever, he gave his mother an account of the operation, and the persons who were present at it, with a correct description of their dress, and other minute particulars. He had never been observed to allude to it before, and no means were known by which he could have acquired the circumstances which he mentioned. An eminent medical friend informs me, that, during fever, without any delirium, he on one occasion repeated long passages from Homer, which he could not do when in health; and another friend has mentioned to me, that, in a similar situation, there were represented on his mind, in a most vivid manner, the circumstances of a journey in the Highlands, which he had performed long before, including many minute particulars which he had entirely forgotten. * * An ignorant servant girl, mentioned by Coleridge, during the delirium of a fever, repeated passages from theological works in Latin, Greek, and Rabbinical Hebrew, which, being taken down and traced to the works from which they were derived, were found to be repeated with perfect accuracy. It turned out that she had been servant to a clergyman, a man of much learning and peculiar habits, who was in the practice of walking backwards and forwards along a passage in his house which led to the kitchen, and there reading aloud his favorite authors."* Of this class of phenomena many other examples might be adduced. There is another class, which have obtained the general name of *double consciousness.* A person becomes ill, and at his recovery is found to have forgot all previously-attained knowledge. He begins, like a child, with the alphabet, and goes through a new course of instruction. Suddenly, he recovers all that was lost, but has forgot every new idea acquired since his recovery. In some cases, the two conditions have alternated oftener than once. Dr. Beattie mentions a clergyman who, on recovering from an apoplectic attack, was found to have lost the recollection of exactly four years; every thing that occurred before that period he remembered perfectly. He gradually recovered the lost knowledge, partly by a *spontaneous revival of his memory,* and partly by reading histories of the period. How like is all this to what has been stated about Möser's vanishing but revivable pictures!

Many of the recorded phenomena of *dreaming* also seem to bear a strong relation to the Möser process. The metaphysicians make out a *class* of dreams as consisting of the revival of ideas which had passed out of the mind, or appeared to have been forgotten. For example, a gentleman, about to be cast in a law-suit for want of a particular document which has been lost, dreams a dream in which his deceased father or some other person appears, and informs him of the place in which it is deposited. The theory respecting such cases is that the fact was once known, but became forgotten, and the information given in the dream was only a resurrection of this deceased piece of knowledge. And that we are capable of thus utterly forgetting a piece of knowledge which we once possessed, is proved by our frequently being reminded of sayings of our own by other parties to whom we had spoken them, but of which we have no recollection. The revival of these lost ideas may be only a physical process in the brain, of the same nature with the vaporing of an occult photographic picture. Dr. Watts by anticipation gives a sort of countenance to such a supposition, when he conjectures "that those very fibres, pores, or *traces* of the brain, which assist at the first idea or perception of any object, *are the same which assist also at the recollection of it.*" Even the language of the metaphysicians, vague as it generally is, seems strangely in harmony with that of our new science. They describe *conception* and *imagination* as two different degrees of activity of the intellectual powers in reviving past impressions. Dr. Brown, the last and best of this series of philosophers, taught that "there is a *law of the mind* over which volition has no control, or a tendency, which is constantly operating involuntarily, to *renovate prior feelings.* This he called Simple Suggestion. When two or more objects, or two or more thoughts, primary or renovated, are present to the mind, feelings of relation arise in it independently of the will, and from a law or tendency of the mind itself. This he called Relative Suggestion. Lastly, there is in the mind a susceptibility of, or tendency to, another distinct class of feelings, called Emotions, as Grief, Joy, Pleasure, Pain, Cheerfulness, Wonder, Fear, Remorse, &c. These feelings are also involuntary. They arise *unbidden* in the mind, when certain objects are seen, or certain feelings of relation perceived." This is an abstract of the principal parts of Dr. Brown's doctrine, which was given out thirty years ago.*

* Abercromby.

* We find it in the Edinburgh Magazine, 1820.

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Its relation to these curious experiments is faint and indescribable, but yet it is impossible not to see that there is *some* relation.

The Quarterly Review, a number of years ago, contained an article on the "Connection of Intellectual Operations with Organic action," in which it was stated that, "in certain conditions of the mind, and when the eye has been for some time withdrawn from the influence of visible figures, the impressions usually recalled by the act of volition are forced upon it by causes of which we are entirely ignorant, and possess a distinctness of outline which permits us to subject them to the same examination as the permanent impressions made upon the retina by the action of highly luminous bodies. When this examination is carefully made, we shall find that *the images recalled by the memory follow the motions of the head and of the eye*, and are seen according to the very same laws which regulate the vision of those impressions which remain on the retina after the objects which produce them are withdrawn. The very same result will be obtained in the case of forms created by the imagination, so that *the two leading faculties of the mind* [memory and imagination] *perform their operations through the medium of the organs of sense.*" This is a very remarkable assertion, and quite in harmony with the view which we have taken. If received as true, it can leave little room for doubt that mental action generally is inextricably connected with the laws of some of the so-called imponderable bodies.

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## THE WANDERING JEW.

**From Bentley's Miscellany.**

We are not acquainted with any popular English ballad on the subject of the Wandering Jew, though the adventures of this extraordinary being have afforded themes to the poets of the people in almost every other country in Europe. France, especially, is rich in legends connected with this fabled personage; songs and sermons equally relate the horrors to which "the undying one" was subjected, and the heritage of wo conjoined to his unparalleled length of life. Most of the notices are announcements of his speedy appearance at some specified place, or anecdotes supposed to have been related by those who had the good fortune of meeting with him. They all agree in describing him as aged, care-worn, with a white beard of immense length, and grizzled hair. His dress, though ragged and torn, was said to retain traces of oriental finery; but he also wore a leather apron, which, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, was the usual cognizance of laborers, and the lower class of mechanics. Xeniola declares that, in Spain, he appeared with a very awful mark, which is not mentioned either by the French or Germans. According to this worthy Father, whom Lewis has followed in "The Monk," the Jew wore a black bandage on his forehead, which concealed a crucifix of flame, ever burning a brain that grew as fast it was consumed. It is intimated that the familiars of the Inquisition had orders to keep a sharp lookout for the wanderer, and that the crucifix was designated as the mark by which he might be known. The Inquisitors never caught him; though they often had information of his practising as a conjuror, and exhibiting the blazing cross on his forehead in the dark, —a trick often practised by school-boys with a bit of phosphorus. They arrested, indeed, a juggler at Seville; but, on inquiry, he proved to be "no conjuror," and had the good luck to be liberated, after having endured "only the moderate torture."

While the Spaniards were taught to regard the Wandering Jew as an object of horror, the French and Brabantine legends always spoke of him as deserving the warmest sympathy and compassion. The Germans invested him with something of a speculative and philosophic character; whence Goethe, in his singular piece, "Ahasuerus," the name last bestowed upon the wanderer, has made the Jew a scholastic cobbler, strongly attached to materialism, particularly in the shape of material comforts. Ahasuerus is represented as having engaged in a dialectic controversy with our Saviour, who, provoked by his insensibility to spiritual blessings, sentences him to continue in the life for which he manifests so decided a preference. This is one of the worst perversions of a poetic legend with which we are acquainted; and it is saddening to find it connected with so great a name.

Ahasuerus was the name usually given to the Wandering Jew in the last century; but in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries he was known as Isaac Lackedem or Lackedion—names which point to an Armenian or Greek origin of the story. The Chanson, of which we are about to lay a version before our readers, as nearly in the original metre as the structure of our language will admit, is believed to have been composed in Brabant, rather earlier than the age of the Reformation. The language has been softened and modernized, as it passed down the stream of tradition; but the air possesses the psalmodic character of those slow and plaintive chaunts, with which in the Middle Ages the relics of martyrs were venerated, and the sufferings of the saints lamented. We have preserved in the translation some of the roughness which characterizes the original ballad, particularly in the verses spoken by the burgesses to the Wanderer.

Can life, with each transition,
  From bright to darkest hue,
Show one of worse condition
  Than the poor Wandering Jew?
How horrid is his state!
His wretchedness how great!

One day, before the city
  Of Brussels, in Brabant,
We saw, with fear and pity,
  This man of comforts scant,
And ne'er before our sight
Was beard so long and white

His garments, torn and streaming,
  The winds could not withstand,
And we knew by his seeming
  He came from Eastern land:
A leathern bag before
He, like some workman, wore!

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We said, "Good-morrow, master!
One little moment stay,
And tell us the disaster
Which has brought you this way.
Come, do not plead excuse,
Nor sympathy refuse."

Then he replied, "Believe me,
I suffer bitter wo;
Incessant travels grieve me;
No rest for me's below;
A respite I have never,
But march on, on for ever!"

"Come, join us, good old father!
And drink a cup of ale;
We've come out here together
On purpose to regale!
And, if you'll be our guest,
We'll give you of the best."

"I cannot take your proffer,
I'm hurried on by Fate;
But for your hearty offer
My gratitude is great.
I'll ever bear in mind
Strangers so good and kind."

"You seem so very aged,
That, looking on with tears,
We find ourselves engaged
In guessing at your years.
We'd ask,—if not too bold,—
Are you a century old?"

"Years more than eighteen hundred
Have roll'd above my head
Since Fate has kept me sunder'd
Both from the quick and dead!
I was twelve years that morn
When Christ our Lord was born!"

"Are you that man of sorrow,
To whom, our authors write,
Grief comes with every morrow,
And wretchedness at night?
Oh! let us know—are you
Isaac, the Wandering Jew?"

"Yes; Isaac Lackedfon
To me was given for name,
And the proud hill of Zion
As place of birth I claim.
Children! in me you view
The hapless Wandering Jew!

"Good Lord! how sad, how weary
This length of life is found!
Now, for the fifth time, hear ye!
I've paced the earth's wide round!
All else to rest have gone,
But I must still live on!

"I've cast me in the ocean—
The waves refused to drown;
I've faced the storm's commotion
In heaven's darkest frown;
But elemental strife
Went by, and left me life!

"I've pass'd through fields of battle,
Where men in thousands fell;
While the artillery's rattle
Peal'd forth their funeral knell:
The mangling shell and shot
Whizz'd by, and harm'd me not!

"Beyond the broad Atlantic
I've seen the fever spread,
Where orphans, driven frantic,
Lay dying on the dead:
I gazed with hope, not fear;
But still death came not near.

"I have no home to hide me;
No wealth can I display;
But unknown powers provide me
Five farthings every day.
This always is my store,
'Tis never less nor more!"

"We used to think your story
Was but an idle dream;
But, when thus wan and hoary,
And broken-down you seem,
The sight cannot deceive,
And we the tale believe.

"But you must have offended
Most grievously our God;
Whose mercy is extended
To all on earth who plod:
Then tell us for what crime
You bear his wrath sublime?"

"'Twas by my rash behavior
I wrought this fearful scathe:
As Christ, our Lord and Saviour,
Was passing on to death.
His mild request I spurn'd,
His gentle pleading scorn'd.

"Beneath the cross when sinking,
He pass'd before my door!
From the crowd's insults shrinking,
He stepp'd the threshold o'er,
And made a mild request
That I would let him rest.

"'Begone!' said I, 'thou vile one!
Move on, and meet thy fate,
I know it would defile one
To suffer thee to wait;
Blasphemer! haste! begone!
To death—to death move on!'"

"Then Jesus, turning mildly,
Look'd on my angry brow,
And said, 'Thou speakest wildly,
For onward, too, must thou!
March onward! 'tis thy doom,
And TARRY TILL I COME!'

"A secret force expell'd me
That instant from my home;
And since THE DOOM has held me
Unceasingly to roam;
For neither day nor night
Must check my onward flight.

"Farewell, ye pitying strangers!
For I must now away;
Ye cannot know the dangers
Which menace my delay:
Farewell, ye kindly men!
We never meet again!"

Thus ends this most singular and beautiful legend, in which the simplicity, and almost ruggedness, of the style, greatly enhances the miracle of the story. It is scarcely necessary to say, that there is no historical authority for the legend; but the Wandering Jew may be regarded as an allegorical impersonation of the destiny of the Jewish nation, which, since the death of Jesus Christ, has been outcast and wandering among the nations of the earth, still subject to that fearful imprecation. "His blood be upon us and upon our children!" The words "Tarry thou till I come" were actually addressed to the apostle St. John; and, as this evangelist himself informs us, they led many of the disciples to believe that St. John would be one of those who should be found alive at the second com-

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ing of the Messiah. Another prophectic declaration of our Lord was similarly misunderstood: "Verily I say unto you, that there be some of them which stand here which shall not taste of death until they have seen the kingdom of God come with power." This prophecy, which the best commentators apply to the destruction of Jerusalem, was, by many Greek Christians, supposed to refer to the second advent; and the story of the Wandering Jew was probably invented to support the truth of the interpretation. This was very naturally suggested to the Greeks by their own national legend of Prometheus, whose immortality of wo, fettered to the rocks of the Caucasus, with a vulture eternally preying upon his liver, had been rendered familiar to them by the noblest poem that ever proceeded from an uninspired pen.

The first direct mention of the Wandering Jew dates in the year 1215, when his story was made known to the learned of that day by an Armenian prelate, who came on a pilgrimage to the relics of the saints, which the Crusaders had brought from the Levant to England. According to this episcopal pilgrim, who averred that he had seen and conversed with the wanderer, the name of the hapless Jew was Cartophilus; a name which not a little strengthens the theory of the Greek origin of the legend. He was a subordinate officer in Pilate's court; one of the many chronicles which have repeated the story, calls him "the crier;" and, when Jesus was condemned, he struck him a violent blow on the back, and pushing him towards the infuriate crowd, exclaimed, "On with thee Jesus! wherefore dost thou tarry?" Jesus turned round, and, with a severe accent, replied, "I go; but thou must tarry until I come!" The doom was no sooner pronounced than Cartophilus found himself irresistibly hurried onwards from his family and friends, compelled to be a vagabond and wanderer on the face of the earth, without ever finding any relaxation from his toils. After wandering over the whole of the East, he was converted and baptized by the same Ananias who baptized St. Paul, when he took the name of Joseph. Baptism, however, could not efface the curse; he still continues his erratic life, and looks daily for the second coming of the Messiah. Every hundred years he is seized with a strange malady, which brings him to the very point of death; but, after remaining for several days in a trance, he awakes, restored to the same condition of youth and health which he possessed when he insulted our Saviour.*

The chroniclers of the fourteenth century, in relating this legend, changed the name of Joseph into Isaac Lackedem or Lackedion, and omitted the fine incident of his periodical renovation. The ballad which we have translated is founded on this version of the story, which was generally received in Brabant. Indeed, he visited this country, according to the Brabantine Chronicle, in 1575. Notwithstanding the meanness of his apparel, he was found to be a man of superior education, for "he spoke better Spanish than any nobleman in the court of the Duke of Alva."

Göethe's travestie of the story is derived from an earlier appearance of the Wandering Jew in Europe. On the Easter Sunday of the year 1542, two German students encountered him in a church in Hamburgh, listening to the sermon with great attention and devotion. He was a very tall man, with white hair that reached below the middle of his back, and a beard that extended to his girdle; though the weather was still cold, his feet were naked; his dress, which the chronicler describes with edifying particularity, consisted of a sailor's trowsers "a world too wide for his shrunk shanks,' a tight-fitting vest, and a large, loose cloak. He readily entered into conversation with the students, telling him that his name was Ahasuerus, and that he had been a thriving shoemaker at the time of Christ's crucifixion. Impelled by the vulgar passion for excitement, which collects crowds to witness executions, rather than by religious bigotry, or personal rancor, he formed one of the multitude which surrounded the judgment-seat of Pilate, and clamored for the release of Barabbas. When Jesus was condemned, he hastened home to give his wife and children an opportunity of seeing the procession which was to pass by their doors. When Jesus came up the street, he staggered under the weight of the cross, and fell against the wall of the house. Ahasuerus repulsed him rudely, and pointing to Calvary, the appointed place of punishment, which was visible in the distance, said, "Get on, blasphemer, to thy doom!" Jesus replied, "I will stop and rest; but you shall march onward until I return." He was instantly hurried forwards by an irresistible impulse, and never afterwards knew rest. Ahasuerus, according to the report of the students, was a man of few words, very abstemious in his mode of living; accepting alms only for the purpose of distributing them to the poor, and at the same time soliciting their prayers, that he might be blessed with the boon of death. Twenty years later Ahasuerus appeared in Strasburg, where he reminded the magistrates that he had passed through the place two centuries before,—a fact which was verified by a reference to the police registers of the city! He inquired rather affectionately after the students with whom he had spoken at Hamburgh, and declared that since his conversation with them he had visited the remotest parts of the Eastern Indies. It is recorded that he spoke German with very great purity, and had not the slightest foreign accent.

In 1604, the Wandering Jew visited France; "The true history of his life, taken from his own lips," was printed at Bourdeaux, in 1608; and his "Complaint," set to a popular air, was a very favorite ballad. The learned Louvet saw him, on a Sunday, at Beauvais, coming from mass. He was surrounded by a crowd of women and children, to whom he recounted anecdotes of Christ's passion in so affecting a manner as to draw tears from the most obstinate eyes, and to unloose the strings of the tightest purses. On this occasion, he asked for alms with a lofty tone of superiority, as if he was conferring, instead of receiving, a favor. His appearance excited great emotion throughout France; some being alarmed at such a portentous apparition, and others affecting to be edified by the instructive narratives he related. Indeed, for nearly twenty years, about this time, several impostors made large sums of money by personating the Wandering Jew.

Passing over some vague accounts of his being seen at Salamanca, Venice, and Naples, in which

* Goodwin has introduced this part of the legend into his singular romance of St. Leon.

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last city he was rather successful as a gambler, we find that he visited Brussels on the 22nd of April, 1771, and sat for his portrait, to illustrate the ballad composed on his interview with certain of the burgesses some centuries before. The portrait was graven on wood, and copies of it may be seen suspended in most of the cottages of Belgium, where his legend has always been more popular than anywhere else. In fac , the two great objects of hero-worship among the Flemings are the Wandering Jew and Napoleon.

Dr. Southey has based "The Curse of Kehema" on this legend; and Dr. Croly has made it the subject of his gorgeous romance, Salathiel; but the fiction has never laid hold of the popular mind in England, as it has in France and Germany, though there are few superior to it in the power of captivating the imagination.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

## LINES

*Suggested by David's Picture of Napoleon, asleep in his study, taken shortly before the battle of Walerloo.*

STEAL softly! for the very room,
The stately chamber of HIS rest,
Imparts a gasping awe and gloom
Unto a rash intruder's breast.
Here kneel and look! but breathe not, lest
Thy gross material breath alone
Should wake that eye's immortal blaze,
That, like the last Archangel's gaze,
Might scorch thee into stone!

He sleeps! while Earth around him reels,
And mankind's million hosts combine
Against the sceptre sword which seals
Their fate from Lapland to the Line—
While, like a giant roused from wine,
Grim Europe, starting, watches him,
The Warrior Lord of Lodi's field—
O'er Jena's rout, who shook his shield—
Is hushed in slumber dim!

He sleeps! The thunderer of the World
For once hath, wearied, dropt the bolt,
Whose strokes split empires up—and hurl'd
To dust each purple mantled dolt,
'Mid havoc, ruin and revolt!
Lo! lull'd like baby by its nurse,
The Imperial Eagle folds that wing
Quiescent, whose awaking spring
Shall shake the universe!

He sleeps! and silence binds that tone
Which cleft the Alps' eternal walls,
And bridged his pathway to a throne
Above the Avalanche's halls;
Hark! how that victor-voice appals
Pale Austria's battle line, when first
He crushed gaunt Nature's bonds asunder,
And meteor girt, in flame and wonder,
Upon Marengo burst!

He sleeps and dreams—oh, for the sense
Of some sublimer sphere to know
Where strays the fierce intelligence
Which scourged the nations here below!
To the Empyrean doth it go?
And would its wild ambition strain
To grasp the balance of the skies,
And systems, suns and stars comprise
In one tremendous reign?

He dreams and smiles! the Conqueror's brow,
Gall'd with the wreath's triumphal pride,
Looks grandly calm and placid now,
As if your ENGHEIN never died!
As if—Victorious Homicide!—
The rush of Borodina's stream,
His bony-legions' freezing groans,
And icy Russia's forest moans
Are heard not in that dream!

The plan and pencil in his hand
Have dropp'd as though their effort fail'd
To draught the crimson sketch he scann'd
In Fate's vast volume seven-seal'd;
But earth shall see the page reveal'd,
And hear its fiery purport too,
Until her curdling heart's blood stops,
And carnage-clogged thy sickly drops
Outworn, red Waterloo!

He dreams and smiles! Yon blue sea prison
Uncages Fortune's crowned bird;
And France, exulting France, has risen
Through all her borders, trumpet-stirr'd!
He heeds it not; some vision'd word
Hath shown him Ocean's distant wave
Thundering the moral of his story,
And rolling boundless as his glory,
Round St. Helena's grave.

Away, bright Painter! tell thy frere,
Self-satisfied Philosophy,
Whose ready, reasoning tongue would swear
That brow of Despot cannot be
From crested care one moment free—
Tell him thy life-imparting eye,
NAPOLEON's sleepless hour survey'd,
And with one deathless glance hath made
Immortal now the LIE. *Harold.*

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OPTICS.—At the Academy of Sciences on the 16th inst, M. Arago communicated some experiments in optics, made by the Commission, which had been charged by the academy to examine the curious specimens of diamond lately received, and to ascertain whether these crystals were really diamonds in their primitive state. M. Arago stated that the commission had employed a simple and infallible means of coming to a decision, and had found that the specimens were really what they were described to be. This means consists in determining whether the angle of the polarization of the crystal is of twenty-four degrees.—*Court Journal.*

THE WEST INDIA MAILS.—A statement of the voyages performed by the West India mail steam-ships during the year 1842, affords a singular proof of the regularity with which trans-Atlantic communication is effected by means of steam navigation. The average length of the West India voyage, both out and home, appears from the following table to be 18 3-4 days. The longest outward passage was made in 20 days 17 hours, and the quickest in 16 days 19 hours; the distance run over being little short of 4000 miles.—*Ibid.*

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## SCIENCE AND ART.

French Scientific Congress.—We are informed that the French Scientific Congress, before separating at Strasburg, entered into a series of resolutions, soliciting the attention of the government to the following recommendations: That government would be pleased to extend greater encouragement than it has, hitherto, done to the learned societies and literary projects of the provinces: that, instead of seeking to congregate the most distinguished *savans* in the capital, it should endeavor rather to attach them to the provincial academies to which they belong, either by augmentation of their salaries or by honorary distinctions: that the various isolated Faculties of France should be collected into a certain number of great scientific establishments—academies complete—centres of learning—and divided among the different districts of the kingdom: that division of property is beneficial to the country, but its subdivision into parcels of less than ten, fifteen, or twenty *ares* (an *are* is fourteen square yards, English,) is mischievous: that schools of agriculture, carried direct into the midst of the husbandmen and laborers, be established in all the departments of France, and that the same professor be also teacher at the normal agricultural school of each department: that government cause to be prepared agricultural maps, based on geological maps, and indicating the limits of the various agricultural regions: that government organize the rural police in cantons, so that each canton have its commissary and communal officers under its own direction: that government, in its regulations for the plantation of the highway-borders, take into consideration the utility of employing fruit-trees: that the bases of competitions in the Fine Arts be altered; and the pupils be sent, according to their specialty, into those countries in which the particular art studied by each has most splendor.—*London Athenæum.*

Pearly Nautilus.—Professor Owen exhibited a specimen of the Pearly Nautilus (*Nautilus Pompilius*) animal and shell, obtained by Captain Belcher, R. N., at Amboyna. He alluded to the fact of the specimen described by him in 1832 having been detached from the shell, which was destroyed in its capture, and recapitulated the analogies which had guided him in determining the position in which he had restored the soft parts to the shell, and figured them *in situ*, in his memoir. Objections had been made to this restoration by Mr. Gray, and by Doctors Grant and De Blainville, who were led by other analogies to believe that the upper or outer lip of the shell must have crossed the back of the head, instead of crossing the opposite side, or funnel, as represented by Mr. Owen. M. Valenciennes, who had subsequently received the soft parts of a nautilus, had adopted the position assigned to them by Mr. Owen. The present example, in which the animal had been restored to its shell in precisely the same position in whieh it was received when recent, closely agreed with the description and figure in Professor Owen's work. The involuted spire of the shell is covered by the dorsal fold of the mantle, and is lodged in the concavity at the back of the muscular plate above the head. The funnel rests upon the outer wall of the large chamber containing the animal. This appears to be the first specimen of the Pearly Nautilus in its shell which has reached Europe.—*Ibid.*

Animal Electricity.—If a frog be prepared in the ordinary manner, and another so that it has only one leg with a long nervous fibre; then if this fibre be placed on the thighs, and a current of electricity passed through the nerves of the first frog, so that it is contracted, the leg of the other is also immediately seen to contract. If the nerve of the first be raised, so that contraction ceases, in spite of the passage of the current, there will be no contraction in the leg of the second. The same phenomenon is reproduced by all stimulating bodies which have the power of causing ordinary contraction: when a plate of gold is placed between the thigh and the nerves, contraction does not take place; paper has not this effect.

If one of the muscles either of the breast or of the thigh of a living pigeon be laid bare and cut across, and the nerves of the thigh of a prepared frog be brought into contact with it, this thigh immediately experiences a contraction, as in the case cited above. —*Literary Gaz.*

Fatty Animal Matter.—M. Dumas announced that he would shortly communicate the results of his and M. Payen's researches, tending to prove that "all fatty animal matter proceeds from plants, or from the food of the animals which assimilate them in kind, or slightly modified." Previously, however, to the presentation of this work, he thought it right to submit how greatly this proposition differed from the opinion expressed by Liebig, to the following effect, in a recent work:

"The relation between food and the end it has to fulfil in the economy of nature is not, to the present day, at all made clear, since organic chemistry has examined it by the quantitative method. A thin goose, weighing 4 lbs., increases to 5 lbs. in 36 hours, during which time it has had 24 lbs. of maize to fatten it, and then 3½ lbs. of fat may be taken from it. It is evident that the fat cannot be ready formed in the food, because the latter does not contain 1-1000 of fat, or like matter."

M. Dumas and M. Payen have sought to establish the fattening power of maize. Agriculturists know already that a bushel of maize, weighing about 10 to 11 kilogrammes, yields a quart of oil. Precise experiment has shown that maize contains 9 per cent. of a yellow oil, 100 grammes of which were submitted to the Academy. Thus, in eating 24 lbs. of maize, a thin goose eats, in fact, 2½ lbs. of fatty matter. And it is not therefore surprising that, as mentioned above, a goose furnishes 3½ lbs. of fat, if what it already contained be taken into account.

M. Dumas added: Hay contains very nearly 2 per cent. of fatty matter. We shall show, he said, that the fattening ox and the milch cow always furnish less fatty matter than their food contains. For the milch cow, however, the butter, within a very small ratio, represents the fatty matters of the food, at least so far as relates to the food we have as yet examined. In our opinion, agricultural facts and chemical analysis agree in proving that the milch cow constitutes the most exact and most economical means of extracting from pasturage the azotized and fatty matter they contain.—*Ibid.*

Eclipse of the 8th of July.—M. Schumacher transmitted some new observations on the eclipse of the 8th of July last. They are extracts from a report to the minister of public instruction of Russia, from five astronomers. Only one, M. Schidoisky, out of the five, but for reasons explained therein, saw the mountains: he only saw two, of the most brilliant and red light; and did not perceive them until a very few seconds before the end of the eclipse; the third was not observed by him.

The communication contained several particulars and hypotheses to explain many of the singular appearances; but M. Arago will shortly be prepared to furnish a detailed report on the numerous observations of which the eclipse of last July has been the object.—*Ibid.*

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A new Microscope has been this week exhibited at the Polytechnic Institution, the powers of which are said to surpass all previous instruments. It consists of six powers. The second magnifies the wings of the locust to twenty-seven feet in length. The fourth, the sting of the bee to twenty-seven feet. By the sixth, each lens in the eye of the fly is so magnified, that it appears to be fourteen inches in diameter; and a human hair, eighteen inches in diameter, or four feet in circumference.—*Athenæum.*

Cameo.—At a late meeting of the Academy of Sciences at Brussels, M. Perquin de Gembloux presented a cameo of the fifth century, found at Orchimont in 1811, in an old church. It is supposed to represent Attili, and, according to the judgment of several members of the Academy, must have been executed in Belgium, as the stone is a kind of flint peculiar to the country.—*Ibid.*

Invention for the Consumption of Smoke.—A furnace has recently been invented by Mr. Juckes for the perfect combustion of smoke. He has secured it by patent; and it is in many respects so useful and ingenious, that it will, probably, become extensively patronised as its merits are made known. The first peculiarity which strikes the eye is the total absence of smoke from the chimney of a furnace under a boiler which works an engine of 20-horse power. This of itself implies a perfect and entire combustion of the fuel, the smoke which is given off, and causing the offensive nuisance, being merely particles of coal separated on the first application of heat in the process of destructive distillation when it is submitted to the action of heat in a fire or furnace. To make this portion of the fuel available for the production of heat has excited much inquiry and ingenious speculation; and, in this case, the results are obtained by the mechanical arrangements of the furnace, which are made to effect the perfect chemical decomposition of the fuel. The fire-grate is a series of fire bars, forming an endless chain, which by the steam-engine (and the same may be done by an occasional application of manual or mechanical power) progresses with the fuel in an active state of combustion under the boiler at the rate of about one inch each minute. The fuel at first introduced parts with the more volatile products, which are carried over those portions of the fuel where the production of the heat is most perfect and intense, and thus every part of it is made available to the support of combustion, which is rendered still more complete by the admission of atmospheric air through each of the bars, by which oxygen gas is admitted sufficient for the conversion of the whole of the incandescent materials into gaseous products. No fuel is wasted, as is apparent from the entire absence of carbon or smoke in the chimney. The most prominent feature is the perfect uniformity of heat under the boiler, which is also secured without the constant attendance of the stoker, as a sufficient charge can be given in the hopper outside the furnace door to last upwards of an hour, which is slowly carried on by the rotatory motion of the fire bars; this furnace door acting in a perpendicular manner, being so regulated as to give the requisite quantity of fuel. Here the fire bars are always feeding, taking in the fuel at one end while they reject the scoriæ at the other; being constantly free from clinkers, the supply of the requisite quantity of oxygen gas for the support of combustion through the fire bars is always uniform and unimpeded, and the bars are as clear in the evening as they were when they commenced working in the morning. The furnace is also admirably adapted for the consumption of the smaller particles, or of the refuse coal which accumulates to even mountain in the neighborhood of many of our collieries, particularly to the north; and to render which available has excited a great deal of attention and inquiry. We understand that the furnace of Mr. Juckes has been the subject of the most unqualified approbation of Professor Buckland, of Sir M. I. Brunel, etc. The saving in fuel alone we are assured is about 40 per cent. The plan is applicable to railway or steam-boat engines.—*Herald.*

Extraordinary Discovery.—At the conclusion of the lecture at the Polytechnic Hall, Falmouth, Mr. Robert Hunt, the secretary, announced the discovery by himself of a metallic plate which would receive by mere contact, impressions of any printed page, an engraving, or the like. This discovery was arrived at by following out the recent discoveries of Moeser, that bodies were constantly making impressions upon each other in absolute darkness, by the agency, as he considered, of latent light, but which Mr. Hunt thinks he has certain proof of being latent heat. The impression received on the metal is at first invisible, but is readily brought out by the means of any vapor. Mr. Hunt exhibited some specimens of wood and copper-plate engravings, copied from the paper into the metal. These copies exhibited every line of the original, and were far more distinct than any of the early daguerreotypes. Mr. Hunt proposes to call this new art thermography.—*West-Briton.*

A New Comet.—M. Laugier, of Paris, has discovered a new comet. He states that it has a retrograde movement, and circulates in an inclined orbit of 74 deg. 31 min., the ascendant node having for longitude 28 deg 31 min. The passage to the perihelium will take place in December by 328 deg. 22 min. of longitude, and at a distance from the sun expressed by 0.512. The comet continued approaching towards the earth until the 15th instant, when it was distant from it 4-10ths of the range of the terrestrial orbit. The brightness of this comet has, up to the present time, gone on increasing as to its nucleus, but there has been no sensible increase in its tail since the 2d instant; its length is hardly 10; the width of the nebulosity has an angle of about 5. M. Laugier has consulted the archives of astronomy, to ascertain whether the comet of 1842 was not the return one already known. The work of Pingré mentions a comet which was seen in China in 1301, the elements of which, calculated according to the observations of the Chinese, accord in a remarkable manner with the results of the new calculation. It is, therefore, possible that M. Laugier has recorded the second passage of a comet, whose period of travelling occupies more than 500 years.—*Britannia.*

The French papers mention that the construction of the tomb of the Emperor Napoleon is about to be commenced, and that for the last few days a model has been exposed to public view at the Invalides. An equestrian statue of the Emperor is to be placed in the middle of the great court, and on the pedestal will be represented the arrival of his ashes at the place were they now lie. The entrance of the crypt, destined to receive the Emperor's mortal remains, will be ornamented on each side by two gigantic statues and two lions couchant. This entrance will be surmounted with an altar on spiral columns. The present grand altar and its rich canopy must be removed to admit of this arrangement.—*Athenæum.*

The Royal Society of Northern Antiquities (Copenhagen) held a quarterly meeting on the 27th of October last; when M. Rafn, the secretary, and M. Finn Magnusen, offered communications respecting

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some runic inscriptions recently brought to light, with the interpretation of them. The president laid before the Society a letter from Count Giuseppe de Cigalla, giving an account of the most important hitherto unpublished inscriptions in the Isle of Santorino, one of the Cyclades, anciently called Thera, and in the earliest times Callista. Dr. Lund, in a letter from Lagoa Santa, communicated a curious circumstance, first mentioned in the Journal of the Brazilian Institute; namely, that there had been found in St. Paulo the will of one João Ramalho signed on the 3rd of May, 1580, by the notary Lourenço Vaz, in the presence of several witnesses, whose signatures were also affixed, in which it was stated that the testator had lived ninety years in that place; he must accordingly have arrived in 1490, or two years before the discovery of America by Columbus. But this assertion is undoubtedly incorrect, as is proved, indeed, by the historian Fra Gaspar, who relates, that when Martin Alfonso de Sousa, the first discoverer of this part of Brazil, landed at St. Vincent, in 1532, he there received important services from Ramalho, who had married the daughter of an Indian chief.—*Ibid.*

Mr. Mac Dowell, the Sculptor.—There would seem to be some doubt about the spelling of this gentleman's name, but it is thus engraved on a bust in our possession, of John Keats, the poet, modelled by the artist in 1828. It appears from a letter by Mr. Emerson Tennent, that Mr. Mac Dowell is a native of Belfast, and that he was bound apprentice to a coachmaker. "His master subsequently became a bankrupt; and, whilst settling his affairs, took his apprentice to lodge in the house of the late French sculptor, Chenu, where he amused himself by modelling in his clay, and for the first time discovered his own taste for sculpture." Mac Dowell now "abandoned his half-acquired handicraft, and, almost without a shilling, and altogether without a friend, he boldly resolved to become an artist—and at once started on his new career as a sculptor. Tutors and teachers he had none, because he could not command the means to avail himself of their instruction; but, after years of self-taught study, the most laborious and persevering, he found himself at last qualified to earn a livelihood. * * For years he contrived to support himself by modelling for the figure-shops, by employment in the studios of his more fortunate rivals, and by occasional works in silver and *or molu*. His genius, was, however, of a loftier range, and by degrees study and matured skill qualified him to undertake works of the highest order. But he wanted a *name* to allure a purchaser. His designs, though praised when exhibited, were returned to him unproductive; and he failed to procure a single considerable order either in bronze or marble. * * His last effort was then in the exhibition (the statue of the "Girl Reading," which Mr. Tennent had seen), and if that failed also he might prepare to sink in despair. On hearing his story Mr. Tennent at once applied to some of those gentlemen whose united taste and liberality are the stay and the support of British art, and begged them to go and see the statue in the Royal Academy. Lord Francis Egerton, after seeing it, at once gave a commission for it in marble. Mr. Wentworth Beaumont, Lord Dungannon, Mr. M'Calmont, Mr. Henry, Mr. Davison, and others followed his example in patronizing the sculptor, and in the course of a few weeks, merely from having had his merits pointed out to those who had the judgment and discrimination to appreciate them, the before-neglected sculptor found himself with orders on his hands to the amount of some thousands of pounds. Year after year his reputation has been advancing as his productions have been seen and admired; and not only the public but the Royal Academy have repaid him by their spontaneous honors for twenty years' trials and neglect. In 1841, the Royal Academicians elected him an "Associate," uncanvassed and unsolicited. The most recent event in his story is his selection, last week, by Sir Robert Peel, to execute the national statue to the memory of Lord Exmouth. When Mr. Mac Dowell was elected an Associate, he was not personally known to a single one of his electors, and he applied to Mr. Tennent to introduce him to some one of the Royal Academicians who might present him to the others, on the occasion of his returning them his acknowledgments for the honors they had conferred upon him."—*Athenæum.*

We alluded last week to a literary and scientific mission under the distinguished linguist, Francis Bopp, which the Prussian king has sent to the East Indies; and may add, as another proof of the practical interest which all that relates to these vast countries is now inspiring, that the French government has sent out a young Orientalist, M. Ch. Ochoa, to explore the regions of Central Asia, situate between Cashmere and Cafiristan. His instructions are to collect information relating to the history and geography of those countries, to the affinity existing between the different tribes, their languages, literature, and other analogous monuments.

The King of Prussia has created a chair of Political economy in the University of Bonn; and has appointed as its first professor Herr Dahlmann, dismissed, in 1837, from his situation of professor at the University of Göttingen, for his energetic protest against the tamperings of King Earnest with the constitution of Hanover.—*Ibid.*

M. Minoïde-Mynas has forwarded to the Minister of Public Instruction a collection of Greek manuscripts, found in the convents of Mount Athos, which includes a valuable one of the second part of the *Assizes of Jerusalem* ("The Assize of the Commons") translated into the modern Greek. M. Giraud read to the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, at its last meeting, a detailed notice of this MS.; from which it appears that it presents nearly the same text as the imperfect one already existing in the Royal library, and dates in the year 1512. The Royal library may thus be said to possess the best text known of the Greek translation of the *Assise des Bourgeois.* It is made from a French text, more ancient than those of Munich and Venice. The order of the chapters is inverted; and this translation is the only one of all the texts hitherto known, which has a preamble, wherein mention is made of Godefroy of Bouillon.—*Ibid.*

Shooting Stars,—At Parma, M. Cola saw, on the 11th, and 12th, what he describes as a shower of shooting stars, and on the 14th, M. Gaudin counted in Paris 20 per minute.—*Ibid.*

Royal Polytechnic Institution.—The Earl of Enniskillen, Sir M. A. Shee, Doctor Faraday, Professors Brande and Groves, with many other gentlemen distinguished in the scientific and literary world, attended at this institution on Saturday evening, by invitation of the Directors, to witness some novel experiments with the colossal electrical machine. On this occasion the Leyden jars of the Royal and London Institutions were added to those of the Polytechnic, comprising in all 135, and presenting a chargeable surface of 200 square feet. The great machine offers a surface of 60 square feet, and was acted on by double rubbers, at a rate of 100 revolutions a minute, thus creating an electrical force of unequalled intensity. The chief experiments were those of demonstrating the deflagration of the metals by electrical influence; and the appearances presented after this process were of the most unique and beautiful description.—*Times.*

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## MISCELLANY.

PEKIN.—A Russian officer, M. Kovenko, has published in the *Annuaire des Mines de Russie*, a sketch of environs of Pekin—some extracts from which may interest our readers at the present moment. For a century past, Russia, has maintained a convent and school at Pekin; where her interpreters receive their education in Chinese and Mantchou. Every ten years the members of these two establishments are changed, and fresh monks and pupils are sent from St. Petersburg. During their stay at Pekin, the Russians are free to see all things, and visit all places, without awakening the restless jealousy of the government. Pekin, according to M Kovenko, is situated in a plain bounded to the northwest by a series of mountains which the Chinese divide into northern and western, according to their position with reference to the city. The northern mountains are a day's journey from Pekin —that being no great distance. For the Chinese never travel more than five and twenty of our miles in a day. This road in summer is very picturesque; and the country highly cultivated. The yellow millet is the Chinese peasant's plant, *par excellence*. Its grain is the basis of his nutriment; the stalk is food for his cattle, in the place of hay, which they have never thought of cutting. The straw of another species of millet, which attains a height of fifteen feet, is used to make the fences of gardens, and serves also for fuel. Near these northern mountains are some springs, having a temperature of forty-five degrees. The water is conducted, by pipes, into baths cut in the calcareous rock, and lined with sheets of lead. Early in the spring, crowds assemble at this spot, in search of health, or for the mere pleasures of the promenade. The Imperial family has a palace here, and there are several temples in the neighborhood. In these temples it is that the weary traveller may seek repose; but the hospitality of the priests belongiug to them is by no means gratuitous. M. Kovenko asserts, that a few hours' rest will cost about 18 roubles (between 16*s*. and 17*s*.), and upwards of 25 roubles are often paid for a day's. A multitude of fruit trees grow in the valleys of these mountains,—as well as willows, firs, juniper-trees, and cypresses; but these do not form forests of any considerable extent. The western mountains are remarkable for the coal which they enclose. So abundant is it, that a space of half a league cannot be traversed without meeting with rich strata. Yet, either because of this very abundance or from the inveterate habit which the Chinese have of leaving all things unperfected, the art of mining is yet in its infancy amongst them. Machinery, to lighten labor, is there unknown. They have not even an idea of the pumps indispensable to draw off the water. If local circumstances allow, they cut drainage-galleries; if not, they abandon the working, when the inundation has gained too far upon them. Their system of ventilation consists in making openings at certain distances, over which they place wheels turned by men. But these wheels, though incessantly in motion, introduce very little air into the mines. The mattock, pick-axe, and hammer are the mining instruments. A furrow is traced with the pick-axe, the mattock is inserted and driven in with the hammer; and, in this manner, lumps of coal are detached, weighing from sixty to eighty pounds. Coal is at a moderate price in the capital. It is burnt in bronze vases, —or its heat is distributed along the wall by means of pipes. These precautions against cold are very necessary at Pekin,—and not the mere consequences of that strange habit which makes the Chinese heat all their drinks—even their wine. It freezes and snows often, and, on the 31st of December, 1820, M. Timkowski found the thermometer there down to twelve degrees below zero.—*Examiner*.

INTERCOURSE WITH CHINA.—The first attempt on the part of the English to establish an intercourse with China seems to have been as far back as 1596, when three vessels were fitted out in charge of Benjamin Wood, bearing letters from Queen Elizabeth to the Emperor. These ships, however, were lost on their way out, and no renewal of the project appears to have been attempted. The oldest record of the company at Canton is dated April 6, 1637. Five ships were then sent out under the command of Captain Weddel. They first arrived at Acheen, in Sumatra. This fleet arrived off Macao, May 28. These ships were, after some bloodshed, supplied with cargoes; but no further trade ensued for many years. Leave was some time after given to the English to trade, but they have never enjoyed any thing approaching the facilities and means of commerce that have been rendered all but certain by the recent treaty with the Celestials.—*Ibid*.

CHINESE GUNS AT THE TOWER.—Monday afternoon five brass cannon, captured by the British during the Chinese war, happily just terminated, arrived in a barge from the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich, and were landed on the Tower wharf Four of the guns are of large calibre, one of them being a 68-pounder, and the bore about 20 inches. All of them are splendid specimens of workmanship, and do not appear to have seen much service.—*Ibid*.

GREEK POPULATION.—A Patras paper, the *Echo*, gives a deplorable exposition of the Greek population, and pronounces the poverty of the people greater than at any former period. The government taxes amount to 18 millions of drachmas, to which must be added six millions more local imports, making a total of 24 millions, or 833,000*l*. sterling, levied from a population of less than 800,000 souls, or nearly 22*s*. per head.—*Ibid*.

SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.—An extract of a letter was read from Prof. Holst, of Christiania, stating that a Committee appointed by the Norwegian government had come to the determination of recommending the solitary system of confinement in the new prisons that are to be built in Norway, anp that 432,000*l*. will be required to erect seven penitentiaries, capable of containing 2,115 prisoners. —*Ibid*.

We regret to gather, from the reports of travellers, and from an energetic remonstrance addressed to the Paris papers, that the great and useful work, the road over the Simplon, is in imminent danger of being destroyed for want of needful repairs. "Whilst the northern slope," says the writer, "is in a state of perfect preservation, the southern slope, from the point at which it enters the dominions of the King of Sardinia, is in such a ruinous condition, that unless a remedy be promply applied, it will be, ere long, utterly impassable for any sort of vehicle—dangerous even for beasts of burthen and foot passengers. It was only at the risk, a hundred times incurred, of breaking my carriage to pieces—for whose passage at all I had to make long and frequent circuits on the sides of the mountain, over fallen fragments of rock and blocks brought down by the waters—that I succeeded in reaching Domo d'Ossola."—"Just now," adds this remonstrant, "the needful reparations would be easy and unimportant; but it is to be apprehended that the rains of autumn, and the melting of the snows, will bring things into such a condition, that the Sardinian government will shrink from the expense, and this magnificent road be lost."—*Ibid*.

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ROYAL MARRIAGE—A French paper says the marriage of the Princess Clementine of Orleans with Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg Cohari, brother of the Duchess of Nemours, and the husband of Donna Maria of Portugal, has been for some time decided on. Prince Augustus was born on June 13, 1818, and is a major, in the Austrian service, in the 10th Regiment of Hussars called the King of Prussia's The Prince is a few months younger than the Princess Clementine. The family arrangements on this subject are now terminated. A desire had been expressed on the part of the Orleans family that the newly-married couple should take up their residence in Austria, and an application was made to Prince Metternich, to know on what footing the husband of the Princess Clementine would be received at the Court of Vienna. The answer was, Princess Clementine would be received as Princess of the Royal Family of the Bourbons. As to Prince Augustus of Coburg, the Austrian Court did not recognise in him any right to assume the title of Royal Highness, for which the house of Coburg was at present making application to two great Cabinets of the Continent. These applications are supported by the Court of England. Prince Metternich also replied that Prince Augustus of Coburg being, like his father, Prince Ferdinand, a subject of Austria, and in the service of that power, no derogation from the customary etiquette and precedence would be granted him. In consequence of this declaration, it has been decided that Prince Augustus will reside in France, and it has been even added that he will quit the Austrian service, and enter that of France. Some difficulties are offered on this head, in consequence of his being an Austrian subject. The marriage is to take place next year, but the period is not as yet decidedly fixed.—*Post.*

MONUMENT TO BURNS'S HIGHLAND MARY.—The monument, to which we have more than once alluded while in progress, has now been completed over the grave of Highland Mary, in the West Churchyard, Greenock. The erection is more of the Roman than the Grecian style of architecture, is pyrimidal in form, and may be said to be divided into three compartments, the cornice stones between which are beautifully and elaborately carved. The first, or lower, compartment contains the inscription tablet. The second bears a bas-relief of Burns and Mary Campbell, representing their parting scene, when they plighted troth and exchanged Bibles across "the stream around the Castle o' Montgomery." The third compartment contains a female figure, emblematical of grief, bending over an urn, which her arms encircle, and upon which is carved the word "Mary." Above her head, and almost at the apex of the pyramid, a star with rays is cut, in remembrance of the beautiful invocation to "Mary in Heaven." The inscription on the monument is simply couched as follows:—"Sacred to Genius and Love—to Burns and Highland Mary." The monument stands about 17 feet high, was erected at the cost of £100, and is by far the most imposing object in this old churchyard. It was designed by Mr. Mossman, of Glasgow; the figures were carved by the eldest of his three sons.—*Glasgow Herald.*

— Seven Egyptian workers in mosaic are to be the bearers of a new gift to the Sovereign Pontiff from Mehemet Ali, viz., four large granite columns recently found in the neighborhood of Thebes, covered with hieroglyphics.—*Athenæum.*

— A most extraordinary collection of Pagan deities, instruments of war, and vessels for domestic purposes, has lately arrived in this country from Mexico, as presents to Sir E. Antrobus, Bart.—*Ibid.*

— The sum of 640*l.* has been lately given for the bulb of a new tulip, called the "Citadel of Antwerp."

## BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

### Great Britain.

1. *The New Testament. A Fac-simile Reprint of the celebrated Genevan Testament,* 1557, *with the Marginal Annotations and References, the Initial and other Wood-cuts, Prefaces and Index.* fcp. 8vo. pp. xxx. 910.

WE are not aware of any collection of fac-simile reprints, and yet, although persons may affect to slight them singly, such an assemblage would be well worth possessing. Taken even singly, they have their use, not only as re-publications, but also as exercising the ingenuity of engravers and printers. In this respect, the volume now lying before us is entitled to the greatest praise, for, as a specimen of imitative cytography and typography, it is really beautiful. Nor can we better describe it than by copying the description which Dr. Cotton, in his List of English Translations of the Bible (Oxford, 1821), has given of the original edition.

"NEW TESTAMENT. *Geneva,* 1557, 12°. 'The Newe Testament of our Lord Jesus Christ, conferred diligently with the Greke, and best approved translations. With the arguments, aswel before the chapters, as for every Boke and Epistle, also diversities of readings, and moste profitable annotations of all harde places: whereunto is added a copious table.' Below is a neat wood-cut representing Time drawing Truth from a cave. Below is, 'AT GENEVA, printed by Conrad Badius, M.DLVII.' On the reverse of the title is, 'The order of the bookes of the New Testament.' 'An Epistle declaring that Christ is the end of the Lawe, by John Calvin,' 8 leaves. 'To the reader,' 2 leaves. The argument of the Gospel,' 1 leaf. St. Mathew, &c. fol. j—cccxxx. The table and supputation of the years from Adam to Christ, fol. ccccxxxi—ccccli. On the last is, 'PRINTED BY CONRAD BADIUS, M.D.LVII. THIS X OF JUNE.' On the reverse are the errata. The letter is a small beautiful Roman, the marginal notes in a smaller Roman; but the heads of chapters, and Scripture references, are in italics. The verses are divided by figures, as at present: and this is the first in which such a division occurs. A full page contains 37 lines." (P. 138, Appendix.)

As the production of the English refugees at Geneva, during the reign of Queen Mary, it is closely linked to the events of the Reformation.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

2. *Encyclopædia Egyptiaca; or, a Dictionary of Egyptian Antiquities. No. I.* By Thos. Jos. Pettigrew, F. R. S., *&c.*

This work has been undertaken, we are told, at the suggestion and persuasion of some of the most eminent of our Egyptian scholars and antiquaries, who have promised the author their aid in its prosecution.

The continuance of the undertaking will, however, it appears, depend entirely on such support as may be derived from a sufficient number of subscribers; we are therefore happy to observe some 150 names, of the most respectable and intelligent character, appended to the present experimental number.

The arrangement of the different matters explained is of course alphabetical, and the whole is preceded by a preliminary historical sketch of ancient Egypt, which tells us that Ham, the son of Noah, was, according to the Scripture account, the first colonist of Egypt; but at the same time adds, that it has been demonstrated by a late authority, that

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*Ham* is the same appellation as Khemi or Khame, the meaning of which is *black*, in allusion to the color of the soil; and the idea of an African origin for the Egyptians is now generally repudiated.

Now, this statement, as it seems to be a deviation from the authority of Scripture and former received accounts, requires, we think, some observation. The assertion of the 10th chapter of Genesis is very simple and express as regards the personality of Ham, the father of Cush, Mizraim, Phut. and Canaan. It is true, indeed, that Egypt was called by its ancient inhabitants Chemia, and by the Copts Chemi, but we apprehend that term to be altogether independent of any allusion to Ham. That the epithet was derived from the blackness of the Egyptian soil is an assertion as old as Plutarch, but by no means can we admit it to destroy, by any fanciful deductions, the personality of Ham as connected with the land of Egypt. The 78th Psalm. v. 51, says, that "God smote all the first born in Egypt; the chief of their strength in the Tabernacles of Ham." Again, in the 105th Psalm, v. 25. "Israel also came into Egypt, and Jacob sojourned in the land of Ham." V. 27, "They showed signs among them and wonders in the land of Ham." And surely, after having seen that Ham was a real person, not a property of color, by his enumeration, among the descendants of Noah, it will be vain to contend that he is not designated in these passages, and that the term means nothing else but black How clear is the definition of the learned Bishop Newton, who says, following the sure authority of revealed history, that Egypt is called Mizraim in the Hebrew Scriptures, and the land of Ham, from having been first inhabited, after the deluge, by Noah's youngest son Ham or Hammon, and by his son Misraim. We admit that there is no necessity to go further than this statement, and to make the Nubians the more ancient and the parent nation.—*Gent. Mag.*

3. *Criticisms on Art. and Sketches of the Picture-Galleries of England.* By WILLIAM HAZLITT With Catalogues of the principal Galleries, now first collected. Edited by his Son.

This publication forms the first volume of HAZLITT's articles on the Fine Arts; which are among the most racy writings of the striking and peculiar genius. The volume before us contains the criticisms on the Picture-Galleries of England, published originally, we think, in the *London Magazine*, the article on HOGARTH's Marriage-a-la-mode, the essay on the Fine Arts from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and some other papers. One feature of the book is the appendix, which contains catalogues of the galleries criticised, as well as of the National, at the time of HAZLITT's writings, the Augerstein Gallery. The lists of the public collections can be bought, but the private ones are unattainable except in this publication.—*Spectator.*

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## SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

### GREAT BRITAIN.

The Wives of England; their Relative Duties, Domestic Influence, and Social Obligations. By Mrs. Ellis. London.

Observations upon the Treaty of Washington, signed 9th August, 1842. By Geo. William Featherstonaugh, Esq., F. R. S., F. G. S., late one of her Majesty's Commissioners for the North American Boundary. London.

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### FRANCE.

Des colonies françaises. Abolition immédiate de l' esclavage: par V. Schoelcher. Paris.

Histoire des traités de 1815 et de leur exécution, publiée sur les documens officials et inédits: par J. Cretineau—Joly.

Nouveau projet du traité de paix perpetuelle: par P. R. Marchand. Paris.

Trois ans de promenade en Europe et en Asie: par Stanislas Bellagner. Paris.

### RUSSIA.

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### SWEDEN.

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THE FALL OF JERUSALEM.

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Hark! hark; the shrieks
Of those that perish in the flames. Too late

Here, here—not here—oh! any wh
Not toward the fountain, not by this



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# AMERICAN ECLECTIC

AND

# MUSEUM OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

**APRIL, 1843.**


## FALL OF JERUSALEM.

FROM MILMAN.

*Illustrated by an Engraving by Mr. Sartain, from Martin's celebrated Picture.*

TITUS, PLACIDUS, TERENTIUS, *Soldiers*, SIMON.

TITUS.

Save, save the Temple! Placidus, Terentius,
Haste, bid the legions cease to slay; and quench
Yon ruining fire.
Who's this, that stands unmoved
Mid slaughter, flame, and wreck, nor deigns to bow
Before the Conqueror of Jerusalem?
What art thou?

SIMON.

Titus, dost thou think that Rome
Shall quench the fire that burns within yon Temple?
Ay, when your countless and victorious cohorts,
Ay, when your Cesar's throne, your Capitol
Have fallen before it.

TITUS.

Madman, speak! what art thou?

SIMON.

The uncircumcis'd have known me heretofore,
And thou mayst know hereafter.

PLACIDUS.

It is he—
The bloody Captain of the Rebels, Simon,
The Chief Assassin. Seize him, round his limbs
Bind straight your heaviest chains. An unhop'd pageant
For Cesar's high ovation. We'll not slay him,
Till we have made a show to the wives of Rome
Of the great Hebrew Chieftain.

SIMON.

Knit them close,
See that ye rivet well their galling links.
(*Holding up the chains.*)
And ye've no finer flax to gyve me with?

TERENTIUS.

Burst these, and we will forge thee stronger then.

SIMON.

Fool, 'tis not yet the hour.

TITUS.

Hark! hark; the shrieks
Of those that perish in the flames. Too late
I came to spare, it wraps the fabric round.
Fate, Fate, I feel thou'rt mightier than Cesar,
He cannot save what thou hast doom'd! Back, Romans,
Withdraw your angry cohorts, and give place
To the inevitable ruin. Destiny,
It is thine own, and Cesar yields it to thee.
Lead off the prisoner.

SIMON.

Can it be? the fire
Destroys, the thunders cease. I'll not believe,
And yet how dare I doubt?
A moment, Romans.
Is't then thy will, Almighty Lord of Israel,
That this thy Temple be a heap of ashes?
Is't then thy will, that I, thy chosen Captain,
Put on the raiment of captivity?
By Abraham, our father! by the Twelve,
The Patriarch Sons of Jacob! by the Law,
In thunder spoken! by the untouch'd Ark!
By David, and the Anointed Race of Kings!
By great Elias, and the gifted Prophets!
I here demand a sign!
'Tis there—I see it.
The fire that rends the Veil!
We are then of thee
Abandon'd——not abandon'd of ourselves.
Heap woes upon us, scatter us abroad,
Earth's scorn and hissing; to the race of men
A loathsome proverb; spurn'd by every foot,
And curs'd by every tongue; our heritage
And birthright bondage; and our very brows
Bearing, like Cain's, the outcast mark of hate:
Israel will still be Israel, still will boast
Her fallen Temple, her departed glory;
And, wrapt in conscious righteousness, defy
Earth's utmost hate, and answer scorn with scorn.

### THE FOUNTAIN OF SILOE.

MIRIAM, *the Soldier.*

MIRIAM.

Here, here—not here—oh! any where but here—
Not toward the fountain, not by this lone path.



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If thou wilt bear me hence, I'll kiss thy feet.
I'll call down blessings, a lost virgin's blessings
Upon thy head. Thou hast hurried me along,
Through darkling street, and over smoking ruin,
And yet there seem'd a soft solicitude,
And an officious kindness in thy violence—
But I've not heard thy voice.
Oh, strangely cruel!
And wilt thou make me sit even on this stone,
Where I have sate so oft, when the calm moonlight
Lay in its slumber on the slumbering fountain?
Ah! where art thou, thou that wert ever with me,
Oh Javan! Javan!

THE SOLDIER.

When was Javan call'd
By Miriam, that Javan answer'd not?
Forgive me all thy tears, thy agonies.
I dar'd not speak to thee, lest the strong joy
Should overpower thee, and thy feeble limbs
Refuse to bear thee in thy flight.

MIRIAM.

What's here?
Am I in heaven, and thou forehasted thither
To welcome me? Ah, no! thy warlike garb,
And the wild light, that reddens all the air,
Those shrieks——and yet this could not be on earth,
The sad, the desolate, the sinful earth.
And thou couldst venture amid fire and death,
Amid thy country's ruins to protect me,
Dear Javan? * * * * * *
Javan, I fear that mine are tears of joy:
'Tis sinful at such times—but thou art here,
And I am on thy bosom, and I cannot
Be, as I ought, entirely miserable.

JAVAN.

My own beloved! I dare call thee mine,
For Heaven hath given thee to me—chosen out,
As we two are for solitary blessing,
While the universal curse is pour'd around us
On every head, 'twere cold and barren gratitude
To stifle in our hearts the holy gladness.
But, oh Jerusalem! thy rescued children
May not, retir'd within their secret joy,
Shut out the mournful sight of thy calamities.
Oh, beauty of earth's cities! throned queen
Of thy milk-flowing valleys! crown'd with glory!
The envy of the nations! now no more
A city——One by one thy palaces
Sink into ashes, and the uniform smoke
O'er half thy circuit hath brought back the night
Which the insulting flames had made give place
To their untimely terrible day. The flames
That in the Temple, their last proudest conquest,
Now gather all their might, and furiously,
Like revellers, hold there exulting triumph.
Round every pillar, over all the roof,
On the wide gorgeous front, the holy depth
Of the far sanctuary, every portico,
And every court, at once, concentrated,
As though to glorify and not destroy,
They burn, they blaze——
Look, Miriam, how it stands!
Look!

MIRIAM.

There are men around us!

JAVAN.

They are friends,
Bound here to meet me, and behold the last
Of our devoted city.. Look, oh Christians!
Still the Lord's house survives man's fallen dwellings,
And wears its ruin with a majesty
Peculiar and divine. Still, still it stands,
All one wide fire, and yet no stone hath fallen.
Hark—hark!
The feeble cry of an expiring nation.
Hark—hark!
The awe-struck shout of the unboasting conqueror.
Hark—hark!
It breaks—it severs—it is on the earth.
The smother'd fires are quench'd in their own ruins:
Like a huge dome, the vast and cloudy smoke
Hath cover'd all.
And it is now no more,
Nor ever shall be to the end of time,
The Temple of Jerusalem!——Fall down,
My brethren, on the dust, and worship here
The mysteries of God's wrath.
Even so shall perish,
In its own ashes, a more glorious Temple,
Yea, God's own architecture, this vast world,
This fated universe—the same destroyer,
The same destruction——Earth, Earth, Earth, behold!
And in that judgment look upon thine own!

HYMN.

Even thus amid thy pride and luxury,
Oh Earth! shall that last coming burst on thee.
That secret coming of the Son of Man.
When all the cherub-throning clouds shall shine,
Irradiate with his bright advancing sign:
When that Great Husbandman shall wave his fan,
Sweeping, like chaff, thy wealth and pomp away:
Still to the noontide of that nightless day,
Shalt thou thy wonted dissolute course maintain.
Along the busy mart and crowded street,
The buyer and the seller still shall meet,
And marriage feasts begin their jocund strain:
Still to the pouring out the Cup of Wo;
Till Earth, a drunkard, reeling to and fro,
And mountains molten by his burning feet,
And Heaven his presence own, all red with furnace heat.

The hundred-gated Cities then,
The Towers and Temples, nam'd of men
Eternal, and the Thrones of Kings;
The gilded summer Palaces,
The courtly bowers of love and ease,
Where still the Bird of pleasure sings;
Ask ye the destiny of them?
Go gaze on fallen Jerusalem!
Yea, mightier names are in the fatal roll,
'Gainst earth and heaven God's standard is unfurl'd,
The skies are shrivell'd like a burning scroll,
And the vast common doom ensepulchres the world.

Oh! who shall then survive?
Oh! who shall stand and live?
When all that hath been, is no more:
When for the round earth hung in air,
With all its constellations fair
In the sky's azure canopy;
When for the breathing Earth, and Sparkling Sea,
Is but a fiery deluge without shore,
Heaving along the abyss profound and dark,
A fiery deluge, and without an Ark.

Lord of all power, when thou art there alone
On thy eternal fiery-wheeled throne,
That in its high meridian noon
Needs not the perish'd sun nor moon:
When thou art there in thy presiding state,
Wide-sceptred Monarch o'er the realm of doom:
When from the sea depths, from earth's darkest womb,
The dead of all the ages round thee wait:
And when the tribes of wickedness are strewn

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Like forest leaves in the autumn of thine ire:
Faithful and True! thou still wilt save thine own!
The saints shall dwell within the unharming fire,
Each white robe spotless, blooming every palm.
Even safe as we, by this still fountain's side,
So shall the Church, thy bright and mystic Bride,
Sit on the stormy gulf a halcyon bird of calm.
Yes, 'mid yon angry and destroying signs,
O'er us the rainbow of thy mercy shines,
We hail, we bless the covenant of its beam,
Almighty to avenge, Almightiest to redeem!

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## THE LATE DR. ARNOLD.

From the Edinburgh Review.

*Introductory Lectures on Modern History.* By THOMAS ARNOLD, D.D., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, and Head Master of Rugby School. 8vo. Oxford: 1842.

IMPERFECTLY as this volume of Lectures, interrupted by the death of its lamented author, answers the promise, to the fulfilment of which we looked so eagerly, little more than a year ago, when he was appointed to the Chair of Modern History at Oxford, we should feel ourselves guilty of no common degree of neglect if we omitted to notice it; for we may perhaps find no other occasion for paying our tribute of respect to one of the noblest minds and highest characters of these days, prematurely taken from us in the middle of a career of usefulness, which we believe we are guilty of no exaggeration in terming unparalleled in that line of life which Dr. Arnold had adopted.

As far as they throw light on the literary and intellectual attainments of their author, these lectures are undoubtedly incomplete enough; and, regarded in that point of view, they possess the positive fault of attempting too many things at once. They are impressed with the peculiarly eager temperament, the *perfervidum ingenium*, the active, but somewhat desultory range of thought which display themselves, more or less, in every production of the writer. Who that has read much, and felt strongly, on any subject, and who has not yet acquired that last and somewhat melancholy gift of experience, the art of arranging and chastening the thoughts as they arise, when favored with some opportunity of giving vent to his accumulated ideas, has not experienced the mixture of pleasurable excitement and embarrassment produced by the throng of multitudinous topics pressing forward for utterance? This argument to be confuted, that to be urged, this long-cherished theory to be advanced, that well-remembered illustration to be furbished up for use—and all to be compressed within the narrow compass prescribed by overruling circumstances! Just so we can conceive of Dr. Arnold—from his youth an insatiable reader of history, and at the same time an active controversialist, in whose head every series of phenomena naturally crystallized into a theory—when he suddenly found himself invested with the office of an historical teacher. We perceive at once, in the odd mixture of matters huddled together in these few pages, the variety of subjects which filled his mind, and the necessity under which he lay of disburdening himself of his feelings on each, as if the retention of any part of his stores oppressed him. The province of history—the provinces of church and state—the characteristics of historical style—military ethics—military geography—national prejudices—religious and political parties in England—these are only some of the prominent topics rather glanced at than discussed in the pages before us; and put forward apparently as if for more extended consideration at some future time—topics on which he longed to speak his mind to the world, and could not abstain from a partial disclosure of it—topics, many of them, on which we shall have long to wait for an instructor as rich at once in zeal and knowledge.

But if this volume is to a certain extent disappointing, rather from the over-richness than meagerness of its contents, it will, if possible, add to the veneration with which its author's character is already regarded as a moral philosopher, and an instructor of the youth of England. It adds one more claim to those which the late head master of Rugby already possessed on public gratitude and veneration.

Every one accustomed to English society has observed the strength of that generous tie which, in after life, connects the pupil, especially when bred in our great public schools, with his former master. Even in ordinary cases, we by no means admit the truth of the ill-natured saying, that there is little of this affectionate remembrance, except where the scholar feels himself superior to his teacher. We believe it, on the contrary, to be the general rule, and that the exceptions arise only from causes discreditable either to the one party or the other. But, common as this feeling is, and derived as it is from many sources—from the instinctive attachment to old places and times

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—from sensibility to kindness shown and interest manifested—from real gratitude for substantial services—we are bound to add that, as far as our own observation has gone, it rarely, very rarely, has the higher tincture of reverence. The quondam schoolboy may have a host of pleasant recollections associated with the memory of his old tutor: he may regard him as the friend who directed his unformed taste—who introduced his youthful spirit into the magnificent domain of earthly knowledge—to whose counsels he may possibly be indebted for a few valuable hints in the conduct of life—more than this, who has imbued him with much of the spirit of a gentleman, and a love of fairness and honorable dealing; but in very few instances, indeed, does he remember him as his guide towards the accomplishment of the real ends of his being. We do not pause to examine into the cause of this deficiency: much may be owing to old peculiarities in the management of great schools, something to the character of many of our most successful men in this line of life; but we think the fact will hardly be disputed. By far the most distinguished exception to the rule, with whom we are acquainted, was Dr. Arnold. He possessed the art, which is perhaps not very uncommon, of winning in a peculiar manner the affections of boys, and directing their energies to whatever object he might himself hold out; but, what is much more rare, he made it the one great business of his life to give those affections and energies a religious direction. Distinguished as a schoolmaster in many respects, it was in this one that he was unrivalled. The mainspring of his success was his own deep affection for those placed under his care, which makes itself evident in every page of his sermons, chiefly addressed to the young. His was no entraining or engrossing religious eloquence, addressed as it were to minds in the mass, and carrying them away by movements of enthusiasm; but a gentle, watchful influence, directed steadily to individual temperaments; and above all, (which was partly the consequence of the thorough reality of his own religious impressions,) not leaving religion to stand alone, as something to be learnt and studied apart from all things else, but connecting it with all that is most naturally attractive to the honest heart of youth;—with uncompromising love of truth, with manliness and independence, with love and with gratitude.

We dare not venture further on considerations of such deep and sacred importance. It is more to our purpose, and more connected with the subject of these lectures, to trace the steps by which he was wont to lead the mind from feeling to thinking; from the formation of a religious character, his first and main object, to the formation of opinion on religious as well as other subjects. The first rule with him was, to follow the truth at all hazards—regardless in what apparent difficulties it may involve us—regardless into what bad company it may lead us. The absolute right and duty of the mind *to judge for itself*, the total negation of any human authority binding in matters of faith—these are points on which he insisted, in season and out of season, if we may so express ourselves, with an ardor which not only rendered him very unpopular, as well it might, with persons of different opinions, but frequently exposed him to charges of imprudence and rashness from those who in the main agreed with him. This ardor proceeded, no doubt, in part from natural impetuosity of disposition; but it also arose from a deep conviction, that the one great thing wanted, and in these times especially, is, to infuse into the mind the power and the will to rest self-balanced;—to incite it to implant in itself the seeds of principles, which neither the recklessness of business nor pleasure, nor the thousand influences of party, might afterwards eradicate. The lines of Goethe—

"Denn der Mensch, der zu schwankenden Zeiten auch Schwankend gesinnt ist,
Der vermehret das Uebel, und breitet es weiter und weiter;
Aber wer fest auf dem Sinne beharrt, der bildet die Welt sich,"—

might almost be inscribed as the motto to the whole collection of his ethical and historical works. And his great endeavor—no one could set the example better than himself—was so to discipline the mind, as to reconcile freedom of belief with real humility of spirit; to reconcile the unqualified rejection of authority, when imposed as binding, with docility and submissiveness towards it when propounded as an object of respect;—a reconcilement by no means difficult in itself, and possibly more common in practice than is generally imagined. Clear of his own way between the conflicting claims of authority and individual responsibility, he regarded with utter contempt the charges of presumption, so indiscriminately brought against all those who venture to differ from received opinions. Will-worship, as he well knew, is quite as fatally manifested in wilful and passionate adherence to such opinions, as in wilful and passionate rejection of them. The rule of

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humility does not mark out the line to be taken by the man of conscience, when authority and argument are in opposition; but the manner and spirit in which his choice must be made. Nor is it difficult to apply, as he would have bidden us, to the controversies of the present day, the lesson intended to be conveyed in the following noble vindication of the Puritan character:—

"To say that the Puritans were wanting in humility, because they did not acquiesce in the state of things which they found around them, is a mere extravagance, arising out of a total misapprehension of the nature of humility, and of the merits of the feeling of veneration. All earnestness and depth of character is incompatible with such a notion of humility. A man deeply penetrated with some great truth, and compelled, as it were, to obey it, cannot listen to every one who may be indifferent to it, or opposed to it. There is a voice to which he already owes obedience—which he serves with the humblest devotion, which he worships with the most intense veneration. It is not that such feelings are dead in him, but that he has bestowed them on one object and they are claimed for another. To which they are most due is a question of justice: he may be wrong in his decision, and his worship may be idolatrous; but so also may be the worship which his opponents call upon him to render. If, indeed, it can be shown, that a man admires and reverences nothing, he may justly be taxed with want of humility; but this is at variance with the very notion of an earnest character, for its earnestness consists in its devotion to some one object, as opposed to a proud or contemptuous indifference. But if it be meant that reverence in itself is good, so that the more objects of veneration we have the better is our character, this is to confound the essential difference between veneration and love. The excellence of love is its universality; we are told that even the Highest Object of all cannot be loved if inferior objects are hated. And with some exaggeration in the expression, we may admit the truth of Coleridge's lines—

"He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast;"

Insomuch that, if we were to hear of a man sacrificing even his life to save that of an animal, we could not help admiring him. But the excellence of veneration consists purely in its being fixed upon a worthy object; when felt indiscriminately, it is idolatry or insanity. To tax any one, therefore, with want of reverence, because he pays no respect to what we venerate, is either irrelevant or is a mere confusion. The fact, so far as it is true, is no reproach, but an honor; because to reverence all persons and all things is absolutely wrong: reverence shown to that which does not deserve it, is no virtue—no, nor even an amiable weakness, but a plain folly and sin. But if it be meant that he is wanting in proper reverence, not respecting what is to be really respected, that is assuming the whole question at issue, because what we call divine he calls an idol; and as, supposing that we are in the right, we are bound to fall down and worship; so supposing him to be in the right, he is no less bound to pull it to the ground and destroy it.—P. 268.

Those who have thus learnt the real characteristics of veneration and humility, will understand the lesson which the history of the world so abundantly teaches—that self-will and pride play their vagaries quite as wantonly under the banner of authority as under that of private judgment;—a lesson renewed to us by the experience of every day, to the great astonishment of that part of the world which is taken in by fine professions.

It will be readily perceived, from this as well as a hundred other passages in his works, that Dr. Arnold made it a great part of his business to carry on war against prejudices; and certainly a more determined, we might almost say a more indiscriminating warfare, was never waged. Those among our prejudices to which we are apt to give the tenderest names, and treat as peculiarly creditable to ourselves, met from him with no more quarter than the rest. Perhaps it may be thought, even by those who most admire the singleness of his devotion to truth, that in some instances his zeal was so unscrupulous that he ran the risk of rooting out good feelings along with mere weaknesses; but such was the character of the man. Take for instance, the following attack on the virtue of patriotism, as vulgarly understood:—

"But here that feeling of pride and selfishness interposes, which, under the name of patriotism, has so long tried to pass itself off for a virtue. As men, in proportion to their moral advancement, learn to enlarge the circle of their regards; as an exclusive affection for our relations, our clan, or our country, is a sure mark of an unimproved mind; so is that narrow and unchristian feeling to be condemned, which regards with jealousy the progress of foreign nations, and cares for no portion of the human race but that to which itself belongs. The detestable encouragement so long given to national enmities—the low gratification felt by every people in extolling themselves above their neighbors—should not be forgotten amongst the causes which have mainly obstructed the improvement of mankind.

"Exclusive patriotism should be cast off, together with the exclusive ascendency of birth, as belonging to the follies and selfishness of our uncultivated nature. Yet, strange to say, the former at least is upheld by men who not only call themselves Christians, but are apt to use the charge of irreligion as the readiest weapon against those who differ from them. So little have they learned of the spirit of that revelation, which taught emphatically the abolition of an exclusively national religion and a local worship, that so men, being all born of the same blood, might make their sympathies coextensive with their bond of universal brotherhood."—*Appendix to Thucydides*, Vol. I.

This scrupulousness of conscience is carried by him into the minutest details:

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and we have been rather amused to observe how he labors to disabuse his class, in these lectures, of the delusive notion that one Englishman can beat three Frenchmen; assuring us that we were quite as satisfactorily beaten by them, under William the Third and the Duke of Cumberland, as they by us under Marlborough and Wellington.

It is in a similar spirit that he warns readers of history against the ordinary seduction of favorite party names and watchwords, outliving the immediate occasion which gave birth to them.

"This inattention to altered circumstances, which would make us be Guelfs in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, because the Guelf cause had been right in the eleventh or twelfth, is a fault of most universal application in all political questions, and is often most seriously mischievous. It is deeply seated in human nature, being in fact no other than an exemplification of the force of habit. It is like the case of a settler landing in a country overrun with wood and undrained, and visited, therefore, by excessive falls of rain. The evil of wet, and damp, and closeness, is besetting him on every side; he clears away the woods and drains his land, and by doing so mends both his climate and his own condition. Encouraged by his success, he perseveres in his system;—clearing a country is with him synonymous with making it fertile and habitable; and he levels, or rather sets fire to, his forests without mercy. Meanwhile the tide has turned without his observing it; he has already cleared enough, and every additional clearance is a mischief; damp and wet are no longer the evils most to be dreaded, but excessive drought. The rains do not fall in sufficient quantity, the springs become low, the rivers become less and less fitted for navigation.* Yet habit blinds him for a long while to the real state of the case, and he continues to encourage a coming mischief in his dread of one that has become obsolete. We have long been making progress on our present tack; yet if we do not go about now, we shall run ashore. Consider the popular feeling at this moment against capital punishments; what is it but continuing to burn the woods when the country actually wants shade and moisture? Year after year men talked of the severity of the penal code, and struggled against it in vain. The feeling became stronger and stronger, and at last effected all, and more than all, while it had at first vainly demanded; yet still from mere habit it pursues its course, no longer to the restraining of legal cruelty, but to the injury of innocence and the encouragement of crime, and encouraging that worse evil, a sympathy with wickedness justly punished, rather than with the law, whether of God or man, unjustly violated. So men have continued to cry out against the power of the Crown after the Crown had been shackled hand and foot; and to express the greatest dread of popular violence, long after that violence was exhausted, and the anti-popular party was not only rallied, but had turned the tide of battle, and was victoriously pressing upon its enemy."—P. 252.

It is very unnecessary to add, after such comments as these, that Dr. Arnold belonged to no party in Church or State. Under no circumstances could he have belonged to any; his independence of spirit, his almost over-refined delicacy of conscience, perhaps a certain restiveness of disposition when forced to travel in company, would alike have forbidden it. But as it was, he detested the spirit of party with a perfect abhorrence; he detested it as the great rival in the minds of men with the love of his idol, Truth. He never fails, on any occasion, to impress this aversion, in the strongest language, on all whom he addresses. It is a matter on which he admits of no compromise whatever; none of that specious rhetoric by which we persuade ourselves that party is an indifferent means of arriving at a good end—that only through becoming party men can we hope to be useful, and so forth. His plain language is, that all such pleas, and all such hopes, must be abandoned by the honest man—much more by the Christian. He had himself counted the cost, and made the sacrifice. He had fully reconciled himself to the apparent uselessness of a life unconnected with party in a country like this. At one period of his career, he was the subject of great unpopularity: his views were misrepresented, his character maligned, his professional success menaced; he only recovered himself, after a long probation, by the great amiableness of his character, and through the fame acquired by his peculiar talent for instruction; for he was of no party, and consequently had no band of brothers to back him. Eminent in piety as in learning, he never attained a step in the Church; for he was of no party, and had, therefore, no claim on any patron. Yet there is nothing in his writings of the stoicism expressed in the stern

"Taci, e lascia dir le genti,"

of Dante; nothing of that querulousness we have often remarked in excellent men who have had the honesty to renounce party and its advantages for themselves, but are un-

* Perhaps we may remark on this geographical illustration as suggesting some other of its author's peculiarities;—his remarkable power of turning such illustrations to his purpose; and the readiness of his imagination to welcome the curious and marvellous in matters of fact. Many naturalists have thought this theory of the effect of the removal of forests on the amount of rain, carried much too far; and it would be difficult to point out an instance of a river which has become unnavigable in consequence of it. We might also refer to his strange views respecting animal magnetism and cognate matters.

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reasonable enough to be disappointed that parties do not seek after and follow them. Vehement in self-defence—ardent in attack—fond by nature of controversial skirmishing— he is always in the field against some class of thinkers or other; and always seems very unaffectedly surprised that the opposite ranks which he alternately attacks remain alike unbroken by his artillery; and therefore it is no wonder, that while some were abusing him as a latitudinarian, others maintained that he was halfway on the road to modern "Catholicism." But the principles of his practial philosophy lay deep, and his equanimity was, therefore, not to be moved by the inevitable results of his own choice;—a choice to which he elsewhere solemnly exhorts his young audience, in a passage which seems to breathe the very essence at once of his religious sincerity, and his manly integrity of soul.

"Be of one party to the death, and that is Christ's; but abhor every other; abhor it, that is, as a thing to which to join yourselves;—for every party is mixed up of good and evil, of truth and falsehood; and in joining it, therefore, you join with the one as well as the other. If circumstances should occur which oblige you practically to act with any one party, as the least of two evils, then watch yourselves the more, lest the least of two evils should, by any means, commend itself at last to your mind as a positive good. Join it with a sad and reluctant heart, protesting against its evil, dreading its victory, far more pleased to serve it by suffering than by acting; for it is in Christ's cause only that we can act with heart and soul, as well as patiently and triumphantly suffer. Do this amidst reproach, and suspicion, and cold friendship, and zealous enmity; for this is the portion of those who seek to follow their Master, and him only. Do it, although your foes be they of your own household: those whom nature, or habit, or choice, had once bound to you most closely. And then you will understand how, even now, there is a daily cross to be taken up by those who seek not to please men, but God; yet you will learn no less, how that cross, meekly and firmly borne, whether it be the cross of men's ill opinion from without, or of our own evil nature struggled against within, is now, as ever, peace, and wisdom, and sanctification, and redemption, through Him who first bore it."—*Sermons*, Vol. III. 263.

But Dr. Arnold was a "crotchety" man: such appears to have been the general estimate of his character. It is an epithet of many meanings; but it seems to us to be commonly and significantly applied to those who endeavor to ascertain the truth on every separate subject of inquiry, instead of following the ordinary process of taking up whole bundles of opinions as they are commonly found connected together. Whoever does this, is very certain to agree in some points with one party, and in some with another; and equally certain to be called crotchety by both. But we must say in justice, that the epithet does to a certain extent describe his character, in some of its minute peculiarities. There was a rapidity of judgment about him—a haste in arriving at conclusions, which is apt to lead to the sudden formation of opinions—possibly to a little fickleness, on minor points, in adherence to them. His judgment seems to have been influenced at once by an abhorrence of dogmatism, commonly so called, and an impatience of skepticism. We do not mean in a religious sense only, but in historical and every other research. He could not, like Montaigne, *se reposer tranquillement sur l'oreiller du doute*. He had a mind averse from suspense, dissatisfied and uneasy under the pressure of doubt; and, therefore, disposed to generalize at once, where slower and more cold-blooded men would consider the process of induction hardly begun. To this was joined a strong moral perception, and a disposition particularly inclined towards ethical speculation—towards predicating moral right and wrong of every phenomenon which human history and human nature exhibit: a peculiarity which he seems to us to have caught in great measure from association with his early friend Archbishop Whately, just as he caught his style of historical research from Niebuhr:—and a deep interest in the controversies of the day, with an eagerness to liberate his own mind by expressing his sentiments upon each of them. It is no disparagement of Dr. Arnold to say, that this very eagerness sometimes appears to us to betray a secret uneasiness—a misgiving as to the results of his own conscientious inquiries. There are few, indeed, who, having deliberately rejected the idolatries of parties and systems, can rest undisturbedly on the ground they have chosen for themselves; for such thinkers have nothing of the ready support on which others so confidently lean. They would be more than men, if there were not moments when the very foundations seem to give way under them, and their own hearts to sink also—moments when they are tempted even to look with envy on those who march forward sternly or cheerfully, looking neither to the right nor the left, through regions in which they stumble and grope for light; yet their victory is not the less complete, although the enjoyment of its fruits, like all human enjoyment, is interrupted by obstinate questionings of its own reality.

It is a curious result of these tendencies,

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that Dr. Arnold should have gone so far out of his way as to subjoin to his Inaugural Lecture a special appendix on a subject certainly very remotely connected with the matters developed in it—namely, the refutation, by name, of the Archbishop of Dublin's views as to the separation of the duties of Church and State: and with him he has done us the honor to join ourselves, (alluding to an article in a late number of this Journal.) He endeavors to unite "one half of the Archbishop of Dublin's theory with one half of Mr. Gladstone's: agreeing cordially with Mr. Gladstone in the moral theory of the State, and agreeing as cordially with the Archbishop in the Christian theory of the Church; and deducing from the two the conclusion, that the perfect State and the perfect Church are identical." It seems to us that there are at least four theories afloat on this much debated subject. One is, that the authorities which we commonly term "the Church" ought to decide *circà sacra;* and that the authorities we call "the State" have nothing to do but to enforce those decisions by civil penalties; this was the anciently received doctrine, so beautifully exemplified in the practice on the writ *de hæretico comburendo.* The next ascribes, if we may term it so, a sort of pre-existent harmony to Church and State; allotting to the State a power *circà sacra*, on a kind of assumption that it will proceed in harmony with the ecclesiastical authorities. The third is what, in the dictionary of theological hate, is called Erastian; namely, that the State has absolute authority *circà sacra*, to be enforced by civil penalties, irrespectively of the decisions of ecclesiastical authorities; and this is Dr. Arnold's. The fourth is, that the civil governor has no such authority whatever, either in his legislative or executive character, although he may occasionally lend his aid, with benefit, for the attainment of purely religious objects; and this appears to be the Archbishop of Dublin's. We are far from wishing to revive the controversy on our own account; least of all, in commenting on the language of an antagonist, whose pure and lofty charity of soul deprived his tenets, if erroneous they be, of all the danger which commonly attend such error; and yet it is well to recollect that even Dr. Arnold, with a spirit to which all religious despotism was abhorrent, was driven, by the force of his theory, to refuse to all avowed "unbelievers in Christ," a share in the legislature of a Christian country. Our object is much more to notice the peculiarities of the man, the eager, although tolerant, spirit with which he rushed into this as into other controversies; and the tendency of his mind to rapid generalization.

Now, one fruitful parent of theories is, the use of words (to employ a trite comparison) not as current coin, but as counters, to which the reasoner may affix his own imaginary value. The word "Church," is a very favorite counter with theorists; the word "State," is another, of which the meaning is quite as arbitrary. Before we can ascertain the truth of the "moral theory" of the State, we must understand what the State is. Now, Dr. Arnold's argument seems to rest entirely on the assumption, that Government, State, and Nation may be used as synonymous terms. Grant him this, and undoubtedly one great difficulty in the way of his theory is removed. "When I speak of the Government," he says, "I am speaking of it as expressing the mind and will of the nation; and though a government may not impose its own law, human or divine, *upon an adverse people*, yet a nation, acting through its government, may certainly choose *for itself* such a law as it deems most for its good."—"In a corrupt State, the government and people are wholly at variance; in a perfect State, they would be wholly one; in ordinary States, they are one more or less imperfectly."—"For the right of a nation over its own territory must be at least as absolute as that of any individual over his own house and land; and it surely is not an absurdity to suppose that the voice of government can ever be the voice of the nation; although they unhappily too often differ, yet surely they may conceivably, *and very often do in practice*, completely agree."—(P. 55.) Here the right of a government to legislate *circà sacra* is rested, where all men of reasonable views must rest it, on its "expressing the will of the nation." Suppose the objector to take the ground, that the government, in point of fact, never does express the will of the nation except by accident; for that nine-tenths of mankind are governed by rulers who rest their authority on the principle, that they are not placed there to express, but to control, the will of the nation; while in those countries which are most democratically governed, the government can represent, at best, only the numerical majority of the nation;—a majority which may, or may not, comprehend the religious or the intelligent portion of it; how is he to be answered on these premises? If the idea of a State could be realized with any reasonable probability, we can easily understand the value of a theory founded upon it—although actual States

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might be but imperfect agents to carry it out; but if the idea is one which history and common sense alike show us can never be realized at all, we do not understand how the theory can stand alone. In fact, Dr. Arnold seems elsewhere to admit that his principle goes no further than this—that "the favorite objections against the State's concerning itself with religion, apply no less to the theory of a Church . . . . . The moral theory of a State is not open to the objection commonly brought against our actual constitution, namely, that Parliament is not a fit body to legislate on matters of religion; for the council of a *really Christian State* would consist of Christians at once good and sensible, quite as much as the council of a really Christian Church."—(P. 63.) Now, since we may very safely assume, that since Christendom began there has never been any thing approaching to a "really Christian State"—since we may safely foretell that there never will be, until the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of the Lord—this comparison seems to reduce the whole to a question of expediency; whether, upon the whole, it is best that the spiritual government of mankind should be left to those authorities whom we commonly term the Church, unarmed with coercive power, or to the temporal government which possesses it. Dr. Arnold preferred the latter; and he had a perfect right to do so; but not to erect his own preference into an axiom. He considered the Church "a society far worse governed than most States." It may be so; but other political philosophers may think that most States are, upon the whole, worse governed than the Church; and who is to decide between them?

And some may be disposed to think, that it was the weakness of the position which he had undertaken to maintain, which drove him to put forward such paradoxes as that excommunication is a *temporal* punishment, (p. 57;) or, still more unworthy of himself, such vulgar arguments as that of the "almost unanimous consent of all writers on government, whether heathen or Christian, down to the 18th century." Dr. Arnold, of all men, ought to have been best aware, that on the great questions which concern the government of mankind, so long as the consent of all writers is nearly unanimous, it is worthless. Consent is worthless, until people begin to think; and thought is only provoked by opposition. *Quot homines tot sententiæ*, as he elsewhere says, "holds good only where there is any thinking at all: otherwise there may be an hundred millions of men, and only *una sententia*, if the minds of the 99,999,999 are wholly quiescent." He might also have remembered, that if "nearly unanimous consent" is conclusive for his views of a State, it is quite as conclusive against his views of a Church. We willingly quit so barren a subject; and could only wish that all who maintain similar views, whether on Dr. Arnold's or any other premises, would represent to themselves and their readers their main position in its literal sense; namely, that it is the chief duty of the existing governor of every existing State, whether King or Majority, to take care of the spiritual welfare of every citizen. We by no means assert that they would change their opinions, but merely that they would see the subject in a very different light, if it were once freed from the endless fallacies of general words. When it was represented to the Emperor Ferdinand II., that the course which he was pursuing towards the Protestants of Bohemia, would render that kingdom a desert, his answer was, "*malumus regnum vastatum quàm damnatum.*" All we contend is, that on Dr. Arnold's principles it is impossible to prove that the Emperor was wrong.

As a more interesting specimen of his style of writing and turn of thought, we would select his views on certain points of military morality, in which he runs as boldly into opposition to a host of commonly received and current notions, as he does, at other times, in questions of more ordinary controversy. Nothing is more customary than to speak in tones of praise of the conduct of citizens in assuming arms as volunteers, and rising *en masse;* or enrolling in guerilla-parties, to repel foreign invasion. And it seems to be rather a prevalent idea, that in proportion as nations approach more nearly to the idea of free civil government, they acquire an organization for the purpose of self-defence, which will eventually render military strength of no avail, and abolish standing armies. Not a few visionaries of our time have foretold the *euthanasia* of the modern military system, in this general arming of all classes;—the advent of the day, in the language of the clever dreamer De Vigny, when uniforms will be ridiculous, and regular war obsolete. And, whether they consider such anticipations fanciful or not, most politicians seem to assume that their realization would be a step in the social progress of the world. Dr. Arnold's views were widely different. And, as his manner was, his imagination being strongly impressed with certain evils inherent in the system of irregular warfare, he

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could not stop short of wholesale and absolute condemnation of it

"The truth is, that if war, carried on by regular armies under the strictest discipline, is yet a great evil, an irregular partizan warfare is an evil ten times more intolerable; it is in fact no other than to give a license to a whole population to commit all sorts of treachery, rapine, and cruelty, without any restraint; letting loose a multitude of armed men, with none of the obedience and none of the honorable felings of a soldier; cowardly because they are undisciplined, and cruel because they are cowardly. It seems, then, the bounden duty of every government, not only not to encourage such irregular warfare on the part of its population, but carefully to repress it; and to oppose its enemy only with its regular troops, or with men regularly organized, and acting under authorized officers, who shall observe the ordinary humanities of civilized war. And what are called patriotic insurrections, or irregular risings of the whole population to annoy an invading army by all means, ought impartially to be condemned by whomsoever and against whomsoever practised, as a resource of small and doubtful efficacy, but full of certain atrocity, and a most terrible aggravation of the evils of war. Of course, if an invading army sets the example of such irregular warfare; if they proceed, after the manner of the ancients, to lay waste the country in mere wantonness—to burn houses, and to be guilty of personal outrages on the inhabitants, then they themselves invite retaliation, and a guerilla warfare against such an invader becomes justifiable. But our censure in all cases should have reference, not to the justice of the original war, which is a point infinitely disputable, but to the simple question—which side first set the example of departing from the laws of civilized warfare, and of beginning a system of treachery and atrocity?

"As this is a matter of some importance, I may be allowed to dwell a little longer upon a vague notion, not uncommonly, as I believe, entertained, that a people whose country is attacked, by which is meant, whose territory is the seat of war, are sustaining some intolerable wrong which they are justified in repelling by any and every means. But in the natural course of things, war must be carried on in the territory of one belligerent or of the other; it is an accident merely, if their fighting ground happen to be the country of some third party. Now, it cannot be said that the party which acts on the offensive, war having been once declared, becomes in the wrong by doing so, or that the object of all invasion is conquest; you invade your enemy in order to compel him to do you justice—that is, to force him to make peace on reasonable terms. This is your theory of the case, and it is one which must be allowed to be maintainable, just as much as that of your enemy; for all laws of war waive, and must waive the question as to the original justice of the quarrel—they assume that both parties are equally in the right. But, suppose invasion for the sake of conquest, I do not say of the whole of your enemy's country, but of that portion of it which you are invading; as we have many times invaded French colonies with a view to their incorporation permanently with the British dominions. Conquests of such a sort are no violations necessarily of the legitimate object of war; they may be considered as a security taken for the time to come. Yet, undoubtedly, the shock to the inhabitants of the particular countries so invaded is very great; it was not a light thing for the Canadian, or the inhabitant of Trinidad, or of the Cape of Good Hope, to be severed from the people of his own blood and language, from his own mother state, and to be subjected to the dominion of foreigners—men with a strange language, strange manners, a different church, and a different law. That the inhabitants of such countries should enlist very zealously in the militia, and should place the resources of defence very readily in the hands of the government, is quite just and quite their duty. I am only deprecating the notion that they should rise in irregular warfare, each man or each village for itself, and assail the invaders as their personal enemies, killing them whenever and wherever they can find them. Or, again, suppose that the invasion is undertaken for the purpose of overthrowing the existing government of a country, as the attempted French descents to co-operate with the Jacobites, or the invasion of France by the coalescing powers in 1792 and 1793, and again in 1814 and 1815. When the English army advanced into France in 1814, respecting persons and property, and paying for every article of food which they took from the country, would it have been for the inhabitants to barricade every village, to have lurked in every thicket, and behind every wall, to shoot stragglers and sentinels, and keep up, night and day, a war of extermination? If, indeed, the avowed object of the invader be the destruction, not of any particular government, but of the national existence altogether; if he thus disclaims the usual object of legitimate war—a fair and lasting peace—and declares that he makes it a war of extermination, he doubtless cannot complain if the usual laws of war are departed from against him, when he himself sets the example.—But, even then, when we consider what unspeakable atrocities a partizan warfare gives birth to, and that no nation attacked by an overwhelming force of disciplined armies was ever saved by such means, it may be doubted, even then, whether it be justifiable, unless the invader drives the inhabitants to it, by treating them from the beginning as enemies, and outraging their persons and property. If this judgment seem extreme to any one, I would only ask him to consider well, first, the cowardly, treacherous, and atrocious character of all guerilla warfare; and in the next place the certain misery which it entails on the country which practises it, and its inefficacy, as a general rule to conquer or expel an enemy, however much it may annoy him."—P. 204.

This is only one instance, among many, of the tendency of which we have spoken, to deduce general lessons from every class of facts which the writer is engaged in investigating. And it appears to form, according to his view, an essential part of the duties of an historian, that he should be ready at all moments to adapt his inferences from ancient experience to the particular questions which agitate his own age—to make the present and the past mutually il-

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lustrate each other. Such, at least, is the meaning we ascribe to the following remarkable passage, in which he lays down broadly the difference between the antiquary and the historian.

"What is it that the mere antiquarian wants, and which the mere scholar wants also; so that satire, sagacious enough in detecting the weak points of every character, has often held them both up to ridicule? They have wanted what is the essential accompaniment to all our knowledge of the past, a lively and extensive knowledge of the present; they wanted the habit of continually viewing the two in combination with each other; they wanted that master-power which enables us to take a point from which to contemplate both at a distance, and so to judge of each and of both, as if we belonged to neither. For it is from the views so obtained—from the conclusions so acquired—that the wisdom is formed which may really assist in shaping and preparing the course of the future.

"Antiquarianism, then, is the knowledge of the past enjoyed by one who has no lively knowledge of the present. Thence it is, when concerned with great matters, a dull knowledge. It may be lively in little things; it may conceive vividly the shape and color of a dress, or the style of a building, because no man can be so ignorant as not to have a distinct notion of these in his own times; he must have a full conception of the coat he wears and the house he lives in. But the past is reflected to us by the present; so far as we see and understand the present, so far we can see and understand the past; so far, but no farther. And this is the reason why scholars and antiquarians, nay, and men calling themselves historians also, have written so uninstructively of the ancient world; they could do no otherwise, for they did not understand the world around them. How can he comprehend the parties of other days who has no clear notion of those of his own? What sense can he have of the progress of the great contest of human affairs in its earlier stages, when it rages around him at this actual moment unnoticed, or felt to be no more than a mere indistinct hubbub of sounds and confusion of weapons? What cause is at issue in the combat, he knows not. Whereas, on the other hand, he who feels his own times keenly, to whom they are a positive reality, with a good and evil distinctly perceived in them, such a man will write a lively and impressive account of past times, even though his knowledge be insufficient and his prejudices strong. This, I think, is the merit of Mitford, and it is a great one. His very anti-Jacobin partialities, much as they have interfered with the fairness of his history, have yet completely saved it from being dull. He took an interest in the parties of Greece, because he was alive to the parties of his own time; he described the popular party in Athens just as he would have described the Whigs of England; he was unjust to Demosthenes because he would have been unjust to Mr. Fox. His knowledge of the Greek language was limited, and so was his learning altogether; but because he was an English gentlemen who felt and understood the state of things around him, and entered warmly into its parties, therefore he was able to write a history of Greece, which has the great charm of reality; and which, if I may judge by my own experience, is read at first with interest, and retains its hold firmly on the memory." —P. 108.

If the meaning of this passage only were, that the historian is better qualified for his task whose mind is rich in the knowledge of the world he lives in, (which seems to have been a part at least of Dr. Arnold's conception, from the instance he afterwards gives of Sir Walter Raleigh,) no one could hesitate to admit its truth. But if it is meant that a good historian must also be interested in modern controversies, and make his history subservient to the object of influencing the convictions of his readers respecting them, it may, perhaps, be questioned whether he is not rather describing what has been called the philosophy of history, than history itself. And it would assuredly require a very severe and vigorous judgment—indeed, a greater degree of impartiality and inaccessibility to passion and prejudice than we can fairly expect from man—for a historian, who has the *present* full in sight, and strongly exciting his imagination, to be calm and just in his review of the past. Mitford's *History of Greece* may, for aught we know, be an attractive work, and so may Cobbett's *History of the Reformation;* but, after all, the interest they excite is much the same with that of a clever political pamphlet. But it could not be said of Gibbon, Hume, or Robertson, or Ranke, or even Dr. Arnold's great master Niebuhr, that they display the habit of continually viewing the past in combination with the present; and yet, who will venture to call them mere antiquarians?—Histories such as theirs have all the excellence which belongs to the ablest order of conversation;—where the speaker, while he condenses the information which he has to impart, leaves, at the same time, gracefully but incidentally, the impression of the fulness of his knowledge on other subjects. History, such as Dr. Arnold would prefer it—and his own historical works afford examples of the kind—would rather resemble the brilliant talk of very clever speakers, who cannot tell us what we want to know without adorning the narration with inferences and illustrations drawn from a hundred distant sources.

We prefer, to this attempt to fix the true historical character, the following pointed sketch of the characteristics of style in different historians; and its importance as an indication of the degree of value to be reposed in them as authorities. Any reader who is conversant with this branch

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of literature, will readily find names to fit the following characters:—

"The main thing to look to is, of course, his work itself. Here the very style gives us an impression by no means to be dismissed. If it is very heavy and cumbrous, it indicates either a dull man or a pompous man, or at least a slow and awkward man; if it be tawdry, and full of commonplaces enunciated with great solemnity, the writer is most likely a silly man; if it be highly antithetical, and full of unusual expressions, or artificial ways of stating a plain thing, the writer is clearly an affected man. If it be plain and simple —always clear, but never eloquent—the writer may be a very sensible man, but is too hard and dry to be a very great man. If, on the other hand, it is always eloquent, rich in illustrations, full of animation, but too uniformly so, and without the relief of simple and quiet passages, we must admire the writer's genius in a very high degree; but we may fear that he is too continually excited to have attained to the highest wisdom, for that is necessarily calm. In this manner the mere language of an historian will furnish us with something of a key to his mind; and will tell us, or at least give us cause to presume in what his main strength lies, and in what he is deficient."—P. 384.

We cannot place the distinction between the antiquary and historian exactly where Dr. Arnold places it; but without endeavoring at present to establish another, it is enough to say that the attempt to draw it is very characteristic of the writer. The faults of his manner (for such we would call them, if faults they are, rather than faults of style, which in all his writings is good) arise from over-eagerness in illustration and comparison. If blemishes in historical composition, they are peculiar merits in the work of education. They are among the talents by which he was so eminently successful in exciting the enthusiasm of the young, in the studies to which he directed them. What we may term the youthfulness of his manner—his luxuriant discursiveness, when a passage in Livy invites him to a discussion of the physical geography of the Roman Campagna, or a chapter of Thucydides to speculations on the politics of modern republics;—this constituted its great charm to the temper of younger men.

And, therefore, those very qualities which possibly detracted from his excellence in the sober character of a historian, were such as to render him the most effective and useful of teachers in a lecture-room. This is one of the many respects in which his loss must be felt, and felt as at present irreparable, in that university to which he had been, for so brief a space, attached as a Professor. Not Oxford only, but England, has need of minds such as his, in respect of all those higher qualities which we have endeavored faintly to delineate. Men who can follow truth with a devotion so exclusive as to leave room for no other idol—men who can enter eagerly into all the great controversies of their day, and yet allow no exclusive sect or faction the honor of counting them as adherents—men who do not shun the entanglements of party spirit from cowardice or from apathy, but who resist it as a temptation, and despise it as a weakness—men whose whole life and conversation bear testimony to the deep importance they attach to religious truth, and yet free from every taint of controversial unfairness and theological rancor,—such men are scarce and precious in all times, and the absorbing nature of our party interests seems to render them scarcer every day. But at present, we are only regarding the promise which he was giving of a scarcely inferior kind of usefulness, in helping to turn, if possible, the very mischievous direction which has been given to youthful thought and enterprise of late years, and especially in his university.

Almost every one has taken an interest in the recent theological controversies which have had their birth in Oxford; few have looked to the effect which the controversial spirit has produced on the tone and character of that university as regards its primary object—education. When first the theological 'movement' began—that is to say, about ten years ago—there was excited at the same time in both universities, but especially in Oxford, a strong feeling of dissatisfaction with the existing studies and occupations of the place. It was the common language of all those who deemed that the frame and temper of society needed an extensive renovation, that this renovation must begin with the young. The presumptuous turn of mind, the reliance on intellectual ability, supposed to result from instruction addressing itself to the intellect alone, were to be corrected by a strong diversion in favor of a more subjective course of study. The student was to be imbued with principles and tastes, rather than positive acquirements. The main object of the instructor was to be the formation of moral character by habit, not the imparting of what is commonly called learning. Nay, much was to be unlearnt—much rubbish taken down before men could begin afresh on the old foundations—much of the *sciolism* of recent centuries removed;—natural science and literary acquirement to be brought down from that undue exaltation to

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which they had been raised in modern times, by generations wanting in the habits of reverence and earnestness of feeling. Catholic theology, and Moral Philosophy in accordance with Catholic doctrine, were to be the main foundations of the improved education of these newer days; science and literature were not, indeed, to be neglected, but to be cultivated as in subordination only to these great 'architectonic' sciences, and discarded wherever they could not be forced into such subjection. And thus a new generation was to be trained, in which inferiority in respect of mere *objective* knowledge, if such should really ensue, was to be far more than compensated by the higher cultivation of the immortal part—the nobler discipline of piety and obedience. Such aspirations may be traced in most of the many writings on the university system which the crisis of those days brought out; while those who are acquainted with the practical details of the subject, know full well how deep a tincture has been introduced into the actual studies and habits of both places, but especially of Oxford, by the prevalence of views such as these, expressed by energetic men, in language at once startling and attractive.

Nor do we imagine that those views are altered now. We have no reason to suppose that their authors would agree with us as to the consequences which we cannot but believe to have proceeded from the practical realization of their wishes. Yet that the facts themselves, of which we complain, exist, they would hardly deny. Their endeavor was undoubtedly a lofty one; and how far it may prove a vain one, must as yet be in a great measure matter of conjecture. It remains to be proved, whether or not they have not proceeded on a forgetfulness of the real importance and value of mere positive knowledge in the moral education of man. Because the connection between intellectual and moral cultivation is not obvious and direct, it is easily passed over. Nor do we suppose that it can ever be fully appreciated, except by those who are prepared, with ourselves, to recognise the great principles;—that all learning is discipline—all discipline self-denial—all self-denial has the nature of virtue: and that, by consequence, however wide or strange the corollary may seem, he who knows the first propositions of Euclid is, in so far, better than he who does not; ay, though both may have been equally untaught to pray, and may have formed of their Creator no more than the confused terrific image entertained by the wildest of savage minds. But, even without going thus far, few can have failed to observe the importance of the acquisition of positive knowledge, in withdrawing the mind from over contemplation of self and its attributes. It gives the faculties another world to work in, besides that microcosm within which the influences of hopes and fears, pride, ambition, vain-glory, are continually working to retain them. It corrects the passions, by substituting an excitement of a different order; it encourages generous sentiment, because it has no immediate object but truth, irrespective of advantage; it encourages candid and honest habits of mind, because the truth which it holds out is one which party feeling and prejudice have comparatively little interest in perverting. It has, of course, like every human pursuit, its own temptations to vanity and presumption; but how infinitely less engrossing and dangerous than those which attend on studies which directly interest the heart, and provoke its stronger feelings!

To substitute, therefore, as the main instruments of education, for the studies of science, history, and literature, those which have for their immediate object the awakening and strengthening of the moral perceptions, is to abandon that discipline which has an indirect, but not the less powerful, influence in enlarging and strengthening the moral faculty;—for that which has indeed for its direct object moral improvement, but is apt, by a strong and necessary under-current of action, to narrow and distort that very portion of man's nature it is intended to improve. The study of Ethical philosophy may be admirably adapted to harmonize the general education of the mind; to recall it to itself—its own duties and constitution—from too wide a wandering over the far more attractive fields of external truth. But to have this effect, it must be administered as a corrective only. To make it practically the leading discipline, and render others dependent on it, is mental ruin. It is in itself a study fraught with danger; it throws the mind back on itself, fills it with an engrossing, and perhaps morbid, habit of self-analysis; and eventually, and not very indirectly, of self-worship. But independently of this, teach it as you will, it must be taught on a system. That system must rest on arbitrary axioms—axioms which can neither be proved nor are self-evident—axioms in the defence of which the feelings must in the first place be enlisted. But he whose heart and faculties are wrapt up in attachment to a system—be that system truth itself—inevitably comes to love it and

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defend it, not because it is truth, but because it is his system. This is the danger which besets even the learner of abstract knowledge; how infinitely more him who pursues studies in which the conclusions are practical, and in which to err is to incur moral danger! And how much the peril is increased, when philosophy is carefully enrolled in support of a theological scheme—involved, as it were, in the quarrels of dogmatic theology—in the strife which swells every heart, and lends bitterness to every tongue, in the little world which surrounds the pupil;—when, in the language of an able Oxford writer, the Church is made to "fix the true point of view from which all their truths may be seen in their real forms and proportions!" But from the moment that truth, as such, and irrespectively of particular ends, ceases to be the main object proposed to the mind in tuition, farewell to honesty, openness, and independence of character. For truly, though severely, was it said, by one too, who has had no slight share in fashioning the popular philosophy of the present day, that he who loves Christianity better than truth, will soon love his own sect better than Christianity, and end by loving himself better than either.

Again, in teaching reverence for the distant past, those whose views we are at present considering have thought themselves justified in using a tone of great bitterness—great scorn—we must add of great self-exaltation, in speaking of the present and the immediate past. They have thought it their duty to hold up the opinions and sentiments of the ages immediately preceding our own, and of by far the greater part of the world at the present day, to utter contempt; to show the futility of the objects most valued, the worthlessness of the knowledge most esteemed. This they scarcely could do, without affording infinite encouragement to that worst kind of vanity, the thinking ourselves wise above those around us;—a far greater temptation, as Dr. Arnold himself has acutely remarked, than that of undervaluing those who have lived before us. "Our personal superiority seems much more advanced by decrying our contemporaries, than by decrying our fathers. The dead are not our real rivals; nor is pride very much gratified by asserting a superiority over those who cannot deny it. It is far more tempting to personal vanity to think ourselves the only wise amongst a generation of fools, than to glory in belonging to a wise generation, where our personal wisdom, be it what it may, cannot at least have the distinction of singularity." The influence of the prejudices thus excited on the moral character is bad enough; but on intellectual progress it is destruction. The fruits of the recent fashion of decrying mere scientific pursuits, or mere literary studies, as unworthy, frivolous, or dangerous, are terribly apparent in the present condition of Oxford. Here, at least, we shall scarcely meet with a contradiction. The gradual desertion of the lecture rooms, in which knowledge not absolutely connected with the University discipline is imparted, is notorious. The utter absence of all spirit for investigation of every sort, except in polemic theology and one or two inferior pursuits of taste, is the subject, even there, of general lamentation. Natural Philosophy, indeed, while disregarded by all, is absolutely discountenanced by many, from similar reasons to that which the late King of Naples was wont to give for refusing grants of money to unroll the Herculanean manucripts;—namely, that something might be discovered therein which would overturn the Christian religion, and then his Majesty would never get absolution. Historical study seems altogether at an end, except in the single province of ecclesiastical antiquities: indeed, as we have seen it ingeniously remarked by a writer of the Oxford school, all history is dangerous, and ought to be re-written on Church principles. Nay, the very special studies of under-graduates are no longer pursued with the spirit and zeal of former times: classical scholarship is declining. We saw it stated the other day, in a Journal favorable to the present "movement," that the art of prose Latin composition is absolutely lost at Oxford. To borrow again the forcible language of Dr. Arnold:—"The two great parties of the Christian world have each their own standard of truth by which they try all things—Scripture on the one hand; the voice of the Church on the other. To both, therefore, the pure intellectual movement is not only unwelcome, but they dislike it. It will question what they will not allow to be questioned: it may arrive at conclusions which they would regard as impious. And therefore in an age" (or seat) "of religious movement particularly, the spirit of intellectual movement soon finds itself proscribed rather than countenanced."

Thus much, at least, is matter of general observation,—that while the loss is certain, the gain in higher respects is worse than questionable; that much has been lost, along with knowledge itself, of the habits

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of mind which attend an ardent pursuit of knowledge—of manly candor, of extended sympathies, of that generous, frank enthusiasm so graceful in the young; that a captious, close, exclusive spirit, is apt to grow on the mind, under the discipline and associations now prevailiug—producing in vigorous natures a concentrated heat, instead of an expansive warmth: this is complained of, we know not how justly, but seems to follow as a not unnatural consequence. For this, and much more, Oxford has to thank the peculiar exertions of the ablest and most active among her present teachers, and the success which has attended them.

It is true that they are awake now. Of course it is not to be supposed that men of really superior minds, such as many of those of whom we speak, can be content in observing the decay of knowledge around them; or the loss of interest in those pursuits to which the youthful disposition should seem adapted. It appears to be the very earnest endeavor of many of them, to keep the minds of those under actual pupilage as far as possible unpolluted by that black and bitter Styx of controversy which envelopes the region. But this is utterly impossible, unless they could influence also—which in *this* direction they cannot—the minds and studies of that body of which the condition forms by far the best test of the state of education at our universities. We mean those who have passed their short academical course, but are still detained by various duties or circumstances; young themselves, although, for the most part, instructors of those still younger—for they form the class which gives the tone to the studious part of those under discipline. So long as theological controversy forms the great excitement and interest of their lives, so long it will exercise its miserable influence on the education in which they assist. However honestly disposed, the tutor whose head is in a whirl with the religious battles of Convocation, cannot get up among his pupils much enthusiasm about the Punic or Peloponnesian war. Where his mind mechanically leads, theirs will follow. Nor will the tone of society, out of academical hours assist in supplying the stimulus of better and more vigorous speculation; for society at Oxford—that is, the society of the intelligent and active part of its denizens—is become dead and spiritless—paralyzed from the dread which prevails of giving mutual offence. Men stand carefully aloof from free intercourse with each other on questions which excite them, and the place supplies no topics to neutral and harmless interest. Add to this, the thousand temptations to take sides, to enlist in parties—the sad want of importance of those, old or young, who in agitated societies keep aloof from agitation. Talent, enthusiasm, self-importance, eccentricity, all take one and the same direction;—the able are easily drawn in by the desire to shine; and fools, because they have an instinctive consciousness that in no other way can a fool become a man of consequence.

It is needless to dwell on the influence which this combination of deteriorating causes may have on the prospects of the rising generation. *Væ diebus nostris*, exclaimed the old chronicler, who in his barbarous age saw and felt the moral darkness extending itself, along with the decline of that culture, of which, in these enlightened times, some men seem to fancy that we have a surfeit—*væ diebus nostris, quia periit studium litterarum a nobis!* We know full well the elements of greatness which exist at Oxford. They need no other proof than the extraordinary influence which has proceeded from thence for the last ten years for good or for evil. We know, too, that with all the degrading effects of its present condition on its usefulness as a place of instruction, the very violence of its controversies has not been without direct intellectual influence, in awakening and pointing the energies of dispositions of a peculiar order. But what the general class of minds which its present system produces need above all things, is a stimulus to a more natural and more independent action.

This is precisely what talents like those of Dr. Arnold were fitted to give; and it is in this respect that his loss is nothing less than a national calamity. Both his virtues, lofty as they were, and his talents were of an eminently practical order; nor were his very peculiarities without their usefulness. If he had been a severer anaylst than he was—a man of judgment more free from the impulses of the affections—a man less solicitous about the polemics of his day—more patient in investigation, and less ready to grasp at obvious solutions of difficulties—in one word, less of a theorist; he might have been greater as a literary man; but he could scarcely have possessed, along with these faculties, his own distinctive excellence. His mode of action, in his university sphere, as his lectures prove, would have been, not to endeavor forcibly to tear away his audience from their accustomed associations, and make at once of young theologians and moralists a new

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race of impartial inquiresr; but to bring them to the study of the past, as it were, through the present; to appeal to their acquired sympathies, to argue with their prejudices; to lead them thus gradually, and by the very means of the tendencies and propensities he found in them, into purer and freer fields of inquiry than those in which they were accustomed to expatiate. We are far from estimating his prospects of ultimate success by the popularity which attended his first appearance in his professional character. The extraordinary concourse of hearers which greeted him, was partly a homage to his high character; partly attracted by a certain fashion which his name had acquired from various incidental circumstances. Such popularity he neither coveted nor invited; for no one could be more entirely free from affectation and vanity—qualities belonging to minds of very inferior order to his. But it afforded him an advantage at the outset, which his singular powers of illustration and discursive eloquence—his art of rendering attractive every subject he touched—would have amply qualified him to sustain. Short, indeed, was the period allotted to him, and barely sufficient even thus to indicate the road which he would have pursued. We have a high respect for the character and abilities of the gentleman who has succeeded him; and rejoice to find that Sir Robert Peel, in this instance as in some others, has exhibited predilections in accordance with those of the liberal body of his countrymen; but all the distinguished ranks out of which the Minister had to make his selection, could not have afforded the equal of him who is departed, for the present emergency.

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## THE HISTORY OF THE HAT.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF C. F. GELLERT.]

From Tait's Magazine.

THE skilful man who did invent
The Hat, that useful ornament,
Wore it at first all smooth and round,
By no projecting edges crowned;
And yet it was on such a plan,
All owned him a distinguished man.
He died at length, and his successor
Assumed the hat, its new possessor.

The heir bethought him that the hat
Was certainly too round and flat;
So, to improve it, sitting down,
He made two corners on its crown,
Then walked abroad, into the town;
Where all the people's wondering faces
Bespoke th' enchantment of its graces.
He also died, and his successor
Received the hat as next possessor.

The heir upon it thus descanted:
I see, says he, there's something wanted:—
Then, after pondering well upon it,
He raised another corner on it,
And each beholder wondering cried,
"This genius is his country's pride!"
He died, and then his next successor
Proclaimed himself the hat's possessor.

The hat was now no longer clean,
(And this, you'll grant, must needs have been :)
The heir was grieved this fact to find,
Yet, having an ingenious mind,
He dyed it *black*, with skill and care,
And all exclaimed: "What grace is there!
The black bespeaks a master-mind,
And leaves all rival hats behind."
He died, and, as the hat's possessor,
His will installed his next successor.

The willing heir takes home the prize,
But soon observes the incipient tatter;
He thinks and thinks, and tries and tries,
How he can rectify the matter:—
Then, after hard and frequent rubbing,
Hotpressing and redoubled scrubbing,
He binds the hat all neatly round,
And walks abroad, with air profound:—
"What see we here?' each townsman cries,
"A new hat?—can we trust our eyes?—
O happy era! Error's sway
Now melts before the light of day,
And Genius, fraught with blessings rich,
Hath reached at last her highest pitch!"
But he too died, and his successor
Became forthwith the hat's possessor.

Discoveries, though long in finding,
Make the inventor's name renowned:—
The heir took off the former binding,
And girt the hat with laces round,
Fastening the whole upon a button;
Then, at the glass, the hat he put on;
And all, transported out of measure,
Before it skipped with very pleasure,—
"What are the rest to him?" they cried,—
"Now every rival well may hide;
For this great Spirit's wondrous flame
Eclipses every other name,
And wins itself immortal fame?"
He also died, and his successor
Was duly named the hat's possessor;
And every time the newest fashion
Was kept by all, with care and caution.

What further happened with the hat—
My second book will tell you that—
Each new possessor changed its mould;—
The hat itself continued old;—
In short—this emblem suits my purpose nicely—
Its fate was like PHILOSOPHY's precisely!

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ALCOHOL.—An experiment has been made, at the Theatre of Montpelier, of a new principle of lighting—from alcohol—said to be successful, and important to the vine-growing districts of France, as a fresh vent for their produce. The light is stated to be of dazzling brightness, and without either odor or smoke.—*Athenæum.*

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## MADAME D'ARBLAY.

From the Edinburgh Magazine.

*Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay.* Five vols. 8vo. London: 1842.

THOUGH the world saw and heard little of Madame D'Arblay during the last forty years of her life, and though that little did not add to her fame, there were thousands, we believe, who felt a singular emotion when they learned that she was no longer among us. The news of her death carried the minds of men back at one leap, clear over two generations, to the time when her first literary triumphs were won. All those whom we had been accustomed to revere as intellectual patriarchs, seemed children when compared with her; for Burke had sat up all night to read her writings, and Johnson had pronounced her superior to Fielding, when Rogers was still a schoolboy, and Southey still in petticoats. Yet more strange did it seem that we should just have lost one whose name had been widely celebrated before any body had heard of some illustrious men who, twenty, thirty, or forty years ago, were, after a long and splendid career, borne with honor to the grave. Yet so it was. Frances Burney was at the height of fame and popularity before Cowper had published his first volume, before Porson had gone up to college, before Pitt had taken his seat in the House of Commons, before the voice of Erskine had been once heard in Westminster Hall. Since the appearance of her first work, sixty-two years had passed; and this interval had been crowded, not only with political, but also with intellectual revolutions. Thousands of reputations had, during that period, sprung up, bloomed, withered, and disappeared. New kinds of composition had come into fashion, had gone out of fashion, had been derided, had been forgotten. The fooleries of Della Crusca, and the fooleries of Kotzebue, had for a time bewitched the multitude, but had left no trace behind them; nor had misdirected genius been able to save from decay the once flourishing schools of Godwin, of Darwin, and of Radcliffe. Many books, written for temporary effect, had run through six or seven editions, and had then been gathered to the novels of Afra Behn, and the epic poems of Sir Richard Blackmore. Yet the early works of Madame D'Arblay, in spite of the lapse of years, in spite of the change of manners, in spite of the popularity deservedly obtained by some of her rivals, continued to hold a high place in the public esteem. She lived to be a classic. Time set on her fame, before she went hence, that seal which is seldom set except on the fame of the departed. Like Sir Condy Rackrent in the tale, she survived her own wake, and overheard the judgment of posterity.

Having always felt a warm and sincere, though not a blind admiration for her talents, we rejoiced to learn that her Diary was about to be made public. Our hopes, it is true, were not unmixed with fears. We could not forget the fate of the Memoirs of Dr. Burney, which were published ten years ago. That unfortunate book contained much that was curious and interesting. Yet it was received with a cry of disgust, and was speedily consigned to oblivion. The truth is, that it deserved its doom. It was written in Madame D'Arblay's later style—the worst style that has ever been known among men. No genius, no information, could save from proscription a book so written. We, therefore, opened the Diary with no small anxiety, trembling lest we should light upon some of that peculiar rhetoric which deforms almost every page of the Memoirs, and which it is impossible to read without a sensation made up of mirth, shame, and loathing. We soon, however, discovered to our great delight, that this Diary was kept before Madame D'Arblay became eloquent. It is, for the most part, written in her earliest and best manner; in true woman's English, clear, natural, and lively. The two works are lying side by side before us, and we never turn from the Memoirs to the Diary without a sense of relief. The difference is as great as the difference between the atmosphere of a perfumer's shop, fetid with lavender water and jasmine soap, and the air of a heath on a fine morning in May. Both works ought to be consulted by every person who wishes to be well acquainted with the history of our literature and our manners. But to read the Diary is a pleasure; to read the Memoirs will always be a task.

We may, perhaps, afford some harmless amusement to our readers if we attempt, with the help of these two books, to give them an account of the most important years of Madame D'Arblay's life.

She was descended from a family which bore the name of Macburney, and which, though probably of Irish origin, had been long settled in Shropshire, and was possessed of considerable estates in that county. Unhappily, many years before her birth, the Macburneys began, as if of set purpose and in a spirit of determined rivalry, to



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expose and ruin themselves. The heir-apparent, Mr. James Macburney, offended his father by making a runaway match with an actress from Goodman's Fields. The old gentleman could devise no more judicious mode of wreaking vengeance on his undutiful boy, than by marrying the cook. The cook gave birth to a son named Joseph, who succeeded to all the lands of the family, while James was cut off with a shilling. The favorite son, however, was so extravagant, that he soon became as poor as his disinherited brother. Both were forced to earn their bread by their labor. Joseph turned dancing-master, and settled in Norfolk. James struck off the Mac from the beginning of his name, and set as a portrait-painter at Chester. Here he had a son named Charles, well known as the author of the History of Music, and as the father of two remarkable children, of a son distinguished by learning, and of a daughter still more honorably distinguished by genius.

Charles early showed a taste for that art, of which, at a later period, he became the historian. He was apprenticed to a celebrated musician in London, and applied himself to study with vigor and success. He early found a kind and munificent patron in Fulk Greville, a high-born and high-bred man, who seems to have had in large measure all the accomplishments and all the follies, all the virtues and all the vices which, a hundred years ago, were considered as making up the character of a fine gentleman. Under such protection, the young artist had every prospect of a brilliant career in the capital. But his health failed. It became necessary for him to retreat from the smoke and river fog of London, to the pure air of the coast. He accepted the place of organist at Lynn, and settled at that town with a young lady who had recently become his wife.

At Lynn, in June 1752, Frances Burney was born. Nothing in her childhood indicated that she would, while still a young woman, have secured for herself an honorable and permanent place among English writers. She was shy and silent. Her brothers and sisters called her a dunce, and not altogether without some show of reason; for at eight years old she did not know her letters.

In 1760, Mr. Burney quitted Lynn for London, and took a house in Poland Street; a situation which had been fashionable in the reign of Queen Anne, but which, since that time, had been deserted by most of its wealthy and noble inhabitants. He afterwards resided in St. Martin's Street, on the south side of Leicester Square. His house there is still well known, and will continue to be well known as long as our island retains any trace of civilization; for it was the dwelling of Newton, and the square turret which distinguishes it from all the surrounding buildings was Newton's observatory.

Mr. Burney at once obtained as many pupils of the most respectable description as he had time to attend, and was thus enabled to support his family, modestly indeed, and frugally, but in comfort and independence. His professional merit obtained for him the degree of Doctor of Music from the University of Oxford; and his works on subjects connected with his art gained for him a place respectable, though certainly not eminent, among men of letters.

The progress of the mind of Frances Burney, from her ninth to her twenty-fifth year, well deserves to be recorded. When her education had proceeded no further than the horn-book, she lost her mother, and thenceforward she educated herself. Her father appears to have been as bad a father as a very honest, affectionate, and sweet-tempered man can well be. He loved his daughter dearly; but it never seems to have occurred to him that a parent has other duties to perform to children than that of fondling them. It would indeed have been impossible for him to superintend their education himself. His professional engagements occupied him all day. At seven in the morning he began to attend his pupils, and, when London was full, was sometimes employed in teaching till eleven at night. He was often forced to carry in his pocket a tin box of sandwiches, and a bottle of wine and water, on which he dined in a hackney-coach while hurrying from one scholar to another. Two of his daughters he sent to a seminary at Paris; but he imagined that Frances would run some risk of being perverted from the Protestant faith if she were educated in a Catholic country, and he therefore kept her at home. No governess, no teacher of any art or of any language, was provided for her. But one of her sisters showed her how to write; and, before she was fourteen, she began to find pleasure in reading.

It was not, however, by reading that her intellect was formed. Indeed, when her best novels were produced, her knowledge of books was very small. When at the height of her fame, she was unacquainted with the most celebrated works of Voltaire and Molière; and, what seems still more

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extraordinary, had never heard or seen a line of Churchill, who, when she was a girl, was the most popular of living poets. It is particularly deserving of observation, that she appears to have been by no means a novel reader. Her father's library was large; and he had admitted into it so many books which rigid moralists generally exclude, that he felt uneasy, as he afterwards owned, when Johnson began to examine the shelves. But in the whole collection there was only a single novel, Fielding's Amelia.

An education, however, which to most girls would have been useless, but which suited Fanny's mind better than elaborate culture, was in constant progress during her passage from childhood to womanhood. The great book of human nature was turned over before her. Her father's social position was very peculiar. He belonged in fortune and station to the middle class. His daughters seem to have been suffered to mix freely with those whom butlers and waiting-maids call vulgar. We are told that they were in the habit of playing with the children of a wig-maker who lived in the adjoining house. Yet few nobles could assemble in the most stately mansions of Grosvenor Square or St. James's Square, a society so various and so brilliant as was sometimes to be found in Dr. Burney's cabin. His mind, though not very powerful or capacious, was restlessly active; and, in the intervals of his professional pursuits, he had contrived to lay up much miscellaneous information. His attainments, the suavity of his temper, and the gentle simplicity of his manners, had obtained for him ready admission to the first literary circles. While he was still at Lynn, he had won Johnson's heart by sounding with honest zeal the praises of the English Dictionary. In London the two friends met frequently, and agreed most harmoniously. One tie, indeed, was wanting to their mutual attachment. Burney loved his own art passionately; and Johnson just knew the bell of St. Clement's church from the organ. They had, however, many topics in common; and on winter nights their conversations were sometimes prolonged till the fire had gone out, and the candles had burned away to the wicks. Burney's admiration of the powers which had produced Rasselas and The Rambler, bordered on idolatry. He gave a singular proof of this at his first visit to Johnson's ill-furnished garret. The master of the apartment was not at home. The enthusiastic visitor looked about for some relique which he might carry away; but he could see nothing lighter than the chairs and the fire-irons. At last he discovered an old broom, tore some bristles from the stump, wrapped them in silver paper, and departed as happy as Louis IX. when the holy nail of St. Denis was found. Johnson, on the other hand, condescended to growl out that Burney was an honest fellow, a man whom it was impossible not to like.

Garrick, too, was a frequent visitor in Poland Street and St. Martin's Lane. That wonderful actor loved the society of children, partly from good-nature, and partly from vanity. The ecstasies of mirth and terror which his gestures and play of countenance never failed to produce in a nusery, flattered him quite as much as the applause of mature critics. He often exhibited all his powers of mimicry for the amusement of the little Burneys, awed them by shuddering and crouching as if he saw a ghost, scared them by raving like a maniac in St. Luke's, and then at once became an auctioneer, a chimney-sweeper, or an old woman, and made them laugh till the tears ran down their cheeks.

But it would be tedious to recount the names of all the men of letters and artists whom Frances Burney had an opportunity of seeing and hearing. Colman, Twining, Harris, Baretti, Hawkesworth, Reynolds, Barry, were among those who occasionally surrounded the tea-table and supper-tray at her father's modest dwelling. This was not all. The distinction which Dr. Burney had acquired as a musician, and as the historian of music, attracted to his house the most eminent musical performers of that age. The greatest Italian singers who visited England regarded him as the dispenser of fame in their art, and exerted themselves to obtain his suffrage. Pachierotti became his intimate friend. The rapacious Agujari, who sang for nobody else under fifty pounds an air, sang her best for Dr. Burney without a fee; and in the company of Dr. Burney even the haughty and eccentric Gabrielli constrained herself to behave with civility. It was thus in his power to give, with scarcely any expense, concerts equal to those of the aristocracy. On such occasions the quiet street in which he lived was blocked up by coroneted chariots, and his little drawing-room was crowded with peers, peeresses, ministers, and ambassadors. On one evening, of which we happen to have a full account, there were present Lord Mulgrave, Lord Bruce, Lord and Lady Edgecumbe, Lord Barrington from the War-Office, Lord Sandwich from the Admiralty, Lord Ashburnham, with his gold key dangling from his pocket, and the French Ambas-

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sador, M. de Guignes, renowned for his fine person and for his success in gallantry. But the great show of the night was the Russian Ambassador, Count Orloff, whose gigantic figure was all in a blaze with jewels, and in whose demeanor the untamed ferocity of the Scythian might be discerned through a thin varnish of French politeness. As he stalked about the small parlor, brushing the ceiling with his toupee, the girls whispered to each other, with mingled admiration and horror, that he was the favored lover of his august mistress; that he had borne the chief part in the revolution to which she owed her throne; and that his huge hands, now glittering with diamond rings, had given the last squeeze to the windpipe of her unfortunate husband.

With such illustrious guests as these were mingled all the most remarkable specimens of the race of lions—a kind of game which is hunted in London every spring with more than Meltonian ardor and perseverance. Bruce, who had washed down steaks cut from living oxen with water from the fountains of the Nile, came to swagger and talk about his travels. Omai lisped broken English, and made all the assembled musicians hold their ears by howling Otaheitean love-songs, such as those with which Oberea charmed her Opano.

With the literary and fashionable society which occasionally met under Dr. Burney's roof, Frances can scarcely be said to have mingled. She was not a musician, and could therefore bear no part in the concerts. She was shy almost to awkwardness, and scarcely ever joined in the conversation. The slightest remark from a stranger disconcerted her; and even the old friends of her father who tried to draw her out could seldom extract more than a Yes or a No. Her figure was small, her face not distinguished by beauty. She was therefore suffered to withdraw quietly to the background, and, unobserved herself, to observe all that passed. Her nearest relations were aware that she had good sense, but seem not to have suspected, that under her demure and bashful deportment were concealed a fertile invention and a keen sense of the ridiculous. She had not, it is true, an eye for the fine shades of character. But every marked peculiarity instantly caught her notice and remained engraven on her imagination. Thus, while still a girl, she had laid up such a store of materials for fiction as few of those who mix much in the world are able to accumulate during a long life. She had watched and listened to people of every class, from princes and great officers of state down to artists living in garrets, and poets familiar with subterranean cook-shops. Hundreds of remarkable persons had passed in review before her, English, French, German, Italian, lords and fiddlers, deans of cathedrals and managers of theatres, travellers leading about newly caught savages, and singing women escorted by deputy-husbands.

So strong was the impression made on the mind of Frances by the society which she was in the habit of seeing and hearing, that she began to write little fictitious narratives as soon as she could use her pen with ease, which, as we have said, was not very early. Her sisters were amused by her stories. But Dr. Burney knew nothing of their existence; and in another quarter her literary propensities met with serious discouragement. When she was fifteen, her father took a second wife. The new Mrs. Burney soon found out that her daughter-in-law was fond of scribbling, and delivered several good-natured lectures on the subject. The advice no doubt was well-meant, and might have been given by the most judicious friend; for at that time, from causes to which we may hereafter advert, nothing could be more disadvantageous to a young lady than to be known as a novel-writer. Frances yielded, relinquished her favorite pursuit, and made a bonfire of all her manuscripts.*

She now hemmed and stitched from breakfast to dinner with scrupulous regularity. But the dinners of that time were early; and the afternoon was her own. Though she had given up novel-writing, she was still fond of using her pen. She began to keep a diary, and she corresponded largely with a person who seems to have had the chief share in the formation of her mind. This was Samuel Crisp, an old friend of her father. His name, well known, near a century ago, in the most splendid circles of London, has long been forgotten. His history is, however, so interesting and instructive, that it tempts us to venture on a digression.

Long before Frances Burney was born, Mr. Crisp had made his entrance into the world, with every advantage. He was well connected and well educated. His face and figure were conspicuously handsome; his

* There is some difficulty here as to the chronology. "This sacrifice," says the editor of the Diary, "was made in the young authoress's fifteenth year." This could not be; for the sacrifice was the effect, according to the editor's own showing, of the remonstrances of the second Mrs. Burney; and Frances was in her sixteenth year when her father's second marriage took place.

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manners were polished; his fortune was easy; his character was without stain; he lived in the best society; he had read much; he talked well; his taste in literature, music, painting, architecture, sculpture, was held in high esteem. Nothing that the world can give seemed to be wanting to his happiness and respectability, except that he should understand the limits of his powers, and should not throw away distinctions which were within his reach in the pursuit of distinctions which were unattainable.

"It is an uncontrolled truth," says Swift, "that no man ever made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them." Every day brings with it fresh illustrations of this weighty saying; but the best commentary that we remember is the history of Samuel Crisp. Men like him have their proper place, and it is a most important one, in the Commonwealth of Letters. It is by the judgment of such men that the rank of authors is finally determined. It is neither to the multitude, nor to the few who are gifted with great creative genius, that we are to look for sound critical decisions. The multitude, unacquainted with the best models, are captivated by whatever stuns and dazzles them. They deserted Mrs. Siddons to run after Master Betty; and they now prefer, we have no doubt, Jack Sheppard to Von Artevelde. A man of great original genius, on the other hand, a man who has attained to mastery in some high walk of art, is by no means to be implicitly trusted as a judge of the performances of others. The erroneous decisions pronounced by such men are without number. It is commonly supposed that jealousy makes them unjust. But a more creditable explanation may easily be found. The very excellence of a work shows that some of the faculties of the author have been developed at the expense of the rest; for it is not given to the human intellect to expand itself widely in all directions at once, and to be at the same time gigantic and well proportioned. Whoever becomes pre-eminent in any art, nay, in any style of art, generally does so by devoting himself with intense and exclusive enthusiasm to the pursuit of one kind of excellence. His perception of other kinds of excellence is therefore too often impaired. Out of his own department he praises and blames at random, and is far less to be trusted than the mere connoisseur, who produces nothing, and whose business is only to judge and enjoy. One painter is distinguished by his exquisite finishing. He toils day after day to bring the veins of a cabbage-leaf, the folds of a lace veil, the wrinkles of an old woman's face, nearer and nearer to perfection. In the time which he employs on a square foot of canvas, a master of a different order covers the walls of a palace with gods burying giants under mountains, or makes the cupola of a church alive with seraphim and martyrs. The more fervent the passion of each of these artists for his art, the higher the merit of each in his own line, the more unlikely it is that they will justly appreciate each other. Many persons who never handled a pencil, probably do far more justice to Michael Angelo than would have been done by Gerhard Douw, and far more justice to Gerhard Douw than would have been done by Michael Angelo.

It is the same with literature. Thousands who have no spark of the genius of Dryden or Wordsworth, do to Dryden the justice which has never been done by Wordsworth, and to Wordsworth the justice which, we suspect, would never have been done by Dryden. Gray, Johnson, Richardson, Fielding, are all highly esteemed by the great body of intelligent and well-informed men. But Gray could see no merit in Rasselas; and Johnson could see no merit in the Bard. Fielding thought Richardson a solemn prig; and Richardson perpetually expressed contempt and disgust for Fielding's lowness.

Mr. Crisp seems, as far as we can judge, to have been a man eminently qualified for the useful office of a connoisseur. His talents and knowledge fitted him to appreciate justly almost every species of intellectual superiority. As an adviser he was inestimable. Nay, he might probably have held a respectable rank as a writer, if he would have confined himself to some department of literature in which nothing more than sense, taste, and reading was required. Unhappily he set his heart on being a great poet, wrote a tragedy in five acts on the death of Virginia, and offered it to Garrick, who was his personal friend. Garrick read, shook his head, and expressed a doubt whether it would be wise in Mr. Crisp to stake a reputation which stood high on the success of such a piece. But the author, blinded by self-love, set in motion a machinery such as none could long resist. His intercessors were the most eloquent man and the most lovely woman of that generation. Pitt was induced to read Virginia, and to pronounce it excellent. Lady Coventry, with fingers which might have furnished a model to sculptors, forced the manuscript into the reluctant hand of the manager; and, in the year 1754, the play was brought forward.



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Nothing that skill or friendship could do was omitted. Garrick wrote both prologue and epilogue. The zealous friends of the author filled every box; and, by their strenuous exertions, the life of the play was prolonged during ten nights. But, though there was no clamorous reprobation, it was universally felt that the attempt had failed. When Virginia was printed, the public disappointment was even greater than at the representation. The critics, the Monthly Reviewers in particular, fell on plot, characters, and diction without mercy, but, we fear, not without justice. We have never met with a copy of the play; but, if we may judge from the lines which are extracted in the Gentleman's Magazine, and which do not appear to have been malevolently selected, we should say that nothing but the acting of Garrick, and the partiality of the audience, could have saved so feeble and unnatural a drama from instant damnation.

The ambition of the poet was still unsubdued. When the London season closed, he applied himself vigorously to the work of removing blemishes. He does not seem to have suspected, what we are strongly inclined to suspect, that the whole piece was one blemish, and that the passages which were meant to be fine, were, in truth, bursts of that tame extravagance into which writers fall, when they set themselves to be sublime and pathetic in spite of nature. He omitted, added, retouched, and flattered himself with hopes of a complete success in the following year; but, in the following year, Garrick showed no disposition to bring the amended tragedy on the stage. Solicitation and remonstrance were tried in vain. Lady Coventry, drooping under that malady which seems ever to select what is loveliest for its prey, could render no assistance The manager's language was civilly evasive; but his resolution was inflexible.

Crisp had committed a great error; but he had escaped with a very slight penance. His play had not been hooted from the boards. It had, on the contrary, been better received than many very estimable performances have been—than Johnson's Irene, for example, and Goldsmith's Good-Natured Man. Had Crisp been wise, he would have thought himself happy in having purchased self-knowledge so cheap. He would have relinquished without vain repinings the hope of poetical distinction, and would have turned to the many sources of happiness which he still possessed. Had he been, on the other hand, an unfeeling and unblushing dunce, he would have gone on writing scores of bad tragedies in defiance of censure and derision. But he had too much sense to risk a second defeat, yet too little to bear his first defeat like a man. The fatal delusion that he was a great dramatist, had taken firm possession of his mind. His failure he attributed to every cause except the true one. He complained of the ill-will of Garrick, who appears to have done every thing that ability and zeal could do; and who, from selfish motives, would, of course, have been well pleased if Virginia had been as successful as the Beggar's Opera. Nay, Crisp complained of the languor of the friends whose partiality had given him three benefit nights to which he had no claim. He complained of the injustice of the spectators, when, in truth, he ought to have been grateful for their unexampled patience. He lost his temper and spirits, and became a cynic and a hater of mankind. From London he retired to Hampton, and from Hampton to a solitary and long-deserted mansion, built on a common in one of the wildest tracts of Surrey. No road, not even a sheep-walk, connected his lonely dwelling with the abodes of men. The place of his retreat was strictly concealed from his old associates. In the spring he sometimes emerged, and was seen at exhibitions and concerts in London. But he soon disappeared, and hid himself, with no society but his books, in his dreary hermitage. He survived his failure about thirty years. A new generation sprang up around him. No memory of his bad verses remained among men. How completely the world had lost sight of him, will appear from a single circumstance. We looked for his name in a copious Dictionary of Dramatic Authors, published while he was stil' alive, and we found only that Mr. Samuel Crisp, of the Custom-house, had written a play called Virginia, acted in 1754. To the last, however, the unhappy man continued to brood over the injustice of the manager and the pit, and tried to convince himself and others that he had missed the highest literary honors, only because he had omitted some fine passages in compliance with Garrick's judgment. Alas, for human nature! that the wounds of vanity should smart and bleed so much longer than the wounds of affection! Few people, we believe, whose friends and relations died in 1754, had any acute feeling of the loss in 1782. Dear sisters and favorite daughters, and brides snatched away before the honeymoon was passed, had been forgotten, or were remembered only with a tranquil regret. But Samuel Crisp was still mourning for his tragedy, like Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be com-

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forted. "Never," such was his language twenty-eight years after his disaster, "never give up or alter a title unless it perfectly coincides with your own inward feelings. I can say this to my sorrow and my cost. But mum!" Soon after these words were written, his life—a life which might have been eminently useful and happy—ended in the same gloom in which, during more than a quarter of a century, it had been passed. We have thought it worth while to rescue from oblivion this curious fragment of literary history. It seems to us at once ludicrous, melancholy, and full of instruction.

Crisp was an old and very intimate friend of the Burneys. To them alone was confided the name of the desolate old hall in which he hid himself like a wild beast in a den. For them were reserved such remains of his humanity as had survived the failure of his play. Frances Burney he regarded as his daughter. He called her his Fannikin, and she in return called him her dear Daddy. In truth, he seems to have done much more than her real father for the development of her intellect: for though he was a bad poet, he was a scholar, a thinker, and an excellent counsellor. He was particularly fond of Dr. Burney's concerts. They had, indeed, been commenced at his suggestion, and when he visited London he constantly attended them. But when he grew old, and when gout, brought on partly by mental irritation, confined him to his retreat, he was desirous of having a glimpse of that gay and brilliant world from which he was exiled, and he pressed Fannikin to send him full accounts of her father's evening parties. A few of her letters to him have been published; and it is impossible to read them without discerning in them all the powers which afterwards produced Evelina and Cecilia, the quickness in catching every odd peculiarity of character and manner, the skill in grouping, the humor, often richly comic, sometimes even farcical.

Fanny's propensity to novel-writing had for a time been kept down. It now rose up stronger than ever. The heroes and heroines of the tales which had perished in the flames, were still present to the eye of her mind. One favorite story, in particular, haunted her imagination. It was about a certain Caroline Evelyn, a beautiful damsel who made an unfortunate love match, and died, leaving an infant daughter. Frances began to image to herself the various scenes, tragic and comic, through which the poor motherless girl, highly connected on one side, meanly connected on the other, might have to pass. A crowd of unreal beings, good and bad, grave and ludicrous, surrounded the pretty, timid, young orphan; a coarse sea-captain; an ugly insolent fop, blazing in a superb court-dress; another fop, as ugly and as insolent, but lodged on Snow-Hill, and tricked out in second-hand finery for the Hampstead ball; an old woman, all wrinkles and rouge, flirting her fan with the air of a Miss of seventeen, and screaming in a dialect made up of vulgar French and vulgar English; a poet lean and ragged, with a broad Scotch accent. By degrees these shadows acquired stronger and stronger consistence: the impulse which urged Frances to write became irresistible; and the result was the history of Evelina.

Then came, naturally enough, a wish, mingled with many fears, to appear before the public; for, timid as Frances was, and bashful, and altogether unaccustomed to hear her own praises, it is clear that she wanted neither a strong passion for distinction, nor a just confidence in her own powers. Her scheme was to become, if possible, a candidate for fame, without running any risk of disgrace. She had not money to bear the expense of printing. It was therefore necessary that some bookseller should be induced to take the risk; and such a bookseller was not readily found. Dodsley refused even to look at the manuscript unless he were trusted with the name of the author. A publisher in Fleet-street, named Lowndes, was more complaisant. Some correspondence took place between this person and Miss Burney, who took the name of Grafton, and desired that the letters addressed to her might be left at the Orange Coffee-House. But, before the bargain was finally struck, Fanny thought it her duty to obtain her father's consent. She told him that she had written a book, that she wished to have his permission to publish it anonymously, but that she hoped that he would not insist upon seeing it. What followed may serve to illustrate what we meant when we said that Dr. Burney was as bad a father as so good-hearted a man could possibly be. It never seems to have crossed his mind that Fanny was about to take a step on which the whole happiness of her life might depend, a step which might raise her to an honorable eminence, or cover her with ridicule and contempt. Several people had already been trusted, and strict concealment was therefore not to be expected. On so grave an occasion, it was surely his duty to give his best counsel to his daughter, to win her confidence, to prevent her from exposing herself if her book were a bad one, and, if it were a good one, to see that the terms

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which she made with the publisher were likely to be beneficial to her. Instead of this, he only stared, burst out a laughing, kissed her, gave her leave to do as she liked, and never even asked the name of her work. The contract with Lowndes was speedily concluded. Twenty pounds were given for the copy-right, and were accepted by Fanny with delight. Her father's inexcusable neglect of his duty, happily caused her no worse evil than the loss of twelve or fifteen hundred pounds.

After many delays, Evelina appeared in January, 1778. Poor Fanny was sick with terror, and durst hardly stir out of doors. Some days passed before any thing was heard of the book. It had, indeed, nothing but its own merits to push it into public favor. Its author was unknown. The house by which it was published, was not, we believe, held in high estimation. No body of partisans had been engaged to applaud. The better class of readers expected little from a novel about a young lady's entrance into the world. There was, indeed, at that time a disposition among the most respectable people to condemn novels generally: nor was this disposition by any means without excuse —for works of that sort were then almost always silly, and very frequently wicked.

Soon, however, the first faint accents of praise began to be heard. The keepers of the circulating libraries reported that every body was asking for Evelina, and that some person had guessed Anstey to be the author. Then came a favorable notice in the London Review; then another still more favorable in the Monthly. And now the book found its way to tables which had seldom been polluted by marble-covered volumes. Scholars and statesmen, who contemptuously abandoned the crowd of romances to Miss Lydia Languish and Miss Sukey Saunter, were not ashamed to own that they could not tear themselves away from Evelina. Fine carriages and rich liveries, not often seen east of Temple Bar, were attracted to the publisher's shop in Fleet-Street. Lowndes was daily questioned about the author; but was himself as much in the dark as any of the questioners. The mystery, however, could not remain a mystery long. It was known to brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins: and they were far too proud and too happy to be discreet. Dr. Burney wept over the book in rapture. Daddy Crisp shook his fist at his Fannikin in affectionate anger at not having been admitted to her confidence. The truth was whispered to Mrs. Thrale; and then it began to spread fast.

The book had been admired while it was ascribed to men of letters long conversant with the world, and accustomed to composition. But when it was known that a reserved, silent young woman had produced the best work of fiction that had appeared since the death of Smollett, the acclamations were redoubled. What she had done was, indeed, extraordinary. But, as usual, various reports improved the story till it became miraculous. Evelina, it was said, was the work of a girl of seventeen. Incredible as this tale was, it continued to be repeated down to our own time. Frances was too honest to confirm it. Probably she was too much a woman to contradict it; and it was long before any of her detractors thought of this mode of annoyance. Yet there was no want of low minds and bad hearts in the generation which witnessed her first appearance. There was the envious Kenrick and the savage Wolcot, the asp George Steevens and the polecat John Williams. It did not, however, occur to them to search the parish-register of Lynn, in order that they might be able to twit a lady with having concealed her age. That truly chivalrous exploit was reserved for a bad writer of our own time, whose spite she had provoked by not furnishing him with materials for a worthless edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson, some sheets of which our readers have doubtless seen round parcels of better books.

But we must return to our story. The triumph was complete. The timid and obscure girl found herself on the highest pinnacle of fame. Great men, on whom she had gazed at a distance with humble reverence, addressed her with admiration, tempered by the tenderness due to her sex and age. Burke, Windham, Gibbon, Reynolds, Sheridan, were among her most ardent eulogists. Cumberland acknowledged her merit, after his fashion, by biting his lips and wriggling in his chair whenever her name was mentioned. But it was at Streatham that she tasted, in the highest perfection, the sweets of flattery, mingled with the sweets of friendship. Mrs. Thrale, then at the height of prosperity and popularity—with gay spirits, quick wit, showy though superficial acquirements, pleasing though not refined manners, a singularly amiable temper, and a loving heart—felt towards Fanny as towards a younger sister. With the Thrales Johnson was domesticated. He was an old friend of Dr. Burney; but he had probably taken little notice of Dr. Burney's daughters, and Fanny, we imagine, had never in her life dared to speak to him, unless to ask whether he wanted a nineteenth or a twen-

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tieth cup of tea. He was charmed by her tale, and preferred it to the novel of Fielding, to whom, indeed, he had always been grossly unjust. He did not, indeed, carry his partiality so far as to place Evelina by the side of Clarissa and Sir Charles Grandison; yet he said that his little favorite had done enough to have made even Richardson feel uneasy. With Johnson's cordial approbation of the book was mingled a fondness, half gallant half paternal, for the writer; and this fondness his age and character entitled him to show without restraint. He began by putting her hand to his lips. But soon he clasped her in his huge arms, and implored her to be a good girl. She was his pet, his dear love, his dear little Burney, his little character-monger. At one time, he broke forth in praise of the good taste of her caps. At another time, he insisted on teaching her Latin. That, with all his coarseness and irritability, he was a man of sterling benevolence, has long been acknowledged. But how gentle and endearing his deportment could be, was not known till the Recollections of Madame D'Arblay were published.

We have mentioned a few of the most eminent of those who paid their homage to the author of Evelina. The crowd of inferior admirers would require a catalogue as long as that in the second book of the Iliad. In that catalogue would be Mrs. Cholmondeley, the sayer of odd things, and Seward, much given to yawning, and Baretti, who slew the man in the Haymarket, and Paoli, talking broken English, and Langton, taller by the head than any other member of the club, and Lady Millar, who kept a vase wherein fools were wont to put bad verses, and Jerningham, who wrote verses fit to be put into the vase of Lady Millar, and Dr. Franklin—not, as some have dreamed, the great Pennsylvanian Dr. Franklin, who could not then have paid his respects to Miss Burney without much risk of being hanged, drawn, and quartered, but Dr. Franklin the less—

*Αἴας*
*μείων οὔτι τόσος γε ὅσος Τελαμώνιος Αἴας,*
*ἀλλὰ πολὺ μείων.*

It would not have been surprising if such success had turned even a strong head, and corrupted even a generous and affectionate nature. But, in the Diary, we can find no trace of any feeling inconsistent with a truly modest and amiable disposition. There is, indeed, abundant proof that Frances enjoyed, with an intense, though a troubled, joy, the honors which her genius had won; but it is equally clear that her happiness sprang from the happiness of her father, her sister, and her dear Daddy Crisp. While flattered by the great, the opulent, and the learned, while followed along the Steyne at Brighton and the Pantiles at Tunbridge Wells by the gaze of admiring crowds, her heart seems to have been still with the little domestic circle in St. Martin's Street. If she recorded with minute diligence all the compliments, delicate and coarse, which she heard wherever she turned, she recorded them for the eyes of two or three persons who had loved her from infancy, who had loved her in obscurity, and to whom her fame gave the purest and most exquisite delight. Nothing can be more unjust than to confound these outpourings of a kind heart, sure of perfect sympathy, with the egotism of a blue-stocking, who prates to all who come near her about her own novel or her own volume of sonnets.

It was natural that the triumphant issue of Miss Burney's first venture should tempt her to try a second. Evelina, though it had raised her fame, had added nothing to her fortune. Some of her friends urged her to write for the stage. Johnson promised to give her his advice as to the composition. Murphy, who was supposed to understand the temper of the pit as well as any man of his time, undertook to instruct her as to stage-effect. Sheridan declared that he would accept a play from her without even reading it. Thus encouraged she wrote a comedy named The Witlings. Fortunately it was never acted or printed. We can, we think, easily perceive from the little which is said on the subject in the Diary, that The Witlings would have been damned, and that Murphy and Sheridan thought so, though they were too polite to say so. Happily Frances had a friend who was not afraid to give her pain. Crisp, wiser for her than he had been for himself, read the manuscript in his lonely retreat, and manfully told her that she had failed, that to remove blemishes here and there would be useless, that the piece had abundance of wit but no interest, that it was bad as a whole, that it would remind every reader of the *Femmes Savantes*, which, strange to say, she had never read, and that she could not sustain so close a comparison with Molière. This opinion, in which Dr. Burney concurred, was sent to Frances in what she called "a hissing, groaning, cat-calling epistle." But she had too much sense not to know that it was better to be hissed and cat-called by her Daddy than by a whole sea of heads in the pit of Drury-Lane Theatre; and she had too good

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a heart not to be grateful for so rare an act of friendship. She returned an answer which shows how well she deserved to have a judicious, faithful, and affectionate adviser. "I intend," she wrote, "to console myself for your censure by this greatest proof I have ever received of the sincerity, candor, and, let me add, esteem, of my dear daddy. And as I happen to love myself rather more than my play, this consolation is not a very trifling one. This, however, seriously I do believe, that when my two daddies put their heads together to concert that hissing, groaning, cat-calling epistle they sent me, they felt as sorry for poor little Miss Bayes as she could possibly do for herself. You see I do not attempt to repay your frankness with the air of pretended carelessness. But, though somewhat disconcerted just now, I will promise not to let my vexation live out another day. Adieu, my dear daddy! I won't be mortified, and I won't be *downed;* but I will be proud to find I have, out of my own family, as well as in it, a friend who loves me well enough to speak plain truth to me."

Frances now turned from her dramatic schemes to an undertaking far better suited to her talents. She determined to write a new tale, on a plan excellently contrived for the display of the powers in which her superiority to other writers lay. It was in truth a grand and various picture-gallery, which presented to the eye a long series of men and women, each marked by some strong peculiar feature. There were avarice and prodigality, the pride of blood and the pride of money, morbid restlessness and morbid apathy, frivolous garrulity, supercilious silence, a Democritus to laugh at every thing, and a Heraclitus to lament over every thing. The work proceeded fast, and in twelve months was completed. It wanted something of the simplicity which had been among the most attractive charms of Evelina; but it furnished ample proof that the four years which had elapsed since Evelina appeared, had not been unprofitably spent. Those who saw Cecilia in manuscript pronounced it the best novel of the age. Mrs. Thrale laughed and wept over it. Crisp was even vehement in applause, and offered to insure the rapid and complete success of the book for half a crown. What Miss Burney received for the copyright is not mentioned in the Diary; but we have observed several expressions from which we infer that the sum was considerable. That the sale would be great nobody could doubt; and Frances now had shrewd and experienced advisers, who would not suffer her to wrong herself. We have been told that the publishers gave her two thousand pounds, and we have no doubt that they might have given a still larger sum without being losers.

Cecilia was published in the summer of 1782. The curiosity of the town was intense. We have been informed by persons who remember those days, that no romance of Sir Walter Scott was more impatiently awaited, or more eagerly snatched from the counters of the booksellers. High as public expectation was, it was amply satisfied; and Cecilia was placed, by general acclamation, among the classical novels of England.

Miss Burney was now thirty. Her youth had been singularly prosperous; but clouds soon began to gather over that clear and radiant dawn. Events deeply painful to a heart so kind as that of Frances, followed each other in rapid succession. She was first called upon to attend the death-bed of her best friend, Samuel Crisp. When she returned to St. Martin's Street, after performing this melancholy duty, she was appalled by hearing that Johnson had been struck with paralysis; and, not many months later, she parted from him for the last time with solemn tenderness. He wished to look on her once more; and on the day before his death, she long remained in tears on the stairs leading to his bedroom, in the hope that she might be called in to receive his blessing. But he was then sinking fast, and, though he sent her an affectionate message, was unable to see her. But this was not the worst. There are separations far more cruel than those which are made by death. Frances might weep with proud affection for Crisp and Johnson. She had to blush as well as to weep for Mrs. Thrale.

Life, however, still smiled upon her. Domestic happiness, friendship, independence, leisure, letters, all these things were hers; and she flung them all away.

Among the distinguished persons to whom Miss Burney had been introduced, none appears to have stood higher in her regard than Mrs. Delany. This lady was an interesting and venerable relique of a past age. She was the niece of George Granville Lord Lansdowne, who, in his youth, exchanged verses and compliments with Edmund Waller, and who was among the first to applaud the opening talents of Pope. She had married Dr. Delany, a man known to his contemporaries as a profound scholar and an eloquent preacher, but remembered in our time chiefly as one of the small circle in which the fierce spirit of Swift, tortured by disappointed ambition, by re-

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morse, and by the approaches of madness, sought for amusement and repose. Doctor Delany had long been dead. His widow, nobly descended, eminently accomplished, and retaining, in spite of the infirmities of advanced age, the vigor of her faculties, and the serenity of her temper, enjoyed and deserved the favor of the royal family. She had a pension of three hundred a year, and a house at Windsor, belonging to the crown, had been fitted up for her accommodation. At this house the King and Queen sometimes called, and found a very natural pleasure in thus catching an occasional glimpse of the private life of English families.

In December, 1785, Miss Burney was on a visit to Mrs. Delany at Windsor. The dinner was over. The old lady was taking a nap. Her grand-niece, a little girl of seven, was playing at some Christmas game with the visitors, when the door opened, and a stout gentleman entered unannounced, with a star on his breast, and "What? what? what?" in his mouth. A cry of "The king," was set up. A general scampering followed. Miss Burney owns that she could not have been more terrified if she had seen a ghost. But Mrs. Delany came forward to pay her duty to her royal friend, and the disturbance was quieted. Frances was then presented, and underwent a long examination and cross-examination about all that she had written, and all that she meant to write. The Queen soon made her appearance, and his Majesty repeated, for the benefit of his consort, the information which he had extracted from Miss Burney. The good nature of the royal pair might have softened even the authors of the Probationary Odes, and could not but be delightful to a young lady who had been brought up a tory. In a few days the visit was repeated. Miss Burney was more at ease than before. His Majesty, instead of seeking for information, condescended to impart it, and passed sentence on many great writers, English and foreign. Voltaire he pronounced a monster. Rousseau he liked rather better. "But was there ever," he cried, "such stuff as great part of Shakspeare? Only one must not say so. But what think you? What? Is there not sad stuff? What? what?"

The next day Frances enjoyed the privilege of listening to some equally valuable criticism uttered by the Queen touching Goethe and Klopstock, and might have learned an important lesson of economy from the mode in which her Majesty's library had been formed. "I picked the book up on a stall," said the Queen. "Oh, it is amazing what good books there are on stalls!" Mrs. Delany, who seems to have understood from these words that her Majesty was in the habit of exploring the booths of Moorfields and Holywell Street in person, could not suppress an exclamation of surprise. "Why," said the Queen, "I don't pick them up myself, but I have a servant very clever; and if they are not to be had at the booksellers', they are not for me more than for another." Miss Burney describes this conversation as delightful; and, indeed, we cannot wonder that, with her literary tastes, she should be delighted at hearing in how magnificent a manner the greatest lady in the land encouraged literature.

The truth is, that Frances was fascinated by the condescending kindness of the two great personages to whom she had been presented. Her father was even more infatuated than herself. The result was a step of which we cannot think with patience, but which, recorded as it is, with all its consequences, in these volumes, deserves at least this praise, that it has furnished a most impressive warning.

A German lady, of the name of Haggerdorn, one of the keepers of the Queen's robes, retired about this time, and her Majesty offered the vacant post to Miss Burney. When we consider that Miss Burney was decidedly the most popular writer of fictitious narrative then living, that competence, if not opulence, was within her reach, and that she was more than usually happy in her domestic circle; and when we compare the sacrifice which she was invited to make, with the remuneration which was held out to her, we are divided between laughter and indignation. What was demanded of her was, that she should consent to be almost as completely separated from her family and friends, as if she had gone to Calcutta, and almost as close a prisoner as if she had been sent to jail for a libel; that with talents, which had instructed and delighted the highest living minds, she should now be employed only in mixing snuff and sticking pins; that she should be summoned by a waiting-woman's bell to a waiting-woman's duties; that she should pass her whole life under the restraints of a paltry etiquette; should sometimes fast till she was ready to swoon with hunger; should sometimes stand till her knees gave way with fatigue; that she should not dare to speak or move without considering how her mistress might like her words and gestures. Instead of those distinguished men and women, the flower of all political parties, with whom

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she had been in the habit of mixing on terms of equal friendship, she was to have for her perpetual companion the chief keeper of the robes, an old hag from Germany, of mean understanding, of insolent manners, and of temper which, naturally savage, had now been exasperated by disease. Now and then, indeed, poor Frances might console herself for the loss of Burke's and Windham's society, by joining in the "celestial colloquy sublime" of his Majesty's equerries.

And what was the consideration for which she was to sell herself into this slavery? A peerage in her own right? A pension of two thousand a year for life? A seventy-four for her brother in the navy? A deanery for her brother in the church? Not so. The price at which she was valued was her board, her lodging, the attendance of a man-servant, and two hundred pounds a year.

The man who, even when hard pressed by hunger, sells his birthright for a mess of pottage, is unwise. But what shall we say of him who parts with his birthright, and does not get even the pottage in return? It is not necessary to inquire whether opulence be an adequate compensation for the sacrifice of bodily and mental freedom; for Frances Burney paid for leave to be a prisoner and a menial. It was evidently understood as one of the terms of her engagement, that, while she was a member of the royal household, she was not to appear before the public as an author; and, even had there been no such understanding, her avocations were such as left her no leisure for any considerable intellectual effort. That her place was incompatible with her literary pursuits, was indeed frankly acknowledged by the King when she resigned. "She has given up," he said, "five years of her pen." That during those five years she might, without painful exertion—without any exertion that would not have been a pleasure—have earned enough to buy an annuity for life much larger than the precarious salary which she received at court, is quite certain. The same income, too, which in St. Martin's Street would have afforded her every comfort, must have been found scanty at St. James's. We cannot venture to speak confidently of the price of millinery and jewelry, but we are greatly deceived if a lady, who had to attend Queen Charlotte on many public occasions, could possibly save a farthing out of a salary of two hundred a year. The principle of the arrangement was, in short, simply this, that Frances Burney should become a slave, and should be rewarded by being made a beggar.

With what object their Majesties brought her to their palace, we must own ourselves unable to conceive. Their object could not be to encourage her literary exertions, for they took her from a situation in which it was almost certain that she would write, and put her into a situation in which it was impossible for her to write. Their object could not be to promote her pecuniary interest, for they took her from a situation where she was likely to become rich, and put her into a situation in which she could not but continue poor. Their object could not be to obtain an eminently useful waiting-maid; for it is clear that, though Miss Burney was the only woman of her time who could have described the death of Harrel, thousands might have been found more expert in tying ribands and filling snuff-boxes. To grant her a pension on the civil list would have been an act of judicious liberality, honorable to the court. If this was impracticable, the next best thing was to let her alone. That the King and Queen meant her nothing but kindness, we do not in the least doubt. But their kindness was the kindness of persons raised high above the mass of mankind, accustomed to be addressed with profound deference, accustomed to see all who approach them mortified by their coldness, and elated by their smiles. They fancied that to be noticed by them, to be near them, to serve them, was in itself a kind of happiness; and that Frances Burney ought to be full of gratitude for being permitted to purchase, by the surrender of health, wealth, freedom, domestic affection, and literary fame, the privilege of standing behind a royal chair, and holding a pair of royal gloves.

And who can blame them? Who can wonder that Princes should be under such a delusion, when they are encouraged in it by the very persons who suffer from it most cruelly? Was it to be expected that George the Third and Queen Charlotte should understand the interest of Frances Burney better, or promote it with more zeal, than herself and her father? No deception was practised. The conditions of the house of bondage were set forth with all simplicity. The hook was presented without a bait; the net was spread in sight of the bird. And the naked hook was greedily swallowed; and the silly bird made haste to entangle herself in the net.

It is not strange indeed that an invitation to court should have caused a fluttering in the bosom of an inexperienced woman. But it was the duty of the parent to watch over the child, and to show her that on the one

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side were only infantile vanities and chimerical hopes, on the other liberty, peace of mind, affluence, social enjoyments, honorable distinctions. Strange to say, the only hesitation was on the part of Frances. Dr. Burney was transported out of himself with delight. Not such are the raptures of a Circassian father who has sold his pretty daughter well to a Turkish slave-merchant. Yet Dr. Burney was an amiable man, a man of good abilities, a man who had seen much of the world. But he seems to have thought that going to court was like going to heaven; that to see Princes and Princesses was a kind of beatific vision; that the exquisite felicity enjoyed by royal persons was not confined to themselves, but was communicated by some mysterious efflux or reflection to all who were suffered to stand at their toilettes, or to bear their trains. He overruled all his daughter's objections, and himself escorted her to prison. The door closed. The key was turned. She, looking back with tender regret on all that she had left, and forward with anxiety and terror to the new life on which she was entering, was unable to speak or stand; and he went on his way homeward rejoicing in her marvellous prosperity.

And now began a slavery of five years, of five years taken from the best part of life, and wasted in menial drudgery or in recreations duller than even menial drudgery, under galling restraints and amidst unfriendly or uninteresting companions. The history of an ordinary day was this: Miss Burney had to rise and dress herself early, that she might be ready to answer the royal bell, which rang at half after seven. Till about eight she attended in the Queen's dressing-room, and had the honor of lacing her august mistress's stays, and of putting on the hoop, gown, and neck-handkerchief. The morning was chiefly spent in rummaging drawers and laying fine clothes in their proper places. Then the Queen was to be powdered and dressed for the day. Twice a week her majesty's hair was curled and craped; and this operation appears to have added a full hour to the business of the toilette. It was generally three before Miss Burney was at liberty. Then she had two hours at her own disposal. To these hours we owe great part of her Diary. At five she had to attend her colleague, Madame Schwellenberg, a hateful old toad-eater, as illiterate as a chambermaid, as proud as a whole German Chapter, rude, peevish, unable to bear solitude, unable to conduct herself with common decency in society. With this delightful associate Frances Burney had to dine, and pass the evening. The pair generally remained together from five to eleven; and often had no other company the whole time, except during the hour from eight to nine, when the Equerries came to tea. If poor Frances attempted to escape to her own apartment, and to forget her wretchedness over a book, the execrable old woman railed and stormed, and complained that she was neglected. Yet, when Frances stayed, she was constantly assailed with insolent reproaches. Literary fame was, in the eyes of the German crone, a blemish, a proof that the person who enjoyed it was meanly born, and out of the pale of good society. All her scanty stock of broken English was employed to express the contempt with which she regarded the author of Evelina and Cecilia. Frances detested cards, and indeed knew nothing about them; but she soon found that the least miserable way of passing an evening with Madame Schwellenberg was at the card-table, and consented, with patient sadness, to give hours, which might have called forth the laughter and the tears of many generations, to the king of clubs and the knave of spades. Between eleven and twelve the bell rang again. Miss Burney had to pass twenty minutes or half an hour in undressing the Queen, and was then at liberty to retire, and dream that she was chatting with her brother by the quiet hearth in St. Martin's Street, that she was the centre of an admiring assemblage at Mrs. Crewe's, that Burke was calling her the first woman of the age, or that Dilly was giving her a cheque for two thousand guineas.

Men, we must suppose, are less patient than women; for we are utterly at a loss to conceive how any human being could endure such a life, while there remained a vacant garret in Grub Street, a crossing in want of a sweeper, a parish workhouse, or a parish vault. And it was for such a life that Frances Burney had given up liberty and peace, a happy fireside, attached friends, a wide and splendid circle of acquaintance, intellectual pursuits in which she was qualified to excel, and the sure hope of what to her would have been affluence.

There is nothing new under the sun. The last great master of Attic eloquence and Attic wit, has left us a forcible and touching description of the misery of a man of letters, who, lured by hopes similar to those of Frances, had entered the service of one of the magnates of Rome:—"Unhappy that I am," cries the victim of his own childish ambition, "would nothing content me but that I must leave mine old pursuits and mine old companions, and the life which was

without care, and the sleep which had no limit save mine own pleasure, and the walks which I was free to take where I listed, and fling myself into the lowest pit of a dungeon like this? And, O God! for what? Is this the bait which enticed me? Was there no way by which I might have enjoyed in freedom comforts even greater than those which I now earn by servitude? Like a lion which has been made so tame that men may lead him about with a thread, I am dragged up and down, with broken and humbled spirit, at the heels of those to whom, in mine own domain, I should have been an object of awe and wonder. And, worst of all, I feel that here I gain no credit, that here I give no pleasure. The talents and accomplishments, which charmed a far different circle, are here out of place. I am rude in the arts of palaces, and can ill bear comparison with those whose calling, from their youth up, has been to flatter and to sue. Have I then two lives, that, after I have wasted one in the service of others, there may yet remain to me a second, which I may live unto myself?"

Now and then, indeed, events occurred which disturbed the wretched monotony of Frances Burney's life. The court moved from Kew to Windsor, and from Windsor back to Kew. One dull colonel went out of waiting, and another dull colonel came into waiting. An impertinent servant made a blunder about tea, and caused a misunderstanding between the gentlemen and the ladies. A half-witted French Protestant minister talked oddly about conjugal fidelity. An unlucky member of the household mentioned a passage in the Morning Herald reflecting on the Queen, and forthwith Madame Schwellenberg began to storm in bad English, and told him that he made her "what you call perspire!"

A more important occurrence was the royal visit to Oxford. Miss Burney went in the Queen's train to Nuneham, was utterly neglected there in the crowd, and could with difficulty find a servant to show the way to her bedroom, or a hairdresser to arrange her curls. She had the honor of entering Oxford in the last of a long string of carriages which formed the royal procession, of walking after the Queen all day through refectories and chapels, and of standing, half-dead with fatigue and hunger, while her august mistress was seated at an excellent cold collation. At Magdalene College, Frances was left for a moment in the parlor, where she sank down on a chair. A good-natured Equerry saw that she was exhausted, and shared with her some apricots and bread, which he had wisely put into his pockets. At that moment the door opened; the Queen entered; the wearied attendants sprang up; the bread and fruit were hastily concealed. "I found," says poor Miss Burney, "that our appetites were to be supposed annihilated, at the same moment that our strength was to be invincible."

Yet Oxford, seen even under such disadvantages, "revived in her," to use her own words, "a consciousness to pleasure which had long lain nearly dormant." She forgot, during one moment, that she was a waiting-maid, and felt as a woman of true genius might be expected to feel amidst venerable remains of antiquity, beautiful works of art, vast repositories of knowledge, and memorials of the illustrious dead. Had she still been what she was before her father induced her to take the most fatal step of her life, we can easily imagine what pleasure she would have derived from a visit to the noblest of English cities. She might, indeed, have been forced to travel in a hack-chaise, and might not have worn so fine a gown of Chambery gauze as that in which she tottered after the royal party; but with what delight would she have then paced the cloisters of Magdalene, compared the antique gloom of Merton with the splendor of Christ Church, and looked down from the dome of the Radcliffe Library on the magnificent sea of turrets and battlements below! How gladly would learned men have laid aside for a few hours Pindar's Odes and Aristotle's Ethics, to escort the author of Cecilia from college to college? What neat little banquets would she have found set out in their monastic cells? With what eagerness would pictures, medals, and illuminated missals have been brought forth from the most mysterious cabinets for her amusement? How much she would have had to hear and to tell about Johnson as she walked over Pembroke, and about Reynolds in the ante-chapel of New College! But these indulgences were not for one who had sold herself into bondage.

About eighteen months after the visit to Oxford, another event diversified the wearisome life which Frances led at court. Warren Hastings was brought to the bar of the House of Peers. The Queen and Princesses were present when the trial commenced, and Miss Burney was permitted to attend. During the subsequent proceedings a day-rule for the same purpose was occasionally granted to her; for the Queen took the strongest interest in the trial, and, when she could not go herself to Westminster Hall, liked to receive a report of what passed from a person who had singular powers

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of observation, and who was, moreover, personally acquainted with some of the most distinguished managers. The portion of the Diary which relates to this celebrated proceeding is lively and picturesque. Yet we read it, we own, with pain; for it seems to us to prove that the fine understanding of Frances Burney was beginning to feel the pernicious influence of a mode of life which is as incompatible with health of mind as the air of the Pomptine marshes with health of body. From the first day, she espouses the cause of Hastings with a presumptuous vehemence and acrimony quite inconsistent with the modesty and suavity of her ordinary deportment. She shudders when Burke enters the Hall at the head of the Commons. She pronounces him the cruel oppressor of an innocent man. She is at a loss to conceive how the managers can look at the defendant, and not blush. Windham comes to her from the manager's box, to offer her refreshment. "But," says she, "I could not break bread with him." Then, again she exclaims—"Ah, Mr. Windham, how came you ever engaged in so cruel, so unjust a cause?" "Mr. Burke saw me," she says, "and he bowed with the most marked civility of manner." This, be it observed, was just after his opening speech, a speech which had produced a mighty effect, and which certainly no other orator that ever lived could have made. "My curtsy," she continues, "was the most ungrateful, distant, and cold; I could not do otherwise; so hurt I felt to see him the head of such a cause." Now, not only had Burke treated her with constant kindness, but the very last act which he performed on the day on which he was turned out of the Pay-Office, about four years before this trial, was to make Dr. Burney organist of Chelsea Hospital. When, at the Westminster election, Dr. Burney was divided between his gratitude for this favor and his Tory opinions, Burke in the noblest manner disclaimed all right to exact a sacrifice of principle. "You have little or no obligations to me," he wrote; "but if you had as many as I really wish it were in my power, as it is certainly in my desire, to lay on you, I hope you do not think me capable of conferring them, in order to subject your mind or your affairs to a painful and mischievous servitude." Was this a man to be uncivilly treated by a daughter of Dr. Burney, because she chose to differ from him respecting a vast and most complicated question, which he had studied deeply during many years, and which she had never studied at all? It is clear from Miss Burney's own statement, that when she behaved so unkindly to Mr. Burke, she did not even know of what Hastings was accused. One thing, however, she must have known, that Burke had been able to convince a House of Commons, bitterly prejudiced against him, that the charges were well founded; and that Pitt and Dundas had concurred, with Fox and Sheridan, in supporting the impeachment. Surely a woman of far inferior abilities to Miss Burney, might have been expected to see that this never could have happened unless there had been a strong case against the late Governor-General. And there was, as all reasonable men now admit, a strong case against him. That there were great public services to be set off against his great crimes, is perfectly true. But his services and his crimes were equally unknown to the lady who so confidently asserted his perfect innocence, and imputed to his accusers, that is to say, to all the greatest men of all parties in the state, not merely error, but gross injustice and barbarity.

She had, it is true, occasionally seen Mr. Hastings, and had found his manners and conversation agreeable. But surely she could not be so weak as to infer from the gentleness of his deportment in a drawing-room, that he was incapable of committing a great state crime, under the influence of ambition and revenge. A silly Miss, fresh from a boarding-school, might fall into such a mistake; but the woman who had drawn the character of Mr. Monckton should have known better.

The truth is, that she had been too long at Court. She was sinking into a slavery worse than that of the body. The iron was beginning to enter into the soul. Accustomed during many months to watch the eye of a mistress, to receive with boundless gratitude the slightest mark of royal condescension, to feel wretched at every symptom of royal displeasure, to associate only with spirits long tamed and broken in, she was degenerating into something fit for her place. Queen Charlotte was a violent partisan of Hastings; had received presents from him, and had so far departed from the severity of her virtue as to lend her countenance to his wife, whose conduct had certainly been as reprehensible as that of any of the frail beauties who were then rigidly excluded from the English Court. The King, it was well known, took the same side. To the King and Queen all the members of the household looked submissively for guidance. The impeachment, therefore, was an atrocious persecution; the managers were rascals; the defendant was the most deserving,

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and the worst used man in the kingdom. This was the cant of the whole palace, from Gold Stick in Waiting, down to the Table-Deckers and Yeomen of the Silver Scullery; and Miss Burney canted like the rest, though in livelier tones, and with less bitter feelings.

The account which she has given of the King's illness, contains much excellent narrative and description, and will, we think, be more valued by the historians of a future age than any equal portion of Pepys' or Evelyn's Diaries. That account shows also, how affectionate and compassionate her nature was. But it shows also, we must say, that her way of life was rapidly impairing her powers of reasoning, and her sense of justice. We do not mean to discuss in this place, the question, whether the views of Mr. Pitt or those of Mr. Fox respecting the regency were the more correct. It is, indeed, quite needless to discuss that question: for the censure of Miss Burney falls alike on Pitt and Fox, on majority and minority. She is angry with the House of Commons for presuming to inquire whether the King was mad or not, and whether there was a chance of his recovering his senses. "A melancholy day," she writes; "news bad both at home and abroad. At home the dear unhappy king still worse; abroad new examinations voted of the physicians. Good heavens! what an insult does this seem from Parliamentary power, to investigate and bring forth to the world every circumstance of such a malady as is ever held sacred to secrecy in the most private families! How indignant we all feel here, no words can say." It is proper to observe, that the motion which roused all this indignation at Kew was made by Mr. Pitt himself; and that, if withstood by Mr. Pitt, it would certainly have been rejected. We see, therefore, that the loyalty of the minister, who was then generally regarded as the most heroic champion of his Prince, was lukewarm indeed when compared with the boiling zeal which filled the pages of the back-stairs and the women of the bed-chamber. Of the Regency bill, Pitt's own bill, Miss Burney speaks with horror. "I shuddered," she says, "to hear it named." And again—"Oh, how dreadful will be the day when that unhappy bill takes place! I cannot approve the plan of it." The truth is, that Mr. Pitt, whether a wise and upright statesman or not, was a statesman; and whatever motives he might have for imposing restrictions on the regent, felt that in some way or other there must be some provision made for the execution of some part of the kingly office, or that no government would be left in the country. But this was a matter of which the household never thought. It never occurred, as far as we can see, to the Exons and Keepers of the Robes, that it was necessary that there should be somewhere or other a power in the state to pass laws, to preserve order, to pardon criminals, to fill up offices, to negotiate with foreign governments, to command the army and navy. Nay, these enlightened politicians, and Miss Burney among the rest, seem to have thought that any person who considered the subject with reference to the public interest, showed himself to be a bad-hearted man. Nobody wonders at this in a gentleman-usher; but it is melancholy to see genius sinking into such debasement.

During more than two years after the King's recovery, Frances dragged on a miserable existence at the palace. The consolations which had for a time mitigated the wretchedness of servitude, were one by one withdrawn. Mrs. Delany, whose society had been a great resource when the Court was at Windsor, was now dead. One of the gentlemen of the royal establishment, Colonel Digby, appears to have been a man of sense, of taste, of some reading, and of prepossessing manners. Agreeable associates were scarce in the prison-house, and he and Miss Burney were therefore naturally attached to each other. She owns that she valued him as a friend; and it would not have been strange if his attentions had led her to entertain for him a sentiment warmer than friendship. He quitted the Court, and married in a way which astonished Miss Burney greatly, and which evidently wounded her feelings, and lowered him in her esteem. The palace grew duller and duller; Madame Schwellenberg became more and more savage and insolent. And now the health of poor Frances began to give way; and all who saw her pale face, her emaciated figure, and her feeble walk, predicted that her sufferings would soon be over.

Frances uniformly speaks of her royal mistress, and of the princesses, with respect and affection. The princesses seem to have well deserved all the praise which is bestowed on them in the Diary. They were, we doubt not, most amiable women. But "the sweet queen," as she is constantly called in these volumes, is not by any means an object of admiration to us. She had undoubtedly sense enough to know what kind of deportment suited her high station, and self-command enough to maintain that deportment invariably. She was, in her intercourse with Miss Burney, generally gracious and affa-

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ble, sometimes, when displeased, cold and reserved, but never, under any circumstances, rude, peevish, or violent. She knew how to dispense, gracefully and skilfully, those little civilities which, when paid by a sovereign, are prized at many times their intrinsic value; how to pay a compliment; how to lend a book; how to ask after a relation. But she seems to have been utterly regardless of the comfort, the health, the life of her attendants, when her own convenience was concerned. Weak, feverish, hardly able to stand, Frances had still to rise before seven, in order to dress the sweet queen, and to sit up till midnight, in order to undress the sweet queen. The indisposition of the handmaid could not, and did not, escape the notice of her royal mistress. But the established doctrine of the Court was, that all sickness was to be considered as a pretence until it proved fatal. The only way in which the invalid could clear herself from the suspicion of malingering, as it is called in the army, was to go on lacing and unlacing, till she dropped down dead at the royal feet. "This," Miss Burney wrote, when she was suffering cruelly from sickness, watching, and labor, "is by no means from hardness of heart; far otherwise. There is no hardness of heart in any one of them; but it is prejudice, and want of personal experience."

Many strangers sympathized with the bodily and mental sufferings of this distinguished woman. All who saw her saw that her frame was sinking, that her heart was breaking. The last, it should seem, to observe the change was her father. At length, in spite of himself, his eyes were opened. In May 1790, his daughter had an interview of three hours with him, the only long interview which they had since he took her to Windsor in 1786. She told him that she was miserable, that she was worn with attendance and want of sleep, that she had no comfort in life, nothing to love, nothing to hope, that her family and friends were to her as though they were not, and were remembered by her as men remember the dead. From daybreak to midnight the same killing labor, the same recreations, more hateful than labor itself, followed each other without variety, without any interval of liberty and repose.

The Doctor was greatly dejected by this news; but was too good-natured a man not to say that, if she wished to resign, his house and arms were open to her. Still, however, he could not bear to remove her from the Court. His veneration for royalty amounted in truth to idolatry. It can be compared only to the grovelling superstition of those Syrian devotees who made their children pass through the fire to Moloch. When he induced his daughter to accept the place of Keeper of the Robes, he entertained, as she tells us, a hope that some worldly advantage or other, not set down in the contract of service, would be the result of her connexion with the Court. What advantage he expected we do not know, nor did he probably know himself. But, whatever he expected, he certainly got nothing. Miss Burney had been hired for board, lodging, and two hundred a-year. Board, lodging, and two hundred a-year, she had duly received. We have looked carefully through the Diary, in the hope of finding some trace of those extraordinary benefactions on which the Doctor reckoned. But we can discover only a promise, never performed, of a gown; and for this promise Miss Burney was expected to return thanks, such as might have suited the beggar with whom Saint Martin, in the legend, divided his cloak. The experience of four years was, however, insufficient to dispel the illusion which had taken possession of the Doctor's mind; and, between the dear father and the sweet queen, there seemed to be little doubt that some day or other Frances would drop down a corpse. Six months had elapsed since the interview between the parent and the daughter. The resignation was not sent in. The sufferer grew worse and worse. She took bark; but it soon ceased to produce a beneficial effect. She was stimulated with wine; she was soothed with opium; but in vain. Her breath began to fail. The whisper that she was in a decline spread through the Court. The pains in her side became so severe that she was forced to crawl from the card-table of the old fury to whom she was tethered, three or four times in an evening, for the purpose of taking hartshorn. Had she been a negro slave, a humane planter would have excused her from work. But her Majesty showed no mercy. Thrice a day the accursed bell still rang; the Queen was still to be dressed for the morning at seven, and to be dressed for the day at noon, and to be undressed at eleven at night.

But there had arisen, in literary and fashionable society, a general feeling of compassion for Miss Burney, and of indignation against both her father and the Queen. "Is it possible," said a great French lady to the Doctor, "that your daughter is in a situation where she is never allowed a holiday?" Horace Walpole wrote to Frances, to express his sym-



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pathy. Boswell, boiling over with good-natured rage, almost forced an entrance into the palace to see her. "My dear ma'am, why do you stay? It won't do, ma'am; you must resign. We can put up with it no longer. Some very violent measures, I assure you, will be taken. We shall address Dr. Burney in a body." Burke and Reynolds, though less noisy, were zealous in the same cause. Windham spoke to Dr. Burney; but found him still irresolute. "I will set the Literary Club upon him," cried Windham; "Miss Burney has some very true admirers there, and I am sure they will eagerly assist." Indeed the Burney family seem to have been apprehensive that some public affront, such as the Doctor's unpardonable folly, to use the mildest term, had richly deserved, would be put upon him. The medical men spoke out, and plainly told him that his daughter must resign or die.

At last paternal affection, medical authority, and the voice of all London crying shame, triumphed over Doctor Burney's love of courts. He determined that Frances should write a letter of resignation. It was with difficulty that, though her life was at stake, she mustered spirit to put the paper into the Queen's hands. "I could not," so runs the Diary, "summon courage to present my memorial—my heart always failed me from seeing the Queen's entire freedom from such an expectation. For though I was frequently so ill in her presence that I could hardly stand, I saw she concluded me, while life remained, inevitably hers."

At last with a trembling hand the paper was delivered. Then came the storm. Juno, as in the Æneid, delegated the work of vengeance to Alecto. The Queen was calm and gentle; but Madame Schwellenberg raved like a maniac in the incurable ward of Bedlam. Such insolence! Such ingratitude! Such folly! Would Miss Burney bring utter destruction on herself and her family? Would she throw away the inestimable advantage of royal protection? Would she part with privileges which, once relinquished, could never be regained? It was idle to talk of health and life. If people could not live in the palace, the best thing that could befall them was to die in it. The resignation was not accepted. The language of the medical men became stronger and stronger. Doctor Burney's parental fears were fully roused; and he explicitly declared, in a letter meant to be shown to the Queen, that his daughter must retire. The Schwellenberg raged like a wild-cat. "A scene almost horrible ensued," says Miss Burney. "She was too much enraged for disguise, and uttered the most furious expressions of indignant contempt at our proceedings. I am sure she would gladly have confined us both in the Bastile, had England such a misery, as a fit place to bring us to ourselves, from a daring so outrageous against imperial wishes." This passage deserves notice, as being the only one in the Diary, as far as we have observed, which shows Miss Burney to have been aware that she was a native of a free country, that she could not be pressed for a waiting-maid against her will, and that she had just as good a right to live, if she chose in St. Martin's Street, as Queen Charlotte, had to live at St. James's.

The Queen promised that, after the next birth-day, Miss Burney should be set at liberty. But the promise was ill kept; and her Majesty showed displeasure at being reminded of it. At length Frances was informed that in a fortnight her attendance should cease. "I heard this," she says, "with a fearful presentiment I should surely never go through another fortnight, in so weak and languishing and painful a state of health. . . . As the time of separation approached, the Queen's cordiality rather diminished, and traces of internal displeasure appeared sometimes, arising from an opinion I ought rather to have struggled on, live or die, than to quit her. Yet I am sure she saw how poor was my own chance, except by a change in the mode of life, and at least ceased to wonder, though she could not approve." Sweet Queen! What noble candor, to admit that the undutifulness of people who did not think the honor of adjusting her tuckers worth the sacrifice of their own lives, was, though highly criminal, not altogether unnatural!

We perfectly understand her Majesty's contempt for the lives of others where her own pleasure was concerned. But what pleasure she can have found in having Miss Burney about her, it is not so easy to comprehend. That Miss Burney was an eminently skilful keeper of the robes is not very probable. Few women, indeed, had paid less attention to dress. Now and then, in the course of five years, she had been asked to read aloud or to write a copy of verses. But better readers might easily have been found; and her verses were worse than even the Poet-Laureate's Birth-day Odes. Perhaps that economy which was among her Majesty's most conspicuous virtues, had something to do with her conduct on this occasion. Miss Burney had never

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hinted that she expected a retiring pension; and indeed would gladly have given the little that she had for freedom. But her Majesty knew what the public thought, and what became her dignity. She could not for very shame suffer a woman of distinguished genius, who had quitted a lucrative career to wait on her, who had served her faithfully for a pittance during five years, and whose constitution had been impaired by labor and watching, to leave the Court without some mark of royal liberality. George the Third, who, on all occasions where Miss Burney was concerned, seems to have behaved like an honest, good-natured gentleman, felt this, and said plainly that she was entitled to a provision. At length, in return for all the misery which she had undergone, and for the health which she had sacrificed, an annuity of one hundred pounds was granted to her, dependent on the Queen's pleasure.

Then the prison was opened, and Frances was free once more. Johnson, as Burke observed, might have added a striking page to his poem on the Vanity of Human Wishes, if he had lived to see his little Burney as she went into the palace and as she came out of it.

The pleasures, so long untasted, of liberty, of friendship, of domestic affection, were almost too acute for her shattered frame. But happy days and tranquil nights soon restored the health which the Queen's toilette and Madame Schwellenberg's card-table had impaired. Kind and anxious faces surrounded the invalid. Conversation the most polished and brilliant revived her spirits. Travelling was recommended to her; and she rambled by easy journeys from cathedral to cathedral, and from watering-place to watering-place. She crossed the New Forest, and visited Stonehenge and Wilton, the cliffs of Lyme, and the beautiful valley of Sidmouth. Thence she journeyed by Powderham Castle, and by the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey, to Bath, and from Bath, when the winter was approaching, returned well and cheerful to London. There she visited her old dungeon, and found her successor already far on the way to the grave, and kept to strict duty, from morning till midnight, with a sprained ankle and a nervous fever.

At this time England swarmed with French exiles driven from their country by the Revolution. A colony of these refugees settled at Juniper Hall in Surrey, not far from Norbury Park, where Mr. Lock, an intimate friend of the Burney family, resided. Frances visited Norbury, and was introduced to the strangers. She had strong prejudices against them; for her Toryism was far beyond, we do not say that of Mr. Pitt, but that of Mr. Reeves; and the inmates of Juniper Hall were all attached to the constitution of 1791, and were therefore more detested by the Royalists of the first emigration than Petion or Marat. But such a woman as Miss Burney could not long resist the fascination of that remarkable society. She had lived with Johnson and Windham, with Mrs. Montague and Mrs. Thrale. Yet she was forced to own that she had never heard conversation before. The most animated eloquence, the keenest observation, the most sparkling wit, the most courtly grace, were united to charm her. For Madame de Staël was there, and M. de Talleyrand. There too was M. de Narbonne, a noble representative of French aristocracy; and with M. de Narbonne was his friend and follower General D'Arblay, an honorable and amiable man, with a handsome person, frank soldier-like manners, and some taste for letters.

The prejudices which Frances had conceived against the constitutional royalists of France rapidly vanished. She listened with rapture to Talleyrand and Madame de Staël, joined with M. D'Arblay in execrating the Jacobins, and in weeping for the unhappy Bourbons, took French lessons from him, fell in love with him, and married him on no better provision than a precarious annuity of one hundred pounds.

Here the Diary stops for the present. We will, therefore, bring our narrative to a speedy close, by rapidly recounting the most important events which we know to have befallen Madame D'Arblay during the latter part of her life.

M. D'Arblay's fortune had perished in the general wreck of the French Revolution; and in a foreign country his talents, whatever they may have been, could scarcely make him rich. The task of providing for the family devolved on his wife. In the year 1796, she published by subscription her third novel, Camilla. It was impatiently expected by the public; and the sum which she obtained by it was, we believe, greater than had ever at that time been received for a novel. We have heard that she cleared more than three thousand guineas. But we give this merely as a rumor. Camilla, however, never attained popularity like that which Evelina and Cecilia had enjoyed; and it must be allowed that there was a perceptible falling off, not indeed in humor, or in power of portraying character, but in grace and in purity of style.

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We have heard that, about this time, a tragedy by Madame D'Arblay was performed without success. We do not know whether it was ever printed; nor indeed have we had time to make any researches into its history or merits.

During the short time which followed the treaty of Amiens, M. D'Arblay visited France. Lauriston and La Fayette represented his claims to the French government, and obtained a promise that he should be reinstated in his military rank. M. D'Arblay, however, insisted that he should never be required to serve against the countrymen of his wife. The First Consul, of course, would not hear of such a condition; and ordered the general's commission to be instantly revoked.

Madame D'Arblay joined her husband at Paris a short time before the war of 1803 broke out; and remained in France ten years, cut off from almost all intercourse with the land of her birth. At length, when Napoleon was on his march to Moscow, she with great difficulty obtained from his ministers permission to visit her own country, in company with her son, who was a native of England. She returned in time to receive the last blessing of her father, who died in his eighty-seventh year. In 1814 she published her last novel, the Wanderer, a book which no judicious friend to her memory will attempt to draw from the oblivion into which it has justly fallen. In the same year her son Alexander was sent to Cambridge. He obtained an honorable place among the wranglers of his year, and was elected a fellow of Christ's College. But his reputation at the University was higher than might be inferred from his success in academical contests. His French education had not fitted him for the examinations of the Senate-House; but in pure mathematics, we have been assured by some of his competitors that he had very few equals. He went into the Church, and it was thought likely that he would attain high eminence as a preacher; but he died before his mother. All that we have heard of him leads us to believe, that he was such a son as such a mother deserved to have. In 1832, Madame D'Arblay published the 'Memoirs of her Father;' and, on the 6th of January 1840, she died in her eighty-eighth year.

We now turn from the life of Madame D'Arblay to her writings. There can, we apprehend, be little differnce of opinion as to the nature of her merit, whatever differences may exist as to its degree. She was emphatically what Johnson called her, a character-monger. It was in the exhibition of human passions and whims that her strength lay; and in this department of art she had, we think, very distinguished skill.

But in order that we may, according to our duty as kings-at-arms, versed in the laws of literary precedence, marshal her to the exact seat to which she is entitled, we must carry our examination somewhat further.

There is, in one respect, a remarkable analogy between the faces and the minds of men. No two faces are alike; and yet very few faces deviate very widely from the common standard. Among the eighteen hundred thousand human beings who inhabit London, there is not one who could be taken by his acquaintance for another; yet we may walk from Paddington to Mile-end without seeing one person in whom any feature is so overcharged that we turn round to stare at it. An infinite number of varieties lies between limits which are not very far asunder. The specimens which pass those limits on either side form a very small minority.

It is the same with the characters of men. Here, too, the variety passes all enumeration. But the cases in which the deviation from the common standard is striking and grotesque, are very few. In one mind avarice predominates; in another, pride; in a third, love of pleasure—just as in one countenance the nose is the most marked feature, while in others the chief expression lies in the brow, or in the lines of the mouth. But there are very few countenances in which nose, brow, and mouth do not contribute, though in unequal degrees, to the general effect; and so there are few characters in which one overgrown propensity makes all others utterly insignificant.

It is evident that a portrait-painter, who was able only to represent faces and figures such as those which we pay money to see at fairs, would not, however spirited his execution might be, take rank among the highest artists. He must always be placed below those who have skill to seize peculiarities which do not amount to deformity. The slighter those peculiarities are the greater is the merit of the limner who can catch them and transfer them to his canvass. To paint Daniel Lambert or the Living Skeleton, the Pig-faced Lady or the Siamese Twins, so that nobody can mistake them, is an exploit within the reach of a sign-painter. A third-rate artist might give us the squint of Wilkes, and the depressed nose and protuberant cheeks of Gibbon. It would require a much higher degree of skill

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to paint two such men as Mr. Canning and Sir Thomas Lawrence, so that nobody who had ever seen them could for a moment hesitate to assign each picture to its original. Here the mere caricaturist would be quite at fault. He would find in neither face any thing on which he could lay hold for the purpose of making a distinction. Two ample bald foreheads, two regular profiles, two full faces of the same oval form, would baffle his art; and he would be reduced to the miserable shift of writing their names at the foot of his picture. Yet there was a great difference; and a person who had seen them once, would no more have mistaken one of them for the other than he would have mistaken Mr. Pitt for Mr. Fox. But the difference lay in delicate lineaments and shades, reserved for pencils of a rare order.

This distinction runs through all the imitative arts. Foote's mimicry was exquisitely ludicrous, but it was all caricature. He could take off only some strange peculiarity, a stammer or a lisp, a Northumbrian burr or an Irish brogue, a stop or a shuffle. "If a man," said Johnson, "hops on one leg, Foote can hop on one leg." Garrick, on the other hand, could seize those differences of manner and pronunciation, which, though highly characteristic, are yet too slight to be described. Foote, we have no doubt, could have made the Haymarket Theatre shake with laughter by imitating a dialogue between a Scotchman and a Somersetshireman. But Garrick could have imitated a dialogue between two fashionable men, both models of the best breeding, Lord Chesterfield for example, and Lord Albermale; so that no person could doubt which was which, although no person could say that, in any point, either Lord Chesterfield or Lord Albemarle spoke or moved otherwise than in conformity with the usages of the best society.

The same distinction is found in the drama and in fictitious narrative. Highest among those who have exhibited human nature by means of dialogue, stands Shakspeare. His variety is like the variety of nature, endless diversity, scarcely any monstrosity. The characters of which he has given us an impression, as vivid as that which we receive from the characters of our own associates, are to be reckoned by scores. Yet in all these scores hardly one character is to be found which deviates widely from the common standard, and which we should call very eccentric if we met it in real life. The silly notion that every man has one ruling passion, and that this clew, once known, unravels all the mysteries of his conduct, finds no countenance in the plays of Shakspeare. There man appears as he is, made up of a crowd of passions, which contend for the mastery over him, and govern him in turn. What is Hamlet's ruling passion? Or Othello's? Or Harry the Fifth's? Or Wolsey's? Or Lear's? Or Shylock's? Or Benedick's? Or Macbeth's? Or that of Cassius? Or that of Falconbridge? But we might go on for ever. Take a single example—Shylock. Is he so eager for money as to be indifferent to revenge? Or so eager for revenge as to be indifferent to money? Or so bent on both together as to be indifferent to the honor of his nation and the law of Moses? All his propensities are mingled with each other; so that, in trying to apportion to each its proper part, we find the same difficulty which constantly meets us in real life. A superficial critic may say, that hatred is Shylock's ruling passion. But how many passions have amalgamated to form that hatred? It is partly the result of wounded pride: Antonio has called him dog. It is partly the result of covetousness: Antonio has hindered him of half a million; and, when Antonio is gone, there will be no limit to the gains of usury. It is partly the result of national and religious feeling: Antonio has spit on the Jewish gaberdine; and the oath of revenge has been sworn by the Jewish Sabbath. We might go through all the characters which we have mentioned, and through fifty more in the same way; for it is the constant manner of Shakspeare to represent the human mind as lying, not under the absolute dominion of one despotic propensity, but under a mixed government, in which a hundred powers balance each other. Admirable as he was in all parts of his art, we most admire him for this, that, while he has left us a greater number of striking portraits than all other dramatists put together, he has scarcely left us a single caricature.

Shakspeare has had neither equal nor second. But among the writers who, in the point which we have noticed, have approached nearer to the manner of the great master, we have no hesitation in placing Jane Austen, a woman of whom England is justly proud. She has given us a multitude of characters, all, in a certain sense, common-place, all such as we meet every day. Yet they are all as perfectly discriminated from each other as if they were the most eccentric of human beings. There are, for example four clergymen, none of whom we should be surprised to find in any parson-

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age in the kingdom, Mr. Edward Ferrars, Mr. Henry Tilney, Mr. Edmund Bertram, and Mr. Elton. They are all specimens of the upper part of the middle class. They have all been liberally educated. They all lie under the restraints of the same sacred profession. They are all young. They are all in love. Not one of them has any hobbyhorse, to use the phrase of Sterne. Not one has a ruling passion, such as we read of in Pope. Who would not have expected them to be insipid likenesses of each other? No such thing. Harpagon is not more unlike to Jourdain, Joseph Surface is not more unlike to Sir Lucius O'Trigger, than every one of Miss Austen's young divines to all his reverend brethren. And almost all this is done by touches so delicate, that they elude analysis, that they defy the powers of description, and that we know them to exist only by the general effect to which they have contributed.

A line must be drawn, we conceive, between artists of this class, and those poets and novelists whose skill lies in the exhibiting of what Ben Johnson called humors. The words of Ben are so much to the purpose, that we will quote them :—

> "When some one peculiar quality
> Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw
> All his affects, his spirits, and his powers,
> In their confluxions all to run one way,
> This may be truly said to be a humor."

There are undoubtedly persons, in whom humors such as Ben describes have attained a complete ascendency. The avarice of Elwes, the insane desire of Sir Egerton Brydges for a barony to which he had no more right than to the crown of Spain, the malevolence which long meditation on imaginary wrongs generated in the gloomy mind of Bellingham, are instances. The feeling which animated Clarkson and other virtuous men against the slave-trade and slavery, is an instance of a more honorable kind.

Seeing that such humors exist, we cannot deny that they are proper subjects for the imitations of art. But we conceive that the imitation of such humors, however skilful and amusing, is not an achievement of the highest order; and, as such humors are rare in real life, they ought, we conceive, to be sparingly introduced into works which profess to be pictures of real life. Nevertheless, a writer may show so much genius in the exhibition of these humors, as to be fairly entitled to a distinguished and permanent rank among classics. The chief seats of all, however, the places on the dais and under the canopy, are reserved for the few who have excelled in the difficult art of portraying characters in which no single feature is extravagantly overcharged.

If we have expounded the law soundly, we can have no difficulty in applying it to the particular case before us. Madame D'Arblay has left us scarcely any thing but humors. Almost every one of her men and women has some one propensity developed to a morbid degree. In Cecilia, for example, Mr. Delvile never opens his lips without some allusion to his own birth and station; or Mr. Briggs, without some allusion to the hoarding of money; or Mr. Hobson, without betraying the self-indulgence and self-importance of a purse-proud upstart; or Mr. Simkins, without uttering some sneaking remark for the purpose of currying favor with his customers; or Mr. Meadows, without expressing apathy and weariness of life; or Mr. Albany, without declaiming about the vices of the rich and the misery of the poor; or Mrs. Belfield, without some indelicate eulogy on her son; or Lady Margaret, without indicating jealousy of her husband. Morrice is all skipping, officious impertinence, Mr. Gosport all sarcasm, Lady Honoria all lively prattle, Miss Larolles all silly prattle. If ever Madame D'Arblay aimed at more, as in the character of Monckton we do not think that she succeeded well.

We are, therefore, forced to refuse to Madame D'Arblay a place in the highest rank of art; but we cannot deny that, in the rank to which she belonged, she had few equals, and scarcely any superior. The variety of humors which is to be found in her novels is immense; and though the talk of each person separately is monotonous, the general effect is not monotony, but a very lively and agreeable diversity. Her plots are rudely constructed and improbable, if we consider them in themselves. But they are admirably framed for the purpose of exhibiting striking groups of eccentric characters, each governed by his own peculiar whim, each talking his own peculiar jargon, and each bringing out by opposition the oddities of all the rest. We will give one example out of many which occur to us. All probability is violated in order to bring Mr. Delvile, Mr. Briggs, Mr. Hobson, and Mr. Albany into a room together. But when we have them there, we soon forget probability in the exquisitely ludicrous effect which is produced by the conflict of four old fools, each raging with a monomania of his own, each talking a dialect of his own, and each inflaming all the others anew every time he opens his mouth.

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Madame D'Arblay was most successful in comedy, and indeed in comedy which bordered on farce. But we are inclined to infer from some passages, both in Cecilia and Camilla, that she might have attained equal distinction in the pathetic. We have formed this judgment, less from those ambitious scenes of distress which lie near the catastrophe of each of those novels, than from some exquisite strokes of natural tenderness which take us here and there by surprise. We would mention as examples, Mrs. Hill's account of her little boy's death in Cecilia, and the parting of Sir Hugh Tyrold and Camilla, when the honest Baronet thinks himself dying.

It is melancholy to think that the whole fame of Madame D'Arblay rests on what she did during the earlier half of her life, and that every thing which she published during the forty-three years which preceded her death, lowered her reputation. Yet we have no reason to think that at the time when her faculties ought to have been in their maturity, they were smitten with any blight. In the Wanderer, we catch now and then a gleam of her genius. Even in the Memoirs of her Father, there is no trace of dotage. They are very bad; but they are so, as it seems to us, not from a decay of power, but from a total perversion of power.

The truth is, that Madame D'Arblay's style underwent a gradual and most pernicious change—a change which, in degree at least, we believe to be unexampled in literary history, and of which it may be useful to trace the progress.

When she wrote her letters to Mr. Crisp, her early journals, and the novel of Evelina, her style was not indeed brilliant or energetic; but it was easy, clear, and free from all offensive faults. When she wrote Cecilia she aimed higher. She had then lived much in a circle of which Johnson was the centre; and she was herself one of his most submissive worshippers. It seems never to have crossed her mind that the style even of his best writings was by no means faultless, and that even had it been faultless, it might not be wise in her to imitate it. Phraseology which is proper in a disquisition on the Unities, or in a preface to a Dictionary, may be quite out of place in a tale of fashionable life. Old gentlemen do not criticise the reigning modes, nor do young gentlemen make love, with the balanced epithets and sonorous cadences which, on occasions of great dignity, a skilful writer may use with happy effect.

In an evil hour the author of Evelina took the Rambler for her model. This would not have been wise even if she could have imitated her pattern as well as Hawkesworth did. But such imitation was beyond her power. She had her own style. It was a tolerably good one; and might, without any violent change, have been improved into a very good one. She determined to throw it away, and to adopt a style in which she could attain excellence only by achieving an almost miraculous victory over nature and over habit. She could cease to be Fanny Burney; it was not so easy to become Samuel Johnson.

In Cecilia the change of manner began to appear. But in Cecilia the imitation of Johnson, though not always in the best taste, is sometimes eminently happy; and the passages which are so verbose as to be positively offensive, are few. There were people who whispered that Johnson had assisted his young friend, and that the novel owed all its finest passages to his hand. This was merely the fabrication of envy. Miss Burney's real excellences were as much beyond the reach of Johnson, as his real excellences were beyond her reach. He could no more have written the Masquerade scene, or the Vauxhall scene, than she could have written the Life of Cowley or the Review of Soame Jenyns. But we have not the smallest doubt that he revised Cecilia, and that he retouched the style of many passages. We know that he was in the habit of giving assistance of this kind most freely. Goldsmith, Hawkesworth, Boswell, Lord Hailes, Mrs. Williams, were among those who obtained his help. Nay, he even corrected the poetry of Mr. Crabbe, whom, we believe, he had never seen. When Miss Burney thought of writing a comedy, he promised to give her his best counsel, though he owned that he was not particularly well qualified to advise on matters relating to the stage. We therefore think it in the highest degree improbable that his little Fanny, when living in habits of the most affectionate intercourse with him, would have brought out an important work without consulting him; and, when we look into Cecilia, we see such traces of his hand in the grave and elevated passages, as it is impossible to mistake. Before we conclude this article, we will give two or three examples.

When next Madame D'Arblay appeared before the world as a writer, she was in a very different situation. She would not content herself with the simple English in which Evelina had been written. She had no longer the friend who, we are confident, had polished and strengthened the style of

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Cecilia. She had to write in Johnson's manner without Johnson's aid. The consequence was, that in Camilla every passage which she meant to be fine is detestable; and that the book has been saved from condemnation only by the admirable spirit and force of those scenes in which she was content to be familiar.

But there was to be a still deeper descent. After the publication of Camilla, Madame D'Arblay resided ten years at Paris. During those years there was scarcely any intercourse between France and England. It was with difficulty that a short letter could occasionally be transmitted. All Madame D'-Arblay's companions were French. She must have written, spoken, thought, in French. Ovid expressed his fear that a shorter exile might have affected the purity of his Latin. During a shorter exile, Gibbon unlearned his native English. Madame D'Arblay had carried a bad style to France. She brought back a style which we are really at a loss to describe. It is a sort of broken Johnsonese, a barbarous *patois*, bearing the same relation to the language of Rasselas, which the gibberish of the Negroes of Jamaica bears to the English of the House of Lords. Sometimes it reminds us of the finest, that is to say, the vilest parts, of Mr. Galt's novels; sometimes of the perorations of Exeter Hall; sometimes of the leading articles of the Morning Post. But it most resembles the puffs of Mr. Rowland and Dr. Goss. It matters not what ideas are clothed in such a style. The genius of Shakspeare and Bacon united, would not save a work so written from general derision.

It is only by means of specimens that we can enable our readers to judge how widely Madame D'Arblay's three styles differed from each other.

The following passage was written before she became intimate with Johnson. It is from Evelina:—

"His son seems weaker in his understanding, and more gay in his temper; but his gaiety is that of a foolish overgrown schoolboy, whose mirth consists in noise and disturbance. He disdains his father for his close attention to business and love of money, though he seems himself to have no talents, spirit, or generosity to make him superior to either. His chief delight appears to be in tormenting and ridiculing his sisters, who in return most cordially despise him. Miss Branghton, the eldest daughter, is by no means ugly; but looks proud, ill-tempered, and conceited. She hates the city, though without knowing why; for it is easy to discover she has lived nowhere else. Miss Polly Branghton is rather pretty, very foolish, very ignorant, very giddy, and, I believe, very good-natured."

This is not a fine style, but simple, perspicuous, and agreeable. We now come to Cecilia, written during Miss Burney's intimacy with Johnson; and we leave it to our readers to judge whether the following passage was not at least corrected by his hand:—

"It is rather an imaginary than an actual evil, and, though a deep wound to pride, no offence to morality. Thus have I laid open to you my whole heart, confessed my perplexities, acknowledged my vain-glory, and exposed with equal sincerity the sources of my doubts and the motives of my decision. But now, indeed, how to proceed I know not. The difficulties which are yet to encounter I fear to enumerate, and the petition I have to urge I have scarce courage to mention. My family, mistaking ambition for honor, and rank for dignity, have longed planned a splended connexion for me, to which, though my invariable repugnance has stopped any advances, their wishes and their views immoveably adhere. I am but too certain they will now listen to no other. I dread, therefore, to make a trial where I despair of success. I know not how to risk a prayer with those who may silence me by a command."

Take now a specimen of Madame D'Arblay's later style. This is the way in which she tells us that her father, on his journey back from the Continent, caught the rheumatism:—

"He was assaulted, during his precipitated return, by the rudest fierceness of wintry elemental strife; through which, with bad accomodations and innumerable accidents, he became a prey to the merciless pangs of the acutest spasmodic rheumatism, which barely suffered him to reach his home, ere, long and piteously, it confined him, a tortured prisoner, to his bed. Such was the check that almost instantly curbed, though it could not subdue, the rising pleasure of his hopes of entering upon a new species of existence—that of an approved man of letters; for it was on the bed of sickness, exchanging the light wines of France, Italy, and Germany, for the black and loathsome potions of the Apothecaries' Hall, writhed by darting stitches, and burning with fiery fever, that he felt the full force of that sublunary equipoise that seems evermore to hang suspended over the attainment of long-sought and uncommon felicity, just as it is ripening to burst forth with enjoyment!"

Here is a second passage from Evelina:—

"Mrs. Selwyn is very kind and attentive to me. She is extremely clever. Her understanding, indeed, may be called masculine; but unfortunately her manners deserve the same epithet. For, in studying to acquire the knowledge of the other sex, she has lost all the softness of her own. In regard to myself, however, as I have neither courage nor inclination to argue with her, I have never been personally hurt at her want of gentleness—a virtue which nevertheless seems so essential a part of the female character, that I find myself more awkward and less at ease with a woman who wants it than I do with a man."

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This is a good style of its kind; and the following passage from Cecilia is also in a good style, though not in a faultless one. We say with confidence—Either Sam Johnson or the Devil:—

"Even the imperious Mr. Delvile was more supportable here than in London. Secure in his own castle, he looked round him with a pride of power and possession which softened while it swelled him. His superiority was undisputed; his will was without control. He was not, as in the great capital of the kingdom, surrounded by competitors. No rivalry disturbed his peace; no equality mortified his greatness. All he saw were either vassals of his power, or guests bending to his pleasure. He abated, therefore, considerably the stern gloom of his haughtiness, and soothed his proud mind by the courtesy of condescension."

We will stake our reputation for critical sagacity on this, that no such paragraph as that which we have last quoted, can be found in any of Madame D'Arblay's works except Cecilia. Compare with it the following sample of her later style:—.

"If beneficence be judged by the happiness which it diffuses, whose claim, by that proof, shall stand higher than that of Mrs. Montagu, from the munificence with which she celebrated her annual festival for those hapless artificers who perform the most abject offices of any authorized calling, in being the active guardians of our blazing hearths? Not to vain-glory, then, but to kindness of heart, should be adjudged the publicity of that superb charity which made its jetty objects, for one bright morning, cease to consider themselves as degraded outcasts from all society."

We add one or two shorter samples. Sheridan refused to permit his lovely wife to sing in public, and was warmly praised on this account by Johnson.

"The last of men," says Madame D'Arblay, "was Doctor Johnson to have abetted squandering the delicacy of integrity by nullifying the labors of talents."

The club, Johnson's club, did itself no honor by rejecting on political grounds two distinguished men, the one a Tory, the other a Whig. Madame D'Arblay tells the story thus:—"A similiar ebullition of political rancor with that which so difficultly had been conquered for Mr. Canning, foamed over the ballot-box to the exclusion of Mr. Rogers."

An offence punishable with imprisonment is, in this language, an offence "which produces incarceration." To be starved to death is, "to sink from inanition into nonentity." Sir Isaac Newton is, "the developer of the skies in their embodied movements;" and Mrs. Thrale, when a party of clever people sat silent, is said to have been "provoked by the dulness of a taciturnity that, in the midst of such renowned interlocutors, produced as narcotic a torpor as could have been caused by a dearth the most barren of all human faculties." In truth, it is impossible to look at any page of Madame D'Arblay's later works, without finding flowers of rhetoric like these. Nothing in the language of those jargonists at whom Mr. Gosport laughed, nothing in the language of Sir Sedley Clarendel, approaches this new Euphuism.

It is from no unfriendly feeling to Madame D'Arblay's memory that we have expressed ourselves so strongly on the subject of her style. On the contrary, we conceive that we have really rendered a service to her reputation. That her later works were complete failures, is a fact too notorious to be dissembled; and some persons, we believe, have consequently taken up a notion that she was from the first an overrated writer, and that she had not the powers which were necessary to maintain her on the eminence on which good-luck and fashion had placed her. We believe, on the contrary, that her early popularity was no more than the just reward of distinguished merit, and would never have undergone an eclipse, if she had only been content to go on writing in her mother-tongue. If she failed when she quitted her own province, and attempted to occupy one in which she had neither part nor lot, this reproach is common to her with a crowd of distinguished men. Newton failed when he turned from the courses of the stars, and the ebb and flow of the ocean, to apocalyptic seals and vials. Bentley failed when he turned from Homer and Aristophanes to edit Paradise Lost. Inigo failed when he attempted to rival the Gothic churches of the fourteenth century. Wilkie failed when he took it into his head that the Blind Fiddler and the Rent-day were unworthy of his powers, and challenged competition with Lawrence as a portrait-painter. Such failures should be noted for the instruction of posterity; but they detract little from the permanent reputation of those who have really done great things.

Yet one word more. It is not only on account of the intrinsic merit of Madame D'Arblay's early works that she is entitled to honorable mention. Her appearance is an important epoch in our literary history. Evelina was the first tale written by a woman, and purporting to be a picture of life and manners, that lived or deserved to live. The Female Quixotte is no exception. That work has undoubtedly great merit when considered as a wild satirical harlequinade;

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but, if we consider it as a picture of life and manners, we must pronounce it more absurd than any of the romances which it was designed to ridicule.

Indeed, most of the popular novels which preceded Evelina, were such as no lady would have written; and many of them were such as no lady could without confusion own that she had read. The very name of novel was held in horror among religious people. In decent families, which did not profess extraordinary sanctity, there was a strong feeling against all such works. Sir Anthony Absolute, two or three years before Evelina appeared, spoke the sense of the great body of sober fathers and husbands, when he pronounced the circulating library an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge. This feeling, on the part of the grave and reflecting, increased the evil from which it had sprung. The novelist, having little character to lose, and having few readers among serious people, took, without scruple, liberties which in our generation seem almost incredible.

Miss Burney did for the English novel what Jeremy Collier did for the English drama; and she did it in a better way. She first showed that a tale might be written in which both the fashionable and the vulgar life of London might be exhibited with great force, and with broad comic humor, and which yet should not contain a single line inconsistent with rigid morality, or even with virgin delicacy. She took away the reproach which lay on a most useful and delightful species of composition. She vindicated the right of her sex to an equal share in a fair and noble province of letters. Several accomplished women have followed in her track. At present, the novels which we owe to English ladies, form no small part of the literary glory of our country. No class of works is more honorably distinguished by fine observation, by grace, by delicate wit, by pure moral feeling. Several among the successors of Madame D'Arblay have equalled her; two, we think, have surpassed her. But the fact that she has been surpassed, gives her an additional claim to our respect and gratitude; for in truth we owe to her, not only Evelina, Cecilia and Camilla, but also Mansfield Park, and the Absentee.

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## CHINA AND CHRISTIANITY.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

That our *ground* of quarrel with the Chinese was not such as should satisfy reasonable and conscientious minds, has, we believe, been very generally felt, and we hesitated not, on a former occasion, to declare that we were ourselves under that persuasion. By the bungling incapacity of our Whig rulers we were involved in a series of angry disputes with the Chinese authorities, by whom the trade in opium was interdicted, and who sought to enforce their interdict after a fashion of their own. There can be no doubt whatever that our smuggling merchants persevered in the forbidden traffic, long after an authoritative denouncement of it had been officially promulgated, which ought, in all propriety to have been treated with respect. Under the old system of trade, as in operation during the monopoly of the East India Company, due provision would have been made against any infraction of subsisting regulations. But under the new system of free trade, there was no power in the superintendent to exercise any effective control over the conduct of individuals, who were all too intent upon private gain to be much concerned for the public safety. Accordingly the work of smuggling went perseveringly on. The Canton river was crowded with vessels which only awaited their opportunity to land their pernicious drug upon the Chinese shores; until the extreme measure was resolved on, of surrounding the building in which our residents resided, and compelling them, under a threat of starvation, or even some more ignominious death, to deliver up all the opium of which they were the proprietors in the river, and to pledge themselves against persevering in a traffic which had so deservedly incurred his celestial majesty's high displeasure.

It is then, we think, demonstratively clear, that had a prudent and provident government directed our councils, the opium disputes would either never have occurred, or have been easily settled without proceeding to open war.

Undoubtedly what now occurred rendered a vindication of our outraged merchants, criminal though they may have been, a matter of state necessity. No nation should submit to such an insult without redress, because no nation could submit to such an insult with safety. It was, therefore, indispensably necessary that the Emperor of China should be made to feel that we were possessed of a power of self-vindication;

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and accordingly an armament was despatched by which it was hoped an impression would have been made, such as must speedily bring his celestial majesty to reason, and compel such an acknowledgment of the injuries which we had sustained, as might compensate the individual sufferers, and satisfy the national honor. But although the Whigs have shown themselves dexterous enough in getting into a quarrel, they were not so dexterous in getting out of it. The war, if such it may be called, as prosecuted by them, consisted in a paltry nibbling at the extremities, instead of striking boldly at the heart of the empire. The only creditable measure which was undertaken, that of the siege of Canton, was frustrated at the very moment when it was on the point of being successful, by Mr. Superintendent Elliot, superseding the military authorities, and consenting to spare the city for a ransom. This is, we believe, the first instance in British history in which our army have appeared in the character of buccaneers. Well! no proper impression was made upon the Chinese. Two miserable years passed away, and the war seemed no nearer to its close than it was at the beginning. Our time, and our means, and our patience were being consumed in dribbling and driftless hostilities, in which frightful massacre was productive of no results; when providentially a change of government took place, by which the conduct of the war was transferred to other hands, and it was thenceforth carried on with a spirit of enterprise and vigor which has brought it, as we have seen, to a successful termination.

Under the Whigs, neither were the objects aimed at of vital importance, nor were the means provided adequate to hostilities upon a large scale, and such as it was indispensable we should adopt, if we hoped to make any serious impression upon the Chinese empire. Under the Conservative government, both these defects were remedied. The scene of hostilities was proposed to be changed, the great river Yang-tse-Kiang, and the great cities upon its banks, being now our principal objects; and the force, both by land and sea was considerably more than doubled, and that at the very time when the massacre in Affghanistan might well have given to our preparations a pause, until we learned what its effect would be upon our security in the rest of India. But at that trying moment the prime minister was not wanting to the interest of England or to his own fame. The Chinese armament was augmented. It floated in grandeur upon the majestic waters which flow by the walls of the principal cities in China. Demonstration after demonstration was made, which proved but too clearly that the troops of his celestial majesty could not meet us in mortal combat. Victory after victory was won, town after town was taken. And when, at length, we were about to storm the city of Nankin, a flag of truce was sent forward which caused a suspension of hostilities, and the terms of a peace, which we were in a condition to dictate, were very soon agreed upon, to which his celestial majesty has signified his assent, and which will, we have every reason to believe, be duly observed.

It is, we confess, a relief to our feelings, that this miserable war is at an end. The butchery of a helpless and feeble-minded race, however it may have been justified by a dire necessity, could not have been other than most painful to the feelings of a brave and a Christian people. Never, we devoutly pray, may it be our lot to hear of such again. But our readers would be very much mistaken if they supposed that all the hostility which we experienced in that country was of the despicable character that it has been represented. Wherever we met the Tartar troops, they fought like brave and skilful warriors, who only required a knowledge of the art of war, as we understand it, to make a powerful defence against any invaders. Sir Hugh Gough has had a far more difficult task to perform than any for which the public here have given him credit. He has had to conduct all his operations, in the total absence of all that intelligence which, upon any other theatre of warfare, must be sure to be found. And while he could only depend upon his own personal observation, or that of his immediate staff, for the arrangements which he might deem it prudent to adopt, we are, we believe, strictly within the limits of truth when we say, that most of his reconnoisances were made on foot, and without being able to take a survey of the country on horseback. His, therefore, has been a most anxious and difficult part. And having performed his duty to the satisfaction of his sovereign and his country, we do confess our disappointment that the meagre honor of a baronetcy is to be his only reward.

Some of the private letters which we have seen represent the troops as suffering from the heat of the weather, and from cholera, and also as laboring under an insufficiency of proper animal food. They were living for some time upon old goats; all the animals of a better description being driven,

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by John Chinaman, at their approach, "over the hills and far away." One black regiment is said to have behaved very ill indeed, being brought with the greatest difficulty into action, although, when the fight was over, they were always the foremost in plunder.

Another gives a lamentable account of the consternation and the sufferings of the wretched Chinese; the women of rank rushing in crowds to escape through the gates into the open country; their small feet scarcely sufficing to take them over any obstacle: some with children in their arms, who had never before known what it was to encounter the inclemency of the elements; and rushing wildly they knew not whither. All they knew was, that certain death awaited them if they remained behind. For the Tartar chiefs, in sullen desperation, feeling their overthrow complete, were, on all sides, immolating their wives and children, and rushing upon self-destruction! Alas! alas! such are the calamities of war! How deeply, then, should we rejoice that it is over! And how sedulously should we address ourselves to the task of obliterating from the minds of this unhappy people the remembrance of the miseries which we have caused them, and of laying such a foundation for mutual confidence and esteem, that henceforth we may only be known to each other by an interchange of reciprocal advantages.

By a comparison of the best authorities, the gross revenue of China may be estimated at about fifty-six millions sterling annually. Of this, from eleven to thirteen millions finds its way to Pekin; the difference remaining in the provinces, to meet the expenses of their internal administration.

The entire extent of cultivated land is estimated at five hundred and ninety-six millions of English acres; and of these by far the greatest portion is in the hands of the people, and subdivided into little plots of one or two acres, which are generally cultivated by the personal labor of the occupants, not, indeed, with all the skill which in England or Scotland may be seen, but with an exact and scrupulous husbandry, unknown even there, or in any other part of Europe.

The standing army, or what is called such, is chiefly composed of individuals of the Tartar race, who have lands allotted to them, which they hold by a species of feudal tenure, and for which they are bound to render military service. They amount to between seven and eight hundred thousand men, who, if their discipline was equal to their valor, would be found very formidable assailants.

And here it is our decided persuasion that that trade in opium, which has caused all these troubles, should cease. It was right, perhaps, that no stipulation respecting it should have been permitted to find its way into the late treaty; but not the less should it be our endeavor to meet the wishes of the Chinese government upon that subject, and to show them that what we would not do upon compulsion, we were yet ready to do of our own free will, and in obedience to the dictates of morality and justice. It is impossible that such conduct on our part should not produce a powerful effect upon such a people. It would show them that when all terrors of human violence were set at naught, there was a Power to which we held ourselves amenable; and it could not but powerfully aid us in the inculcation of those moral lessons which we are, it is to be hoped, destined to teach them, to see that we ourselves are not unmindful of the divine instruction which they convey.

It is quite impossible to regard our country as occupying the commanding position which it has at present obtained, without feeling that there are high moral and religious purposes to be answered by its preeminence and its exaltation. For the first time, in the history of the world, from three to four hundred millions of human beings who have hitherto been a world to themselves, and lived in as great a seclusion from the rest of mankind as if they occupied another planet, are brought into contact and alliance with an European power, peculiarly calculated from its position and influence, to impart to them the saving truths of the gospel. A wise government, upon whom such a responsibility devolves, should deeply ponder how this may best be done. Never did an occasion arise upon which a British ministry had more need of anxious and prayerful meditation. It would answer no good purpose to let loose a flight of heady missionaries, whose knowledge might bear no proportion to their confidence, and whose zeal might infinitely exceed their discretion. If the blessed work of evangelization should meet in that country with any serious obstruction, we confidently predict that it will arise from the contentious jarrings of mutually hostile zealots, by whose bickerings the cause of the gospel will be scandalized. Far different must be the course which may be attended by any solid or permanent advantage.

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The peculiarities of that country, in a moral and religious point of view, are, a semi-skepticism or rationalism on the part of the learned, and on the part of the vulgar, a childish and grovelling superstition. But this important distinction is to be observed, that their priests, or Bonzes, possess no rank or property, as in the other eastern countries, and are entirely dependent upon the alms of the people, for their subsistence. They are, in fact, a species of begging friars; and their resemblance, both in dress and ceremonies, to that class of the Roman Catholic clergy is so great, that at a short distance the one might be mistaken for the other. The people, however, are curious and inquisitive respecting the arts, and the belief and the customs of strangers; and would, we believe, more readily admit the approaches of judicious and intelligent missionaries than any other of the nations of the east. The principal difficulty would consist in overcoming the inveterate aversion which is entertained by the chief mandarins to novelties of any description in religion or government; and by whom hitherto all such inculcation of new notions as might lead to the subversion of ancient usages, have, with a stern and vindictive jealousy, been proscribed.

But not the less do we conceive it to be the duty of a Christian government, brought as we have been, for the first time, into such close contact with this ancient and most peculiar people, to labor with earnestness for their conversion to the true faith. The influence to which we have already alluded as imposing a check upon the free circulation of new opinions, is one which, under different circumstances, may be made to operate for our advantage. If we can only succeed in exciting their respect for our attainments in the physical sciences, and establishing our superiority to themselves, a very great barrier will be removed to the communication of that better knowledge which may profit them both in time and eternity. It was thus that the Jesuits succeeded in establishing that influence which at one time proceeded to an extent that enabled them to send their missionaries through almost every part of this extensive empire. They taught their philosophers to rectify the calendar, and we owe to them some of the best maps by which the interior of this country is laid down. Under their auspices, Christianity such as they teach, became very extensively diffused, until the jealousy of the orders to whom we before alluded was aroused, when proscription and persecution ensued, by which the further spread of Gospel teaching was effectually prevented.

There still, however, exists in the country a remnant who profess the Christian faith, albeit in an adulterated form, in which it may be doubtful whether Christianity approaches nearer to heathenism, or heathenism to Christianity. A beginning, at all events, has been made, which may be improved upon by the more scripturally-instructed disciples of a better system. In the year 1810, the following statement was made to Sir George Staunton by the Rev. J. B. Marchini, "of the actual condition of the converts in China."

| | Bishops. | Missionaries. | Native Priests | Converts. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Quang-tung Quang-see, and Hainan | 1 | | 5 | 7,000 |
| Peche-lee, Shan-tung, Leao-tong, and Eastern Tartary | 1 | 11 | 18 | 40,000 |
| Kiang-nan and Honan | 1 | | 6 | 33,000 |
| Fokien, Formosa, Tche-kiang and Kiang-see | 1 | 5 | 8 | 30,000 |
| Se-tchuen, Koei-tcheou, and Yun-nan | 1 | 3 | 25 | 70,000 |
| Shan-see, Shen-see, Kan-su, Hou-quang, and Eastern Tartary | 1 | 6 | 18 | 35,300 |
| | 6 | 25 | 80 | 215,300* |

That the Jesuits will again endeavor to regain their ground in that empire, and nothing be left by them undone to secure the accomplishment of so darling an object, it would argue a criminal ignorance of their history and their character to doubt. The frauds which they have already practised upon the good people of China, (and which have been detected and exposed with so much consummate ability, by Dr. Wall in his learned and ingenious work on the ancient orthography of the Jews,) are amongst the most singular and dexterous of their devices, in which the end has been always held to justify the means, for upholding the cause of truth by the aid of delusion. Their falsification of ancient Chinese records was admirably calculated to give an air of hoar antiquity to the system of which they were the advocates. The oracles were thus, as it were, made to give lying responses in favor of the Christian revelation; and even the papal authority was thus made to seem so venerable, that Doctor Wiseman has not hesitated to avail himself of an evidence in its favor which was so sufficient and so unsuspicious, that, in the judgment of that worthy Romanist, it could not be resisted. Alas! for the doctor's antiquarian reputation, Doctor Wall has cruelly demolished the foundation on which it was built; and shown instead,

* Edinburgh Cabinet Library, vol. xix., p. 155.

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an amount of persevering, systematic, and unscrupulous fraud, such as the father of lies could alone have suggested. But even this exposure will not deter from similar attempts at the present day, if any hope might be thereby afforded of accomplishing similar objects. The creatures, we may be very sure, "will be at their dirty work again."

Nor have Protestant missionaries been altogether idle. In 1807, Mr. Morisson was sent out by the London Missionary Society, and devoted himself to the work upon which he had set his heart with a wise and untiring perseverance that was not long unrewarded. He first made himself complete master of the language; then imparted oral instruction in the truths of Christianity to such as could be induced to receive it; afterwards he proceeded to translate the Holy Scriptures of the New Testament into the Chinese language, and to compile, for the use of European students, a Chinese and English dictionary, by which all future missionaries must be greatly aided. He then conceived the noble project of a college, in which the English might learn whatever was curious or valuable in the literature of China, and the Chinese whatever was most worthy of attention in the science and the learning of Europe. In 1818, the foundation stone of this college was laid at Malacca, and notwithstanding the difficulties through which it has had to struggle, its limited means, and the short time during which it has been in operation, its usefulness has been sufficiently proved to render it very desirable that its advantages should be extended.

We can now come into closer contact with the whole of the Chinese empire, and with a certainty that our laws, our literature, our philosophy, and our religion, will be regarded by its learned men with a respect and an interest of which they never deemed them worthy before. Is it not important that we should take advantage of our new facilities to present to them our attainments as an intellectual nation, in an aspect which may draw their special notice, and compel the acknowledgment of our vast superiority to themselves? We have no doubt whatever that the respect thus inspired would lead to an attentive consideration of the foundations upon which we rest the truth of our divine religion, which could have but one result, namely, that they were infinitely stronger than any which could be pretended in favor of their own. We look not, of course, to any sudden influx of moral or religious light. In such a country, prejudice and habit must long oppose an obstinate resistance to the knowledge by which inveterate error would be detected and removed. But by establishing a respect for our intellectual pre-eminence, we would best insure a respectful attention to the records of inspiration, a faithful reception of which is sure to lead to that godliness that is profitable for all things, and which has the promise of the life that now is as well as of that which is to come.

Nor is there, in the habitable globe, a country in which impressions once made upon the learned are so easily stamped upon the people. The whole empire may be said to be one vast school, in which the people are compelled to pass through a certain prescribed course of learning, according to their proficiency in which their promotion to stations of dignity and emolument is determined. The lettered class thus constitute the aristocracy of the empire. Despotic as the emperor is, he could not disregard the constitution which thus prescribes to learning and ability its appropriate reward, without shocking the prejudices of all the better classes of his subjects to a degree by which his throne would be endangered. His functionaries, through all their ramifications, are, therefore, individuals who would naturally, under any circumstances, exercise an important influence upon public opinion. They are the elite of Chinese society; the presiding minds by whom the masses are governed. And once let them be instructed in sound philosophy, and they must be speedily indoctrinated in divine truth, which the very forms of their despotism would enable them to inculcate upon those placed under their authority with a persuasive influence that could not long be resisted.

Is it not, therefore, most desirable, that a college, upon a large and liberal scale, should be established, by means of which every intelligent Chinese might acquaint himself with the arts and the sciences in the advanced state to which they have at present attained in Europe? Would it not be a blessed thing if the first fruits of English commerce were devoted, let us rather say consecrated, to such an object? By so doing we should most fittingly atone for the calamities which we have already caused that people to suffer; and best approve ourselves worthy of that divine protection by which we have been so signally favored. Assuredly our successes have not been permitted merely that we might be enriched by the grubbery of commercial gain. Other and higher objects have been contemplated in the lofty pre-eminence to which, as a nation, we have been conducted. If we have been

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brought into contact with this most ancient of empires, after a fashion that ensures to us a moral influence over it, which no other nation has ever yet possessed, we may be perfectly sure that all this has been ordered, not for the purpose of *Brumagemizing* England, but for the purpose of Christianizing China. It therefore well becomes our rulers to consider how we may be profitable to such a people in one sense, as well as how we may make a profit of them in another; and to do whatever in them lies to make the vast extension which will now be given to our trade in the East, contribute to the diffusion of that light, and the establishment of that truth, to which we ourselves are indebted for the priceless blessing of pure and undefiled religion.

Never did an opportunity present itself by which a British minister might be so beneficially signalized, as that which now opens to this great empire. Sir Robert Peel may now lay the foundation of a reputation such as would endure and be acclaimed by countless millions in the far east, when England herself may be numbered amongst the departed nations;—and that, without in the slightest degree impairing the efficiency of those mercantile arrangements, which may be necessary for the furtherance of strictly commercial objects. A small per centage upon our profits would abundantly suffice for the establishment of such a collegiate institute as that to which we have already alluded, and which has been already tried (though upon a small scale, and at an inconvenient distance) in the establishment at present existing at Malacca. In China, we may depend upon it, our arts and sciences will be the most effectual heralds of our faith. Let them, therefore, be exhibited always in company with it, and to the most advantage. The Chinese are a grave and decorous people; ceremonial may be said to be the religion of the empire. Whatever offends against their notions of dignity and propriety, is sure to damage the offending party, whoever he may be, in their estimation, to a degree by which his influence must be much impaired. We would, therefore, have religious truth presented to them with every accompaniment by which it may be most effectually recommended. Already they have been compelled to do involuntary homage to our arms; let that be a precursor, as it were, to an acquaintance with our arts; and directly they are convinced of our vast intellectual superiority, and in proportion as they are persuaded that we seek "not theirs but them," the fields will begin to be white for the harvest.

Nor would the establishment of moral influence amongst our traders in the East be any let or hinderance to the profitable pursuit of an honorable commerce, but might, on the contrary, greatly conduce thereunto. The establishment of a character for truth and for justice ought now, in the East, to be England's first object. It should be the premier's earnest endeavor to remove from the minds of the Chinese the impression which the bungling and unprincipled policy of his predecessors must have made upon them to our disadvantage. By that impression our trading relations were disturbed, and losses were incurred which, if not compensated by recent successes, must have ruined a vast number of individuals, and proved heavily injurious to us as a nation. Let, therefore, every care be now taken to prevent, in future, any such untoward accidents and unhappy collisions. And for this purpose, let an enlightened public opinion be created, by which the greedy spirit of commercial gain may be controlled, and it must powerfully aid the civil authorities in compelling the most unscrupulous traders to respect the character of their country even when they are most careless of their own. Thus would confidence be produced, and amity perpetuated, by which our dealings with that peculiar people would be rendered most profitable and most delightful. There is a mode, both nationally and individually, of hastening to be rich, and which tendeth to poverty; and this mode was, under Whig auspices, incontinently pursued, when, at the expiration of the Company's charter, every adventurer was privileged to traffic in the East. We have now, it is hoped, discovered our mistake; and happy will it be for us if our experience should lead to the practical adoption of better maxims, which may cause us to prosecute our personal ends with an habitual and a reverential reference to higher objects; for we may depend upon it, it is not less true of nations than of individuals, that if we seek *first* the kingdom of God and his righteousness, all things pertaining to our worldly weal will, in his own good time, and by his gracious Providence, be added unto us.

And England is, of all countries, that one in which it may be most truly said that there is no natural repugnance between philosophy and religion. In Italy, and also in France, it is well known that most of the literati are tinctured with infidelity. And the neology of the German school is but little calculated to recommend their philosophical divines as the expounders of the sublime and mysterious simplicity of the

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Gospel. In our country alone are its truths to be found free from the cloudiness of mysticism, and separate from the grossness of superstition; and therefore it is that the highest minds amongst us both are, and always have been, the readiest to acknowledge the paramount authority of revelation. "Some of your people here seem to believe in Christianity," was the observation of a foreign Romish ecclesiastic to Doctor Robinson, of the observatory at Armagh, at one of the meetings of the scientific association. The doctor gravely replied, "Yes, truly; and there are very few, indeed, of our scientific men, who *are* philosophers, and who are *not* Christians." This, we say, furnishes an additional reason why England should address herself to the work of evangelization in the East, with an earnestness proportioned to her peculiar fitness for such a task, and the vast facilities for its accomplishment which, in her extended dominion, are so providentially afforded. By other nations, if religion be presented, it will be in antagonism with philosophy; or if philosophy, it will be in antagonism with religion. Amongst the enlightened members of the Church of England alone, the highest truths of the one blend and commingle, as it were, with the highest attainments in the other. Religion is recognised as the perfection of philosophy, even as philosophy is recognised as the perfection of reason. They lead to, and mutually support each other. The path is as the shining light, lustrous as the galaxy in the heavens,

"Which leads through nature up to nature's God."

And the difficulties attendant upon revelation are found, upon the most impartial and diligent examination, to be no other than those which would equally militate against natural religion, respecting which they are admitted to be no difficulties at all. Let us, therefore, bestir ourselves as the peculiar people to whom this great task has been specially enjoined, of making reason the herald of faith, and turning the labors of pure science to the account of revelation; and let us evince our sense of the blessings which we have so long enjoyed, by our readiness to extend them to, and disseminate them amongst the benighted nations, who may thus be led to recognise us not only as conquerors by whom they have been subdued, but as deliverers by whom they have been brought out of darkness into the marvellous light of the Gospel.

The French papers have lately informed us that an application was made, through Prof. Arago, to the Academy of Sciences, on the part of the missionary society in France, who have resolved upon establishing two bishops in New Zealand and on the coast of California, for such instructions as might enable them to conduct scientific investigations in meteorology, magnetism, and analysis of the air. The academy rejoiced, it is said, thus to see missionary zeal connecting itself with philosophical inquiry. But if the application had been for learned men by whom the mission might be attended, what must have been the result in such a country as France? Simply that infidelity would be associated with religion. The philosopher would go out to mock at the faith which the missionaries labored to teach; and instead of promoting, their efforts must be adverse to the cause in which they professed to be engaged. But how easy would it be in this country to supply a society bent upon missionary purposes, with the ablest scientific men, who are at the same time the firmest believers in revelation? Sir William Hamilton, Professor Lloyd, Professor M'Cullagh, Dr. Wall, Professor Whewel, and a host of other distinguished names might be enumerated, who are most devoted adherents to our Established Church, and by whom science is regarded but as the handmaid of religion! This it is to have a scriptural church, which respects antiquity, but reverences the Bible; and neither requires, on the one hand, the belief of dogmas by which reason is outraged, and the foundation of credibility overthrown; nor permits, on the other, any curious or carnal questioning respecting those mysterious truths which must be received implicitly upon the authority of revelation.

Let England, therefore, not be forgetful of the great and the glorious destiny for which she has been exalted so far above all the other nations of the world. Let her rulers be convinced that her prosperity and greatness are intimately bound up with an honest endeavor to become the enlightened disseminator of revealed religion, in the purest form in which it has ever been professed since the days of the apostles. The Grecian states were raised up, and permitted to attain the pre-eminence which they enjoyed, for the cultivation of literature and the arts; and the finished products of the genius and the skill of that exquisite people have survived the ravages of conquest and the horrors of slavery, and have asserted, and still do assert, the supremacy of their dominion over the taste and the imaginations of the most enlightened nations, even

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to the present day. The Roman empire was raised up to be the great seed-bed of law and order; and the laws of the ten tables, and the code Justinian, are, under one modification or another, at this moment in active operation over the most enlightened portion of the world. The destiny of Great Britain is, to uphold and to exhibit purified religion, for the instruction and edification of distant nations; to be thus the herald messenger of glad tidings to those who are "lying in darkness and in the shadow of death," and to cause the Gospel verities to shine with so pure and sweet a light, that their own intrinsic excellence may be their all-sufficient recommendation. May she worthily discharge this high and holy duty; may her rulers be duly impressed with their great and solemn responsibility; and may the new fields of commerce which have been opened by her arms, be cultivated by her arts, and enriched and adorned by that better knowledge, which would cause the Chinese people to regard all their present terrors and sufferings as the cheap purchase of the greatest blessings which they could enjoy on this side heaven.

We repeat it, a field of glorious enterprise is now before the British statesman; and never, since we were a nation, did a conjuncture arise in which a minister of a large and lofty mind had such an opportunity of combining commercial prosperity with moral usefulness, and of achieving immortal fame by stamping an impress of his policy upon the world.

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## A SCENE AT THE AREOPAGUS.

### A LETTER FROM AN ANCIENT ROMAN, TRAVELLING IN GREECE, TO A FRIEND AT ROME.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

In attempting to furnish you with an account of the judicial system of Athens, it may appear strange that I should pass over the minor courts, and commence with the Areopagus. But my mind is so totally engrossed with what I lately witnessed at this remarkable tribunal, that I cannot resist beginning where I more properly should have ended. This most august of Athenian judicatories, composed of archons of the most approved character, is traced to the age of Cecrops. For its present constitution, however, it is mainly indebted to Solon, who invested it with the superintendance of morals, subjecting to its decisions every species of immorality, as well as crime. As it displays the most unrelaxing vigilance in reforming manners, and the greatest firmness in suppressing delinquencies of an aggravated character, it never applies punishment until slighted admonition and menaces call for the exercise of more coercive restraints. From its strict and acknowledged adherence to justice, it acquires the love and esteem of the Athenians, even when it exerts the most absolute and irresponsible authority. Innocence, summoned before it approaches without apprehension, and the guilty, convicted and condemned, retire without daring to murmur.

The origin of the name is involved in considerable obscurity. Some affirm that it has been so denominated from the Amazons—the daughters of Ares, who encamped in this place when they attacked the Cecropian citadel; while others assert that this designation arose from its being the place where sacrifices were anciently offered to the god of war. But the truth or falsity of these and similar conjectures is of inferior moment; for the celebrity of the Areopagus depends on more important considerations—the character of the judges, the equity of their decisions, and the unlimited confidence reposed in them by their countrymen.

This far-famed seat of justice occupies a rocky eminence, separated from the western end of the Acropolis by a hollow, forming a communication between the northern and southren divisions of the city. The area of the court is of a quadrangular form, and large enough to contain a vast crowd of spectators. It is sunk a few inches lower than the rest of the craggy elevation out of which it is excavated. Massy equidistant pillars are placed around its entire extent, intended to support a temporary covering, should the inclemency of the weather render such a protection requisite. The seats of the Areopagites, fifty-one in number, are also scooped out of the rock, in that part of the area which overhangs the city.

A few nights ago, my long-cherished desire of witnessing a capital trial at the Areopagus was gratified. It was, no doubt, the ideas of justice, integrity, and awe, associated in my mind with the name of this venerated judicatory, that led me to remark a sombre stillness pervading the entire day, ominous of the distressing scene with which its duties were likely to terminate. I could read, moreover, an expression of thoughtful seriousness in the countenances of the Athenians, darkening and deepening as the eventful hour approached. About sunset, individuals from all parts of Athens could be seen slowly directing their steps towards the winding stony stair that leads to Mars' Hill. Business of every description became suspended by edict. One subject formed the conversation of all. The loungers abandoned their favorite haunts in the streets and market-place. The curious and interested were all proceeding to the place of trial; and I, although in violation of my better feelings, soon found myself moving along in the silent and gradually increasing stream of human beings. Ere I reached the summit, the last faint streaks of the sun had for some time faded on the horizon, which now appeared of the same deep blue tint with the rest of heaven. The moon moved high in the serene sky of Athens in unclouded brilliancy. My eyes never rested before on so magnificent a spectacle. Around me in every direction, as far as my glance could pierce, stood citadels of massive strength, or, in lighter architecture, more graceful structures, indicating science, elegance, and ease. To the west, and in close proximity to where I stood, arose the Acropolis Propylæa, and Erectheium



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with their gigantic colonnades and domed roofs bathed in the moonlight. Through the plain of Athens, the Ilissus in a flood of light, fantastically interrupted by the lofty trees which at intervals interlace their boughs across its current, rolled its winding volume to the sea. At a distance somewhat greater could be seen the three Athenian harbors, still crowded with the fleets that had won for Attica the empire of the sea. Immediately below lay fair Athens herself, with her rows of palaces and costly temples; whilst here and there could be seen the statue of a god or godlike hero, exciting mingled feelings of patriotism and veneration, as they presented themselves successively to my view, dimly discovered in the silvery radiance. As I was contemplating this diversified prospect with intense emotions of wonder and delight, the stern voice of a herald dissipated the spell. This officer, in accordance with a custom long established in Athens, announced to the assembled multitude that the Areopagites had left the Temple of Truth, where they were wont, on such occasions, to assemble, and were on their way to sit in judgment. The former hum of mingled voices was instantly succeeded by the deepest silence. The spectators, who, in groups, were eagerly discussing the probabilities of condemnation and acquittal, immediately separated, and falling back towards the sides of the area, left for these venerable functionaries a free uninterrupted passage. The Areopagites, walking in single file, with their heads uncovered, soon after appeared, preceded by the eldest of their number, for whom a central seat is by law assigned. Up to this hour, I must confess that I remained comparatively unimpressed by the gloomy preliminaries which had already been performed around me; but now the grave demeanor of the Athenians, the increasing solemnity of the scene, and the appearance of these venerable and inflexible ministers of justice, advancing with slow step and uncovered heads, indicating as it were a consciousness of being under the immediate inspection of the tutelary gods of Athens, awoke within me feelings kindred to those of the multitude with which I was mixing, and suited to the consecrated locality on which I stood. There is a principle of gross curiosity in our nature, which delights in the contemplation of the awful and terrific; and these, when neither we nor ours are endangered, sway our feelings and judgments no less powerfully than the beautiful and the sublime. How often do the more material elements of our moral nature hurry us eagerly along to gaze on spectacles, at which our finer sensibilities are revolted; and how frequently, when our more elevated sympathies regain their rightful influence, do we feel ashamed of the callous unimpressibleness that induced us to regard with selfish apathy what we should feelingly commiserate! Remorseful thoughts of this description were passing through my mind as the Areopagites silently and devoutly took their seats, from which they were likely not again to arise until they had fixed the irreversible destiny of a fellow-mortal.

In front of the Areopagites, and at the distance of a few feet, stand three small pillars; on the central one, which is somewhat higher than the others, are inscribed the crimes of which the court takes cognisance, and the penalties annexed to each. The remaining two are the seats of the pursuer and the pursued. Midway between the seats of the judges and these pillars, there stands a tabular mass of stone, on which the urns are placed, in which when giving judgment, the Areopagites deposit their suffrages. One of these is termed the Urn of Mercy, the other the Urn of Death. Whilst these things were being explained to me, the parties—the impeacher and the impeached—appeared at the top of the flight of steps that leads to the Areopagus. They had no sooner entered the court than they proceeded to the seats already mentioned, as by law and custom assigned them. Timarchus, the criminal, was to be tried on a charge of murder. He had faithfully and successfully discharged the various civil and military duties which entitled him to the archonship, and had begun, consistently with his right, to sue for that distinguished office. Timon, an influential archon at the time, had rendered his canvass unsuccessful by a wide and active circulation of calumnious reports. Timarchus, writhing under the chagrin of disappointment and defeat, rushed upon him, it appears, in a moment of frenzied excitement, and deprived him of life. Clearchus, the brother of Timon, took up the cause, and arraigned Timarchus as an assassin before the Areopagus.

The more impotrant preliminaries now commenced. The aged priest of the Temple of Faith led forward a victim, among the torn and bleeding members of which he placed the parties, who, after imprecating the most fearful curses on themselves and their children, in attestation of their innocence, swore solemnly to the truth of their respective asseverations. The horror of the oath was augmented by their calling mutually to witness the inexorable Furies, who, from a neighboring temple, seemed listening to their invocations, and ready to punish the perjured. The parties were no sooner seated, than the eldest of the Areopagites placed the urns before them, which were soon to declare an absolving or condemnatory verdict. But why do the Areopagites deliberate and decide under the bare canopy of heaven, and in the silence of night? These arrangements are characterised alike by an exalted love of purity, and a scrupulous regard to unbiassed justice. So strongly is murder execrated by the Athenians, that they would consider the very walls of a court polluted, had they but received an assassin within them, and themselves tainted with his crime, if they inhaled the air which his breath had infected. They meet and adjudicate in the night-time, lest the appeals made to their feelings by the supplicating glances of the culprit himself, and the silent yet powerful eloquence of the tears and sighs of relatives, may sway their judgment, and lead them to sacrifice to false sentiment what is justly due to impartial justice. The mode of conducting a trial in the Roman Forum and in the Athenian Areopagus is widely different. At Rome, the speakers are allowed to avail themselves of all the power of eloquence; they may resort to every persuasive wile and rhetorical artifice. At the Areopagus, eloquence is no less dreaded than falsehood. The advocates must banish from their harangues all exordia, digressions, perorations, and ornaments of style: nay, even the language of feeling is rigorously interdicted, lest it may operate on commiserating minds.

The speaker for the pursuer now entered on the

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business of the trial, by a simple well arranged statement of facts. There was no coloring, no intentional exaggeration, no assertion but which the most irrefutable evidence seemed to corroborate. The pleader for the defender pursued a course exactly similar. A little mystery, it must be admitted, hung over the whole case, and the judges, no less than the spectators, seemed divided in opinion. The friends of the different parties at length concluded, and the portentous silence that prevailed, broken at intervals by a sigh, or the stifled expresssion of more significant sorrow, seemed to anticipate the nature of the verdict. During this period of painful uncertainty, Sophroniscus, the eldest of the Areopagites, arose, and in the following words, couched in the usual form, proffered the criminal a choice of alternatives:—"Timarchus, the laws of thy country now empower thee to withdraw from the trial,if thou fearest the result; but a withdrawal convicts thee of the revolting crime for which thou art impeached—strips thee of all thy honors and possessions—banishes thee for ever from Athens and her soil, and subjects thee, shouldst thou hereafter be discovered lurking within her territories, or detected as a spectator at her festivals or games, to the most ignominious death at the hand of any—even the meanest of her sons. How sayest thou, Timarchus; dost thou retire, or do we proceed to judgment?" Timarchus retired not. Sophroniscus now, as his duty required, proceeded to distribute to each Areopagite a black and a white pebble, the former to condemn, the latter to acquit, and demanded of his fellow-judges, in a firm authoritative voice, to throw their suffrages into the urn of Death or Mercy, according as their convictions dictated. The Areopagites were proceeding to vote; but ere they began, I observed—for I stood, near—a venerable old man, one of their number, station himself before the urns. Night prevented me from tracing distinctly anything in his countenance that might account for such unusual conduct. I thought, however, that I observed a keen anxious wistfulness glistening and trembling in his eye; for his fellow-judges shunned his glance, either struck with horror, or melted into pity. He seemed wishful to conceal his sorrow; for, as the pale light fell on his hoary head, I could see the decayed remnants of his silvery locks, now tossed about in the breeze, as if they had been intentionally thrown over his features. He stooped much under his heavy load of years, and as he often raised his hand to his face, I thought he wept. With the most eager vigilance he counted each successive pebble as it dropped in the urn of Death. The votes were at last all tendered save his own, and it, if thrown into the death-decreeing urn, would equalise the numbers. The final decision would consequently devolve on Sophroniscus; and his unbending integrity, and general leaning to the side of severity, left the nature of that decision no longer doubtful. And why, it may be asked, did the aged Areopagite hesitate? I shudder while I explain the cause. He was the father of Timarchus, who was an only son. The rest had fallen gloriously in the service of their country, and now, in the waning evening of his existence, a doom of the direst disgrace was to dissever him for ever from the only object that gave declining life a charm, and leave him alone in a dreary, friendless, companionless world. Thrice in the heart of the bent, frail, weeping old man, did the agonised feelings of the father prevail, for a time, over the rectitude of the judge; thrice did his withered trembling hand essay the terrific duty; thrice it instinctively recoiled. Memory was busily crowding into his mind her gathering hosts of mellowing melting associations. All that was bright in his past, and gloomy in his future existence intermingled their joys and terrors, and for a little, his resolution wavered; but at last, and as if the genius of Athenian justice had whispered a chiding remonstrance in his ear, an effort that tore asunder the very heart-strings of the holiest sympathies, and a revulsion of feeling that uprooted the most deeply-seated elements of parental affection, raised him erect, and fired, as he seemed, with a suddenly-inspired enthusiasm, he advanced with unfaltering step, and threw the destiny-fixing pebble in the urn of Death. Brutus, I exclaimed, no longer enjoys the undivided glory of the high-souled patriotism that adjudged death to his sons for their attempted restoration of the banished Tarquinii; and Justice, thought I, dwells no longer at Rome alone; she is a denizen of the world.

At this moment, when all eyes seemed fixed on Sophroniscus, the priest of Minerva, advancing rapidly from the body of the court, approached the Areopagites, and thus addressed their leader: "Sophroniscus, the numbers are equal; they have not been so before in the memory of the oldest man in Athens. There is an ancient custom, instituted by Minerva, now fallen into desuetude; the propriety of which, however, has never been questioned. When Orestes was tried at this court, the pebbles placed him in the present condition of Timarchus. The goddess suddenly appearing, overruled the decision of the president, recorded a casting vote, and turned the scale of justice in favor of Orestes. By the precedent thus established, she invested my office with a discretionary power of acquitting, but never of condemning the culprit, should a like emergency again occur. As one of the duties, therefore, attaching to my priesthood, I give the suffrage of Minerva in favor of Timarchus." The applauding shout ascended to the ears of the goddess, and the late funereal silence was followed by prolonged and deafening acclamations.

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## SONNET.

*From Bentley's Miscellany.*

Sail on, thou pearly barque, through ocean heav'n,
  Young summer-moonlight turn away from me—
A happy course through starry isles is giv'n
  To thy fair splendor in that waveless sea!
Why look upon a wretch in sorrow weeping
Over a tomb, where all he loved lies sleeping?
He would be lonely in his grief, but thou
  Dost light him to the glare of curious eyes—
Let a dim vapor hide thy glorious brow,
  And leave him to the darkness he doth prize!
Or, like the anguish'd parent-bird, that flies
  Far from her nest, to lure the hunter on;
Be thou that bird to me, with kind disguise,
  Oh! turn thy beams eleswhere, and leave me lone!

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## SIR JAMES CLARK ON CLIMATE.

### INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

Disease is so prevalent in this sin-stricken world, and health so rich a blessing,—the human family is so deeply interested in every thing which may tend to render life comfortable, that we doubt not the following article will find readers.

It contains important observations, especially on chronic diseases, including *pulmonary consumption*, and suggests considerations well worthy the attention, as well of the medical profession, as of those who are afflicted with the ills of diseased lungs. Ed.

From the Edinburgh Review.

*The Sanative Influence of Climate: with an Account of the Best Places of Resort for Invalids.* By Sir James Clark, Bart., M. D., F. R. S. Physician in Ordinary to the Queen. 8vo. Third Edition. London: 1842.

The branch of Medical Philosophy which contemplates man as influenced in his bodily or physical condition by the medium in which he lives, and by the things with which he is perpetually in connection, is now commonly termed *Hygeiene* or *Hygiene*, from the Greek word signifying health—since it necessarily involves the consideration of every thing concerned in the preservation of this invaluable blessing. This term, however, although now pretty generally employed by our more recent medical writers from the absolute want of some word of the kind, has failed to naturalize itself in England; possibly because the subject which it is intended to characterize has been singularly neglected in this country. We should not quarrel about a name, however, if we had the satisfaction of being able to state, that the thing itself was more studied and better understood.

But we regret to say, that extremely little has been hitherto done towards the formation of even an outline of a general system of *Hygiene* applicable to the inhabitants of this country; or even towards the investigation of the more common causes of disease, as these prevail in particular towns or districts. Of the vast importance of such an inquiry, in a national point of view, no doubt can exist; since it must be admitted, in the first place, that the prevention is an object of greater consequence to the community than even the cure of disease; and secondly, that the only rational system of prevention must be founded on an accurate knowledge of the causes of our maladies. But these causes can be ascertained only by a close investigation of the circumstances under which disease occurs, in a great variety of situations; in other words, by a comprehensive system of Medical Topography.

The subject of Climate cannot be strictly classed among those belonging either to Medical Topography or *Hygiene*. Both these contemplate the object in reference to *healthy* individuals—the former being devoted to the investigation of the causes of disease; the latter teaching us the art of escaping, as much as possible, from the operation of these causes. But the labors of those who follow the track of the author of the work before us, are of a higher kind, and of much greater difficulty. They have to study the objects of Medical Topography, and to apply the doctrines of *Hygiene*, not to the state of health—that is, to a comparatively fixed state; but to that of disease—a state extremely various, and constantly varying. This application requires a degree of knowledge and experience which can fall to the lot of only few individuals. It does not by any means follow, for example, that because a certain climate or locality is innoxious in the case of a person in health, it will therefore be so in the case of one afflicted with disease; much less that it will prove beneficial to such a person. We find many instances of this important fact in the work before us.

With all his noble faculties and high aspirations, man in his present state is still of the earth, earthy, and controlled and modified throughout his whole fabric, mental as well as corporeal, by the influence of the things around him. If, by the superiority of his reasoning faculties, and the greater plasticity of his physical organization, he is, unlike other animals, enabled to pass from one end of the world to the other, and to live and multiply his kind in every climate; he is still, like the inferior creation, subject to the influence of the objects amidst which he lives, on whatever spot he may stay his foot. Every part of the surface of our globe that has been visited by man, is, no doubt, capable of sustaining human life, and is even compatible with health; but each region will present the physical and moral condition of the inhabitants under a different aspect, according to the character of the climate, and other circumstances amid which they are placed.

The difference, indeed, may be so slight, or of such a kind, as frequently to escape observation; but it is no less real on this account. And whenever there exists a considerable difference in the external circumstances, the difference in the condition of

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the animal will be manifest. The modification, however, even when considerable, may still be within the limits of health; this being only a relative term. What may be a state of health to one individual might be felt as disease to another. So it may be with whole classes of individuals. That condition of the physical organization which imparts to the Hottentot's mind the highest sense of healthful enjoyment, might be actual disease, or, at least, unhealthy discomfort, to the Esquimaux or Samoiede.

It is an object of the very highest interest to the medical philosopher to investigate the nature of the local circumstances which produce these important changes; and it will require centuries of patient induction to detect and expose the whole of them. At present we are probably only acquainted with a few of the more striking and obvious; but the potency of such as are known is sufficiently manifest. Without entering upon the great question how far the present varieties of the human species are attributable to the effects of climate, we need only refer to changes which have taken place almost in our own times—at least within the limits of recent history—in order to establish the vast influence of climate in modifying the physical characters of man. If we compare, for example, the present inhabitants of our West India Islands, the lineal descendants (without any admixture of foreign blood) of those who settled in them two centuries back, with the actual race of men in Great Britain, we shall find nearly as great differences in the physical and moral characters of the two classes, as between nations which are usually considered as of distinct races.

The beneficial effects frequently produced by slight changes of situation, must have occasionally attracted the notice of even the least observant, in all ages and countries; just as it must have been observed that a removal to certain localities gave rise to certain formal diseases in the persons so removed. For instance, an individual migrating from an elevated and dry region to a low and marshy one, would become affected with ague; or his disease would terminate upon a second migration to the former place, or to another possessing like qualities: or a cough which had lasted for months in one place, would cease during a journey, or on the patient being removed only a few miles from his former residence; or a long series of sleepless nights would be broken and ended by a visit to a friend's house at some distance. Such results from accidental changes of residence, must have soon suggested similar changes with a *direct* view to procure like effects,—even if they were not naturally suggested, independently of observation, by the instinctive principle of self-preservation, common to man with the lower animals. "We are ill here—may we not be better elsewhere?" is a most natural thought to pass through the mind of a sufferer; and if to this brief chain of reasoning could be added the link of even partial experience,—"We were well there—may we not be well if we return thither?"—the mere suggestion would rise in the untutored mind with the force of conviction, and lead to correspondent action. It need not be doubted, therefore, that an animal so fond of enjoyment, and so (laudably) averse from drugs, as man, must soon have availed himself of the highly agreeable remedy thus suggested; and that *changing the air* was a common and favorite prescription with the hoary elders and wise women of our race, long before "physicians (by debauch) were made." Accordingly, we find this measure strongly recommended by the very earliest medical writers, who, of course, did little more than record the popular practices most in repute, in their age and country; and it is noticed by almost every systematic writer on practical medicine, from Hippocrates downwards, as a valuable remedy in certain diseases. It may, with truth, be said to have been long received into the *materia medica* of every practitioner, as a last resource, after the failure of every treatment of a more strictly medical kind.

But notwithstanding all this, we were, until the publication of the first edition of the work before us, ten years ago, without any very accurate ideas of the precise objects to be attained by changing the air, or climate, in diseases; and physicians were rather influenced by traditionary and empirical routine, than by any rational principles founded on a philosophical investigation of the subject; or by any accurate knowledge of the qualities of different climates, and of their effects in disease. Indeed, with the single exception of Dr. Gregory's elegant Essay, *De morbis cœli mutatione medendis*,* and which can only be considered as an Academical Thesis, we are not aware of the existence, even now, of a work formally dedicated to the consideration of the influence of climate in curing diseases.

We possess, it is true, in our own lan-

* Edinburgh, 1774.

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guage, many good works on the effects of particular climates on healthy strangers; and also some valuable memoirs on the influence of the climate of certain districts on the health of the inhabitants; but a general treatise on the effects of different climates on persons laboring under disease—in other words, a treatise on the application of climate as a general remedy in disease—was, till the period mentioned, a *desideratum* in physic.

We cannot say that the present work, however valuable, completely supplied this deficiency, as it is limited to the consideration of the effect of only one kind of climate. The avowed object of the treatise is, the consideration of the influence of a mild climate, in certain chronic diseases, on the inhabitants of colder countries. Scarcely any notice is taken in it of the effects of a removal from a temperate to a very cold or very hot climate; or the reverse. It must be admitted, however, that the branch of the subject here treated of, comprehends the majority of the diseases that are benefited by a change of climate; or, at least, the majority of the diseases of the inhabitants of the temperate and colder regions of the earth. In one chapter, the author has certainly taken notice of the beneficial effects of a mild climate upon the diseased constitutions of those who have long resided in tropical countries; but the great importance of this subject, in reference to the vast numbers that annually return to Europe, from the colonies, entitles it to a much fuller consideration than it has here received from him; and as we are convinced that much attainable benefit is lost, and great evils incurred, by a want of proper knowledge on the part of this class of invalids, we would recommend him, in a future edition, so far to enlarge his plan as to include this subject, at least.

Many causes heretofore combined to reserve the subject of the influence of climate on disease, for the special investigation of our own times; but the principal of these are, unquestionably, the greatly increased desire for foreign travel, and the augmented facilities for gratifying this desire in the present age. It is, indeed, only since the battle of Waterloo made the path of the traveller free and safe, in every country in Europe, that the means for the composition of a work like that now before us, were accessible to any English physician.

On almost any other medical subject a book might be written by a competent person, without ever stirring beyond the bounds of his study; certainly without ever passing over the circle that encloses the field of his professional practice. But he who seeks to instruct his brethren respecting the influence of different climates on disease, must be one—

> "qui multorum providus urbes
> Et mores hominum inspexit:"

neither will it be sufficient for him, as is too often the case with the common traveller, to pay a brief and hurried visit to the places of which he writes. He must remain long enough at each to enable him personally to observe the influence of the climate in a sufficient number of cases; he must make himself acquainted with the nature and character of the diseases most prevalent; and he must be both willing and able to obtain and weigh the opinions of the native and resident practitioners; to test these opinions by the results of his own observation and experience; and to winnow from them all the rubbish that partiality, prejudice, and self-interest may have mixed with them.

To say that the author of the work before us, is in every way qualified up to the very standard of excellence in all these particulars, might possibly be too high praise; but to admit that he comes much nearer this standard than any preceding writer, seems to us only what is due to him, and to truth. Unlike one class of medical travellers, he seems not to have attempted to investigate the nature of foreign climates, and their effects on health and disease, or to judge of the merit of foreign opinions and practice, until after he had mastered the knowledge of the schools in his own country; and had put this knowledge to the test of actual practice. Unlike another class, which may be subdivided into two orders, he seems neither to have viewed every thing among our continental neighbors as greatly above or greatly below what exists at home; but to have brought to the contemplation of what was presented to him, an intellect at once sufficiently cultivated to be able to appreciate the good and the bad; and a temper sufficiently candid to permit him to adopt the former and reject the latter, without much regard to the pride or prejudices of school or country. Unlike the most numerous class of all, he appears to have had ample time to enable him to confirm—if need were, to correct—the judgments formed on first views and impressions, or derived from inadequate authority.

The climates almost exclusively considered in this work, are those which are commonly termed *the milder climates;* and on

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the present occasion we shall, with him, limit our observations to the milder parts of Europe, and the islands in the neighboring seas. These climates may be arranged into four groups: Firstly, the climate of the south of England; Secondly, the climate of the south of France; Thirdly, the climate of Italy and the islands of the Mediterranean; and Fourthly, the climate of the islands in the Atlantic.

The following is a catalogue of all the places of which a particular account is given in the volume:—I. *Great Britain.*—London, Hastings, St. Leonards, Brighton, Undercliff, Salcombe, Torquay, Dawlish, Exmouth, Salterton, Sidmouth, Penzance, Falmouth, Flushing, Clifton, Bristol, Hotwells, Island of Bute, Cove of Cork, Jersey. II. *France.*—Pau, Montpelier, Marseilles, Hyeres. III. *The Sardinian Territory.*--Nice, Villa Franca, San Remo. IV. *Italy.*—Genoa, Florence, Pisa, Rome, Naples, Capo di Monte, Sorento, Castelamare, Cava, Sienna, Lucca. V. *Mediterranean and Atlantic Islands.*—Malta, Madeira, Canaries, Azores, Bermudas, Bahamas, West Indies. Of each of these places we have an account of the climate, its general influence on health, and its special effects on different diseases.

In our attempts to characterize the climates of these places respectively, as well as in reference to climate generally, viewed as a remedial agent, we must consider the *temperature* of the atmosphere breathed by the inhabitants as the principal feature. We are well aware that many other qualities, and constituents of the atmosphere, exert a powerful influence on the phenomena of animal life; but we must, in the present state of our knowledge at least, consider temperature as the most important element in climate. It is truly observed by Humboldt, that "when we study the organic life of plants and animals, we must examine *all* the stimuli or external agents which modify their vital actions. The ratios of the mean temperatures of the months, are not sufficient to characterize the climate. Its influence combines the simultaneous action of all physical causes; and it depends on heat, humidity, light, the electrical tension of vapors, and the variable pressure of the atmosphere. In making known (he adds) the empirical laws of the distribution of heat over the globe, as deducible from the thermometrical variations of the air, we are far from considering these laws as the only ones necessary to resolve all problems of climate."*

Next to temperature, the quantity of humidity is perhaps of most consequence—considered as an element of climate. And in comparing the more southern climates with our own, with a view to their influence on the system of invalids, we may perhaps state their superiority to consist principally in the following particulars:—their higher temperature; the greater equability of that temperature; the greater dryness of the air; the superior serenity of the skies; and their greater freedom from rain, fogs, and high winds. When we come to examine the individual climates, we find particular places in each group varying very considerably from the others; but still we are justified by their general character in classing them as above.

A few remarks, of a popular kind, on the nature of diseases generally, and on the mode in which they are cured, will enable us to understand the operation of climate as a remedy. When a disease attacks a person suddenly, or with only slight warning of its approach, and comes rapidly to its acmè or height, it is called by physicians *acute.* If cured, it generally leaves the system in its pristine soundness, although for a time debilitated. This debility is soon removed by the ordinary processes of nature; and the hues of health soon return to the countenance, and the wonted vigor reanimates the frame. As the enemy who conquers rather by surprise and rapidity of movement than by actual superiority, and who is speedily driven from the land by the simultaneous rising of the inhabitants, leaves the institutions and the habits of the people nearly as before the invasion; so in the body natural, the brief endurance of an acute disease seems unable to impress upon the constitution any permanent changes inconsistent with health. When the weight is removed from the machine, its springs recover their wonted vigor and activity.

Sometimes, however, in place of this perfect restoration, an acute disease, although apparently subdued or expelled, leaves behind it something which, secretly preying upon the frame, not only prevents the return of perfect strength, but eventually, perhaps after a series of months or years, brings the system into greater peril than was threatened by the open violence of the primary attack. Slow diseases of this kind are called *chronic*, from the Greek word signifying time. As just stated, they are often the consequence of an acute affection, but they still more frequently arise without any such evident or violent cause; and being slow in coming to their height, and in their progress afterwards, and often

* On Isothermal Lines.

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unattended by pain, they frequently exist for a long time before they are much noticed even by the patient. Diseases of this kind are extremely dangerous; partly because they are overlooked in their most curable stage, and partly because of their peculiar character. However local in their origin, such affections in their progress eventually involve almost every part and function of the body; and although the disorder of the individual parts may be slight, yet its universality and its duration render it of consequence. In physical, as well as in moral indispositions, it is commonly found more difficult to cure a slight affection of long standing, than a violent one of recent origin. If we compared the attack of an acute disease to the sudden inroad of an enemy, suddenly repelled, and leaving behind no permanent effects; we may liken that of the chronic disease to an invasion by a treacherous neighbor, with a view to permanent conquest. Here the strongholds of the land are gained by stratagem—the opposition of the inhabitants is lulled by false pretences—and the country is subdued almost before the danger is perceived. If after the lapse of years. such a country seeks to regain its freedom, it is soon found that "the taint of the victors is over all"—in the government and institutions of the state—in the habits and language—yea, in the very hearts of the people.

It will hardly be supposed that the same means that are calculated to expel an acute disease from an otherwise healthy body, will succeed in restoring to its pristine vigor a system that is radically diseased; nor yet that the means calculated to remedy such a disorder as the last, will be able to do so in a space of time as brief as suffices for the removal of the former. And yet we fear that this very absurd expectation is entertained, not merely by patients, but often also by their medical counsellors.

In such cases it is, to be sure, not very difficult on many occasions to give great and often immediate relief to some troublesome or distressing symptoms, by the judicious exhibition of drugs; and it is, perhaps, natural enough for a patient, so relieved, to expect that the whole of his disease is equally under the control of medicines, if only the same skill or the same good fortune might preside over their selection and administration. But nothing less than ignorance or quackery—self-deception, or the wish to deceive—can justify such an expectation on the part of the practitioner. He ought to know that a disease of the kind now under consideration—that has been silently gaining ground upon the constitution for months or years, involving in its progress one function, and structure, and organ, after another, until at last there is scarcely one solid or fluid in the body free from its contamination—is absolutely beyond the control of any one medicine, or set of medicines; and that it is only by a well-arranged and combined system of management, commensurate with the extent of the affection, and continued for a long time, that any considerable or permanent relief can be obtained. To attempt to cure so universal a disorder as this by a drug that can only act upon a part, perhaps a small and insignificant part, is only to be expected of ignorance or imposture.

It is, to be sure, the general opinion of the vulgar, that the whole art of physic consists in two things—the first to ascertain the exact nature, or, perhaps, rather the name of the disease; and the second, to know and apply the particular remedy that has the power to cure it. That such a remedy exists for every particular disease, is not at all doubted; and the physician's skill is judged of precisely according to his success in applying the supposed specific remedy. If he is unable either to apply the true name to the malady, or the true remedy to the name, he is a bungler in his trade; and if, after what is considered a fair trial, the expected adaptation of the one to the other does not appear to have taken place, an artist of more knowledge or skill must be sought; or, if he is not sought, the continued attendance of the former practitioner is owing to other causes than confidence in his powers. A like process of reasoning, and a like practice, prevail among many who in no respect belong to the vulgar class—unless the circumstance of being uninitiated in the mysteries of medical science entitles them to be so ranked; and a consideration of this fact will, we believe, help to explain at once the fickleness of patients and the multiplicity of doctors.

The real fact however is, that there are hardly any *specific remedies;* that is to say, remedies possessing the power of certainly curing particular diseases. Medicine, it is true, can boast of some half dozen drugs (not more) which very frequently cure particular diseases, with a sort of specific and exclusive virtue; and with somewhat of that speedy yet invisible influence, supposed to be inherent in the obsolete race of charms. But with these few exceptions—truly insignificant, when compared with the

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vast number of diseases and of remedies—the professors of the healing art are constrained to adopt, in their practice, a mode of cure of much humbler pretensions. Being destitute of powers to crush the invader at a single blow, they are reduced to the necessity of defeating him by indirect attacks—by cutting off his resources—by wearying him out by vigilant skirmishing—by fortifying the parts he has threatened, or is likely to attack—by repairing in detail the mischief he has done—in a word, by calling up all the natural powers of the system to exert themselves against the common enemy. We possess many means by which we can influence the functions of the living body, so as to increase, or diminish, or derange, or even to destroy them at pleasure; and it is by so acting on these functions that we are able, in many cases, to cure diseases, and that we *attempt* to do so in all cases, with the few exceptions already alluded to, in which specific remedies are admissible.

To instance the state of *local inflammation*—a state which accompanies, in one stage or other, a great majority of our diseases. We have no specific remedy for inflammation—no agent which possesses a direct and immediate power to remove it. We are not, however, on this account, destitute of the means of curing inflammation. We can, for example (by blood-letting), diminish the general mass of blood, and thus lessen it proportionably in the affected part; we can weaken the power of the heart and of the system generally, by the same means; we can in other ways diminish the quantity of fluids in the system, and determine them in a course remote from that of the affected part; we can (by abstinence from food) prevent any accession of strength to the system, and lessen that already existing; we can remove, by local means, a portion of the blood that distends the diseased part; and, finally, we can assist more or fewer of these intentions by the administration of certain remedies internally, which, acting on various parts and functions, co-operate in the great object of destroying the diseased action—in other words, curing the inflammation. This, it is obvious, is a very different thing from curing a disease by specific remedies. This mode of practice is one of very inferior powers to the other, but its administration requires much greater skill.

Chronic diseases are of infinitely greater importance, in a practical point of view, than acute. It is to them that by far the greater part of human mortality is attributable; it is by them that much of the misery attendant on sickness is inflicted. The attack of an acute disease is rapid and brief; it may be hard to bear, and it may be hardly borne; but its pains are soon forgotten amid the enjoyment of health. It is very different with chronic diseases. They may torture through the great part of a long life, and, after all, may be only removed by death. It is in this class of cases that the physician is called upon to exert all his powers. It is here that the common or routine practitioner is sure to fail. He is constantly forgetting that, in chronic diseases, our object is almost always rather to put nature in the way of acting right, than to supersede her agency; and that our progress must, therefore, be in general guarded and slow, and the more so because we have only debilitated powers to call to our aid. It is in cases of this kind, then, that a remedy like *change of climate* is particularly indicated. This, besides acting, in many cases, directly on the principal local disease, affects the whole system at the same time, and affects it, at once slowly and mildly, and for a long period. It is to this class of diseases, accordingly, that we find the recommendation of this remedy for the most part restricted by Sir James Clark.

In certain cases, a change of climate almost immediately cures a disease, by removing the cause of it—as when we remove from an unwholesome to a wholesome locality; for example, from a low *malarious* district to an elevated and dry region: *sublatâ causâ tollitur effectus.* But although the propriety of change of climate, or perhaps we should rather here say, change of air or situation, is not, of course, overlooked by Sir James where it is so self-evident, yet it is not to cases of this kind that his observations principally apply; nor is it as a remedy possessing such summary and direct powers that climate is contemplated in his work. In such instances as those just referred to, and in many other affections both acute and chronic, we certainly find, by experience, that a change of air and climate frequently effects a great and immediate alleviation of symptoms, or a complete cure; even when the place of residence of the patient is a very healthy one to other persons: and when we are unable to explain, in any way, the manner in which the change of abode acts in bringing about so desirable a result. Instances of this kind must have come under the observation of most persons, and their frequency fully justifies, in many cases, the recommendation of change of air, or of climate, purely on

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empirical principles. But while admitting that there is much in the influence of change of climate, considered as a remedy, which we cannot at present explain, the author of the work before us wishes rather to consider this complex agent on rational principles. He rejects, wherever it is practicable, the idea of specific influence, and wishes climate to be considered, in its known qualities, as one of the agents that variously affect the body in health and disease. He submits it to the same examination, and the same tests, by which we judge of other remedies—trying it partly by studying its known qualities in reference to the known capacities of the living body; and partly by observing the results of experience simply. In prescribing it, he, for the most part, considers it only as *one* of the many means that must co-operate towards the restoration of a constitution deranged and enfeebled by the long prevalence of a chronic disease; in many cases he looks upon it merely as permitting the efficient curative means to be more completely or more conveniently applied.

"The air, or climate, (he says,) is often regarded by patients as possessing some specific quality, by virtue of which it directly cures the disease. This erroneous view of the matter, not unfrequently proves the bane of the invalid, by leading him, in the fulness of his confidence in climate, to neglect other circumstances, an attention to which may be more essential to his recovery than that in which all his hopes are centred....If he would reap the full measure of good which his new position places within his reach, he must trust more to himself and to his own conduct than to the simple influence of any climate, however genial; he must adhere strictly to such a mode of living as his case requires; he must avail himself of all the advantages which the climate possesses, and eschew those disadvantages from which no climate or situation is exempt; moreover, he must exercise both resolution and patience in prosecuting all this to a successful issue.... Here, as in every other department of the healing art, we must be guided by experience, and must rest satisfied with the amount of power which the remedy concedes to us. The charlatan may boast of a specific for any or for all diseases; the man of science knows that there exists scarcely a single remedy for any disease which can warrant such a boast; and that it is only by acting on and through the numerous and complicated functions of the living body, in various ways and by various means, and by carefully adapting our agents to the circumstances of each individual case, that we can check or remove the disorders of the animal system, more especially those which have long existed. Let it not then be imagined that change of climate, however powerful as a remedy, can be considered as at all peculiar in its mode of action; or as justifying, on the part either of the physician or patient, the neglect of those precautions which are requisite to insure the proper action of the other remedies."

Leaving, then, on one side, the consideration of climate generally as a specific agent, let us see in what way a removal to a warmer region either obviously acts, or may rationally be presumed to act, in relieving or curing diseases.

In the first place, a warm climate is like a perpetual summer to a person accustomed to a cold one. The higher temperature of the air, and the finer weather generally, besides acting directly on the sensations, and through them on the mind—on the circulation of the blood, both general and capillary—and on the secretions—enable the invalid to do many things beneficial to his health, which he could not do in his own country. It will enable him, for instance, to be much more in the open air, and, consequently, to take much more exercise than he could do in England. Those persons, and there are many such, who languish in their chambers through the whole of the winter in this country, and only feel the pleasure of existence during the summer, will need no argument to convince them how beneficially a warm climate often acts on the enfeebled and disordered frame. An invalid of this class seems to change his very being with his climate—

"The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise."

Secondly, a removal to a mild, that is, to the natives of the north a distant, climate, effects a complete change of the air, soil, water, and other physical circumstances of a strictly local kind; one or more of which may, unknown to us, be exerting a baneful influence upon the individual, in his own place of residence. A most striking example of the effect of local circumstances upon the general health, in a place not naturally unhealthy in the common acceptation of that term, and of the influence of change of situation in removing the disorders thereby produced, is afforded us every day by the mass of human life squeezed into our large cities. This striking circumstance has not escaped the notice of Sir James Clark.

"On the Continent," he says, "the beneficial effects of change of air are duly estimated; and the inhabitants of this country, and more especially of this metropolis, are now becoming fully sensible of its value. The vast increase in the size of our watering-places of late years, and the deserted state of a great part of London during several months, are sufficient proofs, not to mention others, of the increasing conviction that, for the preservation of health, it is necessary to

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change from time to time the relaxing, I may say, deteriorating air of a large city, for the more pure and invigorating air of the country. This, indeed, is the best, if not the only cure, for that destructive malady, which my be justly termed *Cachexia Londonensis;* which preys upon the vitals, and stamps its hues upon the countenance of almost every permanent residenter in this great city. When the extent of benefit which may be derived from occasional change of air, both to the physical and moral constitution, is duly estimated, no persons whose circumstances permit will neglect to avail themselves of it."

Thirdly, a change to a new climate, in almost every case involves a great change in all the habits of life—in diet, sleep, clothing, exercise, occupations. And if all or any of these habits happen to be injurious to health, every medical man knows how difficult—often, how impossible—it is to break through them *at home.* But the chain of evil habits is frequently at once snapt asunder by a journey; and its links in many cases are prevented, by the usages of strange places, from being re-knit for so long a time that they never afterwards coalesce. The disease, which if not produced was at least aggravated by more or fewer of these habits, either entirely and spontaneously disappears, or now yields to remedies which were previously found altogether ineffectual. Like the giant of old, it loses its power as soon as it loses hold of its native soil.

And this observation applies still better, perhaps, to moral than to physical habits; or, we should rather say to habits, whether physical or moral, which affect the mind more particularly. Not only is the merchant torn from his desk, and the student from his books, by a journey or a residence abroad, but in very many cases the wretched are torn from their cares. Most of our writers on intellectual philosophy, have shown too little regard to the influence exerted over the mind by the physical condition of the body; and it is only the physician who knows fully the immense share among the causes of unhappiness—we may say of wickedness—that bodily disorder may justly claim. In curing our corporeal disorders, the physician, in many cases, literally does "minister to a mind diseased;" and as the disorders which most affect the mind (disorders of the digestive organs) are, of all others perhaps, most benefited by a change of climate, this remedy of course becomes entitled to a distinguished place in the *medicina mentis.*

But cares and miseries of a different kind, which have no discoverable connection with bodily disease, are no less benefited by a change of climate. It is, indeed, surprising how local many of our miseries are; but that such is the case, any one may convince himself by looking round among his friends, or by retracing his social experience. One man is happy in town, but miserable in the country; another suffers equally, but reversely; a third is only wretched in his own house, and a fourth is never happy in his neighbor's. Now, it is obvious that to this very numerous class, a journey to a distant country must be of great service; inasmuch as it must necessarily alter, at least for a time, a great number of the relations in which such persons stand to the objects, whether animate or inanimate, with which they are usually surrounded; and, therefore, we venture to assert, in despite of the satirists of all ages, that in many cases the traveller truly *does* leave his miseries behind him: *se quoque fugit.* He leaves that other gloomy self in the analogous atmosphere of the north, and assumes a new form under a more brilliant sky.

There is yet another way in which we believe change of climate often proves beneficial, and in a very considerable degree; and here, in place of a Physician, we shall quote a Poet, (Crabbe)—taking leave, however, to make a small alteration upon his lines:—

> "——For change of air there's much to say,
> As nature then has room to work *her* way;
> And doing nothing often has prevail'd
> When ten physicians have prescribed and fail'd."

We are not surprised that the fact should be as here stated. Few are the Doctors, we verily believe, who can venture to put in practice all that they consider to be best in regard to the administration of medicines. Some patients will have draughts, whether the Doctor will or no; and some Doctors, perhaps, will prescribe them whether the patient will or no. Besides, it is not more strange that the professors of medicine should be fond of their instruments, than that the professors of other arts should be fond of theirs. And, may there not be something in the English character that prompts to what has been truly called the "energetic empiricism" at present so much in fashion in this country?

A very important agent in the cure of chronic diseases, by change of climate, still remains to be mentioned; although it is rather incidental to this measure than necessarily connected with it—we mean the mere *act of travelling.* This is a remedy, to be sure, which may be as effectually enjoyed in our own country as abroad. It is nevertheless often highly proper for the physi-

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cian to order his patient to a distant climate, even when all the benefit to be expected lies in the journey thither. People when sick must sometimes be cheated into health; and wo be to the Doctor who always speaks the whole truth to his patient! Every one has heard of the cure of a chronic disease in a gentleman whom Sydenham directed to ride on horseback from London to Inverness, with the object of consulting some imaginary Doctor in that region—no longer remote in our days of steam and mail coaches. And the same pious fraud may be often pardoned in the modern physician, who sends his patient to Genoa, to Rome, or to Naples: the influence of climate may be the ostensible cause of the journey, but the journey itself may be the true source of benefit.

"The mere act of travelling, (says Sir James Clark,) over a considerable extent of country, is itself a remedy of great value, and, when judiciously conducted, will materially assist the beneficial action of climate. A journey may indeed be regarded as a continuous change of climate as well as of scene; and constitutes a remedy of unequalled power in some of those morbid states of the system, in which the mind suffers as well as the body. In chronic irritation, and passive congestion of the mucous surfaces of the pulmonary and digestive organs, especially when complicated with a morbidly sensitive state of the nervous system, travelling will often effect more than any other remedy with which we are acquainted."

In former times, indeed, if expatriation had been proposed as a common remedy for a whole host of diseases, the presc er would assuredly have been considered as standing most in need of his own prescriptions; and *naviget Anticyram* would have occupied a prominent place in his *carte du voyage*. But in those days, steam-engines and patent axles were not; neither had that organ of the Phrenologists, which gives us the inclination to change our residence, been stimulated into full activity, by universal peace abroad, and universal travelling at home. At present, we are hardly more startled at Sir James Clark's prescription of Nice, Naples, or Rome, for the cure of a cough, an attack of indigestion, or of gout, than our fathers would have been by the household words of *horehound*, *coltsfoot*, *elecampane*, or *dandelion*. At all events, such a prescription is a very agreeable one; and, if their ailment is not very terrible, one might almost envy those patients who are obliged to use the remedy. It has been said that there is no royal road to health, any more than to learning; but we suspect that our author has actually discovered this royal road; and, if his patients have only the means of *macadamizing* it, it is well. For our own parts, we had been led by experience, before we saw Sir James Clark's book, to think so favorably of the *Peripatetic School* of medicine, that we should be willing to submit to its severest prescriptions in the proper case, even if we were, with the heroic patients of old, to incur the risk of all the imputations and penalties attached to such a measure—

"I, demens, et sævas curre per Alpes,
Ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias."

The diseases in which a change from a cold to a milder climate proves beneficial, are numerous. Those more particularly noticed in the work before us, are the following:—Disorders of the digestive organs, in all their various forms; consumption; chronic affections of the air-passages; asthma; gout; rheumatism; diseases of the skin; scrofula; infantile disorders; diseases of *hot* climates; the climacteric disease; and broken constitutions generally. What we have already said of the nature of chronic diseases in general, and of the principles of cure in such cases, must content our readers in respect to the majority of these affections. But there are two diseases, or rather two classes of diseases, which, from their surpassing importance, ought to claim from us, as they have obtained from the author, more particular notice. These are disorders of the Digestive organs, and Consumption. In the first part of the present work we are presented with two admirable outline sketches of these affections, to which we must refer the reader; as our business in this article is not to describe diseases, or to detail their general mode of treatment, but to point out the influence of climate upon them. We must, however, take leave to say, that it has but seldom been our fortune to meet with any piece of medical writing so characteristic of the best school of physic—the school of Hippocrates and Sydenham—as these sketches present. In the chronic state, and secondary stages of dyspepsia or indigestion, and its multiform progeny, change to a mild climate is recommended by Sir James Clark as a powerful means of relief and cure. Indeed, it is in this tribe of diseases that the beneficial influence of the measure is most conspicuous. The mode of its operation is explicitly detailed in his work; and the adaptation of particular climates to the different varieties and stages of the affection, is there stated with great precision and minuteness. This seems very necessary, as the choice of a

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residence for this class of invalids is far from a matter of indifference. The place that is useful in one case is detrimental in another.

"The different forms of the disease require different climates. The patient with gastritic dyspepsia should not, for example, go to Nice, nor the south-east of France. In cases of this kind, the south-west of France or Devonshire are preferable, and Rome and Pisa are the best places in Italy. On the other hand, in atonic dyspepsia, in which languor and sluggishness of the system, as well as of the digestive organs, prevail, with lowness of spirits and hypochondriasis, Nice is to be preferred to all the other places mentioned; and Naples will generally agree better than Rome or Pisa; while the south-west of France and Devonshire, and all similar climates, would be injurious. In the nervous form of dyspepsia, a climate of a medium character is best, and the choice should be regulated according as there is a disposition to the gastritic or the atonic form. In the more complicated and protracted cases, still more discrimination is required in selecting the best climate and residence; as we must take into consideration not merely the character of the primary disorder, and the state of mind with which it is associated, but the nature of the secondary affection which may already exist, or to which the patient may be predisposed."

But the most important of all the subjects treated of in this volume is the influence of climate in Consumption. And although, as we have already said, the beneficial effect of a mild climate is much more conspicuous in the class of disorders last noticed than in Consumption, yet the association of the latter disorder with this measure is so strongly fixed in the public mind, and such erroneous opinions prevail on the subject, that we feel it incumbent on us to notice it particularly. To establish the vast importance of the question, it suffices to state that, according to the latest and best authority, (the Registrar-General's Report,) a fifth part at least of all the deaths that occur in this country is owing to Consumption! And there is too just reason for apprehending that even this tremendous mortality is on the increase.

Is a removal to a mild climate really beneficial in the cure, or even in the prevention of Consumption? If beneficial, in what way, and in what degree is it so? And what climate is the most beneficial? The work before us contains much more information relating to these important points than is to be found anywhere else; but we fear we must say that the information is satisfactory chiefly because it is extensive and accurate. It conveys to us much less hope, and opens less prospect of benefit from the change, than we could desire. But it will, no doubt, be highly valuable to the medical profession, and to the public generally;—by setting the case in a true light, and by showing what climate can do, and what it cannot do. If the effect of Sir James Clark's delineation of the true features of Consumption, and his exposition of the way in which climate influences its development and progress, were limited to the abolition or even discouragement of that insane system, so generally followed at present, and too generally countenanced by the medical profession, of sending patients abroad in a state of *confirmed* consumption—that is, in a hopeless state—his book would be of inestimable value. It would at least afford some comfort to the hearts of the hundreds of parents who are now every year compelled by this fatal custom, to see their children die under all the aggravations of evil necessarily attendant on a residence in a foreign land. But the book, we confidently predict, will do much more than this; it will be the means of saving many lives, by pointing out the way in which a mild climate can truly be made efficient in lessening the appalling fatality of this disease.

Sir James Clark coincides in opinion with all the great pathologists of the day, that consumption, when fully formed, is almost universally fatal. The essential character of this disease consists, as is well known, in the formation of numerous small masses (called *tubercles*) in the substance of the lungs, which, in their growth and progressive changes, destroy the natural structure of the organs, and fatally derange many of the functions essential to life. When once developed in the lungs, it is extremely doubtful if these bodies can ever be removed by nature or art;—when they have gone beyond their very first stage, and exist in considerable quantity, it seems nearly certain that they are utterly beyond the resources of either.* We, no doubt, every now and then, hear of this or that person cured of consumption, by a regular member of the faculty; and in the course of every half score years or so, there springs into temporary notoriety some bold pretender of the regular order, whose confident

* We are well aware of the very peculiar and extremely rare yet well authenticated case, of a cure being effected after the discharge of a tubercle or tuberculous abscess by expectoration; but this case can only be considered as a rare exception to the general rule, and ought not to be at all calculated upon in practice. See, for information on this point, the classical works of Laennec, Andral, and Louis, and especially the present author's treatise on *consumption*.

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promises (sometimes, perhaps sincere) and loud boastings, impose upon many the belief that this hitherto intractable malady has at length been brought under the dominion of art. But the total ignorance of this class of persons respecting the real nature of the disease, and the great difficulties often experienced by the most learned in discriminating it, in its early stages, from some other diseases, sufficiently explain these occurrences. And the great teacher, Time, soon justifies the skepticism of the man of science, by covering with oblivion what, if true, could never be forgotten, nor permitted to yield its place to any novelty, however great, or any claimant, however loud. It is, therefore, with much satisfaction that we find the present author devoting all his powers to the elucidation of the remoter causes of consumption; and of the nature and character of that morbid condition of the system to which it is found commonly to supervene. If we cannot cure consumption itself, we may possibly be enabled to obviate the circumstances that lay the first foundation of it; or we may even be enabled to remove the first changes impressed by these circumstances upon the organization.

The remote and predisposing causes of the disease are well known, and have been generally noticed by preceding writers; but Sir James Clark is the first, who, to our knowledge, has formally described the precursory disorder; or attempted (to use his own words) "to fill up the blank which has been left in the natural history of consumption, between a state of health and of established and sensible disease of the lungs." The precursory affection of the system is termed by him *Tubercular Cachexy;* and he looks upon it as the *nidus* or *matrix* of the subsequent disease of the lungs.*

It is a powerful adjuvant of the medical means best calculated to remove this disorder—for, unlike its progeny, it is often curable—that removal to a mild climate is strongly recommended. The same measure is likewise advised, though with much less confidence, when there are strong reasons for believing that tubercles are actually formed in the lungs. But it is denounced, as we have already stated, in the strongest terms, not only as useless but cruel in the extreme, except in a few particular cases, when the disease is *confirmed.* We will here allow Sir James Clark to speak for himself; only observing that we entirely accord with every sentiment expressed by him in the following extract:—

* See also his treatise on *Consumption and Scrofulous Diseases.* London: 1835.

"Unfortunately it too often happens, that the period of constitutional disorder, which we have just been considering, is permitted to pass; and it is not until symptoms of irritation or impeded function in the lungs, such as cough, difficult breathing, or spitting of blood, appear, that the patient or relations are alarmed, and that fears are expressed that the chest is "threatened." Such symptoms are but too sure indications that tuberculous disease has already commenced in the lungs. It may, indeed, be difficult, in some cases, to ascertain the positive existence of this, although by a careful examination of the chest, and an attentive consideration of all the circumstances of the case, we shall seldom err in our diagnosis; and it need not, at any rate, affect our practice, as a strong suspicion of the presence of tubercles should lead us to adopt the same precautions as the certainty of their existence.

"When tuberculous matter is deposited in the lungs, the circumstances of the patient are materially changed. We have the same functional disorders which existed in the former state: and we have also pulmonary disease, predisposing to a new series of morbid actions—to bronchial affections, hæmoptysis, inflammation of the pleura and lungs, &c.—which calls for important modifications in the plan of treatment. Removal to a mild climate, especially if effected by means of a sea voyage, under favorable circumstances, may still be useful as in the former case—namely, as a means of improving the general health, of preventing inflammatory action of the lungs, and even, perhaps, arresting the progress of the disease.

"When consnmption is fully established—that is, when there is extensive tuberculous disease in the lungs, little benefit is to be expected from change of climate; and a long journey will almost certainly increase the sufferings of the patient, and hurry on the fatal termination. Under such circumstances, therefore, the patient will act more judiciously by contenting himself with the most favorable residence which his own country affords; or even by remaining amid the comforts of home, and the watchful care of friends. And this will be the more advisable when a disposition to sympathetic fever, to inflammation of the lnugs, or to hæmoptysis, has been strongly manifested.

"It is natural for relations to cling to that which seems to afford even a ray of hope; but did they know the discomforts, the fatigue, the exposure, and irritation, necessarily attendant on a long journey in the advanced period of consumption, they would shrink from such a measure. The medical adviser, also, when he reflects upon the accidents to which such a patient is liable, should surely hesitate ere he condemns him to the additional evil of expatriation; and his motives for hesitation will be increased when he considers how often the unfortunate patient sinks under the disease before the place of destination is reached, or, at best, arrives there in a worse condition than when he left his own country, and doomed shortly to add another name to the long and melancholy list of his countrymen who have sought, with pain and suffering, a distant country, only to find in it a grave. When

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the patient is a female, the objections to a journey apply with increased force."

It is not, therefore, in the hope of his patients finding something specific—some mysterious and occult virtue—in the air of a milder climate, capable of curing consumption, that our author sends them to Italy or Madeira; but it is because the climate of these countries permits the application of the means best calculated for preventing or removing those morbid actions which too often terminate in consumption. The fatal error of this country is—to wait until the lungs are obviously affected, and then to hurry the unfortunate patient at once to a mild climate; without considering, in the first place, whether the case is of such a nature as really to afford any reasonable hope of benefit from *any* climate; and, secondly, if a prospect of benefit really exists, which of the milder climates is best suited to the particular case. The plan recommended by the author is to watch the development of that train of symptoms, which, if left unchecked, too generally terminates in consumption; to institute then a comprehensive and combined system of treatment calculated to restore the disordered functions; and, as enabling some parts of this system to be carried much more effectually into operation, then to remove the invalid to the mild climate which is best suited to the peculiarities of the case. Such a climate, among other advantages, tends to produce a greater equality in the circulation, by determining the fluids to the surface and extremities; removes considerably the risk of catarrhal affections, which, in predisposed subjects, often act as exciting causes of tubercles; and—the greatest advantage of all, enables the invalid to be much more in the open air, and, consequently, to take much more exercise than he could possibly do in England during the winter. With such advantages as these, the plan of treatment calculated to restore the general health, and thereby to avert the threatened disease of the lungs, has obviously a much fairer chance of success in such a climate as Madeira, where there may be said to be a perpetual summer, than in so cold, moist, and variable a climate as that of England. We say the plan of treatment has a fairer chance of success in such a climate—not that the climate is to be considered as the sole or even principal agent in averting the impending malady, much less in curing it when it has already made good its footing. The fact is, that although a change to a mild climate may be sufficient, in some cases, to enable the natural powers of the system to restore the disordered functions without the aid of art, these powers will fail in a great majority of cases; and yet, not so much, perhaps, from their deficiency, as because they are impeded and thwarted by an injurious system of regimen or medical treatment. In the severer or more strongly marked cases, (even before the development of tubercles,) it will be of little avail that the invalid changes our cold and gloomy atmosphere for the soft breezes and brilliant skies of the south, unless he changes, at the same time, the habits which have induced, or aggravated, or accelerated his present disorder; and unless he, moreover, adopts measures calculated to aid the sanative powers of nature. Nay, we will assert, however great may be the advantages of a mild climate in such cases, (and we consider them as very great,) it will be much better for an invalid to remain in England under good management, than to go abroad to the best climate, under no management at all, or under bad management. *Cæteris paribus*, a mild climate is, in this case, greatly preferable to a cold one; but a good system of discipline is indispensable in both.

And here, before we conclude, and lest we should be thought desirous of having it supposed that we ourselves, or the author of this work, possess some new and potent system of medication, calculated to avert the poisoned arrows of "the pest," or to stay its giant strides—we deem it necessary to state, in a very few words, the general complexion of the plan of treatment which he recommends, and in which alone we have any faith, in the case under consideration. In the first place, we utterly disclaim the possession or prescription of any specific remedy in such cases; and, in the second place, we profess to be most sparing in the use of medicines of any kind. Indeed, we are of opinion that medical science has now arrived at that stage when, in practice, it may frequently content itself by looking, rather to the pathological condition of the subject, than to the efficacy of any remedial measures. At all events, we think it will generally be found, that the most scientific and skilful physicians are the most sparing in the use of drugs. The plan we advocate in the present case, consists essentially in taking a close and comprehensive view of the whole disorder under which the system labors; and in adapting our remedies (often extremely simple) to every part that is affected. What we consider as most faulty in the prevailing system of medicine in this country is, the too great simplicity of the

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views of disease taken by practitioners, and the consequent too partial and exclusive system of therapeutics founded on them. We wish practitioners, in their study of chronic diseases, to endeavor, like the author of the work before us, to combine the Hippocratic system of close and comprehensive observation with the more rational views of disease brought to light by modern Pathology; and in their practice to endeavor to restore, at the same time, *all* the parts that are disordered; and to restore them by such mild and simple means as are calculated rather to solicit than to force their natural actions. In the case now more immediately under consideration—the morbid state entitled by Sir James Clark *Tubercular Cachexy*—we find almost every part of the system disordered, although some are much more so than others. There is an irregular distribution of the circulating fluids, of the nervous power, and of the animal temperature; the circulating fluids are themselves in an unhealthy state, and most of the secretions are depraved; the organs of digestion are particularly disordered; the skin and all the mucous surfaces are affected; and there exist local congestions, or irritations, or inflammations of the mucous surfaces, viscera, and internal blood-vessels. Now, is it to be supposed for a moment, that medicines, or any system of treatment that regards only one or two links of the chain, can stand any chance of removing a disorder at once so general and so deeply rooted. The experience of all the best physicians of the present day, and the results of our author's observations, recorded in the present work, and in his Treatise on Consumption, strengthen and confirm our own convictions, founded on long attention to the subject, in replying in the negative.

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## PROFESSOR OF MINERALOGY AT CHRISTIANIA.

I found the learned gentleman in a low room about ten feet square, at the end of a dark covered way, which was entered from the street, and across which was a gate with broken hinges; the window of this apartment looked on a dirty courtyard lumbered up with tubs, an old cart, and a barrel or two of earth containing ore to be analyzed. But the room itself was even worse than its situation, and its multifarious contents more difficult to analyze than the ore. It contained in one corner a small dirty bed; and on one side was a book-case, from the dusty top shelf of which, by mounting upon one of the three old crazy chairs, he handed a book down to me. On another side stood an antique clock, its face covered with figures and divers circles, emblematic, no doubt, of the mystic religion of Norway. On the wall were hanging thermometers, barometers, and hydrometers, and every other sort of *ometer*, numberless, dusty, and mysterious; loadstones with weights attached to them; scales, pendulums, and an endless *et cetera*. Opposite to these was an old bureau full of mineralogical curiosities, among which he showed me an earth previously unknown, which he had lately discovered, and a crystal not yet observed by any other person, and such like marvels. All these were lying in confusion confounded, amidst pots and pans, basins, crucibles, receivers, retorts, bottles of every sort, shape, and size, and flanked with glasses of every kind and form. His large table, covered with tablets, manuscripts, and books, cups, funnels, and every denomination of vessels, baffled all description. When I disturbed him, he was engaged in analyzing some specimens of minerals; but, to my taste, he was by far the most extraordinary specimen of all. Fancy a little dirty old man, with blear eyes, whose face looked as if it had not been washed any more than his originally white, now dark brown, nightcap, since his spectacles were made; and the furrow they had worn upon his nose showed their use had been of some years' standing: and to augment his beauty, a huge black plaster was stuck on one temple. He wore a dirty shirt crusted with snuff, a gay colored waistcoat reaching over his hips, a brown coat and trousers far too wide for his shrunken shanks, while a pair of immense slippers completed the costume of this subterranean octogenarian, or, I may say, Mediterranean prodigy. Despite his rough and unpromising exterior, his manners were not only agreeable, but polished; and he very kindly showed me his collection of minerals, which is valuable and well arranged. He was a pupil of Werner's and is a man of considerable talent.—*Milford's Norway.*

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## ON SEEING A CHILD FALL ASLEEP AMID ITS SPORTS.

BY MISS PARDOE.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

Wearied with pleasure! Oh, how deep
Such slumber seems to be—
Thou fairy creature! I could weep
As thus I gaze on thee:
Ay, weep and with most bitter tears,
Wrung from the spirit's core,
To think that in a few short years
Thou'lt sleep that sleep no more.

Wearied with pleasure! what a sound
To greet a world-worn ear!
Can we who tread life's giddy round,
Sleep like the cherub here?
Alas! for us joy's brightest hours
All fever as they fly,
And leave a blight—as sun-struck flowers
Of too much glory die.

Wearied with pleasure! Does the wing
Of angels fan thy brow?
Sweet child, do birds about thee sing,
And blossoms round thee blow?
Is thy calm sleep with gladness rife?
Do stars above thee shine?
Oh, I would give whole years of life
To dream such dreams as thine!

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# MEANS OF SECRET COMMUNICATION IN ANCIENT ARMIES.

BY H. CURLING, H. P. 52ND.

From United Service Journal.

THE extraordinary means by which the warriors of the olden time contrived to communicate with each other while cooped up and surrounded by their adversaries in the beleaguered city, or the tented field, will be found, on perusal of those old worm-eaten works wherein such contrivances are dilated on, well worthy of the contemplation of the curious in military matters.

It is my purpose in this paper to set forth some of the practices the "old soldier" resorted to when war (less civilized than in later days) was a war of extermination. At the same time, it was the business of life, and harness of proof "your only wear." In those days of iron men, then, it would appear that a considerable deal more ingenuity was wont to be displayed than is either customary, or at all necessary in our own times; and the means used by the ancients to communicate their intentions, necessities, and perils to their advancing or distant allies, so contrived in many instances, that if, by adverse circumstances, the messenger and his letter happened to be intercepted, the communication being artfully worded, although it failed in the immediate purpose in hand, it yet might serve the turn of misleading the foe; by which means, when so completely blocked up and surrounded by fierce and savage foes, that (unless the bird of the air could take their message in his flight, or the blind mole burrow with it through the firm-set earth), their case seemed altogether hopeless, they have yet managed, by some swift and secret intelligence, either to obtain a diversion in their favor, or gain assistance from their friends.

For example, an alphabet having been agreed upon among the host, ere separated and detached in a hostile country, with the letters so marked, or varied, as to be understood by themselves alone, it was frequently the custom of the ancients, in their extremity, to write that which, on being unluckily intercepted, would, as I have before said, although it failed in obtaining them the succors or assistance they required, at least, mislead their enemies as to their real situation.

No.—*Involved Epistles of the Ancients.*

In the first place, then, we will exemplify the means resorted to in very early times of writing a letter, with the help of two alphabets—the letters of which were so nearly similar, that, unless previously agreed on and fully comprehended by the allies, it was almost impossible to detect the involved meaning of the scrawl.

1ST AND 2ND ALPHABETS.

| *a* | *b* | *c* | *d* | *e* | *f* | *g* | *h* | *i* | *k* | *l* | *m* | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| a | b | c | d | e | f | g | h | i | k | l | m | |
| *n* | *o* | *p* | *q* | *r* | *s* | *t* | *u* | *v* | *w* | *y* | *z* | |
| n | o | p | q | r | s | t | u | v | w | x | y | z |

Now, if by these alphabets we write the following letter, it will be found to answer the purposes described above.

FROM THE BESIEGED.

*W*ee *pr*os*per* s*t*ill in our a*ff*air*es* and *s*hall *with*out *hauing* any furth*er* *h*e*lp*e end*u*re the *s*eige.

Giving (as mentioned), in case of being intercepted, a false account of prosperous times and full granaries, where, in truth, there was nothing but "a bare-ribb'd death" in prospect; for if the letters of the second alphabet be picked out of this smiling and confident epistle, the situation of the garrison will be fully described, with military brevity sufficient to satisfy the great captain of our own times—

*Wee perish with hunger helpe us.*

Another way of secret writing, was to express all the letters by any five of them doubled; for instance, A B C D E doubled into the following alphabet—

| A | B | C | D | E | F | G | H | I | K | L | M |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| aa | ab | ac | ad | ae | ba | bb | bc | bd | be | ca | cb |
| N | O | P | Q | R | S | T | V | W | X | Y | Z |
| cc | cd | ce | da | db | dc | dd | de | ea | eb | ec | ed |

&c. By which contrivance, that which appeared an incomprehensible jumble of letters, "signifying nothing," if intercepted, might convey a certain and true account of the situation or wants of the besieged; for instance, "I am betrayed," may be thus written—

| Bd | aa | cb | ab | ae | dd | db | aa | ec | ae | ad |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| I | a | m | b | e | t | r | a | y | e | d |

On reference to the alphabet above, this will be easily and plainly made out. Certes, it is an epistle to which the caution of Hamlet need not be given—namely, "Give it an understanding, and no tongue;" since I defy the inventors of the unknown tongues of more modern times to syllable it forth, however easily they might comprehend it.

Again, three letters being transposed through three places were also used thus:

| A | B | C | D | E | F | G | H | I | K | L | M | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| aaa | aab | aac | baa | bba | bbb | bbc | caa | cca | ccb | ccc | aba | |
| N | O | P | Q | R | S | T | U | V | W | X | Y | Z |
| abb | abc | aca | acb | acc | bca | bcb | bcc | bce | bab | cba | cbb | cbc |

By which means, supposing the besieged to wish for the rapid advance of their friends,



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upon any sudden emergency, they might write it thus:

caa aaa bca bcb bba abb bcc abb bcb abc aba bba
Hasten unto me.

Two letters being transposed through five places may be also supplied—

| A | B | C | D | E | F | G | H |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| aaaaa | aaaab | aaaba | aaabb | aabaa | aabab | aabba | aabbb |
| I | K | L | M | N | O | P | Q |
| abaaa | abaab | ababa | ababb | abbaa | abbab | abbba | abbbb |
| R | S | T | V | W | X | Y | Z |
| baaaa | baaab | baaba | baabb | babaa | babab | babba | babbb |

From which, for instance, write to your friends, and tell them to cut their sticks after this fashion—"with what flourish your nature will," as the immortal has it—

aabab ababa babba aaaaa babaa aaaaa babba
F L Y A W A Y

Suetonius mentions that Julius Cesar, when he wished to convey a private message, was sometimes wont to write it by making one letter stand for another: D for A, E for B, and so following, according to this alphabet:

d e f g h i k l m n o p q r s t u w x y z a b c
a b c d e f g h i k l m n o p p r s t u v w x y z

By which invention, if he wished to say, "Hasten unto me," he wrote it thus:

L d w x h q y g x r p h.

The same author says that Octavius Augustus pursued a similar plan, setting down the second letter for the first, as B for A, C for B, and for A, XX. This again they rung the changes upon, and still further obscured.

Notes of secresy and abbreviation in writing, as used by the Romans, are treated on by Valerius Probus. Cicero and Seneca are also said to have been among the first who invented some of these means of communication.

### No. 2.—*The Artifices used for Delivery of Letters.*

The artifices, also, that the warriors of the olden time resorted to for the conveyance of these mysterious epistles will be found as well worthy of notice as the letters themselves. Some, for instance, have been put into the hands of men, who, being boxed up in coffins, have been sent away as dead; others, again, have been fain to take on them the disguise and semblance of animals, as mentioned by Josephus, when, during the seige of Jotapata, soldiers were ordered to creep out of the city by night in the likeness of dogs. The Council of Ephesus, again, when Nestorius was condemned, being strictly debarred from all ordinary ways of conveyance, were fain to send to Constantinople by one disguised as a beggar, "ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth."

Letters have also been conveyed by men to their imprisoned friends in the food they were to receive; and among other stories related, there is one of a person rolling up his letter in a wax candle, and desiring the messenger to tell the party who received it that the candle would give him light for his business. Harpagus, the Mede, when he wished to exhort Cyrus to conspire against the king, his uncle, and being suspected so much that his every motion was jealously watched by "servant's feed," managed yet to evade these dogged spies, and one day, while hunting, contrived to stow away his letters in the belly of a hare, and delivering them, together with his nets and other implements of the chase, to a trusty messenger, they were thus safely conveyed to Cyrus; by which adventure, Astyages was bereaved of his kingdom.

Demæratus, king of Sparta, also, while "eating the bitter bread of banishment," being received at the Persian court, became aware there of the designs of Xerxes against Greece; upon which he immediately set his wits to work in order to advertise his countrymen of the mighty preparation. For this purpose, writing his epistle upon a tablet of wood and covering the letters with wax, it was in that form conveyed safely to the magistrates of Lacedæmon, who, on its receipt, although they had a shrewd suspicion that it "meant mischief," were for a long time unable to pluck out the heart of its mystery, till at length the king's sister, on its being shown her, picked off the wax and discovered the writing.

The leaves of plants and trees were also made use of for the purpose of writing on, and being covered over some sore or ulcer, were thus carried and secretly delivered.

Among, however, the most extraordinary of these kinds of inventions, is one told of Hystiæus, who, while with Darius in Persia (being in communication with Aristagoras in Greece), desired to send him a secret message upon the subject of revolting from the Persian government. For this purpose, he undertook the cure of one of his household servants troubled with sore eyes; and persuading him of the necessity of having his head shaved and scarified (no bad remedy, by the way) during the operation, he took an opportunity of writing his intentions on the man's head. After which, keeping him confined for some days till his hair was somewhat grown, he desired him

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then (in order that he might be perfectly cured), to travel into Greece, and present himself before Aristagoras, who, by shaving his head a second time, would certainly restore his vision.

When, again, it has been found impossible to communicate by land during a seige, the ancients have made the effort by water, by means of thin plates of lead fastened to the arms and thighs of expert swimmers. Lucullus is said to have communicated his approach to a beleaguered town, by sending a common soldier, disguised like some strange fish, and who, having his letters concealed in two bladders, by their help (being an expert swimmer), he managed to reach his destination.

Pigeons, and swallows even, were used in early times to carry a letter. "The bird of the air will carry the clatter, and pint stoups hae lang lugs," quotes one of Sir Walter's characters.

Arrows, also, have carried intelligence: indeed, we are told of one which, being labelled for Philip's right eye, hit the mark; by which we might, if we liked, go so far as avouch the oldness of the saying, "There you go with your eye out," but that we have no voucher for the fact. The missiles, even cast from slings, in very early times, had billets attached to them. Cleomenes, king of Lacedæmon, during the siege of Trezerne, ordered his soldiers to shoot several arrows over the walls, with notes attached, containing the words—"I come that I may restore this place to liberty." Upon which, the over-credulous inhabitants, discontented withal, opened their gates, and allowed his power to enter.

In short, the highest walls, the deepest moats, rivers, and trenches, guarded by the most watchful sentinels, have been insufficient to baffle the wit of a determined foe.

> 'Tis not the roundure of your old-fac'd walls
> Can hide you from our messengers of war.

## No. 3.—*Beacons, Signals by Smoke, by Fire, and by Torches, &c.*

The practice of giving information by lighting fires in the night, and by sending up volumes of smoke by day, is of greater antiquity than the other secret inventions I have mentioned, since such practises are said to have been in use in the Trojan wars. Be that, however, as it may, they are frequently mentioned by the ancient historians.

Appian, speaking of Scipio at Numantia, mentions that he divided his camp into divers companies, and gave orders to the Tribunes who commanded each party to signalize any attack that was made upon them, by fires if in the night-time, and by a red flag of cloth by day. "Si impeterentur ab hoste, de die, panno rubro in hastu sublato significarent, de nocte, igne."

Vegetius also affirms that it was customary when the host was divided to communicate in the day by smoke, in the night by fires.

Torches shaken betokened the approach of the enemy; held still they signified the advance of friends.

Polybius dilates upon a plan of this sort. "Let there be (he says) five columns, or tablets, drawn thus, with letters thus divided:

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | a | f | l | q | w |
| 2 | b | g | m | r | x |
| 3 | c | h | n | s | y |
| 4 | d | i | o | t | z |
| 5 | e | k | p | u | |

"Provide then ten torches, five being on the right and five on the left. Hold up so many torches on the right hand as show the number of the tablet, and so many on the left as will display the number of the letter therein. For instance, if you mean to say *Hasten*, it may be thus signified:—

| The right hand. | | The left hand. |
|---|---|---|
| II. | H | 3 |
| I. | A | 1 |
| IV. | S | 3 |
| IV. | T | 4 |
| I. | E | 5 |
| III. | N | 3 |

"That is, two lights on the right hand show the second column, and, at the same time, three at the left denote the third letter in that column, H. A single torch discovered on both sides signifies the first letter of the first column,—and so on for the remainder. There are various changes in this sort of torch-light communication; but the above is sufficient to show how the thing was managed."

The signals by smoke, in the day-time, were not quite so distinctly made out, though the contrivances were various and ingenious. Funnels, for instance, were used for the purpose of dividing and conveying the smoke in the order it was intended to mount into the air, so as to be seen at a great distance; and doubtless many of the unregarded beacons and nameless barrows which are to be seen upon the blasted heaths and wolds of our sceptred isle could tell an interesting tale of fearful musters and prepared defence,

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when "fire answering fire, each battle showed the other's umber'd face." In former times, too, it is said the Chinese were in the habit of corresponding by smoke in the day, and by fire in the night, even for common purposes; so that when any strangers happened to be cast on their shores, they were examined by a watch, or guard, who was kept for the purpose, and who not only communicated their business, number, and the commodities they brought, but also received for answer what was to be their fate, if enemies, and whether they were to be admitted or dismissed, if friends.

## No. 4.—*Intelligence by Birds, by Sounds, by Running Footmen, &c.*

The practice of swift and secret conveyance by pigeons is of very great antiquity, since it is mentioned in history that Hircius the Consul, during the seige of Mutina, carried on a secret correspondence with Brutus, by tying his letters "unto such pigeons as were taught beforehand to fly from the camp to the city and back again. Thaurosthenes also sent the news of his victory at Olympia to his father at Egina, by a pigeon 'tis affirmed. Anacreon gives us an ode upon such a pigeon.

> Gentle pigeon, hither, hither
> Fly, and tell me whence or whither
> Thou art come, or thou art winging,
> Such sweet incense round thee flinging.

It was usual for the Roman magistrates, (says Lipsius,) when they went to the theatre, or other public meeting, whence they could not return at pleasure, to carry a pigeon with them, in order that, if any unexpected or untoward event should happen, they might give warning to their friends and families at home.

The attendance of running footmen is also of considerable antiquity. Alexander the Great was usually attended by these messengers; and it is related of two of them, Anistius and Philonides, that they ran 1200 stadia in a day. It is also related of a boy amongst the Romans, who being but eight years old, ran five-and-forty miles between sunrise and sunset.

Dromedaries, camels, and mules were also in common use in early times for carrying messages; and the custom of riding post, by renewing both horse and man at certain stages, it is said by Herodotus to have been made use of by Xerxes in the Grecian war.

Swallows are said by Pliny to have been sent to Rome as intelligenceers of a battle fought and won, being anointed all over with the color of victory.

Sounds and reports of cannon and musketry, the roll of the drum, and the blowing of horns, have been made use of by agreement, so as to express, twixt friend and friend, some sign or signal of distress or necessity, and even letters and words distinctly given. Suppose, for instance, the word *Victuals* were to be sounded, let the bigger sound be represented by A, and the lesser by B, when, according to the table I have before given, in which two letters of the alphabet are transposed through five places, the word may be thus made:—

| V | I | C | T | U | A | L | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| baabb | abaaa | aaaba | baaba | baabb | aaaaa | ababa | baaab |

That is, the lesser note sounded once and then the bigger twice, after which the lesser again twice gives the V, *baabb*. So the larger once, the lesser once, and then the larger thrice, represents the letter I, *abaaa*. (See pages 72, 73, for alphabet.) This, however, will seem the less curious from our own more modern practice in the light infantry manœuvres.

Cambden, in speaking of the Roman wall built by Severus in the North of England, and which he says was above a hundred miles in length, affirms that its towers, which were more than a hundred in number, and situate a mile apart, were so contrived that, by means of hollow pipes in the curtains of the wall, the defendants could presently inform one another, from tower to tower, of anything necessary to be told regarding the intended assault of the foe; and, even long after the total ruin of this wall, there were many inhabitants of those parts who held their lands by a tenure in cornage; that is, they were obliged, by blowing a horn, to discover the advance of hostile forces.

The ringing of bells I need hardly mention, since that species of alarum is to this day used by the timorous in their dwelling-houses, even in our own peaceful times.

## No. 5.—*Hieroglyphics.*

Amongst these ancient customs and inventions it may be as well to glance at hieroglyphics, which were, perhaps, in use before any I have yet mentioned; the Egyptians using these curious symbols on their pillars, obelisks, pyramids, and monuments, before the invention of any other sort of writing. Thus by a bee they represented a king, intimating that he should be industrious, gather honey, and bear a sting; a serpent, with his tail in his mouth, signified the year, which returns into itself, and so forth.

Darius, during his war with the Scythi-

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ans, received as presents a bird, a mouse, a frog, and a bundle of arrows, which gifts were meant to intimate that unless the Persians could fly as birds, dive under water like frogs, or live in holes in the earth as mice, they need scarce hope to escape the Scythian arrows.

No. 6.—*Conclusion. Varieties of Epistolary Correspondence.*

To return to the subject of communication by secret writing, there are several modes of doing so besides those shown in the commencement of this paper; amongst others, it was not uncommon, with the Eastern leaders, to write from the right hand to the left, or from the top to the bottom, and so upwards again. For instance,—

e r f d l e e l l t
i e t o o s w i i h
l s u u h h s n t e
p h o t o a v c s p
p a h t t l t r h e
u n t h e l s e t s
s d i e l n g a o t
y s w s b o n s d i
d p e i a t o e c l
e e g e e b m a n e

Begin this at the first letter towards the right hand, and so downwards, and then up again, and you will find this lamentable situation expressed:—

The pestilence doth still increase amongst us wee shall not be able to hold out the seige without fresh and speedy supply.

Again, the order both of the letters and lines were sometimes altered thus:—

T e o l i r a e l m s f m s e s p l v o w e u t e l
h s u d e s r a l o t a i h d u p y s r e m s y i d

The souldiers are allmost famished supply us or we must yield.

Another mode was by inversion; when either the letters or syllables are spelled backwards, as in the following:—

Mitto tibi *metulas* cancros imitare legendo.

In this the word *salutem* is expressed by inversion of the letters. Again,—

Stisho estad, vecabiti.

Which, by inversion of the syllables, gives us,—

Hostis adest, cave tibi.

It was also customary amongst the ancients to write with various kinds of juices, and otherwise endeavor, by the material or liquor with which they inscribed their epistles, to evade the prying eyes of their enemies. Putrified willow and the juice of glow-worms being mentioned, as also milk, urine, fat, and other glutinous liquors, which were made legible upon being powdered with dust. Attalas is said to have made use of some such method when, before giving battle to the enemy, and intending to sacrifice to the gods for success, he pulled out the entrails of the beast, and impressed upon them the words *Regis victoriæ*, having before hand written them backward in his hand with some thick and glutinous matter he had prepared for the purpose; so that the entrails, on being tumbled about by the priest, in order to find their signification, gathered so much dust that the words were distinctly legible. After which omen the soldiers advanced with such spirit and confidence that they won the day.

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## THE LAWYER;

### HIS CHARACTER AND RULE OF HOLY LIFE.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

*The Lawyer, his Character and Rule of Holy Life.* By Edward O'Brien, Barrister-at-Law. London: William Pickering. 1842.

This little book, which is manifestly the result of much patient and laborious reflection, deserves public attention on many accounts. The subject it canvasses is one of the very highest practical importance to society at large; and the exhibition which the book presents of the character of the author is scarcely less calculated to interest and to instruct. It is the posthumous work of a singularly upright, thoughtful, and gifted man; who had entered for some years on the practice of the profession it discusses, as a member of the Irish bar; and who, prematurely taken from the world by an illness which itself was caught in a course of devoted charitable exertions, left it behind him as a record of the maxims by which he meant his professional life to be regulated. The object of the book is, to apply the highest principles of conscientiousness to the practice of the Law; and of course many will at once pronounce maxims so inconvenient, to be altogether inapplicable to actual experience, the fond ideal of a benevolent speculatist. He did not think—what is much more important, he did not *find* them so. This book is no collection of moral exhortations leisurely delivered from the closet by a teacher unconcerned in the temptations it exposes; it is no binding heavy burdens on men's shoulders by one who would not move them with one of his own fingers; this is no sophist* lecturing Hannibal on the art of war; we have here a manual composed by one personally engaged in the conflict, and who (it

* Cicero *De Oratore*, ii. 18.

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is well known and attested) was resolute to carry into daily practice every maxim of duty he delivered. And this trial was not likely to be spared him as he advanced in life. Mr. O'Brien had already begun to attain professional reputation, and was therefore to look forward to the prospect of perpetually testing, in his own person, the practicability of his principles. The book itself witnesses as strongly to the intellectual power which would have ensured distinction in the profession, as to the moral principles which he had determined should regulate its practice. The simplicity of his own character rendered it indeed much more likely that he would silently make his life transcend his precepts, than that he would overstate the precepts themselves: the notion of adjudicating moral questions for any other purpose than that of submitting the conduct to the decisions of the purified reason, was to his sincere and unaffected character intolerable. Assuredly the removal of such a man from among us is a severe loss to his profession, and to society at large; the rare example of such conscientiousness built not upon vague notions of honor, but upon simple and definite principles of moral truth, would have been invaluable for direction and encouragement to others. He has, however, left his own best monument in his admirable little treatise; and his memory has certainly been in no small degree fortunate in having the care and adornings of the monument consigned to the affectionate offices of the friend who has exhibited it to the public.

"From his earliest years," writes his Editor in the introductory notice, "my lamented friend was remarkable for a scrupulous regard to justice. I have never known another person so entirely conscientious. On all occasions his first desire was to know what ought to be done, and to do it. The great and invisible things which belong to truth, justice, and mercy, seemed with him ever present. On the other hand, the ordinary objects of selfish ambition appeared to him fantastic and unreal. It is not uncommon to meet men who inquire, as metaphysicians, into the first principles of right and wrong: but he followed justice into its minutest details; he believed the broken bread of justice to be the food of all social life, and reverently gathered up its very crumbs: nothing seemed trivial to him in which conscience had a part. While his faith was thus strong, he was, from natural disposition, and from habits of philosophical inquiry, unusually skeptical as to matters of the mere understanding. Those who remember his extreme caution will not be tempted to think that on so important a subject he had rushed precipitately into a system of his own.

"His religious convictions were profound: he knew that moral principles have their root in divine truths, and can only be realized through aid from above. This will account for the Christian tone that pervades his work: indeed, but for these convictions, I do not know whether it would ever have been written. Justice is fond rather of upbraiding than assisting. It was Christian zeal and Christian charity which inspired him with an unceasing desire to maintain what he believed to be the cause of truth. In particular he was anxious to assist those young men of his own profession, who with views in the main honourable, and average clearness of mind, are yet unequal to contend against the favorite corruption of the time, supported as it is, not only by personal interest, but by a very large number of specious sophisms offered to their choice, as well as a considerable weight of pretended authority and modern tradition.

"His religion was eminently practical in the true sense of the word. It was his habit to observe the influence of Christian principles as applied to the common detail of life. He disliked religious controversy; and occult dogmas, he thought, were to be believed in faithfully, not scrutinized impertinently. He loved the reflected light of Christian truth; and remembered that if we fix a direct gaze too long upon the sun, our eyes are dimmed, and we walk in the dark. He meditated often on that text, 'Thy Word is a lantern unto my feet;' and appeared to discover a spirituality in obedience which escapes the penetration of more speculative religionists. The consequence was such as might be expected. The professions, indeed all occupations by which men live, and which are permanent elements in society, seemed to him delivered from the secular character that belongs to them naturally. He did not consider the Christian commonwealth as consisting of statesmen, lawyers, physicians, farmers, and other classes of men, who, besides their social avocations, possess religious opinions: rather he viewed it as a body of Christians who are led providentially to certain outward pursuits; who undertake them on Christian conditions; who speak sincerely in naming each such pursuit a calling ('the state of life to which it hath pleased God to call me'); and who regard it not chiefly as a means of selfish advancement, but as the sphere of those labors allotted to them by the divine command, and for the good of their neighbor. Such a doctrine must always appear to the world as visionary, because it requires us to become unworldly: nay, it carries the war into the enemy's camp: and seems to violate that silent truce by which religion, on condition of not trespassing beyond bounds, or interfering with the Babel-worship of the world, is permitted to remain herself unmolested—except by being superseded. Such, however, were the opinions which my friend maintained."—pp. 11-13.

And again—

"The few points in my friend's character to which I have adverted will best explain the design of his book, and his motives in writing it. I have recorded them for that small but fit audience which alone he wished to gather round him. What degree of popular favor may await this work is of but little importance. The grave which has closed on its author does not more securely shield him

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from the arrows of fortune, or the sharp and flattering speeches of men, than did his own manly and modest nature; and those who remain will possess in this book a memorial of their friend more consoling than public applause could be. In it his portraiture remains; stamped upon it, they will find not his love of justice alone, but that kindness which made him seem, if injured, to remember justice only against himself: they will observe his fearless reverence for truth, and at the same time his respect for opinions long established, his slowness to oppose them, his candor in weighing them, his charitable desire to exculpate those who held them, and that higher charity which stimulated him to combat their error: they will be reminded of his reluctance to give pain, and his greater fear of doing wrong; his distrust of his own judgment, and his invariable faith in the moral sense and the Divine commands; his indifference to promiscuous applause, and his solicitude for the esteem of those he esteemed, the love of those he loved. They will find many light traces for memory to fill up, of his single-heartedness, his humility, his earnestness, and his courtesy. Some passages will bring back before their eyes the very gestures and expression of countenance with which he used to enunciate such sentiments."—pp. 15, 16.

It is with perfect truth and fairness that he observes, of the work of so singularly sincere a mind—

"Such a work, if read at all, should be read with attention and respect. Unless we approach it in an ingenious spirit, willing to understand before we criticise, deeming it possible that the objections which present themselves to our minds so readily, may have occurred to the author also, and been for good reasons put aside; desiring to stand, at least for the time, on the spot which he occupied, and contemplate the subject from his point of view; if we do not possess this small measure of self-command and philosophical docility, then there does not exist between our mind and that of the writer such a degree of moral conformity as is necessary for the appreciation of the work. We shall in such a case do ourselves least injury, and our Monitor least injustice, by leaving his book unread."—p. 10.

The plan of the work is formed upon the model of George Herbert's beautiful Country Parson; a happy thought, which might, perhaps, be advantageously extended to the other professions, so as to form a cycle of moral directories for the different callings of life. It adopts (it would seem, almost unconsciously) the archaisms of Herbert and his times; and certainly the ancient costume has seldom been worn with more perfect ease. The thoughts of the writer, formed in an antique mould, appear to assume the corresponding dress as their natural garb. Separated as we are from those ages by the corrupt philosophy of the eighteenth century, which created its own appropriate formulas; when we would think with Hooker and Herbert, we can scarcely help borrowing more or less their very forms of phrase. Indeed we are sometimes obliged to do so, in order to preclude the false associations that gather round the language of a peculiar age, and that insinuate themselves into the mind of a reader in defiance of all our explanations. A bad philosophy contaminates the language which it has degraded by making it the instrument of its diffusion; pure thoughts consecrate that shrine of holy words in which they have been made to dwell, and from which they evermore reveal themselves to mankind. And thus the very language of our old sages comes to possess a sort of sacredness; we reverence even its fragments as we would the broken beams and columns of a temple; we cannot without an effort bend its dignified gravity to any low or trivial purpose, and we feel it, when out of its own high region, stiff uncouth, and unsuitable. It is high praise of our Lawyer to say that he may fairly stand on the same shelf with Herbert. The difference of the two seems to turn more on the difference of their respective subjects than on any great inequality in the treatment of them. If there is more of contemplative tenderness in Herbert, perhaps there is more of force and dignity in our author —more too of that closeness of practical detail which gives body and substance to principles. It is possible also that the novelty of the subject strengthens the effect. For we are all accustomed to direct religious exhortation; but it is something *new*, something to startle and arrest, to find legal practice reformed to this high ideal. The Country Parson is at best but living the blessed life we were prepared to admit to be his duty and his privilege; the Lawyer seen in the same light has unfortunately almost the novelty of a discovery. For even those (and they are few in this country) who do carry their Christianity into their legal practice, seldom do so on any very definite principles; their honesty, real and unaffected as it is, seems but the indirect result of strong religious impressions; and they usually appear unprepared either to discountenance, by vigorous public protest, the less scrupulous course adopted by their brethren, or to exhibit as their own basis of action any absolute moral axiom or well-considered moral theory on the subject.

Our author was not to be satisfied with this indecisive position; he has thought out his theory; and has exhibited his ideal Lawyer moving under its influence through the whole orbit of his profession. An in-

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troductory "Apology for the Work" vindicates his general principle at considerable length; and we are then presented with a series of scenes from the moral drama of the Lawyer's life. We have the Lawyer choosing his Calling, his mode of Life, his Knowledge, and his Duties. He is exhibited in the details of his profession—Drawing pleadings, advising on evidence, consulting with his brethren, examining witnesses, drawing wills and deeds; as a peace-maker—as an arbitrator—as engaged in the tumult of elections. He is seen exercising Humanity, Charity, Courtesy, Hospitality. He is contemplated in the higher characters of Legislator and Judge. And, "last scene of all that ends this strange eventful history," he is beheld upon his death-bed—the death-bed of an humble but unshrinking Christian man. These successive chapters exhibit the Lawyer's various temptations to avarice, dishonesty, and craftiness; and they evince how the simple and inflexible Rule of conscience is equally applicable to them all. In an appendix the author has collected a large body of testimonies, drawn principally from our elder divines, and confirming his statements in various ways: an appendix which he modestly "commends to the reader as the worthier part of this little book."

The first chapter offers a fair specimen of the style, and presents us with the author's conception of his Calling: It is very beautifully written, though we fear we cannot answer for its universal popularity in the Four Courts.

"A lawyer is the servant of his fellow-men for the attainment of justice; in which definition is expressed both the lowliness and the dignity of his calling; the lowliness, in that he is the servant of all, ever ready to assist as well the meanest as the loftiest; the dignity, in that the end whereto he serves has among things temporal no superior or equal. For justice is nothing less than the support of the world whereby each has from all others that which is his due; the poor their succor, the rich their ease, the powerful their honor. For it were governments framed and powers ordained of God; flourishing it cheers, and languishing it dejects the minds of good men; and in its overthrow is involved the ruin and fall of commonwealths. That justice should ever be contemned or trodden under foot is a grief to God and angels; how glorious then is his calling whose work it is to prevent her fall, or to raise her fallen! Truly the Lawyer, while the servant of earth, is the minister of heaven; while he labors for the good of his fellow-men he works none other than the work of God."

The great principle of Mr. O'Brien's book is the obligation of governing legal practice by strict reference to the supreme Law of Conscience, in despite of the evil prescription that so strongly countenances oblique and dishonest courses. This, as we have said, he is induced in his "Apology" to reason out elaborately, in order to resist prejudications which would have been fatal to the influence of his views. The insertion of this preliminary argument was the judicious suggestion of a distinguished legal friend. It is a valuable dissertation, expressed with great strength and unaffectedness, and leaving few or none of the popular allegations unanswered.

We will dedicate a page or two to the consideration of this question; stating its moral bearings as they appear to us, and in general conformity with the principles of pure and elevated truth, delivered in the excellent little digest before us.

The whole will of course turn upon our conception of the Relation of the Lawyer to his Client. The true idea of that relation is well expressed in various parts of Mr. O'Brien's book. He feels the importance of precisely defining it.

Thus—"If, as is obvious, the *resulting* force (to speak mechanically) of the three persons united—the client, attorney, and advocate—ought to be the same as that of the client alone, were he endowed with the powers and knowledge necessary to plead his own cause, it follows, as a necessary consequence, that the advocate should not lend himself to produce, in concert with his client and the attorney, an effect which could not with justice be produced by the client alone, when filling all the three characters in his own person."—(Appendix, p. 188.) Or again, and to the same effect—"To barristers properly it appertains, legally and in order, to set before judges and juries that which the diligence of the attorney has gathered from the complaint of the client; so that the whole together—barrister, attorney, and client—make as it were one man, whom of right one spirit of truth, justice, and mercy should move and animate."—(Chap. ii.) Or thus—"In one word, the lawyer regards himself as put in his client's place to do for him whatever he might do for himself (had he the lawyer's skill) consistently with truth and justice; more than this he will not do; and he desires not those for his clients who dare not trust him to act with the same prudence, integrity, and zeal as if the cause were his own."—(Chap. vii.) Or once more—"All that is maintained is, that the advocate has a right to expect what every person who calls upon another to aid him in any undertaking is bound to give—an assurance that

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the object he is called upon to co-operate in effecting is such as may morally and lawfully be sought."—(Apol. for the work, p. 33.) These statements, as prefacing the argument for a high estimate of legal duties, are important, because they seem directly to meet the popular plea of the *identification* of the advocate with his client. They suggest at once the proper reply, which concedes the alleged identification, but maintains that the advocate is identified *not* with all the client may desire to do, but with all he *ought* to do—identified with the client not as with a being of mere will and blind or malignant impulse, but as with a moral agent essentially bound to all the laws of justice and truth. For it is surely manifest that no man—lawyer or not—can justly abandon his own moral nature under any conceivable circumstance; can deliberately cease to be possessed of a sense of right and wrong, or possessing it, can voluntarily cease to be responsible for the actions which that sense of duty is meant to govern. Nor can that identification be more than a monstrous fiction which can only proceed upon supposing the *wilful suppression of an essential constituent of human nature* on the part of him who is to enter into this relation of imaginary identity.

Such is the conception of the Relation of Lawyer and Client which reason and justice appear to authenticate. Now let us attend to the rival statement.

The popular theory (for such we fear it must be styled) is expounded in all its fulness in the following passage of Lord Brougham's celebrated Defence of Queen Caroline before the House of Lords; a passage, the enthusiastic reception of which by the majority of an honorable profession, only evinces how easily a principle of false honor may assume the dignity of self-sacrificing virtue. "An Advocate," said the eloquent speaker, "by the sacred duty which he owes his client, knows in the discharge of that office, but one person in the world, *that client and none other*. To save that client by all expedient means; to protect that client at all hazards and costs to all others, and among others to himself—is the highest and most unquestioned of his duties; and he must not regard the alarm, the suffering, *the torment*, *the destruction*, which he may bring upon any other. Nay, separating even the duties of a patriot from those of an advocate, and casting them, if need be, to the wind, he must go on, reckless of the consequences, if his fate it should unhappily be *to involve his country in confusion for his client's protection!*" Surely we are not unreasonable in asking for some argumentative ground for such a subversion as this is of all Duty, under the name and sanction of Duty; surely it is not unfair to ask how the title and calling of a Lawyer obliges a man under pain of grievous guilt to become an accessory to guilt the most atrocious; justifies him in voluntarily assuming and forces him to maintain, a position which, without the sanctity of the lawyer's gown, would merit the condemnation due to the abettor of conspiracy or treason.

To this very reasonable demand various answers have been given, to some of which we shall just now have occasion to draw attention. Our own opinion of them is clear: they *are* altogether inadequate to oppose the stricter views, or to justify such a statement as (for example) the remarkable one we have just cited. And yet, it is scarcely possible they could have obtained such currency without *some* foundation in the reality of things; nothing so very plausible was ever without some element of truth. The proper use, then, to be made of these ordinary pleas in justification of professional laxity is, not indeed for the purpose of *opposing or denying* the higher principles of duty—but salutarily to *qualify* the application of them, by impressing upon the conscientious advocate the danger of over strained scrupulosity in the refusal of cliencies. This is the real value of these popular arguments; and as long as they are restricted to that object, they are not without substantial use and benefit. And, in truth, if most of the ingenious statements of these arguments be carefully examined, it will be found that, though they profess much more, they just prove this, and nothing else; for as long as it is granted (which is seldom or never formally denied) that there is *any* case which a lawyer ought unhesitatingly to refuse, so long the principle of conscience is reserved, and all the subsequent dissensions must turn upon the *degree and details* of its application.

To this, as a necessary supplement to the argument, we may, perhaps, return. It certainly ought not to be omitted, were any *complete* or methodical discussion of the question undertaken. The common views of legal duty *have* their proper place, and they ought to be given it. They are worth something, though not worth all their upholders would claim for them. And in moral subjects, though not in the word of mathematical truth, no demonstration is felt to be perfectly satisfactory which does not account for the existence and prevalence of

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the *objection*, by in some way including it in the solution. The objections will still retain force if we do not show *how* they gained influence, and what, if any, is their real weight. Nor are the strict and conscientious principles advocated by our author at all weakened by candidly admitting that there is considerable value in the ordinary representations, when *confined to their proper use*, as practical monitions against an *undue and exaggerated* scrupulousness.

Employed, then, for this subordinate purpose, we grant such arguments to have a real value; employed to contravene the main principle, that conscience must rightfully claim to regulate the lawyer's adoption of cases, we strenuously deny their cogency. And yet to this issue the question has actually been urged. It is true that, as we have said, special cases might easily be proposed which would (we humbly hope) extort a disclaimer from even the most licentious of legal casuists; but it is, nevertheless, certain that, *in theory*, the doctrine here denied has been, in all its unqualified amplitude, earnestly and constantly maintained. We do not merely refer to such rhetorical bursts as that of Lord Brougham. It has been stated and defended as a fundamental maxim, not in the ardor of the speech but in the gravity of the essay, that the lawyer is to know no will but that of his accidental consulter—that he is to see with no other eyes than those of his client, though, indeed, he may furnish those eyes with glasses to enable them to see farther, and to see more clearly. And though this opinion really—and, one would think, manifestly—contradicts the primary elements of all morality, the attempt to question it is at this day often met, in ordinary society, not so much with labored argument as with almost contemptuous pity. It is now, therefore, time for us to examine briefly the real worth of this very popular theory of a lawyer's duties.

The arguments in defence of it are variously modified, according to the peculiar temper and experience of the persons urging them; but, setting aside some obviously untenable positions—untenable, because they would equally apply to every case in which one man can be asked to help another—they seem nearly all to reduce themselves to the general pleas (1,) of the merely *representative* character of the advocate, and (2,) of the ultimate tendency of the obligatory adoption of all cases by our lawyers to secure, on the whole, *the greatest amount of justice* in the country.

I. The former of these allegations we have already, in substance, answered. We have affirmed that the lawyer, unless he can voluntarily resign his moral nature, has no right to become the representative of the oppressor or the cheat; that is, to become the mechanical instrument for evil of any employer who may be wealthy enough to hire his services. There is no magic in either the Word or the Idea of Representation that can rightly effect such a transformation as this. Were the function of the Advocate merely the official duty of stating to a court the wishes of a certain individual, and the grounds upon which that individual rested his claims, *without being himself supposed, in any degree, to have furnished these grounds*, or authorized the public statement of them, there might be some force in the argument. We might thus save the morality of the Lawyer, by lowering his office to that of a Clerk. But we all know that neither in theory nor by practice is this limitation of the Lawyer's office justified. The Lawyer, who is said to be the simple representative of his client's predetermined purposes, is *himself* the framer of the whole case; it is he who has decided that it shall be brought into Court, it is he who has prepared it for that issue, it is he who has devised the pleas by which it is to be supported, it is he who is engaged to watch over its progress, it is he who, having originally advised it, is answerable for its success. Surely it is impossible even to conceive a more perfect instance of a deliberate combination to the production of a common result. Surely it can scarcely be denied that in any case of wilful injustice, the Counsel, holding such a relation as we have described, is even *more* directly the Author of the whole proceeding than the guilty Client himself. And it remains to be shown—certainly it never *has* been satisfactorily shown—that the principles applicable to every other case of complicity in crime, fail to be applicable here.

This is sometimes met by the plea, that the Court and the World at large are well *aware* that the Lawyer is not always of the opinion he publicly maintains; that there is a universal "understanding" of this among all parties; and that this "understanding" is sufficient to make his partnership in evil only nominal. A conventional license to deceive, annuls the guilt of deceit; as it annulled the guilt of secret theft in Sparta. But this will go but a little way in solving the difficulty. It is indeed at once clear that the principle must be defective *somewhere*; for a thousand cases could be named where any mind with a single spark of hon-

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esty would reject its application with horror; and yet, if it be valid at all, it ought to be so universally. Nor would the Spartan analogy help the matter; it would rather expose the defect of the argument; for surely the civil license to indulge in secret thievery would scarcely have justified, *in foro conscientiæ*, him who (for example) robbed his own father of sustenance, or a dying friend of the bed on which he lay. Exactly as in all minds of any degree of integrity, there must be understood *limits* to this license of professional deceit, which yet is *stated* as if it were allowable universally;—and which is, in truth, of very little argumentative value, in a question of Principles such as this is, unless it be assumed to be thus absolutely applicable. But we take more decided ground. The very *fact* of such a conventional liberty to the professors of the Law is itself altogether imaginary. The corrupt practices of the Profession may have produced such an understanding; but is this profession, indeed, to take advantage of its own wrong? to erect the results of its own evil into a criterion to justify the evil that produced them? No *constitutional enactment*, in any country, has ever recognised this supposed understanding, that property, and reputation, and life, are only to be held and enjoyed subject to the attacks of legal cupidity; no civilized country has ever thus emancipated a particular body of its citizens from all the restraints of morality; and given it a per centage on the possessions of the rest as the legitimate prize of its authorized iniquity. So feeble are the very foundations of this pleading.—But, now, examine how far it will practically apply. In the first place, it is plain that this license to assume a part, and the indemnity from crime which it is supposed to bring, cannot in any degree apply to those *private advices* of Counsel, upon which the whole cause was originally undertaken, and which are usually considered to form the most important function of the profession. Here insincerity is so little authorized, that it is justly fatal to all professional reputation: here the Lawyer voluntarily charges himself with the whole moral character of the case, and makes himself deliberately responsible for it.—But even in the *public* conduct of the case in Court, this understood assumption of a part cannot fairly be pleaded as a vindication of wilful participation in a criminal intention to overreach or defraud. For it is obvious that the whole labor of the Advocate is practically to *destroy* this very supposition (that he is assuming a conviction which he does not feel) in the minds of his hearers; it being certain that his avowal, or even the suspicion at the time, of his not holding the opinion he supported, would be at once fatal to the success of his labors, especially of his appeals to a jury; and it being, in point of fact, the very characteristic of an unpractised pleader to allow any such disbelief to be detected. Here, then, we have the unscrupulous practitioner defended upon a supposition which it is *his own* most strenuous object to nullify; and the existence of which, during the period of his professional exertions, would be almost certain to neutralize the effect of the very assumption it is supposed to justify!

II. But the ground upon which the chief reliance rests, is unquestionably that other plea to which we have alluded; the alleged tendency of this system of professional ethics to ensure, *on the whole*, the greatest amount of justice to all parties of litigants in a country; by securing the adequate representation of every cause, and such thorough examination of its merits as is best calculated to elicit real truth.

When this is proposed as a satisfactory moral justification for the system which makes it obligatory upon Advocates to adopt all cases indiscriminately which are offered to their acceptance, it can only proceed upon the *general* principle, "that the probability of ultimate public advantage is sufficient moral warrant for *any* private action;" and upon the *particular* assumption, "that this public advantage is really best secured by *the system in question*." We are not disposed to admit either of these propositions.

1. It is not possible for us now and here to enter into any elaborate examination of that peculiar moral system of General Expediency, of which the former principle is the expression. We shall, for the present, merely observe that we have no quarrel with those who see much that is valuable in the *expositions* of that system. It is no feeble or inoperative truth which they have got hold of, when they insist upon the duty of contributing to public benefit, and when they place that duty very high in the scale of human obligations. But it is only one truth among many. There can be no doubt that both affirmations are true, and equally true,—that we ought to act so as to increase public happiness, and that we ought to fulfil our special obligations for their own sake. But when the latter truth is made a mere corollary from the former, when the former is represented as involving all others, and constituting the only real ground of duty, we are forced to deny a system which, ne-

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cessarily leaving many acknowledged duties incapable of reference to any such principle, leaves them, therefore, destitute of satisfactory proof;—a system which, in ambitiously claiming for its single principle universal empire, is really forced to abandon many of the most important provinces of morals unguarded to the irruptions of skepticism and sophistry.

In order to cover this deficiency, inherent in the "Greatest Happiness Principle," many efforts have been made; of which the most remarkable is undoubtedly the introduction of the theory of "general rules," which, collected originally from expediency, are supposed to become the immediate standards of moral action. These, it is conceived, will embrace all cases where no *direct* relation to general expediency can be discerned.

But with all the provision men can make, by this supplementary machinery of *general* rules and *classes* of actions, it is most certain that it is the *particular* action with which the individual is concerned—the particular action so and so circumstanced; and that there are innumerable instances of unquestionable obligation where that particular action, being wrought or omitted in perfect secrecy, and influencing the positive enjoyment of no existing person, cannot be shown to have any relation whatever to the rule of general happiness, or to any happiness-test at all. Take, for example, the case of a promise privately made to a dying man to build him a monument, or to defray for him a certain amount of funeral expense. It being conceded that the promiser is bound to keep this covenant, the theorists, who deny that there can be any moral duty where the enjoyment of some animated being is not in some way involved, introduce their doctrine of general rules or classes of actions; and urging that it is for the advantage and happiness of men that, as a general rule, such promises should be kept,—as otherwise the *comfort of the dying* would be seriously impaired by the universal loss of confidence,—plead, that if *all* such promises ought to be kept we have granted that this particular promise ought, as being one of the number. But this seems a palpable fallacy. For if the only ground why *all* such promises ought to be kept, be the perceived connection between such fidelity and general confidence, surely if a *particular* case arise, where an individual is absolutely certain that his faithlessness, being utterly and forever unknown, cannot possibly diminish general confidence, in *that particular instance* he must, upon this theory, feel himself liberated from any obligation, even though he grant the propriety of fidelity as a *general* rule. It is manifest sophistry in such a case to object that we "assent and deny with the same breath" that promises ought to be kept to the dead. Nor does it alter the matter to introduce, with Paley, the Divine Will, as commanding "the general rule," and thereby inclusively commanding all the particular actions; for still, on his own showing, the Divine Will commands the general rule, and all the actions it comprehends, *only in so far* as they can be evinced to affect happiness. That which alone indicates "the general rule" must surely govern its application, whether to enforce or to suspend it.—It is triumphantly asked —"would it be well that *all* men should thus disregard their promises?" We reply, —undoubtedly, if the creation of happiness be the only object of morality, it *would* be quite as well that all men should individually as the cases arose, disregard such secret promises as these, though not, of course, that they should so act by concert, or that they should ever divulge their conduct,—suppositions which are manifestly excluded in the hypothesis on which we are reasoning. For indeed, it is not the promiser's actual respect for his promise, but the dying man's *belief that he will* respect it, that can affect the happiness of the latter; and consequently on this theory the only obligation on the promiser is to preserve or not diminish *the belief* in him or in others; which in the present case we suppose to be done, whether he really ever fulfil the promise or not. So that such treachery seems completely to evade even that bond of "general rules," which has been devised to include such cases.

But to return to the immediate application of the theory of General Expediency to the special question of Indiscriminate Advocacy. It has, as we have said, been held that the duty of all citizens, and of the Lawyer among them, can *only* be fixed by showing the comparative tendency of actions to the greater benefit of society.—Now, it may be sufficient to say of this mode of discovering duty, that the theory seems to admit of refutation out of *itself*. For however the fixation of Virtues and Duties first arose, it is most certain that if the general welfare of Society be now the legitimate test of men's conduct, one of the earliest conclusions drawn from that doctrine would be that we should *not* practically recur to it as the first or principal directory of duty, inasmuch as nothing could be more

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infallibly *injurious* to Society than such habitual reference. It can scarcely be denied that men are *capable* of acting from some more direct and immediate rule of duty, the simple fact being that nearly every man *does ;* and if this be thus *possible*, there cannot surely be the least doubt that it is infinitely more for the benefit of Society that they should follow this immediate dictate of duty, than that they should recur to a rule which requires innumerable elements of calculation before it can give any result at all, and which at every step of the computation affords a new disguise for self-deceit, and a new apology for the impatient passions. On the very hypothesis, then, that general expediency is the *ultimate test* (inadequate as that doctrine is), we argue that it can never have been designed as the *immediate rule*. No rule of duty can ever be of the slightest practical value—no rule of duty can ever have been meant for man—but one that is instantaneous and authoritative ;—delay the verdict of Conscience, or weaken its certainty (and the calculation of utilities must do both), and in the warfare of temptation you inevitably annul its whole practical efficiency.

Now the position of the Lawyer in no respect insulates him from this immediate authority of the rule of Conscience, as rightfully superseding all remoter grounds of action. If the true rule for man be that of obvious justice and truth irrespective of ultimate results; if as a universal maxim, conduct be for man and consequences for God ; there is no conceivable reason why *that* should be suspended in the case of one profession which is received in every other department of Society as the only safeguard of mutual confidence and common integrity. If we would at once reject the plea of the thief or the assassin, who would urge us to listen until he had evinced that on the whole there was a slight overbalance of probability that his crime would be useful to Society ;—and *that*, not merely because we denied the alleged probability, but because we utterly disdained and repudiated the principle of such a defence ; there cannot be adduced the smallest reason why we should tolerate the same principle as justifying the wilful partnership in guilt which belongs to him who knowingly assists by legal ingenuity a project of fraud, under whatever conventional respectability of profession he may be sheltered. What effect, indeed, ought the adoption or the countenancing of such maxims by a whole profession to have, except to *heighten* our indignation at their prevalence ?

2. Having rejected the ethical *principle* upon which this argument proceeds, we may now devote a brief attention to the supposed *fact* it assumes ;—namely,—that the understood obligation among Lawyers to adopt all cases *is* necessary, or at least is more expedient, for the general attainment of justice.

Here it may be proper to prevent misconception by steadily defining the doctrine we really maintain ; because most of the ordinary representations on the opposite side of this question seem to proceed upon gross exaggerations of the views they are brought to resist. All that we affirm is this ;—that Conscience must not be refused its influence on the acceptance or rejection of legal cliencies. And we oppose this proposition to the doctrine, that the acceptance ought to be compulsory, and the lawyer left no option. If the adversary (as is likely) attempt to *modify* the latter assertion, we then observe that the whole matter of discussion is at once changed ; the real point of dispute is surrendered ; the question becomes one of *degree ;* and upon that new ground of consideration (a very important one too) there would probably be found little substantial difference between us and any honorable opponent. In point of fact this tacit substitution of another question *is* the usual issue of the discussion ; naturally enough, when the unqualified doctrine is found untenable.

But at first the case is usually put in the most unmodified form ; the force of the arguments resting upon *the universality of the obligation*. It is admitted, nay, urged, that their value would vanish, if *any* exception were admitted to the rule of compulsory advocacy. Among these arguments are such as follow ;—that on this principle alone all cases will be secured an *adequate examination ;*—that this practice, leaving the Lawyer no option to decline, separates, in public estimation, the real sentiments of Advocate and Client, and thus secures the former against the *tyrannical interference of* irritated Power ;—that, on any other understanding the character of the Advocate who accepts or who refuses would *itself become evidence* for or against the party ;—that pretended conscientiousness would afford a ready *excuse for the desertion of causes* with which the timid barrister was afraid to connect himself. The principle, universally understood and unflinchingly carried out, that the Lawyer is the *indiscriminate* servant of the public, at once, it is said, remedies all these evils.

Now it would be very uncandid to deny

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that such disadvantages as these *might* sometimes result in the conscientious exercise of the profession: the real question is, whether they would ever result to a *degree* which could counterbalance the grievous evil of compelling a whole profession to become the helpless instruments of iniquity; or to a degree which could *seriously* injure the chances of truth and justice in any country. Reflect on the amount of these vaunted difficulties. What real advantage would it be that every case which malice and dishonesty may contrive *should* have a hearing? Why should it be so marvellously beneficial to the interests of society, that a knave (and in the strictest times no other would ever find himself without a competent advocate in a profession comprising hundreds) *should* be furnished with every facility for deceiving a jury into sanctioning his turpitude? Surely to this plea we can cordially echo the reply given to its well-known parallel—"nous n'en voyons pas *la necessiteé*." Is it chimerical to suggest that it might *possibly* be even beneficial to the general cause of justice, that such a man should be embarrassed by the difficulty of finding a practitioner to second his knavery?—Thus, too, the allegation that this understanding alone can screen the Bar from the vengeance of an enraged Government, is one that applies only to rare and peculiar crises of political excitement; and one that actually even then is not always verified; for we all know that in such trials the advocates selected *are* usually those who are understood to sympathize in general politics with their less fortunate clients; and who are safe—not because their sympathy is any secret (which would alone help the argument), but because, whatever be their political views, they are as advocates shielded in their high and important vocation by public opinion and the spirit of the Constitution—bulwarks which would remain unimpaired under *our* principles as well as under those we oppose. Again—that on these stricter views, the character of the Advocate would prejudge the case (a plea which seems to have been urged with great power by Lord Erskine*) is of little practical importance; for *if* the case be one of palpable dishonesty, it is of no greater moment it should be thus prejudiced than by any other common inference of character from associates; and *if* it be one of integrity, the profession is never likely to be so poor in men of eminence as not to afford advocaets of character to match with their weight of reputation the ablest who may be led to oppose it. Other objections are such as seem equally to apply to *every* instance in which men depend on the assistance of their fellows; and such as would equally suspend the exercise of Conscience in all. For example,—if the pusillanimous Lawyer can pretend a conscience, so can any *other* man solicited to help in any other case; nor has any casuist ventured on this ground to stigmatize all conscientious objections as inadmissible. If a conscientious lawyer may be deceived as to the moral character of a case, and thus do unintentional injustice (for this too is earnestly pleaded), he will only exemplify the universal fact of human fallibility; while from the numbers of the profession, a remedy is in this instance peculiarly attainable. And to all these alleged difficulties (which, in truth, belong to every strenuous effort to obey the rule of Right), must now be opposed the direct and obvious *benefit to general justice* from conscientiousness in advocates. For when once it became understood that a Lawyer's own character was in some degree concerned in the trial of his client, he would naturally desire to seem to proceed on grounds such as would justify his adoption of the case; that is, to be seen desirous only of the clear statement of right and the full elicitation of truth. Could this spirit be preserved, can there be the slightest doubt that the *public* would *benefit* largely by it? The master evil of human law, its facility of perversion to purposes of vexatious delay, or of positive injustice, being thus almost wholly eradicated!

And now we may introduce one or two considerations to which we before alluded as tending usefully to illustrate or to qualify the *application* of these principles; tending, at least, to make the prospect less discouraging of prosecuting the profession on these maxims of resolute integrity.

We believe, then, that the thorough reception of the reasonings on which we have insisted, by the mass of legal practitioners, while it would undoubtedly raise the tone of the entire profession, would produce far less diminution in the number of *cases actually undertaken*, than might be at first imagined. It is not that enterprises of conscious injustice are not hazarded by clients; but that—especially in the hurry and occupation of the busy practitioner—it would seldom happen that even the most conscientious lawyer should be able at once to pronounce a case wholly unworthy of judicial arbitration, and that

* Cited by Mr. O'Brien, p. 164.

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he would always feel it his duty to obey his client's declared and anxious wishes for a public investigation as long as there appeared the least fair claim for it. Let this be carefully weighed. We have already stated, that if after mature examination, the Lawyer consider the case simply unjust, he is bound to decline it. But on the other hand, as long as there appears a single element of right—of probable or possible right—to be pleaded, even when the chances are against its success, we hold it assuredly the Lawyer's duty, even after having (if he think proper) advised the surrender of the cause in point of policy, still to hold himself ready to state and support it, should the Client so determine. It would be to overstate the case to represent the Lawyer *merely* as the Client's Adviser. There is unquestionably a relation established between these parties of a more peculiar kind. The Lawyer is not solely an Adviser; he is an understood Agent and Servant also; and considerations of duty are to apply to him just as they do to a Servant—neither less nor *more*. In adopting his profession and attending the Courts, the Lawyer announces himself as prepared to be the legal assistant of any man who may please to call on him; once engaged, to this he is bound; conscientious scruples coming in afterwards as a *limitation*. In other words, a man does not become a Lawyer in the first instance to benefit public justice, and then espouse at his option certain chosen cases as a means to that end; he becomes a Lawyer in the *first* instance to espouse all offered cases of demand for justice, and applies his conscientious scruples *secondarily* as an occasional bar to that primary object. And this relation of voluntary universal public Servant arises not merely after he has considered all the merits of a particular cause; it arises from the day he has entered the profession; upon that day he became the Servant of the Public, and each special cliency only fixes the general relation to a particular instance of it. It thus results that from the first moment the Lawyer is consulted, and voluntarily bends to hear the statement of the consulting party, he establishes the relation with that party of Servant as well as of Adviser; and consequently is (as in all other cases of service) to *presume* it in the first instance his business to execute according to his skill the wishes of his employer. If conscientious objections arise, of course he is to obey them; but this consideration, though absolute in order of authority, is secondary in order of time; they are not to be presumed as likely, or admitted without reluctance; and, as long as they do not palpably present themselves, the Lawyer, having engaged in the cause, ordinarily retains no option of retiring. And thus, it is perfectly consistent with all we have said, and indeed seems to flow out of the very conception of the Profession and of its Relation to the rest of society, to affirm,—that as long as there is a possibility that the Client *may* have right on his side, the conscientious Lawyer will feel it, not only a thing permitted, but a *duty*, to set forth the claim; and if the number of cases to which this characteristic fairly applies be considered, it will probably be found to leave not *very* many more rejected cases than those which most barristers of high character would even now unhesitatingly decline.

And hence we conceive the chief value of such a book as this to be, not so much that its influence would very materially alter *the amount of practice* in the Profession, as that it would elevate the tone of *principle on which that practice is conducted*; furnishing good men with distinct grounds for their course, and setting before them the portraiture of the character they are to aspire to realize. This our author has admirably done; and assuredly this is *needed*. It cannot but move regret that the genuinely Christian Lawyers who now amount to a goodly fellowship at our own Bar, should make their views upon this important subject so feebly felt in society. And we cannot but think the reason to be (as we have before hinted) that these views are to *themselves* unfixed and indefinite; the almost unconscious effects of strong religious feeling, and not the direct and deliberate consequences of convictions of the peremptory Law of God. These are eminently religious men; and the cause of all this, doubtless, lies deep in the peculiar religious teaching of the age. But we forbear a subject too extensive, and perhaps too delicate, to attempt on this occasion.

We shall substitute for such discussions a beautiful piece of *practical* theology.

"THE LAWYER'S DEATH.

"It was a bright evening in summer—the rays of the declining sun fell full upon the couch where the old man lay—around him were gathered his wife and children awaiting in sorrow, rendered peaceful by the sweet smile which played upon his lips, the moment that should summon to a better world the departing spirit of a kind and affectionate father, husband, and friend. His domestics stood in the farther part of the room, scarce able to suppress their sobs.

"He raised himself with an effort and spoke. 'Beloved wife and children, God, who has com-

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forted and succored me all my days, bless, preserve, and keep you. To his heavenly guidance I commit you; despise it not—his law written on your hearts, set before you in the ensample of his dear Son, and taught you by his Holy Spirit, regard with holy fear, and follow with fervent love. Let no power force you, no wealth tempt you, no earthly splendor allure you to swerve from allegiance to this holy law. I have lived long, and in a long life been often called upon to encounter the enemies of this holy law, and often, alas! have I seen it trodden down and trampled under their feet; but sure I am that no peace fills their dwellings, no joy swells their breasts; but the worm that dies not gnaws their hearts, and a fearful-looking for of fiery indignation haunts and disturbs them in the midst of their loftiest triumphs. Envy not, then, the oppressor, and choose none of his ways. Listen to the law of God—the voice of heavenly wisdom—it will be a light to your feet and a lamp to your path; a shield against every foe, and a shelter from every blast; its ways are ways of pleasantness and all its paths are peace. Such has it ever been to me amid all the strifes and struggles of this transitory life—and now I go, where wars and tumults shall be no more heard, where strife and struggle shall have no place, but justice, peace, and righteousness shall reign eternal. Father of heaven, grant that in that kingdom of bliss we may all meet and join in the song of praise 'unto Him that has loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever.—Amen.'"—p. 142.

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## THE AMERICAN TREATY.

From the Westminster Review.

*North American Boundary. Supplementary Reports relating to the Boundary between the British Possessions in North America and the United States of America under the Treaty of* 1783. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty. 1842.

It is now about two years and a half since the threatening aspect of the Boundary dispute with the United States induced us to lay before our readers a statement of the question at issue, together with some suggestions of our own with respect to the right mode of solving it. Our conclusions with respect to the merits of the question were the result of a long and diligent investigation; and we put them forth with a very sincere conviction that they offered a more satisfactory explanation than any which either of the contending parties had at any time given. But we certainly had not the vanity to imagine that a view so entirely new, and so essentially different from that of either party, could at that period of the controversy produce conviction in either. The utmost practical result which we anticipated from our labors was, that the two parties, without surrendering their notions of the soundness of the views so obstinately maintained by them in the face of the world, might possibly, in their readiness to find any escape from a barren and dangerous controversy, regard some such solution as ours as a species of middle term, on which a compromise might be effected without any sacrifice of pride or interest. We hoped that, at any rate, the suggestions of a new view, at least as plausible as any previously promulgated, might act on both parties so as to tend towards weakening their confidence in the soundness of their extreme pretensions. And in this manner we thought we might in some slight degree contribute towards the desirable end of bringing men on both sides of the Atlantic to the conviction that the meaning of the treaty of 1783 did not admit of being ascertained with actual precision; and that a compromise afforded the only means of accommodating the difference. But as paramount to every other object we pressed on our readers the importance of *some* settlement of this unhappy dispute. As long as a settlement was effected, it appeared to us of very little importance what that settlement was. In saying this we gave utterance to what not only was our opinion, but appeared to be that of sensible and honest men in both countries. All that has since occurred has only impressed on us more strongly the paramount importance of settling the dispute, and the comparative unimportance of the terms of settlement. And we have now no indication of opinion that would lead us to imagine that, in the interval between June, 1840, and the departure of Lord Ashburton on his mission, any difference had arisen between our own feelings on these points and those of the public.

For, indeed, the occurrences that had taken place during the interval were calculated to excite constant and serious fears among all who valued the preservation of peace. Hardly a month had elapsed during that period without some fresh alarms. At one time the State of Maine seemed inclined to break the peace: its governor sent a warlike message, and its legislature passed blustering resolutions, or its lumberers threatened to break bounds, and make an armed incursion into the disputed territory. By another packet we got intelligence of

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some violent outbreak in Congress, or some menacing report from the Committees of Foreign Relations. Other causes of irritation had been added. The borderers on each side of the disputed line of Canada and Vermont had more than once well nigh brought on a serious collision by mutual outrages. The affair of the "Caroline" remained unsettled, and kept up a constant ferment of anger along the frontier. The arrest and trial of M'Leod seemed for some months likely to bring on the actual crisis of war. A still more formidable cause of strife had grown up out of various acts of our naval officers and continued complaints of American traders on the coast of Africa; and, after a long and angry contention between diplomatists, the two countries appeared to be committed to irreconcileable positions with respect to the delicate subject of the right of search. More than once they had been on the point of collision on the subject of American slaves driven into the ports of our colonies. The publication of the correspondence between Mr. Stevenson and Lord Palmerston, and the affair of the "Creole," had widened these two latter points of difference to an alarming extent at the period when Lord Ashburton's mission was announced. At that period the press of both countries, and the language of public meetings in the United States, showed that hostile feelings either actually pervaded both communities, and especially that of America, or were fomented with the most detestable perseverance. Those who took these public manifestations as accurate indications of the general feeling, imagined both nations to be fully resolved on war, and only waiting a pretext. Those, even, who estimated them at their true worth, could not but infer from them a state of feeling in both countries from which the chapter of accidents must, sooner or later, evolve some fearful collision that must bring on a war.

This succession of untoward events, and the existence of this mutual ill-will, together with the constant apprehensions resulting from them, seem to have escaped the recollection of those who now criticise Lord Ashburton's Treaty. It is now said that the chances of mischief were overrated; that the Americans might bluster, but that it was absolutely impossible for them, in the existing state of their finances, to go to war; and that we have made concessions of a very great magnitude from an over-anxiety to avert an evil, of which there was no real danger. The Boundary Question might, at any rate, have been left to hang up a little longer, and other questions of a more urgent nature settled, leaving this to be again brought on the carpet when a better opening happened to be presented for negotiation.

That the American Government would have deliberately gone to war to secure the disputed territory, or obtain satisfaction on any other point of difference, we certainly do not believe. But if nations were in the habit of going to war only upon deliberate calculations of the gain to be made by it, war would be a calamity far less frequent than history unhappily shows it to have been. This is a point on which we had more to fear from the passions of the people than the folly or wickedness of their Governments. What was really and constantly to be apprehended was, that some day, in consequence of some sudden outrage and some irrepressible retaliation, the two Governments would unexpectedly find their subjects engaged in actual hostilities: and that, when once blood had been shed,—when an advantage had been gained by one side, and a reverse experienced by the other, the fierce spirit of revenge, or the yet fiercer spirit of mortified pride, would have induced a state of national feeling that must have forced the reluctant Governments into a general and obstinate war. For those mistake the national feeling of the United States who imagine that the passions of their population would have been restrained by any consciousness of weakness. Whatever results military authorities or financiers might infer from a comparison of the resources of the two countries, it must not be supposed that the American people have learned to think with diffidence of their own force or prowess. Those, on the contrary, who know best what feelings animated that democracy at the period of Lord Ashburton's appointment, cannot but grieve to think that, in their minds, the influence of various causes of irritation was strengthened by a very general eagerness to prove their strength in a conflict with so mighty an antagonist as Great Britain. And they know little of the general character, or actual mood of the American people, who imagine that the fear of consequences would have deterred them from instantly returning, or even from giving the first blow: or who dream that, blows once struck, they would have shrunk from any sacrifices to maintain the credit of their arms. A war must have been deeply injurious to the United States, and would in all probability have ended in their discomfiture. But it is not a whit the less probable that it would have



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been undertaken by them in resentment of some real or fancied provocation; nor the less certain that it would have been carried on by them with an obstinacy that must have entailed on both parties the most deplorable consequences.

Of all the existing causes of irritation, the most serious, and that which was necessary to be the first settled, was the dispute with respect to various portions of the Boundary. It was the sore that had longest festered: and most extensively corrupted the feelings of the American people. It was perfectly impossible for any one cognizant of their view of the subject not to see that throughout all classes, and in all portions of the Union, there prevailed an unanimous and deep-seated conviction of the entire and obvious justice of their own pretensions. The absurd and hasty claims put forward during the controversy by our negotiators, shifted by them for entirely inconsistent positions, and defended by conflicting and worthless arguments, had produced throughout the people of the United States an impression not only that our pretensions were indefensible, but that we ourselves knew them to be such: and that, merely because we happened to want a portion of their territory, we were endeavoring to wheedle them out of it by impudent pretexts, or bully them out of it by a menace of force. Like all litigants so situated, they fixed their eyes only on the palpable weakness and inconsistency of their opponent's case: and overlooked the fact that their own pretensions, though far more plausible, and far more consonant with a portion of the truth, were, in fact, really invalid, and incapable of being maintained. The great publicity of all the proceedings of their Government, and the general intelligence of the people, had spread throughout the country this general and superficial knowledge of the controversy, together with this general and deep impression of the rectitude of their own claim, and of the gross injustice of our refusal to recognise it. Without first removing such an impression, without first settling the dispute in which it had its origin, it would have been idle to dream of coming to an agreement on other points.

For we very much doubt whether all the other causes of irritation may not, in great measure, be traced to the bad feeling which had been created and kept alive by this chronic dispute about the Boundary. We do not, of course, mean to say that subsequent differences would not have arisen but for this cause: but we feel assured that to its influence they owed much of the angry character which they have invariably assumed. Each successive dispute added to the previously accumulated stock of irritation, and rendered fresh quarrels more and more likely, and more and more acrimonious; until at length a spirit of ill-will and jealousy had been raised on the other side of the Atlantic, that met us in every relation that can exist between nations. Whenever any question happened to arise respecting a runaway slave, a fugitive criminal, a collision between ships, or the arrest of an alleged offender, the inherent difficulties of each particular question were aggravated by the pre-existing aversion.—When the revolt occurred in Canada, the dislike felt to us manifested itself by general expressions of sympathy with our internal foes, and by such kinds of secret aid, as the recent history of our own country shows that no free people can be prevented by their Government from affording to those to whom they wish success. If the co-operation of the civilized world was required for some great object of justice and humanity, we found ourselves thwarted by that suspicion of our motives which induced the United States to refuse their co-operation. But the influence of these bad feelings had begun to show itself in a manner even more intimately disturbing our international relations. Great as is the mutual commercial dependence of the two nations, their jealousies were beginning sensibly to influence their commercial legislation. The fallacies of the protective system, powerless in themselves to blind the intelligent people of the Western States to the obvious advantages of free trade, derived such strength from the prevalence of this spirit of national hostility against England, as to give the advocates of a restrictive Tariff a temporary predominance in the Federal Government. The investment of our capital in American stocks, so mutually advantageous to the two countries, was stopped by those flagrant breaches of faith which various States of the Union did not scruple to commit towards their creditors; and to defend by the public avowal of principles more scandalous than the acts of national bankruptcy themselves. These acts, so injurious to a large portion of our own people, found too much countenance in the United States, more owing to a reckless disposition to spurn the interests of Englishmen, than from any deep-rooted perverson of national faith; and this same mischievous feeling was one great obstacle to every effort on our part to shame the

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great body of the Union into a reparation of the fraud committed by some of its members.

The peace that subsisted between Great Britain and America a year ago, was, in fact, nothing but a state of unarmed hostility,—of a mutual interchange of every act of bad neighborhood except blows. Even this absence of war without the advantages of peace was of precarious duration, and pregnant with alarms. During the prevalence of these alarms commercial confidence was shaken, and our manufactures were injured by their disturbing influence. They operated more directly and visibly on our finances; for we could not but keep ourselves in a state of preparation for the very possible contingency of sudden hostilities: and our army and navy estimates were obliged to be framed rather to meet the emergencies of possible war, than in reliance on the continuance of this insecure and imperfect peace.

These evils, which the critics of Lord Ashburton's Treaty appear to have forgotten, were universally felt to be of the greatest magnitude when it was announced that his mission was in contemplation; and from this deep and general sense of the evil arose the general expression of satisfaction which hailed that intelligence. For it was evident from the adoption of so decided a step as that of sending a Special Mission, that it was the intention of our Government to make a very earnest effort to settle not merely some one cause of difference, but all those which materially affected the good understanding between the two nations. We all felt that what was wanted was something more than mere peace. We were not afraid that the Americans would go to war with us and conquer us if we did not patch up all our disputes with them. We wanted not the mere prevention of war, but the establishment of a cordial and solid friendship between the two nations. This could only be done by removing every cause of ill-will and jealousy. It was not a task to be achieved by distant Secretaries of States negotiating on paper with the Atlantic between them, and the people in whose feelings it was necessary to produce a change. The business of restoring friendship was not one to be entrusted to the ordinary diplomatic agents, who had got heated in the course of the controversy which had been going on. The step of sending out a Special Mission to accomplish the general work of pacification was therefore regarded as a bold and wise act. And however obnoxious Lord Ashburton may have rendered himself in party politics, few even of those who differ most widely from his opinions on questions of internal policy, were inclined to deny the great propriety of entrusting the mission to one who was not only so distinguished by ability, experience, and station, but who, by his intimate connection with the United States, by his thorough knowledge of their people, and by eminent services rendered them in past times, was peculiarly competent to meet them in negotiation, and peculiarly fitted to acquire their confidence.

The general satisfaction which followed the intelligence that a Special Mission was to be undertaken, and was to be entrusted to Lord Ashburton, certainly was not founded upon any notion that his skill was going to secure us a complete triumph on all the points on which we were at issue with the United States. The general impression most assuredly was, on the contrary, that this was not a negotiation in which it would be wise for either party to attempt in any instance to bring the other to a simple and undisguised reognition of its entire claims. On most of the points in dispute each had, in the face of the world, advanced its claim, and urged, with all the skill at its command, all the arguments which it could adduce in support of it. Each was likely to be equally sincere in believing itself right; each as little likely to be convinced that it was in error. Besides, Governments in such cases sometimes *see*, but never *own*, that they are in the wrong; they never bring themselves to confess that for more than a quarter of a century they have been supporting untenable claims by worthless arguments. Our negotiator would have had little of the prudence or knowledge of the world requisite for his task, had he got so inflated by his own arguments in favor of his country's pretensions, as to imagine that they must force instantaneous conviction on his opponent, or even on impartial third parties Even in those cases, therefore, in which it was possible to refer the dispute to the decision of an arbitrator, a wise negotiator would have bethought himself that it was not quite certain that arguments which he regarded as incontrovertible must inevitably produce the same impression on the judge; that we had before this gone to an arbitration with an equally confident opinion of our case, and that the result had by no means answered our expectations; and that the issue of a second reference was as likely to be entirely unfavorable, as completely favorable, to our pretensions. It was seen therefore that, under such circum-

stances, a prudent negotiator would avoid staking points of practical importance on the uncertain issues either of a reference or of out-arguing Mr. Webster. He would have to view all the questions in dispute as questions on which neither party could expect to establish the claim which it had advanced, and on which the calling in third parties was a hazardous mode of decision, to be avoided if possible. If the new mode of negotiation were to have more favorable results than preceding efforts, each party must entirely waive the assertion of all positive rights; and the matters in issue must be arranged on terms of compromise and mutual concession.

We feel assured that we are also fully warranted in saying that it was the general impression that, in order to put the relations between the two countries on a satisfactory footing, it would be well worth our while that the concessions on our part should be liberal. Every body was ready to agree that some sacrifice of our supposed abstract right might well be made in order to attain the object in view; indeed there were very few who would not have admitted that the whole of the practical advantages contended for by us, in all the questions at issue between us and the United States, might, as far as our mere interests were concerned, very wisely be given up, in order to put an end to the intolerable mischief of the existing state of relations between the two countries. It was felt that this, of course, could not be done with credit; nor was it ever supposed that any such sacrifice would be required of us. The general impression seemed to be, that our differences had been very unnecessarily protracted by that spirit of controversial eagerness which, after a certain amount of litigation, is sure to take possession of disputants; and that the practical interests of both countries had been lost sight of while diplomatists were stickling for abstractions, arguing for victory, and making a point of honor of irreconcileable pretensions. It was believed, that if two men of sense could be brought together to discuss these questions in a friendly spirit; each refraining from troubling himself about dogmas of abstract right, but simply considering what the interests of his country required; both waiving all that was practically immaterial, and confining their demands simply to matters of real and immediate necessity;—that then it would appear that the real interests of the two countries were by no means so irreconcileable as their pretensions of right, and that all the objects of substantial importance to each might be secured by mutual concessions on points of comparatively little consequence. By such a mode of conducting the negotiation, and only by such a mode, had we any chance of getting at any settlement of our differences without years of (at the best) unavailing controversy, ill-will, and alienation. By such a mode alone could we count on a *safe* settlement of the questions at issue. Negotiating in such a spirit, we could have made quite sure of getting better terms than *might* have been imposed on us had we staked the whole subjects of dispute on arguments, in which we *might* have been palpably worsted, or on a reference, in which the decision *might* have been absolutely unfavorable. Above all, by such a mode alone could we have any hope of an *amicable* settlement with the United States. Grant that we had been able to force them to a settlement; grant that by dint of victorious argument we could have silenced them, or convinced an arbitrator, and thus secured all that we wanted, leaving our opponents nothing but gratuitous concessions; we should have settled a dispute with no settlement of angry feelings, and could have succeeded only in imposing peace at the expense of every disposition that renders peace secure or valuable. But mutual and equal concessions, saving the honor and the main interests of both parties, may bring out of disputes themselves the germs of friendly feeling.

Those who took this view of the objects of Lord Ashburton's mission, and who agree with us in thinking that such objects could be attained only by compromise and mutual concession, will not find, on investigating the terms of the Treaty, that the compromise has been unduly disadvantageous to us, or that we have conceded more of our original pretensions than we were in reason bound to do. The result, we will fairly own, has made us enter on this inquiry in an indulgent spirit. When our envoy returns with the rich prize of peace secured by a complete, and safe, and amicable settlement of every material question in dispute, it has been in no churlish and suspicious tone that we have asked whether the terms of the settlement are, in every respect, as advantageous as might have been expected. We do not inquire whether he has got all that we ever claimed, or all that it was really desirable for us to have; but simply whether he has got us as good terms as on principles of fair compromise and mutual concession we could reasonably expect. Our conclusion is that he has; and that, in

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spite of all assertions to the contrary, we have gone as far as the other party towards securing the objects for which it was really our interest to contend, and obtained for our share quite as much of the subject matters in dispute as we could reasonably expect.

The settlement of the Boundary Question is the point in the Treaty of Washington which has been most minutely criticised, and most vehemently assailed. But it appears to us that the opponents of the Treaty base all their reasonings on an assumption which, if recognised in conducting as well as in criticising the negotiation, must have been fatal to every hope of a satisfactory result. They criticise this (as indeed they do every other) point of the Treaty on the assumption that Great Britain was entirely and clearly in the right, and the United States thoroughly and palpably in the wrong; that our case was so very triumphant a one that either we must have convinced Mr. Webster that he had nothing to do but to give way to us, or that by bringing the matter before an arbiter we should infallibly have got a decision in favor of the whole extent of our claim; and that, therefore, whatever is stipulated in favor of the United States is so much pure concession. In treating of the disputed territory they always speak of all that portion of it which is now allotted to the United States, as so much "given" or "surrendered" to them. Lord Ashburton is consequently accused of having "given up" an unduly large portion of territory; of having "sacrificed" the communication with Canada; and "surrendered" such loyal subjects of her Majesty as happen to be resident within the new frontier of the United States. Viewed on the complacent assumptions of our having been entirely in the right, and that we could have obtained a settlement on any terms that we chose to dictate, there is no denying that our negotiator should have got us more. But viewing the matter in the rational light that a settlement was to be effected only on the principle of mutual concession, it appears to us that, slightly inadequate as is the share of territory allotted, and not absolutely convenient as is the boundary assigned to us, Lord Ashburton has got for us *a much larger portion of territory, and a better boundary than we had any right to expect* on renewing the negotiation; or than could have been got without great management, and some concession on minor points, in order to secure better terms on those of most importance to us.

There is one simple and decisive test of the merits of the present arrangement of the Disputed Boundary. The negotiation on this point was not *commenced*, but merely *renewed* by Lord Ashburton. At the preceding stage of the negotiation we, after asserting our claim to the whole of the Disputed Territory, offered a compromise, and pressed on the American Government terms of accommodation, with which we thought it neither inexpedient nor discreditable to declare that we should be content. These terms offered by us were rejected by the United States. Have we not reason to congratulate ourselves, and thank our negotiator, if he has now got from the United States as good terms as those which we then wanted to get, and could not get? Have we not still greater reason to do so if he has got us even better?

Lord Ashburton has not got us the whole of the Disputed Territory. Nay, he has not got us a full half; though the more correct maps make it appear that what he has got does not fall much short of it; and Mr. Webster, in a recent statement to his countrymen, does not pretend that his own diplomatic skill has got them more than *nine-sixteenths* of the territory to be divided. But in criticising the present Treaty, we must always look to the state in which Lord Ashburton took up the negotiation. The last important epoch in the controversy had been the King of Holland's award. On that occasion we had asked, not for the whole, not even for a half of the Disputed Territory; on the contrary, we had, in the most authentic manner, repeatedly and emphatically declared our readiness to waive any such claims, when we pressed the United States (with an eagerness that did us honor) to accept the King of Holland's award. The King of Holland awarded us something like a third only of the territory in dispute between us and the State of Maine; and we not only declined to avail ourselves of the obvious objection to the arbitrator's assumption of power never delegated to him, but seemed to think that all the practical advantages which could result from our getting a larger share of territory might well be sacrificed for the great object of putting an end to our differences with the United States.

Of course we do not mean to say that we were at a subsequent period technically bound by our offer of concessions, which the other party had very unjustifiably refused. We had a distinct right, undoubtedly, to assert our full claims, and back them by any better evidence which had in the interval come into our hands. But, as we

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have previously endeavored to show, the object of Lord Ashburton's mission was not merely to settle our disputes, but to settle them in an amicable manner. Now, to commence the negotiation by retracting previous concessions, and offering worse terms than we had before pressed on the Americans, would most assuredly have been destructive of all chance of *amicable* settlement. It required some exercise of good sense on the part of Mr. Webster to consent to quit the sullen position assumed by his country in 1833, and to agree, for the sake of peace, to retract what all the world then regarded as its very unwarrantable refusal of the King of Holland's award. When he showed this good sense, and commenced by the conciliatory step of entertaining our offer, which his predecessor had peremptorily rejected, if our negotiator had replied to his overture by saying that he was instructed to withdraw the concessions of 1833, and insist on terms less advantageous to the United States, all the world would have said that this promised no very *amicable* settlement of the question, since it was obvious that our readiness to make sacrifices to peace had greatly diminished since 1833. Such a requital for Mr. Webster's first concession would have put an extinguisher on the spirit that had dictated it; he would have said, and all the world would have agreed with him, that it was evident we gave him no credit for a conciliatory spirit, but attributed his moderation to a sense of weakness; and that he could not, therefore, with safety or honor, relax any pretensions in dealing with an antagonist who was evidently disposed to meet every concession by rising in his demands.

Every hope of amicable settlement would have been compromised by quitting the ground of concession which we had previously taken; and we should have placed the chances of peace, and the objects of practical importance in the negotiation, on the precarious issue of a long and irritating controversy, in a misplaced confidence on new arguments and evidence, the rest of the world would have regarded as adding little to the the previous strength of our case. For, depend upon it, not only our opponents, but all impartial people, would have regarded the adoption of a new line by us in maintaining our pretensions as very strange; and our alleged recent discoveries, even if possessed of more value than we attribute to them, would have come before the world prejudiced materially by the discredit which our Government must have incurred in advancing them. It would have sounded strange to any one if he had heard us assert, in the twenty-seventh year of this controversy, that now, for the first time, we had discovered the real strength of our case; not only that we had now, for the first time, taken the trouble of ascertaining the great geographical features of the district about which we had talked so much, but that we had just now commenced comprehending the meaning of those documents which had been before both parties, and quoted and discussed by both parties from the very beginning of the controversy. It would have seemed rather strange that, under the influence of this sudden ray of geographical light, we should all at once have shifted every ground on which we had previously stood, and almost throughout our case be now maintaining exactly the reverse of every position to which we had previously committed ourselves. A harsh judge might have been inclined to regard this versatility of diplomatic ingenuity as not very creditable to a great nation; and would have found that the assertion that now, for the first time, we had discovered the real strength of our case, implied the discreditable admission that up to that time we had, for purposes of expediency, been supporting an untenable claim of right by reckless assertions and arguments which we knew to be worthless. A milder and truer judgment would have attributed our obvious inconsistency to the mere eagerness which is the natural result of prolonged litigation.

Under the circumstances of the case, therefore, we think that Lord Ashburton could not but regard, not merely Lord Palmerston, but Great Britain, as committed in the outset to our acceptance of the King of Holland's award; and if the conditions which were imposed upon us thereby are injurious to our best interests—if they sacrifice clear rights with a dishonorable facility, compromise the military security of our North American possessions, and surrender attached and loyal subjects of her Majesty to the odious tyranny of a republican government,—the blame must rest not with Lord Ashburton, but with Lord Palmerston, who in fact made, in 1831, all, and even more than all, of the concessions by which Lord Ashburton has now merely thought proper to abide. We are eager to throw the blame, if cause of blame there be, on Lord Palmerston, because we shall, therefore, give ourselves a right to claim for that foreign minister some portion of the credit which, in our opinion, is merited by the present settlement of the matter.

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For the readiness with which Lord Palmerston accepted the King of Holland's award, and the perseverance with which he pressed its adoption on the United States, may fairly be presumed to have rendered it utterly impossible for them to avoid, sooner or later, imitating his conciliatory course, and accepting the reasonable offer made by him; while it is quite clear that, by making concessions which it would have been unbecoming in us at a subsequent period to retract, he rendered it impossible for the quibbling spirit of diplomacy to raise any difficulties on our part. Thus, though denied the immediate satisfaction of realizing his pacific plans while in office, he must now enjoy the pure consciousness, and ought not to be denied the praise, of having enabled Lord Ashburton to complete what he himself had begun. We are the more desirous to vindicate this credit for Lord Palmerston, because, with the great mass of the Liberal party, we saw, with some dissatisfaction, a tendency in his policy, during the two or three last years of his administration, to become too contentious, and even warlike; and we are especially bound, therefore, not to forget what eminent services he rendered to the maintenance of peace during the earlier, and indeed the far greater part of his ministerial career.

The question then reduces itself to the simple inquiry, whether Lord Ashburton has made better terms with respect to the Disputed Territory than those which we had long ago declared our readiness to accept? A glance at the map will show that he has got us a larger portion of territory and a better boundary than the King of Holland awarded us. The assailants of the Treaty, however, insist that in making this comparison we must recollect that three disputes respecting three different portions of territory were referred to the King of Holland; and that he decided two of the three questions entirely in our favor. This is perfectly true, and the remark is just. The King of Holland decided that we were entitled to the whole of an angle lying between the different sources of the Connecticut river, and disputed with us by the State of New Hampshire. He also decided in our favor a dispute with the States of Vermont and New York, relative to a strip of land lying between the true line of forty-five degrees and the line which had always been taken as corresponding with it, because incorrectly so laid down in the maps of the country. He decided that we were entitled to the whole of this strip, with the qualification that the United States should be allowed to retain the small portion of it called Rouse's Point, on which they had, at some expense, erected fortifications while occupying it in perfect good faith, on a misapprehension common at the time to both parties. The angle and the strip (for about angles and strips had two great countries been contending, and running frequent risks of war) thus awarded to us by the King of Holland, Lord Ashburton has, we grant, given up to the United States; but he has given up the strip in exchange for another strip on the side of New Brunswick: and the angle he has only given up in order to obtain a larger portion of the territory in dispute with Maine than the King of Holland had awarded us. Taking the award as the basis of negotiation, he has succeeded in getting its terms altered so as to secure us a better frontier, where frontier was important; and he has done this simply by swapping, as well as we can calculate, a little more than 100,000 acres contained in the angle for what seems, on the map of our own recent survey, to be about ten times that quantity of land out of the territory awarded to Maine by the King of Holland.

The strip on the side of New Brunswick to which we have alluded is one to which we had imagined ourselves to have a right, from the very same species of error which misled the Americans with respect to the strip in the line 45°. The line drawn by the surveys of 1815 due north from the monument at the head of the St. Croix river, is now acknowledged to have been drawn in too easterly a direction; in consequence of which the province of New Brunswick had been all along regarded as possessing a triangular strip between the line laid down and the true one. Their claim to this we could not, of course, gainsay; and acknowledging it, we exchanged the one strip for the other. The strip given up to us was of importance to us, as keeping the frontier of the United States further from the river St. John's; and as for the strip on the line 45°, if we exclude Rouse's Point, which, negotiating on the basis of the King of Holland's award, we must view as allotted to the Americans,—all considerations of political expediency should have induced us rather to make some sacrifice in order to get rid of a tract of land entirely inhabited by Americans, than insist on retaining so very inconvenient an adjunct to the eastern townships of Lower Canada.

Such is the exchange. After exchanging strip against strip, we give up a district of which the whole value may be estimated at

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the worth of the land contained in them. For no one ever imagined that it was of the slightest political importance which nation possessed the angle between the sources of the Connecticut. In return, we get ten times the quantity of land; and, what is infinitely more important, we get it where every square mile is of considerable political value. By getting Lord Ashburton's line instead of the King of Holland's, we keep the nearest point of the American frontier about twenty miles further from Quebec; indeed, as far as we can make out on the map of our recent survey, the points corresponding with those of the boundary claimed by the two parties, it is not at all clear that there will be in the frontier settled by Lord Ashburton any point materially nearer to Quebec than the nearest point of the present undisputed frontier of the United States. We shall keep the American frontier also from fifteen to thirty miles further from the St. Lawrence, and consequently from what is by far the most important portion of the road between Canada and the Lower Provinces. As a make-weight for this very advantageous exchange of territory, we throw in permission to the people of Maine to float the raw produce of the Disputed Territory down our portion of the St. John's river to the sea, duty free. In return for this, which we trust we shall hereafter prove to be but a moderate and fair concession, we get the political advantages described above, which seem to be a full equivalent; and on the amount of territory exchanged we are obviously the gainers. It does seem to us, therefore, that the arrangements of the Treaty are obviously more advantageous to us than the King of Holland's award; and that Lord Ashburton has succeeded in getting us better terms than Lord Palmerston contended for so strenuously in 1833. Of course, if the assailants of the Treaty are right in treating the whole Disputed Territory as indisputably ours, all that is now allotted to the Americans is gratuitous concession; and the concession is greater than should have been made to violent men urging unfair claims. But if we are right in taking the King of Holland's award as a stage in the progress of the negotiation from which any negotiator taking up the matter on our part at any period since 1831 could not draw back; if compromise was only to be effected on the basis of our taking that only to be indisputably ours which was then awarded to us, and accepted by us; it does seem pretty obvious that Lord Ashburton is entitled to the credit of having made the best of the position in which he was placed. If we get the smallest and worst portion of the Disputed Territory, we get more than we declared ourselves satisfied with in 1833; and the disadvantage, whatever it may amount to, is the necessary result of what we must admit to be, not the badness of our case, but our carelessness and folly in putting the case before the King of Holland in so imperfect a shape, that he evidently thought that of two untenable cases ours was the worst, and that consequently he could only suggest a compromise at our expense.

On the whole, therefore, we get better terms with respect to the Disputed Territory than we had any right to expect. The outcry raised about the blow which the concessions of the Treaty are said to inflict on our power and dignity as a nation, is not only carried too far, but positively has no foundation at all. Our dignity has most assuredly suffered no detriment during the present negotiation. The original pretensions of both parties are alike given up; the question, which each declared to be soluble only in the manner exactly conformable to its own interests, is solved by neither party being declared in the right, or allowed to have its own way. But as regards the ground taken up by them in the discussions consequent on the last great step in the controversy, namely, the King of Holland's award, it is not *we* most assuredly who have abandoned that ground, or submitted to our adversary's terms. We remain on the very ground we took up in 1831, and have completed the negotiation on better terms than those which, for two years, we then pressed on the United States. The United States have now negotiated on the very terms which they then refused to entertain: they have not only conceded all the territory that the King of Holland awarded to us, but a considerable portion more. They have come the whole way to us: we have made no concession since 1833. We could not with honor: for we had then proved our love of peace by readily offering the largest concessions which could in reason be expected from us. The Americans have now to their honor followed our example, and done their part in the work of conciliation.

It does not seem that any valid objection could be raised to this view of the question, even if it could be made out that, in the interval that has elapsed since 1833, the Report of Messrs. Mudge and Featherstonhaugh had given us the means of supporting our original claim with far more effect than before. The practical bearings of the

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case remained unaltered: if we could then have safely made the concessions which we proffered, we could make them as safely now; and if it was then worth our while to make such sacrifices for a settlement it is just as much worth our while now. Even if it had been possible for us to make out a better case, it does not follow that it was advisable by so doing totally to divest the settlement of an amicable character, or (what would more probably have been the result) to prevent the question from being settled at all. Our improved position would only have given the same concessions a greater grace and efficacy.

Mr. Featherstonhaugh's very creditable speech at Falmouth has no doubt deprived the arguments derived from his Report of much of their weight; but still, so much stress has been laid on them, that we feel it advisable to examine whether, as is so confidently alleged, they afforded us any justification for rising in our demands, and expecting better terms. This question has been fully discussed by a writer in the "Globe" newspaper, who wrote under the signature of "Pacificus;" and, long as his statement of the question is, we think we can do no better than transfer it to our pages:—

"Respecting the merits of the dispute, I entertain what was my own, and what I may say was the general opinion in this country two years ago. I look upon the claims of both parties as inadmissible; the ambiguity of the treaty appears to me to have had its origin in confusion of ideas, or carelessness of phraseology, coupled with ignorance of the correct geography of the country, which render the treaty inexplicable, and the boundary unascertainable. This opinion has not been in the slightest degree shaken by any information communicated by recent surveys. I still think that it would have been as impossible for us to convince the Americans of the force of our new as of our old arguments; and to the full as unsafe as ever for us to stake the interests involved in the dispute to a reference on the mere point of abstract right. The matter was one which could only be safely settled by compromise and mutual concession.

"The reasoning of Lord Ashburton's assailants justifies me, I think, in saying that they could hardly have ventured to dispute this position two years ago. Our claim of course was then the same as it now is; but it is admitted, even by these gentlemen, that we did not then know the real strength of our claim. It was only first discovered by Messrs. Mudge and Featherstonhaugh, in 1839. and made known to the world by their Report published in 1840. That report, it is contended, suddenly placed the whole matter in so clear a light, that no one could any longer have a doubt as to the boundary line of the treaty of 1783. It professed to exhibit the highlands of the treaty ranging in a clear and lofty line almost identical with the one all along claimed by us, while it puffed into thin air the American claim, along with the fanciful highlands on which it had rested. Strong in Mudge and Featherstonhaugh, the assailants of Lord Ashburton view the whole of the disputed territory as ours beyond a shadow of doubt. American audacity, they think, could hardly have ventured to deny the sudden clearness of our claim; or would, at any rate, have been compelled to come to consent to a division of the territory in which, as I have seen somewhere stated, according to some strange notions of judicial arithmetic, 'we ought to have had a share in proportion to the superior goodness of our claim.' Had this been refused, we ought, it is said, to have gone to an arbitration forthwith, in perfect confidence that no arbiter could have resisted Mudge and Featherstonhaugh, or refused to award us all that we asked. My opinion is, that Mudge and Featherstonhaugh made no difference in the matter, and put our claim on no stronger ground, nor the meaning of the treaty in any clearer light, than before.

"Do not understand me as depreciating the labors of the commissioners. The undertaking of the survey seems to have been judicious, the choice of commissioners fortunate, and the result of their labors a very useful report. I cannot equally approve of the publication of that report, the effect of which was to commit us anew to our extreme pretensions, and thus throw difficulties in the way of a compromise. But this was no fault of the commissioners. To their report no one can deny the praise of great industry and great skill. By dint of hard travelling, and the minutest geological, trigonometrical, and barometrical observation, they seem to have explored the disputed territory, and laid down the principal features and general elevation of that district, with a completeness, and I dare say, an accuracy never before applied to it. They have exhibited praiseworthy research in investigating a good deal, though by no means enough, of the evidence which books, public records, and ancient maps throw on the history of the disputed boundary, the geographical notions of the framers of the treaty, and the origin of that description in which all the difference of opinion has had its rise. The result has been a statement of the case putting the claim, which the commissioners thought it their duty to advocate, on far more plausible grounds than it had ever been placed before. Further than this I cannot go in ascribing efficacy to it. I cannot say that to my mind it clears up the doubts that hung over the matter; or that, having laid down the report after studying it for the tenth time, I feel one whit more satisfied as to the real meaning of the treaty, or the possibility of now carrying its terms into effect. Indeed, all that seems to me to be gained by it is to make just such a case for our line as to render it somewhat more difficult than before for an arbitrator to decide in favor of the American claim. The report makes it more clear than ever that the treaty of 1783 was a muddle and a bungle; that the line laid down in it can have no counterpart in nature; and that no way of settling the question remained except a division of the disputed territory.

"The 'north-west angle of Nova Scotia' is the point in the boundary-line of 1783 at which the doubt commences. That point itself was not at the time marked by any definite natural object. It was

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an imaginary point, resulting from the intersection of an imaginary straight line forming the western boundary of Nova Scotia, with another imaginary line, which at the same time formed the southern boundary of the province of Lower Canada, and the northern boundary of what had, up to that time, been the two provinces of Nova Scotia and Massachusetts Bay. These lines had all been described in previous documents, defining the limits of these three British provinces. The treaty adopted these lines almost in the very words previously used; and it therefore defined the north-west angle as 'that angle which is formed by a line drawn due north from the source of the St. Croix river to the highlands, along the said highlands, which divide those rivers that empty themselves into the river St. Lawrence from those which fall into the Atlantic Ocean, to the north-westernmost head of Connecticut river.' This description, on coming to act upon it practically, has, unluckily, turned out to be as vague as the thing described, and therefore to have obscured rather than explained the position of the angle in question. For it is obvious, on looking at the map, that in the course taken by the imaginary western boundary line laid down as running due north from an ascertained point, there are not, and cannot be, any highlands answering the description in the treaty. In that part of the country a space of not less than a hundred miles intervenes between any streams running into the St. Lawrence, and those running into the Atlantic, according to the British (which I consider the just) definition of the latter term. Instead, therefore, of one ridge of highlands separating these two classes of waters, they are found to be separated by two large basins carrying the waters of that vast extent of country into two different quarters not mentioned in the treaty. The line running due north, therefore, clearly meets no highlands fulfilling at the point of intersection the condition of dividing the requisite rivers.

"The report gets over this difficulty by the following reasoning, of which I will thus briefly, and I hope fairly, give the gist:—

"'The boundary line running along the highlands in question was, in the original descriptions of the inter-provincial boundaries, drawn from east to west; and it is only possible to get at its true bearing by taking the same course. Begin then to draw the line at the north-westernmost head of the Connecticut river, and you will find there a single ridge of well-defined mountains or highlands exactly answering the description in the treaty, as they form what Mr. Webster calls the *watershed* which throws down from its northern face the Chaudiere and other rivers running into the St. Lawrence, and from its southern face the Penobscot, Kennebec, and other rivers flowing into the Atlantic. For about 100 miles this ridge of mountains continues to fulfil the conditions required.'

"In all this I entirely concur. At the distance of 100 miles from the head of the Connecticut river, the disputed territory commences. For here the watershed divides; one watershed, being the line claimed by the Americans, and throwing off waters into the St. Lawrence, but none into the Atlantic, takes a north-eastern direction; while the other, which is the British line, bears nearly due east, pouring its waters into the Atlantic from one side, but none into the St. Lawrence from the other; and the great basin which the St. John's river empties into the Bay of Fundy, here begins to intervene.

"Here, I say, doubt begins; from this point eastward to the western boundary of Nova Scotia there can be no line of highlands continuing to fulfil the requisite condition of immediately dividing the Atlantic rivers from the St. Lawrence rivers. 'No,' say the commissioners, 'no difficulty occurs here; the watersheds divide, but the highlands do not; no ridge of mountains breaks off in the direction claimed by the Americans, and their watershed is composed for a space of fifty miles of a low swampy ground, throwing off, not rivers, but inconsiderable streams, into the St. Lawrence; while the great mountain chain, which we have followed from the head of the Connecticut thus far, continues in one unbroken and lofty line, forming what geologists call the 'axis of maximum elevation,' and running eastward along the line claimed by Great Britain, until it intersects the western boundary of Nova Scotia—not indeed at Mars' hill, which our stupid predecessors inadvertently took as part of the chain, but at a point a few miles to the north of it. This chain does not actually at this point of intersection fulfil the condition of separating the rivers mentioned in the treaty, but it is the unbroken continuation of the same chain that did so most satisfactorily for 100 miles from the point of starting; it is, therefore, the same chain; it is, therefore, identical with the highlands that divide the required rivers—the highlands of the treaty.' This view is then supported by various documentary proofs, with the object of showing that this 'axis of maximum elevation,' or lofty crest of mountains, was in fact the line of highlands contemplated by the framers of the treaty, by those who had previously laid down the same boundary, and by the writers, on the authority of whose accounts of the country the line had been so laid down.

"I think I have stated the view put forward by the commissioners with perfect fairness. I have put it as clearly as I could. I have no hesitation in saying, that it is a presentable—nay, on the face of it, a possible explanation of the treaty. But I have very considerable doubts whether we should have been quite sure of convincing an arbiter that it is the true one, or by any means a natural one.

"The treaty specifies two qualities as designating the direction which the boundary line must take. The land along which it runs must be high; and it must divide certain waters. The commissioners look to the first qualification as the most material. I cannot help regarding the latter as the most important, as giving the character to the country described, and as the one to be followed, if we are compelled to choose between the two. It is the most precise, and would therefore be the most likely to be uppermost in the mind of any one using it to describe a precise line of boundary. As to what lands are sufficiently high to be called highlands, we may dispute to all eternity; as to what particular lands intervene between particular streams, no question can be raised. Nay, if you are sure of your particular ridge of highlands, the precise point where a line '*gets to it*,' (as the treaty says,) is by no means clear. But the point where a line intersects a dividing ridge, may always be ascertained within a few feet. A line of highlands is therefore a vague description of a boundary—a

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line dividing waters a very precise one. Besides, the latter is one known in many parts of the world as the ordinary specification of the boundaries of contiguous districts, and even estates; the former is never used without some farther limitation to give it precision. For all these reasons, my impression is, that the quality of being the watershed of particular rivers was the one to which the framers of the treaty, or those from whom the framers of the treaty adopted the definition, mainly looked; and that they did not much care how high the highlands were as long as they served this purpose.

"I cannot, therefore, attach much importance to the alleged complete annihilation of the American line of highlands. That line is just as much a watershed, after all, as the loftier British line; it just as much pours down one class of the rivers specified in the treaty; it just as much, and no more, fails in having any connection with the other class. The commissioners seem to me to be misled by their own pursuits as geologists and surveyors. If the American line be not the 'axis of maximum elevation,' and have not the proper 'magnetic direction,' as they tell us, and the British line have both these characteristics, my firm belief is, that the commissioners of 1783 never thought a bit about either axis or magnetic direction. I am sure Parliament did not when they passed the act of 1774; and if any body had asked George the Third about the axis and the magnetic direction, when he issued the proclamation of 1763, or gave Governor Wilmot his commission—bless us and save us! how the poor dear old man would have stared! The commissioners tell us that the country for some twenty or thirty miles near the beginning of the American line, has no highlands at all, but consists of nothing but a low swampy table-land. This seems to me to matter little. The land would be high enough for the purposes of the treaty, if it divided the required rivers; it is high enough to contain the sources of the rivers that run into the St. Lawrence on the one side, and the St. John on the other; and unless, therefore, as the commissioners would almost insinuate, these streams commence their course by jumping out of hollows, or flowing up hill, the land in which they rise must, compared to the whole courses of these and the great basins into which they run, be comparatively *high land.* But the commissioners are always unreasonable in requiring magnitude in all natural objects, before they will allow them the designations which immemorial usage has given them. Thus they will not allow the name of rivers to the Metis and its neighbors, though that designation is invariably applied to them by the people of the country, and stares you in the face in every map you look at.

"Rigid about height of land and size of rivers, the commissioners seem to me to contend for a dangerous laxity with respect to continuity and identity of mountain chains. When they arrive at the division of the watersheds, at which, whatever they may say of the American line, mountains begin to spread out widely over the country, they choose the range which they will follow as identical with the line they have followed from the head of the Connecticut upwards, not on account of its possessing the quality of dividing particular rivers required by the treaty, but on account of its possessing those of loftiness and magnetic direction. Now it seems to me that the treaty prescribes the essential requisite of the identity of the highlands of which it speaks, when it specifies the characteristic of dividing particular ridges. Other qualities, such as height or magnetic direction, may afford the criterion of identity for geological purposes; but according to the treaty, those highlands alone can be said to be the same which fulfil the one specified condition of dividing the same classes of rivers. It seems to me, therefore, that it would be rather a bold decision to which an arbiter would come, who, having to find highlands dividing certain specified waters, should say that he had reached the object required whenever he got to a mountain dividing no such waters, but connected by an unbroken chain with other mountains which did divide such waters at a distance of more than a hundred miles. The same unbroken chain of the Apennines runs down the centre of Italy from Tuscany to the Straits of Messina. Yet would it not be thought a strange way of describing the position of some mountain village in Calabria, to say that it is situated in the highlands which you cross between Florence and Bologna?

"I say, then, that the highlands of the commissioners are not the highlands of the treaty, because at the point of their intersection they do not fulfil the condition of dividing the required waters. Still more clearly, in my opinion, are they not the highlands of the treaty, because we know very well that the point at which they intersect the western boundary of Nova Scotia never was, never could be, never was pretended to be, the north-west angle of that province. It is true that that north-west angle was never precisely laid down; and we cannot tell where its exact position was, except by the aid of the highlands of the treaty. But we know very well where it could not be. It is described in the treaty as being exactly on the western boundary; it must therefore necessarily be at the very northern point of that boundary. This it is not now; the western boundary is carried on some forty or fifty miles higher by ourselves. No proof has ever yet been tendered of its having at any antecedent period stopped short of its present position; on the contrary, there is every ground of presuming that before the treaty of 1783 the province of Nova Scotia extended as far north as New Brunswick does now.

"The highlands of the commissioners seem to me to labor under the one palpable defect which characterizes all the lines claimed by us during the controversy. The point at which they intersect the western boundary of Nova Scotia is not only not the north-western angle of Nova Scotia, but it is no angle at all. It is a point in the western boundary obviously half way down between the north and south. Maps, Acts of the Provincial Legislature, and other documents innumerable, prove that from the earliest division of our provinces Nova Scotia always extended far northward of the point at which we place the north-west angle only when we are discussing this treaty, and never else.

"On these grounds I cannot bring myself to think that the Report of Messrs Mudge and Featherstonhaugh has given us any better ground to stand on than we had before, however more dexterously they may have put us in the way of availing ourselves of that position if forced to fight for it. I should just as ill as ever have liked to go before an arbiter; or rather I should have felt that,

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with some chances of an entirely unfavorable decision, the most likely decision of an honest arbiter would have been that the treaty was inexplicable, and the boundary undiscoverable; and that if, as was proposed, both parties had given him the power, he would have ended the matter by dividing the disputed territory between the two parties. I think Lord Ashburton was perfectly right in preferring to make the partition with Mr. Webster, to leaving it to a referee, who might have done it with little consideration of the practical interests of the two parties.

"For had we chosen to assert our extreme claim on the ground of the commissioners' report, we should not have got it without this reference, of which I think the result so dubious. The assailants of Lord Ashburton may hug their dream of the conviction which the report had produced on the minds of the Americans, and fancy that they would have been terrified into a compromise by which we were to have a lion's share 'in proportion to the goodness of our claim.' I know of no outward signs of this conviction. But we all know of the steps their government took on receiving the far-famed report. Nature has not been so niggard to the United States as to deny them an adequate supply of the wood out of which commissioners are made; when she gave us a Featherstonhaugh she provided America with a Renwick, and compensated the boon of Mudge with that of an engineering officer answering the same purpose. These were instantly sent forth to survey; these prepared a report; and I will be bound to say that that report, when published, would have been found to demolish our highlands, and discover the 'maximum axis' running in the true 'magnetic direction' along the very line claimed by the Americans. What would have been the result? Each party would have added its new report to its previous armory of controversy, and each renewed the twice-told arguments of our quarter-century's dispute, with fresh hairs to split, and abstractions to unravel. Again would the eagerness of diplomatists, and the tricks of the worsted party, have prolonged the weary controversy; and the war of protocols and 'splendid state-papers' would have gone on, to the detriment of commerce and security, for another twenty-five years, unless the angry passions of a border population had brought the conflict of quirks to a close by precipitating the horrors of a real war."

It now only remains for us to inquire whether there is any great practical evil likely to result from the mode in which Lord Ashburton has settled the Boundary Question. While we feel perfectly convinced that he has saved the point of honor, and that he has got us even better terms than we could fairly expect, we see no reason for thinking that there is any thing so positively disadvantageous in them as to give us the slightest misgiving as to the wisdom of putting an end to the dispute.—However great the advantages which we might have derived from the possession of a large portion of the Disputed Territory, it must be admitted that a settlement by which we enter into the enjoyment of any portion of it, is a positive gain to the extent of such portion. For those who talk so loudly of "surrender," and "concession," should recollect that in fact we never have possessed, to any good purpose, any of this Disputed Territory; and that we now, for the first time, enter into the enjoyment of the portion allotted to us by the present Treaty. The occupation of the Territory which was assigned to us in 1815, was an occupation for safe custody, totally distinct from any power of turning our possession to useful account. We could not sell the land; we could not construct permanent roads across it; we could not fortify the most important points on it. All these things we may now, in virtue of Lord Ashburton's Treaty, set about doing with respect to the portion allotted to us. If we had even to resign to the Americans similar powers with respect to the other portion, which would have been of the greatest importance to us—powers which, in their hands, might actually be turned against us, we should after all only resign to them what they must have got whenever a settlement was made, and which we must have made up our minds to their getting when we pressed them ten years ago to accept even a larger portion of the country in dispute. At any rate, instead of giving up any thing of which we were in the enjoyment before, we enter into the enjoyment of a large portion of territory, which has positively never been of any use to us

But, in plain truth, the advantages of the Disputed Territory have been monstrously overrated during the entire controversy.—The mere value of the acres, with all the timber upon them, no one, even of Lord Ashburton's assailants, considers as worth a moment's discussion. The Americans doubtless get the best land; the Valley of the Aroostook may be as fertile as Lord Ashburton represented it in his letter to Mr. Webster; though we suspect, if he had been buying the land, he would have dwelt a little more on the drawback of a climate in which, we believe, wheat does not ripen before October. But, at any rate, Maine gets that valley in the division simply and solely because, being in the southern portion of the Disputed Territory, it happens to be nearest to Maine; and we could only have avoided this result by adopting as the principle of division that of giving to each party the portion most remote from its own possessions.

Now, if the land and timber are of no great value to us, of what great value is the

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Disputed Territory? We have come to talk of it as if the possession of every inch of it was essential to the security of our North American possessions; as if Canada were valueless without it; as if the possession of any part of it by the Americans were to draw along with it the conquest of British America. But is it really so? If we had had a larger share of the Disputed Territory, should we have been able to turn it to any great account? Will the possession of the portion allotted to the Americans enable them to do us any mischief in the event of war?

It will not take much time to dispose of the positive advantage of the Disputed Territory to us. We do not want it for the timber or the soil; we want it for no purposes of aggression: it is only alleged to be available to us as offering a direct communication between Quebec and New Brunswick. We will not say that this communication is of *no* importance to us. But its importance has been excessively exaggerated by confounding it with another communication, which might indeed be made of first-rate utility to Canada. If a safe and direct communication throughout the year could be established between Quebec and Halifax, which is the only harbor in British North America that is open during the winter, this would indeed be of the greatest importance to Canada. This would give us throughout the year, in war as well as in peace, a direct communication between Great Britain and Canada, lying entirely through our own territory. But the proper line of such communication lies quite wide of the Disputed Territory. We feel confident of being correct when we say that the *best* military and engineering authority is in favor of connecting Quebec and Halifax by that line of road known by the name of the Kempt road, which coasts the St. Lawrence as high as the river Metis, and then crosses over a narrow strip of land to the head of the Bay of Chaleurs.—The road through the Disputed Territory, about which so much is now said, is a road only from Quebec to St. John's, which is a harbor very little, if at all, earlier open than Quebec itself. We do not say that such a road is not of importance; that, in the event of a war with the United States, it may not be convenient occasionally to march a regiment from New Brunswick to Canada; or that, for such purpose, it would not be better to have a somewhat shorter road made through our own territory in time of peace. This would have been the better arrangement for us, had we been able to have every thing our own way.—But it is not one which can be said to be in any way essential to the security of any part of our possessions.

But the main part of the objection made to Lord Ashburton's arrangement of the Boundary rests not so much on the loss of any particular advantage to ourselves, as on the acquisition by the Americans of a territory which, from its position, they may make use of to render our possession of Canada insecure. It is imagined that, no sooner will the allotted portion be placed in their hands, than an immense population will straightway take possession of every acre up to the new line of boundary; and establishing itself permanently there, interpose its formidable numbers in the shape of a wedge between New Brunswick and Canada. Nay, some imagine that the boundary will be no barrier to these encroaching pioneers of the wilderness; but that they will cross the St. John's, occupy the British portion of the Disputed Territory, and then, passing over the old acknowledged frontier of Canada, insinuate themselves among the Canadians of Kamouraska and Rimouski, and gradually acquire farms and build towns along the southern bank of the St. Lawrence.

We believe the whole of these apprehensions to be perfectly visionary, and that there is not the slightest ground for supposing that any large population will ever occupy any part of the Disputed Territory. The southern portion, which now becomes part of the State of Maine, is undoubtedly the best part, and possesses a good deal of rich land, well adapted for grass farms. No doubt some population will settle on it; but it is not very likely that this cold region will attract to itself any material portion of that great current of American emigration which sets towards the Far West, where a boundless extent of yet more fertile land is spread out under a genial climate. We think we can safely predict what will be the fate of this portion of the Disputed Territory. The high price of soft wood in the United States will at first tempt a considerable speculation in the forests of red pine which still exist south of the St. John's. A host of lumberers will ocupy the whole region, and with their usual recklessness clear the forest, and float its produce down the St. John's, for which Lord Ashburton has very wisely afforded them every facility. In some ten or twelve years at the furthest, but probably much sooner, every pine in the district will be cut down; the occupation of the lumberers being gone, a portion

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of them will move off to some uncleared country, while the steadier among them will settle down upon patches of the land that they have cleared. But remote as the country is from any of the great markets, unsuited as it is to the growth of any of the more valuable kinds of crop, and destitute as it is of any facilities for commerce or manufactures, it may confidently be assumed that it will be slowly occupied, and never support more than a scanty population. That any population will pass on northward of the St John's is hardly to be conceived. The whole of the portion of the Disputed Territory acquired by us is an elevated, bleak, barren, swampy region, destitute even of valuable timber. Nature seems to have intended it for a "Debatable" land, to be interposed between two great countries in order to keep their population asunder. Yet more extravagant is the notion that the Americans are not only to swarm across the St. John's, but to traverse this poor and uninviting country to the northward in order to get to the southern bank of the St Lawrence. The southern bank of the St Lawrence below Quebec is completely occupied by a population quite as numerous as the country can support. Very superior to the rest of their race in Canada, the French population of this district are an enterprising and flourishing race. Their land is said to be as well farmed, their farm-buildings as good as any on any part of the American continent. The pilotage of the St Lawrence enriches this people by a very large annual outlay. And any American settler in this district would find that the present occupiers are competitors with whose wealth and skill it would not be easy to cope on equal terms.

We put aside therefore, as perfectly groundless, the notion that the Disputed Territory will ever become formidable to us from the mere numbers of the American population which it will support. Their people will never come down from it and occupy the valley of the St. Lawrence. If their possession of it is to be in any way formidable to us, it must be by their establishing several strong military positions along their new frontier, in which they may, in time of war, concentrate an army in order to get possession of the southern bank of the St. Lawrence. These positions would also, it is said, enable them to command the road between New Brunswick and Quebec, which will, during almost its whole course, pass very near the new frontier.

If the Americans establish forts on their line, they will undoubtedly, as long as they can keep them, be able to interrupt these communications. But this is an evil incidental to *every* partition of the Disputed Territory. The more reasonable assailants of Lord Ashburton, who see that nobody will go with them in blaming him for not having got the whole of the country in dispute, confine themselves to saying that he ought to have got us the St. John's as our boundary throughout its whole course. Would such a line have freed us from this evil? From Mars' Hill up to the Great Falls of the St. John's, and from the Falls to the confluence of the St. Francis, the road would have gone within gun-shot of their line; and it would only have become safer from that point. And if a road is necessarily to be unsafe for some eighty or hundred miles, does it much matter whether it is exposed for some twenty or thirty more? Our getting the whole of the Disputed Territory could not have made the road between New Brunswick and Quebec safe. The reader has only to cast his eye on any map, and he will see that from the Monument up to the south of the Tobique, the road in question, which follows the bank of the St. John's, runs within a few miles of the undisputed portion of the State of Maine, and must therefore be menaced by it. The outcry raised against the treaty on this score is, therefore, a great outcry against a very slight aggravation of a danger that must have been incurred under any arrangement that could have been devised.

The danger to the St. Lawrence we cannot view with great alarm, because though we admit that the Americans might get to the river, we cannot understand why it is supposed that they would act so very foolishly as to build forts, and to concentrate troops and stores at the point furthest from their resources, in order, by crossing a very difficult country, to occupy a position that would be of no use to them. It is a mistake to suppose that by occupying the southern bank of the St. Lawrence in the part of it in question, the navigation of that river would be commanded. As high as Quebec the river is so wide, that ships might sail along the northern without any danger from the southern shore. If, therefore, an American army occupied the south bank of the St. Lawrence, it would occupy a position most remote from its own resources, in a district that does not raise its own food, and of which the possession would not in the slightest degree influence the fortunes of a war. When we calculate on war with the Americans, it would be as well to calculate

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on their carrying on the war with something like common sense. While Montreal and Quebec, the most populous portions of Upper Canada, and St. John's and Fredericton, are within a short distance of their own amplest resources, they are more likely to strike at these strongholds of our power, than to send their armies from the most remote points of their own territory to explore remote corners of our possessions, and remove themselves at a distance from the real theatre of the struggle.

With respect to the military defence of Canada, there was undoubtedly one point of great importance to be looked to in the settlement of the Disputed Boundary. Looking to the event of a war, it is important that the American frontier should not be brought materially nearer to Quebec. It doubtless would facilitate an attack on that most important position, if the Americans were enabled to establish any strong place at which they might concentrate an invading force in security, and come down upon Quebec by a shorter and easier march than that which they would now have to make from the nearest point of their present frontier. The King of Holland's boundary would have given them this advantage. The great object Lord Ashburton seems to have had in view in stipulating for a deviation from that boundary, must have been to guard against this evil; and he has been perfectly successful. The new frontier may, for a short space, be brought some seven or eight miles nearer Quebec. But the points of such slightly-increased proximity are all in a peculiarly barren and swampy country. And it is obvious, that the only practicable road from the State of Maine to Quebec is that along the valley of the Kennebec, along which all the incursions on Quebec from the United States have been effected. In this, the only important point, the Americans therefore gain no military advantage by the Treaty of Washington.

The possession, by the United States, of Rouse's Point is represented as a consequence of Lord Ashburton's Treaty, most fatal to us in the event of a war. We have already alluded to the cause of the dispute at this point. The line 45° has always been the boundary between Lower Canada and the States of New York and Vermont. In the old maps of the country this line was erroneously laid down about half a mile too far to the north. Within this space the United States granted land, and partly built a fort called Rouse's Point. When the mistake was discovered, we claimed this strip of land; and this was one of the questions referred to the King of Holland. The King of Holland decided that the strip belonged to us; but that as the Americans had occupied it, and built a fort in perfect good faith, on what was an universal misconception of the true latitude, they should retain Rouse's Point. It is now, as we explained before, part of the arrangement, that this strip should be given up to the Americans; and Rouse's Point of course is included in it. Here also it would be difficult to show how, after our acceptance of the King of Holland's award, we could now have refused what we then pressed the Americans to accept. And we think that it will not be difficult to show, that the possession of Rouse's Point would do either us or the United States little good in the event of war.

The higher end of Lake Champlain, for about ten or twelve miles, gradually narrows until it discharges itself into the Chambly river, which falls into the St. Lawrence between Montreal and Quebec. About a couple of miles below the point at which the lake may be said to narrow itself into the river, runs the erroneous line 45°, close to which the Americans built a fort, on a spot called Rouse's Point. The spot has no natural strength, nor does it command the lake more than any other spot for a couple of miles above, or than any point below. Its strength can be the result of nothing but artificial means; and as it has been deserted by the Americans since their retention of it became dubious, the fortifications were never finished, and are now in a state of ruin. Neither for purposes of aggression nor of defence would it be of any use to us, inasmuch as a few miles above we have two good forts commanding the entrance of the lake; and one of these, Isle aux Noix, is not only of great natural strength, but being situated on an island in the middle of the river, effectually commands the entrance of the lake. Therefore, whatever forts we want, to prevent the entry of an army from Lake Champlain into the Chambly river, we already have. Nor would the possession of Rouse's Point enable us to prevent the Americans from navigating Lake Champlain. In order, however, to prevent us in time of war from entering that lake, which is in fact an American lake, the Americans must have some fort on the narrow part. Any other point on their own side within a couple of miles might be made to serve their purpose as well as Rouse's Point; so that, if it had been decided that we should keep the Point, the Americans would simply have had to retire within the true boundary, and build

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another fort within half a mile of Rouse's Point. The simple question was, whether it was worth while to prevent a settlement by insisting upon keeping possession of Rouse's Point, with the sole object of putting the United States to the expense of constructing a new fort instead of availing themselves of the money they had already laid out at Rouse's Point. As that Point possessed no advantage of position, it was a mere question of expense; and certainly, if a good understanding was an object, we did well not to insist on our supposed right of annoyance, in direct defiance of the King of Holland's award, and of the obvious equity of the case.

There is one point connected with the division the Disputed Territory, which has given occasion to criticism of a perfectly different nature. A rather sentimental outcry has been raised about what is called the "sacrifice" of the Madawaska settlers. Along both sides of the St. John's river there have for a long time existed a long line of settlements, held for the most part by descendants of the French of Lower Canada or the ancient Acadie, but among whom there are now intermingled many settlers from the United States. The whole population of these settlements is estimated at about four thousand, more than half of whom inhabit the southern bank, and, consequently, fall by the Treaty within the new limits of the State of Maine. A piteous picture is drawn of the loyalty of the French population thus severed from the British empire, of their devoted attachment to her Majesty, and of their aversion to the United States, duly authenticated, as we are told, by their signatures to a recent petition. We cannot deny that it would have been desirable that those persons should, if possible, have remained under the government to which they were accustomed and attached; and Lord Ashburton did very right in endeavoring to induce Mr. Webster on this ground to give up the southern bank of the St. John's. But we confess we cannot but agree with Mr. Webster, that the feelings of so small a number of persons could not be consulted at the cost of giving up the convenient boundary of a broad river. The banks of that great river are obviously in every way the most valuable portion of the whole territory; and it could hardly be expected that, however much in other parts the Americans might consent to recede from the King of Holland's boundary, they would, on such a ground, abandon it where it secured them this most important advantage. When a territory, long in dispute, has been occupied by scattered settlers from both the litigant countries, every partition must throw some of the subjects of each power within the dominion of the other; and if Mr. Webster had consented to leave the southern bank of the St. John's in our possession, he would have transferred a number of his own countrymen to the jurisdiction of Great Britain. And after all, it must be recollected that the government under which the Madawaska settlers are now placed is not that of Turkey or Morocco, but one under which their property, religion, and feelings will meet with due respect. For the farmers of a remote rural district of North America, it cannot be represented as a cruel fate to become citizens of the United Sates; and however they may at first feel the disruption of their ancient allegiance, they will probably get in some measure reconciled to it, when they find their land rising to the value which land generally bears on the American side of the line.

The last topic which it will be necessary to discuss with reference to the Boundary is the stipulation, in favor of the United States, of certain privileges in respect of the navigation of the St. John's. The cry has been that the free navigation of that important river has been given up to the Americans: and all the undefined consequences of the free navigation of great rivers have been represented as certain to accrue from this dangerous concession. Fleets of American vessels have been pictured to us sailing up and down the river under their own flag, free from any subjection to our laws; fomenting imaginary rebellions in New Brunswick, and conveying boat-loads of sympathizers to aid the insurgents.

Let us calmly examine the practical nature and results of the concessions which have been really made. The third article in the Treaty of Washington provides—

> "That where, by the provision of the present treaty, the river St. John is declared to be the line of boundary, the navigation of the said river shall be free and open to both parties, and shall in no way be obstructed by either."

This is, in the plainest terms, a stipulation for the free navigation of the river, where it lies between the two countries; and no one can complain that where the river runs between two shores belonging to each party, it should be open to one as to the other. The complaints we have given above are grounded on the supposition that this

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stipulation for "free navigation" is extended to that part of the river which lies entirely within her Majesty's dominions. For this supposition there is not the slightest foundation in fact. These stipulations with respect to "free navigation" stop at the point where the St. John's ceases to wash the American territory: the language of the Treaty is immediately changed in the most marked manner; and directly after the words quoted above, it is provided—

> "That all the produce of the forest, in logs, lumber, timber, boards, staves, or shingles, or of agriculture not being manufactured, grown on any of those parts of the State of Maine, watered by the St. John, or its tributaries, of which fact reasonable evidence shall, if required, be produced, shall have free access into and through the said river and its tributaries having their source within the State of Maine, to and from the seaport at the mouth of the said river St. John, and to and round the Falls of said river, either by boats, rafts, or other conveyance:"

And

> "That, when within the province of New Brunswick, the said produce shall be dealt with as if it were the produce of the said province."

The article closes with a proviso that this agreement is to give the Americans

> "No right to interfere with any regulations not inconsistent with the terms of this Treaty,"

which the government of New Brunswick may make respecting the navigation of the river, where it flows entirely within its own territory. This is no right of "free navigation," with its large privileges and vague consequences. Nothing is conceded here but a specific privilege of being put on the footing of our own people in respect of one particular species of traffic. The foreigner who is thus secured these privileges is subject to a preliminary search, and to all regulations and all duties imposed on the subjects of Great Britain; and he is nowhere and in no degree exempted from the most complete subjection to our laws while within our territory.

The privilege is restricted to one particular species of goods—namely, the agricultural produce and timber of a particular district, and to the transit of this down the river. American goods and vessels coming in from the sea are to be treated just as they were before; the American carrier of the privileged produce is to have liberty to go along with his goods, and to return home. But whatever privileges the Treaty may appear to accord to him, it does not, because it cannot, give him the privilege of carrying his produce down the St. John's in his own boats: for nature has rendered that impossible, by placing the great Falls of the St. John's and those of the Aroostook just within the frontiers of New Brunswick. The American will be allowed to bring his boats to the edge of these Falls; and he may undoubtedly, if he chooses, dash them to pieces over these Falls. But if he wishes to bring any goods but mere logs safely to market, he will have to unship them and carry them by land round the Falls, at the foot of which he must reship them in the boats of New Brunswick. All, therefore, that is said about the free navigation of the St. John's is pure delusion. Lord Ashburton refused to grant it, and he never did grant it. All that he has practically granted is permission to bring the produce of the Disputed Territory down the St. John's free from all duties except such as the legislature of New Brunswick may choose to impose on internal transit within its own limits.

This is a mere fiscal question, which intersts no one but the people of New Brunswick; and the people of New Brunswick have been not only ready but anxious to give up all chance of revenue from this source, in order to induce the Americans to bring the timber of the Disputed Territory down the St. John's. Had such concession been refused, the Americans would have gained nothing, or next to nothing, by the settlement of the Boundary question. Their object is to cut down the timber on the portion allotted to them, and carry it off to the ports of New England and New York. The concession of a portion of the territory would have been almost useless for this end had Great Britain remained at liberty to bar the passage of the timber through New Brunswick, either by express prohibition or by the imposition of prohibitory duties. On the other hand, it is of great importance to the town of St. John's that it should become the emporium of the timber trade of the valley of the St. John's; and in order to promote the prosperity of that town, and consequently of the whole province of New Brunswick, it was necessary, first, that the timber of the Disputed Territory should be rendered available by the settlement of the dispute; and secondly, that no obstacle should be raised to its coming down the St. John's. Had the Boundary question been settled without any such stipulation, the interests of New Brunswick would have compelled us to make such a stipulation the subject of a separate Treaty. If the stipulation were injurious to any one, it must be to New Brunswick. Not only has New Brunswick made no complaints, but it is well ascertained that the Legislature of the Prov-



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ince is only waiting for the commencement of the ensuing session to express its approbation of the settlement of the question.

We see no occasion for insulting the loyal and peaceable people of New Brunswick by discussing the contingency of a rebellion, and the consequent manœuvres of sympathizers. In case of the actual occurrence of a war with the United States, the present stipulation would certainly have very little effect. The Americans would, as far as they had power, make any use of the river that they might choose; though, if they wanted to get to St. John's or Fredericktown, they would hardly go so far out of their way as the Disputed Territory in order to put the Falls between them and their object. And if they invaded our territory, it is not to be imagined that we should give them a free passage in virtue of Article 3 of the Treaty of Washington. Some persons apprehend that, in case of any bad undertanding between the two countries, the resort of considerable numbers of daring and lawless lumberers might perhaps afford occasions of collision, and causes or pretexts for war. It strikes us, however, that the effect of the stipulation must be that of rendering the contingency of war far *less*, instead of at all *more*, probable. When once the river St. John shall become, in virtue of this stipulation, the outlet of a considerable trade in lumber or agricultural produce, the subsistence of every person employed, and the value of all property situated in the American portion of the Disputed Territory, will depend on the keeping open that outlet for its produce. War would instantly close it, and consequently put an end to the greater part of the sources of employment and profit in that district. However quarrelsome or lawless, therefore, individuals might occasionally be, the interests of the inhabitants of the new portions of the State of Maine would be most adverse to war, and give an additional security for the maintenance of peace.

We come, therefore, to the conclusion, that the stipulation in question is one which not only can do us no harm, but which our interests required us to make. We will not dispute that it is probably of greater benefit to the United States than even to us. But it seems to have been forgotten that, with respect to another very important portion of the frontier, another stipulation has been made entirely and greatly to our advantage. This is the stipulation in Article 7, for the free navigation of the Southern or American channel of the St. Lawrence, by Barnhart's and Long Sault islands. Our readers are probably aware of the famous blunder committed by our commissioners in the Treaty of Ghent, when, in drawing the Boundary-line along the St. Lawrence, between Upper Canada and the State of New York, they chose to divide the navigation of the river about these islands, giving each country the exclusive navigation of the channel on its own side. The British channel was the widest; but the Americans knew that theirs, being the deepest, is the only one that has sufficient water for navigation during the heats of summer. The consequence has been, that the entire navigation of this great river has been, since that period, in the hands of the Americans during the most important season for traffic; and our vessels have been dependent on the pleasure of the United States for the use of this portion of their great highway. It is true that the completion of the Cornwall canal will in a few months render us entirely independent of the river at this point; and that canal will obviate the obstruction to the passage *up* the river, which even on the deeper side is prevented by the Rapids. But it is a great facility for commerce that vessels should be able to use the cheap, easy navigation of the river, instead of being obliged to resort to the canal for their *downward* voyage. Such a facility conceded to the immense traffic of such a river as the St. Lawrence, may well be computed as a fair equivalent for any balance of advantage acquired by the Americans on the St. John's.

We have thus gone at length through the various considerations connected with the Disputed Boundary, and discussed the objections made to the arrangement embodied in the Treaty of Washington. We have not attempted to conceal the favorable spirit in which we entered on the investigation of the terms, nor the little weight we are inclined, on examination, to attach to the charges that have been vehemently urged against the results of the recent negotiation. The first point in such settlements between nations is to maintain the national honor: and this certainly has not been forfeited in the present negotiation, because, comparing it with the state in which the negotiation stood before, we have got better terms than we had previously offered to accept, and the Americans have given us better than they had actually refused to entertain. If it be objected that we had previously erred in offering undue concessions, and that Lord Ashburton should have repaired the weakness of preceding negotiators instead of starting from their errors, the sufficient an-

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swer is, that the offer was induced by the result of an appeal to an arbitrator, whose award, if not formally binding, was publicly accepted by us in deference to the authority of his impartial view of the equity of the case. Nor must it be forgotten that the period at which Lord Ashburton effected the settlement of this long dispute, was the one in which conciliation and concession on our part were least liable to misconstruction; in which we could have entered into war with the greatest *prestige* of military renown, and with the least embarrassment from the internal state of our North American colonies; while the military power and financial resources of the United States were obviously in the lowest state of depression. We have also examined the practical results of the present arrangement of the Disputed Boundary, in order to determine whether the settlement which we have made involves any serious sacrifice of interests. We have given our readers the grounds on which we have come to the conclusion that the territory to which we have definitively abandoned all claim is of no value to us in itself, and hardly of more value from its relation to our neighboring colonies. The possession of it by the United States affords no facilities for an attack on Quebec; and could only enable an enemy's army to occupy positions in Canada in which they could do us no harm. It would in no way obstruct our most important communications; and those of less value, which it would prevent our establishing, it would be equally impossible to have on the most favorable partition of the Disputed Territory which has ever been suggested as possible. The concessions with respect to the outlet of produce through the St. John's river, while essential to the United States as a part of *any* arrangement, could not have been refused without the most serious detriment to our own colonies. And they have been compensated by a concession to us of fully equivalent advantages in the navigation of the St. Lawrence. We really know not what more favorable arrangement it is supposed that Lord Ashburton could have made. If he had, as we are so vehemently told he should have, stood out for better terms, and risked the chances of a war in order to get the Boundary-line continued along the upper part of the St. John's, or even along the line of the Allegash,—and if he had succeeded, what should we have gained? Should we have secured one single benefit which is not now in our reach, or warded off one single danger to which our colonies are now subjected in the event of war? Would Quebec have been more out of the reach of invasion? Would the communication between Quebec and Halifax have been more practicable? or that in the direct line between Quebec and St. John's practicable at all? Imagine Lord Ashburton to have been as obstinate and crafty as possible, and by dint of higgling and chicanery to have achieved some signal diplomatic triumph—what could he, in fact, have got but the addition of some few thousands to the hundreds of thousands of square miles of waste lands which Canada possesses, without being able to turn to good account? And for this fancied good—for the barren privilege of painting a little more of the map red—were we to have risked war, denied ourselves the blessings of an immediate settlement, and deprived whatever arrangement might be ultimately effected of all its grace and conciliatory influence?

The remaining articles of the Treaty will require no very lengthened criticism. A stipulation for the extradition of criminals, which is carefully framed in such manner that it does not admit of being made an instrument for the surrender either of political offenders or fugitive slaves, can be productive of nothing but advantage to both nations. The only subject for surprise or regret is, that such an arrangement has not long ago been established between all the civilized nations of the world. Lord Ashburton has been enabled to settle the affair of the "Caroline" by an expression of regret, which we give Mr. Webster great credit for accepting as an apology. A more palpable violation of a foreign territory was never committed: and the necessity for so violent a step sprung out of nothing but Sir Francis Head's imbecility, in allowing a handful of vagabonds to remain a month in undisturbed occupation of a position on British ground, in defiance of a disciplined body of some forty times their number, which ought to have made them all prisoners within twenty-four hours of their landing on Navy Island. But while making this unavoidable acknowledgment to the Government of the United States, Lord Ashburton obtained a very material security against the recurrence of those causes of misunderstanding, which were the worst results of the untoward business of the "Caroline." The recent Act passed by Congress will prevent the peace of the two countries from being placed in jeopardy by such proceedings as the arrest and trial of M'Leod: for in all such cases the Federal Government will have the power of interfering to stay judicial proceedings.

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Of far greater importance and nicety was the question relating to the Right of Search or visit, which had become a subject of very serious controversy in the course of our attempts to suppress the Slave Trade on the West Coast of Africa. Whether the view of international law put forward by our Government during the controversy be sound or not, we will not now inquire; for Lord Ashburton's diplomacy has nothing to do with the abstract question; but secures the practical results involved in the dispute. Lord Ashburton appears to have taken the same view of the abstract question as that put forward by Lord Aberdeen in his last note. We must own that we are not quite sure that that view is correct: but we are quite sure that it was not one of which we could at present secure the recognition. It cannot be denied that the Right of Search claimed by us was novel, if not in principle, at any rate in its practical extent: and the assertion of it was the more obnoxious to the United States, because, in truth, it amounted to very little short of their being compelled by the European powers to become parties to a Treaty which they had formally refused to sign. These were most unfavorable circumstances for obtaining the recognition of this claim by the United States; and, indeed, the more desirable the general recognition of the principle asserted by our Government for the permanent interests of peace and commerce was, the more important it was that it should not be brought in question under such circumstances as would be sure to elicit a dissent from one of the great maritime powers. The dislike with which the United States regarded the claim put forward by us was founded on that jealousy of our naval superiority, and of our pretensions to the empire of the seas, which they entertain in common with every European power; and which, in spite of the real purity of the motives that prompt all our exertions in behalf of the Negroes, not unnaturally inspires our neighbors with a suspicion that these exertions are but a cloak for such grasping projects as those by which it must be owned that, in past times, our vast empire has been extended over the world. Nor can it be denied, that the mode in which the right in question had recently been exercised by our cruisers was calculated to justify the United States in feeling some alarm as to the practical inconvenience that would result from admitting it. The officers and crews of our own, as well as other navies, are not the class of men in the world most famous for discretion and gentleness; and the right of visit, however restricted in definition by diplomatists and civilians, is always liable, when exercised by the boat's crew of a man-of-war, to become an occasion of insult, ill usage, and unjustifiable detention. In fact, the search of American vessels had frequently been carried on in a most unjustifiable manner; and our Government, even while engaged in maintaining the general right, has been compelled, in many instances, to apologize to the Government of the United States, and make reparation to American citizens, for the abuse of that right in practice. Lord Ashburton could not secure the recognition of a principle obnoxious to such general jealousy, and such recent irritation; and he saw that the enforcing the Right of Search in despite of the opposition of the United States, would bring us into a war which, besides all its incalculable mischiefs and horrors, could in nowise promote the suppression of the Slave Trade, and would commit the second maritime power in the world to perpetual hostility to the principle asserted by us.

He wisely determined, therefore, to waive the assertion of that right, and secure the practical objects for which we had advanced the claim, by some means less calculated to excite suspicion or offend pride. If the Americans were really as anxious as ourselves for the suppression of the Slave Trade; if they objected, not to the search of their vessels, but to their being searched by *our* cruisers, we might fairly call on their Government to take those effectual measures for the suppression of the trade which they would not allow us to exercise, and to place on the coast of Africa a force equal to ours. The Government of the United States acceded to this proposal; and a stipulation in conformity with it has been embodied in the Treaty. The question of the Right of Search is thus put aside for the present with no alteration of the position taken by either party in the controversy; but an efficient search of American vessels by the cruisers of their own country is secured: and by these means, we believe that the Right of Search itself will come to be gradually and amicably admitted. The mutual right has been hitherto refused by the United States, because it had been always felt that the concession of a nominally mutual right would have been, in fact, an establishment of an exclusive right in favor of Great Britain, as the only power which possessed the means of exercising it on the coast of Africa. With equal squadrons under two flags this practical disparity

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would disappear. The American trader would be, and would feel himself to be, secured against vexatious or oppressive search on the part of the British cruisers by the vicinity of his own country's armed force: and when accidental cases of abuse might occur at the expense of a citizen of the United States, the irritation of his countrymen would be checked by the reflection that their navy possessed the same power as the British; that it was liable occasionally to abuse it in the same manner; and that it might effectually check the evil in case of its reaching any very great extent, by retaliation on the British trader.—In all probability, the mutual convenience of the two squadrons will ere long silently establish the practice of mutual search; and a practice which experience had shown to be convenient and safe would be found an easy path for the admission of the right.

The assailants of the Treaty of Washington, not content with objecting to the mode in which Lord Ashburton has effected a settlement of some of the most important differences between the two countries, are equally severe in criticising the omissions which they affect to find in his work. It is now discovered that the questions settled, though undoubtedly those which had for some time before been almost exclusively the subjects of controversy, were not really those of most pressing urgency. We are gravely told, that the disputed boundary, which had at least once, if not oftener, in every one of the last five years apparently brought the two countries to the verge of war; that the affair of the "Caroline," with its yet more perilous consequence of such affairs as that of M'Leod; and that the right of search might have been hung up for some years more:—but that Lord Ashburton has overlooked the really dangerous causes of difference between the two countries, and made no attempt to settle the question involved in the affair of the "Creole," the dispute relative to the territory bordering the Pacific Ocean, and those two formidable questions respecting the rights of neutral vessels, and the impressment of British sailors in American ships, which brought on the last war. We so far sympathize with these objectors, that we could have wished that every cause of difference between the two countries had been set at rest, and that the task had been achieved by one who has done his work so well as Lord Ashburton. But, knowing that the attempt to settle one difference, though it sometimes facilitates, as often mars the settlement of another; and believing it highly probable, from the circumstances of the case, that it was prudent for Lord Ashburton to be content with doing as much as he has done, we feel no doubt that he has selected the subjects of immediate settlement in their due order of priority. The matters of which he has disposed were obviously those which would least bear delay; with respect to those which are left unsettled, we may console ourselves by the comfortable assurance that they may with perfect safety be left to be arranged at a future period.

It can hardly be said, that the question involved in the affair of the "Creole," has not been disposed of. It has not, indeed, been disposed of by treaty, nor did it admit of being conveniently settled in such manner. We could not define by words the relation between our free colonies and the slave-holding States of the Union. The correspondence, however, establishes clearly the principle, that slaves finding their way, by whatever means, to British ground, cannot be delivered up. On the other hand, we engage that there shall be no officious interference on the part of our colonial authorities with the condition of slavery on the soil or under the flag of the United States. This is the reasonable way of leaving the question, and with this the United States are satisfied. This is a case in which they are the only complaining party; and as long as they are contented to let things remain in their present position, it is not necessary for us to stir in the matter. And we may hope that, should circumstances ever bring the question again into practical importance, its settlement will then be found complicated by no extrinsic causes of difference or feelings of irritation.

The other matters in controversy may surely bear being left untouched awhile. The British possessions in America are separated from, rather than united to, the disputed territory on the Pacific, by a vast breadth of sterile and inhospitable region, which neither now is, nor ever can be, inhabited by aught save the scantiest of the Indian tribes, and many foxes and beavers. Between that territory, and the existing States of the Union, intervenes the vast width of the ancient Louisiana, peopled by the most warlike of the Indian tribes, and presenting a field to the westerly progress of the settlement which, though likely to be ultimately occupied by a large and thriving population, will for some generations absorb, without being covered by, the stream of emigration. Fate has not yet determined from which of these two great nations the territory in question is to derive its first

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inhabitants. It is not probable that both will, at the same time, pour forth its population to occupy it; and when the question of sovereignty shall be raised into practical importance by the wants of a large number of settled inhabitants, reason will surely decide that the dominion shall belong to the nation that will have practically proved its right to the title of a mother country.

The questions of the rights of neutral bottoms and impressment, are doubtless of far graver importance: they are questions which, unless previously settled, must be raised by the first great naval war in which we may hereafter be engaged, and may probably then involve us in war with the United States. But at any rate, until the occurrence of such war, no collision can grow out of them; and though delay is not without its evils, it may almost be doubted whether the public opinion of the two countries can ever be brought into that state which must precede any effectual attempt at a settlement of such questions by any pressure but that of the most urgent necessity. And those who blame Lord Ashburton for conceding too much, should bear in mind that one of these two questions will never be settled except by the complete abandonment of the right which we have asserted of violating the flag of every independent power, under pretence of enforcing the most barbarous of our own peculiar laws.

We have been forced, by the extent of the subject, to carry our review of the provisions of the Treaty to such a length that we should be willing here to close this article, without a word on the personal merits of the negotiator by whom it has been made. Indeed, from the great stress which we have laid on the amicable settlement of our disputes with the United States—from an estimate of the inherent difficulties of the questions at issue—from our thorough approval in all its parts of the terms on which the settlement has been effected—it may be inferred how highly we estimate the wisdom by which the result has been secured. But the conduct of Lord Ashburton has been so unjustly and violently assailed by some portion of that party which should have been eager in approving of the political opponent who has carried its principles into effect—it has been so coldly defended by the organs of the party which has employed him, but which cannot cordially recognise his acting in a spirit so at variance with its own narrow and antiquated views—that we feel bound to declare emphatically our opinion how much his success has been owing to his own eminent good sense and skill.

Even if we thought, with some of Lord Ashburton's assailants, that "any body could have settled these disputes by making such concessions as he has made," we should give him the highest credit for having decided on effecting the settlement by such means. In half the affairs of public as well as of private life, the result is easy, when the right course is once taken; and in such cases all the merit of success depends on a single wise decision. Those, of course, who think the concessions which are truly attributable to Lord Ashburton unnecessary or dangerous, are right in blaming him for purchasing peace at such a price. But it has been our object to prove that every concession which he has made was either necessary or immaterial; and we, of course, must attribute his success to his wisdom in resolving to make them. An unwise negotiator, in his place, would have underrated the importance of a settlement, or overrated the evils of the concessions required for securing it; or perhaps, forming a pretty correct judgment on both those points, would have shrunk from exposing himself to obloquy by running counter to national prejudices. The first, the greatest merit of Lord Ashburton, is that he had the wisdom to form a correct estimate of the value of peace, and of the insignificance of the requisite concessions, and that he had the moral courage to act upon that estimate, in spite of the obloquy which might and did follow.

But we believe much more to have been requisite to success than one wise decision respecting the course to be pursued. We cannot admit that any one could have secured a settlement on Lord Ashburton's terms, for this simple but pretty convincing reason—that it is matter of fact that we had failed in effecting a settlement, even when we offered better terms. No past experience justifies the assertion, that the United States had, at any preceding epoch of the negotiations, been ready to meet us in so favorable a spirit as that to which Lord Ashburton ultimately brought them. Nor is there any ground for the belief that any recently-acquired information, or intervening change in the condition of the United States, or improvement in the feelings of its citizens, had smoothed the path for a renewal of the negotiation. On the contrary, it is obvious to the whole world that the renewal of the negotiation, when it was intrusted to Lord Ashburton, was the result of sheer necessity, owing to the increased

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complication and magnitude of the differences between the two countries, and the alarming increase of a bad feeling towards us.

It is also notorious, that never in the history of the United States were negotiations with them exposed to so much embarrassment and impeded by such difficulties, arising from the weakness of the Federal Administration, and the state of internal parties. We believe the fact to be, that the whole course of Lord Ashburton's negotiations was one succession of conflicts, with difficulties perpetually arising from different quarters, and requiring to be encountered by the instant adoption of a course suited to the particular emergency. One time he was thwarted by national jealousy, at another, by coming in the way of the great struggle of parties: one day he found personal jealousies in his way, and on the next an insurmountable difficulty seemed to be raised up by the pretensions of some particular State. He could only gain his point by playing off one feeling, one party, one individual, or one State against another. To effect this required, not merely good sense and temper, and the ordinary assiduity and skill of diplomacy, but such a knowledge of the institutions, character, and interests, as well of the great people, as of the various individuals with whom he had to deal, as we believe that no man of his station now living possesses, except Lord Ashburton. And it required too the support of that personal weight with the American people which Lord Ashburton had in a pre-eminent degree acquired in virtue of early association, known friendliness of feeling, and signal acts of service to the nation. By the aid of this rare combination of qualifications, Lord Ashburton achieved a victory over all the difficulties interposed in his way. Parties were induced to suspend their struggles in order to unite in cooperating with his views; and the weak administration of Mr. Tyler, thwarted in every other step by a general combination of opposition, and scarcely able to carry any single measure proposed by it, secured with ease not only the sanction of the Senate to the Treaty itself, but the assent of both Houses to the important changes which it required an act of the Legislature to effect. No less signal was Lord Ashburton's triumph over national and sectional ill-feeling. Never since the conclusion of the late war had such a variety of causes combined to raise so general an animosity to Great Britain, as at the commencement of his mission. We had been brought into collision with the Northern States by territorial disputes and frontier squabbles; a yet more angry feeling had been evoked throughout the South by the question of slavery; and these ostensible causes of irritation were fanned by the secret inclinations of many who thought that a war with Great Britain would secure a permanent monopoly for native manufacturers; and of many others who desired it, as furnishing a pretext for a general violation of national engagements. Never did every indication of national animosity exhibit itself more generally or more fiercely. In spite of this, and over this, too, has Lord Ashburton effected a complete triumph. He has not only carried his point in defiance of it, but he has vanquished the feeling itself, and changed it into kindliness and confidence.

To this wholesome change, of which we see convincing proof in every indication of public feeling on the other side of the Atlantic that reaches us, we attach indeed much more importance than even to the settlement of the particular questions that are comprised in the Treaty of Washington. The arrangement of these differences, if effected merely by the pressure of momentary necessities on each party, would assuredly erelong be followed by equally formidable disputes, originating in unextinguished jealousy and resentment. It is for this reason that we consider as the most valuable part of Lord Ashburton's work, that which followed the signature of the Treaty. We rejoiced to see a British negotiator of his rank accepting the public testimonies of respect offered to him by some of the great cities of the Union—publicly proclaiming his own sense of the greatness of the United States, and expressing himself, and eliciting from his hosts, mutual declarations of the general value set on friendly relations by every intelligent member of either of the two great nations of the English race. We hold it wise in him to have uttered these sentiments with plainness and warmth; and better far do we think it that he should have spoken to the hearts of his hearers of the "cradle of independence," than if he had coldly refrained from touching on such topics within the consecrated precincts of Bunker's hill, or spoken of them in a language which no man of sense has ever applied to them for the last sixty years, in deference to the dotage that may yet think it decent to speak of Washington as a traitor.

We think it no diminution of the credit due to Lord Ashburton, that in rendering this great service to his own country, he has

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merited and earned the gratitude of our ally; his good fortune and good deeds have enabled him to do such services to two great nations, as it is given to but few men to render even to one. Nor can we pay this tribute to the merits of our own negotiator without expressing our gratitude to those eminent statesmen on the other side of the Atlantic who have co-operated with him in his work. Among these the first praise undoubtedly belongs to Mr. Webster, who met Lord Ashburton in his own spirit of conciliation; and who, having a yet more difficult public opinion to deal with, nevertheless succeeded in removing the obstacles which it had placed in the way of accommodation. He has been assailed, we find, by the same kind of obloquy that has greeted Lord Ashburton: he too is accused of "surrendering" every thing: and while the great wits of this side of the Atlantic were pluming themselves on having discovered the phrase of the "Ashburton capitulation," the kindred genius of Mr. Ingersoll had hit upon the same method of serving a party purpose by using the phrase of the "Webster capitulation." Mr. Webster, like Lord Ashburton, may find compensation for such party abuse in the gratitude of his country, and the approval of thinking men.

Strong as our political feelings are, and decidedly as we condemn the general course of the party with which Lord Ashburton has connected himself, and of the Government which he has served, we cannot view this as a party question. Or rather we cannot view it as supplying a mere engine of attack against particular members of one of the parties of the day. Looking to the great principles which, since the days of Fox, have formed the bond and pride of the great Liberal party, we find none which it has asserted so boldly or so constantly as that of peace, and, above all, of peace with the free people of the United States. It was in the assertion of this principle that it doomed itself to long years of apparently hopeless exile from power; and it was this which Lord Grey, when borne back to office on the shoulders of the people, laid down as one of the three cardinal points of a Liberal feeling. The triumph of this principle in the Treaty of Washington we hail as the triumph of the Liberal cause: and, if party regrets even for a moment mingle with this feeling, it is when we reflect that, after eleven years of Liberal government, it was left to a Tory minister to confer this boon on his country.

## SOMETHING TO THINK OF.

BY JOHN FISHER MURRAY.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

Lone, by my solitary hearth,
Whence peace hath fled,
And home-like joys, and innocent mirth
Are banished:
Silent and sad, I linger to recall
The memory of all
In thee, dear partner of my cares, I lost,
Cares, shared with thee, more sweet than joys the world can boast.

My home—why did I say my home!
Now have I none,
Unless thou from the grave again couldst come,
Beloved one!
My home was in thy trusting heart,
Where'er thou wert;
My happy home in thy confiding breast,
Where my worn spirit refuge found and rest.

I know not if thou wast most fair
And best of womankind;
Or whether earth yet beareth fruits more rare
Of heart and mind;
To me I know thou wert the fairest,
Kindest, dearest,
That Heaven to man in mercy ever gave,
And more than man from Heaven deserved to have.

Never from thee, sweet wife,
Came word or look awry,
Nor peacock pride, nor sullen fit, nor strife
For mastery;
Calm and controlled thy spirit was, and sure
So to endure;
My friend, protectress, guide, whose gentle will
Compelled my good, withholding me from ill.

No art of selfishness
Thy generous nature knew;
Thy life all love, the power to bless thy bliss;
Constant and true,
Content, if to thy lot the world should bring
Enduring suffering;
Unhappy, if permitted but to share
Part of my griefs, wouldst both our burdens bear.

My joy, my solace, and my pride
I found thee still:
Whatever change our fortunes might betide
Of good or ill,
Worthier I was life's blessings to receive
While thou did'st live;
All that I had of good in others' sight,
Reflected shone thy virtue's borrowed light.

The lute unstrung—the meals in silence ate
We wont to share;
The widowed bed—the chamber desolate,
Thou art not there.
The tear at parting, and the greeting kiss,
Who would not miss?
Endearments fond, and solaced hours, and all
Th' important trivial things men comfort call.

Oh! may'st thou, if permitted, from above
The stary sphere,
Encompass me with ever-during love,
As thou didst here:
Still be my guardian spirits, lest I be
Unworthy thee;
Still, as on earth, thy grace celestial give,
So GUIDE MY LIFE AS THOU WOULDST HAVE ME LIVE.

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## REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND THINGS.

BY ONE WHO HAS A GOOD MEMORY.

### INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

These Reminiscences will be read with deep interest. They relate to prominent men, of whom we know something and wish to know more, and are written in a glowing style.—The description of David, the celebrated republican sculptor of Paris, is enchanting, and particularly graphic.—You see the man before you in his striking attitudes and hear his enraptured language.—Ed.

From Frazer's Magzine.

### BERRYER.

When first I saw Berryer with his noble bust, his magnificent face, and his graceful and dignified form, he was conversing with great energy with the Prince de Polignac in the Chamber of Deputies. He seemed to be saying to him by his gest and manner. connecting them as I did with the events which were passing, "Prince! it is very true that I have been elected to support your government; to defend the old and fixed principles of the French royalty; to stand by the throne of St. Louis; to raise my voice against the sweeping and reckless principles of a fierce and untamable democracy; and to plead for our altars, our homes, and our monarchy; but then there must be no *coups d'etat!* Ours must be a parliamentary conflict with evil! We must fight beneath the protection of the Charter and the laws! We must only resort to those measures which are obviously, and not obliquely, placed within our reach. We must not strain this or that article of the Cnarter, to favor any particular notions, or to support the views of the Duchess d'Angoulême! If the Chamber should be unruly, let it be dissolved. If the elections should be disloyal, let it be dissolved again! Let us appeal to the nation, and see whether the Chamber will refuse the budget! I know it will not do so. but we must not anticipate that it will. We must not care for hostile expressions, for uncourteous phrases, or even for disagreeable, unpalatable sentences introduced into the address, provided they do not attack the principles we conscientiously defend. We must not anticipate the decisions of the Chamber. Let us wait for its acts. It will be time enough to think of acting without it, when it shall have refused to the crown the means of carrying on the government. Then the nation would rally round the throne of the Bourbons, and France would pronounce not on you, but on the men of the Revolution, its severest anathemas. I am not sent to this Chamber to seek to restrain the lawful exercise of its undoubted prerogatives, but to defend those of my king from encroachment! This I will do to the utmost of my power and with the best of my talent; but we must remain in the ways of legality—we must not run counter to the laws. If there be revolt, it must come from those who are in heart opposed to the Charter, although they are loudest in crying in its favor. We must throw on our adversaries the *onus* of *proving* that we violate the Charter by keeping within its limits; and as our noble France is, after all, a thinking and a reasoning nation, we may hope for a reaction which will place the old royalty in that position of pre-eminence to which it is entitled; instead of in that attitude of defence, of peril, of anxiety, and apprehension, which so ill becomes its past history, and its, I hope, future destinies."

I shall never forget the one-sided look of the prince as Berryer addressed him. The one had in his mind bold, noble, honorable chimeras. For after all they were chimeras; since he relied on the good sense and the sterling qualities of a people which existed no longer. The French people in 1829 and 1830 were not what the people of the Restoration or of the Empire, much less of the old monarchy, were known to be. Half a century of revolution had overthrown all fixed principles, and uprooted all notions of a stable and practical character. Berryer did not believe this, or rather he hoped that to be true which he desired might prove so. He was, indeed, mistaken; but his errors were those of a great and generous mind, and of a frank and noble heart. But the prince had neither lost nor forgotten any of his antecedents. He who plotted the destruction of Buonaparte yet believed in the possibility of re-establishing the old monarchy without the Charter, and of reforming the political institutions of France without admitting into their principles any of the elements of popular government. The prince looked far from pleased. His countenance was one of a surprised and disappointed man. It seemed to say, "I thought Berryer would have gone all lengths with us, but I was mistaken. I thought the fourteenth article of the Charter was in his, as well as in my opinion, the 'God-send' of the monarchy. I expected he would at all times have rushed to yonder tribune, and defended inch by inch a counter revolution. But I am wrong! Surely he is not infected with the leprosy of the Collards, the Periers, and the Roys of France!"

The conversation lasted about a quarter of an hour. Many eyes were fastened upon the "young" Berryer, for his father was

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then living, a true specimen of an independent, talented, and highly honorable advocate, and many a lip pronounced the words "a second Mirabeau." That eulogy was not excessive, for Berryer, the son, the now living and immortal Berryer of the nineteenth century, has left far, far behind him the Mirabeaus and the Burkes, the Foxes and the Pitts, of their eventful period. At length the president rang his bell of "order," and Berryer took his seat. Nature has done so much for this splendid orator in his person, that, even when his voice is not heard, it is a great pleasure to look at him. He was at that period redolent of health and of hope; and he delighted in the prospect of devoting himself to the defence of the throne of St. Louis. At court he was a most special favorite. Peyronnet had unbounded confidence in his talents, and Charles X. in his devotedness. The Duchess of Berri loved him as her brother; and when he entered the palaces of the Tuileries or of St. Cloud, he was received with open arms and the most affectionate welcomes. At the court there was even a little jealousy felt respecting him; and some of the old heads "hoped he would be prepared to meet the coming storm, and would not shrink at the moment of the conflict." They meant more than was expressed when they said this. *They* were prepared to play "all or nothing" with their political *coups d'état*, and they apprehended, most correctly, that Berryer was not prepared for any such measures. They relied on the conqueror's sword of Bourmont, and hoped that his triumphs in Algiers would either induce the Chamber to become moderate, or would lead the king to yield to the solicitations of the Polignac ministry. "We have had enough of the Charter," was their cry; "let us now call for a monarchy, and dash from us these republican traitors." Alas! this language was too inviting, too tempting, for an old man, and a flattered monarch, to reject; and the ordinances of July 1830 made their appearance!

These ordinances came like a thunderbolt to Berryer. Of course he was not ignorant of the rumors of the court, and was aware that the ministers of Charles X. would be in a decided minority in the newly elected Chamber; but his project was to defeat an unconstitutional faction by constitutional means, and to convince the country by facts, that nothing but legality was proposed or intended. So that Berryer was *not* made acquainted with the *secret* of Prince Polignac, that secret being to get rid of the Charter by a side wind, and to restore, as far as might be, the old royalty of 1780. To effect this, France must have as much unlearned the history of half a century as had De Polignac himself; and all the conquests which democracy had made must have been abandoned by those who obtained them. This was impossible! yet, impossible as it was, the work was attempted; and five days afterwards the throne was vacant; the populace lived in the palaces; the princes wandered through Normandy to the coast and to exile; and the principal actor, the then late prime minister of France, endeavored to secrete himself from arrest and vengeance, by adopting the costume, habits, and even idiom, of a common domestic.

The next time I saw Berryer he looked seven years older. His face was full of sorrow. He was proceeding with hurried steps to the Chamber of Deputies. It was illegally convened by public clamor to make a king, found a dynasty, and vote a constitution! As he crossed over the Pont Louis XVI. he was recognised by the people, and the mob shouted "*Vive la Charte!*" "Which Charter?" asked Berryer, most good-humoredly, "the one that you have destroyed, or the one we are to make?" Those who surrounded him smiled, and cried, "Vive Berryer!" He bustled on, and gained that hall where so many deeds had been done of which history has, and will speak, to the very end of time. When he entered the Chamber there was raised a buzz of satisfaction, and yet a movement of surprise. Where were the 450 deputies who had been elected by France to attend to and watch over her interests? The Royalist party, composed of nearly 200, had fled to the departments, rushed to Belgium, Switzerland, or Germany, or were hidden up in retreats from what they most apprehended—the violence of the mob! The history of the first revolution had undoubtedly made very vivid and permanent impressions on all Royalist minds. Few families there were who could not recall some scenes of atrocity in which themselves, or their parents, had been the sufferers; and it must not excite surprise that personal courage, in many instances, failed in these moments of trial and of popular insurrection. And yet, after making every allowance for the fears of the aged, and the cowardice of the mere lovers of ease and of worldly amusements and enjoyments, it is a disgraceful fact that, when the throne of ages had to be defended, the rights of the Duke of Bordeaux to be brought forward and enforced, and the injustice of visiting the sins or the errors of

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an aged grandfather on a youthful grandson, had to be denounced, Berryer was the only deputy of all the 200 who had, but a few days before, surrounded, courted, flattered Charles X., and vowed eternal devotedness to himself, his cause, his principles, and his monarchy, who dared to ascend the tribune, and plead for these with all the energy of an intrepid heart, and all the gratitude of a faithful though independent servant, and with all the conviction of a man who believed there was nothing for France between the eldest branch of the house of Bourbon and anarchy.

This was the noblest period of a life hitherto devoted to the defence of true Conservative principles. What cared he for the scowl of the Republican party; for the interruptions of some, and the death-like silence of others; for exclamations of astonishment at his boldness—not to say insolence (at least, in their opinion); and what cared he for the hootings or howlings of the mob without, triumphing, as it did, over the remnants of its barricades and its desecrations? No! the roaring of the wind, or the screeching of the night-bird, were not less matters of indifference to Berryer, than were the tumultuous assemblings and threats of the unchained populace of Paris. And why? Because, what he said, he believed; and the cause he advocated was one of right, of justice, and of true freedom. How often, during the debates which took place in the Chamber of Deputies, during the remarkable days which followed the revolutionary movement of 1830, did Berryer ascend the tribune, protest against the illegality of their proceedings, tell them, "In the face of France and of the world, that they had not received a mandate to make a king, and to vote a constitution;" and whilst the impatient Centres said, "'Tis enough! 'tis enough! There is no time for delay! The country demands a conclusion," he would again rush to the tribune and implore the majority in whose power, for the moment, the destinies of France were placed, to consider the awful responsibility they had taken upon themselves, and what succeeding generations would record of their hasty and premature proceedings. The Past with its experience; the Present with its divisions; and the Future with its dark, lowering clouds, were all available to his argument, and were all brought to bear, by him, on the questions under discussion.

The position of Berryer was undoubtedly one of no ordinary character, for it was one of chivalry, since he defended the cause of that mother to whom Chateaubriand afterwards said, "*Madame! votre fils est mon Roi!*" and it was one of loyalty, for Berryer had sworn allegiance to the eldest branch of the House of Bourbon, and he kept his oath sacred to the last. And it was one of great trial for monarchical principles, since some cried, "*Vive la Republique!*" others, "*Vive Napoleon II.!*" and others, "*Vive le Duc d'Orleans!*" whilst none but the Vendeans and the Chouans dared to cry, "*Vive Henri V.!*' so that Berryer stood alone; and those who ordinarily voted and acted with him had retired far, far away, from the scene of action and of conflict, and confined themselves to silent admiration of his courage and his daring.

There are many who are of opinion that had he not stood *alone*, the majority of the Chamber, aided by popular clamor and revolt, would have expelled him, and all who thought and acted with him, from the house. This is by no means impossible; for Berryer was looked upon by all parties as a chivalrous knight, who was entitled to protection, if not to sympathy—to admiration, if not to love. Now and then, indeed, when the cries of the mobs from without were heard of "Give us a charter!" "Give us a government!" the timid portion of the Liberal Deputies became impatient to terminate all preliminary debates, and at once to come to some one general and sweeping vote by which all might be decided, and doubt no longer exist as to the final result. "We have had enough of these interruptions," cried some. "The old dynasty has been heard and is condemned," ejaculated others; and, but for Berryer, who continued to plead, to reason, to denounce, many a time would the demand "*to finish*" have been complied with. But though he stood alone, he was not helpless. Many an act of injustice he averted! Many a monstrous proposition he caused to be rejected or postponed! He knew that France when no longer under the influence of excitement, passion, and revenge, would think and act very differently, and would desire that other arrangements had been made; and therefore, to the last, he maintained his ground, and fought gloriously in the breach. At the end of each day of conflict, he retired to his home to gather new strength for the coming contest, and to prepare for the stormings and howlings of the ensuing morn. But where were those "familiar friends," those "kindred spirits," those "devoted coadjutors," who had been returned by the Royalist electors of France to stand by the throne, and by the old principles of an hereditary monarchy and peerage? They were not!—

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and therefore the cause was lost. For it must not be supposed that France made the revolution of 1830. France, by degrees, and after much doubt, consideration, reflection, and comparison, adopted the revolution, if you will, but she did not make it. And if the deputies, who were returned to fight the battle for the monarchy against the usurpations of the democracy, had remained as faithful to their posts and their obligations as Berryer, it is possible that the Duke of Bordeaux might now have been king of France.

When the protests, arguments, and entreaties of Berryer had failed, in spite of their power and their number, to prevent the accomplishment of the projects of the Revolutionists, he withdrew from the scene of conflict. He was not one of those who walked from the Chamber of Deputies to the Palais Royal to offer the throne of France to a new branch of the House of Bourbon. His mind was now directed to the organization of the Royalist party, to preparations for elections in the Departments, to measures of safety for the old Royalist families of France, to making provision for the pensioners of the old Civil List, now ruined by the revolution, and to the seeing about "what could be *done*" to prevent the spread of revolutionary and anarchical principles into social and private life.

On one occasion when I met Berryer, he was arguing the whole matter of the future with a Royalist of great fortune and rank, and who insisted on the adoption of the principle of seclusion and of secession. He thought that the duty of the Royalist party was clearly that of protest and separation.

"Go not to the electoral colleges; go not to the Councils of the Departments; go not to the Chambers of Peers or Deputies; go not to the Prefectures or Sub-prefectures in the Departments; resign all posts which you could hold if you would; visit no one; put down all your establishments at Paris; reside wholly, and in obscurity, in the departments; spend not *one centime* per annum more than you can possibly avoid; withdraw your sons from the public schools over which Liberals will in future preside; have nothing to do with the colleges, for the followers of De Lammenais will have more partisans than will the Archbishop of Paris; and in public do not appear,—no, not even at the Chambers,—but let the wealth, learning, rank, and honor of the country withdraw wholly into seclusion, and await what time shall disclose."

Oh, how magnificently did Berryer reply to this old and faithful, but greatly mistaken, servant of the ex-dynasty. How he pointed out to him, but in terms so modest, though so manful,—so musical, though so frank,—the evil consequences which must follow such a line of policy as this. "Do you remember, sir," asked Berryer, with somewhat of a playful air, "that there *was* a period when the Bourbons had been so long absent from France, that the young men of 1814 did not even know who *was* Monseigneur the Duke of Orleans? And when it was necessary to explain, again and again, to the people who *were* the different living members of a race of princes to which France owed most of her greatness? Take care, sir! take care!—The time may come when, if your policy should be adopted, it might be a matter of mere curiosity on the part of the people to know who *were* the royalists of 1830."

"At least it would never be forgotten, my dear Berryer, that *you* were one!" interrupted the old and able Royalist.

"But it would be of far more importance to France, sir, that it should ever be remembered that you, to the last, had not only remained what you ever were, but had contended for the same principles *in public* to the last," replied Berryer, in his most winning way.

"Not *in public*, my friend," retorted the Royalist; "you know what I am in heart."

And then Berryer discoursed in his own most lofty and impassioned, glowing and glorious manner, of the history of that Revolution, from which so many lessons might be learned by those who had studied it with advantage. He showed, 1st, How monarchical principles had from time to time defeated democracy when they had been brought forward with energy and continuousness. 2d, How the old royalty had always lost ground when it shunned discussion. 3d, How the cause of paternal government had nothing to fear from the liberty of the press. 4th, How small and apparently contemptible minorities, in favor of moderate systems, had swelled, by means of discussion and free debate, into large and victorious majorities. 5th, How unnatural a position it was for men of property to leave legislation as to property, to be conducted by men who had none themselves; how absurd it was for rank to give way to common citizenship; and how unworthy it would be for the education, morality, learning, and piety of the country, to place themselves, forsooth, under the protection of its ignorance, immorality, and impiety! 6th, How unworthy would modern Royalists prove themselves to be of the names of

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their progenitors, if, for the mere sake of personal ease and freedom from annoyance, they should leave principles to their fate, and consent to be involved in one general ruin; and then, finally, rising at every new proposition to greater heights of eloquence and of feeling, how great a neglect it would show of all that was patriotic, philanthropic, and moral, for the Royalists of France to place so little confidence in those great and eternal principles of divine government, as wholly to abandon the direction of the state to those in which they could not place any confidence, and for whom they could not have any one possible sympathy.

The old Royalist listened with more than attention,—with rapture; but his course he could not, or would not, then alter. His purse was placed at the control of the Royalist committee, and he afterwards joined their ranks; but, for the time being, he felt himself called on to return to seclusion and thoughtfulness. I am disposed to think that even De Lamartine was of that opinion. He would not, for the time, return to France. M. de Villele, that soundest of all Royalists, if any can be sounder than Berryer, condemned himself also to isolation; and, for nearly ten years of his life, he "looked through the loop-holes of retreat," and mourned over the past; and was only curious for the future. Not so Laurentie, the Duke de Fitz-James, De Genoude, or De Valmy. They, with a few others, formed, with Berryer at their head, and Chateaubriand as an observant bystander, the nucleus of that royalist party which now occupies an important position in the Chamber of Deputies, and are aiding in the overthrow of wrong, and in the support of right measures, by transferring its votes to this side, or to that, according as duty and patriotism, principle and wisdom, shall dictate. But for Berryer, there would have been now no Royalist party in the Chamber; and the children of 1830 would have asked in 1843, "And who *are* the Royalists?" They are well known now, for their compactness, their discipline, their decision.

The great delight of Berryer is the society of talented and remarkable women.—He is by no means indifferent to their personal charms, and is a great admirer of beauty; but he is most captivating when surrounded by women of *haut ton*, of distinguished minds, of wit, humor, and *finesse*. Then it is that, opening the floodgates of his well-stored, and yet poetic and imaginative, mind, he gives vent to all his eloquence, playfulness, genius, and pathos.—His eloquence is easy, flowing, and natural, but his powers of conversation are so wonderful, that, wholly without intending it, he absorbs you. If you try to resist him, and to get up a counter-conversation, or an opposition to his views and opinions, you are soon overcome, in spite of yourself, and you find that *you* also are one of his most entranced listeners. Berryer has also the advantage of being a gentleman and a scholar, as well as an orator and a statesman, a pleader and a patriot. This is not often the case with the men of the French Liberal party. One of those who most served, in the later years of his life, his day and generation, was, most undoubtedly, Casimir Perier. He placed his giant hand on the heart of reckless democracy, and tore it from its system. But Perier was neither a gentleman nor a scholar. The forms and usages of high and classic life were unknown to him; thus, whilst he comprehended his duties and knew how to perform them, when he conversed with Count d'Appony, and sought, with him, to render the new French dynasty acceptable, if not pleasing, to Europe and the world, he must always have felt that he was a citizen-diplomatist, and was awkward in the best saloons of Paris and at the court of the Tuileries. He was not merely blunt, he was rude, and even coarse; though loyal, single-minded, and straight-forward. But Berryer is the charm of every society into which he enters; and whether he speaks to a monarch, a servant, or a beggar, he is first, and above all, a gentleman.

But Berryer is comparatively poor! How is this? Is it his own fault? Certainly not. If the Revolution of 1830 had not taken place, he might have become a little Crœsus. All was open to him. He might have remained an advocate and deputy, with one of the largest *clientelles* in Paris, or he might have been *procureur du roi*, or minister of justice, or, doubtless, in time, even president of the council and prime-minister of France. But the Revolution put an end to all these hopes and prospects.—The new government and the new dynasty, of course, addressed themselves to those who supported, not to those who opposed them; and to be just to them both, it must be admitted that the Orleans dynasty has amply and even magnificently rewarded all who have defended it. Berryer, by his manly eloquence and courageous conduct, during the discussion of what should constitute the new order of things in France, had made himself "*the*" champion of the Royalist party, and from that position he

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could not recede. All his time was absorbed either in the Chamber of Deputies or at the courts of law, in gratuitously defending such legitimists as were arrested and tried for giving utterance to their political opinions; or in correspondence with some of the members of the ex-royal family; or in the arrangement and new organization of the Royalist party, so that his large practice as a barrister became neglected; and Berryer's immediate friends were compelled to appeal to that party whom he served with such honor, fidelity, zeal, and genius, for the means of his support. That party spontaneously and gracefully responded to such an appeal. They knew that the sacrifices he had made for them, as a party, had been unlimited, and the subscription was worthy of the occasion. Besides which, certain wealthy commoners and peers placed their names for a certain sum per annum, and the difficulties in which Berryer had placed himself were met. For many years, however, his unavoidable expenses, as the head of the Royalist party, were greater than his income, and another appeal was made, which was as successful as the one which preceded it.—Since that period this distinguished man has partially returned to his professional duties, and men of all political opinions are delighted to avail themselves of his prodigious talents, when the causes they have to commit to his care are not connected with that thorny and most difficult of subjects—party politics.

Poor Berryer! He has just lost his wife in the prime of her days, in the moral splendor of a life distinguished by every charm, grace, and virtue. Amiable, cultivated, highly accomplished, benevolent and pious, he had in her a companion worthy of his graver as well as of his lighter hours. To her he was devotedly attached; and in him she saw her friend, her lover, her counsellor, her husband. These are the separations which remind us of the sojourning, the wandering, the uncertain and variable character of our passage through this world. Apparently formed for each other by tastes, associations, pursuits, and principles, and united by ties which all who knew them desired should be indissoluble, it hath so occurred that the links in this family chain, so golden and so beautiful, should be snapped asunder, and that France's greatest orator should be plunged into grief and mourning. Such is the lot of our poor humanity! Yet we speak of the future, as if it were our own!

Berryer is still surrounded by friends, who love, admire, cherish, hallow him. They know the integrity of his purpose, the disinterestedness of his conduct, the objects of his life; and whilst all of these cannot but inspire in them an admiration for his moral and political character, they are personally attached to him for his blandness, suavity, heartfulness, and generosity. His heart is as capacious as his mind, and, without exception, all who know him love him.

In those private circles where all is told and all is said, *sans peur et sans reproche*, it is sometimes whispered that he is too generous, has more of genius than of common sense, and is not, for the sake of his family, sufficiently attentive "to the one thing needful." That *one thing needful*, be it remembered, is—gold! But that is *not* the opinion of Berryer himself. He does not desire to be rich,—he never did. He is not ambitious of wealth or of place; but he is of doing good, and in this respect he is largely gratified. Oh, how many poor, helpless, unfortunate beings he has pleaded for during the last twelve years, who, by their unwise and impetuous conduct, had exposed themselves in moments of insurrection and rebellion to the just vengeance of outraged laws! How, with his syren song, with his magnificent appeals, his astounding and touching eloquence, he has riveted both judges and jurymen, and extorted, in spite of evidence, but as so many homages to mercy, verdicts of acquittal! And then when the courts of law have rung with the applauses of an enchanted and captivated audience, he has quietly withdrawn from the scene of his triumphs, planned some new course of usefulness to the unfortunate, and opened up new channels for the relief of those who, though acquitted, had been ruined by months of painful and desolating imprisonment.

I have heard it sometimes alleged against Berryer that he does not confine himself to pleading for the Royalists when under charges of a political character, but that he will also exert all the magical influence he possesses over the court and the jury in behalf of Napoleonists, and even of Republicans. Now this charge, when thus stated, appears to be a grave one, but when examined, will be found to redound greatly to his honor. When Berryer pleads for Royalists, he does so as a political partisan, or rather as the chief of his party. And then it is that he asks the jurymen whether all this confusion, all this contradiction, all this anarchy, is not the result of the spread of those principles which the Revolution of July 1830 established, countenanced, or

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confirmed? And then he asks for an acquittal. When Berryer pleads for Napoleonists and for Republicans, he does so as a barrister, as an advocate, retained and paid as any counsellor in England would be on a similar occasion. It is the lawyer, and not the politician, who is heard. But even then, never forgetting his own principles and those of his party, he adds, that his clients are simply carrying out, and carrying on those principles of popular sovereignty which constitute the basis of the present government, and that if any persons are to be blamed it is those who first taught the Napoleonists and the Republicans to feel that it was lawful, nay, even praiseworthy, to rebel against an existing government and existing institutions, "*La revolte est jamais permise*," is the motto of this great orator and statesman; and he enforces that doctrine not only in his speeches but by every act of his life.

I have seen and known Berryer in moments of great excitement, immense public difficulty, and considerable personal embarrassment. I have seen him rush to La Vendée to save the Duchess of Berri, if it were possible, from the counsels of unwise, rash, and dangerous men. I have seen him plead at the bar of the Chamber of Peers for the most unfortunate of men, and the most inefficient of ministers. I have seen him conjure his own party not to commit suicide, either by its exultation or its depression. I have seen him attack, at the tribune of the nation, the foreign policy of a ministry, and overthrow it. I have seen immense assemblies of deputies and of the public hang with palpitating interest on every word uttered by his lips, and on almost every cadence of his voice, big as they were with the fate of whole systems, as well as with the destinies of cabinets. I have seen him grapple with the great orators of the house, and one after the other overthrow them. I have seen little Thiers agonize to attack him, but so writhe beneath his eloquent philippics as almost to vow he would never speak more in his presence. I have seen many a sort of *Jubilate* sung or danced, roared or screamed by all parties, when every man forgetting that he was of any party but that of the nation, has joined in the chant of triumph at the conclusion of his most wondrous harangues. And yet I have never seen him hector, look vain, smile with satisfaction at his own conquests, or turn petulant or hasty away from the veriest inferior to him in attainments or influence. He is always the same; the same fine, flowery, broad, luxuriatingly fertilizing river; carrying on its bosom a moral canvass spread open to the winds of heaven, and directed to a port of calmness, dignity, and security. The grandeur and the greatness of his country; the union of all her sons in a common and national fraternity; and the advancement of moral truth, harmony, and virtue, are the grand objects of his life; and he seeks to accomplish them by means which are worthy of the ends he proposes to attain.

This humble tribute to his worth is written by "one who has a good memory," and whose memory is agreeably stored with recollections of this distinguished being. Long may he live! May the sorrows which now shade his path ripen his virtues, and mature his excellencies! May all who are dear to him long enjoy the delights of his society, and the mild and beneficent friendship of his heart! And should these lines cross his path, may he remember that English Protestant Conservatives can estimate his usefulness, sympathize with his labors, and desire his success!

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### GUIZOT.

The first time I saw Guizot it was after his suspension as Professor of History at the Sorbonne. Those who now call him a "*doctrinaire*," a "*refugee at Grand*," an "*eclectic*," a *juste-milieu*" man, and a "traitor to France from a preference for English interests," were then vehement in his praise and industrious in his commendation! It was then the fashion to rail at, or to contemn, the Restoration. All that *it* did was pronounced to be jesuitical, anti-national, and opposed to French dignity and to the sympathies of the people. Guizot was standing the centre of a group of students. Some were admiring him, others were questioning him in surpressed tones, but still in words of wrath, at the government; whilst he, as ever, was inculcating submission, quietness, and order. This has been the invariable course of his life. He has essentially a parliamentary mind. He is so convinced of the perfect wisdom of the union of king, lords, and commons, in the formation of a government, suited to that age and constitution of society in which we live, that he is perfectly satisfied that all difficulties might be solved, and all perplexities met, by carrying into full operation the maxims and philosophy of representative institutions. Thus when he apprehended (I think unjustly) that the Prince de Polignac and his coadjutors had the intention of levying taxes without their being voted by

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the Chambers, he assisted in forming the society "Aide toi, et le ciel t' aidera." This society was to appeal to the courts of law, to carry up appeals from inferior courts to that of cassation, and, in one word, to resort to all necessary measures to defend those whose goods or persons should be seized for refusing to pay taxes arbitrarily and unjustly levied. Now though I think and feel most strongly, that even the ordinances of Charles X. in 1830 would not have warranted M. Guizot in the belief he appeared to entertain respecting an intention illegally to levy taxes without the assent of the Chambers, yet the measure he resorted to, entertaining such a belief, was one perfectly free from any imputation of violence or illegality. In one word, it was not revolutionary. This is an epitome of that part of M. Guizot's conduct which preceded the Revolution of 1830. M. Guizot saw in the charter of 1814, granted by Louis XVIII., the foundation for a representative government; to that he adhered. When Napoleon Buonaparte broke his *parole* and returned to Paris, M. Guizot retreated to Ghent, because he loved not despotism, but constitutional liberty. When M. Guizot taught history at the Sorbonne, he did so with constitutional convictions, and as a friend of a mixed government. When the Jesuits succeeded in attacking him as a Protestant, he withdrew to his studies; never plotted against his king or the Charter, and was no party to revolutionary societies, or to secret manœuvres against the dynasty, or in favor of other, though distant combinations. When the Polignac cabinet was formed, he was one of those who believed that it *must* resort to *coups d'état*, or be short-lived and transient. He reasoned as follows. The Chamber of Deputies is opposed to the prince and his co-ministers; the electors are even more opposed than the deputies; the oftener the Chamber is dissolved, and the more frequently appeals are made to the electoral body, the greater will be the number of those who will be returned to oppose the cabinet; if the ministry will not yield to addresses or to protests, this majority in the Chamber will refuse or reject the budget; and then the ministry must either raise money, i. e taxes, or loans, or both, by royal ordinance, or else it must be overthrown. Now the point whereon many differ with the very able M. Guizot is this, they do not believe, nor do I, that the Chamber of Deputies in 1830 *would* have refused the budget. They would have done all but this, but they would never have voted a revolution, and thus justified *coups d'état*. They would have felt that it would not have been the government, or the king, but themselves who would have begun a revolution, if, because his majesty had chosen his own ministers, and adhered to that choice so long as they acted legally, they had refused the ways and means to the king. I am as confident as I am of my own existence that, if legality had been maintained, a mild and conciliating reply been given to an address from the Chamber of Deputies to the king, and then the budget presented to the house, that the budget would not have been rejected, and that the king and his ministers would, when the budget was voted, have obtained time for the preparation of legal and unobjectionable general measures. But, instead of this course being taken, Prince Polignac, all impatient to show his zeal, and to give proof of his resolution, dissolved a chamber which had been just elected, and which he even refused to meet and to listen to, assumed its intention of refusing the budget, without any real grounds for that assumption, and, resorting to one article of the Charter of Louis XVIII., overthrew the other articles, and especially the liberty of the press and of the person. Thus came the Revolution of July: and M. Guizot entered once more the arena of party, not general, discussion. I have said thus much of M. Guizot and the Revolution, at the commencement of these my *souvenirs* of this great man, because it seems to me that there are several popular errors respecting him, generally current in this country; and because he is often praised for that which is not his merit, and on the other hand is distrusted by those who, if they knew him well, would confide in and respect him.

Well, then, when first I saw M. Guizot, he was an ex-professor of history. The Jesuits had insinuated that he would convert all the students to Protestantism; and the Royalists vowed he would make them all liberals. Both accusations were unjust, but especially the former. M. Guizot is a Protestant, it is true, but of the same sort of calibre as the late Mr. Belsham. Just as heterodox, and just as indifferent. I need no other proof of this than his defence of the dogma, that as "Romanism and Protestantism are destined to live together in France, they may just as well remember this, and take it for granted, and so live on good terms as civil neighbors." Now this is the Protestantism of indifference, and not of conviction. If Luther had thus argued, he might have established a small, quiet German sect, and simply have declared that he saw with grief great errors in the Church of Rome,

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and that really he could not remain connected with it; but he might have added, "God forbid that I should disturb your quietness or repose, gentlemen Romanists! let us live good neighbors, I will not interfere with you, and you must not say any thing respecting me; I my way, and you yours; each marching to heaven by different courses." Now this, I need not say, was just the opposite course to that pursued by the great Reformer in question, but it is precisely the system of M. Guizot. When, then, the priests and Jesuits, in the reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X., affected great apprehension as to the religious character of the instruction of M. Guizot, they proved that they were essentially and wholly ignorant of M. Guizot's Protestantism. Nor were they scarcely less uninformed as to his political creed. If Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham are dangerous liberals, so was M. Guizot when first I saw him,—but not otherwise. If Sir Robert Peel be a liberal not to be trusted by either church or queen, so was M. Guizot when I first saw him,—but not otherwise. Their notions of civil liberty, and of political institutions, are as similar as possible, equally enlightened and philosophical. But their difference on religious matters is considerable; M. Guizot being an educational Protestant of the Unitarian school, and quite of Pasteur Coquerel's opinion, who has adopted that of Pope—

"For modes of faith let graceless bigots fight,
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

It is said, indeed, that M. Guizot's religious sentiments have undergone some change since the loss of his beloved, his almost idolized son, and that his previous latitudinarian principles have been greatly modified. I was as delighted to hear, as I am to record this rumor, though I am not answerable for its correctness. Still all that can be said, good or kind, of M. Guizot, my mind and my heart are equally desirous to believe.

The private circle of this great man was always one of the most delightful in Paris. It was there that the statesman and the politician were lost in the philosopher and the friend. Small were his apartments—far, far too small to admit the crowds of European, as well as of French, American, and English literati, who sought to claim the honor of his acquaintance, or who, having made, were not willing to lose it. On his reception nights the small street at the back of the *Madeleine* in which he resided was crowded with carriages, as well as all the contiguous streets, and his visitors moved more quickly from one little room to another than they otherwise would have done, because they felt that they owed this act of courtesy to those who came pressing after them. If it had been the drawing-room of a young and tasteful queen, or the levee of a popular and distinguished cabinet minister, no anxiety to be admitted, to speak, to exchange looks, could have been more closely and strongly marked than on these occasions. Madame Guizot, and one or two female friends, often the late Duchess de Broglie, the Lady Peel of France, presided at a tea-table where the simplest fare was distributed by pretty taper fingers, which even vied with bright eyes and enchanting smiles. Yet were those entertainments sumptuous with wit, with poetry, with philosophy, and with the best life of good society, and of the *élite* of Paris. But death here, also, has intruded too frequently to permit me to think upon those once happy *réunions*, and the dear little house in the *Rue Ville l'Evèque* has witnessed tears, and sobs, and agonies of grief, which none can portray, and which even few can feel.

During the events of the three days of July 1830, M. Guizot remained a spectator. It is not true that he acted in this respect either against his principles or his teaching,—it is not true that he had instilled into the minds of the young and ardent a love of revolutionary liberty,—it is not true that he was the first to inculcate principles from the application and practice of which he fled. He thought, and he taught, that all could be done by the Charter, or in accordance with it, and that the Polignac ministry, as well as the ordinances of July, could have been destroyed even without resorting to a revolution. Indeed, when Count d'Argout offered, in the name of Charles X., the withdrawal of the ordinances, and the appointment of a Casimir Perier cabinet, if M. Guizot, instead of Lafayette, had been charged to come to a decision, some other arrangement would have been effected than that which was made. But Lafayette, "the old woman of the Revolution," said, "It is too late;" and not long afterwards, M. Guizot was called from his retirement to become a minister of state!

The first time I saw M. Guizot as minister, he appeared rather confounded than delighted with his new and unexpected honors. It was in the Faubourg St. Germain, at his ministerial hotel. He looked to me like one who was completely out of his element. Study, retirement, reflection—these, with private society and domestic enjoyment, were the objects of his preference. And yet there he was a minister of state to



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a revolution he had not made, and which now he strove to restrict and restrain within certain just and well-proportioned limits. M. Cousin was there with his German crudities, and M. Villemain with his sort of Lord Brougham eccentricities, and M. Dupin with his hard-headedness—not to say hard-heartedness—and all were very busy in complimenting *Monsieur le ministre*. But, in good truth, "monsieur," seemed to say by his looks, "I wish I were back again in the *Rue Ville l' Evêque*."

The next time I saw M. Guizot he was out of office. He had got back to his philosophy and his family, and he was "all right again." His Protestantism, general, vague, and unenergetic as it was, always seemed to perplex him, and to stand in the way of his usefulness as a member of the government. For the government sought to stand well with the clergy, and yet how could it do this with a Protestant at the head of the state? And, strange as it may appear, it is a fact, that with irreligious men and downright unbelievers, the absurdities and superstitions of Popery are better relished, or, at least, preferred to the simple worship, creeds, sacraments, and discipline of the Protestant Church. Not that the priests are loved, or that confession is admired by the males, and yet they send their wives and daughters to church, and appear to think they have some security for their virtuous conduct if they will but confess every quarter, or at least at Easter. When M. Guizot was not minister, he was always most ready and willing as a private individual, as a man of great weight and power in the country, or as a deputy, to exert his influence for the Protestant cause, or rather for Protestant pastors and evangelists. But when M. Guizot became minister, he was sadly afraid of being thought not sufficiently friendly to "the religion of the majority," that of the Romish Church, and did all he could to restrain the leaders of the Protestant party from any special efforts to promote the spread of Protestant doctrines and principles. In all this, however, he was perfectly consistent, but the pastors were often disconcerted by his coldness, and wished, as much as he did, that he had got back again to the "*Rue Ville l'Evèque*." "There," said one of them, "he listens to our complaints, writes to the minister of justice, and puts himself on correspondence with all the provincial authorities it may be necessary to appeal to in order to obtain us justice and redress. But when he becomes minister he receives us very coldly, cautions us against offending the mayors and judges, and gets rid of us as quickly as he can." The secret of all this embarrassment and apparent contradiction is this, that M. Guizot, as M. Guizot, can do that, which M. Guizot, as minister of state, cannot do. As a man, he is a Protestant; as a minister of state, he wears the appearance of impartiality, and protects all.

M. Guizot at the Tribune is as measured and calm, dignified and philosophical, as Sir Robert Peel, and is really his equal as a debater. The contrast between Guizot and Thiers is very striking; yet for years, when anarchy appeared threatening the institutions of France, they upheld the same cause, and fought against the same hydra. The fortunes, not of war, but of court intrigue and political partisanship at last led them to opposite camps, and Thiers headed "the war and the onward faction," but Guizot remained faithful to the party of resistance. On several occasions M. Guizot has given at the public Tribune tremendous lessons to Thiers, but the latter has seldom replied with success. Still Thiers is a "hard hitter," and it is not frequently that Guizot commences the attack. The perfect sincerity of M. Guizot is one of his very great attractions. He has no past to recall, no assertions to retract, no old declarations to regret. He can defend, politically, every act of his life, reasoning on the principles which at any rate he believes to be true. And he can say, "That which I was, I am; and that which I am, I shall remain."

There are some passages in the life of M. Guizot which are nevertheless curious and singular. One of the most extraordinary was his union with Thiers and Barrot to overthrow the Molé cabinet, and to diminish the personal authority and influence, will and policy, of Louis Philippe. I know that M. Guizot would defend that part of his career as in perfect consistency with his attachment to parliamentary institutions. I know he would say that it was because he was parliamentary that when he perceived a manifest tendency to encroachment by the head of the state on the prerogatives of the Deputies and of the Peers, and that when he knew Count Molé exercised an influence which was Russian in its alliances and favorable to despotism in its internal influences, that then it was he joined Messrs. Barrot and Thiers, and re-established an equilibrium between the three powers of the state. But was not such an alliance in itself anarchical, and was not the appeal they afterwards conjointly made to the passions of the people most unfavorable to the exist-

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ence in a condition of suitable respect and reverence of the monarchical authority?

The too rapid transition of M. Guizot, from being the ally of Barrot and Thiers to becoming their dreaded foe, remains also to be satisfactorily accounted for. I know that the answer would be, I only formed the alliance for one object, namely, to re-establish a parliament government and majority; and now that is done, it is for the king to choose a government out of that majority—to which I belong. He would also say, that whilst he agreed with M. Thiers on the domestic, he no longer did on the foreign policy of France, and that it was precisely on foreign questions that the new cabinet was formed, of which he is really the chief. But then how came it to pass that for so many years Messieurs Guizot and Thiers thought and acted precisely similar on all foreign matters?

The last time I saw M. Guizot he was defending at the Tribune his own policy and administration. He was calm, collected, dignified, and almost sublime. He uttered with a deep and sonorous accent some of those political axioms for which his and Royer Collard's school was always distinguished. The Extremes of the House were indignant. The Centres rose to a man to cheer him. The smile that played on his lips seemed to say, "I see then I have a large majority." Yes, M. Guizot, you have, and it is well for France it is so.

How admirable was the defence of M. Guizot at the period to which I allude! With a strong Anglo-phobia against him, which had even reached the ranks of his own supporters, he had at once to proclaim himself a friend to the English alliance, but not its slave. He could not, consistently with his past life, and his then present feelings also, abandon an alliance which is still in his opinion of vital importance to France; and yet he knew full well that if he had resigned the position to which he had attained, and had said, "I will give up my post as minister and leave it in the hands of my enemies, unless I can carry that alliance entirely," Count Molé was at hand, with the court to back him, and Russia ready to receive him with open arms; or M. Thiers was there with his war-party to cheer him on, and to leave France without either the north or west of Europe to coalesce with her. So that the moment of which I speak was one of great difficulty for M. Guizot; but he parried the thrusts which were made at him with admirable dexterity, and proclaimed a system of government of protection against, but not prohibitive of, English merchandise; peace with all the world, and a well-considered and desirable progress. Since that period events have transpired of great importance. Belgium has been preferred to England. Duties have been imposed on British manufactures which, if not altered, must lead to retaliation; and M. Guizot, after having made this sacrifice to the commercial ignoramuses of the Chamber, has made another to the war-party by refusing to ratify the treaty which admitted the right of search where vessels were suspected of carrying slaves, and of being engaged in the slave-trade. But have these concessions improved his political situation, or increased his power and influence? Has he neutralized the opposition, or silenced his implacable foes? Is he called less frequently than formerly the "*Transfuge de Grand*," or the "*doctrinaire*," or the "traitor to the interests of France?" Not one whit. But still he has faith in the parliamentary system; still, at the moment I am writing these lines, he is preparing to meet the Chambers; still he calculates on a majority, and points to the result of the ballot in the first *arrondissement* in Paris, and says, "My candidate has defeated the united coalition!"

Oh! the wonderful changes in the positions and degrees of influence of political men in France! Look at Guizot as a specimen! Now, a student of history and moral philosophy! A popular and courted professor! Then proscribed and abandoned! Now preparing for new honors and fame by writing books that will outlive him! Now a minister almost worshipped by the populace! Then scouted by that very populace, and insulted by charivaris in the provinces! Now victorious again, and at the head of public instruction throughout France! Then overthrown and rejected by a vote of the house, elicited by an oration of Berryer! Now joining Thiers and Barrot to obtain the establishment of a parliamentary government! Then separating from Thiers, and becoming the chief of a moderate Conservative party! Now pressing forward to a happy termination the European treaty of alliance, which acknowledged the right of search to abolish effectually and for ever the slave-trade. Then, forced to yield to his own beloved parliamentary system, and refusing to ratify a treaty which his conscience approves, but which his position prevents him from confirming! But let it not be said that this is a life of inconsistency, and that there is a want of harmony in his conduct. No; the whole of his conduct is in perfect keeping with his system and

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his creed, namely, that of a parliamentary government. He is willing to be minister, when called upon by his king, and supported by a majority; he is willing to retire, when either the king desires to change his advisers, or the Chamber its policy. Once or twice, indeed, he has been embarrassed as to his course, but his attachment to the English alliance has decided the line of conduct he has eventually resolved to pursue—I mean when compelled either to make some concessions to the commercial, and to the war-parties in France, or to resign. He knew full well that if he resigned, either the war-party or the Russian party would triumph, and that in either case he might bid adieu for a long period of time, both to his parliamentary form of government for France, and to his cherished and approved English alliance. So he resolved to remain in office, and to fight the battle which had long been threatened with the united coalition. And now I hear the war-note in the Chamber! Not satisfied with the concessions already made, his opponents, and the enemies of England, require that even the anterior treaties as to the abolition of the slave-trade should be cancelled by France, and that she should resemble the United States, and stand aloof from this measure of benevolence and civilization. But to this demand M. Guizot will reply by a decisive and non-mistakable negative; and should a majority in the Chamber of Deputies decide against him on such a question, he would act in accordance with his parliamentary principles and resign!

M. Guizot is a sincere friend, a delightful and agreeable companion, full of sweetness, amiability, and even tenderness, and has a noble, warm, and most generous heart. But he is ambitious—not of place, but of reputation; not of wealth, but of fame; not of posts of rank and elevation, but of the opinions of the good and the wise. He is not indifferent to what history shall record of him, and he takes great pains to supply historians in his speeches, and by his writings and correspondence with the means of judging him correctly. He has enlarged and magnificent views on the subject of public instruction, and understands as well, if not better than any man in Europe, the philosophy of education. And when in office he effects much for the development of mind as well as for the improvement of character. Some, indeed, have thought that he could have done more; and that he has not brought sufficiently to bear, when in office, on behalf of national education, the immense advantages which, in France, official power will ever confer and secure. But these men forget, that although M. Guizot is by no means a zealous and indefatigable Protestant, still that he is viewed with as much suspicion by all the Romish clergy as if he were, and that France is neither Protestant nor Infidel, but Romanist. I say this advisedly.

On the whole, M. Guizot is a great man. I glory in his acquaintance, and am proud of having known him; I have watched him long and narrowly, and am satisfied that he is as honest and conscientious in public life, as he is charmful and endearing in his private associations.

DAVID.

That was a happy day when first I became acquainted with David, for he is the most truthful man I ever met with, in this sad world of treachery and deceit. I see him at this moment before me in his large sculpture rooms, or workshops if you will, with a blue smock frock on his back, a black and red striped military travelling cap on his head, with his chisel in his hand, covered with *poussière*, or the white powder of the stone or the marble, now looking at the giant block he is transforming by his genius and his touch from inanimate matter to a glowing life, which seems to move, to think, and to have its being; and then turning round to gaze at his beautiful boy, who is playing in his *ateliers* with the busts, or the heads, the medallions, or the castes, and models, which lie about in glorious profusion. And as my memory's eye recalls this great-minded, little-bodied man, my heart bounds forward to meet and to love him. Yet David is a Republican.

I have lately sketched in my last and present "Reminiscences" the two extremes of Berryer, the Royalist, and Guizot, the man *par excellence* of the constitutional and parliamentary party; and now comes David, the Republican sculptor, the very *beau idéal* of democracy; the believer in human virtue and perfectibility, the asserter of utilitarianism, the supporter and friend of all who advocate Republican doctrines and dogmas, not only backing them by his name, his genius, and his friendship, but with his purse. Can all of these men be honest?—Yes. Should they all be loved?—Yes. Each of them views conscientiously man and society through different lenses. They are all of them equally sincere. Berryer believes in the fostering, nourishing, paternal, encouraging character of a powerful and united monarchy. He sees in its attributes protection for religion, for morals, for peace, for order, and even for progress. Guizot

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believes in the impossibility of securing a permanently good monarchical government, unless the monarchy is restrained by public opinion on the one hand, and yet is supported and encouraged by an hereditary nobility on the other.

David believes that the people can govern themselves, and that progress and liberty can never be so safe or certain as when intrusted to the mass of society. Thus Berryer would establish a powerful, and yet a national and popular monarchy; Guizot, a mixed form of government, in which all the powers of the state should be happily blended; and David would have but one power—the *vox populi*, which he believes most sincerely to be the *vox Dei*.

David was born at *Angers;* was a pupil of his namesake the celebrated David, in his heart a Republican too; is the sculptor of the people; the donor of national monuments to France; the man who embodies a whole history in a few marble outlines, and whose chisel is as full of causes for wonderment as his mind. He is one of the strongest thinkers I ever met with, and will transfer his thoughts to stone or marble with a rapidity almost beyond belief. Take an example:—

I called on him one day when he had just decided on presenting to the birthplace of GUTTENBURG a gigantic statue of the founder of printing. But how should he represent his hero? Studying wooden blocks and types?—No! Sitting before his first letters and finishing them with his tools?—No! Or simply placed before him a table on which should be inscribed his name, or deposited his first work?—No; David's genius soared beyond this; he conceived the delight, the astonishment, the wonder, which Guttenburg must have felt when he drew off the first proof sheet, and beheld that the words which appeared before him were,

**And there was Light.**

Yes—with the establishment of printing the darkness of the past disappeared, minds, like bodies, might from that moment come into useful and glorious collision, the opposite hemispheres would approach each other, the art, the talent, the learning, the genius of antipodes, would seem to meet; and ignorance, vice, and corruption, would be put to flight.

I was present at the creation of this bright thought, of this original and glorious conception, of this invention of a mind replete with sublime thoughts and glorious and glowing imageries. And how he took delight afterwards in exhibiting to me first the outline, then the drawing, then the clay model, and then the block sculptured into these striking, and speaking, and reasoning forms! And there, at last, stood GUTTENBURG, holding out the proof sheet from his first types, cut so roughly, and hewn so strangely, and yet producing the impression of the words, "And there was light."

"I have often imagined," said David, in his strong and masculine eloquence, "that beginning, which Moses has described so sublimely and so concisely. There was no form, there was all void. All was darkness and desolation, and abyss upon abyss, and depth after depth, with darkness, coldness, and an eternity of both upon the face of the earth. But there were waters. They rolled on in impenetrable masses, and added to the grandeur, but to the horror of the unseen scenery. But the Spirit of God, of beauty, of harmony, of power, of majesty, of uncreated genius, and underivable knowledge, was there; and it moved upon the face of the waters. What a movement was that! Darkness felt it, and fled. The waters felt it, and stood as a heap of an obedient and willing element, ready to retire at his control. That was the moment of indecision, uncertainty, and doubt; but the next all was transformed, for 'God said, let there be light; and there *was* light!' Then it was that void ceased! Then it was that the empire of unshaped, and concealed, and hidden principles was put to an end,—'For God saw the light that it was good; and he divided the light from the darkness.'

"And thus it was," continued David, in his own peculiar strain of noble and rich thought, and solemn cadence,—"and thus it was, my friend, when Guttenburg arose, when printing was invented, when man could tell his fellow-man wherever a book could reach him,—all he thought of society, of mind, of government, of nature, of God himself. The mind, therefore, like the world without form and void, and with darkness upon its face, became emancipated from its cheerless prison, was freed from its chains and fetters, and leaped into life, action, and development! For there was light.

"Look at him!" he continued, "see how Guttenburg is himself startled even by the offspring of his own genius. Oh, how his soul doubtless seized, as by inspiration, the glorious fact, that from thenceforth the mind of man would be as omnipresent as the God who made it, and that truth,—mighty, glorious truth, might from that time become co-extensive with the world Yes—and the light was good. For truth could now be made known; error could be

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combated by mind; vice could be denounced; bad governments could be exposed, and the wretched and the oppressed could communicate their sorrows and their desolation to untold millions of their fellow-men."

It is thus that David discourses, when he explains, to those he loves or confides in, the sublime productions of his master mind. He is always courteous, always polite, and even always affable; but when he knows that you regard him with feelings of affection and interest, his noble heart gives utterance to all its thrilling sympathies, and you hear some of those sublime thoughts which I have endeavored to embody and report.

It is a happy thing for France, as well as for himself, that, by his union to a charming and most admirable woman, he became possessor of a large and most adequate fortune. That fortune they both place at the service of their country; for whilst they live in elegance and perfect taste and comfort, they devote by far the larger part of their income, as well as of their time and energies, and of David's genius and talents, to aggrandizing and enriching the public places and museums of France by giant statues and colossal monuments of men and of events connected with the histories and glories of his native land.

The FRONTON of the Pantheon was another of those original and glorious conceptions of David which I have studied with him, and was present when he concluded. There sits France over the entrance to the Pantheon, "erected by a grateful country to great and noble men." There she sits, receiving with delight their homage, bestowing with pleasure her favors. The old soldier shows his wounds and his children; the illustrious judge offers his judgments and decisions; Fenelon modestly rears his head, which is crowned with a garland of *immortelles;* the philosophers and the priests, the statesmen and the politicians, the artists, the poets, and the sculptors, men of science, of lore, and of learning, all approach the figure which represents France. To all who have distinguished themselves, and have thus, as her sons, not less distinguished her, she offers crowns and rewards: and a rich assemblage of genius and virtue is there collected, all accurately delineated and carved out of the solid block with an accuracy of physiognomy which leaves no doubt whatever as to whom they are intended to represent.

Now without entering into the history of this Pantheon, and without indulging in that spirit of satire which it were easy enough to apply to this receptacle of the ashes of the dead, it must be admitted, that as France *did* determine on consecrating this imposing building to such a purpose, nothing could possibly be more appropriate than the subject of this sculptured picture. And then of its execution it is impossible to speak too highly. The boldness, richness, variety of the figures, and at the same time their fineness of finishing, and beauty of execution, demonstrate, above all, the greatness and the delicacy of the mind of their author. For myself I have no sympathy for the Pantheon, nor for the ashes of those who have there been deposited; and often have I said this to the great and good David. But how ardent must be the enthusiasm of those Frenchmen who approve and sympathize with both! How often have I witnessed the old and the young, the poor and the rich, the ardent student and the gray-headed veteran, gaze with rapture on David's Fronton; and I have seen the tears roll down their cheeks as they have turned from its contemplation.

David has a great love for the English, but not for England. By England he means her government, not her families; her institutions of a political character, not her hearths. On the contrary, he is enthusiastic when he speaks of her sylvan villages, of her honest, homely, and quiet population; of her domestic scenery and pious love, of her noble charities, and the encouragement she offers to science, to the arts, and to civilization. But David believes that the form of government which has been established in England, and copied, with certain changes, for the better or the worse, in some parts of Germany, in Holland, Belgium, France, Spain, and Portugal, is *the one* great impediment to the growth of democratic governments and of pure Republicanism. If he could believe that these constitutional governments were the forerunners of those of a more democratic character, he would hail them as harbingers of coming good, but he looks upon them as substitutes or apologies for those institutions which he hopes will one day become universal, and which he regards as essential to the happiness of man. "Behold all things shall become new," is one of his favorite devices, but those halcyon days which his genius or his fancy has anticipated are, of course, to be those of pure and unmixed democracy! The millennium which he anticipates is not one of a spiritual, but of a moral and a social character; and when he speaks of our Saviour he does so

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with enthusiasm, but it is always of him as the first and greatest of reformers.

In social life, David is almost perfect. Generous, forgiving, charitable, hospitable, humble, teachable, honest, high-principled, full of the milk of human kindness, and not possessing one iota of selfishness or of egotism, he is an apt illustration of that young man in the Gospel whom Jesus loved. But *he also* lacketh one thing,—and that one is religion.

David is one of the most industrious men I ever met with; for although he is apparently constantly engaged in his profession as a sculptor, he is member of the Institute, and of the Royal Academy, and attends to all the duties which such memberships carry with them. He lectures, he receives pupils, he carries on a large correspondence, he is constantly intruded upon by visitors, he gives large parties, he admits the non-formal admission of friends at all seasons, he attends to his domestic and social duties, he reads, he belongs to political as well as to scientific associations, he is one of the political chiefs of his *arrondissement*, and finally, he is a mover, active and energetic, in certain Republican societies. Arago and David think alike and act together, and Armand Carrel loved David as his brother.

Reader, if ever you visit Paris, either for profit or for recreation, go to the cemetry of the *Père la Chaise*, and look at the monument of Foy; go to the *Place du Panthèon*, and contemplate the Fronton, and then walk quietly to No. 14 *Rue d'Assas* in the Faubourg St. Germain, and see in how quiet, sequestered, and humble a manner, lives this man of genius and taste, of patriotism and philanthropy; then ring the bell, ask of the *portier* permission to see the workshops of his master; send in your card,—examine well the carved glass cases of medallions, which are exact likenesses of great and distinguished persons, many of whom are Englishmen and Englishwomen; cast your eyes on the colossal figures which at the particular period you may call there may be engaging his time and genius,—and if, perchance, rather a short man, with a very large head, covered by immense quantities of hair, clad in a common smock-frock, with hands rough and rude, but with a physiognomy at once the most striking and benevolent you ever yet gazed on, should come across your path,—take off your hat, and do that man reverence—for it is David,—and though he be a Republican, he is the most truthful being in all Europe.

## AFFGHANISTAN.

**From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.**

O trample to the dust the inglorious banner,
That once proudly waved o'er the ranks of the free;
It is foul with the ensigns of blackest dishonor,
O bury its folds in the depths of the sea.

Shall henceforth the rose round the neck of the raven
The thistle around the pale crescent be twined?
The shamrock be worn by the tyrant and craven?
Dishonor with glory and fame be combined?

Is freedom no more than a name—than a shadow?
Let the life-blood of heroes and martyrs declare,
That stained the rich blossom of mountain and meadow,
When the sword of the despot was shivered in air.

Shall the sons of the clime, where the cairn on the mountain
Hath guarded for ages the rest of the free,
Sell their hearts' dearest blood as a life-streaming fountain,
To feed the dark poison of Slavery's tree?

O breathe not the thought, that when Liberty's chalice
The Affghan is eagerly longing to sip,
The hero-descendants of Hampden and Wallace
Should haste the bright nectar to dash from his lip:

Should plough the vast ocean, and breast the steep highland,
Where the genii of tempest for ages have moaned;
Should lavish the wealth and the hearts of our island
To aid the dark hopes of a tyrant dethroned.

Yes! Victory's sunburst may flash on the standard
Ye bear to the front of Affghanistan's war;
But disaster and death, with your treasury squandered,
For the honor of England were better by far.

But revenge is the war-word—the old English Lion
For glory insulted must drink of the tide
That pours from the heart of Affghanistan dying,
Lest cowards should mock at the fall of his pride.

The revenge of a felon! whose brow has been branded
With the fire of omnipotent justice for crime,
For defiance of rights, which your fathers commanded
To respect in each country, each color, and clime.

Let the wretches who wedded the stainless old banner
To craven injustice be wedded for aye
To darkest remembrance of freedom's dishonor,
Of England's disgrace, and her glory's decay.

CYRUS.

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CORREGGIO FRESCOES.—The Duchess of Parma and Archduchess of Austria, Maria Louisa, has employed the Chevalier Foschi to copy in aquatint, and afterwards to engrave on steel, the frescoes of Correggio in the cathedral and other churches of Parma. There are many frescoes and paintings scattered over Italy which deserve to be thus made known.—*Athenæum*

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# THE POLICE SYSTEM OF PARIS.

FROM THE REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.

Translated by M. J. O'Connell, Esq.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

The following article, on the Police System of Paris, is one of interest and of great practical importance. All may read it with pleasure and profit: but, to the Common Councils and Police Officers of the several cities of the United States, and more particularly those of New-York, we commend it as of especial value. It was with a view to the latter—to instruct the public on the necessity of a reorganization of the Police of our City to facilitate and improve the projects of the friends to this measure in our Common Council—that the task has been undertaken by the Translator. A minute and critical description of the most perfect system of Police, perhaps in the world, by one of the best informed writers of Paris, a member of one of the Chambers, leaves nothing in this respect to be desired. This is the opinion also of the Paris Correspondent of the National Intelligencer, Mr. Walsh, who has recommended the article to his countrymen in more than one of his letters. A few paragraphs exclusively of local applicability have been omitted. The divisions are the Translator's. —ED.

To watch the plots of the enemies of the government and to thwart their attempts, without any extraordinary power, under the empire of a legislation which interdicts all preventive arrests—to assure order and preserve security in a city whose population, including the liberties, exceeds 1,100,000 souls, wherein are congregated more than 200,000 mechanics, wherein ferment the most disorderly passions, wherein rendezvous the most dangerous banditti—to maintain freedom of passage in over 2000 streets, furrowed by 60,000 vehicles—to collect all the elements of unhealthiness into a house of industry which brings within the compass of a few kilometres square more than 6000 noxious establishments, in the midst of an immense population huddled together in narrow dwellings—to facilitate the victualing, to promote the regular distribution of the necessaries of life in a centre of consumption wherein are annually ingulfed 140,000 quintals of corn, 950,000 hectolitres of wine, 42,000 hectolitres of brandy, 170,000 beeves, cows or calves, 427,000 sheep, 83,000 hogs, where 5 millions of francs are expended in fresh fish, 8 millions in poultry and game, 12 millions in butter and 5 millions in eggs—such are in substance the important and delicate duties of the Prefect of Police.

He disposes of a budget exceeding 12 millions. There are under his command a guard of over 2500 foot-soldiers and 400 horse, a body of firemen of 830 men, offices (*bureaux*) wherein are engaged during the day and often the night 300 clerks, an out-door service of commissaries, inspectors, and city-constables, agents of all orders, comprising more than 2000 individuals.

His territory, not very extensive, embraces but the department of the Seine and the *Communes* Saint-Cloud, Sevres and Mendon; but no other part of the kingdom contains a population so active and crowded, and his powers are more complex and numerous than those of any minister.

Commissioned with political power, he is responsible for the security of the king and his government—a magistrate, he performs judicial functions, takes cognizance of crimes, misdemeanors, and offences, and hands over the perpetrators to the tribunals—an administrator of a department, he is charged with the inspection of prisons, of measures relative to the insane, of the police of the rural communes, of the provision to remedy mendicity—a depository of the municipal authority, he exercises all the police powers that it comports.

The attributions assigned by our general laws to the prefects of Departments and the mayors of cities, are distributed in Paris between the prefect of the Seine and the prefect of police. In this distribution the former has obtained the most brilliant portion—to him it belongs to encourage the arts, to support by means of vast public works, thousands of laborers, to succor indigence, to diffuse instruction, to preside at the organization of the city militias. He occupies the city palace, more costly, more magnificent now than the royal residence; he receives the chief magistrate of the state on the occasions of festivals given him by his capital; he addresses him in the name of the city, at the head of the municipal body; he is the master of ceremonies of the old Parisian burgesses, their superintendent, their architect. He attaches his name to new establishments, and is blessed for creations of public utility of which he is often but the passive executor.

To the prefect of police is assigned, on the contrary, the most painful province,—all the measures of severity, the administration of the prisons, the arrest of the accused, the transfer of the condemned. Exposed to the malevolent prejudices of a blind and ignorant public opinion, to which the police appears an enemy, not a protector, he can never obtain but negative successes—forgotten if tranquillity reign, assailed, compromised, if disorder break out. His triumph is in the security of the public, a precious one in that the multitude are

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happy to obtain it, but which they judge to be easy and natural the more of it they enjoy. He lives surrounded with prisoners, gendarmes, agents of the lowest order; his house, which there are at this moment preparations to render more suitable, is gloomy and uncomfortable—all in fine conspires to give him a secondary rank in the hierarchy of municipal powers, and to strip his title of splendor and dignity. However, if honor be the price of peril and grow with its magnitude, if the dignity of an office should be measured by the services which it is called upon to render, the prefect of police is the first magistrate of the capital. Paris, deprived of the advantages procured her by the administration of the prefect of the Seine, might languish in a painful abasement, would cease to be at the head of the civilized world, still Paris would survive its departed splendor; but Paris, a prey to all the evils that are warded off by an indefatigable and vigilant police, would speedily perish in the convulsions of anarchy.

This the Emperor had comprehended, and his policy, always sensible like his genius, labored unremittingly to elevate the magistrature of the prefect of police. He maintained with him a direct and daily intercourse, intent upon extending his powers, upon giving him an exalted place in public opinion; in all the conflicts of jurisdictions he used to accord him his support. The restoration, in a similar spirit, conferred for a while on the prefect of police the title of minister of state. The government of July has perhaps not sufficiently appreciated the considerations of general interest, which demand at least between the two prefects a strict equality. Since the electoral law has so impoliticly excluded them from the Chamber of Deputies, in opening to them access to the other Chamber, the elevation of the prefect of the Seine alone to the peerage, has placed his colleague, to the public eye, in a sort of a relative inferiority. Yet this dignity might, without suffering, be attached to functions the remembrance of which does not disfigure the most illustrious lives, and which the actual president and speaker of the Chamber of peers have successively occupied. We should not suppose that one of the first posts in the State could belong to men who would not be worthy of sitting beside those honorable predecessors. The present is a guarantee for the future, and it is well that the perspective of this attribution, if not necessary, at least habitual, circumscribes the selections of the government within the circle of personages whom their characters, their entire lives, and their political positions authorize in advance to pretend to it.

### *Its History.*

The prefecture of police has been created in 1800, at a period when a reorganizing power was everywhere placing authority in its conditions of force and durability; for the first time, the administration of Paris obeyed a simple and vigorous direction. In 1789, dispersed between the lieutenant of police, the provost of merchants, the sheriffs, the committee of buildings, (*chambre des batimens*,) the bureau of finance, and even the parliament, it lacked system and unity; confusion reigned in its bosom; an obscure distribution of ill-defined powers and duties engendered incessant collisions. In 1790, the constituent assembly were disarming the government of its authority; at Paris, as at all points of the kingdom, were constituted multiplied and deliberative bodies, able in counsel, but unfit for action. The 10th August, preluding the sanguinary usurpation by the Commune of Paris, founded but a political dictatorship. The Directory communicated to the power elevated upon the ruins of the Commune the debility and incoherence which menaced itself, and must have promptly led to its fall. The Consulate alone, or rather the genius in whom it was personified, perceived the exceptional situation of a city where the destinies of the state were incessantly at stake, placed it under the authority of two magistrates, appointed by the central power itself, invested one with the administration, properly termed, the other with the police; but, yielding to jealousies which the circumstances explain, as much as his political distrust, he had left to the wishes of the citizens but an unfaithful and factitious expression, in a municipal council packed, appointed like the prefects and destitute of any real authority. The Restoration, whose partizans do not proclaim the maxims of liberty but at the periods when they have not to apply them, left undisturbed this organization. The government of July, more sincere in its liberalism, has referred the composition of the municipal council to election, augmented the number of the members, and assigned seats to the two prefects; it is under the eyes of this effective and faithful representation of the people that they discharge their respective functions. The prefect of police, without losing any of his official attributions, in contact with an elective power, finds himself elevated in public opinion by the community of responsibility which unites them

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together, for if sometimes the elective councils restrain and fetter the functionaries whom they control, they aggrandize and sustain them more frequently by their adhesion; this popular sanction is particularly necessary to a magistrate of police—it repays him in popularity more than it derogates from his power.

A law, this long time promised, is about to put an end at once to the respective rights of the municipal council of Paris, and of the two prefects, and to the distribution of powers between the latter; it will, if we are not mistaken, maintain much more than it will reform. The municipal council exercises at present, by law, an authority confined within just bounds, and which needs only to be clearly defined. As to the duties of the two prefects, the repartition of their powers excites no objections, except upon some points not very essential, and a suitable solution of the difficulty will easily result from the discussion of the Chambers.

It has seemed to us that it would be of some interest to analyse the organization of the Prefecture of Police, its means of action, its several attributions. This description may subserve the law which is in course of preparation; it will, perhaps, gratify the curiosity of such as desire to understand the political and administrative institutions under which they live; *it may furnish a term of comparison and a subject of meditation to the foreign statesman;* it will in fine enlighten public opinion, by dissipating unjust prejudices.

## I.

### *The Analysis.*

The duty of the prefect of police is more to superintend than to act, to prescribe than to execute, and, while his agents within the city are numerous and busy, it is without particularly, and in the active service, that his power is manifested.

The *bureaux* concert the measures to be taken, give the impulsion, collect and certify the results; they prepare, deliberate, organize,—they are the thought and understanding of the system. The active officers watch, execute, hinder, prevent, repress. In immediate connection with the citizens they are stationed at all points, by day and night—they are the eyes, the arms of the administration. But in the multitude of the duties imposed upon them, the part of passive and silent instruments would not be sufficient, and their obedience stands always in need of being enlightened by reflection and guided by discernment.

*The police, divided into Political and of security or Civil.*

### *Political Division.*

The internal labor is distributed according to the several attributions of the prefect. His private cabinet alone entertain political questions. There, in secret, under the guarantee of a reciprocal confidence, pass in succession affairs the most delicate, those which regard the security of the state, the manœuvres of factions, secret societies and their conventicles—perilous concerns, which involve the responsibility of the chief, and of which he must reserve to himself the direct and exclusive appreciation. Two divisions, sufficiently defined by their designations—the division of security, and the division of administration—share between them the matters not-political; the secretary-general directs the affairs proper to the administration considered in itself—the personal, the material, and a certain number of objects not classed in these divisions. The *bu-eaux* of the prefecture of police do not differ from those of the ministers or of the grand administrations, except that they require from the agents (*employees*) who compose them a special promptitude of examination, decision and despatch.

The organization of the exterior service is strong and powerful. Every body knows that Paris is divided into 12 *arrondissements* and 48 *quartiers*. In each *arrondissement* (ward) a brigade of inspectors and city constables, under the direction of a peace officer; in each *quartier* (section) resides a commissary of police, aided by one or two secretaries, sedentary fellow-laborers, and by at least one inspector of police and a bell ringer, (*porte sonnette*,) who are exterior and executive agents.

The commissaries of police are independent of the peace officers and their superiors in the order of the hierarchy. They are appointed by an ordinance of the King, relieve at once the prefect of police who holds them under his authority and the attorney-general of whom the law has constituted them auxiliaries. They keep their *bureau* (office) always open in each *quartier*, and there perform a ministry of reconciliationand order exceedingly useful and highly appreciated by the Parisians who find in them arbitrators and peacemakers. They are at the disposition of citizens who claim assistance in any public or private trouble, receive and examine individuals under arrest supervise the execution of the ordinances of police—all which concerns health and

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cleanliness, &c. For some time they were called magistrates of safety, and perhaps at Paris they ought to have retained the title, for their office is a veritable magistrature and the security of the citizens finds in them energetic defenders. They hold direct and daily communication with the prefect who employs them in all the services of the administration.

The peace-officers, the inspectors not attached to commissaries and the city constables, belong to a central *bureau*, located in the vicinity of the prefect, under the direction of a commissary and designated by the title of "The Municipal Police."

The Municipal Police is the fountain of all the surveillance of the city. It is it that distributes through the twelve *arondissements* the brigades assigned to each, and puts in motion, according to the circumstances and necessities of each day, the central brigades stationed around it, some having no special engagement, always disposable in the way of a general reinforcement; others charged with distinct attributions—watching the pickpockets or the prostitutes, the omnibuses or the lodging-houses; all so constituted as to be able at once to assemble, in an instant, at the same place, to interpose in the name of the law in all that menaces the repose of the citizens. Over 600 agents are attached to the Municipal Police; it constitutes a standing force and a contingent reserve; its organization is such that, without superfetation, without fruitless expense, it furnishes together at Paris, in ordinary occasions, the agents necessary for the execution of the laws, and on occasions of disturbance, a troop active, courageous, easy to put in motion, and always ready to seize the authors or accomplices of disturbance.

Besides the commissaries of police and the municipal police, who embrace in their action all the attributions of the prefect, a distinct body of inspectors is exclusively attached to divers special services, furnished, according to the object, from one of the two interior divisions. The exchange (*la bourse*) has its commissary of police and its guards; the corn-market, its comptroller and two inspectors; the markets their inspector-general and 34 sub-inspectors, clerks or overseers; the *abattoirs* (slaughter-houses), 6 inspectors; navigation and harbours, one inspector-general and 28 inspectors, sub-inspectors or overseers; public measurage and the inspection of wood and charcoal, 41 inspectors or overseers; the verification of weights and measures, 6 commissaries of police for inspectors.—Twelve tasters proceed to visit the cellars and retail wine-shops. The cleaning, sprinkling, and lighting of the streets occupies one director and 80 inspectors or agents of various grades; the sidewalks, 17 architects and inspectors; the public vehicles, 95 controllers and watchmen. Two engineers, and one inspector are attached to the surveillance of houses that are tottering, incommodious or unhealthy, a physician at la Morgue, and in fine 12 physicians at the dispensary of health.

The municipal guard, whose numbers has recently, by a wise policy, been augmented, lends its numerous agents the support of a public force distinguished for its discipline, its zeal and experience, a select troop composed of the best soldiers of the whole army, worthy of the confidence of the authorities and of the public, accustomed to managing, while restraining, the people of Paris, who live in intercourse with them and whose jealous susceptibility would be increased by any harsh proceeding. The prefect disposes of the municipal guard, directs its service day and night, addresses it his requisitions when its aid is necessary, and can reckon upon its unswerving firmness whenever the advice, the warnings, the personal entreaties of the civil agents have failed to re-establish order and restore the empire of the laws.

The firemen (*sapeurs-pompiers*), at present in number short of the wants of the population, carry, wherever the conflagration breaks out, the succor of an address which no obstacle can arrest, of a courage which no danger can daunt.

Such are the several auxiliaries of the prefecture of police. This enumeration contains, however, but the agents who are ostensible and found on the budget list. Besides this number, others exercise, as well for the political department as for the police of safety, various secret functions; we will treat of them farther on, in connection with the offices themselves to which they are attached.

The practical simplicity of this system strikes and pleases. It will be perceived that it must powerfully aid the prefect in the discharge of his immense task. About him, his *bureaux;* abroad, diffused through his territorial jurisdiction, his agents of all orders; he gives the impulse, and is assured, by the reports which they transmit him, of their exactness and of the results which they have obtained; he is represented in every *quartier* by a functionary interested to make the administration popular and respected—in each *arondissement* by an ex-

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ecutive agent particularly prepossessed in favor of the rights and duties of the police; he stations his central brigades so as to display at every point his tutelary arm. He keeps himself constantly informed of passing events, is acquainted with the wishes of the people, its grievances and its joys, and, in a daily report, apprises the government of all that may enlighten its course. He applies to the more specious interests a determinate order of agents, and supports, if necessary, his orders by the sword of the municipal guard, who, in concert with the firemen, watch at the same time over the physical wants of the city.

The city constables have received a uniform at the very period of their creation, under the enlightened and popular administration of M. Debelleyme. A recent ordinance has assigned to the commissaries of police, for occasions of public ceremony, an official costume; the tri-colored sash is sufficient to signalize their characters in ordinary circumstances. The peace officers also wear, on occasions of ceremony, an embroidered coat and blue sash; most of the inspectors of special service have likewise a uniform. Thus nearly all the exterior and active agents perform openly their ministry, and the populace, far from taking umbrage thereat, does but evince the greater confidence. Nevertheless, even among the ostensible agents, many cannot always announce their presence by external signs, which would paralyze the surveillance and nullify the restraint. The administration weighs the circumstances and gives its instructions. It is its interest to make known its agents on all occasions where powerful obstacles do not intervene; on this point the example of the town-constables is conclusive; the former agents, whose place they have taken, held the lowest rank in the opinion of the people; the most vituperative epithets stigmatized their persons, the most earnest resistance embarrassed their action. The city constables are secure from these difficulties; the reason is, that mystery and surprise offends and excites suspicion. On the contrary, we are disposed to do justice to the zealous agent who offers himself to the eyes of all, and boldly meets the responsibility of his works.

All the agents of the prefecture are subject exclusively to the prefect; he may dismiss those whose appointment belongs to him and suspend them all; he regulates their pay, and disposes of them with full authority. This absolute power, tempered only by our equitable and moderate manners, fortifies the authority of the chief over his subordinates.

*Commentary on the Political System.*

Some reflections have been suggested to us by the analysis of the organization which has been just delineated.

The commissaries of police are not exclusively enough under the direction of the prefect. Auxiliaries of the Attorney General, and, in this capacity, obliged to obey the *Juges d'instruction*, (police-justices,) who delegate to them some acts of their functions, they may be pressed hard in the performance of those double duties, and receive at the same time orders whose simultaneous execution is impossible. The judicial authority has been seen to contravene the measures taken by the prefect, and the decrees which it was making, to prejudice the investigation commenced even by its own diligence. Doubtless, the decisions of the magistrates of the judicial order ought always to prevail; but, without subordinating justice to police, a previous concert might be established. M. Gisquet, in his Memoirs, treats this question at length, and complains with reason of the pertinacious refusal of the *Juges d'instruction*, notwithstanding that his remonstrances were backed by M. Attorney-General Persil.

Some conflicts may arise also between the commissaries of police, the peace officers, and other agents of the municipal police. The former having their residence in their respective *quartier*, and disposed sometimes to make abusive concessions in order to their being well received there, bear impatiently the competition of the peace officers, who are able agents, less desirous of popularity and more peremptory in their measures. Superior to those agents by title, they however undergo every day their indirect censorship. The commissary, circumscribed within a *quartier*, is obliged to maintain an intercourse with the peace officer, the overseer of the surveillance (watch) of a whole *arondissement*, and the extent of his range gives the latter an importance inconsistent with the inferiority of his title. The firmness of the chief of municipal police may mitigate these asperities, but not entirely avoid them. It would, perhaps, be well to subject all the exterior agents of the prefecture to the inspection of superior functionaries, a species of sub-prefects or central commissaries of police, whose predominant authority would stifle all collision and impress upon the service a constant unity.

Since the Revolution of July, to reward a zeal which might be otherwise recom-

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pensed, the peace officers have been called, by way of promotion, to the functions of commissaries of police. Two distinct offices have thus been confounded. The police magistrate and the executive agent ought to move in parallel lines, but never to meet in their advancement. It is fit that the former should be recruited from among the young lawyers, the secretaries of the commissaries of police, the clerks of the *bureaux*, and the second from among the boldest and most expert of the active agents. A suitable provision ought to be insured to the peace officers, but their introduction to the corps of commissaries of police presents inconveniences of various kinds; it may alter the good composition of this corps, and subject the commissaries to a supervision which a prospective interest renders liable to become partial.

The thought has long been entertained of devoting in each *quartier*, a special edifice to the commissaryship of police, as to the mayoralty and the justices of the peace. This creation would be of great utility. Often the commissaries of police occupy, in uncentral streets, up some flight of stairs, a set of narrow and ill-distributed apartments; if they change residence, all the habitudes of the people are deranged. These inconveniences would disappear. To the dwelling of the commissary of police and of his secretary should be annexed—1st, a corps of watchmen; 2d, a station for fire-engines; 3d, some hand-carts, etc., and even a medical station, if this beneficent institution was officially adopted. The expenditure on the ground and erections would be almost entirely covered by the suppression of wages, allowances, and indemnifications which those various services occasion at present. Already, at a former period, a company of speculators had made propositions, which, for very inconsiderable sacrifices, would have endowed Paris with those establishments.

Some criticisms of detail, some possible ameliorations aside, the organization of the prefecture of police is good and leaves little to be desired; successively perfected, it is the product of experience and not of vain theory—it is thus that all solid institutions and regular administrations are formed.

## II.

The prefect of police, for the accomplishment of his functions, is invested with two important rights which form the basis and the consummation of his authority. He makes regulations which have the force of law; he commits to the tribunals those who violate those rules, and is empowered to decree warrants (*mandats*) against all persons arraigned of crime or misdemeanor.

The power of making rules belongs to every mayor, and it is as exercising a portion of their functions that the prefect of police is invested with it; but the mayors are subordinate to the prefects, and, in Paris, the magistrate charged with the police is at once mayor and prefect. In respect of these special attributions, he is dependent but on the ministry. The extent of his jurisdiction, his administrative rank and order, the greatness of the interests submitted to his authority contribute equally to give importance to the measures which he prescribes. The law, as if to place them above the simple regulations of mayors, distinguishes them with the name of ordinances, on an equality with the dispositions which emanate from the royal power.

In the collection of the ordinances of the prefect of police since 1800, might be found the most valuable documents. The character proper to each of the governments which have succeeded each other since that period, will there appear in their true light; the police of Paris always bears the stamp of the reigning power—violent and absolute under a government that repudiates all control—intriguing and inquisitorial with that which fears and eludes—feeble and hesitating when political parties are the masters. One might almost write the history of Paris from the ordinances of the police. At the periods of civil commotions, interests purely administrative are relegated to the "second tier;" the necessity of defending the public authorities alone speaks, and alone is listened to; measures are taken against mobs, tumults and nocturnal meetings; passports become an object of particular precaution; the lodging-houses, foreigners, the working class, are subjected to obligations minute and vexatious; a sort of legal suspicion weighs upon all the inhabitants, obliged to fortify themselves with papers, to hold themselves in constant readiness to justify as to their identity, and encountering almost at every step a police order which impedes their passage. In the seasons of calm, the health, the happiness, the comfort, if we may use that term, of the city resume their importance; the prefect, by his ordinances, applies himself to aiding the advancement of men and of business, to rendering life happy and agreeable to the people of Paris, to preventing embarrassment, to creating facilities, to putting each in the enjoyment of the greatest

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amount of liberty and plenty compatible with the rights of another.

But it is especially in their administrative character that the ordinances of the police of Paris are worthy of being studied. No code is so complete, no treatise of jurisprudence so instructive as this legislation practical, ordinary, suggested by the wants of the day; it would furnish a prolific lesson to the prefects of the departments and the mayors of the large towns. It is curious to follow it through its several phases, its mistakes, its gropings. Certain matters have been treated at various times, by numerous ordinances which have modified, completed, substituted one another; defined these articles, suppressed, changed or added others, to obtain the end proposed, and the comparison of the earlier enactments with those which have been substituted, clearly indicates the necessities peculiar to each order of facts.

The ordinances of police are obligatory, as is known, upon all the citizens, provided they do not transcend the powers of the prefect. When doubts arise, the Court of Cassation definitively resolves the question. The jurisprudence of this court evinces great wisdom, a high intelligence of administrative necessities; it gives large scope to the authority of the prefect, and allows him very extensive jurisdiction—a useful example given to all the judicial bodies by the first court in the kingdom, a happy conciliation of Justice and Administration, those two parallel powers which should lend each other a mutual aid, and never waste their forces in miserable rivalries.

The numerous agents of whom we have seen the nomenclature are charged, each in his sphere, with examining into the transgressions committed in disregard of the ordinances of the prefect. The reports which they prepare are transmitted to the tribunal of municipal police, held by a justice of the peace, and in whose presence the functions of the public ministry are performed by a commissary of police, assigned exclusively to that employment. The cases thus reported are counted by thousands annually; fines are imposed upon the offenders, and, in case of relapse, they may be condemned to imprisonment for a period not exceeding five days. This law is not always sufficiently severe; but in Paris, by a contrary effect, the repression is ordinarily incomplete or excessive; the too long delays cost, in certain cases, tenfold the fine incurred; the tribunal of municipal police, where sit in turnabout the twelve judges of peace of Paris, sometimes rigorous, sometimes indulgent beyond measure, is not kept to any one system of jurisprudence; in fine, the majority of the convictions are not executed, because of the poverty of the delinquents. The evident vices of this *regime* call for the close attention of the legislator and solicit a prompt reform.

Independently of the arrests made by his subordinates, in virtue of the common law, in cases of flagrant guilt, of vagrancy—arrests which, in 1800, exceeded the number of 13,000—the prefect of police is authorized by the 10th article of the criminal code, to issue writs of arrest and inquiry when he has information of a crime or an offence. This power, seasonably exerted, contributes to prevent the escape of the accused, the destruction of convictive documents; it has the advantages of great celerity and the employment of means of which the judicial authority would be deprived—it is the complement of the surveillance of the police, the results of which it collects and enriches. The prefects of the departments, invested with the same right, do not use it; the difference of situations sufficiently explains how a power almost indispensable to Paris, is, so to say, fallen into disuetude throughout the rest of France.

The individuals arrested by the inferior officers are conducted to the commissary of police, who interrogates them, and may, according to the case, order their discharge. If he find the arrest regular, he directs them with the evidence taken to the prefecture of police, and thence, in twenty-four hours, they pass into the hands of the judicial authority.

The prefect of police partakes, by his right of making ordinances, of the part of the legislator—by the right of denunciation, of the functions of the public minister—by that of arrest and search, of the functions of the directory magistrates (*magistrats instructeurs*). All those powers are absolutely necessary, there is perhaps no country where the police has not received more considerable. They are, however, sufficient—it must even be admitted, that, in imprudent hands, they might authorize acts of violence. But under a regime of liberty and publicity, with journals open to all complaints, and always disposed, when they are directed against the police, to receive them favorably, with the right of defence and of illimitable challenge, with the responsibility of the minister whom the prefect of police binds by his every act, the abuses, difficult to be foreseen, would be promptly removed.

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All the resources at the disposal of the prefect are now enumerated. We have seen him surrounded by his numerous agents, surrounded by his *bureaux*, supplied abroad by a legion of *employés* of all orders, by a firm and devoted armed force, invested with the right of making ordinances obligatory upon the subjects of his administration, authorized to prosecute all persons accused of infractions of the penal laws, and to secure their person in case of crime or misdemeanor. It remains to speak of his attributions. They are of three sorts. They relate to politics, the public security, or to the administrative police, and will be described in this order and according to this division.

### III.

*Importance of the Political Police.*

The political police is from its nature secret. The seditious weave their plots in the dark; it is in the dark the government ought to pursue them, to detect their proceedings, to surprise their projects.

It is essentially preventive. The attempts of sedition menace the entire society, and imperil its dearest possessions; the victory, supposing it certain, leaves behind it lasting resentments and often leads to cruel reprisals. A government rarely adds to its strength by political prosecutions; what it gains by unveiling the machinations of those who attack it, by startling the country with doctrines of blood, it loses in showing itself exposed to repeated conspiracies. The people do not believe in the force of the power which factions are never tired of combating, condemned daily to descend into the public streets for the purpose of engaging in a contest with obscure enemies, to erect the scaffolds for their punishment. The spirit of imitation, the contagion of example so powerful in civil commotions, pervert weak minds and engender new attempts. In fine, political trials present but adverse chances; pardons disconcert the prosecuting magistrates; condemnations expose the chief of the state to the reproach of cruelty, if he do not interpose; of effeminacy and sometimes cowardice, if he do. All considerations concur then to recommend that the political police apply itself especially to the prevention of conspiracies.

Some men whose illusions have not yielded to the cold lessons of experience, condemn the political police, and accuse it of immorality and impotence. But if society has, as much and doubtless more than the humblest citizen, the right to watch over its defence, how will you interdict it to penetrate into the recesses where the arms are forged that are designed for its destruction? If it be true that the police have not detected all the conspiracies, there would be little logic in concluding that they have not detected any; despite the discretion enjoined upon it, circumstances enough have proved the efficaciousness of its searches.

The political police, undoubtedly to be recommended for its object, may further be estimable for its means; when it confines itself scrupulously to passive observation, when it interdicts with severity and punishes without pity the slightest provocation, far from dishonoring the magistrate who directs it, it wins for him, after his useful and laborious services, incontestable titles to public gratitude.

At all periods a political police has kept the government apprized of the machinations of its adversaries. Perhaps in times of violent passions neither officers nor pecuniary influences will be found appropriate to this object; but the delation which is given through fanaticism is no more sincere than that which is sold through interest. Often the informer who prizes himself the most upon his disinterestedness, looks for a salary in the shape of place, political favor, the participation in public affairs. In short, if a secret police be required, the least objectionable is that where conditions are discussed, whose agents, subjected to duties clearly defined, may be dismissed in cases of infraction; such instruments, docile, pliant, easy to be managed, are less dangerous to the hand that wields them.

The prefect of police is charged in Paris with the political department; the ministry of the Interior retains it among his attributes, and from their simultaneous action might result misunderstandings and conflicts. It is important, therefore, that the prefect possess the confidence of the minister, and that an honest and unreserved concert ensure the success of their united efforts; this concert is the more necessary that there is not a plot woven in the departments, formidable or frail, grave or trivial, that has not its centre or at least some of its ramifications at Paris. Neither the minister nor the prefect can remain strangers to the political police; the former called to embrace all France in his survey, cannot shut his eyes upon Paris; the latter possesses such means of information and investigation, that the government would lose by depriving itself of his co-operation, the most valuable resources. This necessi-

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ty admitted, the minister ought to measure the province of his subordinate, and the latter never seek to extend it; the political police is not an obligatory attribution of the prefecture of police, it is added, but by a delegation of the minister who has always the right of fixing its conditions and importance.

*Ostensible and Secret—Description of.*

The auxiliaries of the prefect in his political investigations, are of two kinds—ostensible and secret. In a great number of cases, for the majority of informations, the public officers are employed; but to penetrate into the very bosom of parties the intervention of secret agents is indispensable.

The secret agents of the political police, devoted originally to other pursuits, leaving the ordinary employments of life, have been for the greater part reduced to this calling by want, vanity, love of pleasure, dissipation. A few women also in similar conditions turn themselves to it, to cover extravagant expenses, to gain a position in society which their limited fortunes would interdict to them. They display in the office considerable finesse, a spirit of intrigue, genius and curiosity; but too often swayed by petty passions, they merit little confidence. A few informers yield to hard necessity; in 1831 the prefecture received the most important disclosures from a young and very intelligent student, whom a moderate salary, thus earned, often at the peril of his life, enabled to support a mother and sister and to meet the expenses of his course. Certain documents are communicated under the impulse of honorable and disinterested sentiments—others, in greater number, under the influence of fear. Timid men suffer themselves to be involved in a conspiracy, in a secret society, from weakness, from excitement, without weighing the consequences, afterwards terror seizes them, conscience is troubled; to withdraw from these fatal ties would be dangerous; they dare not burst them, and purchase at least impunity by turning informers. Others organize plots for the purpose of denouncing them. A prefect of police was one day greatly embarrassed, confident as he was in five or six *chevaliers d' industrie*, who mutually betrayed each other, and who had got up a conspiracy only for the purpose of procuring to each other the profits of a delation. He knew the several members, he maintained an intercourse with them and held all the threads of the scheme of which he might have been considered the soul and the chief. He only communicated to each of the supposed Catalines the information furnished by his pretended accomplices.

In general the police services are obtained at small expense. The competition is very great, the consciences are tariffed at a very low price. Every day numerous candidates present themselves, and the correspondence is full of offers of service.

The prefect of police cannot bring too much care, too much circumspection, to the examination of the documents furnished by his agents; some deceive him knowingly; others, in large numbers, compose their reports with great negligence; others, and these are the least culpable, confine themselves to vague and uninteresting intimations. A judicious distrust ought to attach to all; the report of an individual rarely merits credence, it ought to be confirmed, modified, verified by the aid of other documents. The circumstances should be weighed, the character of the informer appreciated, his situation, his habits, taken into consideration. Few offices demand more tact, knowledge of the human heart, finesse and activity, than the direction of the police.

With the aid of the instruments at his disposal, and the hints which he procures for money or gratuitously, the prefect is informed of the most important facts, and, if he is not apprised of all the acts meditated against the public peace, he is in possession of at least the greater number.

Many persons, even among the most intelligent, imagine that he is aware of all that passes in Paris; that not a family disturbance, a scandalous adventure, almost a domestic quarrel can escape him. They would like, they sometimes say, to hold this office, were it only for twenty-four hours, in order to obtain revelations, so curious, so piquant, so worthy of attention. To hear them you would think us still at the time when the Lieutenant General of police degraded his character to pander to the old age of a king surfeited by debauchery. The police of the present day is another thing, it does not lend itself to unworthy investigations. For it also, private life is a sanctuary, for the factious spirit which it pursues, appertains to public life, even when it is covered with a veil. Inquests claimed by the families themselves sometimes oblige the police to enter into their domestic secrets, but the cases are rare, received with extreme reserve, and buried in religious secrecy. As to those that touch on politics they are kept to their proper object; the police would be blamable of violating

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the mysteries of private life and of profaning the domestic sanctuary.

But it must be present wherever sedition is at work, in the workshop where recruits are registered for revolt; in the tavern, where the confidential assemble, at certain appointed days, to concert the insurrection or attack, in the midst of the secret societies where murder and assassination are planned under the sacrilegious guarantee of an odious oath. It is its duty to seize the clandestine publications that influence the passions of the credulous, arms, deposits of powder, the excrable munitions of civil war, and to secure the agitators who carry disturbance into our cities and mourning into our families. It ought also to look higher, happy and proud when it can strip of their cowardly incognito the leaders of those anarchical attempts—those who, keeping themselves in the back ground, expose to danger those poor victims whose ignorance they have deluded and whose sincerity they have decived—men of detestable ambition who conceal under an exterior of patriotism, the most selfish aims, the most grasping passions.

The actual state of our manners has almost entirely destroyed the inspection of the police in high life and in the *salons*. It is not there that conspiracies are hatched. Institutions that place in competition with the government, a crowd of citizens in the parliament and the elective assemblies, and assign it for support all these co-operators, have put an end to the plots of which an absolute monarchy often witnessed the explosion, in the very palace of the Sovereign. The progress of democracy has driven to the lowest ranks the thoughts of conspiracy, and hostility to the government is transferred into revolts and attempts in the streets. Formerly the police of the *salons* applied themselves particularly to ascertaining the public opinion, which a muzzled press could not publish, and to following certain men whom a state's prison could at any moment reduce to impotence; to-day, thank God, the journals are free and the state prisons abolished. Each party discloses every morning in its newspapers, its hopes and its fears; the adversaries of the government are known and avowed, and the most eminent take the political tribune for the rather indiscreet confidant of their grievances and their hostility. Amid the lights of such a publicity, what information of importance could a secret police obtain in the *salons?*

The political police are interdicted from ever serving interests purely ministerial or private. Its intervention is not necessary and consequently not legitimate but when it is applied to acts that are dangerous and punishable. There would be a species of prevarication in dispensing its resources for a vile personal espionage, to watch simple political adversaries, and thus rake up a text for party accusations and contemptible recriminations.

When all the reports are made, all the intimations brought together, all the results disposed in due order, commences the part of the magistrate who directs them. It is for his political mind to deduce the consequences of the facts revealed, and to order the measures which they command. If these facts constitute a crime or a misdemeanor, if sufficient proof can be obtained, if the noise of a prosecution be not more prejudicial than advantageous, justice must be invoked, and the administration, having transmitted it the documents, leaves it to accomplish freely its ministry.

Commonly, however, the elements of a judicial prosecution are wanting; the government is convinced, but justice could not arrive at a legal certainty. In these cases a thousand embarrassments clog the administration; a terrible responsibility weighs upon it; it knows the existence of the plot and can neither punish the authors, for want of proof, nor arrest them for want of authority; if it take precautionary measures, it is accused of wishing to alarm the country, of creating disturbance to subserve political views, or of basely surrendering itself to groundless fears; if the disorder break out, it is reproached for not having prevented it, for having allowed deluded men to ruin themselves, whom it might possibly have rescued from the abyss, with having perhaps drawn them into it by abominable provocations. Party spirit is ingenious, inventive, and devises attacks for every hypothesis. If these hypotheses are inevitable, at least let the prudence of the magistrates strip them of every shadow of truth. When the prosecution is dangerous and does not promise a certainty in the result, the administration have recourse to means which are proper to it. It can disturb the guilty by letting them see that they are discovered, spread division among their ranks by showing that there are traitors amongst them, detach confidants by persuasion, fear or interest. These means, skilfully used, have often better served the public weal than the luxury of prosecutions and the rigor of condemnations. The violators of the laws are accessible to fears, to suspicions, which the sslightest incident keeps alive and irri-



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tates; it is easy to disconcert them, to throw obstacles in their way, which, without changing their dispositions, hinders them from committing themselves to any serious or formidable act. The government, notwithstanding, keeps always on its guard, the police watch noiselessly, always ready, if it cannot thwart wicked projects, to prevent all danger in case of execution, and to enlighten the path of justice.

## IV.

### *Civil Police.*

The domain of the Police of Security is unlimited; all that relates to the defence of persons and properties belongs to it. The political police has detractors; the police of security has none; it excites complaint only when it fails to gain its end, and those who think that government ought not to take any measure against the acts which menace its security, find all those excellent which tend to protect their purse or their existence.

The police of security is present wherever there are large assemblies—in the theatres, the fêtes, the public walking-grounds where throng the crowd. An insurrection or an affray brings it instantly out: everywhere it has for guides its agents, and for its supreme force the municipal guard, and in case of need, all the troops of a numerous garrison. It is it that ensures the execution of the laws and ordinances relative to the *surveillance* of the persons who give the passports to travellers, the permits of sojourn or the *livrets* to those whom the law subjects to this measure of order, who examine the passports of strangers, the *cartes de securite* required in a few special cases, the permissions or furlows accorded to military men, who inspect the lodging houses and watch their movements. According to the circumstances it is tolerant or rigorous in its conduct, and is constantly careful not to impose on the citizens any unnecessary restraint.

To those general measures it joins some special precautions in certain determinate cases. An insane person commits acts of violence, he is locked up; a child has been abandoned in the street, it is placed in an hospital; a citizen has disappeared, search is made for his recovery; a sudden and unexpected death disquiets the public, the physicians investigate the cause; a house takes fire, the firemen run to extinguish the flame; the dangerous callings are regulated—those who sell certain prohibited weapons subjected to particular injunctions—the insane hospitals, those where children are placed to be weaned, visited, and held to numerous formalities; means of assistance are devised, instructions diffused to restore the drowned or the asphyxied to life; wherever human existence is in peril, the police is present with instruction, precaution, assistance.

This protection does not cease with the persons. If lotteries and clandestine gambling houses take the place of the official establishments which the government of July has had the glory of suppressing, they are surprised by adroit agents and handed over to the tribunals. If games of chance in the streets spread their snares for the honest earnings of the mechanic, the hand of a city constable disperses them and seizes the greedy banker; the venders of curiosities and old clothes, those brokers of theft, obliged to account for every transaction of their trade—live under the burden of a complicity always suspended over their heads.

But the services of the Police of Security are especially conspicuous in its indefatigable, skilful, courageous struggle with the abandoned classes of society, who seem at open war with its institutions and its morals.

There is, at the bottom of the population of every large city, a mass of wretches, who live without the pale of the laws, having no rule of action but their cupidity, no means of subsistence but crime, no god but their passions. Theft is their resource, the most infamous debauchery their pleasure, the prison or the gallows their inevitable end. Every day, before the tribunals, they alarm the audience still less by their misdeeds than by the insolence of their language and the rudeness of their gestures. Certain districts, certain streets, certain houses habitually receive them; frightful dens are the theatre of their orgies; lodgers let them some dingy little rooms where they pass the night huddled together; if this resource fail, they fly into the country, and find in the quarries an ill-favored asylum, or it may be they wander through the streets, avoiding the patrole that pursues them, watching the unseasonable inhabitant who will deliver them his purse. They have made themselves a language of their own, now old, which Cartouche used to speak, and which is taught in the prisons and transmitted from one generation to another. Such is commonly the life of the runaway slaves, the liberated who have passed their limits, all those, in fine, whose life is a perpetual violation of the laws; they know one another, sustain each other, concert together the nocturnal attacks, the burglaries, the depredations

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whereby they live. This detestable industry is distributed according to the different capacities; crime has its specifications, and follows the economical rule of the division of labor. All the varieties of theft, picking pockets, sharking, robbery, furnish their contingent. Some are charged to discover the opportunities for larceny, others to execute it; intelligence and strength have separate parts assigned them. Certain exploits are planned long beforehand, studied, contrived with formidable care and terrible precautions. Accredited receivers keep always burning the furnaces wherein the gold and silver not coined, the vessel, the trinket, are immediately placed in the crucible and turned into ingots; they have in their ranks locksmiths to fabricate false keys, stage drivers to effect transportations, forgers to counterfeit writings; they send their confidants to reconnoitre the disposition of the apartments, to take impressions of the locks, count the number of the family, study its habits; they provoke crowds in the streets, whether by engaging in a dispute, or by setting up a ballad-singer or a troup of mountebanks, and unsuspecting curiosity pays its tribute. The credulous stranger falls into their toils; the inexperienced cashier sees his money-bag escape with the thief who has snatched it from him; the wagon laden with merchandise, if the guide quit it a single instant, is immediately rifled. The goods displayed outside the shop for show, are to them a prey constantly exposed. In the midst of the theatres, at the sermons of the preachers in vogue, in the public walks, wherever the fashionable (*le beau monde*) are assembled, is to be found one of their fraternity, dressed with taste and affluence, assuming lofty airs, mixing graciously with the crowd, and by and by, watches, spy-glasses, and jewelry have disappeared in his hands; young and brilliant women enter the shops, ask to be shown a hundred valuable articles, and dexterously slip the most precious under their splendid pelerine. It is impossible to describe the multitude of their contrivances, the boldness of their projects, the energy of their means of execution. They form a vast conspiracy, organized at all points, against whosoever has any thing to lose, and which is not disconcerted by any difficulty, restrained by any curb, frightened by any danger.

It is to combat this, to reduce it to impotence, that the Police of Security is consecrated, and in fulfilling this duty it displays a zeal, an ability, a courage worthy of the highest praise. This also has its public and its private agents; the former watch the thieves without joining them; the latter approach them nearer, and without ever, in any shape, present or distant, dipping in their misdeeds, they meet them, know them personally, and can tell exactly the characters, the contrivances of these miserable wretches:—those savages straying in the midst of civilization, and who might laugh at our laws, if society had not in its service eyes to see, ears to hear, and mouths to proclaim the secrets of their wickedness. The agents of the police know their password, and dog them from the time that they find them in the country; they mix in their turn with the public for its protection; they seize the hand still reeking with the stolen object, and restore it to the passer, who is surprised and delighted with a public vigilance which guards his purse better than he does himself; they follow them to the hotel, whither they are attracted by a rich prey, in the obscure staircase which leads to the solitary lodging of a poor mechanic at work, or they wait them outside, and secure all at once the thief, his instruments and the product of his plunder. As soon as a receiver of stolen goods is known, they take possession of his house; without showing themselves, they open the door to his impudent customers, and these, in place of an accomplice to give them the price of their booty, find the agent of the public authority who seizes them by the neck. On hearing the circumstances of a theft, they will be able to tell the author. Some years ago, the medals of the *Bibliotheque Royale* having been purloined, the agents, on sight of the contrivances employed, designated the man who, subsequently, declared himself guilty. In absence of a special sign, they are guided by a marvellous instinct; the slightest indication flashes light upon them: the paper wadding of the fire-arm, an instrument left behind, the trace of the footsteps, the reminiscences of the neighbors, the discovery of the products of the crime, excessive expenditure without resources to justify it, a word dropped in anger or intoxication, nothing is neglected; the memoranda are all consulted, the circumstances considered, the informations compared. At certain periods, the public houses of ill-fame, the pestilent taverns of the populace, are all of a sudden simultaneously rummaged in the night by the brigade of the Police of Security; numerous patroles surround the quarries in the suburbs, shut the issues, and explore the recesses. These expeditions place in the hands of authority a multitude of fugitives from justice, of runaway galley-slaves, of wretches without resources, with-

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out papers, without means of existence; the fugitives are sent to the *bagne* or to the *maisons centrals*; the liberated, prosecuted judicially for breaking the limits, the homeless, for vagrancy, and Paris may repose more tranquilly, delivered at least for a time, from the presence of these famished and desperate guests. At night the agents of safety are spread through the streets and in small groups, well armed, well resolved; they traverse the places most desert, the best calculated to tempt the audacity of the malefactor; they slip into the shade noiselessly, they squat along the house-walls, stop the individual whom they find the bearer of suspected packages, or even embarrassed in his countenance, and judge by his answers whether they ought to let him go his way, wait upon him to the residence he has given himself, or put him in safe keeping. The municipal guards assist them in these nocturnal rounds, and patroles, in places where the footsteps have no noise and the uniform no splendor, also seize both the individuals ready to commit a crime and those who carry off in the dark the delatory produce of the crime already perpetrated. Thus the defenders of order and public repose rival in activity, in perseverance, the experienced in crime; the gratitude of all honest men recompenses their efforts, the social force sustains them, the sentiment of rectitude cheers them, animates them, and assures their success.

The first care of every arrested malefactor is to conceal his name, and hinder the establishment of his identity; the police of safety have agents whose merciless memories recognise the features of those whom they have once seen; they apply with a precision which is never at fault, all the signs published by administrative authority. The archives of the prefecture of police contain besides, under the title of "Judicial Summaries," the state, always current, of every individual condemned by the criminal and correctional jurisdictions of the kingdom. More than 800,000 are registered, and each is followed by a complete list of all the judgments of condemnation wherein it figures. This statement, which used to occupy four hundred registers, whose supplementary papers filled forty wooden chests, is now distributed on single bulletins, each containing all that relates to the same individual, and placed upon files, in alphabetical order, so as to render a consultation of them simple and convenient. The judicial summaries are of immense utility; every day they furnish a reply to the hypocritical protestations of old convicts, who, arraigned anew, reckon on the oblivion of their former transgressions. In a few minutes, all their antecedent offences are discovered and recounted. The facility and promptitude of these searches frequently excite the admiration of strangers and confound the accused. Thanks to the judicial summaries, at Paris, the magistrates of the public ministry, informed of every condemnation already undergone by the arraigned, can enlighten the judges on his former transgressions, and require, if there be ground for it, the aggravations of punishment applicable to relapses. The jurisdictions of the departments might derive the same utility from a recourse to these official documents, which embrace all France, but most of them appear to be ignorant of their existence.

The prefecture of police has long since ceased to employ persons retaken by justice in the brigades of security. Public opinion became alarmed at the confidence accorded to convicts, and protested against the fitness attached in some sort to the judicial stigma. These complaints were not destitute of foundation; at the same time, it is impossible entirely to renounce the services of this class of men, and agents mingling with the lives and habits of malefactors cannot recommend themselves by purity of character and dignity of manners. The delegates of the prefect, charged with this part of the service, are enjoined to always choose the least unworthy intermediaries, and not to confer a public character on those whose official co-operation would degrade the administration.

With the surveillance of the malefactors is closely connected the guardianship and the police of the prisons, equally confided to the prefect of police. Paris contains eight houses of imprisonment—the depot of the prefecture of police for the persons arrested *flagrante delicto* and who are to be afterward brought to trial, the *maisons d'arrêts* of la Force, of Made bonnettes and of Saint-Pelagie for committed men, the Conciergerie for the accused who are remanded to the court of assizes, the prison of saint-Lazare for the women committed and condemned correctionally, the depot of Roquette-street for the condemned who are to be sent to the *bagnes* or the *maison centrals*, and in fine the house of correction for juvenile delinquents; a special prison is appropriated to the prisoners for debt, and beside this, Saint-Denis contains a house of correction and a depot of security. The main population of these several prisons is estimated at 5000 individuals.

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The erection of a new prison for the committed is commenced. The three houses which it is designed to substitute, are worthy neither of our morals nor of a city like Paris. Despite the divisions of the interior, the prisoners are exposed there to a deplorable contamination; in the portions appropriated to the most dangerous are daily practised the most scandalous excesses; crime holds there an open school, felonies are meditated and the most execrable compacts are formed. The new prison will be fitted for imprisonment in cells; the general secnrity, public morals, humanity, unite in urging its construction.

The depot of the prefecture and the Conciergeri are close and unhealthy, and yet these prisons are destined for prisoners while covered with the legal presumption of innocence. There is no doubt that in the immense undertakings which are about to give Paris a palace of justice corresponding to the wants of its justiceable population, those prisoners will not be forgotten.

The debtor's prison and the convict prison (*depot des condemnes*) newly built, appear sufficiently suited for their respective destinations, and the nature of the population by which they are occupied scarcely admits, for opposite reasons, but of measures of order and security.

The administration has not yet thought of establishing a disciplinary regimen except in the prison of Saint Lazare and there for juvenile delinquents; its happy effects in these instances have evinced of how many prudent and liberal reforms our prison descipline is susceptible.

Saint Lazare is devoted to committed and condemned women, and to prostitutes detained by administrative means. A particular section of it is besides appropriated to young girls under sixteen years of age, acquitted but retained under administrative tutelage. It is conducted with the most perfect order, the men have been removed from all interior service, the workshops are subject to a severe discipline; but the rule of silence has not been yet introduced, and cellular imprisonment by night has been established only in the department of the young women.

It is particularly in the house of the *Jeunes detinus* that experiments of the highest interest have been made. The cellular system has been applied by day as well as by night, and has been reconciled with the instruction, the religious exercises and the demands of the manual labors; it has exercised an influence detrimental neither to the health nor the morals of the confined. Several reports published during the late years attest the success of this special regimen, and the government has recently erected this prison into a central house under the title of *Maison centrale d'education correctionelle.* The state defrays its expenses, but it remains under the administration of the prefecture of police. The prefect has encouraged and aided with his constant support the benevolent society voluntarily formed for the purpose of procuring patrons for the young delinquents set at liberty, and which has contributed, with the care of the administration, to diminish very considerably the number of relapses.

The prefect of police administers also the Alms-house (*depot de mendicite*) of the department of the Seine, erected at *Villers-Cotterets*, and which gives an asylum to 7 or 800 aged persons of both sexes. This establishment is kept with equal order and economy: the inmates are lodged, fed, furnished with clothes, fire and attendance in sickness for the small sum of 50 or 55 centimes a day, and the diet is excellent; they remain there in the enjoyment even of personal liberty, for, they have, in turn, permission to go out of the establishment to work or simply to walk.

The authority conferred on the prefect of police over the prisons enables him to contribute effectually to the solution of the problems propounded by science, and to select with certitude the wisest and the truest applications. Invested with a power which extends over a main population of 5000 in confinement, he can exercise a marked influence upon public morals, and the security of the capital, and evince, to the common good, not that spurious and undiscerning philanthropy which flatters the prisoners and leads them to prefer the prison to their own houses, but that discipline, humane although rigorous, energetic, benevolent, although inflexible, which makes social justice appear in the eyes of the imprisoned as the austere and impartial guardian of morality and of order.

The police of security exercises a last attribute, of which it is necessary to say a few words notwithstanding the difficulltes of the subject—it is the police of prostitution.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

[The author here proceeds to disclose the system of legalized prostitution, as it exists in Paris; but, as we are far from coinciding with his advocacy of it, and hope never so see such wickedness legalized by

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our authorities, we omit the remarks on that subject.—Ed.]

V.

The political police has dispelled the sedition; the police of security prevented or surprised the attempts of the evil-doers; both together have spread over the city a beneficent protection. Paris obtains of the administrative police the enjoyments of life, well-being in its widest acceptation; the administrative police purveys for its subsistence, facilitates at all points a free, easy and sure circulation, and has every thing instantly removed which might injure the public health. Articles of subsistence, circulation through the city, salubrity—such are, in their most extensive signification, the objects of its vigilance.

*Police of Markets.*

The rich pasture-lands of the north, of the west, of the centre, raise numerous herds of cattle. The administration of Paris draws them towards the Capital, not by compulsory means, always impotent, always followed by inquietudes, which repel instead of attracting the produeer, but by special facilities which promise him a certain sale and an immediate receipt of the price. Liberty in these matters is a principle of good administration as well as a political right. The commodities bring themselves, so to say, to a market of a million of consumers; it is almost sufficient for the public authority not to repulse them.

That of Paris shows itself affable, complacent, attentive to the interests of the producers. Vast markets are open to them for provisions. At Sceaux and Poissy, immense sheds, safe sheltering places, establishments which afford every convenience, receive the oxen, the calves and sheep; the butchers who come to purchase pay "cash down," by means of checks on the bank of Poissy, a bank now old, and whose long and useful management affords a powerful proof of the utility of those institutions of credit; the farmer, freed from all concern, possessed of the value of his produce, may immediately regain his home. A cattle-market is also held at *la Chapelle;* and in Paris, at the Bernardins and the Halle aux Veaux, markets of less note, which are held on different days. The hogs are brought to *Saint Germain*, to *la Chapelle*, to *Maison-Blanche*, the poultry to the market of *Vallee*.

In the night, while Paris is still buried in repose, heavy wagons traverse the long streets on their way to the market of *Innocents*, where fruits and vegetables are sold; all the cultivators of the neighboring country here pour forth the harvest of their fields, fertilized by intelligent industry. A few hours is sufficient for the purchase of these numberless products, and before day dawns the provision of the whole is secured.

The butter and the eggs, constituting an immense commerce, have a special market; the flour and wheat are deposited in the *halle aux grains;* the fresh fish and the oysters, expedited with post-haste from *la Manche* and from the ocean; the fresh-water fish, the cheese, occupy distinct spaces where each of the commodities is deposited, classed, distributed with equal order and promptitude.

The administration never loses sight of the purveyors, and it gives them in its ingenious and protective combinations satisfaction so complete, that they everywhere prefer the resources which it procures them, notwithstanding the charges which they entail, to the usage of an indolent and barren liberty. Over most of the provision markets are placed factors designed to serve as mediators between seller and buyer, exempting the former from the expense of conveyance and storage, offering to the other the liberty of choosing, and to all the completest guarantees of fair dealing. They serve as official brokers, as administrative commissioners, and take charge of every sale for a very small consideration. The price is turned into ready money in a bank that pays the seller on the spot; a constant surveillance, a severe accountability, prevent all abuses. Certain commodities, which will not keep, are sold at auction by the factors; this plan is applied to the fresh fish, the fresh-water fishes and the butter. The victuallers, instead of directly despatching their products to purchasers, or selling them themselves, hasten impatiently to employ the factor, legally responsible towards them, and felicitate themselves on the simplicity of operation and the security of intercourse afforded them by his concurrence.

The supply thus attracted and realized, the distribution of those masses of products amongst the severable *quartiers* is effected naturally, and without the intervention of authority. The hucksters procure for themselves the quantities they respectively want, and offer them in turn to the consumer. The administrative police has these other duties: it must keep order amongst those vast multitudes of men and women, where reign so many rivalries, competitions, causes of dissension, and secure the public against all fraud, whether in the weight or the quality of the objects of sale.

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The markets of Paris contain 8 or 9,000 of these retailers; that of the Temple alone has nearly 1000. The police interposes by the ordinary means, by its agents of all degrees, and especially inspectors of *halles* and markets who act as mediators, guardians of the public peace. Police Commissaries are charged with the verification of weights and measures; and expert inspectors examine the quality of the provisions, and seize in order to destroy all those that might be unsound or impaired.

This whole organization is founded on the principle of the liberty of industry and commerce. The establishment of privileged factors does not violate it, and tends to encourage, not to impede the supply. In a few markets the interior labours are committed also to privileged agents, called *forts*, but the disposition of the places and the necessity of special guarantees render this privilege indispensable.

However, exceptional rules are applied to the commerce of butchers and bakers; the number is limited, and these trades cannot be prosecuted without a license from the prefect of police.

The butchers are bound to put the cattle they buy into one of the five grand slaughter-houses (*abattoirs*) appertaining to the city of Paris. There the slaughter is effected, the examination several times repeated of the sanatory state of the meats and their preparation for consumption. These operations over, the butcher is entirely master in his trade, and especially in the fixation of the price.

The bakers are enjoined to keep, as well at their houses as at the *grenier d'abondance*, a quantity of flour which represents, for the whole corporation, the victualing of Paris for about thirty-one days; the price of bread is taxed every fifteen days by the prefect of police, on the advice of a committee *ad hoc*, according to the changes in the sales of flour in the fortnight preceding.

Despite the privileges granted these two corporations, the respect of the administration for the freedom of competion is such that it authorizes the foreign merchants to bring to Paris butcher's meats and bread, which are sold in certain markets or directly tot he consumer; this scruple equally obtains permission, several times a week, for the cultivators of the environs to come themselves into the markets, retail their fruits and vegetables by the side, and in competition with the stationary hucksters.

It is in this way the administrative police provides for the subsistence of Paris. This intervention is the more efficacious, that it makes itself less perceived and restricts itself to leaving to private interest its full scope, in arresting only its extravagancies. Those measures, taken all together, produce the happiest results.

The sales in the provision markets, at auction, give occasion to the payment of a duty to the profit of the city. It has long been proposed to substitute it by a tax to be levied on butter. The existing mode is injurious to the Municipal revenue, inasmuch as the commodities carried from without to the house of the consumer escape the impost; it comes in collision with distributive justice, inasmuch as the rich, who furnish themselves directly from the place of production, are freed from a charge which weighs heavily upon the poor consumer who is obliged to go to the market. Too much haste cannot be made to adopt a measure which reconciles, by a happy and rare combination, the financial interests with administrative equity.

The prefect of the Seine claims, for his administration, the right of making those levies. This claim rests more upon an idle symmetry of attributions than upon a public interest; the prefecture of the Seine would be obliged to constitute a new office (*tout un personel*) to effect those receipts, and the prefecture of police, in ceasing to be charged with it, could not retrench a single one of its agents; and a real control, at present exercised by the deputees of the prefect of the Seine, completely guarantees the finances of the city. This charge would be no plausible reason to justify, no compensation to extenuate the increase of expense which would result from the displacement of this service.

Serious objections might, with good reason, be made to the exceptional system maintained in respect of butchers and bakers; this question is too extensive not to require a separate treatise. It will be sufficient to call to mind that, in the dissension that arose in the Chamber last year, on the duties imposed upon foreign cattle, the honorable M. Fourret, so competent in this matter, has attributed the excessive price of meat in Paris, to the vicious organization of the trade of theb utchers. For a long time back committees have been formed to discuss those great interests; *but too frequently the object of committees is but to stifle discussion*—it is time that they were invited to come to a conclusion.

But other cases solicit the intervention of the administrative police; it sees that the streets be unobstructed, clean, lighted during night, sprinkled during summer, that

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the foot-passages be protected against the vehicles, that the simple citizen who has himself conveyed from one *quartier* to another in a hackney-coach, a cab, an omnibus, experiences no difficulty, that the river which traverses the city serve useful purposes without obstruction to the navigation. In view of these several wants, the police adopt several plans.

*Police of Health.*

In order that the streets be kept free and safe, it prohibits all encumbrance, all usurpation within its jurisdiction, orders the demolition of houses which threaten to fall, permits no structure which would restrict the space or intercept the light, keeps watch over the stall-keepers and impores rigorous conditions on the pedlers (*marchands ambulans*) whom it licenses—an authorization always exceptional, destined to procure a sustenance for poor families, and regulated in such a way as not to expose the shop-keepers to an unjust competition.

That the streets may be clean, it obliges every inhabitant to sweep the portion before his house, has swept each morning, by 500 laborers employed by the administration, the quays, the bridges, the public squares, the crossings and the channels whose superficies is estimated at 730,000 metres, pays over 500,000 francs a year to a contractor for taking off the dirt, has the ice removed in winter, and keeps in a constant state of cleanness, and of free-flowing the 120,000 metres (thirty leagues) opened under the streets of Paris.

That the streets be lighted, it causes to be lit through them every night several thousand lamps, and at this moment it is substituting almost everywhere for oil, gas, which passes without interruption from one *quartier* to another, from one street to the adjoining, and which, instead of 60 sockets on a line of 2000 metres which were appropriated to it in 1831, feeds, in 1842, nearly 5000, on a range of 168,000 metres.

To purify the streets, in summer, it obliges the inhabitants to sprinkle, twice a day, during the heat, the pavement before their houses, and salaries an undertaker, charged to diffuse at every essential point, the most exposed to the scorching heat of the sun, an artificial dew which confirms the footing of the horses, and allays an offensive dust.

*Police of Public Vehicles, Cabs, etc.*

To protect passengers against the vehicles, it subjects these to regulations, numbers them, obliges them to keep lighted by night, directs them to cross, at a walking pace, certain passages.

In order that the public vehicles do not expose the passenger to any danger, any collision, it obliges them to obtain its authority, inspects them first before they go into operation, then, every year, makes a set of regulations for the omnibuses, a mode of conveyance so extensively adopted, that the number of persons who employ them daily is estimated at 60,000, submits the drivers to a rigorous discipline and dismisses them in case of infraction, establishes a resident inspector on each public square, fixes the tariff of prices, and contrives, by means of various regulations, to ensure the restitution of any value forgotten in the public vehicle—a restitution which, in 1841, for money and bank-notes alone has exceeded 10,000 francs.

To reconcile the interests of the navigation with the advantages which the Seine may procure—it prohibits every building which it has not authorized, and subjects the warm-baths, the swimming-schools, washing-houses to specific conditions of construction and station.

The public health is in its turn the object of the vigilant attentions of the administrative police. The sewers that run beneath our feet through their long galleries, taken care of and repaired, are open for the reception of all the spare waters; each year, more than 600 *privies* are emptied and repaired; carefui and numerous agents watch over the classed establishments, search for and have taken off the animals affected with contagious diseases, kill the dogs found in the streets, fill up the infectious pits, inspect the vessels and kitchen utensils of copper in the public squares, cause to be ventilated in winter and closed in summer, the amphitheatres and halls of dissection, surprise and denounce the secret remedies, the medicines kept irregularly, seize those that are spoiled or ill prepared, oversee the factories and the depots of factitious mineral waters, pour into the channel the adulterated wines, suppress the unsound articles of food, and take a multitude of measures of the same nature, all directed to the same end.

The prefect of police is aided, in this department of his office, by the council of health, an admirable institution adopted in many of our large towns, and which should be extended to the other prefectures. This council, composed of eminent men, physicians, chemists, administrators, engineers, architects, dispenses its advice upon all questions touching the public health; it

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takes under its care the callings whose exercise may endanger the lives of the workmen, and strictly introduces into the arts the processes best calculated to prevent all prejudicial effects. No unhealthy establishment is authorized until inspected by one or more members of this council, every new invention is submitted to it; the police ordinances which interest the public health are often prepared by it, and always built upon its advice. The collection of its labors for ten years, published in 1840, presents a study the most interesting to a municipal administrator and his most unobjectionable apology.

VIVIEN.

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## THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

**FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.**

*From Fraser's Magazine.*

In olden time a castle stood, high, dark, and stern to view,
That overlook'd the land, as far as ocean's margin blue.
Fair fragrant gardens girt it round, like wreaths with blossoms bright,
Where sparkling fountains upward sprang, in rainbow-colored light.

There dwelt a monarch proud who called that fair domain his own,
Yet 'mid its beauty made his seat a dark and dreaded throne,
For all his thoughts were fierce with heat, rage on his glances rode,
His speech was ever of the scourge, and what he wrote was blood.

There came unto this castle-gate a noble minstrel pair,
The one had bright and golden locks, gray stream'd the other's hair;
The old man bore a harp, and rode a steed adorn'd with pride,
His young companion lightly stepp'd the courser's flank beside.

And thus that old man to him spake. "Be ready now, my son,
Recall our sweetest lay, and give thy voice its richest tone,
Be all our skill together join'd, of joy and pain to sing,
For we, to-day, must soothe to rest this cruel-hearted king."

Soon both the minstrels stood within the lofty hall of state,
Where on his throne, amid his court, the king in grandeur sate.
The king with glance as bloody-red as the northern streamer's light,
The queen with gaze as soft and mild as the moon of summer's night.

The old man struck the strings and drew a tone of wondrous swell,
That ever on the ear with sound of richer volume fell;
And heavenly clear the young man's voice arose the notes among,
Heart-thrilling as the music wild of a spirit-chorus'd song.

They sang of Peace—of Love they sang—of the golden time of youth,
Of Freedom, and the Worth man, of Holiness and Truth;
They sang of all that thrills the breast, of every influence soft,
They sang of all the noble themes that raise man's soul aloft.

The courtiers, as they gathered round, each gibe and jest forbore,
The sturdy warriors of the king they knelt their God before;
The queen, at once with sorrow and a gentle joy opprest,
Threw to the minstrel youth the rose she wore upon her breast.

"Ye have seduced my knights, and now would ye my queen beguile!"
The monarch said, and all his frame with fury shook the while;
Then drew his sword and swiftly pierced the fair young minstrel's heart,
Whence, for that tide of golden song, a bloody stream doth part.

As by a storm dispersed, the guests fly scattered with alarm,
And the minstrel youth breathed out his last upon his master's arm;
He wrapped his mantle round the corse, and placed it on the steed,
And bound it fast, and with it left that castle stern with speed.

But at the threshold of the gate, halted the singer gray,
And seized his harp that bore the prize from every harp away,
He dash'd it 'gainst a pillar's base, that far the fragments flung,
And spake a CURSE that fearfully through hall and gardens rung.

"My curse be on thee, house of blood! in thee no more be found
The voice of song, the harp-strings' note, or melody of sound,
Nor aught but groans, the tread of slaves, and the gush of many tears,
Till ruin to a shapeless heap thy walls and turrets bears.

Wo to ye gardens! blooming now in the soft rich light of May,
Ye lent more darkly to mine eye this sight of blood display;
Ye all shall wither, and your streams no more shall through ye flow,
As o'er a stony wilderness, man's foot shall o'er ye go.

Wo to the murderer, thou curse of the ministrel's tuneful line!
Nor wealth, nor power shall shield thee long from the doom that shall be thine;
Thy name shall be forgotten, and eternal night shall share,
Shall perish like the last small cloud that melts to empty air."

The singer old thus spoke his ban, and Heaven has heard his call,
That castle to the dust has gone,—to dust each tower and wall.
As emblem of departed pride, one column stands alone,
But, cleft and splinter'd, that ere night. may too be overthrown.

Around, instead of gardens fair, is waste and desert land.
No tree now casts a shadow there, no brook runs through the land.
That monarch's name no song preserves, no hero-book of verse,
Lost—sunk—forgotten—be it so! such is the MINSTREL'S CURSE!

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## MISCELLANY.

Southey.—A most painful and affecting paragraph appears in the *Leeds Intelligencer*, to which but for that previous circulation, we should have hesitated to give publicity; embodying an extract from a letter written by Mrs. Southey (so long a favorite with the literary public as Caroline Bowles) to Mrs. Sigourney, the American authoress, in answer to one from the latter lady, wherein she had desired to be remembered to the Laureate. The misery which it describes is to sad and sacred for the common gaze; and it is not without a feeling of awe that we contribute to draw aside the dark veil which has fallen between the world and him who was for so many years before it in the character of one of its teachers. "You desire (says Mrs. Southey) to be remembered to him who sang of 'Thalaba, the wild and wondrous tale.' Alas! my friend, the dull, cold ear of death is not more insensible than his, my dearest husband's, to all communication from the world without. Scarcely can I keep hold of the last poor comfort of believing that he still knows me. This almost complete unconsciousness has not been of more than six months' standing, though more than two years have elapsed since he has written even his name. After the death of his first wife, 'Edith,'—of his first love—who was for several years insane, his health was terribly shaken. Yet for the greater part of a year that he spent with me in Hampshire, my former home, it seemed perfectly re-established, and he used to say, 'It had surely pleased God that the last years of his life should be happy.' But the Almighty's will was otherwise. The little cloud soon appeared which was in no long time to overshadow all. In the blackness of its shadow we still live, and shall pass from under it only to the portals of the grave. The last three years have done upon me the work of twenty. The one sole business of my life is that which, I verily believe, keeps the life in me—the guardianship of my dear, helpless, unconscious husband."—*Athenæum.*

An Avalanche.—The French papers give the details of a calamity which has occurred, in the department of the Isere—the destruction of the village of Valsenestre by an avalanche. The snowfall buried 26 houses, containing 82 inhabitants—72 of whom were, however, subsequently restored to the light of day, by means of ropes and ladders let down the chimneys of the houses, from wells dug through the snow which covered them. Amongst the ten persons who perished, nine were crushed to death, or smothered by the snow which enveloped them on every side. The tenth, the mother of the forest-keeper, died in the arms of her son, who was extricated from his critical position twenty-four hours afterwards. The following particulars are interesting. The fatal descent took place between the hours of three and four in the morning, when the villagers were buried in slumber, and the stealthy tread of the mountain-spirit is well expressed in the fact that but few of the sleepers in the buried houses, or in the cottages which it spared, were awakened by his coming. It was not till day-break that the latter were aware of the calamity which had befallen their neighbors, and the former, (those of them whose homes the casuality had covered but not crushed,) fancied the dawn was long in appearing, and concluded at last, in each case, that the common occurrence among the mountains of a night of snow having blocked up their doors and windows, had made temporary prisoners of them, and awaited the succour of their immediate neighbors without alarm.—*Ib.*

Copy-right.—An important protection to literary property from foreign piracies is about to be extended by the new Customs Act, passed last session (5 & 6 Victoriæ. c. 47), which comes into operation in the United Kingdom and West Indies on the 1st of April next, and in North America and the Mauritius on the 5th of July. In order, however, to carry this law into effect, it is necessary that the Commissioners of the Customs be immediately furnished with lists of copyrights still subsisting. Authors, owners of copyrights, and publishers should bear in mind, that, unless they comply with this regulation of the act, they will be excluded from the benefit of it. As this condition may not be generally known in the literary world, and every publicity ought to be given to it, we print here the clauses of the act:—

24, "And be it enacted, that from and after the said 1st day of April, 1843, all books wherein the copyright shall be subsisting, first composed, or written, or printed in the United Kingdom, and printed or reprinted in any other country, shall be and the same are absolutely prohibited to be imported into the United Kingdom.

25. "Provided always, and be it enacted, that no such book shall be prohibited to be imported, *unless the proprietor of such copyright, or his agent, shall give notice in writing to the Commissioners of Customs that such copyright subsists*, and in such notice shall state when such copyright shall expire, and the said Commissioners of Customs shall cause to be made, and to be publicly exposed at the several ports of the United Kingdom from time to time, printed lists of the works respecting which such notice shall have been duly given, and of which such copyright shall not have expired."

It is needless to perplex the authorities at the custom houses with the titles of any books but such as are actually pirated, or are likely to be pirated abroad. The lists should be arranged alphabetically under the name of the author, to facilitate reference.—*Ibid.*

Mount Ætna.—Extract of a letter from Palermo, Jan. 5:—"The eruptions of Ætna have diminished, and the period of their termination seems approaching. Since my last the explosions have not been considerable. The torrent of lava has made little progress, and the damage which the burning mass occasions is now insignificant, but it always affords opportunities for scientific research and interesting observation. The mountain has become inaccessible, in consequence of the great fall of snow, which covers it to the very brink of the crater. Snow occupies all the other mountains, and entirely covers many other places, the valleys excepted, in which nothing can be more beautiful than the appearance of the vegetation, so remarkable for its extent and richness."—*Ib.*

Antarctic Circle.—The *Falmouth Packet* announces that intelligence has been received from Captain Sir J. Ross, who has penetrated the Antarctic circle to 71° 40′, surveyed the coast discovered by him along its western boundary, and proceeded to do the same along the eastern line.—*The Times* (Friday) mentions that Lieutenant M'Murdo, of the *Terror*, has arrived in town from this expedition, which he left at the Falkland Islands all well, and in the highest spirits. He reports that Capt. Ross had triumphantly accomplished every object for which the expedition was undertaken, and that the government at home, sensible of this, had left it entirely to Capt. Ross's discretion, as to his returning home at once or remaining out for a longer period, for the purpose of exploring other objects of interest in this hitherto imperfectly known

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portion of our globe; that Captain Ross has made choice of the former, and that we may therefore expect the expedition home early in May. Lieutenant M'Murdo also states that in consequence of the excellent discipline observed on board the *Erebus* and *Terror*, and the great care and attention paid to the health of their respective crews, the expedition had lost but four men since leaving England; namely, one blown overboard in a gale at the Cape, another from some constitutional disease, and the other two from natural causes. Lieutenant M'Murdo is also the bearer of several specimens of grapes and seeds, collected at the Falkland Islands and various other places in the southern hemisphere.—*Ibid.*

PHILANTHROPY AND FIDDLING.—We are a charitable people, but when we give a shilling to a charitable purpose, we like to have our shilling's-worth in return. We call ourselves sympathizing Christians, but our Christianity cannot be dispensed *gratis*. This small social infirmity was, a few days since, strikingly illustrated at the Hall of Commerce in Thread-needle-street.

A thrill of horror—a sense of grief—has struck and weighed upon the whole nation by the late frightful disaster at sea. Five hundred souls, it is said' have perished in the ocean; leaving breaking hearts to bewail them; leaving the widowed and the fatherless to agony and hopeless want. The misery of poverty may, however, be somewhat alleviated. For this purpose SIR JOHN PIRIE took the chair at a meeting of merchants held at the Hall of Commerce; and then pertinently said, to "cheering,' voices;—

"Those who were safe on land were anxious to testify their sympathy, in the only way in which sympathy was of any avail, by putting their hands *in their pockets.*"

They were, however, to have something in return for what they took out of their pockets. This, SIR JOHN had duly understood from the good Samaritans of the city; for he said (and again the merchants "cheered")—

"By several philanthropic persons in the city of London, who were in the habit of superintending meetings suddenly got up with the view of serving the unfortunate, it had been stated that a concert in *the splendid room* in which the meeting was now assembled, would *be the most agreeable means of gathering together the charitable of both sexes*, and receiving their contributions *in the price of tickets* of admission."

And so Charity, "heaven-descended maid," is only to be charmed into the light of day, as the snake-charmers of the East draw serpents from their holes, by piping and drumming! The sympathetic strings of the human heart are to vibrate to cat-gut. The "melodious tear" of benevolence is to be accompanied by Mr. BLAGROVE on the *cornet-a-piston!*

Yes; we will imagine "the splendid room," of the Hall of Commerce crowded by "the charitable of both sexes," thus "agreeably gathered together" by hopes of music vocal and instrsmental. We will imagine that Lord DUDLEY STUART—

("Praise be to him, and to his slumbers peace,"—)

has succeeded, as he assuredly *will* succeed, in obtaining gratuitously the very highest professional assistance. Every artist of any eminence clamors to aid the almost sacred purpose, and (what charity can stay at home, reading *such* a concert bill?) the "splendid room" is crowded! Sympathy, in full dress, elbows it in a throng! What a delightful spectacle! How cheering to the philanthropist! How ennobling to the best feelings of our nature to behold such a multitude gathered together to aid the wretched widow and the orphan upon this sligh' consideration,—that they shall have the very best music for their money. How the deep sense of the calamity, and its frightful effects at hundreds of hearths, strikes upon the hearts of the assembled crowd! How serious, how solemn are their faces! Not a smile plays upon them: as for the music—

"They hear it, and they *heed it not*,—their ears
Are with their hearts, and they are far away—"

listening to the howling wind on desolate Lornel—hearing the roaring sea with a grave on every billow!

Our worthy and intelligent contemporary, *The Boulogne Gazette*, has given a terrible picture—terrible in its true simplicity—of the horrors of the wreck:—

"Waves like mountains soon rose above the sides, and poured, in all their vengeance, tons and tons of water along the deck, streaming down the cuddy stairs and overflowing the steerage. All rushed on deck in their flannels and nightclothes to seek refuge on the poop. *There, indeed, was a distressing scene—mothers and children clasping each other in mute hope, husband encouraging the wife, the captain sustaining all by promises he felt delusive.* Our readers may imagine the scene; but we cannot refrain from particularly noticing the admirable conduct of Miss Turton, who was 18 on the day of her death. She had been the life and soul of the voyage, had endeared all to her by her constant good humor, suavity, and mildness. On that poop she thought not of herself; there she was going from sad group to sad group, sustaining the courage of all, and holding out prospects of succor and safety; ministering, like a pure spirit, consolation, hope, and dependence on that Providence who orders all for the best."

Is this a thing to be "set to music?" Can its desolating effects harmonize with a cavatina by Mrs. SHAW—with *Willie brewed a peck o' maut*, by Mr. WILSON—or with even *The Sea*, by Mr. H. PHILLIPS.

With an inexpressible loathing, we ask again,—is this a horror to be piped and fiddled to?

And now—we see astonishment in the face of the excellent and well-meaning Lord DUDLEY STUART, who at length finding words, asks, "What! would you afford no relief to the wretched creatures, deprived at one blow of their earthly protectors? Is there nothing sacred in such sorrow?" And we answer—Yes, so sacred that we would not have it associated with the trills and roulades, and dexterous fingering of singers and musicians.

We ask of the Samaritans of the City,—*Have ye no churches?* In such a cause, is it not better that the voice of sympathy should be heard from the pulpit than the orchestra? Have ye no priests, that ye must seek ministers of charity from the opera, the play-house, and the concert room? If it be so necessary to make benevolence attractive, are there no bishops to cast a gracious lustre from their cloud of lawn upon the cause—to lift up their silver voices in aid of the widow and the fatherless? There are many persons inconstant church-goers, who nevertheless "lacker their Sunday face" in a pew to hear a bishop preach: not, we fear, so much for the matter dropping from episcopacy, as from mere curiosity; in the like way as the estimable Mr. SHUNDY reproaches himself for his gift of the macaroon to the ass—not so much for pure charity, as to see how the animal "would eat a macaroon." Any way there would have been no want of crowded congregations—no lack of gold and silver in the plates of the churchwardens.

But no, we are to have music for our alms: we are to make holy offerings at the shrine of charity amidst the smirks and smiles of a concert-room, to the accompaniment of horns and obeos, tenors and constraltos! Our heart-strings are to be well-rosined, and *then*—and only then—our purse strings will give way.—*Charivari.*

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## SCIENCE AND ART.

The Solar Eclipse.—Whilst watching the progress of the eclipse, in July last, with the aid of an excellent old refracting telescope, made by Dollond, with an object glass of 2¾ inches, I observed a projection on the surface of the moon, and I exclaimed —"I see something on the moon's edge, like a mountain, or like a lofty island when seen at sea" [such as Teneriffe]. This announcement excited intense interest. The Rev. H. H. Jones next saw it, and then Mr. Lamport. Our several descriptions corresponded so exactly, that there can be no mistake as to the fact of the appearance; and we repeated our observations for a considerable time. From that time (July 8) to the present, Mr. Jones and myself have been anxiously looking out for the reports of others on this eclipse, hoping that some scientific astronomers would have noticed and described this interesting appearance. It appears from the reports of those accomplished astronomers, Messrs. Baily and Airy, that both these gentlemen saw in the *totality* several of those appearances which are assumed to have been referable to the sun's light. I would submit, that one of those prominences seen by myself, cannot be referred to the sun, but was evidently, in some way or other, connected with the body of the moon, as seen on the edge of its disc. I will not presume to account for this very novel appearance; I only give the fact. That there was no optical illusion, which, had I only seen it, might have been suspected, is fully established by the concurrent testimony of three persons, two of whom, including Mr. Jones, have long been accustomed to astronomical observations with good telescopes. The *mountain*, *island*, *protuberance*, or *saw-tooth* prominence, was not of the same depth of tint as the rest of the eclipse: it was considerably more feeble, but maintained a similar form and tint throughout our observation of it. The time when the prominence was first noticed was about a quarter to six, and was distinctly visible till near the termination of the eclipse. In all other respects the discs both of the sun and moon were perfectly defined; and my friend, Mr. Jones, watched most distinctly the moment of disjunction.

Manchester. I am, etc. Wm. Jones, M.D.

—*Athenæum.*

Splendid Meteor.—A little after eight in the evening of Sunday the 5th, a meteor passed over a considerable part of the north of the county of Nottingham. Its course was from the N. W. It greatly resembled a large body of fire of a blood red color, assuming various shapes. Its apparent height was trifling, but its velocity could not be less than 50 or 60 miles a minute. In its course it was seen by numbers at a distance from each other, yet those who observed it, although so many miles asunder, fancied it fell within a short distance.—*Ibid.*

Thermography.—Dr. Knorr, professor at the University of Kasan, has lately made a discovery which may lead to important results in the study of the nature of caloric and thermo-electricity. He has discovered a method of copying by means of heat on silver, copper and steel plates, not prepared as in the daguerreotype and other existing systems. Some of these thermographs were taken in from 8 to 15 seconds; others, by another process, in from 5 to 10 minutes.—*Ib.*

Curiosities.—A society has recently been formed at Worgl, in the Tyrol, for excavating a spot where the old Roman town of Masciacum is supposed to have stood.—The continental papers mention the discovery of a great quantity of old Roman silver coins in the Island of Gothland: that many Roman antiquities have been dug up near Utrecht: and that two small marble columns have lately been discovered in the ruins of Tusculum, with an inscription in old Latin, relating to a donation, at the consecration of a temple, from one of the family to which the celebrated Camillus belonged.—*Ibid.*

Blood.—M. Dumas, reported on a memoir of M. Donné, relative to the constitution of the blood, and to the effects of the injection of milk into the vessels. He first recalled the former researches of the author on the constitution of milk, which is an aqueous liquid, holding in solution sugar of milk and caseous matter, and in suspension globules of fatty matter; and his experiments on the constitution of blood, which he considered to be composed of,—1st, red globules, which are commonly known; 2d, white globules, more voluminous, and endowed with very distinct properties; 3d, chylous globulines, easily distinguishable. These latter in the blood are scarcely one three hundredth of a millimeter in diameter, and much resemble those of the chyle. The second globules are purely white, spherical, almost granular, or fringed; water completes their disaggregation; ammonia dissolves them; acetic acid contracts them: they are found more or less abundant in the blood of all vertebrate animals. The red globules, according to M. Donné, differ slightly in their properties one from the other, as though they presented different states of development. From these results the author conceives that the globulines of chyle are the origin of the several blood-globules; and, convinced of the analogy which exists between milk and chyle, he has tried injections of the veins with milk, persuaded that thus the globules of milk would be converted into globules of blood. The commission state, that, with the exception of the horse, to which injections of milk have been often fatal, most animals bear them without inconvenience. Once injected into the veins, the milk mingles with the blood, circulates with it, and it is very easy to recognise in the capillary vessels of a frog's tongue the passing of the globules of milk mixed with those of blood. In the case of a dog, the blood procured by a puncture presents, with the same plainness, this indisputable mixture of the milk and blood globules. At the end of a few days all the globules disappear, and the blood resumes its ordinary appearance. But, M. Dumas added, before disappearing, the globules of milk are seen associated, two and two, three and three, and surrounded with a nebulosity which may be taken for some mucous matter condensed around them, and which may easily proceed from some modification of the liquid in contact with them. This aggregation of the globules at first isolated in the blood, and separated by so many other globules in suspension, is certainly a very remarkable fact. Must it be admitted, with the author, that these aggregates reunite in the spleen, pass there into the state of the white globules, and that these produce in their turn the red globules? Can this complete assimilation between globules of chyle and milk be accepted? These are questions which the commission reserve. They are satisfied of the correctness of the facts announced by the author; they leave, however, the responsibility of the physiological theory to him.—*Ibid.*

Tartar on the Teeth.—M. La Baume ascertained that washing the teeth with vinegar and a brush will, in a few days, remove the tartar; thus obviating the necessity for filing or scraping them, which so often injures the enamel. He recommends the use of powdered charcoal and tincture of rhatany afterwards, which effectually (in his opinion) prevents its formation.—*Medical Times.*

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## OBITUARY.

Lady Callcott.—At Kensington Gravel-pits, the wife of Sir Augustus Callcott, R. A.

Lady Callcott was the daughter of Rear-Admiral George Dundas. Few women had seen so much of the world, or travelled so much, and none, perhaps, have turned the results of their activity to more benevolent account. A great part of her early life was spent either at sea or in travel, and to the last no subject was more animating to her than a ship, and no hero excited her enthusiasm to so high a degree as Nelson.

She was born in the year 1788, and before she was twenty-one years of age she was travelling in India, the wife of Captain Thomas Graham, R. N. According to the account in her travels, she went to India in 1809, and visited all the three presidencies, making acquaintances at all of them learned for Oriental knowledge and research. She visited the caves of Elephanta, the Island of Salsette, the excavations of Carli in the Mahratta mountains, and Poonah, the Mahratta capital. On her return to Bombay she voyaged along the coast as far as Negombo, afterwards visiting Trincomali on the east side of the island on her way to Madras. From Madras she went to Calcutta, which terminated her travels in India, as she only returned to the Coromandel coast to embark for England in the beginning of 1811. She published these travels in 1812, being then twenty-four years of age. Ten years afterwards she sailed with Captain Graham for South America. In the meantime she had resided in Italy, and published two works; one, "Three Months in the Environs of Rome," 1820; a second, "The Memoirs of the Life of Poussin," in the same year. Captain Graham, who commanded the Doris, died on the voyage to South America, and his remains were carried into Valparaiso, and interred within the fortress. His wife was in Chili during the series of earthquakes, which lasted from the 20th of November, 1823; and scarcely a day passed without receiving violent shocks. It was with difficulty she escaped from her house, which was partly laid in ruins. The first shock of this series left but twenty houses and one church standing in all the large town of Quillota. "The market-place," (quoting from her Diary) "was filled with booths and bowers of myrtle and roses, under which feasting and revelry, dancing, fiddling, and masking were going on, and the whole was a scene of gay dissipation, or rather, dissoluteness. The earthquake came—in an instant all was changed. Instead of the sounds of the viol and the song, there arose a cry of '*Misericordia! Misericordia!*' and a beating of the breast, and a prostration of the body; and the thorns were plaited into crowns, which the sufferers pressed on their heads till the blood streamed down their faces, the roses being now trampled under foot. Some ran to their falling houses, to snatch thence children, forgotten in the moments of festivity, but dear in danger. The priests wrung their hands over their fallen altars, and the chiefs of the people fled to the hills. Such was the night of the nineteenth at Quillota." During her stay in South America, Mrs. Graham became the instructress of Donna Maria. Some years afterwards she married Mr. Callcott, the Royal Academician, and with him again visited Italy. Among the published fruits of this tour may be mentioned Lady Callcott's account of Giotto's Chapel, at Padua, a privately printed work, with exquisite outlines—remembrances drawn by Sir Augustus Callcott—and a kind contribution to the illustrated edition of the Seven Ages of Shakspeare. Lady Callcott also published a "History of Spain," in 2 vols. in 1822. And after the commencement of her illness, arising from the rupture of a blood vessel, she published "Essays towards the History of Painting," 1836, which involved so great an amount of labor, that her declining health and strength obliged her to abandon it before completion.

After eleven long years of suffering, the death of this lady took place at Kensington Gravel-pits, in the house which the family of the Callcotts has made celebrated for nearly a century. For many years Lady Callcott can hardly be said to have left her chamber, which her taste, her kindly and enlarged associations, had made one of the most interesting of rooms. In it was accumulated an immense variety of all kinds of beautiful and sympathetic objects calculated to render less irksome her painful confinement—a confinement the more painful to a temperament so active and excitable. Her spirit yearned to be about and stirring, whilst illness kept her body a close prisoner. Prints, choice and rare as works of art or associated with loved objects, covered the walls, unless otherwise occupied by paintings or sculptures, memorials of Wilkie and Chantrey, and others. Books and portfolios filled a large space of the room. Curiosities of natural history abounded on all the ledges. A little bed was placed in a recess, close to a window against which vines had been trained as natural blinds, and living arabesques were made among the branches by the mice and birds, as they came, half tamed, to take the meals which Lady Callcott daily placed for them;—a sort of pensioner bird, too feeble to sing or hop, was a constant companion and an object of her kind solicitude, and a noble hound was a privileged visitor at all times. None will feel Lady Callcott's loss more than the little children, who were always encouraged as loved and welcome guests, and for whom her kindness had always prepared some little present of a doll. Not a small part of this lady's last years was spent in providing amusement and instruction for them, and successfully, too, as proved by the many editions of "Little Arthur's History of England," and a delightfully simple and natural tale—"The Little Brackenburners." Her last work was a "Scripture Herbal," recently published.

A few words only can now record her character. Noble, direct, generous, forgiving, quick, sensitive, kind, sympathetic, and religious, all that knew her will hold her memory in affectionate remembrance. Her acquirements and knowledge were extensive. She was an artist both in feeling and in practice, an excellent linguist, and her memory was extremely accurate and tenacious. Her remains were buried at Kensal-green Cemetery.—*Athen.*

The Death of Mr. Drummond.—Nothing could have stricken society more fearfully than that death, which it is our most painful duty this week to announce. Mr. Drummond, the attempt to assassinate whom, we last week recorded, expired at his house in Grosvenor-street on Wednesday morning. Assassination could scarcely have selected a victim who would have been more regretted. Both in his private and public capacity, (that of private secretary to the Prime Minister,) Mr Drummond had secured the love and esteem of a large circle of friends. His *bonhommie* and warmth of disposition, as well as his utter freedom from all official *hauteur* had endeared him, in no slight manner, to all who came within his influence. Hence, no man could be more universally regretted than he who has just been snatched from the world by the scoundrel who has slain him. Little doubt can exist that M'Naughten took Mr Drummond for Sir Robert Peel, as we understand that the Minis-

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ter has latterly received several threatening letters, which alluded to his assassination; and our only wonder is that he had the nerve to continue in the exercise of his duties without taking precautions to ensure his safety—a safety which, although it can scarcely be more dear to us as individuals than that of Mr. Drummond was, must be infinitely more importance to us in a national point of view. But, whatever may have been the motive of M'Naughten for this deliberate, dastardly, and un-English murder, we must sincerely hope that no false mercy will be allowed to step in between the crime and the punishment. We doubted the wisdom of that mercy which was extended by her Majesty to the wretch who first lifted his hand against her Royal person. And had that mercy not been extended, we feel convinced the lesson would have prevented the second attempt on that precious and Royal life, and obviated the present murder of Mr. Drummond. With all criminals we have our human sympathies for error, except for the assassin; he alone, by the act itself, places his crime without the pale of pity, for he slurs the very character of that nation to which he belongs, by the attempt at a crime which can be committed only by the coward and liar. The common housebreaker is a respectable character, when compared with him. Yet we used to hang the one without any remorse, and London used to make his execution a gala-show. This, the enlightened mercy of modern times has wisely and nobly abolished. But that mercy is misused when it steps in to protect the murderer; for, in doing so, it loosens the very bonds by which society is held together, and encourages the crime which it should repress, by the disproportion of the punishment apportioned to it. We have now before us a startling instance of the necessity of punishment. We have seen mercy, and we have here—death. Let no false tenderness step in between the prisoner—penitent we hope he will be—and his bodily expiation. Those who were spared failed in the commission of their crime. He has succeeded. If Courvoisier was hung for the murder of his sleeping master, why should justice be cheated of the life of this open-day assassin? But one method can extinguish this unnatural and un-English crime—and that is the ignominy of a death which will leave no pretext for the farce of political martyrdom.—*Court Journal.*

Thomas Hamilton, Esq.—There are few things connected with the increase of years in an established periodical like our own, more affecting than to observe how "friend after friend departs," to witness the gradual thinning of the ranks of its contributors by death, and the departure, from the scene, of those whose talents or genius had contributed to its early influence and popularity. Many years have not elapsed since we were called on to record the death of the upright and intelligent publisher, to whose energy and just appreciation of the public taste, its origin and success are in a great degree to be ascribed. On the present occasion another of these melancholy memorials is required of us; the accomplished author of "Cyril Thornton," whose name and talents had been associated with the Magazine from its commencement, is no more. He died at Pisa on the 7th December last.

Mr. Hamilton exhibited a remarkable union of scholarship, high breeding, and amiability of disposition. To the habitual refinement of taste which an early mastery of the classics had produced, his military profession and intercourse with society had added the ease of the man of the world, while they had left unimpaired his warmth of feeling and kindness of heart. Amidst the active services of the Peninsular and American campaigns, he preserved his literary tastes; and, when the close of the war restored him to his country, he seemed to feel that the peaceful leisure of a soldier's life could not be more appropriately filled up than by the cultivation of literature. The characteristic of his mind was rather a happy union and balance of qualities than the possession of any one in excess; and the result was a peculiar composure and gracefulness, pervading equally his outward deportment and his habits of thought. The only work of fiction which he has given to the public, certainly indicates high powers both of pathetic and graphic delineation; but the qualities which first and most naturally attracted attention, were rather his excellent judgment of character, at once just and generous, his fine perception and command of wit and humor, rarely, if ever, allowed to deviate into satire or sarcasm, and the refinement, taste, and precision with which he clothed his ideas, whether in writing or conversation. From the boisterous or extravagant he seemed instinctively to recoil, both in society and in taste.

Of his contributions to this magazine it would be out of place here to speak, further than to say that they indicated a wide range and versatility of talent, embraced both prose and verse, and were universally popular. "Cyril Thornton," which appeared in 1827, instantly arrested public attention and curiosity, even in an age eminently fertile in great works of fiction. With little plot—for it pursued the desultory ramblings of a military life through various climes—it possessed a wonderful truth and reality, great skill in the observation and portraiture of original character, and a peculiar charm of style, blending freshness and vivacity of movement with classic delicacy and grace. The work soon became naturally and justly popular, having reached a second edition shortly after publication: a third edition has recently appeared. The "Annals of the Peninsular Campaign" had the merit of clear narration, united with much of the same felicity of style; but the size of the work excluded that full development and picturesque detail which were requisite to give individuality to its pictures. His last work was "Man and Manners in America," of which two German and one French translations have already appeared; a work eminently characterized by a tone of gentlemanly feeling, sagacious observation, just views of national character and institutions, and their reciprocal influence, and by tolerant criticism; and which, so far from having been superseded by recent works of the same class and on the same subject, has only risen by public estimation and comparison.—*Blackwood.*

M. Clement Boulanger.—The French papers announce, with comments of regret, the sudden death of a young painter of great distinction, M. Clément Boulanger, attached to the Scientific Commission which, under the presidency of M. Texier, is, just now, engaged in exploring the ruins of Magnesia, on the Meander. M. Boulanger had studied under M. Ingres; and has fallen a victim, at the early age of 36, to brain fever, occasioned by the intense heats to which the commission has been exposed in directing the excavations on the site of the Temple of Diana. The friezes of this temple, rich in beautiful sculpture, are the principal objects of the commission; and M. Boulanger had assisted at the extraction of several portions (recovered by powerful machinery from a moist soil, much of it under water), when he was visited by the attack.—*Athenæum.*

The Baron de la Motte-Fouque, Author of Undine, died recently at Berlin, aged, 66.

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# BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

## Great Britain.

1. *Attica and Athens; an Inquiry into the Civil, Moral, and Religious Institutions of the Inhabitants, the Rise and Decline of the Athenian power, &c. &c. &c. Translated from the German of K. O. Müller, Grotefend, Gruber, and others. By John Ingram Lockhart, F. R. A. S.* London: Groombridge.

Notwithstanding the many volumes which have been written by Englishmen upon Athens and Greece, we cannot doubt that the researches of those erudite and patient German scholars, who have more recently turned their attention to investigations connected with this the most interesting spot of earth to scholars of every nation, will be appreciated by classical readers in England. The work is illustrated by Müller's Map of Attica, and Plan of Ancient Athens.—*Tait's Magazine.*

2. *On the Perspirator; an Effectual Domestic Remedy for immediately checking Inflammatory Disorders by equalizing Circulation and restoring Perspiration, by a single Application; and curing Chills, Colds, Coughs, Fevers, &c., invented by the Author, with a Few Observations on Perspiration and the Means of preventing its Suppression. By M. La Beaume, Medical Galvinist to the Queen, &c.* Second Edition, 12mo. Highley, Fleet St.

M. La Beaume's celebrity as a Medical Galvinist entitles him to every confidence. He tells us in this little work that he has invented a simple apparatus by which that most necessary operation commonly called Perspiration may be immediately occasioned. The testimonies he gives as to the applicability and utility of his invention are such as must carry conviction to every mind, being from some of the first rate men in his own profession. If it were not known how slow men are to take a new remedy when first offered to them, it would be difficult to account for its not being as regularly adopted in any house as a tea-kettle or poker. Its application on the first symptoms of cold or fever would save the lives of many individuals, and prevent numerous diseases that by neglect terminate, if not fatally, most expensively and ruinously. Were it more fully known, the old cumbrous and inefficient mode of endeavoring to obtain sudorific relief by hot water would be for ever banished. We say, therefore, first buy the work, and then do as you like about purchasing the apparatus.—*Monthly Magazine.*

3. *Frederick the Great and His Times. Edited by Thomas Campbell, Esq. Vols. 3 and 4.*

These two portly volumes complete one of the most valuable as well as one of the most entertaining works that have been issued from the press for a considerable period,—a work, too, that will increase in value and interest the more it is studied, and will unquestionably take a permanent rank among the historical labors of the age.

The third volume is exclusively devoted to that great feature in the life of Frederick which proved him to be the greatest military genius of the age, and which, the more it is considered and dwelt on, the more it will be felt to have fixed him on a pinnacle of military glory that no other great Captain had at that period reached, and which only one other among crowned heads has since soared above. We allude to the Seven Years' War,—a war in which, after conducting it single handed against almost the whole of Europe for that period, he closed with even more glory to himself than he had achieved during the whole of its progress,—a war, the astonishing results, no less than the astonishing difficulties of which to Frederick, may be partly judged of by the fact, that, during the comparatively brief period of its continuance, it cost the belligerent powers no less than 853,000 men, dead. Among these, Frederick calculated that he himself lost 180,000 soldiers and 1500 officers, killed in battle, or who died of their wounds, though the number of officers lost altogether, by the sword, by casualties, and by disease, amounted to 4000.

The Russians lost, in four great battles, 120,000 men; the Austrians lost, in ten battles, 140,000 men; the allied English and Germans, 160,000; the Swedes, 25,000; the petty Princes of the Empire, 28,000. The details of this extraordinary contest we earnestly commend to the attention of our readers. They are related, in this work, with laudable succinctness, and form a mass of military facts and incidents that every soldier should have at his fingers' end.

The fourth volume will be more full of attraction to the general reader than perhaps any other in the work; and no part of it will be read with more intense interest and curiosity than that which relates to the intercourse of Frederick with the Literati of Europe, and especially with those of France. There is nothing in comedy or in satire so piquant and entertaining as many of the anecdotes relating to Frederick's intercourse with Voltaire, showing that the greatest men have their littlenesses and weaknesses, the wisest their follies.—*United Service Magazine.*

3. *The Cold Water System; an Essay exhibiting the real merits and most safe and effectual employment of this excellent System in Indigestion, Costiveness, Asthma, Cough, Consumption, Rheumatism, Gout, etc., with Cautionary Remarks addressed to people of extreme opinions, and some New Cases. By Thomas J. Graham, M. D., Graduate of the University of Glasgow, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of London.*

Dr. Graham, who is well known to the public by his previous valuable works on Medical Science, here enters on the consideration of the Water Cure, a subject which has recently excited much attention both in England and on the continent. With the caution which becomes the scientific investigator, Dr. Graham institutes the inquiry how far the system is entitled to consideration, and having, as he considers, ascertained its real value, he proves, in the work before us, its applicability, showing in what cases it may be available, and endeavoring, in the several diseases named in the title-page, to point out its proper limits. To those who are really desirous of information on the subject, we have no doubt Dr. Graham's book will prove a valuable assistant; for whilst, as we have said, he endeavors to assign to this powerful remedy its proper limits, his conclusions appear in many cases to be decidedly favorable to it. The auxiliaries to its employment are in these pages ably pointed out, and we think all who are really interested in the subject would do well attentively to peruse this valuable essay.—*Metropolitan Magazine.*

## Germany.

1. *German Poets of the present Time. By Augustus Nodnagel.* Darmstadt.

M. Nodnagel's book, if continued in the manner in which it is begun (for it is published in numbers) will be found even more useful in England than in his own country. He gives a biography of the German poets of the day, with specimens of their works: illustrated with copious notes, and a *resumé* of all the critiques upon them, *pro* and *con*, which have appeared in the various periodicals. Thus, with a very little trouble, is the reader put into the possession of a quantity of information, which, without such assistance, it would be impossible to obtain.

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The first number treats of Freiligrath and Eidendorff, and a notice of the most celebrated living poets is promised.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

### France.

1. *Lessons on the Philosophy of Nature, delivered before the Faculty of Letters and Sciences, by M. le docteur H. Holland.* Lausane, Geneva and

This course contains only general views on a subject which, in order to a complete exhibition, would require much more extended developments. Obliged to limit himself, and not enter into details, he has chosen the highest point of view. That is the *ensemble* of nature, which he contemplates in a spiritualistic philosophy that seeks in the harmony of organic beings, to discover some notions of the first cause from which they derived their existence, and of the end to which they are destined. Boldly embracing the thousand different aspects they present, he attempts to reduce them to an idea of unity governing them all, clearly marks the features in which they differ, the relations in which they agree, and proudly restores the superiority of man, whom most naturalists have involuntarily debased, in not assigning him any higher place than that of the first in the class of animals. But in doing this, he does not pretend to such a theory independent of experience, nor to make facts bend to the principles laid down. First passing in review the different schools of ancient and modern philosophers, he unfolds in a succinct and interesting manner, their efforts after a conception of the system of the universe. He examines critically the results of science on this point, and gives his own views, which consist in considering the end of the universe as being destined to realize, in this world, the personality and free moral activity of its author. That being is man, who, by his intelligence, governs all animals, and is not himself part of the animal kingdom. The plant vegetates, the animal lives, man thinks. M. Holland repudiates the materialism too often apparent in the savans devoted to natural philosophy. He goes on to determine the distinction between animality and humanity, and after having presented a tableau of the scale of beings in all their degrees, he describes the psychological characteristics of man and shows the harmony of his organization with these characteristics. As to the question of races he concludes that all are but varieties of one single species modified by climate, food. etc.—*Revue Crit.*

2. *Napoleon et l'Angleterre, par le Vicounte de Marquessac.*

Under this title M. de Marquessac takes a rapid but well executed review of the conflict between Napoleon and the English. It is a brilliant tableau, in which he attempts to set forth clearly the march of English policy, and gives some curious details both of the events of that period and of men of high standing who distinguished themselves by the acceptance of their views and by their talents. With an impartiality which does him honor, he does justice to all, and no more withholds praise from the great qualities of Pitt and Fox, than blame from the faults of Napoleon. The book is, in its spirit, essentially French, for its end is to prove, that it belongs to France to exercise a kind of dominion, at least intellectual, over all other nations. According to our author, the mission of Napoleon was to establish, by war, that preponderance, which is more and more recognized by other peoples. He sees Germany and Russia already French. England alone resists, and seems to wish to enwrap herself still more in her egoistical isolation. With him there are but two rival powers—France, which he thinks destined to regenerate the world, and England, to which he allots the position of a revolted vassal.—*Revue Critique.*

## SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

### GREAT BRITAIN.

The Scottish Peasant's Fireside: a series of Tales and Sketches, illustrating the character of Scotland. By Alexander Bethune.

On the "Tracts for the Times." By Rev. J. Buchanan.

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